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Truth wears no mush, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applicuse; she only usks a hearing.

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LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE

Delivered Refore the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, at their, Hall, 11, Wood Street, on Tuesday Evening, Oct. 17, 1869.

INVOCATION.

Oh! Thou, who slumbereth not, nor resteth, we thank Thee that Thou givest Thy beloved sleep. We thank Thee that when the wearied frame sinks into slumber, and the burdens of the day are past, Thou dost give Thy beloved sleep. We thank Thee that thou dost wait forever, nor stay Thy guardian care, nor close Thine omniscient eye, nor stay the chariot wheels of creation, to wait for us who taint by the way-side. The flowers droop their heads to sleep, and then Thou dost provide for them the wholesome dew, and when the day cometh, Thou dost manufacture the shining beams which give them life, and call their fragrance forth to live another little hour. The wild beast seeks his lair, and the bird on wing, beneath Thine all-protecting arm doth sleep. All things need sleep but Thee.

The sun is down, and the deep rall of darkness clothes the earth. The pale stars pierce it not, neither do the moon beams break it, as the pattering rain falls around us. But Thine om-niscient eye, Thy fountains bright with ever shining light, pour down through every spiritual eye thus awakened, in this and other worlds we know not of. We thank Thee that the night of superstition now wanes fast. We thank Thee that as children, we have slept in ancient times, in strange forgetfulness of what we are and what we must be. We thank Thee, also, that the awaking time has come in the dawning light, the grey mist, though it be of life's fresh morn, in the Spiritual day when sools are awak-ening to discover their high destiny. We thank Thee, oh! our Father for the great and mighty light called Spiritualism, in which we feel a new song bursting forth in the darkness. We thank Thee that Thou dost give to Thy beloved sleep. We thank Thee, also, for our awaking in this misty hour between the night and day of a new We only pray that Thou wilt give us strength to bear the coming light-wisdom to understand, and power to fulfil the high purposes of life.

We dedicate this hour of council to Thy holy name. We invoke Thy sacred presence in our midst, and ask for spiritual light to guide us in our great moral darkness.

LECTURE.

Our subject this night will be a brief consideration of The Occult Forces of the Human Spirit. We spoke this morning, of the Soul of the Universe; to-night we speak of this microcosmic Universe of Man. Amongst the many revelations of import that Spiritualism has brought. none are so suggestive of new revealments of power and wisdom and possibilities, opening up to man, as the contemplation of the occult forces, which no longer represent us as exceptional beings, incomprehensible and mysteriousperhaps unbalanced-reason dethroned, intellect, and all those forces that we call judgment, made subserviant to some strange and unknown power. Such was the verdict pronounced on those we now call Spirit Mediums; those strange and mysterious beings, who were permitted to meet their spirit friends upon the boundaries of the two worlds. We see in them those index fingers, that point the way for the haman soul to advance in the path of a new found progress—a progress into Spiritual science.

The Spiritualist, enamored with the glorious revealments, which spirits from the world beyoud the grave have brought, are too apt to reresolve all unknown and unconcieved phenomena of past ages, the solution of which, from time to time, glesms out from their own natures into the action of a foreign intellectual power. It is time that we learned to compare hend something more of the spirit within our self; for here, surely, is to be found the germ of all that ever can be. Here we must look, to read the page of Spiritual possibilities, just as real now as ever. We shall shout, when our Psyche bursts its shell, and from the bands of mortality a risen butterfly goes forth, whose beautiful and glittering proportions seem to bear no connection with the shell from which she has escaped-but which, in reality, was the germinating power in which all the Spiritual possibilities were born. I ask you to pause with me upon four of those great elements of soul-power, which are able to exercise control without the nid of those ministering spirits, whom we believe to be ever present to assist, to guide and to influence, but never to conduct nor to perform any of life's duties assigned to man himself.

The first of these occult forces, I call Psycology-although the word but illy defines the real action implied by the word Electro-biology, the experiments of which are familiar to most persons. They are the result of the action of, or control of one mind over another. The mind operated upon, becomes for a time, subservient to the operator, and absolutely relies on the force of his will-power rather than its own. It is a strange and fearful position. We who acknowledge individual responsibility, and expect to be called to account for the action of the will within us; we who place our trust in the Infinite good, and our reliance in the guidance of spirit friends, have no dictatorship but will, and here will is trampled beneath our feet, put aside by an external power, and we can be compelled to peform actions in which we have no volition. Electro-biology has proved this, and we have

of the hour, and little dreamed that it was significant of one of the most astonishing features of the human soul. There are three modes by which the power is exhibited of equal importance. One proceeds from magnetism, and is very simple and well known. Magnetism projected by an operator upon his subject, saturates him, intoxicates the brain, and temporarily displaces the action of the-will in the subject, and substitutes the will of the operator. I need not pause further upon the result obtained. This power produces it as well at a distance as near at hand. This is the second form of Psycology. I shall give you an example as presented by one who had been a successful operator upon a certain subject. He desired to receive a particular book from this subject, who was many hundred miles away. He concentrated his mental request-the book was sent, the operator being conscious of the act of projecting his will upon the subject. The subject was unconscious of the force exercised, but felt an irresistable desire to

send that book, and did so.

I could match this by many other instances.
I will relate another. A royal personage of Europe, also a close observer of these occult powers of the mind, and a successful operator therein, determined to experiment upon one whom he had not magnetised. He willed mentally that a fellow student, who the believed, might prove a good magnetic subject, should write a poem on a certain theme. Without delay, although the subject was unconscious of the act

ion of the operator, the poem came.

The third form is exhibited around you in the world—the moving world, where every hu-man being exercises a psycological power upon some other human being. Illustrations of this method are too familiar to need recapitulation. but I now ask you to consider the uses and ap-plications of these forms of mysterious power. The psycologist, who operates through the forces of magnetism, either upon a present or distant subject, wields one of the mightiest powers for good that ever was entrusted to mankind, He can pass into a lunatic asylum, and restore many of those undamned minds who are on the verge of mild insanity. Thousands have been supposed to be insane, when there was no actual disease, and where the powor of a judiclous operator, was entirely sufficient for the restoration of that balance. In those cases of obsession, when a weak, frail organism, unconsciously to itself, becomes subject to influences which we may call demoniac-here the psyco logical power is of the highest importance. The firm resolution which can be projected from the mind of another, can disposess the organism of the obsessing spirit and restore it to proper bal-

The candid observer now knows, that many cases reported as lunacy or unbalanced mind, are conditions of obession, and are subjects that psycological power can relieve.

In the prison, the jail, the penetentiary, the reform school, in every condition of crime when the criminal is not strong enough to stand alone, when the moral vision is so oblique that it does not percieve the right, or is unable to carry it out, it requires the strong force of another will to aid them. Thus the good psycologist becomes the saviour of the criminal. There is scarcely a position in which man, through weakness and lack of moral power, cannot receive at the hand of his fellow man the benificent strengthening power of healthful psycology. I do not refer to those experiments that the mountebank displays for mere idle curiosity and amusement. They may be representations of a power that in the hands of good men becomes sublime. It is the action of the infinite mind—the great Father that calls home the produgal son—that bids all those children who have this power to exercise it in the form in which He has entrusted it to them; and thus give the influence of mind upon mind ever on the side of right. These are some of the uses of psycology. They prevail, also, whether magnetism be the method or not, of controlling these subjects. In fact, when there is strong psycological power existing, to control a human being, be sure that magnetism is the carrier of mind or will power. When we speak to you of magnetism, we shall tell you that it is an attendant of the physical system. Through the relations of magnetism, those who have been strong psycologists, percieve conclusively that they are thus exercising these influences upon each other. All the great reformers of the earth -the teachers, the master minds, that have presented their ideas to the world—have compelled it to accept them, and to how down and worship, through their psycological power. This has made our Luthers and Calvins, our great Generals and Statesmen-the master minds of all ages. It is not our intellectual power alone; it is a Spiritual power of the strong over the weak, It is the Spiritual power that goes forth alone from man, and beneath which, all power crea-

ted must bend. We have not began to measure the fields of power upon which this mighty principle may be exercised; we only perceive its fragmentary exhibition here and there. Indeed, we gaze with astonishment when we perceive the entire psycological action of one mind upon a nation, When we behold the millions bowing down before one man, when we see the mind of a single individual ruling the masses, ruling those moreover, who, in intellectual strength, may be his compects or above him, nevertheless the psycological nature of one man fascinates, enchains and holds in a spell a nation. It is through this influence that fashions prevail, and thus it is that every nation moves forward in a mass, one single mind leaps beyond its age and carries along with it the mass of the race. Thus we find every age marked with some peculiar development, and we trace it mostly to theaction of one man, and that always, provided that he can exhibit that in the form of psycological control.

power, whilst others who have controlled the world and led it thus on, have written them. selves immortal by the strength of this power which has enabled them to compel obedience

Let me apply this in detail to our daily lives. In it be possible that we all go forth from our everal centres of life to psycologize each other? It is a truth, and every fact that we are perpetually uttering, either means that we are treading in other men's steps, that other men have been centres of power to us, or that we are by our determined will proving that there is a psycological power in ourselves, thus proving the two occult powers of magnetism and psycology. I will now attempt to show how the former acts. Let us question briefly whence it proceeds in this human frame of ours. We observe that all the various functions which make up the organism, are still wholly inoperative until they are put into exercise by the nervous apparatus, the lorces of which proceed unseen from the great gauglionic centre, the human brain, and passing through the spinal column, are distributed through all the various nerves which ramify like the branches of a tree,-through these the nerve aura power moves and controls the whole system. Two sets of nerves, one for sensation and the other for the power of motion—sever either of these and you find the power gone from the part which that nerve supplies. Through this nervous apparatus the invisible forces of the human mind, which we sometimes vaguely call electricity, sometimes od force, sometimes nerve aura, oftentimes act. There may be degrees, we believe there are, and the whole combined are life, and this life principle is invisible as electricity, and all the imponderable forces are invisible and become more powerful as they are refined,so this invisible life force has the most atrength, is the most potential of all the forces. It is perpetually being created, and perpetually being given cil in the action of life—it passes out of every form, it exists in inanimate as well as the animate objects. All things are sustained by it, and when it has ebbed away, and floated out u til'the last current is spent-that is death. Up to this point this ebbing life is continually going out from every organism. That which flows out from us is charged with our characters-it carries the psycological influence of the individual, it is full of the shallow of every thought, it is writing every idea, it is a living witness of the soul within. When we altempt to magnetize by manipulation, we charge the object or subject with our psycology,—thus it is that foul mistakes and impressions are made, often through ignorance of the influence of magnetism.

Many do not realize the laws of adaptation in temperaments, and may inflict a grievous wrong, the one upon the other, by projecting impure psycological thoughts, or ideas, upon their subjects, with their magnetism, however healthful it

may be. In the second category of involuntary magnetism, we are continually influencing each other. We carry with us a power which is writing all over the temple of the universe, that which is in our minds. We know this because of the occult forces of the mind in paycometry, or the power of reading character. We must leave the impress of our psycology wheresoever we go. Livery substance that we come in contact with, is written over with the history of man. It is said by one of the most famed scientists of the day, who has studied the footprints of the Creator in the mysterious volume of the rocks, that everything that has ever moved upon the face of this earth has left its impress behind it. These are indelibly written upon every rock, upon every fragment of ancient granite until we can disintegrate and read the history of earth's creation therein. I speak of no myth. I do not present you with any exagerated statement. We know no limitation of this power. We have every evidence in our midst of its possibility. That which in the single grain of sand we call attraction, is the same as those mysterious powers of the human spirit, which we have scarcely considered. It exhibits itself in those nameless antipathies by which we are repelled from one, and attracted to another. It explains the sentiments of dislike or hatred, and joy or love, with which we enter or shrink away from the presence of strangers, It explains those premonitions which press in on our minds like reminiscences, vestiges of past

feelings. Psycometry proves to us that magnetism is a substance, still another step backward, and we find that magnetism is the anchor that binds mind to mind. How shall we define the possibilities which are bere disclosed to us? Where shall we say that our influence is individualized?

Obscure though we may be by nature, yet each has an influence. I passed a little child in the street not long ago—it was soiled and rag-ged, a pitiful object. It stopped in the street to greet another child still more distressed, with tears coursing down its pule, neglected face. This little one had lost its way, and as I saw the one child stop to console the other, and the little hands of one beggar was wrapping the rags around the shivering form of another, and trying to shelter it from the cold, and endeavoring to comfort it with these rude expressions of sympathy, no eye but mine caw that act, but my spiritual eye was opened at the same moment. I saw the effloresence of those tender words. that gentle spirit, that loving purpose, written on the air in the form of lovely blossoms. I saw the fragrance of that little, gentle act, make its way in pulsations of air throughout the world, and plant itself in the garden of human destiny to bloom there forever. I will not exaggerate my statement. Scientists tell us that for every tone of music, there are so many vibrations take place in the atmosphere. Our instruments are not fine enough, our cars are not attuned to sufficient nicety, to hear with exact precision,-to looked upon the experiments as fithe amusement | beneath life's burdens, too many of these have | they imping one upon another till the universe

passed to unhonored graves, full of psycological | quivers with a single chord of music. If we recognize this as the action of sound; if we perceive that this little blossom that we throw from our hand at this moment, makes a wave in the air, that must change the condition of the at nosphere in this coamber, and from this it must go circling onward and upward, until at last it impinges upon the distant stars.

We know that a single beam of light in the

long process of ages, travels, for millions and millions of years, almost beyond our mathmatical powers of calculation to know the period of

time till it reaches our earth. So of these pulses of life which are throbbing out from every one of us-they are ever going forth full of our magnetism, writing the impress of our characters upon this world; nor is it confined there, but as we gaze down through the corridors of eternity, we find impressions from our lives. If this be so, I ask you to recall the influence which each one of you exercises, not alone upon yourselves, but upon the air we breathe, the world we dwell in, and whether you may not be producing a similar influence upon the world around this; do you not know that you are magnetising the atmosphere and all who come within it are influenced by you? If this be so, I ask you to bear in mind that every action, good or evil, is but the efforescence of a thought, and that that thought is making its mark forever upon your fellow men-no less than acting upon yourselves. It is the result of those occult powers of your minds, and in this result we find some of the uses of Spiritualism. Here we find the growth that must be promoted when we realize our individual responsibility, both to ourselves and to every living creature with whom we are associated. There is one oth er form of occult power to which I shall call your attention—it is clairvoyance. We observe that there is latent in every human being a prophecy of this interior vision. The outward eye has taken cognizance of the forms of objects but we perceive when we gather up the thoughts that are surging through the brain, that images are continually floating before it, forming the mysterious resources of the mind-cometimes dim recollections of past scenes, sometimes strange premonitions of the untried future. Such experiences as these are common to all; but when we see them exhibited in the strong form of clairyovance or spiritual sight, we marvel and deem it an exceptional attribute of a few human beings alone. It is not so-it is simply an evidence that one person has externalized a power which belongs to all men. Consider the nature of human sight. We gaze upon such objects as are presented to our physical vision. We require time and space and no objects between that which is seen and ourselves. The clairvoyant takes no note of time or space, perceives without any difficulty from the intervening obstacles, may see at the distance of thousands of miles,-

sometimes even future events. Psycology, psycometry and clairvoyance, then, present to us a grand picture of what our spirits shall be,—something in the scale of creation larger than we have dreamed of. Then shall we behold with unveiled eyes, all the mysteries of creation displayed. Then shall we trace the road of the snining stars, and perceive the magnetic lines that everywhere intersect and bind up in one barmonious chain ten thousand mil lion worlds! Then shall we realize the source of being, trace out the fearful majesty of mind that has overruled all worlds and all forms of being, and trace out the infinite future in which the same majestic and beautiful wisdom is exhibiting itself in law, order and design. Does not this explain the one mighty question of what we call ever changing destiny? Do we not perceive that our spirits are above the material laws. in as far as they are higher, grander and have a much broader scope of power than matter. Do we not perceive that matter is bound forever to matter, but that spirit is above it, and this suggests the contradistinction. With my body I realize that I am bound by an immutable destiny to earth. With my spirit I feel the aspirations of a grand and illimitable liberty, and by clairvoyance I comprehend something of these aspirations, these strange impulses which we can ot define when our spirits are enclosed in matter! But when our powers are unfolded, and we realize more fully that knowledge is power. as we behold the mysteries of creation displayed, as we grow in knowledge and comprehend the forces of nature around us and within us. when we realize more truly what clairvoyance is, that it is a power, we shall no longer see as in a glass darkly, but face to face. I have not said anything of the action or control of embodied spirits—they are here in our midst, troops of our own spirits, and they prove to us their exist-ence, and they should teach us not to overlook the fact that we are spirits while yet in the form. that in our spiritual natures are wrapped up all the possibilities of powers which we have neglected simply because we knew not how to classify them. Spiritualism is bringing us this knowledge; it has proved to us beside the attribute of soul, the true communion of spirits that have gore before us.

You may ask how we may best cultivate these powers? How we can reduce them into such order as to make them utilitarian. I answer, by pointing to the rudimental steps of every science. I ask if you should despise the magnificent results now brought us by the printing press, because the time was when a poor man walking by the river side, and thinking upon a sick and suffering child at home, procured a piece of bark and carved her name upon it. He took it home and gave it to the suffering one; she laid it under her pillow and they were surprised the next morning to find the letters printed there. It was but a toy, but that toy was a lamp lighted which has never been extinguished, it is a lamp that now illuminates the world, -it has become the emancipator of the human mind from the fetters of ignorance; it has made the poor min in the street equal to the king on his throne; it has given individual sovereignty to every per son that can read; it has made the human race strong and linked together the ages by a fie which can never be broken.

