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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal TO THE ANGELS.

Angels of love and peace, Tell me, is there no light, Are there no weary feet, And is it always light, In your sweet home?

The Rostrum.

LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE

Delivered Before the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at their Hall, 11, Wood Street, on Friday Evening, Oct. 15, 1869.

Reported Exclusively for the Religious-Philosophical Journal by Henry T. Child, M. D.

Invocation.

Father of all, we invoke Thy presence and blessing here on our council this hour. We know that men have adored Thee in every age...

The Egyptian has studied Thee in the wonder ful wisdom of Thy creative laws. The Persian has adored Thee in the radiant brightness of the fiery god of the day...

In all ages, in all climes, amongst all peoples and in all times, the human heart has sought after Thee.

We know not how much nearer to Thee we may have advanced, but we remember the words of Thy divine teacher of old, that Thou art a spirit, and by the hands of Thy ministering spirits we have sought to approach nearer Thee.

No Spiritualist can afford to take a neutral position on any of the questions of the day. He believes that he has received a new revelation...

I have already ventured to broach one of the means by which we realize something of the great Intelligent Being, a Being whose personality we never may know, but whose existence we must acknowledge and do homage to.

You say it is the old story and one which has been fought on the battle ground of human opinion in ancient times, but it must be fought again...

But we seek for a standard of appeal—a higher authority than the teachings of spirits in or out of the form. This we shall find in the great gospel of nature, the universal book of God's law...

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solite conviction that all we can read in the scriptures that God has thus written we may accept. It is with this purpose that I commence my analysis.

I have said, thus saith the spirit to the church: "I believe in God." What is it that God has done for him? These are the questions of the hour.

Go back to the fundamental constitution of human nature, and we find it there. We know that the nature implies manipulation; the eye predicts the nature of human sight, and the ear that of sound.

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cularly fits their ideas, all of which, like the Greek and Roman deities, merely combined one special attribute of Deity. The philosopher of Greece, who by his wisdom and learning, and influenced by his soft and delicious climate, perceived God manifested in the upper air, as Juno; manifested in the sweet flowers blooming in beauty, as Mercury; in the poisoned breath of the wind, as Apollo; in the dark mystery of the grave, as Pluto; in every form and attribute of Deity the Greek beholds his God.

The Hebrew recognizes his better through the sublime and wonderful—the storm, the tempest, and in some form of nature, and manifested through inspired men, such as Moses and the prophets, and here let me pause to show you where the standard to which I have called your attention becomes so especially manifest in the Hebrew faith.

The Hebrew faith, in the utterances of the inspired voice of the good and true voice of the prophets when they spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, and which have been handed down to us, we have the strong utterance of Job, the psalmist, and the prophetic, and the awful lamentations of Jeremiah, each proclaiming the value of immortality, and leading to the worship of God, calling man away from the worship of man, and urging to his knees, in adoration continually that He is worshipped by human acts, human deeds.

Azai, I ask you to pause on another revelation of the Bible. Of the book of Job, you will not mistake this man; how they have darkened out the form of the spirit; how they have perverted the purposes of the Bible in the worship of the spirit, do you not perceive that in the time of the apostle, the revelation, the revelation, had only risen to a comprehension of Deity as exhibited in His effects in matter? As a greater god, the Hebrew prophets gave magnificent glimpses, but it remained for Jesus to reveal the fullness of the nature of God as a spirit.

Christ came teaching a spiritual religion, perpetually attempting to prove to man, the union of spirit and matter in himself, and in all men, clearly demonstrating the relations which man holds to God. He showed God as a spirit, and that portions of Him engrafted in the material form, which we call the human body.

His mission was to demonstrate the spirituality of life, the spiritual nature of God, and the spiritual destiny of man. For this purpose the spirit, and the matter in himself, and in all men, clearly demonstrating the relations which man holds to God. He showed God as a spirit, and that portions of Him engrafted in the material form, which we call the human body.

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thirsting souls who walk abroad beneath the shadow of the churches from which the Spirit hath departed, who are seeking to hear the sweet name of Christ and think of him as he walked in the market place, and prayed for the publicans and sinners, and prayed for his enemies as he yielded up his life into the hands of the Father. It is for us to recall wandering man from the dark mists of error and lead him up to a knowledge of the true God. I think this given to us to do this, I will recall to your minds one of those demonstrations which we claim when we profess that there is a soul within ourselves—that all that we are, all that we can do is soul work, soul power, manufactures of our own hand; all we create, all we work upon, comes from the experiences of our souls. Should we perish from the earth by the hand of war, should there be no one to tell of our whereabouts; should we obliterate all our deeds, all that we have done, these very works alone will reveal our possibilities—will point out the true nature of our souls, and will tell of the order of men we were; will declare the powers of man, measure them out accurately to any mind that shall follow in our footsteps.

Claiming that there is a soul within us, we are spiritualists, and we are seeking to hear the sweet name of Christ and think of him as he walked in the market place, and prayed for the publicans and sinners, and prayed for his enemies as he yielded up his life into the hands of the Father.

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"The Pen is mightier than the sword."

INDIVIDUALITY.

The Boulder—The Icicle—The Palace.

We are all parts of one stupendous whole. Whose body nature is, and God the soul. Grand truth! A thought from the Central Source of all thought, bearing upon it the impress of Divinity! Man is regarded as the noblest work of God. The mechanism of that star-like dome, the wondrous regularity in the movements of those brilliant orbs that deck the fair surface of the sky, those grand laws embraced in the formation of worlds and systems of worlds, and the grandeur of those scenes in the Summer-Land, seem to sink into insignificance before the majesty of man. His physical organizations, how wonderful in his make-up! Then his mind, how towering! In our contemplation of the nature of man, the Universe of God and the wonderful machinery thereof seems like naught, for it is to the mind alone, that intelligent principle that is incorporated with each one of us, that plans the construction of planets and stars, that assigns them a place in the regions of space, and sets in operation those laws that are made automatic in action, and which move on throughout the endless ages of eternity, unless interfered with by that superior intelligence that brought them into existence. Thus, it is plain to be seen that man stands at the head of all created things. And why should he not? It was not our intention, however, in this article to discuss those intricate relations that exist between man and the Universe of God—we simply desired in our preliminary remarks to express our opinion that man stands at the head of all created things, and yet

"He is only a part of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

As such, one man bears an intimate relationship with all the rest of humanity. In fact, no truer expression was ever made than this, "God our Father, Nature our Mother, all humanity our brothers." Notwithstanding this, we find a disposition among all classes to become intensely individualized. "I will do as I choose," says one, "I propose to maintain my individuality, and will do just as I please in all respects, regardless of others. I will live isolated from the rest of the world, if I desire to—live for myself alone, not caring for the joys or sorrows of others, for I am an individualized entity, and I wish to assert the prerogatives of the same." Thus we find Spiritualists, particularly, becoming intensely individualized, in many places sectarianized, much to their own injury as well as the rest of humanity. We will teach a lesson from Nature.

Look at the huge Boulder on the top of yonder cloud-capped mountain. For ages it has remained there, a proud monarch, defying winds and storms, and while it listened to the thunderbolts sent through the firmament, or saw the vivid flash of lightning or witnessed the fairy movements of the clouds beneath or heard the pattering of the little rain drops on the fields below, it thought to itself, "How noble and exalted my position!" No clouds obscure its gaze into the starry firmament—there it stands on its peerless heights, proudly defying the elements, and maintaining its individuality. Soon the soil beneath it, tired of its heavy weight, resolves to leave. So particle after particle slipped out from beneath it, and slid down the mountain's side, or was walled away on some general gale. By and by we noticed a tremulous motion in that huge Boulder. It moves! Watch it carefully, for it is determined, apparently, to change its programme of action. Look, it trembles—it starts! Behold it, that individualized entity moving down that mountain side. The oak towering skyward, the majestic pine and the thick underbrush, yield to it like the tiny form of an infant before a giant stroke. What a crash! The giants of the forest fell before it, and moving with fearful rapidity, carrying destruction in its pathway, it finally stopped in its weird career, in a quiet hamlet at the base of the mountain. As it glanced back on its pathway, saw the devastation and ruin, it exulted over its course and its individualized strength. The scenes around it were new. It now beheld the works of man, and saw how life on all sides, yet, it still proudly and defiantly maintains its individuality. Ages pass away, and still it retains the same condition, doing no good, for it can not, it is so intensely individualized. By and by, we pass by that proud Boulder, and notice a change. Its rugged sides seemed lit up with a happy genial smile, and its rude heart appeared to beat with warm emotions, for it had resolved to change its programme of action. There was rejoicing then in all nature. The dark clouds moved with mere gallant strides; the winds seemed to sing a sweeter anthem; the air appeared to move in joyous glees, while the tiny seed and tender plants apprehended a great change. It was a gala day in all nature, for that huge Boulder had changed its programme of action—he had resolved to lose its individuality. It conse-

quently invited all the elements to act upon it, when lo! it commenced to crumble to pieces; commenced disintegrating, and by and by it became fine, rich soil. There was rejoicing then, for in losing its individuality, its destiny became transcendently grand. It now glistens in the flowers, sparkles in the golden grain, or moves around in the physical organization of man. Glorious old Boulder! once standing on the mountain side, now on a mission of mercy to all the world, doing good wherever it can!