Again an ignerant sustic discovered that sen e, Lluck stones would burn. Ho saw them strangely light and burn up before his eyes, and from this reculted the discovery of the use of coal, and the formation of nes-ly which wo see arous due those minuou cans that em l'e us to corquer the darkness. We have ten thousand little stars illumisating that darkness, -all these marvels come of the now ers by which we have applied these simple discoveries. Vast utilitarian purposes have grewn out of these small and simple beginnings. Do not despite me when I present to you the glimmering starka of mind, when I show you one simple point of human character upon the sir Ground as, when I show you the first burning stone by which the illuminating power of magnetism opens to the inward eye the first light of their grand and sublime truths, when I show the illuminating power of psychological reason on the human broin-these are but the footprints of the mighty power within us. We know that these things are-and some day the power shall be more generally known. Wo are all psychologists and magnetizers, and all bave our influence over minds. Let us carefully investigate the results of their occult forces there is nothing in the outward lest, neither can there be anything in the spiritual. Every thought, every act has left its record. All the bitter tears that have been shed when there was none to weep with us, the agonizing heart-breaks that were ours when there were none to sympathize-ull there have gore out into the eternal sterehouse of creation and made their mark, and floated our ship of life toward that beautiful shore beyond the river where we shall meet the loved ones, and in a transport of joy, enter upon that life.

All this is proved and demonstrated to absolute certainty through the powers of psychomotry. When I know that my magnetism, freighted with love and sympathy, shall speed across the waves of the Atlantic to a lenely methor at home in the stillness of her d serted chamber, it shall onter like a beam of light, and touching that brain and waking a sweet chord of music, and with it, scaling a thought, a fresh nuspoken message of love, a faint shock shail startle that dim eye, shall waken up a namelers joy, and as this passes over her, she shall feel a love the can not speak in words. Such are some of the results, some of the powers even now discoveratio in the effect of these occult forces of the human soul. How shall we cultivate these? There are many methods just such methods as those by which we have captured the lightnings, and reduced to obedient subjection the winds and the waves to commerce - steam to guide the from ship: just such methods as wo capture the sunbams and compel them to paint our pictures for us, and every entargible miluence that is thus cultivated. We need not tell you the means by which we reduce these restless elements to order, and how we have gained a sovereignty over the earth by patient labor, by long practice-first of all, then, recognizing that the forces d'd oxist, there are many very wise minds, many public teachers-many who are represented as the centre of all the wisdom which the world has a right to ask for, who do not know that these things do exist.

The evidences are open to all if they are not afraid to seek. They must go to the demonstrations of psychometry and clairvoyance, and they will find powers that will open up before you for grander results than this brief fragment; ary discourse can present. The methods of culture through these are accessible to

all of us. These are the methods which we have employed, our lives have been devoted to these things, and we rejoice that we have been enabled to learn something of these great mysteries of the age, and when we head before them, when we pour out our love and our aspirations for these by faithfulness to our highest and best intuitions, we chall be abundantly rewarded.

Psychometry proves that we are writing all over the universe, and that there is just as much need of a spiritual universe, as for a physical universe. The earth draws up downward-the support and the light and the air and. gravity the cen ral power of our earth are drawing no to it, but our soul's aspirations continually draw us upward, and thus we stand beneath two forces, gravicating between two worlds. Our souls aroever filled with the wonderful and the grand. At times we feet that this is not all, that this world to not all. There is more, -a grand hem sphere not all over with spiritual lights, a universe full of spiritual worlds, sparkling with beauty mapped out before the eroof the spirit, that is perpetually d awing as upward. This is continually expressing itself in our longing after the unknown, in the love we feel for the land beyond the grave, Never can the soul co-sent to look down upon these metorial things and be satisfied; it is perpetually conting away into the vast expanse and looking for and following the souls that have gone before us. It expresses itself in this mysterious reverence for the Great Spirit, which over compels us to worthly the mknown God. It expresses it. off in that restlessmess that can never fasten itself down to the things of earth, but is over looking for something beyond, ever grasping after the higher-even in the midet of all the sensual gratifications that can be heaped upon us. Turning from them at last, worn and weary longing for somothing beyond. Strengthen this, cultivate this, build it up with spiritual aspirations, spiritual food. Even when we devote ourselves to the things of earth, let us use them as a means to practicalize our daily lives as much as possible. Thus shall we be enabled to renel the idea that this world is a vale of tears; that we are sent. here for punishment and suffering, whilst we look into the smiling face of our Father God, and gaze over the teautiful platform of our mother earth, we feel that we can cry out to fled to help us, and it is gloricus to labor: It is mighty to be strong and perform great services here for these make our aspirations still stronger to follow in the footprints of the Creator, and taking up the march of mind catch the visions of heaven from heights and depths profound. The evidence that we have received these, will be given by our kindness, and love to our fellow creatures. Then shall we realize that we are all pearls on the string of creation, which God the Father holds in Mis band, and not one of these pearls can be lost, or the chain broken without damage and wrong to the whole. If our hands are weak, and our means cramped, we can give of our aympathies, our kind words and charitable deeds that will bless the world; and if we are great and streng,-surely cur lives should be writing themselves in the largest deeds of charity, the grandestacts of kindness and good will. In

Continued on fourth page.

From the St. Lon's (Wo.) Democrat. THERE'S AN ANGEL IN THE FOREST.

The subjoined Legend is furnished us by Mrs. Kate Gauern as the offspring of a spiritual manifestation, or inspiration. It is very beautiful, and plaintively touching. We are quite incredulous as to the "spiritual" origin of the lyric, but not the least as to the inspiration that produced it. Without cavil as to the source of its inception, however, we trust to receive other favors from the same sifted quarter. gifted quarter - FD]

> There's an angel in the forest,-There's an angel in the forest,—
> All the peasants tell uses,—
> 'I's the spirite of a baby
> That was leat there long age:
> 'Twas the woodman's cherished darling,—
> He could never from her part,—
> And the mother's precious treasure,
> Dearest idel of her heart.
> 'Twas their only hope and comfort,
> Frightest morn and e-ening star;
> But the little feat would wenier,
> And they wandered off too far.

Storms of rain and snow were falling, On the night the baby strayed. Thunder pealing, lightning flashing, Till the bravest grew afraid. Vain was all their faithful searching Through the night, till morn.
Then they found their baby darling,
Buried with a milk white fawn.—
Deep beneath a new made anowdrift,
Resting on a violet bed,
s ittle tender, loving violets, Fawn and baby, all were dead!

There's an angel in the forest,— All the hunters knew it well,— They have felt her star-light ginness— Slept beneath their magic spell: Argel child, with gold in tresses, With the little snew white fawn, Ever charming boldest hunters Through the night and through the morn; Then they leave the haunted woodland, Rounding deer and flowers wild, Ever more to see, when dreaming, Snow white fawn and angel child.

St. Louis, Dec 1st. 1869

Original Essays.

Por the Peligio-Philosophical Journal THE ROSICRUCIAN'S REPLY.

Bedicated to the thinking world and especially to J. B. Fergurson and the leaders of the 66 Harmonial Philosophy."

BY F. B. DOWD. In the "RELIGIC-PHILOSOPETCAL JOURNAL" of

Nov. 20th, is an article from the pen of J. B. Ferguson, on the "Nature of God," in which he denies pointedly and emphatically certain words and ideas which I alleged he was the utterer of in a speech which he delivered in St. Louis, in 1868; and accuses me of misrepresenting his ideas. I should have apologized, for how easy it is for one to mistake another's meaning—and especially upon the subject in question; but upon reading his article which follows the denial -although charmed with its poetry and fasinated with its glivering generalities and the beauty of expression,—I must affirm the idea, although I may have mistaken the exact words. yet think I was not, from reasons which will appear: 1st. While he admits having used the word "abstract" (which he thinks I mistook for the word "absolute"), he says nothing of the word "relative" at all, 2d, Immediately after the lecture, I had a conversation with several gentlemen who understood the speaker the same as I did; and 31. I go to listen and learn. 4th. The obsence of any motive to misrepresenthaving never spoken with Bro. F. in my life. 5 h. The utter folly of misrepresenting a gent'eman who is known by thousands where I am known by one. Would it, I ask, be desirable for me to gain notoriety by being heralded to the world as a liar? Yet such seems to be the position Bro. F. would place me in; for he says I have done this " without temptation or provication." I dislike controversy, but I love thought and interchange of ideas; and I should not reply to Bro. F. but I am forced to; for no man or woman who knows me, can truthfully accuse me of a willful falsehood, especially in regard to

It is not for me to rise upon the ruins of any. I coupled Bro. F.'s name with my remarks-not because the idea is his alone, nor to wound his feelings in the feast-but because of the widespread influence of such teachers as he and Davis, and hosts of lesser lights, who take their cue from such great leaders. I hold you responsible, and the world will hold you responsible; not only for what you teach, but for what your tollowers teach and po. It is a big load to carry, and must begin to weigh down heavily soon: and hence, every antagonistic thought hurled at you, must find a follower somewhere, who, perhaps, would have proved a burden for you. Need I say that I write in kindness—that I had rather weep than say what follows?

Now let us see if his whole argument does not corroborate my statement of his words and justify the characterizing of his ideas as nonsense -for that which is beyond the reach of sense. and unfounded in fac's, and unsupported by rea. son, is nothing more nor less than nonsense, Everything that is uncorroborated by facts, (which appeal to sense), is impractical to man. and nothing but evil can result from the teachings of the impractical.

It is a strange peculiarity of men that when once in love with an idea, they clothe it in garbs angelic, and thus arranged, they can discover no blemish or defect in it, but when some one else unrobes their idol and shows it up in another light, they are ready to disown their own

Now let us look beneath the glowing sentences and flowry surface of Bro. F.'s article, and see if we cannot fish up from its depths the monster, of which he says I misrepresent, and see if I am not justly provoked to call them nonsense -not to be personal, but because they belong to the world, and they who teach them as truth are

The great idea, which lies at the bottom-a child of hell as it is-is: that there is no evil; that what we call evil is not real but only in the seeming. Now do you not see that this will apply to good as well as evil? To you and me. evil is as positive and as absolute as good, and I am honest enough to admit with my pen and my teachings, that which my tears and groans,—and the tears and grouns of all living things tell the world is the truth. It is facts we want; and the fact is patent in all nature that they are both relative one to the other-both, not final, but transient and fleeting as a shadow. Hence I say, the idea is an assumption unsupported by facts. Although Bro. F. is loud in his denunciations against all definitions of Deity, yet he points to an undefined God, and thus bids the world of men to (unlike the physical universe) wander anywhere and everywhere without a center-

to be free. All this because, "to define is to limit," Is it possible for us to limit God, the Infinite, by our definitions? And is it not as much a necessity for limited finite man to define his comceptions as it is for him to think at all? Definition is the very bass and foundation of all mental and spiritual growth. Without this there would be no ideal Point for man's attainment. for it is a law of nature that man grows towards. and to be like that which he loves, and it is a necessity of his being that he love some thing, for we know nothing whatever of Power (or Principles), only as it is embodied in matter. To love all, is love of no object, and consequently is no love at all, as we understand love, but simply indifference to objects, vice and crime, good and evil, pleasure and pain. Is not indif ference destruction to all the nobler instincts of the human heart? What else can we call that

cal deeds committed every day in our midst, simply saying; "All right, we care not what the form of its manifestations may be," the hand of God is in it! Why seed we call anything devilish? or " who dare pronounce fiend or devil of any condition or manifestation?" No matter which way you go, down into the slime of vice and deprayity, or up into the radiant light and joy of virtue, it can make no difference, for you are still "the recipient of defic inspirations," and "we can separate Him (Sed), from no condition, idiacy, wisdom, lunacy, vice, virue, crime or sancity." What is it to us if the cannot depirate God from his creations or "aunifaliate him from no circumstance," so long as we are possessed of the power to separate ourseless from conditions we do not like? What is it to us if we cannot control God so long as we have control over our own acts, if not over our thoughts. It is a bate-faced assumption, unsupported by facts or reason, to say that all "must tend to the same beneficent end;" for do we not see that in nature disease tends as well to destruction as to health? Is it tending to a beneficent end for the mother to murder her unborn babe? If so, why does nature and God revolt at the unnatural deed? Why write or preach against crime? Why does Bro. F. object to my misrepresenting him? I'ts all God's doings! I am not responsible! What matters it to us if each thought, word and act, has its suggestive cause in one unconfined and exhaustless source, so long as we are the imme diate cause and are confined and held responsible for the use by every law of God and man? If "man's conceptions of God are his liberty in God," how much liberty is there? Even Bro.

F. looks "on, forever on, to more sublime, because more true, realizations." This talk about Laberty, Harmony, etc., is at the root of this sophistry. There is no such thing as absolute freedom for man, but there is relative freedom. I do not of ject to Bro. F.'s philosophy when applied to Deity, but it is folly to apply the rules of absolute existence to relative things. "God's ways are not our ways." Now let us see.

The infinite, the absolute, is eternally the same. God cannot be changeable. How is it with man? Is he not the opposite of this? According to Bro. F.'s definition all things are tending to a beneficent end, but he does not tell us what that end is. Is it to absolute existence-to eternal unchangeableness-beyond the realm of emotion and love? or is it to be eternally nearing the end, but to never reach it? One end proves another. God is Harmony; but is this true of man! No! We catch dim, undefined strains of harmony at times—a mere taste—just enough to set our souls on fire while we are compelled to drink our fill of discord from the cradle to the grave. Nor is it any use to say this is only in the sceming, for if this is seeming, then is our whole life, bodies, minds and all things, nothing but seeming, for all that appears to sense is effeets which come and go like bubbles on ccean waves. Harmouy is a dream when applied to man, for we only know of it but by the contrast of discord. Wo live, grow, and die, by antagon-

Absolute harmony would be annihilation for man; for man exists by motion, and motion is always accompanied by friction, and friction is clashing of elements, which when pleasant to us we call harmony. E ernal pleasure without pain is not in accord with what we know. It is an idle dream, not supported by facts. From the known we reach the unknown. We must be based in facts or our theories will be as talse and

unreliable as the winds—they waft us anywhere, Bro, F. defines Gop thus: "Gop is Spirit, If Gon is spirit, all spirit is of Gon, whether we in our ignorance call it man, angel or devil." "We can pronounce nothing evit so long as we see it is not final. Its cause is in the hidden, the unseen, the undefined," etc. Now what is spirit? I answer: our thoughts, words, and deeds. These are ourselves. Is there any difference among men in physical and mental make up? If so. then there is a corresponding difference in spirfor physical nature is the printe facts of existence, while mental nature is the negative facts, which are antagonistic to each other, and whose product is spirit. All matter is graded from the grossest to the highest; the same is true of mind. and consequently of spirit. There is only one condition of absolute equility, and that is the substratum of all thirgs—no tring—nothing.

There is, however, a relative or comparative-equality. Is the spirit of a mule the same as that of man? or that of offal the same as a rose? It makes no difference to us if God is in the cesspoole of nature, we will not go there if we can help it; and wno dare affirm that we cannot; for the very moment you so assert you stamp existence as a lie and a delusion, and the idea of progression and retrogression all imagi nation-iye! the very consciousness of selfhood and individuality, the vain boastings of a dreaming, sleeping God, confined in a lump of clay, Ave! you make man the veriest automaton, dancing to the whim or farcy of a demon God who stands behind the curtain and pulls the wires that makes us jingle—what for ?-to please himself! for mind; there are no spectators to this phantom dance, if you leave out the things that dance.

He says further: "If there is a God, there is a divine ordering; if a divine ordering, a divine omniscience; if a divine omniscience, a divine presence-consequently a divine government; and each man and woman are equal recipients of its ends and purposes, no matter what the divinity of thought, action, or attainment may be," and then adds, if this is false: "then there is no God, no Infinite, no intuition, no perception, no boon of good or ill, etc." Now here is a bare-faced assumption, unsupported by facts or reason. To suppose that God has a government and that each man and woman are equal recipients of its ends and purposes," makes God the most unfeeling monster possible for us to to conceive of. Ask the starving millions if this is so! Ask the suffering poor of every land! Ask the ragged, poor, shivering children of our marts of civilization, who have never harmed God nor any one! Go ask the myriads upon untold myriads of chirping insects, whose book of life is scaled up every autumn by God's augel of winter, if each individual, or even class, are equal recipients of his "end and purpose," and they will say to you, in the gasps of dissolution, in the shivering frame, in the emiciated cheek, craving stomach, and tattered rags, in the juils and pest houses, in the aching limbs, and from the beds of pain, of the monster disease, that if this is Gon's doings, he is an unfeeling demon, and the sooner he lets out his government to man "on the shares," the better it will be for all parties.

To suppose that God has a purpose, is to say that he has an object to attain-i. e., he is incomplete; for if complete, this creation can not add to nor diminish from him. Then, why the purpose? The fact is, this is an old dodge, and as false as man's heart, to throw the responsibility of his own acts upon God's shoulders. "The inconceivable purposes of God" have been preached and croaked at the world since earth was young. "Ye meant it for evil, but God meant it for good," is as false to-day as when Joseph was sold into Egypt. The fact is, God sets us in motion and then lets us alone to work out our own salvation the best we can. Hath he not placed before us two things, -good and evil, and incorporated in us the necessity of choosing? The very existence of taste makes that evil, which, without taste, would simply be indifferent nature. There is no good nor evil in inanimate nature; but they both exist in animate nature by reason of sensation; hence, love which looks with toleration upon diaboli- i if God is in man (and who for a moment will

deny this truth) he is two fold; one part antagonistic to the other. The great motion in man to act, is his love of pleasure; hence he recognizes that as good which gives him most pleasare. These two grand principles—constituent elements of all beings are inseperable, and consti-tute the self-bood of man, for man can not exist without this union. When he by his good or evil acts creates within himself—within his own universe—a preponderance of either, he that moment leaves the human behind (as Adam left the Gasdan) and becomes more conscious of hind, or more conscious of evil as the one may the t. a, loves and slings to avil, or loves and client to good. Love is consciousness; for love is not single, but dual; external and internal External love (i. e., love of external objects) leads everywhere-to agitation, disease, loss of power and consequent decrease of God within. There is stamped upon the face of all human nature the divine command, be something or nothing. The way to something is internal, for this leads to God, the All. This way is small The way that leads to nothing is external, and leads anywhere-broad as the universe. We exist by reason of consciousness, which is in-creased and diminished by our acts, and may be totally destroyed so far as we are concerned. God's purposes—if he has any—(which I deny) do not apply to individual things, but to the aggregate; which is not individual, but all. Why need God care for me or you? Can He gain anything by us?