Look at that Icicle, pendant on yonder roof—cold cheerless, isolated, forsaken, it remains there year after year. It is intensely individualized, too, and refuses to act in accordance with the dictates of justice. "I will not stir," it says, "my individuality must be maintained, and here, pendant, I propose to remain." How cold and dismal it looks. It freezes the warm genial nature to look at it, and sends a cold shudder throughout the sensitive organism. What good can it accomplish there, so intensely individualized? Nothing. We find, however, that it, too, resolves to change its programme of action. "It had heard from the Boulder, and desired to see if glorious mission could not be opened before it as well. We noticed a desire for a change. It seemed more cheerful and transparent, as if a divine mission had commenced to send its beautiful rays into its soul. Finally it yielded the sunshine to come and kiss it; entrusts the zephyrs to move and throw around it their soft, affectionate arms; prays for the air to breathe upon it a holy genial influence, when lo! another wonderful change! The Icicle fades away like a pleasant dream; it dances heavenward to the clouds on a ray of light, and then as it gazes on the grandeur of the arched heavens, listens to the moaning of the thunders, and holds converse with the electric elements, it moves around in joyous glee; and, as it travels along on the ethereal currents of the higher spheres, we hear it exclaim, "By losing my individuality, I gained it!" But its mission was not to remain in that dark portentious cloud. It descends to the earth in the form of dew drops, and lights on the bosom of some fragile flower, for a night's repose, dreaming of the grandeur just disclosed to its view. In the morning, as the golden sun rises, it dances heavenward again to the murky cloud,—and, joining the pattering rain-drops it falls into the cup of a weary traveler and slakes his thirst. But its brilliant career does not end there. It joins that moving current in the system, the blood, and passing into the veins, it finally, in its career, reaches the lungs, when it is made as red as a cherry, and is freighted with vitality for various parts of the system. What a glorious mission for that Icicle—grand indeed! In its individualized, isolated condition, it was of no benefit to itself or humanity, but now, in endless cycles, it will move on, dispensing its errands of mercy and rejoicing in that losing its individuality, a glorious career opened before it.

A Palatial Residence stands before us. It, too, is intensely individualized. For ages it has stood there, refusing to open its heart to the cries of suffering humanity. How grand and beautiful in its outward appearance, yet there is an expression of extreme sadness that seems to permeate every part of it. The doors had refused to turn on their hinges; the huge bolts had obstinately resisted all attempts to move them; the curtains within had pushed back the light and the glorious sunshine, and told the zephyrs not to come near with their offensive breath; the little dew drops dare not visit the flowers beneath its windows; the pattering rain was never heard on its roof; the wind avoided it as it would a festering cancer; the stars blushed and held back their feeble rays, fearing they might touch this individualized monster. Year after year this palace remains unoccupied, for it is so intensely individualized that no one can approach it. It is no benefit to itself or humanity. By and by, it, too, changes its programme of action. Its exterior seems brighter, the flowers under the windows and the clambering vines near its side seem to glisten with additional lustre. By and by the curtains move back and the glorious sunshine enters therein! The huge bolts move, the hinges creak, and the doors open, and then there was great rejoicing. There is pleasure manifested in all nature at its conversion. But that was not all. The weary traveler enters its doors and is protected by it from the ravages of a fearful storm. Grand is its mission now. Its walls resound with the joyous, happy voices of those made glad by its change of programme!

Dear reader, we wish to impress you with a grand lesson now. Remember that you are only a speck in existence, but as such you are interlinked with all humanity in such a manner that you must not become too intensely individualized and isolated from the world. Remember that as a Spiritualist, you should contribute to assist the unfortunate, to cheer the down-trodden and lift those up below you. By remaining away from lectures even, you strike a blow at our beautiful Harmonical Philosophy, and when you, like the miser, close your purse strings to the wants of lecturers and suffering humanity, you become like that Icicle, so intensely individualized that you are useless. When you refuse to attend lectures, to assist the unfortunate and contribute to their support, like that Palace, the doors of your heart refuse to move, and the windows thereof will not admit the divine rays of benevolence; and in maintaining your individuality, you will lose it—sink to the lower spheres.

That man maintains his individuality when he visits the house of the destitute, cheers by his presence the unfortunate, contributes his means for the promulgation of truth, and who is willing to march patiently along in the grand procession from the cradle to the grave, trying to assist others, that were he placed in their condition or circumstances, he would expect some one to lend him a helping hand. The poet has truthfully said:

"Think truly, and thy thoughts Shall be the world's famine food; Speak truly, and each word of thine Shall be a fruitful seed; Live truly, and thy life shall be A great and noble deed."

The B-v-k of Life will contain your life. Try and have it brilliant with deeds of charity and heroic devotion to the right, ever remembering that your individuality can be rendered noble only by going forth like the Icicle and joining that grand procession which is moving on from the cradle to the grave, and as the Icicle joined the murky-cloud, imparted its sweetness to the dew drop, cooled the bosom of the sweet flower, slaked the thirst of the weary traveler—so do you go forth and impart to those less fortunate than yourself, that which you can spare, bearing in mind that all your acts are recorded, for even the ground is all memoranda and signatures, bearing evidence of your truthfulness to your own higher nature.

Would that we could impress humanity with those "Better Views of Living," and show them that beautiful chain that connects all humanity in one common brotherhood, and convince them that when one link is weak, another moderately strong, another inflexible, resolute and unyielding, that each is none the less a part of that mighty chain that unites together the throbbing heart of humanity and that each one is getting its part, none the less, and none the less important, whatever its condition may be and whatever its position on the scale of existence.

ALCINDA WILHELM SLADE.

A multitude of our readers were started by the obituary notice in our last week's issue, concerning the decease of our well beloved Sister, Alcinda Wilhelm Slade.

We were indebted to Bro. Robinson, of Galesburg, Ill., at whose house she was stopping at the time of her decease, for the intelligence of her sudden demise, and at that date, only had time to make the usual obituary notice.

Another worker in the spiritual vineyard has passed on to that higher life, the beauties and realities of which she has so often portrayed to eager listeners, who have been alike moved by her eloquence and convinced by her logic. For several months her health had been somewhat impaired, but an indomitable will, aided by an intense devotion to the cause of truth, kept her in the lecture hall until about a week before her death,—the immediate cause of which was hemorrhage of the bowels.

It may be literally said of her, "She died with the harness on and the glory of her works around her." She was at the American House, (Galesburg, Illinois). Though far removed from home and kindred, with the exception of her beloved husband, Bro. Henry Slade, who was with her through her illness, she received every care and attention from kind physicians and sympathizing friends of her faith. The funeral oration was delivered by Bro. A. B. Whiting, the well known trance medium, at the Unitarian Church in Kalamazoo, her residence. In accordance with her desire, her remains were taken to Albion, Mich., and interred by the side of the father, sister, and former wife of Dr. Slade. Her bereaved husband, sister and other near kindred, have the heart-felt sympathies of the vast multitude of those who have known and admired her for her great ability as a public speaker, and sterling worth as a true hearted, noble woman in all the relations of life.

We are indebted to Bro. Whiting for the particulars in regard to the funeral and burial of Sister Slade. Many of our readers have had the pleasure of listening to the eloquent lectures of our dear departed sister during the last ten years that she has been before the public, and we may be permitted to say that no one has ever given more general satisfaction. Her inspiration has not been confined to the Spiritual Philosophy, except in general terms; as occasion required, so she was inspired to speak. During the years of our national struggle, she was traveling from State to State, speaking to the assembled multitudes of all phases of religious faith, cheering the brave and despondent to noble deeds in defence of the imperiled republic, as well as to acts of benevolence and charity in procuring necessities for the sick and destitute soldiers and their needy families.

When Alcinda Wilhelm presented herself before promiscuous audiences in those terrible days of our country's trials, all murmurs, at other times so common in such audiences against Spiritualism, was hushed to silence! The brave noble woman received applause and unfeigned respect from all. Her name will not only live in the memory of Spiritualists, but with lively recollection of hundreds and thousands of men and women—patriots of all phases of religious faith throughout the length and breadth of our country.

To live such a life and pass to the higher sphere thus beloved, is a boon greatly to be desired. Such has been the good fortune of one, who, in her early public career, faced adversity and overcome it, in part, by her own intrinsic powers of endurance, but more especially by her fidelity to the Angel World—a band of guardian spirits, who inspired her in life and awaited and received her to the spirit home—in the Summer Land the moment of her transition.

"LIFE, MOTION MATTER."

Z. Houghton, of Jamestown, Wis., writes as follows in reference to the JOURNAL: "Your articles on Life, Motion, Mind and Matter, were to me worth four times the cost of the JOURNAL for one year."

We are gratified to know that our efforts are duly appreciated by our readers. Those articles foreshadowed grand truths, which will follow when the proper time arrives. Henry Ward Beecher takes the same position assumed by us in regard to "Mind Diffused," but foolishly ascribes to the effects thereof the name of Holy Ghost. We shall allude to that sermon in due time.

The Career of the God Idea in History.

Having just finished the perusal of the recent work of Hudson Tuttle, under the above suggestive title, we are impelled to offer a word of comment. While scores and hundreds of volumes are written which are but a waste of the materials used, and whose highest claim to notice is the neatness of their mechanical execution, it is indeed refreshing to find one which the good sense of the age demands, and which treats of subjects of a religious character, without the usual partiality, prejudice and cant. The author has presented in this volume, the central idea of all historic religions, and of all sacred books, showing most clearly, that, from the first crude conceptions of Deity, growing out of the mere contact of savage man with the forces of nature, to the highest metaphysical speculations, the God Idea has kept pace with the culture and civilization of the race.

The universality of the God Idea is disproved by the testimony of missionaries and travelers among races who have no forms of worship, and whose language have no words representing God; also the popular belief in the pure monotheism of the Jewish people, is amply confuted by the declarations of their own most prominent and authentic writers. The conflicting representations of God, the Trinitarian myth, and the devil of the Bible, form an interesting chapter. In his conclusion the author has shown the false reasoning upon the cherished doctrine of "Design in nature," demolishing the pedestal upon which theologians have so boastfully reared their anthropomorphic deity, and the realm of the unknown, closed against the profanation of ceaseless inquiry, by the easy postulation of a final cause, the author would ruthlessly expose to the researches of unregenerate reason, through the demonstrations of positive science. The volume embraces a field of unusual interest to the thoughtful reader, and though the unavoidable conclusion ignores the "divine origin," the darling theory of all the systems of religion which it reviews, yet it will meet a wide demand, and doubtless excite the most bitter condemnation of illiberal religionists, as well as elicit high encomiums from all unbiased readers.

REASONS FOR REJOICING—A REQUEST.

All have reason to rejoice at the rapid promulgation of the principles of the philosophy of life—Spiritualism, with its legitimate results of loosening the bonds of sectarianism, and the elevation of human character. We, with many others, rejoice at the rapidly increasing cumulative evidence that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is doing the great work in this sphere, designed by its projectors in spirit-life. We further rejoice in the knowledge of the fact that thousands of the readers of the JOURNAL are being inspired to make special personal efforts to induce their neighbors to become subscribers, while those in arrears are becoming conscious that it is unjust to longer delay payment. Good friends of the JOURNAL, have sent us 213 new subscribers during the last week, ranging from one to seventeen each.

No person can appreciate these favors more forcibly than we do. We certainly have reason to rejoice.

In conclusion, allow us to make one request, and that is, that every subscriber make it a special business to induce as many persons as possible to subscribe for the JOURNAL, for three months, until, between now and the first of January next, at the nominal sum of FIFTY CENTS each. Such a subscription would be a nice holiday present, to be made by those who are able to do so, to such of their friends as would never otherwise have their attention called to a spiritual paper. If such an effort is made, many thousands of new subscribers will be added to our list, the evidences of the truth of our philosophy will be scattered broad cast among the people, and a desire to commune with loved ones who have gone before, will be awakened in the minds of, and sought for by thousands who have now no faith in its possibility, and be fully realized, experimentally, to the great joy of those whose communion has been severed eternally, as was supposed, by the so-called relentless destroyer—death.

NOTHING IS LOST.

"Nothing is lost. The drop of dew That trembles on the leaf or flower, Is not excluded to fall down. In summer's thunder shower; Perchance to shingle within the bow That fronts the sun at fall of day; Perchance to sparkle in the flow Of fountain far away. So with our deeds, for good or ill, They have their power source understood, Then let us use our better will To make them rise with good; Like circles on a lake they go, Ring within ring, and cover stay, Oh! that our deeds were fashioned so That they might bless away."

Nothing lost! How true the thought! In a world of change—constant, ceaseless change, yet nothing annihilated! A flower to-day, glistening with variegated tints! to-morrow the mildew and damp has driven them from its leaves, to glow with beauty—where? Are these beautiful tints lost that nestled with so much grace and loveliness on those leaves? If not, lost, where are they? Joined the vast laboratory of nature, there to remain until conducted by little tendrils and a tiny stalk, to the leaves of a blossom again—there to shine forth as freshly as ever. It is consoling to us to know that nothing is lost. Our deeds live after us; they become a part of us.

Whatever changes takes place in the natural world, we know full well that nothing is lost, and that nothing is added to the grand volume of Infinite matter.

Societies desiring the services of Mrs. Ballou during the winter months, can address her in care of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago

CHOICE LANGUAGE.

A writer in the Christian Intelligencer says: "Boston has of late become notorious for the choice language of its ministers. At the Temperance Convention, Rev. Messrs. Min, Thompson, and Usler, freely used 'rascal,' 'scamp,' and etc. and it was hoped, Uneducated ministers monopolized such kind of 'slang'; but Mr. Murray, of Park street church, seems to run a race with this delectable class, and vie with them in dispensing this vulgar diction. Last Sunday evening, in alluding to such as failed in presenting fully taxable property, he called them 'liars and villains'."

Well, why should those belonging to the various Orthodox Churches object to the free use of slang-words, or those which express the condition of an action, when it is well known that the Bible contains words bearing great resemblance to those used in the Temperance Convention. On examination, we find the following passages:

"If a man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar."

"He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar."

"Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a liar from the beginning."

"Men of high degree are ye to."

"Therefore hearken not ye to your prophets, for they prophesy a lie unto you." Had not those high dignitaries a right to use the refined language the Bible contains? If the Bible is the Word of God, of course, He inspired His worthy prophets to use the language therein contained. Spiritualists, however, rarely use language as coarse and vulgar as that ascribed to those participating in the proceedings of that Temperance Convention, for they do not find it necessary to do so in order to clearly express their ideas. They can battle with error without resorting to slang phrases, or using those obscene expressions that abound in the writings of the Scriptures, and which an Orthodox would blush to read in his family. It is easy to say "liar," "villain," "scamp," but they mean but little, if anything, if not accompanied with the evidence.

SPIRITUALISM IN CINCINNATI.

The Inquirer, speaking of Mrs. Addie L. Ballou's closing lecture, says:

"Mrs. Addie L. Ballou delivered the closing lecture of her series at Greenwood Hall last night, before quite a large audience. She opened with a poem by a disembodied spirit, entitled the 'Streets of Baltimore.' Then followed an 'invocation,' after which the fair lecturer spoke for upward of an hour on inspiration."

She concluded her lecture with the following remarks:

"My life is dear to me, because scattered through the West—parts of that life, and dependent upon it are my children. Therefore I shall live and labor so long as I can. I have not yet done with you, but having scattered the seeds I want to come back among you in harvest time. I may have disappointed you; you have not disappointed me, because I felt you before you came. As one who taught great mortals more than 1800 years ago, and bore all the great torments inflicted upon Him, so may I bear my share of suffering. Most of all our speakers are discouraged. Thank God, the angels are with us! Had we depended on mortals alone, we would long since have perished by the wayside, as we are now dying, inch by inch. All of us love our audience; the instant we stand before them, and only ask one little word of encouragement. The poor mediums call down blessings upon all who cast even one little flower in their path."

Mrs. Ballou closed with an appeal in behalf of the cause and of the many suffering laborers in it, and then bade a touching farewell to the audience.

After the close of the lecture, Miss Lizzie Keizer came forward and described spirits in the audience in the manner previously given to the readers of the ENQUIRER.

HOW AND WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

Wash A. Danskins, of Baltimore, has published the fourth edition of the above entitled work. It is interesting, and finds a ready sale. Brother Danskins stands high as a business man, and is inferior to none in a social point of view, and yet is bold to declare his faith in spirit communion, and publishes to the world the evidence he received that convinced him of the immortality of the soul and its power to commune with loved ones in earth life after passing to "that bourn from whence (it has been falsely said) no traveler return."

AN INQUIRY.

W. Pierce, of Palmyra, Ohio, writes as follows:

"How and where can I find the first chapter on disorderly christians. I desire to obtain it. I will try and send a few cases shortly which I have on hand, though rather fresh to send so far."

In reply to our Brother's inquiry, we would say that he can obtain the first chapter with reference to "disorderly christians," of L. H. Perkins, of Kansas city, Mo. During the last two years, he has clipped from the political and secular press over three hundred cases of seduction, rape, murder, larceny, etc., committed by ministers of the gospel and prominent church members.

A LECTURE TOUR AND SPIRIT SEANCES.

In connection with Hiram Taylor, of Lenawee Co., Michigan, a test clairvoyant and describer of spirits, Elijah Woodworth will visit, through Dec., 1899, Branch Co., Mich.; Jan., 1870, Stuben Co., Ind; Feb. and March, Lenawee Co., Mich., and Fulton Co., Ohio.

Address Elijah Woodworth, Coldwater Mich., during Dec., 1899, and Jan., 1870.

MRS. DR. C. H. MANNING.

The above named most excellent medium's address will be found in our advertising columns. Her powers are very remarkable as a healer, seer and psychometrist. Those seeking for a true delineation of character and a prophetic unfolding of the future, should not fail to give her a call and thus oblige themselves as well as the advertiser.

Philadelphia Department.

BY H. T. CHILD, M. D. Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 654 Race street, Philadelphia.

LIFE-NUMBER TEN.

The Means of Preserving, Accumulating and the Powers of Life.

An ancient philosopher, inspired by the facts all around him in nature, and, perhaps, by the spirits of the departed, declared "that the fathers had eaten sour grapes and the childrens teeth were set on edge." In every department of life from the lowest plant up to man, its transmission from one generation to another is the first, and one of the most important steps towards the attainment of conditions favorable for power. The agriculturist and the horticulturist are so well aware of this fact that it forms a prominent part of their studies and labors to secure the best and purest seeds.

To be engaged in rearing animals of all kinds, areas fully aware of its importance, and know that their success depends in a great measure upon a proper selection and arrangement of the parents of their stock. It would be well if mankind were as careful in regard to their own species, as they are in regard to the lower animals. We believe a better day is dawning, and intend to do all we can towards hastening the time when this first step towards the attainment of power in individuals shall be so much better understood and practiced, that its fruits shall be manifest everywhere.

Finding ourselves here and there under the disabilities entailed through ignorance of the laws and carelessness in regard to their fulfillment, it is wise to make the best of our conditions. We are happy to say, that much as we may fall short of the tonitions which our ideas mark out for us, we can help ourselves in many directions, and as we do this, life will not only be a blessing and glory to ourselves, but to many others. One of the greatest errors of life is the profligate waste of its powers, which is universal that every man, woman and child is chargeable with it. Ask yourselves, my brothers and sisters, and ye blessed children, so often full of overflowing with life, how much have I wasted this day of the divine energies which kind and loving parents, Father God and Mother Nature bestowed upon me?

When you wake in the morning upon a bed filled with excitements from your body through the night, did you rise immediately and opening wider your apartments, give access to abundance of pure air, and performing your ablutions, prepare for the day's work? Or did you turn over under the stupefying influence of the impure air, and yield again to the influence of sleep. If, to you have wasted what hours can not bring back to you. We should rise at regular periods, and if you retire at the proper time, you will always be ready to rise with the sun in the summer, and later in the winter months. The morning ablutions should be performed with pure water, and the best air we can obtain. After these gymnastic motions in which for a few moments every muscle in the body will be called into action, by this means we can discover whether any disease is insidiously lurking around, and the first symptoms of pain—a warning against it. If any muscle gives us pain, it is the divine monitor warning us to attend to it. In most cases, all that is needed to remove these pains, is properly regulated and gradually increased motion. After this, we should sit alone in some quiet place—it will be well for it to be the same. Sit for a few moments with the feet and hands closed, so as to allow the currents to circulate freely—then separate them, and raising the arms directly upward, hold them there for a short time that the currents may pass on in the direction, and you will receive from above the influence which comes in that way. Then hold them up at an angle of forty five degrees in front of you, and allow the same thing to take place; then in front of you at right angles with the body, or on the horizontal plane; then hold them on the same plane directly across the chest. Neither of these positions should be continued for any length of time. We should then sit quietly for ten minutes to half an hour, and yield to the influences which comes to us. These quiet sittings for devotion should be held three times a day, and we shall find that they bring us nearer to our Father (God and Mother Nature), to the angels above, and the angel hosts. Through the day, in a spirit of calm equanimity, we may perform our allotted duties. In the beautiful economy of nature, we find that about one third of the lungs is required for ordinary respiration, thus giving us a reserved force of nearly two thirds. One of the most important sources of power in the vital systems of all living beings, is respiration, by means of which we obtain oxygen from the air and throw off carbonic acid gas.