God has no purpose, but man has. The existence of law does not prove a divine government" for a "beneficent purpose" to all alike. If we take facts for our guide we shall find that violated law consigns untold myriads of little children to untimely graves, which we can not call beneficent if life is desirable. Evil is not bidden, neither is the cause thereof. It is a result of ignorance; and every man is responsible for his ignorance as long as light shines, "An abstraction is nothing. God as an abstraction is nothing, but as an intuition, Cod is all in all in the control in control." God is all in all. He is everything and in everything; these are his words, he admits. Now let us see if this is not virtually what I said.

A thing is that which has limits, and of which we can say it is good or bad, having quality. A thing has form and personality and hence may be defined. A thing can not be abstracted from the realm of things, for one thing sustains a relationship to all other things. Now he says that God viewed in an abstract light from things, is nothing." He admits that there is sucu thing as abstraction which he calls nothing; but the idea is, that God resides in things but is anything, aside from things. Now the word absolute, means unchangeable; and that all things are changeable and resolve themselves into nothing (were it not far the power of nothing to throw them back and recognize them again) who for a moment will deny? He admits that nothing exists, and all nature, and the very existence of things proves their antagonist nothing to exist. Can we call the atmosphere a thing? Can we call the ether of space things, or can we call intelligence a thing? Is electricity and magnetism things, or are these not made things by imprisonment? In the common acceptation of the word God, man clothes him with the attributes of things-i. e. personal individual, having affection, love, hate, etc., and in his own definition of God as being in the lowest as well as the highest of things, is there any difference? According to him, God, being in the vile, hates, and if we accept his definition of God, our God will be more evil than good; for who can shut their eyes to the fact that there is more of evil than good in life. Go ask the aged, the grey-haired waiters for the rest of the grave,—if they would live their lives over again! No. Even if the grave were annihi-

lated, they will tell you, "I am tired."

Now, if abstraction is nothing, and the absolute is nothing, and things are all, and "God as an intuition in all things "is all in all," and as an abstraction nothing, I ask you, is there any Gad separate and distinct from things? I can not see for the life of me where the misrepresentation "comes in

Now, in regard to definitions of God. Let us start from facts and see what the true docrine or philosophy is. Man is progressive by reason of ideas. A shadow of an idea comes to him. vague and indefinable at first. He can not conceive it. It is the shadow of the unknown, which flits away like the shadow of a cloud But the vague undefined glimpse has aroused his attention, and by torgetfulness of the external world, he calls the shadow back. It enters in like a mist and condenses in the womb of the mird; for here it hath met the human. and from that human is it clothed in thoughts. Our thoughts are the limbs, members and flesh of ideas; they are its material body. As this divine infant grows, it takes form and becomes defined and tangible, which, when it has become so, it has become a part of us, and we use it as we use our limbs and bodies. It is only by defining ideas that we can use them; and this definition is naught but the incorporation of God into man, and by virtue of which he is immortal, for he becomes another being from

every new idea he is able to define. Here, indeed, is the hidden meaning of the Im muculate conception, the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, the conception without lust in the virgin womb of the human mind of the first born of God, v'z: ideal love. For man's first conception of the divine is his first born of the God within and this conception can not take place in a mind corrupt with lust. Its birth fills the soul with pleasure and is death to disease, hence the blood of Christ is our savier. Conception of ideas is the overshadowing of the intangible; their growth is the condensation of the aroma of the unknown and the moulding of the same into form; then birth is the incorporation of the unknown into the rea'm of the known. Hence a man is as he be Now conception is death to the thing con ceived. One thing is conceived, another is born. We grasp at the intangible, and murder it in our efforts to give it tangibility; and well does Brother F. say that "Whoever detines his God, loses Him," but he forgets to add that in this loss we are the gainers; for man expands, progresses, grows, by the conception, growth, and definition of ideas; although the definition is death to the idea, it is late to us, for we stand one step higher upon its decaying body. Here is beautifully toyi and the death of Carist on the cross, for only as we crucify ideas upon the Calvary of the human heart, can we enter into the heaven within. Why? Because there is no within without expansion What greater idea can we cruelfy than God's first and only begotten son, ideal love? Brother F. cries out against definitions of God and yet he defines Him in the abstract as nothing, and in things as all. Thus he clothes him with all the attributes of frail human nature,—vice, crime, saulty and in-sanity; hate and fear; hope and despair, as well as virtue and sanctity; and at the same time, says

'As an abstraction," (i. e. apart from conditions and things), "God is nothing," which of course, seems to say to me, and all ordinary minds, that God is nothing more nor less than the aggregation of things—as if he would rob man of all the beautiful conceptions of the great and good of all ages, before which the world has worshiped and grown better—and tell us to accept the definitions, (which are no definitions at all), of that class who have never made any strides in progress, viz: naturalists. Spiritualism owes its rapid strides to their definitions of the unknown home of the dead; which, though very poetical and beautiful, will yet be proved to be only murdered ideas—murdered in being made; human abortions of man's mind. What better idea does he give us really than that of the Jews of a God? They pictured Jehovah as an angry, warlike God. Brother F. says He is in all, even the lowest; which we know is antago-nistic to the highest; and then cooly asks us if God can be at variance with Himseli? The trouble

the world salls grand because it esses them of responsibility.

Brother F. needs to tearn one thing, and that is, that absolute truth is the opposite of relative truth; and that it is folly to teach that which man is not, nor ever can be allied to. It is well enough to talk these things to such as are a law to themselves; but the great mass of mankind sleze upon them only as an excuse for every extravagent thought or act, and shirk the responsibility of their own acts under the pies of faith and the infinity of God. If God is infinite, we are not. If God is free and unconfined, we are the opposite of this. We are responsible to ourselves, and the vast universe outside of ourselves—not merely for our acts, but for our thoughts and secret longings. We taint the atmosphere mawares. Without a definition of God in our minds, we are without devotion; and no ism is worthy of the confidence of mankind which does not inspire that divining lower and devotion which the property to selfvine love and devotion which prompts to self immolation upon its altars. The great idea of God in man, and the individualization of man, is only food for the "ego," (egotism), and leads to the most sublime love of self and indifference to the misfortunes of others. The great excuse (unspoken perhaps, but not unthought), is, God has given me pleaty, or rather, I have got it by means of God within, but you, poor devil, are sillicted by the same Divine government—"it's all right." Go ask your broken up Lycenus if their failure isn't due to the selfishness of their members. Go ask your neglected mediums—who, in bridging the awful guit between the dead and the living—have

unfitted themselves for the rough contact with a hostile world-how much care they receive at the

hands of professed Spiritualists. Oh! you must first get a man for something grand, so you can draw a crowd of outsiders who will pay, and then we will extend our gloved hand to you, we will endorse you then, not before. You are devoted to principles, are you? Yes! the principles of selfishness, of individuality, and you can find this as much in being mean and niggardly as you can in being whole souled and generous, for God is in all conditions alike. Ah! Spirituality! thou first born of Heaven! My soul weeps over thy polluted name. It is no excuse to say that such is the nature of man. The Catholic church will put you to the blash, and learn you your first lessson in devotion. Your religion or ism has no soul because your God has none. You have no centre, either physical or ideal, around which to revolve. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," and your societies stand in the same relationship to the orthodox churches, that a little pig does to a hog. True, when grown, it may be a very large hog, but it will be a hog, notwithstanding. "By their works shall ye know them." Nothing suits you so well as to go on a tirade against an individual God and a future hell. Having robbed God of His personality, you are content to call Him a spirit and enthrone. Him in the hearts of all, even the most vicious How can you expect charity, i. e. an active sympathy, to result from such teachings? You will find just as much charity (and that isn't saying much), among the orthodox churches as among Spiritualists—yes, more, for they take care of their own preachers. Look at poor A. G. Parker, a medium and speaker, dying neglected and forsaken at Watertown, Wis., a town full of Spiritualists, followed to his grave by the noble Dr.——, who in charity smoothed his town full of Spiritualists, followed to his grave by the noble Dr.——, who in charity smoothed his dying pillow, and one other man, his landlord, I think. The doctor, whose name I forget, wrote me afterwards that the Spiritualists of Watertown did not like A. G. Parker. Ha! A. G. Parker that was repeatedly mobbed and driven from school houses and churches, and obliged to speak in the public streets, while friends kept the infuriated mob at bay—for preaching this same God-in man idea, which is the crowning glory of the "ism" today—was not only obliged to beg his way to his grave—but the Spiritualists didn't like him! Such is the fruit. And if Brother F., with all his cloquence, ever gets beyond the crowd he leads far quence, ever gets beyond the crowd he leads far enough for them to bring their guns to bear upon him, they will bring him down the same way. is the same old story of antagonisms. Harmony!!
Indeed!! I write this in view of the monster evils of this age, in view of the worm eaten, crumbling temples of the religions of past ages, in view of the glorious temples that are waiting to be reared upon their rains; in view of a religion whose light is just breaking in upon the darkness of ignorance in which soul shall take the place of head; where-in love, faith and will, shall be the foundation of a salvation, physical, mental and spiritual, which salvation shall be from self—from disease, and shall be for to-day. Summer Land! ah! mistaken idea! We make our summer and our winter as much in the Spirit Land here, to-day, as we will ever be. Man has too long looked to outside nature for pleasure and heaven. Give me power to be, to do and enjoy, to day, and I will take my

chances for the future. Lest some may think that I am no Spiritualist, from the foregoing, and that I am hostile to them let me say here that my religion is the religion of manhood, that it embraces all the religions of the past as well as those of the present,—for there is a little good in all the rubbish; that the cardinal principle of this religion is the increase of man hood, physical, mental and spiritual; that this can only be done but by increase of knowledge; that the ordinary knowledge of mankind leads to disease; for who is there that increases in physical and mental power as they grow old? If this is Spiritualism, then I am a Spiritualist. Brother F's way is broad—the universe. Christ's way was narrow and full of thorns. Which is the true

What The Spirits Revealed To Mr Gerald

·Massey. From the Kelso (freland) Mail.

At a recent meeting of the Dialectical Society, Mr. Gerald Massy made an interesting state ment. He said that he did not look upon himself as a spiritualist, and he had in fact always kept rather aloof from spiritualism. Neverthe-

less, he would give the meeting a leaf from the book of his life that had yet to be written. When he was twenty-two he married the daughter of the Rev. Jahez Burns, and he first threw her into a magnetic sleep. His ideas about spiritualism at the time were similar to those held by Mr Holyoake, yet various strange things occurred. With a view to test the abnormal vision which she possessed, Mr. Truelove visited her, and placing a paper specially prepared over her head, asked what was written on it. She read it correctly "Inigo Jones," yet Mr. Massy himself, hardly believing in the possibility of such phenomena, thought she was deceived, and tested her but she always vindicated her good faith and the reality of her power. Such powers were, however, he believed, more or less connected with aberration of mind, Eighteen months before her death a dissenting minister having seen things written out by a stool, said he thought Mrs. Massey could work with it very well, and the trial was made. A pencil was tied to the leg of a stool, and the name "Shakspeare " was written. A few months before he(Mr. Massey)had written in the Quarterly Review (it was in the year 1864) on the Shaksperian sonnets. There was a mystery connected with a portion of them which he could not fathom. He did not think Mrs. Massey had read one of them. He had propounded a theory relative to them which had never been answered, but still there was a point on which he wanted information. The stool spelt out " age in love," which was a line constituting a difficulty, for according to his the ry, the author must have been young, and could not have been "age in love." Well, he was directed to an edition which he had not before examined, and he found that, the two sonnets which constituted the difficulty did not appear in it. Thus he was a literary man helped in his work by the communications. Again his housekeeper could not sleep for noises in the kitchen, the door was slammed so violently that the key flew out. Well, a communication was made that a child had been murdered nine years before, and buried in the garden. He went into the garden, and at the spot described he dug down and found the bones. He was not at the moment sure whether they were human, and he hid them in the lawn. That is, he mixes absolute with relative, and dishes out | man, and he hid them in the lawn. That to us a strange medley of truth and error, which | night there were the sounds of four men work-

ing outside. The noise of one man was like that of a man hammering with a pickage on the door step. He jumped up, and taking his gun, ran out, but there was no one there. His wife went into a trance, and there was evidence that the noises were made by four spirits in consequeuce of the bones of the murdered child having been disturbed. As his wife went on towards death, the spirits took possession of her, and in a manner unsexed her. He might mention that her powers were tested at Stafford House by the Duke of Argyle, Sir David Brewster and others. The Duke held her eyes and Sir David Brewster placed over her head a paper which she read correctly. That took place in 1852. He had himself seen cases of utter imposture in Paris. He always tested such phenomena with severity and scepticism, but the cases he mentioned were such as quite convinced him of their reality. Mr. Holyoake, in remarking upon Mr. Massey's statement, said that the story was really too painful to dwell upon. For his own part, he would sooner forego all Shakspear's sonnets than have such thumpings at his kitchen door and in his garden. He sincerely regretted that Mr. Massy did not make good use of his gun by shooting those that broke his night's rest.

MIS: OURI.

Letter from M. Hendricks.

DEAR SIR:—The progress which Spiritualism has made in this out of the way portion of our state within the last two years, is surprising, considering the limited facilities the people have had for investigation. But a few years ago there could scarcely be found an out spoken Spiritualist in southwestern Missouri. The few who dared entertain opinions contrary to the doctrines of the church, were so estracised and persecuted that many were deterred from investigation, and those who were disposed to think for themselves, were afraid to utter their sentiments above a whisper. But since the removal of the curse of slavery that so long impeded the progress of our noble state, the country is rapidly settling up with an enterprising and liberal minded people, who have the independence to do their own thinking. Many who formerly kept their opinions to themselves do not have heritate to advantage their being likely in heritage. not now hesitate to acknowledge their belief in the Harmonial Philosophy, and there are quite a number who would take a deep interest and be-come active workers in the cause if they had any assurance that they could have sufficient co-opera-tion to enable them to withstand the tide of opposition that would necessarily arise, and to en-courage them in the hope of accomplishing some good. There are also many who have outgrown the dogmas of the church and are ready to free themselves from the shackles of superstition and error with which old theology has bound them, and who would gladly embrace Spiritualism had they an opportunity to become acquainted with our beautiful philosophy, and for such, it is the duty of every Spiritualist to labor. We should not depend on our speakers and mediums to do all the work. All should do their part. Our papers and publications should be freely circulated, circles should be formed for communication with the Angel World, and for the development of mediums. We have the elements of as good mediamship among ourselves as can be found anywhere. All we lack is to be united and work harmoniously and energetically. The time has passed for us to be afraid, and I think a good move on the part of the Spiritualists of southwest Missouri, would be to call a convention to meet as early as practicable at some convenient place, for the purpose of adopting some form of association to enable us to operate together more effectually for the advance of our causa. I am satisfied that we can get up a meeting, respectable in numbers, where we may have an opportunity to get acquainted with each other, and have an interchange of sentiment and good feeling, and do much good, not only for the cause of Spiritualism, but also for woman suffrage, for I believe nearly all Spiritualists and liberal persons are in favor of that as well as all other re-

Correspondence in Arief.

WAYNE, PA.—Wm. Parton writes :—I am pleased with Mrs. Hardinge's lectures. I think she is one of nature's noblewomen, working to brush away the cobwebs of prejudice and ignorance, and place before the human brotherhood an incertive to a higher life and a more intimate acquaintance with the life to come.

Take courage, then, ye workers for truth and purity, for they that are for us are more than they

that are against us. FRANKLIN, IND -W. B Garr writes :- I don't see how I can do without the Journal. I think it one of the best papers published, and I hope you will not get discouraged. I shall do all I can for your

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.-V. Hastings writes .- I have been a trial subscriber for your most excellent paper, the Journal, for nine montus. My time expired, Oct. 5th. I am so much pleased with the paper that I think I could not afford to do without it. Please flud enclosed \$1.50 for the manual of the could be seen to the could be seen the could be seen to the could b Please flud enclosed \$1,50 for six months. Many blessings be upon you for your dauntless efforts to expose error and spread the truth through the land.

Exeren. Me .- Julia A. Eastman writes :- We send you a three dollar and fifty cent post office order, (excepting the expenses of sending it), for which we would renew our subscription to the Journal for another year, and a trial subscription to my good old aunt. I know she will be delighted with it, for she says of the few numbers sent her, "They are the best of her reading."

That is true of myself, and my soul goes out in gratitude to you, ever as I take the paper up to

FREDERICKTOWN, Mo-Daniel Hartkopf writes —I inclose fifty cents for another trial subscriber It is my belief that if we could have a few seances and lectures here, we might get up a good sub-cription list. There are a good many thinking minds, but they have never seen anything of the great wonders of our new revelation. If any should come here, I want them to call on my little country home, a full quarter of a mile from town.

MIDDLEFORK, IND .- A Boggs writes :- We are holding circles and have a good prospect of devel-oping several good mediums. Things are beginning to work here to the glory of God and satisfaction of the angels.

WINNEBAGO, MINN,-Geo. E. Gibbs writes:-I am a subscriber to both the JouanaL and the BANNER OF LIGHT. Can not well do without elther. You can count me as one of your regular subscribers. I wish I could induce some of my neighbors to subscribe with me. But Spiritualism has not many devotees in this new country, yet I think the way is nearly prepared for the perception of the heavenly philosophy. We know the world moves, although to our finite gaze it seems all too slow. But I must stop, as I did not intend to write a long letter.

Knokon, Iowa.—D. F. Miller writes:—Media-scope came duly to hand. The tissue paper re-volves fast enough for me, and as soon as my hand comes near it; but I find no intelligence in its pointing. Have you, yourself, ever known of an instance of its spelling out a name, or a word, or a sentence? it is quite a mechanical curiosity; but the motion (unconnected with spelling or answering questions), is easily enough accounted for on scientific principles. If it would answer intelligently, it would be better proof of spiricuality than I have yet seen; for this precludes deception. As lawyers, would say, "It would be the exclusion of a conclusion;" as it would establish the fact beyond

REMARKS.—There are those with whom it does not work. Like planchette, it only works when mediumistic conditions are favorable.