We measure the power of endurance of man by the dimensions of the chest.

By a beautiful law in relation to the diffusion of power when taken in a small portion of pure air, it is distributed through all the air cells and mingles with that which remains there. But we have the power by voluntary action of filling the chest to its utmost capacity, and there is no better means at our disposal for increasing our physical and intellectual powers, than frequent full inspirations of pure air. Many times through the day, this should be done, especially when we find ourselves in condition. The air is pure away from the habitations of men, under the beautiful trees, God's temples, in which the soul delights to worship. Let us remember, then, many times in the day, that God has given us this power and invites us to use it, and by an effort of the will, fill our chest to their utmost capacities. This is especially important for children, as they are growing, for it gives tone and vigor to them, and also enlarges the chest. It is also of the highest importance to those who have weak lungs, and a tendency to disease in the organs, that care be taken not to overexert or excite them. Gradually, however, almost every one may increase the capacity of their lungs, and thus add to their powers. This is a gospel which we hope many of our readers will take home to themselves, and they will find it to be a source of glad tidings of good news. We have spoken of many ways in which the energies of life are squandered, but we are writing for thinking, intelligent persons, who are really seeking to know these things, and we believe the hints we have thrown out will be useful to these.

We should be on our guard as to the prodigal use of our powers. At the same time, we have no fears in regard to proper exertion, for this does not exhaust, but tends to accumulate power. We have spoken of diet, &c., in former articles. It is a great waste of power to eat upon any kind of mental or physical labor immediately after taking food, and there should always be a pause from these before we take our meals.

We have presented these as suggestions, rather than rules, because every one must study for themselves, their own conditions and requirements, and we trust that the intimations given in these papers, will not be lost. The freedom of the press in this age and country gives

us a grand opportunity to discuss questions which have too often been prohibited. We shall avail ourselves of this, and ask our readers to go with us into the investigation of all things which relate to the welfare of our common humanity.

A Review.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT, of Nov. 6th, we find a report of an admirable lecture on "Reminiscences by our gifted sister, Cora L. V. Tappan." It was one of the most profound discourses we have ever read. We propose to review it, and if we do not accept all of its propositions, we rejoice at the suggestions which it offers. Herein lies the secret of real merit in such essays, for the soul is strengthened in grappling with great ideas, even though it may not be able to carry them out.

We are just as well satisfied that there has been a fast eternity, and there will be a future eternity, as we are that there is a present existence. In the clear visions of soul-life, we realize all these things, and could not know of the present without the other. We should be in the condition of Bishop Berkeley and his followers, who believed that all things were merely subjective; that there were no realities, either in the material or spiritual planes. Mrs. Tappan says:

"Reminiscences are not memories. There can be no recollection of anything, event or scene which the soul has not experienced. There can be no recollection of that which is gone away. Not that you remember an occurrence, but that you are an occurrence; not that you recollect an event, but the event is a part of you. It is said that Plato remarked concerning a favorite pupil, I do not teach that child, these thoughts are there, the remnants of a past existence, in the impression of a soul's knowledge; and doubt not, my friend, whence that knowledge came. My mission is to awaken it, to give that immortal part an opportunity to express itself—to watch and receive the already ripening fruits of another existence."

How often, in our experience, do we hear truths reiterated in our hearing time, after time, and at length, when the germs in our souls had been awakened so that we could perceive and receive them, we have been astonished that we did not see them before.

One of the secrets of the success of Modern Spiritualism, lies in the fact that spirits know how to present the truths to humanity that shall awaken the dormant perceptions of the soul.

Mrs. Tappan says:

"It books could make knowledge, you would long ago have become paragon of learning, and would have been waiting to catch a glimpse of light from the life immortal. Reminiscence is prophetic, all that is, and all that will be." "The soul in its eternal course of progress may take on one form after another, and cast them aside as you do cast-off garments, only reserving such experiences as are valuable to the growth of the spirit. But we cannot quote sufficiently from the discourse—it should be read and studied by all. For many years, we have had a dim consciousness of the former conditions of soul-life, glimpses in which we have seen through the dim shades and corridors of the vast eternity of the past.

One of our friends in spirit life, who has given his experience through us, speaks of different forms of consciousness which are entirely distinct. We know these exist here, and we believe that in the coming ages we may turn that which is now the dark lantern of a future eternity backward so that its light may shine upon and reveal the hidden mysteries of the long ago, and we shall be able to string all these forms of consciousness upon our lifeline. There is something in the present is enough for us. We know it is rich in occurrence, and full of good works, but to the unfolded soul, the past, the present and the future are one. The beetle and butterfly do not appear to have any consciousness of the name from whence they spring.

Let us in our journey through life, seek for wisdom, ask for knowledge, and in calmness and serenity, wait for the unfolding light which shall come to us, confident that the broad and beautiful basis of knowledge on which we now stand, will be continually widened and strengthened, and we shall go forth, clothed in the radiant beauty, that wisdom which is profitable to direct in all things. Spiritualism sheds its mild and radiant light upon all truth everywhere, and when it fills our souls, it gives us a freedom to ask of Nature around us, the angels above us, and our Father Himself.

The consciousness of a past and a future eternity, in his own eternal present, is the most consoling that can come to the human soul, not as removing any responsibility, but showing us that we walk in the universe as gods—children of our Father God and Mother Nature, allied to both now and forever.

A Religious Dog.

"An exchange tells us of a wonderful dog in the village of Ludlow, Ky., who exhibits remarkably pious proclivities. This canine specimen, answering to the name of 'Joe,' is evidently a martyr in his own estimation. He is a constant attendant at the Christian Church, and during the service he posts himself near the pulpit. During the hour of worship he observes the strictest decorum, never barking or making the least noise to disturb the most fastidious; he seems rather favorable to spirited sermons always lending a rapt attention to what may be said. During prayer Joe rises to his feet, and with his head inclined to the floor, assumes an humble position, and seems inspired with the solemnity of the occasion. Though his dogship is not desired in the assembly of the faithful, he treats the frowns and rebuffs he receives from their hands with forgiving spirit. Notwithstanding he is often ruthlessly ejected with kicks and bruises from the holy walls, his love is so strong for Divine service that at all hazards he seeks admission again. Turn out what the phenomenon may be in the end, he is a wonderful dog. Though not fit to look upon as a noble nature, and as with intuitively religious."

REMARKS. If the above be true, there is but one explanation, and that is that spirits can influence the dog. We have an account in an ancient record of a certain long eared animal that on one occasion spoke and rebuked his rider. As a physiologist, we have strong doubts about the vocal organs of this wonderful animal being capable of doing anything but baying, and have always doubted that story until we have heard spirit voices. Now we can readily understand how this marvelous thing happened.

At least twelve years ago, we were riding along the street, and heard the name "Henry" called out, just as distinctly as we were accustomed to hear it when a boy. For many years the term doctor has been substituted for that. On hearing this name we stopped the horse and looked all around us. It was a clear cold

morning, and there was no one within sight. We did not suppose it was our horse, though he was an intelligent animal, as we shall show presently. That evening, at a small circle, we had this sentence spelled out by the raps. "My dear Henry, did they hear me call thee, this morning?" I remarked that I heard some one, and the response from the spirit was, it was me, and the name of the dearly loved spirit was spelled out. We were informed that ere long many other spirits would be able to speak to us, a prediction which has been fulfilled. We recollect seeing an advertisement which for want of proper punctuation, read as follows: "Wanted a coachman to take care of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind."

Our excellent old horse, Henry, has often refused us this. We were in the habit of going to Friends' meetings on First days (vulgarily called Sundays), and the old horse knew just as well to turn into the yard and go to his place under a shed on that day on other days he would pass by the meeting-house and make no effort to go in. Perhaps the half recollecting, least said is soonest mended, we were very few wagons on the streets on Sundays.

But about spirits influencing dogs, we have known several instances where they have appeared to see spirits. The late Dr. J. P. Foster of Alton, Mo. was at a dark circle, and they were having wonderful physical manifestations. There was a little dog present; he requested the spirit mentally to punch his tail. He had scarcely formed the idea in his mind before they were very much amused at the expense of the dog, by hearing "K-i-t-i-e." He informed the circle what he had requested, and the experiment was tried by others, and repeated. It is a well known fact that dogs dream, and I think it would be very rash to deny that they and many other animals are influenced by spirits. We are well aware that the power of spirits to communicate is modified by the character of the medium. The spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets."

A NEW PROPOSITION.

To any one who has never taken the JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, on the receipt of fifty cents.

HOME.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 145, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

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Keep constantly on hand all the publications of Wm. White & Co., J. P. Menahan, Adams & Co., Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association, and all other popular Liberal Literature, including RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and BANNER OF LIGHT, Magazines, Photographs, Parlor Games, Golden Pens, Stationery, &c.

HERMAN SNOW, 309 KARNER ST. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal. keeps the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for sale, and will receive subscriptions for the same. He also keeps for sale all Spiritualist and Reform books at Chicago and Boston prices. Specimens of the "Positive and Negative Power," "Phenomena," &c., always on hand.

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MRS. S. W. JORGENSEN. Rooms 2, 219 South Clark Street, Chicago. Psychometrical, Business and Developing Medium. Inspirational Instructor and Course-Teacher. Terms reasonable. No. 10, Vol. 7, No. 10 (p. 6).

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SOLOMON W. JEWETT

Heads the class at NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, by Layton, C. H. H. No. 10, Vol. 7, No. 12 (p. 2).

DR. WM. H. JOCELYN, The Healer and Clairvoyant, can be consulted at the Morton House, 114 South Franklin near Washington, (formerly St. Olud House). Dr. Jocelyn has been practicing sixteen years past with success. Address Chicago, Illinois. Vol. 7, No. 3-4 (p. 4).

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## Communications from the Inner Life

No shall give His angels charge concerning thee.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

FRANK'S JOURNAL—NO. 39.

BY FRANCIS E. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEXICO.

## Immanuel Lemmon.

Give me a chance to make a confession. I am Immanuel Lemmon. I lived in the reign of Charles II. and had a situation in the Customs. Born of a good family, I moved in good society and had every opportunity to become a useful citizen, but a faulty education swayed my course through life.

During the time of Cromwell's Puritanism prevailed throughout the land, making few converts but many hypocrites. When Charles came, what a change flashed over the realm! I was then in my first class in college, and well remember the delight manifested by every one. A wall of separation had cleared itself between church and people. The clergy lorded it over them with a high hand, and all stood in fear; but now all saw that their authority was at an end, and the reaction was wonderful. Nobody went to church except a few superannuated old women, and the clergy were unanimously dispised.

All this had a prodigious effect upon public morals. Even the semblance of purity was disregarded, and corruption had free course everywhere.

It was in such a school that I was brought up. You can form no idea of the temptations that assailed me on every side. Hardly had I made my mark in college, as a bright student, before invitations came from all the nobility and gentry around, to accept their hospitality, which meant also indulging in every species of vice.

How could a young man like me, of prepossessing manners and some acquirements, resist such appeals to his vanity? At first, I acted under some restraint; my mother's counsels were not altogether forgotten; but after awhile I laid the reins aside and plunged into every kind of dissipation. How I now mourn over this! How memory calls up many a poor girl ruined; many a family's peace destroyed; many a youth led from the path of rectitude, bringing sorrow upon father and mother. Before my marriage, I doubt if there was a more corrupt young man than myself.

I had fallen in love with a young lady, the daughter of a nobleman. At first, the family objection because of my dissipated character; but I promised reform, and for six months no further objection was made. I truly loved that girl, and determined to devote my life to her happiness; and all that could make one happy now was mine; but after a few months this began to fall, and I longed for my former companions. What tears this caused! Eliza's health was so ruined, that anything like omitting a religious duty was painful to her; what, then, to be told I had corrupted an innocent girl, who waited upon her! Never did I witness such poignant distress as when this came to her knowledge. All her finer feelings were so shocked that she became morose and began to fall from that moment; her mind gave way, and in less than a year the grave received her.

I knew that I had caused her death by my wickedness, and for a long time my anguish was intense; but remorse though keen cannot remain long amid the many allurements of life; and again I was the same as ever. I had formed an attachment for a lady living in London, of respectable family and considerable wealth. This last was of importance to me just now, for I had squandered most of my property in dissipation. Beautiful in person, lovely in character was the one who now had won my affections; but little progress, for busy tongues had been at work. But I so combated against every obstacle that I triumphed at last; her friends gave their consent, and we were married. Now comes the darkest day in my life. I thought I had gained a loving companion, but soon I found there was not the slightest affection between us. She was a paragon of the strictest cast, and cared for nothing like attending church and saying her prayers. I could not tolerate this, for I believed all religion a mere form, and its possessors either fools, fanatics, bigots or hypocrites. What perpetual jarings rose between us! Her nature revolted at my sin, and she implored heaven's pardon for my sin. This only excited my anger, and I bounced out of the house in a fury.

With one of my irascible nature, this could not go on long. Her mother, of course, took sides with her, and the war waged more and more fierce. At length I began to consider what course I should pursue, for such a life as this was absolutely unendurable.

After long deliberation I determined to end her life by poison; but how to escape detection was the difficulty. I had studied chemistry, and knew all about the different poisons then used, and these were all so subtle, and from her color I should have had no suspicion. I therefore went to Paris, and having become acquainted with a man of considerable scientific knowledge, turned the conversation upon the subject of the East, and the various methods there of causing death. This brought up all the poisons, and from her words I thought to use a plant then but little known called belladonna.

Home I went rejoicing, and well supplied with what I wanted. A few drops of the decoction was given every day, and a month passed without perceiving any effect, but then a change appeared. Her step was feeble; her color began to fade; her appetite was gone; her eyes lost their brilliancy, and no one could hardly recognize the beautiful woman I had married. The most eminent physicians were consulted, but all their knowledge could not reach her case. Gradually she faded away, and in less than a month after I began my attack upon the child of life, I saw her placed in the coffin.

What now was my condition? Did her death produce the happiness I looked for? While my work was going on, not a pang of remorse visited my bosom, but now, counting away the minutes as the poison stole away her life; and how I gloated over her, as day by day I witnessed its effects, and when the coffin lid was closed, I looked on playing the hypocrite, but inwardly rejoicing.

I returned from the funeral and sought my room, but hardly had I thrown myself upon the bed when there stood my wife just as I had first known her, resplendent in her bridal beauty. She vanished, and then appeared as I had seen her expire.

Here was a lesson I could not but understand; and daily was this lesson given. I now became the most wretched man that lived on earth. It mattered not where I betook myself, at home in my chamber, in the parlor, in other company, in the street, at church, no matter where—always at noon, my wife was with me, and always

presenting the two aspects, the first with a smile; the second with a frown.

I strove to banish the thought, but in vain. As the hour approached, a tremor seized upon me, becoming worse and worse every day, until I fairly groined as I knew the hour approached. All looked on me as if I were a man who had been most maliciously deceived, and who, in a moment of weakness, had been most immoderately excited to speak of what I saw, because that would excite suspicion. I must therefore bear my punishment in silence.

About this time, my means of support becoming low, I was obliged to look about for something, and by the aid of friends, obtained an appointment in the Customs. I hoped, but there was no relief for me—punctually at the hour my wife appeared.

The clerks around me looked on in wonder to see a man, at a certain hour every day, become paralyzed with fear; gaze on vacancy, then, seized with horror, stand trembling in every limb, unable to move, and not able to speak.

This continued for a whole year; not one day's respite in all that time. Human nature could not stand this. Gradually my health gave way—I could not attend at the office, and another filled my place. Poverty set in; I was harassed by creditors; could not pay my board; applied to my wife's father for relief, but was refused; was threatened with expulsion, and cut my throat.

In committing the last act, I had no fear of a future state, for I believed in none. It was with me not a mere matter of indifference, for I had studied the subject with much care. I had seen so much corruption among the clergy and other professedly religious, and had looked upon it as a mere farce, got up to give salaries to those who to work for a living, and to give power to the government. This was the case with all nations. Then I looked to the Bible, what proof could be brought to sustain its claims? It began and ended on human testimony. If I looked upon the Bible as a mere story, what the beasts came and live and die, and there is the end. The grain sprouts, leaf, blossoms, ripens, dies. The spring becomes the rivulet, the rivulet the river, the river the ocean, the ocean passes into vapor to return in rain and refresh the springs. The birds rear their young, are fledged, fly, and are seen young and so on forever. In the floral kingdom the same law prevails. Everywhere, throughout all nature, the same. CHANGE is that universal law, I thought all this over and over again, could see no exception throughout nature, and therefore why should man be an exception?

I opened my eyes, and I saw a dome above, dark and dismal. In vain did I try to pierce the distance; all was far beyond the reach of my vision; I tried to see some living thing; but no! all nature seemed to have expired. I was not altogether conscious of my existence, and yet I distinctly remembered having cut my throat.

I soon became sensible there was a being near, but could form no idea of what being it could be. Presently there shone a light in the distance, and in its midst appeared my wife in all her bridal beauty. She smiled and vanished. A darkened gloom then came, and in it my wife appeared, just as before death had fixed her mind. She frowned and vanished. Here, then, was proof that life existed beyond the tomb. How I quailed at the thought that my wife still lived. I could have submitted to any kind of punishment; had not my wife appeared, but this was more than I could bear. "I exclaimed, and fell to the ground almost insensible. But she extended her hand—her touch electrified me with strength—I arose and followed her.

As we proceeded, what a change had come. Nature wore another garb. Grass and flowers, birds and trees, were all as if they had been changed into a new world, and I saw many women and children with happy faces in social groups everywhere. I had no more fear of my murdered wife, for that sin, I felt assured, had been consumed by conscience. She extended her hand and smiled a welcome.

We are now on our way, no difference between us, and all the band which unites us. "You are but a link between spirits and mortals. It is astonishing with what facility I impart my thoughts upon your brain, and with what ease you commit them to paper. Scarce a thought have you written but what I impressed. What an instrument for good are you in the hands of others!"

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

A STRANGE STORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. A YOUNG MAN AT WATER-TOWN CLAIMED TO BE POSSESSED OF EVIL SPIRITS FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND HOW THE CATHOLIC PRIESTS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO CAST THEM OUT.

Malison (W's) State Journal.

In our State times, the other day, appeared a paragraph in regard to some strange doings at Water-town—the demoniacal behavior of a young man there alleged to be possessed of evil spirits, and how they had been priestly attempts to cast out the devils. One of the editors of the Milwaukee Wisconsinian has been to the scene of these transactions and inquired into the case, and we republish most of his report of what he has seen and heard, making a story which reads more like a record of the "dark ages" before the time of Luther, than like a story of the enlightened Nineteenth Century.

The Wisconsin writer went to Water-town, Friday, and in company with Mr. Sleeper, the depot agent, Mr. Coe, of the Republican, and Mr. March, the artist and interpreter, went in the evening to the home of the young man, whose name he has not given, but is a native of the depot, where he lives with his family, consisting of a father, mother, three boys and five girls, nearly all German, who are of the poorer order of German peasantry, and came from Pomerania, in North Germany. The account of the visit, somewhat condensed, is as follows:

We found the young man, Selge, in his shirt sleeves, sitting by a little old pine table, trying to polish his face with a razor. There was a prayer-book and three or four old dirty bead charms on the table, and a shilling picture of the Cross with a crucifix and a priestly mitre hanging in front. The young man is a slight, light-haired, nervous looking youth of twenty-six, who would be noticeable only for his "game leg" and withered, twisted hand. We took our seat on a pine stool beside him at the table, while the little old folks and our grown girls, who were ready to open their mouths at our staring eyes, grouped to rehearse the wonderful history of the devils and the miracles, which we give with literal exactness.