An English journal of a recent date considers that there were only two persons in the United States who had not communicated their views on the Byron question to the newspapers, and they are citizens of Cape Cod who had gone off mackerel fishing ten weeks before, and had not yet returned.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MEDIA: OR THE CHARMED LIFE: A Story of Fact, Phenomena and Mystery

BY GEORGE SOMERVILLE.

CHAPTER XV.

ANNIE AT HOME—A BRIDE—HAPPY SCENE—THE UNENDWN.

"Lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turde is heard in our land."

A year has rolled away, as novelists usually phrase it, and the roseate dawn of the new year salutes the world with an effulgence bright and clear. Fronting one of our public city equares, and pleasantly situated, is the residence and home of Annie and Randolph Haines.

The dwelling, though not so imposing as to present the appearance of a nabobs palace, is yet sufficiently commodious to combine comfort and beauty within. Furnished not with extravagant costumes, but with every article of house keeping necessary to harmony of effect, and exhibiting a nice cultivated taste in the occupants, and, then, without, the air is made vocal with the constant warbling of merry birds as they flit in harmless glee from branch to branch of the numerous shade trees, in summer, and dart amid the silvery cooling spray of the evergushing fountain in the center of the park, and wash and glisten their gay plumage in the clear sparkling nectar, as it falls around them, forming in the sun's rays ten thousand little rainbows,

circling them within a larry sea. What a change of condition for the gentle Annie, orce the humble drudging sewing girl now the happy wife of a merchant prince; once the subject of daily dependence, now the favored of opulence and plenty, and yet with what a becoming, aye, lovely grace she weats her new position, as she sits by her husbands side, attired in an azure robe of velvet. On her lovely brow decked with sunny smiles, rest- a coronet of pear's, on her neck a chaste necklace, and clasping her beautiful arms a pair of fine braclets highly wrought in gold, on her hand a single diamond ring, fit ornament for an empress, and right well does she become them. Early that morning the Unknown had called, and wishing them "mnch joy," and a happy new year, passed on just in season to elude the brisk salutations and merry clangor of half dozen voices. "Joy joy, happy new year!" rapidly passed from hip to lip upon the blushing bride, as she gally welcomed her early associates to her new and happy home.

Oh that our life was made up of such happy scenes as these. How pleasant to recall them.
Ere the day passed, our company flowed in, with the stream of pleasure, gaicty and fashion as it entered the picture gallery of art. The great painting on exhibition now was, "Faith Hope and Charity," description of their mission of love in the world. Misery, a gaunt and terrible looking pordegaint terrible looking nondescript, occupied a large portion of the canvass, contrasting vividly and strikingly in dark grun famine-like desolate aspect, with the angel like serenity and mutual trust which beamed forth from the benign countenances of the three celestial sisters, and as they stood circled with a glorious halo of brilliant light, gazing with looks of pity towards the darkness, the abode of neglected poverty i'was a beautiful conception and beautifully portrayed. A scene once beheld, forever left its indelible impress on the soul. The gifted artist of the happy work, so deservedly culcgized, was the Unknown. Nor is this all. It we revisit the home of Randolph and Annie, we shall find the walls adorned with many a gem of a t sketched by him in the happy land of poetry and dream, beneath an Italian sky. A sun set scene in romantic Itally, who may breathe the spirit and beauty of its conception? A company of gay idlers, standing on the beautiful bridge spaning the lovely Arno, is sketched with a free and graceful ease, while on the tide beyond, a host containing a young girl, and her gallant cavillier who plies the oar busily, but to prolong their visit in seclusion of the quiet lake. The sun just setting bathes with his lingering streakings, mountain, hill and heather, and the mirror like bosom of the lovely lake in a golden sheen of beauty and enchantment. The melody attuned fingers of the gentle Annie res s on the pianos ivory keys, and as with smiles of endearment, she in the evening welcomes her husband to her side. 'Music soft! music sweet' linger round the place, and the vexations of daily business, the care and anxiety of money getting schemes, all driven from the place. Better still, the congenial and happy spirit of Annie prevents them at all entering their fair eden bower.

During the same evening, and near the sequestered retreat, on the Schuylkill's quiet banks, another scene progresses. The old fallen tree, Linda Ray, and Sylvan Shermer have selected it as their resting place. Strange the conincidence! This the self same spot which witnessed the love vows and betrothal of the Unknown, and Elmira Osbourn years ago. But all unconcious of this hallowing influence, the daughter plights her troth to her lover there. And though within hearing still of the busy hum of the city's incessant turmoil, reminding them always of life's rugged warfare, they seem to share in the shady nock, an Eden of love, devoid of care, and looking together from the love gilded spot, adown the long vista of the future life, appears to them a happy pathway strewn all round with flowers. So also appeared the early life of Linda's mother. She, too, wove gay wreaths for a life of pleasures in the flood ude of fancy's dreams. But the sun of her pros perity set suddenly, and left her in darkness to grope her untried way through misery and

As Sylvan Shermer breathed again into the ear of Linda the oft told tail, a rustling near, caused them to start up in alarm. Suddenly a blow from an unseen hand levelled Sylvan to the earth, and the next moment, Linda was struggling in the arms of the intruder. But a moment more, and another character appears upon the scene, who by a well directed blow, freed Linda effectually from the grasp of him who held her, and sent him reeling into the road, where, having recovered sufficient equilibrium, he started up hastily and made with all speed directly for the near woods. Fred Weldon, assisted the alarmed Linda to her feet, and, Sylvan recovering anon from the effects of the stunning blow, opened his eyes just in season to see the rapid flight of Doctor Milford Stettler. On their way to the city, their assailant, in a close carriage crossed their path, unrecognized on his way to Media, whom he had promised to favor with an evening trip into the near country. What though he was driving at a rapid rate, even an unlawful speed, he was rather behind the time of his appointment. But he was brought to a sudden stop in his reckless course by a man grasping the head of one of the horses barely in season to allow a lady crossing hastily at the moment, to escape being trampled on by the sweat foaming animals. The lady reaching the opposite side of the street in safety, the Unknown, her prompt protector, stepped aside, but as he done so he was recognized by Stettler, who not wishing then to be seen or known by him, gave the horses a rapid cutlash with his whip, and dashed away ere a word could be spoken. Ella Russel thanked her deliverer, but the instant he saw her free from danger, though so noble and wealthy, gave more of the in his room, and on entering, he was found a corpse, his without pausing to receive her gratitude he spice and pathos of romance to our courtship face a aritilly barned, and his head terrible shattered by

passed on. She looked for him but he was gone: and trembling yet with the late tright, she has

tened away toward her home. Milford Stettler gained at length his destination and gave to the waiting Media an ample apology for his lack of punctuality. It could not really be avoided according to his version, He was detained on the way, in fact, was com pelled to stop to allow a lady time to cross the street safely. They laughed heartly together at this, and were soon dashing away in the direction of Frankford.

The high nettled steeds pushed to their utmost speed, swept over the 'pike' in regular and beautiful motion. As they passed the tollgate, the 'man' extended his hand, but Stettler not wishing to stop called out, pay as we return, and flit by like the lightning. The toll gatherer walked out into the road, looked after them an instant, then grumbled "that fellow travels fast. I should have shut the gate. He was through almost before I see him. Well if he comes back this way, its all right, but if he don't, he won't pass this gate so easy a second time that's all. Saying which he lazily walked in the house.

Why doctor, do you intend returning this way? Media enquired, I think not my dear, would'nt spoil the even gait of my matchless bays, for all the tolls on the road, they are a nuisance, at best, besides, when I seek pleasure, I love variety. To return by the same dull monotonous road, would deprive us of the changing variety of scenery which another may afford, "You are quite correct, doctor but I think you told the old man you would return." "True, but if I recollect correctly, I failed to give him the precise period of our re-"Ha! well, I did not think, doctor, you turn." were so ready a diplomatist. I feel strongly iempled to congratulate you upon your adroit proficiency." You coquettish vixen-there now take that for your flattery, he returned good naturedly imparting to her ruby pouring lips, a rapid kiss. The horses still swept rapidly on, and the scenery through which they were now passing was beautiful indeed. All nature clothed in her variegated hues of lovely summer and blooming everywhere. The perfumed air, redolent with the dewy sweetness of the newmown hay, and many a tragrant flower, played around them in delicious zephyrs, and the bright silver moon, night's beautiful queen, cast at them encouraging smiles, as on the gallant animals swept, on through Frankford, past the 'tally post' and out the Oxford road spel through the villiages of Fox Chase, Coopersville, only towards the city again as fresh seemingly and as fleet as they had departed. On they sped till gaining the base of a large hill, where the thick woods shroud the dusky hollow in darkness almost perpetual, a frightful cry for help now sounded out upon the air, echoing through the leafy forest, and falling on the car again with paralyzing effect, starting the very horses into a nervous plunge and the next instant leaving them on a dead halt, and trembling like leaves of the aspen tree when shaken by a mighty wind. Media screamed, and Stettler turned pale, shivering with very weakness, a loud report from a musket followed by a shriek in doleral echo; and as the affrighted animals reared and plunged and broke again into lightning like speed, the ball whistled through the carriage, grazing the doctor's head, and buried itself harmless into the enbankment of the roadside beyond. Heavens doctor, we are attacked by robbers, and shall be murdered! Media cried and clang closer to Stattler's side, who now applied his whip vigorously on his favorire bays, they now gave the init strength of every nursele to their flight, and soon conveyed them fortunately beyond immediate danger, With lov Media saw once more the ten thousand dickering lights of the city as it now speedily looned nearer and neater to their eager view.

CHAPTER NVI.

THE UNKNOWN'S STORY CONTINCED. "I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest; Then why should my soul be so sad? I bnow thou art gone where the weary are blest, And the mourner looks up and i s glad .--

Where love has put off in the land of its birth. The stains it hath gathered in this. And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth, May sleep on the bosom of bliss.

"I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred

With the beauty that dwelt in the soul, Where the light of thy leveliness can not be marred, Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal. I know thou hast sipped of the lithe that flows Through the land where they do not forget.

That sheds over memory's only ropose, And takes from it only regret.

"His eye must be dark that so long has been dimmed, Ere again it may gaze upon thine; But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home, In many a token and sign.

I never look up with a wish to the sky, But a light like thy beauty is there. And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply, When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

" In thy beautiful dwelling, wherever it be, I believe thou hast yisions of mine, And thy love that made all things as music to me, I have not yet learned to resign; In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea.

Or alone with the breeze on the hill. I have ever a presence that whispers of thre, And my pirit lies down and is still. "And though like a mourner, that sits by the tomb, I am wrapped in a mantle of care,

Yet the grief of my spirit, oh! call it not gloom-Is not the black grief of despair. By sorrow revealed as the stars are by night. Ever near a bright vision appears : And hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,

Is born, like the rainbow - in tears."

Ah! it is a long time, Annie, since I heard that plaintive strain, so sweetly sang, and accompanied with the piano's full rich melody, its sympathy and beauty sweeps my being with the thrilling recollection of incidents in my life, which though not without their silver lining, are yet sad in some respects, and pathetic. Florence, lovely, Florence!

Round breathes an atmosphere of life; The very air seems brighter from her eyes, Sp soft, so beautiful, so rife, With all we can imagine of the skies.

I have already given you briefly, Randolph, a sketch of the vicissitudes of my career as an artist in Italy down to the decease of my parents in Rome, hinting at the severe privations, and firy ordeal of patience and trial, which I had to pass, occasioned by the ignoble jealousy on the part of an elder cousin, a master artist of Florence, and long my tutor in the diwine art, until the spirit of rivalry betwixt us ran so high, that to brook his severity and ill will no longer, and escape, perhaps, his deadly hate. I left his studio, and set up for myself at Rome. How, that, from the purchase at a large price of my first picture, the beautiful 'Madonna,' at the public gallery through all the encouraging and varied intricacies of even love, romantically brought about by the success of my first picture, introducing the artist as it did into the families of the wealthiest, and the noblest of the land, of my many art-inspiring sails on he beau tiful Arno, with the noble accomplished and lovely Adelaide Devere, by my side, who

and wooing, and not to wound my pride, assumed so effectually the guise and air of the humble, though beautful peasant girl, that in winning the sweet Amy Barrice, I really gained the kind hand and love of Alelaile Devere. I need scarcely hint in passing that painting there, a sun set on the beautiful Arno, is simply a poor inspiration of love's early dream, my love's experience of the real scene. It was from life I painted it, as also that of the lovely 'Malonna,' inspired by another's eyes, the sweet soull gat of my angel Adel side. But, ah! Rand siph, my life of charm in Florence, was not all of sun-shine. There were fittul periods when clouds and darkness drear rested on it. The ignoble plot of my cousin, Francisco, to supplant me in the all ctions and d atage of my aged and almost sightless father, by sending me abroad, then circulating effectively the report of my decease, influence the old man in his own behalf as the only remaining heir to the vast estateswas deeply laid—and even attempted craftly to be hastened by an effort almost successful, to noison the old man's wine, but even this was frustrated in the very act by my angel guide, Adelside, and the would-be murderer confusedly drank his own poison. When he looked to see my dear old father grap his last in the sleep of death, his own vision suddenly grew misty, his surroundings assuming grote-que and indefina-ble forms. The truth at last flashed on hismind, and he raged and turned terriby under the subtle influence of the insidious drug. It was a strange tatality, which, at this moment, brought upon the scene the proud presence of his greatest patron, and once his most extravagant admirer, the elegant, proud and noble Cordelia de Fazio, of the wealthy of Florence, the most brilliant star. "What hellish plot is this?" shricked the great Francisco in frenzy as she now confronted him imperiously, almost tauntingly. Jealousy, a voice near him, very like a serp of hissed in his car.

"On ! cursed plot, and most foul," he continued to rave, "rained, all my pride, ambition in a moment brought to naught. Ruined! ruined! The elegant Cordelia partially relenting at sight of so much suffering, hastily mingling a small powder with some wine, and offering it to the poor dupe, bade him drink or die. Alas! the antedote failed of its full purpose—the subtle drug had reached the seat of reason, and though the body lived, Francisco was always known from the fatal day as the 'mad painter.'

But, Randolph, I must hasten with my story. It was a temp stous, rainy evening in mid summer, when my sweet A icluide sat by my side in our home once more happy in Florence, It had been a bright and lovely day, and we had enjoyed that morning a pleasant excursion through the beautiful scenery of the country. Returning fresh and buoyant in spirits, we entered our drawing room. A delaide seated herself at once at her harp, of which she indeed was a charming mistress. She had played several pleasing airs and anon fell gradually off into that pathetic strain Annie you have just played.

The rattling thunder increased in sound and terror without, while the accompanying lightning grew painfully vivid, and by incessant flashes, lilumined the sompre scene with an almost incessant

Adelaide had ceased playing, and was about rising from the instrument or song, when we were paralyzed with airm by the sudden appearance of a wildly gesticulating minute, who burst in up-on us in forming flight. His tall and powerful frame was drenched with the heavy rain. He thre v his large brawny arms above and about him with mad force, while his large glowing eyes diluted and rolled about and shot forth fiery gleams almost as derce as the electric sparks of the touring thunder.
"Ha! he!" he yelled londly. "nyenged at last!

ha! ha! come, Adelable, heautiful object of my hope, come. Ila! ha!! have thee! mine, mine." I sprang forward to protect her whom I loved as the apple of mine eye. Bus, O God! ere I could prevent him, the madman had clasped her viciously in his arms, and by the force with which he siezed her, fell heavily to the floor. In ou instant

I was on him and with a vigorous effort hurled bim to the other side of the room. I, too, was mad now. Maddened at the sight of my loved Adelaide's distress, as she fay there prostrate, fainting and hurt. He recovered in a moment from the force with which he fell to the floor, and fushed now with miniac rage, he glared at me with wild eyes, like balls or fire that seemed bursting from his head. With superhum in strength I prepared at once to meet him. With a terrific

howl he cried:
"Ha 1 ha! The puny Dudley rival to the great
Francisco!"

With a nerce tiger-like spring, he darted at me, flourishing his long arms with terrible velocity. I kept my eye fixed steadily on his flery orbs, and shuddered for the collision. In an instant he was on me, and tightening his vice like grasp around my body, as a sudden flash of lightning blinded my vision, and stunned by the shock I rected and feel to the floor. I still seemed to hear the wild yells of Francisco like ten thousand demons over me in exultation. Then the panorams revealed my sainted wife in heaven and as a holy though pensive smile lit up her lovely face, her right hand pointed to the tatal hart on her breast. Oh! the keen torture and pain the horrible vision gave me. For a long time I lay there, and at length, slowly revived. Adelaite, though weak and faint, was kneeling over me, and laving my face and limbs with restoratives. I recovered, but Francisco, the mid painter lay dead at my feet, frightfully torn

by the lightning. But Adelaide, though she lingered on the shore of mortality with me, she had received her death wound, and from that fatal night went sadly into a decline, gradually consumed by death's deceitful lever. Consumption, the fell destroyer, marked her for his own, and in three months I followed the remains of my sweet wife, lovely, even in death,

in bitterest sorrow to the grave. Returning from the marble house of the dead. I retired to our room and sat down, shrouded in the deepest grief and gloom. On! I was lonely then, My worldly possessions were large, it is true, but I felt that all would be a gift far too small for the prompt return of my loved Adelaide. On! to be blest with her celestial companionship, I felt perfeetly willing to lead cheerfully a life of labor and

of poverty.
While I yet sat there, almost desponding, a voice whispered, almost audibly, "Arise, sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shall find happiness, pleasure, in doing good."
"Tis sne, my Adelaide's voice," I mentally said, "and I will follow and obey."

Hope, joy, now blooming in my soul afresh, I arose, converted the vast Clarendon estate into available funds, and with my two little darlings left, not without a pang, the beautiful city of Flor-ence. Ah! how changed in mind and feelings from the youth who entered her fair clime but a few years before, filled with ambition and high hopes

of fame.
With a last lingering look, I bid farewell to all I now held to me most dear, and recrossed the "ocean foam." I came to America, and landing after a pleasant voyage, at Philadelphia, commenced my heaven alloted mission of doing good Emira's father loved this spirited son and at the news

of his death, madly flow to avenge him. In a frenzied lit of intoxication, he rushed upon the duelist and slow him on the spot.

For several weeks the populace was carried away by the excitement of the deed. Osbourn now acted like one insane. Arrested, and brought to trial for murder, yet on this plea, 'insanity,' half of his wealth easily purchased his

acquittal. But en Lady Osbourn, the blow at their social status, fell heavily severe, and she soon sank into the grave overwhelmed with grief. This pungent loss added an ingrediout still more bitter to the overflowing cup of his sorrows, and he sought to drown them still deeper into the obliviou of dissipation. And so gradually, aye surely, all his property and wealth slipped from his grasp, and the once proud Elwood Oshourn sank to the humiliating position of a dependent upon the bounty of his daughter. Long thus, he could not tarry on the shores of mortality. Early one merning the family was aroused by the report of a pistol

the slage of the faral charge he had committed the mode crime of spicide!

Alasi the sad end of my early and best friend, who proved to the hameless orphan a guardisn and parent. I can not describe the pain with which this fragmentry rectial fell from the lips of the heart-broken but heroic Elm ra. She. had just conclud das you entered, Randolph, the dreary abode," and you, sir, as well as Mrs. Ray's life has indeed been made up of strange, not to say remarkable vicissi-

"Yes, sir, and through them all the angel of her presence has safely brought me. There is a conserving tendency in all our experiences, Randolph, to make us wiser and better. There is a divinity within us that thapes all our ends rough how them as we will," "

Gentle Anuic, as she still sat at the place, had been an eager and inte it listener, his harland felt im alsively on the keys, ranning off into a beautiful air, her heart grew lighter, her sool once more free, and soon the apartment was vocal with a cheerful volume of the sweetest melody.

To be confinued.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

ITo be useful, this should be reliable. It therefore behoves Lecturers to promptly notify us of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address having particplura to be learned by special correspondence with the indi-

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this respect we are growing nearer to God-glerifying Him in our works. He has b'd us write the Scriptures as we go shrough the world on the ground beneath our feet; in the air about us-upon every garment we wear, and every thing we touch. These are some of the means by which we can cultivate our spirits until we shall be schamed to be small and mean; until we shill be ashamed to stain them with criminal acts. When we realize how grand and powerfol our spirits may be, shall we not be ashamed to grovel in the dust, or yield to any low, mean, degrading passions that bind us down to earth; we shall use them all as means for elevating our conditi n. Every organ of our bodies are given for use; every function must be called into exercise. Every faculty of the mind and body should be properly used as the frue means by which we are to work out the will of the Creator and to cause our spirits to grow to full manhood and wemanhood. Even if we do not now realize every po eighlity; if we are so enclosed in the veil of matter that we can not; if the invisite world is dark to us-if we can not discern the presence of the invisibles, we can and do exert a power over other minds; and if our spirits are pure and strong and are aspiring after the good, are shrinking away from immoral appetites, which would draw us down, when the veil of mystery is rent in tweir and we stand in the great universal temple unclothed: when the dwellers upon the threshold shall meet us, and we shall enter in as completely developed spirits, we shall find, that having cultivated our powers to the fullest extent, that we have chosen the good, have followed after knowledge, and therefore we are in the full est onjoyment of heaven.

The Spiritualist, whilst he rejoices in the presence of the moster-minds that have gone before him, whilst he proclaims that there is no death-whilst he stands in the presence of the mighty minds of past ages, the grandest minds that have ever lived-whilst he feels these guides are around him, knows that the reads have been trodden by these, and they are ready to help him onward, let us not torget these occult powers of the human spirit, and that we are all sone of God—all children of the Great Spirit, and as such, have infinite possibilities: that we have all the attributes of God coshrined in us, constituting the divino man, the incarnation of God the Spirit, in man. Cultivate these occult powers of the Spirit to the utmost extent, that your knowledge allows of, and you may be sure that visdom will ever be given to you.

Alay the light of the Unsumbering eve be upon us and culture through the durkness, may His blessing be on

May the light of the Unslumbering eve be upon us and guide us through the darkness, may His blessing be on our acts and prompt our words, and may the guardianship of His ministering spirits uphold our sinking steps when we falter, and direct us in paths of light when we stray, until each night may by followed by a firsh morn redolent with light. He strength and truth until we all walk in the memory of the bright day that shall know no setting

Bor the Religio Philosophical Journal. HEAVEN.

Where is Heaven and how shall we Gain an Entrance?

BY MES. M. L. SHERMAN.

Eashrined within every form, is the heaven of the individual, and all the heaven that the capacity can receive or comprehend; it is adorned and made beautiful according to the taste and desires of each; it is local or portable according to circumstances; it is ample and spacious, or narrow and circumscribed, accord-

dividual. Heaven has many portals, each possessing peculiar beauties; but who shall open them and gaze therein? Let each man and woman be their own janitor, allowing no portal to remain

ing to the growth and unfoldment of the in-

closed through ignorance of the laws governing. Who hath comprehended the mysteries of the spirit of Man or the Heaven inseparably connected with him? Talk of communion with God! with infinity! when the finite is beyond conception. Talk of

the Heaven beyond the fixed stars, and not

able to discern and comprehend the heaver We remember, when in Lowell, Mass, of hearing Elder Miles Grant describe Heaven as a sort of seven-by-nine affair, coming down from God upon this earth, and the chosen few were to dwell in it, talking with God face to face. Pity that in this enligh ened day a man could be found with nature so cramped as to believe and preach such an absurd dogma from a public

ostrum Again, A. J. Davis has in his "S'ellar Kev" described his heaven in the milky way, and Dr. Randolph beyond the "fixed stars. Does distance lend enchantment? and do they intend to passess by right of discovery? Perchance these localities may belong to others who have earned them-then what? Why not inhabit this earth? Surely none can be lovelier, and as we are a microcosm of the universe, all is with in us finite, yet possessing infinity. Need we then go from ourselves to find God or Heaven?

How shall we gain Heaven? By slow degrees; learning by experience the ground upon which we stand; by living our own thoughts that we have dug from our soulquarry, and polished by constant friction until they shine with gem-like brilliancy-then can we adorn our heaven with the pearl, jasper, sardonyx and crysolice, and the portals leading from mansion to mansion shall be of the order we most desire.

It is impossible for another to think or work for us, for the price of labor must be paid by ourselves, both mental and physical. To be sure we may accept the hard earned thoughts and physical labor of another for a season. but somewhere, and at some time we must retrace our steps and earn our right to possess. I mistaken notion it is, for mortals to live in

ered luxury, hardly exerting themselves to keep the health forces balanced in enough a calling upon others to do their bidv enslaving a brother or sister, beding, theret. tances have given them money, cause circum. nosition. What will the luxur. and, perchance, en the Book is opened, and ous livers do WL n every page? when the debtor is found o. i, what have you carned question shall be aske title clear? Then will by right, and is your. rold and ignorance is they find that the price of . re bound through sorrow, and so far as they. by justice, for selfishness, will they be bound. but grind exceed.

"The mills of God are grinding slow, ing small; iness grinds

With patience stands He waiting, with the who

Shall we whose souls are lighted, & have passed into the green fields of Libert? fluse to invite our friends who are yel stoply in theological bondage to enter and enjoy the the inspiring beguties with us? Let us see

fill the passing years with noble deeds and heart melodies. What though the way of lies through sloughs and valce, over crossess and through brambles, the crown of reward will be ours at last, and a right to it because fairly carned in the contest of life.

Heaven is rest says my weary church sister! Will your rest consist in monotonous psalm singing and playing upon golden harps? Will you lose your identity, that you may engage an eternity in such an unatural rest? Think of the word eternity! Can you comprehend it? Methinks not if your aspirations are so limited Rest to us will consist in the constant accession of higher knowledge and grander truths through all the avenues of worlds and system of worlds, of planetay systems, and nebular forces, and a constant working into the I AM of the Spirit; reaching out for new discoveries, and claiming by right of our royal birth, a right to all iruth, honestly earned, and gaining a power that no one can reb us of.

A heaven thus gained is natural, substantial,

and worth striving tor. Secremento, Cal.

Beligio-Philosophical Journal

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IMMORTALITY.

The Wonders of the Unseen-the Grandeur of the Universe-Chemistry in Spirit-life.

Why are we immortal? Is it true that man has a conscious existence hereafter, that there is within his physical organization a spiritual structure that is a counterpart of the same, that will live throughout the endless ages of eternity? Well may the question be asked, are we immortal? We are all interested in that grand problem, which, to us, the manifestations of the nineteenth century have solved. In all ages of the world this question has been asked by the wise sage and profound scholar, as well as by the il literate, and still, in the minds of some, it remains unanswered. This is not a privilege of choice. "To be or not to be, is not the question" here. The mariner in mid ocean, with compass and chart, defies the moaning thunder, the flash. ing lightning, the spray-capped waves, the violent winds, for he knows quite well that though his compass varies, there are rules in mathematics by which he may allow for these variations and finally reach the destined port! We are here on the tumultuous ocean of life, ride on its mountain waves, contend with tornadoes, battle with its strifes, and with the darkness which the clouds of passion and ignorance throw around us; yet we have no compass, no chart to guide us to immortality, and we need none. Within the little germ, the first starting point of our existence, is no spark of conscious life, no reason, no intelligence—all is dark as one eternal night! We are forced into the world through the action of automatic law, forced through it, and finally landed on the elysian spheres of the Spirit World, requiring no ships, no compass, and other paraphenalia to enable us to accomplish the

Well, this is pleasing to contemplate. Immortality is not gained, it is bestowed! We achieve fame, honor, wealth, but immortality is conferred-is forced upon us. Reason says so; common sense echoes its assent; the whole world wish it true. There are many, however, who do not believe the Modern Spiritual manifestations. To them, the future is one dark eternal night-no sunshine there; no life there, nothing that will infuse into them new hopeand energies.

This, really, is a curious universe. The spiritual belongs to the unseen. The grandest features of existence belong to the invisible. That which is most potent with us is unobserved. Those forces which make worlds and systems of worlds

are closed to mortal eyes. Glance for a moment around you. Look at that huge elephant, at that horse, cow, man, dog rabbit, rat, fly, mosquito-soon your eye fails to detect animal life. Go and get the microscope. Look at that pound of raw augar, count the animals that are living there as proudly and contentedly as the monarch in his palace, and you will find there at least 100,000. Glance at that drop of water which is pendant on yonder plant, and see those little animalculæ that live and move in it. Examine vinegar, and notice the myriads of moving beings there. Look at the human system andyou find animalculæ within it. As far as your powers extend, you can see animal life. The amoebe has life, though it has no eyes, no ears, no nervous system, no blood,—it is nothing but a gelatinous substance. Animal life is manifested everywhere. Life within life; motion within motion. The rainbowtinted flower is the home of myriads of unseen living creatures. The air is rendered musical to the sensitive ear by the millions of unseen larvæ that exist therein. Yes, for beyond the reach of the microscope is animal life. Look at the blood. Each little blood-cell is an animal, for it has more of the elements of life than the amoebæ, Just think of it, at every beat of the pulse, at every throb of the heart, 20,000,000 of these cells or discs or animals, are destroyed, and at the same time 20,000,000 are brought into existence, Yes, life everywhere. The amoel a moves, yet exhibits no elements of life only in its action. It moves and changes its shape. Well, these are strange conditions, but nevertheless true. Life everywhere! Life in the unseen-it is more grand and beautiful than in the seen. The wonders of all the universe are not observed by us.

Commence with the lowest condition of animal 'e, the discs of the blood and the amoebæ. We extend our observations step by step, each CIPP one . make increasing in interest until we finally reach man; but will you stop there? Nay, you step no where! In extending your observations backwan', you could not detect the wonders there with the natural eye-nor can you extend your observation beyond man with the natural eye-you must stop there. But, dear reader, as back of him, within the inmost recesses of nature, you find animals in existence infinitely inferior to him in all those attributes that make up the real man-if you extend your observations beyond, you would find living intelligences as much superior to him as those animalculæ are inferior to his heaven born energies. This we know to be true. Man should not stop reasoning because he cannot extend his observations further. Columbus knew that there was an America before he discovered it! Franklin knew there was electricity in the murky cloud

before he sent his kite up to it to hold carnivawith the forked lightning! Fulton knew his little craft would move, long before he launched it on the romantic Hudson! Gallileo knew the earth revolved on its axis, though he could not see it! The young English mathematician knew there was a planet far beyond Jupiter, though he could not detect it!

There are minds that know things without seeing them. Beyond man, invisible to the naked eye, are intelligences far superior to him. Well, this is grand! We ask no spirits to teach us that immortality exists: we know it from our inmost soul. The more man investigates. the grander becomes the scenes of the universe of God. Those little planets, those twinkling stars and eccentric comets, are wonders to the natural eye-but just grasp the telescope, arrange its focus, and then witness the sublimity, the majesty of the heavens. As there is more grandeur unseen connected with the heavens than is now exhibited to the eye, so there is more real beauty and majesty connected with the existence of intelligent beings, than can be observed by natural eyes.

We have a material telescope here to unfold to us the existence of new fields in the realms above-but in the Spirit World are telescopes that bring near to the observation spiritual things. O! the magnificent fields that it unfolds. the "new heavens" that it brings home to the enraptured visions! Desire is the motive power in the Spirit World. Those who do not possess it, and, therefore, do not travel on those etherial currents that unite different portions of God's vast Universe, use those spiritual telescopes to determine the nature of those things which they do not care to visit.

The unseen is grand, transcendentally beautiful. We know we are immortal. We know that this earth is not the last of man. There are those in the Spirit World that are far above him. The wisest sage has his superior until

you reach God. Man is wise even on this earth. By uniting certain elements or gases, he can make the tissues of the human body, nearly perfect in every particular. And it has been told to us that there are chemists in the Spirit World that can make each part of it, and put them together just as easily as the mechanic could put together the steam engine. Is this true? Why, the chemist can make milk, just as sweet, and resem bling in every particular that taken from the cow. There are are wonders in the Universe. The pyrotechnist can unite the elements in such a manner, that he can form a luminous snake or flower in the air. The chemists here can form certain parts of the human body-the chemists in the Spirit World make all parts of it, if they desire, and fit it for the abode of an immortal soul. But we will pursue this subject no further now-it is leading us too far in the realms of the "unknown," where we are not at this moment prepared to go, as many will cry "absord," unless we lead them to that point

step by step. But is min immortal? Reasoning from analogy he is. The Delphic oracles said so-The reply to Croesus was to the point in every particular, when he desired to know what he should do on a certain day:

"I count the sands, I massure out the sea; Thesilent and the dumb are heard by me. E'en now the odors to my senses rise -A terteise boiling with a lamb supplies, Who re brass above and brass below it lies."

Origen, Pliny and other writers say that Empedocles taked a woman from the dead We believe it possible. If putrefaction has not commenced, we believe there is power in the Spirit World to give it new life, and make it temporarily the home of the spirit again. But we do live hereafter. The Delphic oracles, the raising of a woman from the dead by Empedocles, the animal life invisible to the naked eye. the innate yearnings of the soul, the raising of Samuel by the witch of Endor, the appearance of Christ to his disciples, common sense, the or ganic structure, and Modern Spiritual Manifestations—all attest to the fact that man lives hereafter,—and all within themselves, contain evidence of the fact.

HEV. TOM KING. His Interpretation of Scripture-The Serpent in the Garden of Eden.

The New York Tribune says: "It gives us the greatest joy to inform the American world that Tom King, late of the London prize ring, is now the Rev. Thomas King, of Wales; that instead of pounding he now preaches, and that he only wrestles in prayer. Notice is made in one of the Welch rewspapers of Thomas's exhortations, and as we should presuppose, his style is stated to be 'very forcible, bold and earnest.' He will engage hereafter only in knocking down sin, getting the head of the devil in chancery, letting his right fly at iniquity and his left at hardness of heart; thus ceping the ring against all evil doers and sending sinners generally to grass."

Tom King is certainly a desirable acquisition to the clerical ring, and will be instrumental in causing many a sinner to feel the benign influences of the Holy Ghost, and become a meek and lowly follower of the "Lamb." Men change in character, and it is well that such is the case. But how would it seem for Henry Ward Beecher, Chapin, Tying and a many other clerical dignitaries to associate with Rev. John Morrisey, Rev. John Heenan and a host of other p izering fighters, supposing they should see fit to doff the rowdy and don the divine. For our part, we think it would appear decidedly rich and racy. We have no disposition to throw cold water on the process of the reformation of the low characters that gather round the festering pools of civil life for enjoyment. If a scorching hell, a Savior, or vicarious atonement can induce them to live a better life, let them have the advantage of such a belief. The refined lunguage of our clerical dignitaries would meet with but little favor with the low prize ring characters. They must be addressed in prizering slang if anything is accomplished. Brill iant metaphors, well rounded periods, systemized logic and eloquent appeals, would not affect in the least such characters. Language that "strikes straight out from the shoulder," that touches the "bread basket," or stirs up emotion within the "gate-way," (heart) would accomplish | her the wishes of Satan. The extreme redicu-

much, waereas beautiful thoughts would be so much, to them, worthless chaif. Address them in their own language, such as the Rev. Tom King has at his command, and we have no doubt the "anxious seat" would be crowded with those striving for a change of heart.