About twenty five years ago, when the young man was but five years of age, his next-older sister found a blue egg and a pair of white birds in a bush near the tree near the door. She brought it in to her mother, who told her to take it back. After putting the egg under the tree again, it was picked up and eaten by their old house dog, who was immediately stricken blind and raging with madness. The dog was quickly killed, when the little egg was taken to bed. She lingered out a year in blindness and agony, till relieved by death. The boy, Carl, was then immediately attacked with blindness, and paralytic pains, continuing for months, and leaving him deformed as described.

He eked out a feeble existence for the six years following, when the diabolical agencies seem to have come in and got the upper hand of him entirely. He would now be suddenly taken with contortions, pulling round the head, jerking of the shoulder, smiting of the fists, grating of the teeth, writhing of the mouth, and gasps of most malignant kind. He would often be thrown violently on the ground, and strike at all who approached him. He would be seized at the table with shaking hands, and his food scattered upon the floor. When master of himself he would make the sign of the cross in God's name, or others would for him, and sometimes appease the raging demons thereby. These spells occurred at irregular intervals, often lasting a day. The German doctors plied him with strong roots and phisic, but all to no avail. There seemed no peace for him in the old country, and in the spring of '67, they made across the big waters, and found their way where they are.

But trouble pursued our hapless family across the waters. Soon after their arrival in Water-town, one of their little girls, a pretty, confiding little miss of sixteen, was put to lying in the bed of her father's minister, and died in the city whose church they all belong to, and who had seven children in his family. In a short time, the simple creature became the victim of her minister's passions, and in due season she bore a living evidence of her misfortune to her father's home, and lives on contentedly at home, her child being a fine robust boy of twelve months. The preacher was arrested last spring on the charge of seduction, was examined and committed to the county jail. About a month since he tore his bed blanket into strips and hung himself by the neck till he was dead. He was buried in the city, and the old demonic symptoms broke forth upon the young man with added violence. When under spells he would spring toward the child with teeth gnashing and eyes expanded, threatening to break every bone in his body. Oftentimes nearly all the family would be effected with him, and he would rub his hands over their heads, lasting for hours. During evenings, the doors would slam, the windows shake, and strange, hollow noises be heard in the rooms, but nothing would be seen on entering. Late one evening, a large ball of fire was seen on the cook stove, when the young man rushed forth with a bucket, scattering the fragments over the room. Soon after the devil, they thought, got into their cow in the yard. She would suddenly rear on her legs, snort her tail, and shake her horns with savage fury. For days no one could approach to milk her while the young man would gaze at her antics with a stare.

Such trouble could hardly be borne. Early last winter they called in Doctor Quinley, son of the great Stockbridge Indian chief, to apply his skill. He administered powerful herb phisic to the young man, also put powerful drawing plasters on his shoulders. The plasters were removed, and when the young man was found to be covered with bristles, of various colors, from a half to three inches in length. Strange things to come out of the young man, and no one could account for it.

The spiritual medium was next consulted, when a new difficulty appeared, to make snatching his head up, and the young man's throat, till he was black in the face. The lashings of his tail could be heard under his ribs below! A goose quill was pressed down his throat, and passes made over his head, till relief was obtained, and the young man disposed of in bed. The medium seemed to have power over the devils for the time, but nothing beyond.

The Catholic priest was next applied to, but he declined to engage the devils, because the young man was not a Catholic. The Bishop, who happened in the city, was afterwards called to the depot, as he had heard that the young man shaking like an aspen, unable to raise his hand in return. Presently the young man was quieted. The devil, his father said, would not let the young man eat for twenty-four hours, because of his visit to the Bishop.

Some four weeks ago, a Catholic convocation was held at Water-town, attended by seven priests. The young man was taken to the church, to test the miraculous power of the priestly body, and have the devils cast out *en masse*. On being questioned as to the names of the devils, the father of the young man said one of them gave his name as William Bohrer, known to the father, as being a desperado, and who had murdered a hog drover in the old country, many years ago, for his money.

Thursday, four weeks ago, was set as the day for the grand casting out of the evil spirits. The church was filled. The young man was laid on the altar, appearing as dead. The seven priests, kneeling around him, and began their incantations by sprinkling him with holy water, anointing him with oil, burning incense, laying hands upon him, reading Latin prayers, and giving him some lotion they had prepared. They then addressed the evil spirits, saying they would pronounce a curse upon them, if they didn't leave. The young man was put in different attitudes before the picture of the Holy Virgin, with similar exercises of sprinkling, burning incense, laying on of hands, etc. These exercises were repeated at different times throughout the day. Sometimes the evil spirit would speak in a loud voice, and say "I am a German. When sprinkling him with Holy water he told them he "would like to surround their whole church with water, and purify it." When reading Latin prayers he would tell them they had not got the right one yet, when they would repeat another and another, till it suited him. The Catholic brethren say the evil spirit spoke out many times in strange tongues, and especially in the "Irish and Latin tongues." It was believed that four devils were cast out on Thursday. On Friday three more were said to have been expelled, and on Saturday evening, the last, more obvious than all, agreed to leave, if all the members would, leave the church with him. All but three acquiesced, and the devil took his departure to the great joy and wonder of the young man and the brethren. We were pained to hear that another devil made his appearance a week ago, and that he had not announced his departure, and were still full of more remaining! The young man goes up to Mass every morning, and with all his family, is now a devout Catholic.

The Wisconsin writer gravely appends to his account of the Water-town affair a statement as follows: "I am a spiritualist, and believe in the fact, particularly that of an old Mohawk Indian, who says there are evil spirits trying to get to the brains of the young man, and who have tried to choke him, and says kind soothing influences will restore the young man to quiet." The old Indian "spirit" also states that the "bristles" were blown out of the young man's hair, words that feed on the muscles of the young man, which were developed from *animalcules* taken in with the water from an old spring in Germany, and are the cause of his disorders, and will, in time, cause his death.

A bill giving women who are tax payers the right to vote in school district meetings, was recently lost in the Vermont Legislature, by a vote of 123 against 92.

There are now 550 young American students at German universities, and upward of 1,000 American youths and girls attending the higher schools and educational institutions.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal  
MRS. BETSY BALLOU.

Modern Spiritualism over Twenty-one Years of Age.

By Mrs. Susan C. Simmons.

DEAR SIR:—The account of Mrs. Birney, of Ohio, in your JOURNAL of Sept. 3th, reminds me of a trance speaker I once knew in Crown Point, New York, a Mrs. Betsy Ballou, then a resident of that place, and a member of the Baptist church. The first time I heard her speak in that condition, was in the summer of 1838 or 33, one or two years after the great religious excitement of 1831, on the shores of Lake Champlain. It was in the Baptist meeting-house in Bridgeport, Vt., at the close of the forenoon services, that she made a most earnest and affecting exhortation and prayer. I do not know whether she took a text at that time. Those near her thought she had fainted and tried to restore her. Some were passing out of the house, and others trying to get near her, so that in the bustle I lost her first words. There had been no unusual excitement. This was the first time she spoke in that condition; but for ten or eleven years after, it was a common occurrence, both in public and private.

She lost the power of locomotion when entered; never rose to her feet like the trance speaker of another day, but could only gesture with her hands, and turn her face in different directions. Her eyes were closed and she seemed wholly unconscious of everything going on around her. She took no notice of anything that was said or done to her. One time at our regular Sunday meeting (in Crown Point) she was the last speaker, the last prayer, and benediction, and we could not stop her from going to consciousness until she had finished her exhortation, made a prayer and sung a hymn.

She made no appointments, only preached "when the spirit moved," (or got control) whenever she was at home or abroad. Ever after the above named services, she took up and preached regular orthodox sermons, quoting texts from all parts of the Bible, as fluently and correctly as the most approved revival preacher of the day, though she had no such talent in her normal state. She always seemed to think she was addressing a congregation, even when in a private room with only three or four persons present, and always lamented "the necessity that was laid upon her to preach the gospel, seeming to think it a very trying, painful task to preach to an audience," many of whom were better educated and more capable than herself.

She did not seem to suffer physically. There was only the usual rigidity of the limbs, the few deep inspirations and the closing of the eyes before she commenced speaking, as we see in magnetized persons and entranced speakers of today. On coming out of these trances she felt tired and weak, but in a few minutes could get up and walk or go about her work.

She enjoyed an average amount of health, did her usual house work, sewing, and knitting, and took care of her children, four in number.

One day, after Mrs. Ballou had gone through with these exercises in her strange way, in my private room, I told her what she had been doing, and expressed some wonder at the strange phenomena. She told me that "it was in answer to her own prayers, and she could not say she felt she had not the ability to instruct an audience nor the courage to undertake it, yet it was strongly impressed upon her as a duty and troubled her much, and, said she, "When I read Rachel Baker, the somnambulist or sleeping preacher, I pray earnestly that I might be like her in any way." She said she thought to think it was herself that did the preaching, and I then had no other thought. She told me she felt the influence, or felt her strength going a few moments before hand, in time to lie down before she lost control of herself.

She used to sing and pray before sermons, as well as after. She could not sing in tune, and never attempted it in her normal condition.

I do not know how long she continued to preach, nor whether she is still living. She was a native of Belcher Town, Mass., daughter of Dr. Phelps, and after the death of her husband, Hiram Ballou, polisher and engraver of tombstones, she resided to that place, taking her children with her.

She visited us once after that, in the summer of '43 or '44, and preached twice at our house; she told us that she went to sleep on the cars twice on different trains, and when she waked, and looked up, she saw by the light of the passenger car all looking at her, that she was doing her preaching. This was on the railroad between Belcher Town, Mass. and Troy N. Y. She came alone, without a traveling companion. Rachel Baker's trance preaching was of an earlier date still, but I cannot recall the exact date or location; I only recollect that she preached in the same strange way as Mrs. Ballou, in her own room, on the bed, I think, and always addressed a "congregation."

I do not recollect ever seeing any allusion to either Mrs. Ballou or Miss Baker, in any of the Spiritual papers, although I have often thought of them in connection with similar cases of the present day. I would like to see a reprint of "The History of Rachel Baker, the Somnambulist or Sleeping Preacher," in brief, in the columns of the JOURNAL. I think I have the title correct, though I have not seen it since the spring of 1832. It was a bound volume as large as the fifth read, containing some of her sermons.

## SPIRITUALISM IN MUNCIE.

The Red Man Returns to the Hunting Ground of his Father.