Old Mrs. Partington once said that the most profound minister of the Gospel she ever listened to, commenced by serving the Lord, "first as a circus rider, then as a locust preacher, and last as an exhauster." We presume the Rev. Tom'King's life has been equally as marked in events, and that he, too, is fully prepared to enter the Orthodox vineyard, and after sticking the stakes, adjusting the ropes, and choosing seconds, would be ready to contest with that cloven-footed gent, whose sagacity has succeeded in thwarting the actions of God Almighty, and who was instrumental in getting Him angry, when, with a snarl on His countenance, something akin to that manifested by a malignant bull dog, whose neck is swollen and ears bitten by an adversary in fight, He drove Father Adam and Mother Eve out of the home He had generously prepared for them. Under the circumstances, we rejoice that the Devil has an adversary at last, who, we believe, will succeed in "knocking him off his pins" and "sending him to the grass" within ten minutes after the fight commences. We always entertained a dislike for the Devil. His cloven-foot, we always feared it, not knowing the effects it would produce should we come in contact with it. Besides, he set himself up as a real estate agent, and established his office on the top of a high mountain, and endeavored to sell the whole earth, regardless of Jews or Gentiles, to one Jesus. If he had effected a sale, we can not calculate the result of the change. Fortunately, Jesus asked him for his Power of Attorney, and on his refusing to show it, wisely concluded that he wanted to perpetrate a fraud. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that we should entertain a dislike for his cloven footed majesty, and desire him punished. But the crowning climax of his meanness was his perse cutions of Job. Poor soul, in his rural home, with the fear of God in his heart, and with a desire to serve him, he was sorely tempted. Now, God knew that Job had a pure heart and was in every way worthy, but being actuated with a desire to try the power of this skillful and sagacious adversary, the Devil, he allowed him to trouble this patient man. Soon after, he was affl cted with boils; whether this was caused by impure blood or the direct agency of the Devil himself, the Bible does not state. We have often thought that a few doses of "Ayer's Purgative Pills" taken by Job, would have restored him to health and enabled him to bid defiance to the machinations of the Devil, but unfortunately, the druggist had none on hand and the consequence was, Job had to suffer, This Devil, then, is in every way worthy of the steel of the Rev. Tom King, and it is not impossible that he may succeed in getting the better of his reverendship, and, perhaps, succeed in selling him some real estate.

The mission of the Rev. Tom King, then, is an important one, for his principal adversary is the Devil. In his sermons, he, no doubt, abuses him and challenges him to enter the Orthodoxvineyard and with or without gloves, try his endurance. One thing, however, is certain, Tom would never steal one of Channing's sermons and palm it off as his own (the same as an Episcopalian minister did in Philadelphia), from the simple fact that he has not yet learned to

The practical lessons of life must be taught in a practical way. The Devil cannot be met successfully with choice rhetoric. Muscle, and not brains, is what is wanted. If the Rev. Tom King, the ex-prize fighter, had been in the place of Adam in the Garden of Eden, and with Eve at the time the Devil came, he would have understood the deception. In one of his late sermons, we can imagine him saying: "Brethren, Eve was badly taken in. She was sent to grass without a blow. Had I been her 'second,' she'd never went to grass-no, never. I understand the secret how she was traduced. I 'stand the scripture. There was no serpent there—it was all a mistake. The Devil there, standing behind a rose bush, stuck his long tail through, and being a ventriloquist, sent his voice to the end on it, and talked with mother Eve. Had I been there, my dear brethren, I would have taken hold on that tail, tied a knot in it and prevented him from leaving that rose bush forever. (Great cheering, and cries 'hurrah for the tail.'). Yes, Eye was badly fooled. The Devil couldn't find a serpent mean enough to do the dirty work, so he used his tail for one, while he stood behind a bush and sent his voice to the end on it. Breth. ren, mighty works are for me to do. My mission is to sever that fail that traduced Eve,—it has never been done yet. The frightened Luther threw an inkstand at him. But he has never attacked me, boys, no never. ('No, and he dasn't, says a voice in the corner.) Fellow boys and girls, and dear brethren and sisters, I terpret the scripture rightly-it was the tall of the Devil and not the serpent that done the dirty work. I can whip him by degrees. I do things by degrees if I can't do it at a jerk. 'The Irishman didn't have money enough to pay the divine for getting married—the fee was a dollar, and he had only twenty-five cents-what should he do, —he slapped the twenty-five cents on the table, told his reverence to marry him as far as the money went. Like him, I would do things by degrees that I can't do in a jerk."

Readers, there is a lesson in this column, which is worthy of perusal. Ignorance finds a resting place in the orthodox churches, and is there petted, often assuming the responsibility of becom. ing teachers. I would as soon endorse, howeyer, the above theory in regard to the cause of the transgression of Eve, as the idea set forth by prominent Orthodox Divines! There is, to say the least, something original in the suggestion, and it is, indeed, quite as reasonable as to suppose that a serpent did actually communicate to

lousness that is given to many passages of scripture, can be only truly exhibited by a beautiful presentation of the ridiculous. Our aim is to educate, and we occasionally, in spite of ourself, branch off in a vein of humor that is well calculated to illustrate some conditions of society, or impart a lesson that will cause men to think.

Letter from Mrs. L. S. Hilliker

Mrs. L. S. Hilliker, writing to us, says: MR. S. S. JONES-DEAR SIR: It has lately come to my knowledge that some of our Spiritualists believe that the departed spirit of some friend, at the time of a new birth, enters into that form and dwells again in the presence of those who love it.

Now this, to me, seems absurd, and I do wish you would publish something regarding the subject in your paper. It would do good.

Yours, with respect; Mrs. L. L. Hilliker.

Dryden, Mich.

REPLY: Spiritualism, as we understand it, is the philosophy of life. That philosophy has received the sobriquet, -Spiritualism, at the hands of its opposers. Under that name it includes millions of intelligent men and women, a large majority of whom are yet subscribers nominally-to the various religious creeds, and now, as in the past, entertain a great variety of views in regard to the condition of the spirit of man prior and subsequent to its existence upon this material plane of life.

The philosophy of life, now known as Spiritualism, has engage d the attention of the thought ful in all ages of the world. Highly educated men of past ages have taught the doctrine of transmigration of souls. Doubtless many of them, as spirits, entertain similar view s yet, and if they communicate from the spiritual sphere to this, will teach the same doctrine now, and find believers. It may be supposed by many, who have not given the theory of the Brahmins and others who teach the dectrine of the transmigration of souls, a thorough examination, a careful study, that on entering upon the spiritual plane of life, one would know whether the dectrine were true or not. Not so-sufilcient lee way, so to speak, is given by that doctrine for one to remain hundreds of years upon an intermediate plane or condition, before being born again into the material, in human or some other form. Hence we, say a theory pu forth by a spirit should be tried by the touc stone of reason, as should all other theories

Our readers bave learned long ere this, we project against all creeds and system, v taith which purport to come from the "American Association of Spiritualists," or any other body of men or women in convention assembled. We will listen to no theories and arguments to support them, nor be bound by anything that does not obtain the unqualified approbation of our highest conceptions of truth. We grant the same inclienable right to all others.

At this present writing, we believe that the germs of every being in existence has eternally existed, and that each being will eternally continue to exist and unfold upon its individual plane, or line of existence, each lending its support to the great whole; and that man is the highest, most comprehensive, crowning organism in the economy of nature-God and nature, matter and mind, are one. That is to say, there is one eternal, omnipotent substance, which is love—this has a real existence. Its minimum is matter, its mediate or intermediate is mindits maximum is Gcd. The higher comprehends the lower and infiltrates itself into every molecular atom and monad in existence. Conse-

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole Whose body nature is, and God the toul."

Speaker's Register and Notice of Meetings. We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers, without a hearty cooperation on

the part of those most interested. WA_HERRAFIER we shall register such meetings and speakers us are furnished to us BY THE PARTIES INTERES ND, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us posted in regard to changes, and in addition to that, exeresty indicate a willingness to aid in the circulation of the Journal, both

by word and deed. Let us hear promptly from all who accept this proposition and we will do our part well.

AF JUST HOOM ENOUGH LEFT TO

THANK Our new subscribers for these continued efforts to procure new ones for the Journal, and to ask all who see this notice to put a hand in the good work now so successfully being prosecuted.

Our last week's receipts went a little above the week before.

Zersonal and Zocal.

Laura de Force Gordon has returned to San Francisco.

E. S. Wheeler has returned from his Eastern tour to Cleveland, Onio.

Dr. S. K. Coonley who has been lecturing in Massachusetts, would like to make arrangements to lecture in Connecticut the last two weeks in

Elder Miles Grant and J. G. Fish have been holding a discussion in Vineland, N. J., on this question: "That the phenomena of Spiritualism proceeds not from departed human spirits." The society at Music Hall in this city, for some

reason, have no regular lectures. We have no doubt arrangements will soon be made to employ some of our best speakers.

Prof. Denton lectures in Boston the first Sunday of January.

Mrs. F. A. Logan's address is in care of this

We are informed by Eli F. Brown that the fine Hall at Richmond, Ind., is to be dedicated to-day. Prof. Denton and a host of other prominent speakers will be present. This will be the finest Hall in the West.

Jet Smythe, Hallevort, N. Y., will answer call

The Spiritualisis at Wilmington, Del., meet each Friday evening, also on the last Sunday of each month. Stephen N. Fogg President; Jas. A. N.

Zhiladelphia Acpartment.

BY..... H. T. CHILD, M. D

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Bace street, Philadelphia.

Circtitude.

One of the highest, the holiest and purest attributes of God in man, is gratitude, the twin sister of justice, sweet companion of compensation, the blessed tie that links humanity and strengthens the bonds of fraternal love throughout the houndless universe!

We do not believe that gratitude or the feeling of thankfulness is confined alone to man, although its chief expression must be looked for in him. Brother A J. Davis says he thinks the glorious old king of day, must experience great throbs of joy and thankfulness when he beholds the vast amount of happiness which results from his benificent light and warmth. We see evidences in the lower forms of creation of something akin to gratitude. But it is among mankind that these are presented in the most beautiful and impressive forms. These, too, are an index to man's development. The little infant in its mothers arms, gives thanks most sweetly for the warmth and love of her embrace, and for that which nourishes and sustains its life, and in its sweet smile the mother, the true mother sees the expression of pure gratitude, that makes it a perpetual thanksgiving to her. A little later in life the child gives chanks for its toys, its candy, its beautiful new clothes, and these are the rich returns to the fond parent. Manhood and womanhood give their thanks, too many of them for mere sel-fish gratification, for the fulfillment of selfish aims.

There are many, however, who give the pure

out gushing thanks for the blessings which fall upon them-and are made happy thereby. The mechanic and tradesman, and the artist, give thanks for success in their various departments of life. The politician is thankful for the success of his party and especially of himself. The statesman, with broad and philanthropbic views, is thankful for the establishment and maintenance of justice and liberty in the governments of the world. The churchman is esneclally thankful for the success of his peculiar sect, and pours forth the expressions of his gratitude in long prayer, often mingled with a selfish feeling of thanks that he is not as other men. So everywhere we find a criterion of man's condition in these expressions of gratitude. No class in the community, however, have greater cause for thankfulness than Spiritualists. They eel thankful, first, that they live, and especially hat they live in this wonderful transition peod in which this thick veil, which has heretoe obscured, like a dark and brooding cloud, the future, is not only rent in twain, but pered to atoms; so that it may be, and often town away by the breath of a little child. The true Spiritualist does not need that the governments should appoint a special day of thanksgiving-his life is a perpetual thanksgiv. ing. He feels continually thankful that the angels have come and proved to him that they live, that they love, that they have lost none of the strong affections which bound them to us while they were there; thankful for the sequonce of this great revelation, which is that we, too, who are children of one common Father, shall live also after the dissolution of the material body; thankful for the light which has come from the bright Summer Land, not only reveal ing many of its facts and phenomena, but illuminating our own past lives, giving us the key to many of those mysteries which have fallen an on us from time to time, and bewildered our senses because they were among the strange and unexplained phenomena of life. He is thankful for the storm and the sunshine, for the volcano and the earthquake in the physical, and in the moral universe, because he knows that these are steps in the progress of the worlds of mind and matter; thankful for the clouds of sorrow that at times overwhelms him, and still more so when the sunshine falls in beauty around his pathway; thankful for all the trials and disciplines of life, because he knows they prepare him for higher conditions; hence under all circumstances, he gives thanks, and his heart overflows with gratitude, and he recog-nizes too, how beautifully this sweet and heavenly feeling binds mankind together, and enables the angel hosts to minister to us and give us those things which shall fill our souls with

jov unspeakable. Gratitude while it thus ennobles the soul, is raccessible to all, and is often found among the moor and lowly of earth, shining like a diamond, and giving lustre to life.

How easy is it for us to make our lives bright and beautiful with this pure and attractive virtue. Let us all pause on our journey, and ask whether we have realized all that we might from the exercise of this lovely christian virtue. and in the gratitude of our heart, remember that in blessing others, we are even more blessed ourselves.

The Reason Why.

It is very evident that the churches are failand in their efforts to redeem mankind. Even the most firm adherents bemoan their loss of power, and are so sensible that the vitality has gone out of them, that they are seeking to find the cause in various directions. One of the most common assertions is, that God has given over the world to the devil and his angels, and that they have succeeded in enlisting the masses of mankind in their army.
So successful are they in this drafting process,

that they declare that not more than one in a thousand can be sived. We are certain that the churches have tailed, and will continue to do so in all that is essential, if they continue to put out the light and deny the living inspiration of the hour. The idea that man is to be saved by faith, does not satisfy any thinking mind, and the secret of success in modern Spiritualism and its unpurralelled spread, is to be found in the fact that, discarding blind faith, it plants itself on the firm and immuntable basis of knowledge. The foundation of the spiritual religion, is a knowledge that spirits exist after they have left their material forms; that they retain the same faculties and powers, and are identically the same beings. As Brother A. J. Davis well says, "The supernaturalism of all ages and peo-ple, is nothing but this thing which is called Spir-itualism." It is the foundation of all absolute knowledge concerning the world beyond the tomb. Deprive the religious world of its so-called miracles—put out the clairvoyant eyes of the world's seers of spiritual existence, and instantly-in the twinkling of an eye, "the glory of immortality his extinguised, and God's beautiful universe becomes an empty circle of materialism and everlasting death." We know that just as far as men or spirits have been able to go in their investigations of natural phenomena, either spiritual or material, they find that all things resolve themselves back to spirit, hence the idea of a great spirit, over-ruling, controlling and governing all things, becomes a natural fact, and not a mere matter of faith. We are spirit, all things are spirit, hence God is spirit, knowledge then, as a basis is entirely safe. We know that give his P. O. aldress. Please advise us.

spirits live-live ever in the consequences of their former acts, and we know that we shall do

This basis of knowledge in contradistinction to blind faith, is the reason why Spiritualism has spread with such unheard of rapidity. It is the key note which has touched the heart strings, and vibrated upon the chords of humanity in this land and all lands. Mankind have been asking for the bread of knowledge and the waters of truth, and when these come to them in the pure, purling streams of spiritual revelation, they sink deep into the hearts of humanity, and warming their souls, sends them forth to labor in the great fields of reform, with an earn-

estness that faith alone can never inspire. Nothwithstanding all the folly and fanatacism there is among Spiritualists, while we have this basis of knowledge, there is no doubt of the success of that movement. There has been, and will continue to be much suffering in the transition from the old regime of faith to the new foundation of knowledge, but to every honest, earnest inquirer after truth, there comes sooner or later a calm reliance that lifts us above all these trials and places us in conditions which will enable us to understand the grand springs of action in our lives. It is not alone in the revelation of the future or the present, important as they are, that Spiritualism comes like the leaves of the Tree of Life, which are for the healing of the nations, but it is also in the solution of those wonderful experiences of the past, which have burdened our lives, because they were incomprehensible to us. The church has talked of the great mystery of Godliness, but there is a far greater mystery—it is life itself. This can only be comprehended when we come to realize the knowledge which Spiritualism spreads out before us in the clear and beautiful revelations of facts and influences which were hitherto unknown to us.

This knowledge gives to us a broader charity, a nobler love for humanity, and a truer devotion to its interest everywhere.

Let us, then, as Spiritualists show the world that we have something more substantial than faith, more enduring than Creeds and confession, more effectual for the redemption of the race than anything which has ever dawned upon the world before. Knowledge or the appreciation of truth, then, is the Savior, and not Confucious or Jesus, Paul or Plato, or any other man, or woman-each and all are only mediums through whom some rays of divine truth and love may be transmitted, and carry blessings the world as they shine upon it.

We have no condemnation for those who still dwell in the shadowy realms of fath, or under the dark pall of erclesiastical authority. All that we desire to do is to hold up the light that all may see it, and thus be made wiser, better. and happier.

Scudding Under bare Poles.

There are times in the experience of all, when the storms without and the clouds within, are so thick and fearful that we feel that it is indeed necessary that we take in all our sails, and stand as still as we possibly can, while the fierce waves roll around us. How blessed it is on occasions like this, when we hear the voices of the angels saying, "Peace, be still." These are the hours of discipline in which the soul experiences a growth, that is really valuable to it.

Though these experiences seem to be very undesirable, it is well for us to learn to bear them. Sitting with a medium who was under the influence of wise controlling spirits, they said to us through him, "Do not endeavor to remove the feelings which now seem to depress thy brother, for it is a discipline of life that will be of great value to him.

We did not tell him what the spirit had said, but waited patiently for the unfolding of events, and in a few days the revelation was received by him from the spirits, and with it a consciousness that there had been a soul growth.

Again and again, have we experienced these baptisms in which it becomes necessary, that we tread the wine press alone. But we have realized after a season that these were really good for us, and that it was well for

us thus to suffer, to go down into the deep baptism of suffering in order that we might rise again. It is true, Spiritualism, like an anchor, sustains us in the hours of darkness and sorrow, and enables us to triumph over all these obstacles, and ever mount to higher and holier

Letter from Mrs. F. A. Logan.

BROTHER JONES:-I left Minnesota's beautiful scenery, pleasant homes, genial hearts and its missionary labors, to seek a sunnier clime for the benefit of the physical, and in accordance with the spirit's promptings. I am lecturing on "Equal Rights," in poetry, interspersed with prose, as occasion demands. Churches and halls are well filled. A lecture was called for on the steamboat, on my way from La Crosse to St. Louis. It is the question of the day, "To be or not to be," and the groans and agonies of woman as the result of unjust laws and injurious customs, have reverberated throughout the realm of infinitude, even unto the innerlife of sympathetic souls, until the great pulsating heart of the Universe is throb bing with interest to liberate, to set free, to break all galling chains which have hitherto bound the souls and bodies of men, and more especially of women. I lectured to an appreclative audience last Sabbath in St. Louis. I found Brother Warren Chase with

a well arranged store of liberal books. We found genial souls in some of our sisters there, who aided us with sympathy and love. The dear sady who improvised and performed beautiful music on the piano at our meeting, has been bind from childhood, yet her music is seldom, if ever excened by the most skillful practitioners. Thus the angels are aiding in her spiritual unfoldment, while her mortal vision is elosed to all external surroundings.

Arrangements have been made for two or three lectures here, and then I expect to lecture in the southern part of Illinois. I should be pleased to correspond with parties who are favorable to "equal rights," who would like lectures in their localities on that subject.

Address me in care of the Religio-Phiosophical Journal, 189 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY NATHAN UPHAM

Good night! Good night! May angels bright, Watch o'er thy baby slumber; One more sweet kies, Then dreams of bliss, Come flocking without number.

Bleep, darling sleep, Nor wake to weep; Afar be gloom and sadners; 'Till rosy day Shall chass away Thy dreams, with morning gladuers.

Good night! Good night! Thou elin sprite; God keep thee in thy dreaming. And sweely wake,

For Jesus'sake,

Whose love is over thee beaming,

43-J. L. Beckley, renews his subscription, but fails to

The readers of this paper will do well to look over our adrertised books. Several new books will be found advertis ed-all of which are for sale at this office.

Information Wanted.

Any person seeing or hearing of this notice will confer a great favor upon the undersigned, by advising them of the whereabouts of Dr. C. S. Manchester and wife. They have in their custody a little girl, four years and six mouths old, called Ida Flora. She is a charming singer for a child of that age, and is the only child of the undersigned, and was left in charge of Dr. Manchesters wife, at Washington City, for a few days only, during which time they removed to parts unknown. Any one who will communicate any intelitgence to these almost distracted parents in regard to their lost child, will confer a very great favor.

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QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Spiritualists Association will be held at the Baptist Church in the village of Bariington, Racine County, on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. let and 2d, 18.0.

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platform that the true narmomalist treats all other so call
ed evils. ed evils.

ed evils.

(C) A person possessing good healing powers, combined with a healthy body and good executive capacity, where ed with a healthy body and good executive capacity, where would qualify them to take charge of an institution where a large number of patients, suffering from chronic diseases, would be in constant attendance, would be preferante to a scientifically educated physician, but a continuation of the qualifications would of course be more destrable.

(D) A capital of not less than two thousand collars, would be requeste, and diere if possible, the profits being in a ratio co. responding to the capital invested.

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be made profitable to four persons, hence a joint stock com-pany might be formed, but no more than two of the parties interested could be employed in the business to advantage. As a paying investment to both labor and capital-ou a analiscale—and to capitation a large one—there is none which offers better inducements than this, for is there a wider or more worthy neid in which the new reformer can labor with the certainty of doing greater good than in this. Communications from those sympathetically inspired with a desire to benefit the sick and afflicted, will be gladly recelved and promptly answered, giving partituate of loca-

tion, prospective programme, &c

An operturnty will be given to any one qualified for the position to see for themselves, Page of expense, provided the facts do not correspond with the statements.

For particulars, address PHYSICIAN, care of S. S. Jones, Chicago, Iii.

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THE AFTER LIFE.

Scenes in the Summer Land-Terraced Mountains.

BY THE SPIRIT OF MARY MOORE. J. CURB. M. D., MEDIUM.

From the delightful vally of "Beauty," filled with Angelic intelligences, that I last attempted to describe, we continued our journey of explorations. Our cumpanions were a glorious band of lovely and congenial spirits, tilled with love for each other and overflowing with joy and pure henevolence. On every side were new econes presented to our view, landscapes so beautiful that they caused a thrill of delight, that would vibrate through our whole natures. streams of sparkling water that would fissh upon our vision like brilliant diamonds, here and there could be seen-groves of perpetual green, occasionally a beautiful lake smooth as a mirror, dotted with emerald isles covered with a splendid growth of trees and shrubberv, principally of the tropics, with arbors of flowering vines. Here and there were seen upon these icles, temples. residences, villas, beautiful avemues, walks, flower-gardens etc., all in the highest state of cultivation. On the water were often seen heautiful little gilded sailing versels, decorated with all kinds of lovely flowers. These little boats were principally filled with children with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, singing their gleeful songs, and often could be heard psels of merry laughter, as they bounded through the crystal waters. The fragrance and

beauty of those lovely isles surpassed a thousand

times the fabled scenes of "Araby the blest." The inhabitants everywhere appeared to understand our missions, and gave us a most cordial welcome. Sometimes they would recognize us by a friendly nod of the head, or a graceful wave of the hand, in as plain language as could be spoken: "God bless you—welcome to our lovely isles." Never was a journey performed with more ecstatic pleasure and perfect delight than was ours. After a time we could behold at a great distance the outlines of a beautiful and grand range of mountains, which, we were informed by our lovely guides, were the great "Terraced Mountains." On we sped, with the velocity of light, and as we neared the beautiful mountains, we were more and more struck with admiration and astonishment. Their magnificent grandeur far surpassed any thing of the hind we had, as yet, ever beheld. Here again earth's language entirely fails to impart to the mind of mortals the grandeur and sublimity of those lofty mountains and their scenery. Dear friends of earth, could you only behold for yourcelves these splendid scenes for a few moments. it would relieve me from a tack I fear I shall fail to accomplish. But, oh! no, you cannot see and understand those glorious monuments of our glorious summer Land; not until you are relieved from your crude, material bodies can you be blessed with angelic vision; therefore, I will try to impress some of its lovely features upon your minds. At the base of those mountains, and for a great distance in every direction, this country wears a gently undulating appearance, with every variety of beauty to make up a land scape of the Summer Land, rich, grand, and mellow. The base of the mountains was, or appeared to be, formed of some kind of rock, in appearance like granite; its seams were filled with many kinds of rich ores that sparkled in the light like bright gems in the san's rays. This atratum of rock extended upward for an immense distance. In the rock was cut a flight of steps of easy ascent. After arriving at the summit, we beheld a comparatively level country of vast extent, filled with every beauty and magnificence that the mind could possibly cenceive or—such as deautiful parks, lawns of soffest green, residences, temples of every kind and model, statues, avenues, walks, trees, shrubbery, vines, flowers and roses of every conceivable kind, and whose fragrance filled this glorious land. Vines and trees were seen laden with the most delicious fruit; fountains that spouted their crystal waters high toward the heavens, so to speak; miniature lakes filled with beautifully plumaged aquatic birds and golden fishes, with thousands of beautiful objects that could not be explained by earth's language, so that mortals could receive a correct idea. Here the beholder could, I think, spend an age, and not be weary in viewing those heavenly wonders and delights. Thousands of pure, bright spirits congregate here, to behold and feast/their eyes and senses on these scenes, prepared for the great Father's dear children. Here we behold thousands of the great and good who have long since left the earth plane-very many who have earned a reputation in earth's history for great and noble deeds-and thousands, too, who have left no record behind them of having ever existed. Among the great numbers that we met here I shall mention only a few, such as Pythegoras, Plato, Homer, Darius, (once King of Persia) etc., with many others of ancient fame, together with others of more modern times. Among the latter were the Fathers of our Country, the great and good Washington, Adams, Henry, Handcock, etc. Here, too, we met our loved and murdured Lincoln. I noticed particularly Washington and Lincoln, who were closely linked together in bonds of true love and sympathytheir benevolence, and intense interest for the enlightening and benefit of the inhabitants of earth, particularly for the true interests of the people of the United States. Our glorious Washington drew all eyes on him wherever he moved. He was rather tall, and very graceful, his face radiant with purity and love. He was cothed in a robe of pure and spotless white, with a peculiar tinge of celestial blue about the border; a golden girdle around the waist; a large star like a brilliant diamond on his left breast; pants of a shade of lake green. He wore upon his head a chaplet, rich, and beautiful, dotted here and there with small, brilliant stars that seemed to be constantly twinkling. Oh! be was certainly one of the most lovely spirits I ever beheld; his whole nature beamed with true benevolence. He was standing, when I first beheld him, erect, with a lovely smile on his countenance-his left hand lightly resting on Lincoln's shoulderin earnest conversation with Darius, King of Persia, or who was once King, for, you must remember, we have no Kings here. But I have not the time now to give a general description of the spirits we saw there, for all appeared very beautiful and filled with holy joy. I stood, and looked with wonder and delight. Such a bright

galaxy of pure, and lovely inhabitants of the Summer Land, I had never seen together before. We were now permitted to stroll at pleasure through this lovely elysium of delight. But it would be quite impossible to describe all of its lovely features; therefore, I shall be compelled to confine myself to some of the principal objects that struck me the most forcibly during our stay. After passing along for a great distance, on those broad avenues, bordered with roses and flowers of almost every tint, taking in, at a glance, all those delightful scenes, we came to a curve, when, on our right, we beheld a beautiful statue of our beloved Washington. This statue was of the purest Parian marble, of spotless white, almost hidden in a cluster of evergreers

upon which was written this inscription: All men are free and equal. While beholding this splendid monument to the great and noble deeds of our beloved Washington, at sent a thrill of

joy to our hearts, seldom experienced. Still pursuing this beautious avenue for a considerable distance further, we discovered a gentle rise, and upon the summit was seen the statue of our dearly beloved Lincoln. It was a splendid statue, and had the appearance of alabaster, but recently erected. It stood erect, with a firm, but pleasant countenance, in the act of breaking a chain that bound an African slave, a number of the links lying broken upon the ground near by. The slave was in the act of rising upright. He was looking up into Lincoln's face, with a joylul smile on his countenance. It was a most appropriate and beautiful design, and fills the soul with joy to behold Behind the statue of Lincoln was standing a lovely female figure, placing a wreath of flow-

ers upon his head. Thousands of statues we beheld here and there scattered over this vast country, and each had some symbolic meaning attached to it showing conclusively that their deeds and works of earth life do follow them. Dear friends of earth, bear this constantly in remembrance, and let it stimulate you to deeds of virtue and true benevolence. Here and there could be seen delightful bowers constructed of rare flowers, vines ladened with flowers filling the atmosphere all around with their rich fragrance. In those bowers were rustic seats, soft as down, that the visitor can sit or recline upon at pleasure. You can behold at almost every curve or turn of those avenues and walks, fountains spouting high upwards their pure, silvery liquid, spark-ling like diamonds as it falls into the marble basins beneath, and from which you can drink at pleasure. Every fountain is furnished with one or more goblets, of some rare, polished material, for use. In fine, everything is here that can contribute to the pleasure or comfort of the visitor; everything to delight the eye and senses—there appears nothing wanting. Music vocal and instrumental, of the most heavenly order; indeed, you find music in everything, gushing forth in rich strains that fill the heart to overflowing with gratitude and adoration to the great First Cause. The light shone soft like the slanting rays of the sun on a rich, mellow mid-summer's eve., that makes the scene delightful beyond description, and such only as can be seen and enjoyed in the Summer Land. Here and there, as you pass through this land of wondrous beauties, you can see those gor-geous temples, filled with the great and wise, listening to lectures and instructions, from still higher and wiser intelligences, upon every subject of science and general intelligence; Councils for the improvement and amelioration of the inhabitants of earth. Here, too, you see groups of bright spirits promenading through this world of flowers and roses, delignted with every object they behold and filled to overflowing with love to our Heavenly Father, and pleased with each other. Here I reclined upon one of those moss covered seats, and looked out upon this glorious scene with ecstatic delight; and had it not been for my very strong attachment and sympathy for some of earth's inhabitants that still linger there, or could they have been by my side, to enjoy those heavenly beauties with me, I thought my jey would have been enhanced a thousand fold. As it was, my whole being thrilled with gratitude to our great Father, for those lovely scenes in the spirit

On awaking, as it were, from this delicious reverie, I beheld a most lovely and exceedingly intellectual female standing by my side, and pointing a vay in the great distance, to a still higher plane, for above, on this mountain. She exclaimed: "That plane that you behold, is still more refined and beautiful than this one that has delighted you so exceedingly, and that you had supposed could not be surpassed. This delightful Paradise you shall be permitted to behold upon your next visit, to the "Terraced Monntains.'

king a long and lingering look at all this loveliness, and those heavenly beings, we left for my spirit home-my lovely mansion of rest-and from thence to earth, to lurnish my labors of love there.

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

George, King of Poland. PRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE-MEDIUM,

Dear friend, I am nere to examine this curious thing My friend, Gustave Adolphus, has excited my curiosity, and I wish to be assured that spirits can commune with mortals. I have been here very many years and no such thing was ever thought of. But here is proof positive that my thoughts are written upon your brain. and you can commit the same to paper.

I am George, King of Poland, and while I lived Poland knew no other King. For many years I lived in quiet; not a murmer rose againstmy government. But as time rolled on, a feeling of disquiet was exhibited among the clergy. They lusted for more power. They would take from my hands the appointment of the Bishops. They began circulating falschoods among the people, and it was not long before I had to arrest several of the malcontents. This only made matters worse. You can have no idea of the ferment this excited. All Poland was in an uproar, and only waited an opportunity to rebel

against my authority. I had an able minister, Count Gebraski, a man of fine education and indomitable courage. He counselled me to liberate the bishops, but upon their solemn pledge to move no more in this

matter, I did so and peace was restored. I had a wife, as beautiful as a woman could be. but she did not harmonize with my habits. had formed a taste for reading, and had every resting place filled with all the books then extant. But my wife cared for nothing of the kind. She delighted in looking at soldiers on parade, in festive scenes, at being the leader of a busy company of rural villagers, and occasionally gave public reception to the principal citizens. I could feel no interest in all this, although occasionally I gave it my countenance. I tried to win her to accord with my tastes, but all my efforts were in vain. At times I would read to her some favorite book, but she soon would fall asleep. At length I gave it up in despair. She

was a good wite but not a companion. We must have a friend with whom we can assimilate. Feeling a void, I naturally looked about for one more, congenial and perceived a lady of my court who was ever with a book in her hand. This, of course, attracted my attention, and I found her engaged in studying astronomy. On further inquiry I learned that she was the daughter of a professor in our college, and had thus acquired a finished education. soon began to enjoy her society, and we conversed on every branch of knowledge, in which I found her quite proficient. Her views of religion were like mine, that is, we looked on all coming from the church as priestcraft, but all nature was divine. Everything around bore evidence of Delty, and I gave to God my hom-

age without caring for bishop or priest. Fain would I pass over the months that followed. Malice soon spread her wings and the Queen became alarmed. I felt no other regard for Rachel but as one who admired her talents, but all I could say was as idle words, and noth-

do to alleviate Rachel's distress. I saw that she wept continually and had to consent to her return home. How I mourned her loss--it was the only time I erjoyed such conversation, for education was not then almost universal as it is now, especially among women; Rachel was a

I had but few companions, and lived almost in my library. I felt lost away from it. Every day found me either there or looking for something new in the literary world. If a new book was out I had plenty of friends to bring or send it to me. I was colemporary with George I of England, and as I spoke English well, had a fine chance of being served from that literary field. well remember the interest felt in Shakespeare. How I devoured every page and read it over and over again. But what was my astonishment on entering spirit life to learn from Hamlet that every word said of him was false. All about the ghost was the mark of priests, got up to inflame him against his uncle, and to cause him to take his life. No truth, either, was there about the King. He was a good man and would have been an honor to his country; but like me, he had no love for the church, and the church determined to get rid of him. This is the stuff history is made of.

There were no political convulsions in my time. I had no trouble with the people. I believed in the divine right of kings, and gave but little thought to any popular movement, knowing that the army was mine and could in a moment put down any rebellious thought. Thus I lived, and at an advanced age passed to a better country.

I opened my astonished eyes upon a vast plane, not a spear of grass, not a waving shrub or living thing-all was harren. I felt that this was a type of my life. I had lived for myself and the gratification of my appetites. What good had I done, what helpless child or widow had I relived. What had I done to extend sound principles among the people. What opportunities my position afforded, and how sadly neglected. I knew this while on earth, but the love of ease kept me still. I reflected deeply on all this and feit that my punishment was just

How long I remained in this condition I have no means of judging. Caining strength at last I began my onward carreer, hoping to find a more cheerful country. On I wondered, but still all was barren. At length, after strolling a long distance, I thought I could perceive a change. For the dismal gloom that had attended me so long, I perceived an opening dawn. For the rugged rocks and wasted plane, I perceived signs of verdure, and then even flowers began to appear. Presently I found myself in a grove of trees, the branches filled with song sters. I rejoiced too in a blaze of light, and i was not long before I tound myself surrounded

by troops of friends. A great charge was now wrought in my warring nature. I now looked upon all around me as the work of a beneficent Deity; I could but admire the beauties spread everywhere around: What lovely arbors, filled with happy beings; what a glorious sky; what splendid temples; what a lovely landscape—mountains in the distance-fields of flowers everywhere; groups of happy people; birds of brilliant plumage thatter ing around, coming when you extend your hand. singing as they come. Sparkling rivulets run here and there; and placid lakes enlivened by crowds of people strolling along the shore. could thus go on and still not exhaust the sub-

And here I am, evjoying as much happiness as my soul is capable of, and still grasping at more light, more knowledge. Every book of note that comes out on earth, I get immediately, and read it with as much interest as though living still in the form.

I had heard of this new dispensation, but gave it little attention, because I could not believe a word of it, and when Gustave Adolphe told of his having given an account of himself through you, I was greatly astonished and determined to seek an early opportunity of trying my hand, and here I find it all true.

And now let me say a word about my wretched country. How I have meaned and lamented over her. How I have tried to give energy to her people and rouse them to resist her cruel aggressors; but alas, all her noble sons are gone and her name is blotted out. But vengeance against her ruthless enemy, though stayed, is not dead. In fifty years not a crowned head will he in Europe. The people will govern, and then Poland will be free.

Keep your country free from all entangling alliances, as your great Washington admonished and you will stand foremost among the nations all will have to acknowledge your superiority, and all take counsel from your experience.

Perhaps you do not know that you are the centre of an immense throng of spirits, all looking on with the deepest interest, for this method of communicating thought has drawn around you many who wish to give their history. You are also attended by a vast number of undeveloped spirits who have been told that you can give instruction how to escape their wretched

How greatly you have been favored and what good you may do. 'You have been annoyed by an undeveloped spirit, but you will be troubled no more by him. He has agreed to let you alone.

Letter from Byron Reed.