From the Muncie Times.

On Monday evening last Home News was present by special invitation, at what is called a Spiritual Seance at the residence of Prof. J. H. Powell, in this city. The occasion of the Seance was, as stated to us by Mr. Powell, the fact that Mrs. Powell wife of Prof. P., had lately been "developed" as a "dancing medium" Mrs. P., acting under the guidance of a deceased Indian chief, named "Silver Arrow" would cause a proficiency she had acquired under the spiritualistic tutelage of a friend, S. A. Green, in full Indian (C) costume. We reached Prof. P.'s residence on—street about seven o'clock P. M., and were met by him at the door with a kindly welcome and were soon made comfortable at home in a small coterie of our citizens, and female friends. A profuse of what was to follow, Prof. P. informed us that Mrs. P. had never attempted to take one step in dancing in her normal condition, and was utterly incapable of performing what she was about to perform in and of herself, and had not self-consciousness sufficient to even undertake it. Of the truth of this statement we, of course, cannot speak. It is true, what followed was strange and remarkable, even outside of all spiritualistic theories.

In a short time after our arrival, the room was comfortably filled up, and Mrs. P. retired to an adjoining room, accompanied by other ladies, to dress for the salutary exercises which were to follow. Those present were then requested to "form a circle," which was done by all joining hands. In a few moments Mrs. P. re-appeared dressed in red "Bloomer" pants, Garibaldi waist of same color, both being trim-

med with beads and fanciful work. She also joined the circle, and stood quiescent for a few moments. Shortly her breast began to heave, her face and hands began to twitch nervously and her eyes to close, so that, in a very few moments she had apparently, passed from a state of full consciousness to one of total unconsciousness. Mr. Miller of Winchester, then struck up a familiar tune on the violin. At first Mrs. P. or whoever it whatever was animating and controlling her body, did not seem to notice the harmonious sounds. Then she started slowly in the direction from whence these sounds came. Then her feet began to move, at first very slowly, then more vigorously and rapidly, until finally she dashed off into a sort of vigorous combination of the Schottische and Highland Fling, her feet hands and every part of her body keeping perfect time with the music. This was kept up for a length of time more than sufficient to utterly exhaust a less fragile nature than her's. Finally the music stopped and she sat down to rest for a few moments, but did not seem at all distressed by the violent exercise through which she had gone. The music again commenced, and as before, the first response of her body to the sounds were very slow and placid, but grew more and more pensive and energetic until it seemed to permeate her whole system, and she again dashed off into a vigorous dance in which we thought we could discover faint reproductions of motions and gestures we have seen in the Indian exhibitions which traveled the country some years since.

After the dancing was over the proposition was made that Mrs. P. should exhibit her powers as a healing medium. James Charman, who was suffering severely from rheumatism in the arm and shoulder, was selected as the person to receive the benefit of her curative power. Drawing his coat and placing himself in a chair, she began by making motions over his head and round about him. Then she rubbed the afflicted member, and vigorously slapped his back, breast and shoulders. After the operation Charman declared himself much benefited, though the benefit of his benefit will be permanent time alone can tell.

Taking the entire exhibition together it disclosed some remarkable features. Here was the body of an English woman, possessed and controlled, as it is claimed by the spirit of a deceased Indian. We have a right to suppose that the details of her life, and particularly her work in England during his earthly career, and we show that none of those present could understand or speak a word of genuine Indian. Yet, many present spoke to the Spirit in English and he replied in guttural Indian, and they understood each other. Did the Indian learn English after he reached the "U. S.?" or did he grow up in England during his earthly career, and we show that none of those present could understand or speak a word of genuine Indian. Yet, many present spoke to the Spirit in English and he replied in guttural Indian, and they understood each other. Did the Indian learn English after he reached the "U. 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Frontier Department

E. V. WILSON.

Notice to Correspondents and Others. All letters, papers and matter for use or the Frontier Department, must be addressed to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage county, Illinois.

Our Tour in Michigan—No. 6.

On Tuesday, Oct. 19th, we left Detroit, via G. S. R. R. to Ridgeway. Forty-one miles by private conveyance, to Almont, Lapeer County, twenty-seven miles from Ridgeway. For miles we rode over one of the best natural highways we ever saw, a ridge of ground several feet above the level of the country, making a fine public road.

Our home while at Almont, was with the angels in the house of the Bristsols and Andrews. Almont is the center of an earthly Eden, made more beautiful by the cultivation and development of the soil through the angel man. Fruits of all kinds abound, including the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and woman is there also, with her hand to pluck the fruit, and eat it. Bless her dear courageous soul, what would we have been to day, if she had refused to pluck the fruit and eat it?

"Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field which the Lord God had created."—Gen. 3rd 1st.

Will some one of our Christian friends tell us through the JOURNAL, if this serpent is their devil? We wait to know.

We lectured in Almont four nights to full houses, the people manifesting a deep interest in the cause of our Christ, and many came asking, "What shall we do to obtain practical knowledge of a future existence," and the burden of our discourse was to lead them up to a knowledge of Nature's God through Nature's laws, through the rugged path of toil; teaching them that heaven must exist within the soul before it can be enjoyed by the soul. The words of our elder Brother Jesus, are applicable, and we quote them, "The Kingdom of God is within you," and we must work out our own salvation.

We read many characters, with marvelous correctness, giving many fine tests of spirit life and presence, among which the following are worthy of a place in the Frontier Department.

1st. To Mr. B., after reading his character, we were led to a meeting standing in the midst of a group of men—it is on the occasion of the raising of a building. A stick of timber fell brushing by you. You barely escape; others are seriously hurt. Your twenty-third year is marked by an accident and event, affecting you socially, locally and financially, a period from which you date the pivotal center of your present life. Twelve years ago you are wronged by two men, describing them. We saw his parents and described them so accurately that they were identified at once—all of which proved correct.

2nd. We read Mrs. A.'s character; saw a friend of her's from the spiritual world, a soldier, and identified him. Accepted.

3rd. A remarkable reading of the character of Mr. P., giving incidents, with description of spirits, that carried conviction to many who doubted heretofore.

4th. We asked Mr. B. to stand up. We then passed our hand over his person, when our left hand was attracted to a spot on the right of the back just above the hips, and fastened for a few seconds to the spot. Our right hand then came in contact with the left knee, inside. We at once entered into a detailed account of the case, all of which was confirmed.

5th. By a lady we saw a spirit, described him and was asked what relationship he was to the woman? We answered promptly, "He is her brother-in-law." Correct.

6th. Luther Wright. This reading was in many respects, the most marked of any we gave in Almont, reading the events of a remarkable life of toil, describing vividly many incidents of a long life, remarking that this man's life has been a lonely one and especially through his childhood. Then came his mother from spirit life, speaking words of comfort to him. The old man received and accepted the reading, and his references to his childhood, brought tears to the eyes of many, and as he turned to us, and in a tremulous voice said, "I was all alone a boy, bound to a cruel master, who knew no mercy. I left him and came West. I was all alone—worn, naked, hungry and poor; but thank God, I am content, and now, and have my little family back upon my old age."

7th. Captain Cook, a peculiar man, was present, read him a charm, commanding the admiration of the audience, to whom he was well known, giving the following dates: At ten years of age this man takes upon himself the responsibilities of a man, and ever after acts the part of a man. At thirteen, leaves his surroundings, is adrift and alone in the world. At sixteen you are in the water, struggling for life—nearly dead when taken out. At eighteen you are nearly killed by the fall of a stick of timber or tree, you barely escape, with your life. At twenty-four we see a great change, locally and peculiarly. At twenty-four comes the great change of your life. Here begins the present man and his success. At thirty-one we see sickness, sorrow and anxious care. At forty-two, sickness, sorrow and death, with great grief. Eight years ago, against you in sorrow. The captain stood up, testified to the facts of these dates and these incidents. These are but a few of the many incidents and life histories given in Almont.

We leave for DeMo at 10 p. m., on Friday, October 22nd, for DeMo, and had a night ride of ten miles through as fine a farming country as the world affords, and well adapted to fruit.

Saturday, October 23rd, leave DeMo for Ridgeway, at 5 a. m.; ride seventeen miles in an old rickety hack, an insult to the traveling public. The snow four inches deep—everything froze up, trees loaded with snow, thousands of bushels of apples hanging on the trees. The damage to fruit is immense. We arrived at the depot at 9:30 a. m., cold and weary. While at the depot, one of those peculiar, sharp incidents occurred with us that makes our life so peculiar. There was a fine looking man "walking up and fro" in the house seemingly in deep meditation. Several persons came to us after light, as well as to shake hands with us. This attracted the attention of our meditative walkist, and he inquired of one who had shaken hands with us, who we were? Our friend answered just as we were all ready for the answer, "That is E. V. Wilson, a Spiritualist, and medium who has been lecturing and giving tests in Almont, during the week." "Spiritual humberg and impostor,—besides it's all a delusion, and of the Devil, a lie." We heard, we left, we were moved. The nature of the "gentle Wilson, parson us," was up and ready for the answer, which was quick, decisive and to the point. Turning to our critic, we asked: "Are you a minister?" "Yes."

"Were you called of God to preach the gospel?" "Yes."

"Do you believe in a God?" "Yes."

"Do you know yourself where He is?" "No."

"Do you know positively that you have a future life?" "I believe it."

"Do you know it in and of yourself?" "I am taught to believe it."

"The will not do; do you know it?" "No."

"Then, in fact, you do not know anything about the future in and of yourself, of your own knowledge?"

"Well no, not in fact, but we believe it, and teach it as divinely revealed to us."

"Was this revelation made to you, and if so, when, where, and by whom?"

"It was not revealed to me personally, but I was taught to believe in it as revealed wisdom from God, through his prophets."

"And you accept it as a fact?" "Yes, I do."

"All a delusion, revealed humbug, cheat and imposition, without a particle of evidence to sustain it; and for this cause God shall send them strong delusions, that they might believe a lie," and we parted the "gentle Wilson, parson us," he in answer, we were each to our work, and then came the iron horse, with his breath of fire. We took our seat upon his tail, and soon he whisked us into the ancient city of Detroit.

INFANTICIDE.

Infanticide in England—Discussion on the Means of Preventing It.

From the New York World.

Read this article, my dear Christian friends, and ask yourselves if it is not a good paper for Dr. Potter and might be bound properly to his department of disorderly Christians. Read the remarks of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and the pious and saintly Rev. Mr. Sullivan, and then compare the remarks of the chairman with the Rev. Sullivan, and thank God that you are not Christians.

At the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," now in session at Bristol, England, the subject of infanticide was a very lengthy discussion upon the question, "Can infanticide be diminished by legislative enactment?"—and as several ladies, maids and matrons, participated in the debate, it assumed a more rather a spicy character. Infanticide was defined to be, for the purposes of the discussion, "The murder of the newly-born children of single women." It being agreed that "infanticide" carried connotes was so small that it needed no discussion." Illegitimate children, it was further agreed, were destroyed "because of the shame brought upon the mother; and because a woman who has given birth to an illegitimate child had her chances of marriage diminished; and because the father could not be relied upon to support them. Ninety-nine out of every hundred cases of infanticide occurred among a single class of women—domestic servants. There were 2,500 newly-born children murdered every year in England."

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Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of New York, then came forward, and was received with applause. She said she had had considerable experience in the hospitals of New York, and wished to draw attention to the fact that "infanticide" would be very injurious to enact any severe measures on the woman, because it tended to produce what was a greatly increasing crime—that of abortion, which was a tremendous evil in America, and was causing great anxiety among the population and attention on the part of the Legislature. No severe measures should be enforced against the woman for killing the child, which would directly increase the crime. Men constantly brought women to abortionists for that crime to be produced; and it was desirable to avoid the furtherance of that most deadly crime, which, in this debate, infanticide was to be compared to the second point to which she directed her attention was the great advantages of private charities to meet these cases. In New York, such cases were one of the most frequent, which she mentioned in instances the women were sent out entirely redeemed, and with employment procured for them.

Rev. Mr. Sullivan reproved Elizabeth for the lenient views she took of the subject. "Shame was one thing and murder another; the moment murder was done, the woman lost all claim upon sympathy, and in her respect she should be hung up by the neck. Some very startling information was given by Mrs. Meredith, who has recently paid many visits to the cells of the women who are confined in the workhouse, and was there taught how to kill her child; and now that she knew the art, she would, no doubt, practice it again. It was pointed out by a member of the audience, if one woman was found out in such a matter. One of the women gave me this receipt, saying that she had personally proved its efficacy—"You turn their heads round, and their throats and then you can bring them back before they get stiff."

Dr. Green vindicated his title to that name by asserting that "no woman in her sound mind ever deliberately destroyed her offspring"—a statement quite in conflict with that of Mrs. Meredith. Finally, the association agreed upon three points and ascertained that they could not agree upon two others. They agreed that the punishment of infanticide by death should be abolished; that still-born infants should be registered; and that the number of newly-born infants found dead should be published. They could not agree that any pains for pregnant single women should be made a criminal offense.

The chairman twitted the association, at the end of the debate, by remarking that they had spent a morning in concluding a resolution which would do the world had come to long ago. And he might have added that they had left unnotified the two most remarkable things connected with the subject, viz: that in Christian countries, infanticide is more prevalent than in pagan countries, and that it is common among Protestant communities and rare among Roman Catholic people.

Deism.

The Paris "Kappel" says that a pious but childish couple have decided to bet, and finally the judgment was applied to the oracle at Delphi to know what he should do to have children to whom he could leave his wealth, they determined to petition God for a child, and the oracle, which was quick, decisive and to the point. Turning to our critic, we asked: "Are you a minister?" "Yes."

quietest play consisted in snapping caps. He grew to be fifteen years of age. Italy had resolved to govern itself. The Pope was sick, if he should die, the Church would be in peril, and before the papal election was closed, he would defend it. The only salvation was to prevent the Pope from dying. The parents went again to the church, burned another candle, and prayed God to take the life of the Pope. The child added the number of years he would have lived, "this expectation," as the life insurance men say to the years of the Pope. The Lord would to have replied, says the "Kappel": "Here come people who do not know their own minds. Not long ago they tested me for a child; now they are anxious to return it. Will they ever cease to disturb me?"

But, since God is good, he heard their prayer again. That evening the young zovave was taken sick, and in three days he was dead. This story is not manufactured by an enemy of papacy, but in the "Kappel" from a Catholic journal called "Mary's Rosary," which goes into ecstasies over this act of devotion, and holds up these parents as model Christians. You wish to die? He gives it. You wish it no longer. He kills it. Price two candies.

"Such Christians are astonished that free-thinkers prefer to be atheists rather than believers in such a God."

Oh God, are these Thy children, and did you do this? The Devil is too good, and never had such worshippers as these poor French Catholics.

They are too good, which as regarding his visit to Abram and Sarah,—and then, at the request of his parent kindly kills the child.

Christians, can you find such traits of character among the Spiritualists? We have not, and yet it is precluded in the Bible in Jephthah's vow, and the death of his daughter.

Items.

Texts for sinners—Pretels. We have a topper's nose not a nose? When it's a little red nose.

"Is your master at home?" "No, sir; he is out." "Missus at home?" "No, sir, she is out." "That's all right, and sit by the fire."

Conundrum by a clergyman at a dinner party: "Why don't you get a dog and call him the Lower Mississippi?" Answer: "Damn it, they can't." Response by a lady of the party: "Why does the devil never skate?" Answer: "How in—can he?"

Desolate.

Is the sunlight less golden I wonder Than in the sweet summer gone by? Does the sea in its musical thunder In sadder toned melodies sing?

Have the oaks from their green glory altered? Are roses less ruddy and white? Has the picture been shadowed and altered? Or has it lost only the light?

"An enterprising British house agent is vigorously advertising flats with balconies in 'Tennysyn's house,' and recommending it for the view it commands of the grounds of the poet. The view of the poet is not included in the lease, but is sold by implication."

The English journals are crowded with records of crimes, chiefly wife-murders.

In despatching the remains of Mr. Peabody to this country in an English mail steamer, the Victoria pays a truly royal tribute to the dead.

NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

DEMO, Wis.—The Spiritualists of DeMo, hold regular meetings at their church at 10 p. m. Wm. S. Vest, President; J. C. Harrison, Secretary. Meetings every Sunday at 10 p. m. Mr. U. B. Hamilton, Conductor; Miss M. C. Curtis, Guardian.

BRIDGEVILLE, Ill.—The Fourth End Lyceum Association holds entertainments every Thursday evening during the winter months. Meetings every Sunday at 10 p. m. A. J. Chase, Conductor; J. W. McGuire, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. E. C. Hamilton, Secretary. Meetings every Sunday at 10 p. m. J. Chase, 167 1/2 Washington street.

UNION HALL, Ill.—The South Boston Spiritual Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10 p. m. Mr. C. W. Freeman, President; H. J. Gould, Secretary; Miss O. Barnes, Treasurer.

Baltimore, Md.—The Spiritualist Congregation of Baltimore, hold meetings every Sunday at 10 p. m. in the building at Saratoga Hall, south-east corner Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. O. Hayer speaks first further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 p. m. Mrs. F. O. Hayer, Conductor.

Broadway Institute.—The Society of "Progressive Spiritualists of Baltimore," services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

DEMO, Wis.—The Spiritualists of DeMo, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same place at 3 p. m. Adolphus J. Gagnon, Conductor; Miss M. C. Curtis, Guardian.

DEMO, Wis.—The Spiritualists of DeMo, hold regular Sunday meetings at their church at 10 p. m. Wm. S. Vest, President; U. B. Hamilton, Secretary. Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 p. m. Mrs. M. C. Curtis, Guardian of the Lyceum.

Little Rock, Ark.—The Spiritualists of the First Free Church, hold meetings every Sunday at 10 p. m. in the building at Saratoga Hall, south-east corner Calvert and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. O. Hayer speaks first further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 p. m. Mrs. F. O. Hayer, Conductor.

Bethesda, Ill.—The Spiritual Society hold meetings in Bethesda, every Sunday at 10 p. m. Mrs. J. W. McGuire, Conductor; Mrs. E. C. Hamilton, Secretary. Meetings every Sunday at 10 p. m. J. Chase, 167 1/2 Washington street.

DEMO, N. Y.—Meetings are held in Kew-Forest Hall, W. E. DeMo, every Sunday at 10 p. m. Harvey Hildreth, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

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LOWELL, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum hold meetings every Sunday evening and evening at 7 1/2 and 10 p. m. Mrs. J. F. Wright, Conductor; J. S. Whiting, Corresponding Secretary.

LEWIS, Mass.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday evening at 7 1/2 and 10 p. m. Mrs. J. F. Wright, Conductor; J. S. Whiting, Corresponding Secretary.

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THE DOCTORS AND THE SPIRITS. SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT!

The following extracts taken from a letter written by Miss MARY A. STODARD, of Kouts Station, Porter Co., Ind.:

"I have lately called to take and treat several patients whom the M. D. had failed to cure. I will here mention one, the case of a young woman who was very sick. Her friends called one of our Doctors first, and then the other. They both called her disease Lung Fever, treated her three weeks, and left her worse than they found her. Her friends then called me. I examined her case, and found her in the last stage of QUICK CONSUMPTION. After I had had her under my care for one week, her friends met the M. D. who said they knew that she had the consumption, and could never be cured. Some two weeks afterward, the learned Dr. UNDERHILL, of Chicago, was here at my house on a visit. He examined her, and he, too, said that she was in the last stage of Quick Consumption, could not be cured, and he would not be surprised if she did not live but a few days. 'Mrs. Stodard,' said he to me, 'she can not live; have you any hope of curing her?' I answered, 'The spirits say that they will cure her if we obey their orders.' In the first three weeks after I commenced treating her, she had three large ulcers in her lungs break and discharge an almost incredible amount. But at the expiration of eight weeks she calls herself well. She will work all day, go to a party at night, dance until the small hours in the morning, take a short nap and then get up and be as gay as a bird all day. Allowing herself to be the judge, she is well, has not an unpleasant symptom in her system, and has taken only six boxes of Mrs. Spence's Positive Powders. I gave her no other medicine. To the Positive Powders, God and angels give the praise of saving her life and restoring her health."

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