DEAR BROTHER: Having returned from the West, where I started last August, I am again snugly housed in Kokomo, but find one thing needful for our subjective nourishment, and that is THE JOURNAL. I sent, as you, perhaps, remember, my Journal to S. R. Reed, of Maine, Ind., my father, while I was absent. I don't wish to deprive him of it, as he enjoys reading it hugey. It seems to prepare his mind for an event, that must sooner or later take place, and, instead of being "a leap in the dark," it will be simply laying off his old, soiled garments for those immaculate.

The Davenports were here recently, and caused a great flattering among the small fry, so we know they were hit. Bro. K. Graves has just paid us a visit. He has improved very much in

peaking. There seems to be a universal desire in this vicinity, for more information concerning our beautiful philosophy, I cannot answer half the calls I have to lecture through the country. The interest in spiritual things seems to ebb and flow like the mighty ocean, but with this difference-the ebb never recedes quite so far as the flow advances. The watchers on the "old ship Zion," are noting the steady advances of our progressive army, and are struggling to mass their forces for more successful resistance. The recent union of the New and Old School Presbyterians at Pittsburg, and the Union Sabbath Schools are the spasmodic efforts of the dying dogmas. They ought to know that if the elements of union were in their fundamental doctrines, they never would have become disintegrated to such an extent. They never can unite and be consistent until they return to the old mother church, and be born syain from supernaturalism into naturalism. The Catholic church is consistent with its supernatural hypothesis all things being possible from such a base. But the Orthodox have so far departed from their original stand point, as not to have a plank to stand upon, save the old worm eaten one of vicarious attonement. I must close. This letter and flowering vines. One hand was raised, ing could satisfy my wife but her dismissal. I is getting too long. One thing I will say: We pointing upwards; in the other he held a scroll | could have borne her anger, but what could I are going to have a glorious time at Richmond,

Ind., on the 26th of this month. The finest Spiritual Hall in the West is to be dedicated. Bro. Wm. Denton, and many other i spired souls will be there. May the gods croperate.

Kokomo, Ind.

For the Raligio-Philosophical Journal LETTER FROM A. C. S. The Present Condition of Society.

DEAR JOURNAL: I felt in my heart this morning a wish to send you greeting and a word of cheer, and as I sought to gather in some ideas that might be appropriate and welcomed by you, this saying, "Fool, look in thine own heart and write," came to my mind

Sir Philip Sydney, I think it was, who uttered it, but however that may be, the heart is the garner house, slike of all, of the truths ever pressing themselves upon us for recognition, and of the sweet mysteries nature in her varied operations whispers in our ears from the first dreum of conscious life.

Some ears, it is true, are too much deafened by the worldly din around them to listen to her sweet accords, and many tongues are palsied to their utterings, but this beautiful mother, unheeding the want of appreciation in her children, continues on in her untiring course, and pours out her bounties alike upon all.

Would it not become us, as grateful children, to better heed her teachings, to slacken our pace after fashion and folly, to cease our wrangling disputations and like good brothers and sisters impart to the other of the variety they have received. Thus we may compare notes, and learn our standing on the highway leading out of ignorance into light and knowledge. Casting a glance backward on this highway, it reaches a point of almost utter darkness, when man, im mortal as he is, seemed but little to appreciate his high destiny; when the most cruel warfare and disgusting carousals were his pastimes; and so on and on through succeeding ages, until by slowly progressive steps, he attained unto high art in the externals, and then again his ever advancing movements led him more and more inte the moral and spiritual regions, until to day, with much still of sin and ignorance and inglerious revelry in fifth and abominations, there seems springing up a new order of things, like to the breadth and persistent force of a springtime vegetation, bursting through all obstacles. it shows itself here and there and everywhere,

We will have no quarrel with the past, for the rough, the external, the physical, must in the order of things, precede and prepare the way for mental and moral conditions, and all gentle and beautiful things. So in our farther wrestlings with the remains of this primitive order, let us work in strong faith and hope. One after another the crude, unwrought conditions will present themselves to the surface, that judgement may be passed upon them and means devised for their improvement.

From the agitation of the whole structure of society at present, we may conclude there are mighty upheavals impending in that direction. and although, to the short sighted and unthink. ing, only confusion and disorder may seem to result, yet that Divinity which shapes our ends will, through those who give themselves as instruments for its use, work steadily up out of this seeming chaos, a higher tone of thought and truct mode of life. But the agitation of thought

and consequent action leading to all reforms can.

perhaps, best be induced by conterring one with

another, each giving off his views of the life oround him-of his own and his neighbor's

We have long since found that coercive meas ures are of little avail to produce lasting reforms; so we need to reiterate the sentiment that to approach each other in all love and kindness, like real members, as we are, of one family, is the only impressive mode of conviction. So, too, when some sudden bereavement comes home to us in our unguarded moments, then r davs on earth are uncertain and but few at best, and that nothing but soul culture and good deeds will avail us for happiness in that life which succeeds this. and then only, perhaps, shall we have reference in all our acts to the laws of justice and humanity. Some few persons seem born with but little propensity to evil; others with noble, generous natures, but mixed with glaring faults, Some will heed and improve upon good instruction and example; others, under the same dicipline, seem obtuse to all good teaching, and run riot in many evils. Our philosophy teaches us that these conditions are inherited or, in a great measure, induced by some law in the marriage relations, therefore it would be well for us to study more into the causes of these conditions and work for a remedy instead of using that short space of time given us in blame and censure. I often think of a precept a good preacher once endeavored very forcibly, to inculcate upon his audience, that every person had a good and a bad side, and we should always endeavor to find the good side and see only that. I believe there are few, if any, who, when the better nature was in the ascendency, but would listen to true, sincere appeals in their behalf, and through that become better men and women, Let us all, then, learn more gentleness, and have more extended charity for our neighbor's

Heart, what other record is found in thy hoards? There is one of deep and lasting regret; one which all the philosophy of compensation cannot quite overcome. It is that of lack of culture in its full, deep sense; that which has hitherto been denied to woman, but which in the future will surely be hers in an equal measure

with her brothers. The most studious and penetrating minds

among men have not entered into very close relations with nature, and why should they so exclusively have debarred women from research and companionship? True, they have allowed her to just enter the portals and east a longing glance into the far chambers where were stored hidden treasures, but sail: "You can enter no further. Your small round of duties need but little intellectual culture, and your dependence upon us, your masters, would not be so fully believed in, were you more self-sustaining." So the woman is considered highly finished in education if she is as far advanced as her brother, when he is about to commence, by entering upon a regular college course of four years, then, perhaps, three or more at a university, and from three to five years after that for some particular profession. Man must indeed be preeminently below woman in brain power if, with all this advantage, he be not immeasurably above her in comprehension and knowledge. But woman with all her Atlas load of never ending cares, extending into innumerable departments of household labor, enough to make the strongest brain real in planning and executing its manifold items—or the fashionable woman exempt from those cares, frittering away her brain in the many devices for adornment—all have nevertheless preserved intact, somewhere within their being, a sort of recognition that they too were born with divine and immortal powers which have an inalienable right to unfoldment and use. So the strong voice now goes up from many a wounded heart, and many a good brother is her champion; so the cry will not long be in vain.

In the gladness of our hearts for the glories we see approaching, let us not forget that our angel friends were the first to foreshadow to us what our earth might yet become, and although

we listened trembling and doubtful, yet, so far, our hones are more than realized, and of those who scoffed, many come trooping in, ready to join in the great work of redemption and sing with us the songs of gladness, until the refrain is caught up by waiting thousands; and thus let us go on our way, working and rejoicing to-

A., C. S.

NEBRASKA. Letter from D. Heilig. In this region of the far west there are some

families and ifidividuals whose noble minds are

capable of receiving the light from the interior regions, (Summer Land). They can read the Word of God (nature), and appreciate the truth. The inhabitants came here from different points of the Union, and of recent date, and settled on homesteads. A little town numbering a half dozen houses and a saw-mill, is in our midst. Old Orthodoxy has found his way here, and is busily engaged in piling up stones and other materials, for a temple in which to worship his three headed God, or rather his three gods-the same that were handed down by tradition " from the primative fathers" to Zoroaster, and afterwards bound iato one bundle by Jewish Nations, and still later modified by the Trinity of ignorance, folly, and low, cunning christian priesteraft, by removing Siva (the former son of Brama, the father), and substituting a Jewish illustrious Reformer (Jesus). Having raised him up to the same plane with Brama, the primitive christian fathers and disciples made him equal to him (the Father), in every respect, and haptised him "the only begotten of the Father from eternity!" and bound the three, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, together in one bundle, making truly the Holy Trinity! Mystery of all mysteries! To this mysterious Trinity (imaginary God), the temple of our little town is to be dedicated by Old Orthodoxy. The great bull dog (devil), who dropped from the brains of Zoroaster has accompanied Orthodoxy, and he is to show his teeth whenever the devotees do not fall down and worship him (Orthodoxy), as well as the mysterious Trinity. "Now it came to pass" that not many days ago an appointment was made for me to hold forth in the neighborhood of Orthodoxy, upon which he became extremely nervous and bid defiance, so that we found it dif. ficult to get an entrance in the public school house; but thanks to angels, one enlighten family opened the doors wide, bid us enter There on the 16th, Sunday afternoon and ev ing, we proclaimed the glad tidings of great (new dispensation-" open intercourse of thou and affections between the inhabitants of th ferior and superior world,") to a crowded I of anxious listeners. Curiosity brought some devotees of Orthodoxy, who were a lighted with some of the unfoldings. purpose of presenting the wonders of ast more forcibly we exhibited the Orera a philosophical instruments. This had of drawing the minds of the audience imaginary God, worshipped by Ortho votees, and placing them upon the gres tive Mind, the grand Principle of Light (It gence), pervading illimitable space, manifesting Love, Wisdom, Justice, Mercy, Congeniality, Harmony, and crowning these attributes with beauty through the elements out of which the innumerable worlds (solar systems), are composed. Being a musician myself, my melodeon also found a place in the midst of the audience. and Mrs. Viney, consort of Mr. Herbert Viney, with superior musical talent, and with purity of vocal melody far above the ordinary, accompanied the instrument by singing some of those beautiful solos found in the Spiritual Harp. Ali the levers of Truth and Harmony enjoyed a feast of happiness. A few of Orthodoxy's devotees, however, writhed in agony when they beheld their three-headed God fall from his throne, and his beads severed from his body in the fall, and Dagon-like, prostrated, with heads and hands scattered over the floor.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Missionary Labors in Indiana. BROTHER JONES:-I wrote you a few weeks since from Buna Vista, relative to my labors in this state. I gave three more lectures in that place, after the date of my last letter, to a large and deeply interested audience, and Brother Butler, of that place, one of the standard bearers of our cause, informed me at the close of my lectures, that I made several converts, and I judge more will follow soon, from the interest manifested, as a considerable portion of the audience came miles, through mud and snow, and some of them on foot. And a still more intense interest was manifested, if possible, at Middlefork, in Clinton county, toward which point I proceeded after closing my labors at Buna Vist Here I found the soil entirely unbroken, there being but one male Spiritualist in the place, and his Spiritualism was only two or three months old. He answers to the name of Alfred Boggs, and is a Spiritualist of the right stamp, one that can stand fire in the thickest of the fight, and Mrs. Campbell is also now fully enlisted in the cause, and will make her mark in the circle in which she moves. In a word, they are both men of the right timber. I had to work on the raw naterial in this place, there never having been a lecture given on the subject here before, hence I was told that three-fourths of my audience were members of orthodox churches. But my lecture had the effect. I am informed, to open the eyes of many, so that they could see the christian churches are not on the true road leading to the temple of truth. The town is small and yet our meetings were large, some coming many miles to attend, though the roads were still encumbered with mud and snow. On my way back to Hamilton county, I called and gave : lecture in the Court House, at Tipton, the coun. ty seat of Tipton county, where the soil has been but little stirred, but one or two speakers had preceded me in presenting our cause. The result of my tour, and a careful survey of the field convinces me that many thousands could be

importance. I found, however, one apparent live standard bearer, a man who says he is will ing to pay one hundred dollars a year to suppor lecturers, although his means are not very and ple. Who will "go and do likewise?" "The I have not found so great faith, no, not in Isr A few such living men would enable us to c the whole state of Indiana in a few years, shall it be done, brethren and sisters? What you? Will you respond?

made to receive the great and grand truths of

the new philosophy in Indiana, if those whe have already embraced the cause would adop

an efficient system of labor and work at it with

a will. But alas, the few pioneers in the state

are generally surrounded with moral iceberg, which has the effect to chill their feelings an

slacken their energies, and hence do not fee

that interest in the cause commensurate with it

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S. S. Jones.

TESUS OF NAZARETH; OR, A TRUE of History of the Man called Jorns Christ, given on Spiritual Authority, from Spirits who were Cotompilery Mortels with Jesus while on Barth, skrough the Moddingship

Prontier Department

Notice to Correspondents and Others. All letters, papers and matter for us or the Fron-Her Department, must be addressed to E. V. Will son, Lombard, Dupage county, Illinois.

Spiritualism in Advance of Universalism. DEAR JOURNAL :- As you are one of the principal organs of Spiringlism in this country, will you please explain the authority by which very many spiritualists lay claim to the above caption, as the

representative of their theory?
For instance: In what respect is Spiritualism in advance of the sentiment embraced, first, in article first, of the Winchester Confession, viz: "We believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation of the Character of God, and of the interest, duty and final destination of mankind."

Art. 2nd. "We believe there is one God, whose nature is love, revealed in one Lord Jesus Christ, by one Holy Spirt of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and

Art. Srd. "We believe that holiness and true happiness are inseparably connected, and that believers ought to maintain order and practice good works, for these things are good and profitable unto men."

For my part I have never seen anything worthy the name of Spiritualism, as I thought, that in any way conflicts with or supercedes the sentiments embraced in the above confession, and it would be both interesting and profitable to me and undoubtedly so to others, to see an effort made to substantiate this frequent cluim.

We call the attention of our readers to the abov communication from the pen of an able advocate of his peculiar church. In his note to us he says:

"I write the within to you for the purpose of enquiry, but should there be an answer not satisfactory, I will claim the privilege of making a re-Dia.

We are glad to meet our Universalist brother. We thought, and do affirm, that "Spiritualism is in advance of Universalism," and below we give

1st. Your religion is a belief, Brother W.; ours, positive knowledge. Yours is founded on hearsny from the past; ours on the testimony of unimpeached living witnesses of the present time. Vide the testimony of Judge Edmonds. Mr. Livermore, Prof. Varley, and Edmund Kirk, (Mr. Gilmore), in the late Mumler trial in New York city. Universallow failed to effect the conversion of such great men as Edmonds, Owen, Hare and others, to a belief in immortality. Spiritualism accomplished it. Is not this evidence that Spiritualism is in advance of Universalism?

2nd. You accept Jesus Christ as your Savior by our Holy Spirit of Grace. Vide article second of the Winchester confession of faith. This makes you a believer in Jesus Christ, through whom you are to be saved, and he has said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believ. eth on me, the works that I do, shall he do also." John 14th: 12th.

Here, then, by your faith and belief in Jesus Christ, you are required to do the things that he did. Are you doing them? We trow not. Spirituallem to day heals the cick, causes the blind to see, the lame to walk and the deaf to hear, as did our Lord Jesus Christ, of old. This is in advance of Universalism, most assuredly.

3rd. Your religion is a paradox on the teachings of Jesus, for you fence out the evil, expel the unruly members of your church—yea, more; you trammel the mind and fetter the understanding. The freedom of speech is not tolerated, the right of conscience not recognized, and you expel men and women for opinion's sake. Witness the expul-sion of Brother J. O. Barrett, of Sycamore, Ill. not because he had lied, stolen. profaned or commited adultery, but because he acknowledged a belief in Spiritualism and affirmed it.

We do no such thing. There is no power vested in Spiritualism to expel from its truths and facts a eingle soul. We need no fetters, trammels or shackles to make us do right. Our motto, the motto of Jesus and other good men, "Forgive the brother seventy and seven times;" yours according to the action of the church and the teachings of the Winchester confession of faith, "Expel the offender," thereby throwing him or her out of virthe into vice; out of truth into error; out of the fold of our Lord Jesus Christ, into the fold of our Lord Serpent, Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub. Here again, Spiritualism is in advance of Universalism, masmuch as it does unto others as we would that others should do unto us—to wit: To keep all or our black sheep in our own fold, all of our evil doers among ourselves—never sending them to our neighbor's fold to poison his flock. You expel yours and we in our charity give them shelter and kindly let them in with the lambs of our fold, for abeain of Universalism is not catching in our fam.

4 h. You accept the character of God as defined by Moses in the Old Testament. Let us look at it a moment.

"He made the world and all that there is in it. and God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good.—Gen: 1:31. "And it repented the Lard that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.—Gen. 6: 6. Again; "I am the Lord, I charge not, I will not go back, neither will I repent." "And God repented of the evil that he said he would do unto

inem and he did it not." Now, Brother W., is this the character revealed in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments and endorsed by the Winenester confession of faith? If so: Spiritualism is far in advance of Universal-We recognize no such God. Our "God is a Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being-never repented, never turned back, goes forword, is without beginning of days, or ending of

time; we the phenomena; no the law.

Universalism needs hooping in order to hold

or make laws to hind your souls as it together. You make laws to bind your souls as well as minds. We have no fetters or laws to compet conversion; you do. Therefore, he that can be good and true without the law, is better than when compelled by the law to do good. You need articles of faith to enforce belief; we demand facts that we may have knowledge. Your salvation depends upon another; ours depends upon ourselves. You go back to the dead past for your "Through taith in our Lord Jesus Christ, by our Holy Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness." Hence, from the fact that this is only be-tief through faith and the fact that your God is a changeable being, your belief may or may not be true. If your God according to the Scriptures true. If your God according to the Scripture should change his mind and grant no unconditiona pardon ultimately—then, where is your faith? You are lost! as must be every faith or belief rested upon changeable lavs, or on the will of a repenting God.
Ours is unchangable, save from evil to good;

from mortality to immortality; from finitism to infinitism, beginning in eyil, (ignorance), entering into good (righteousness), continuing to increase in goodness and wisdom forever, infinite laws never change, hence the God of Spiritualism being a Spirit or Law, can not "go back" on good, or repent of what has been accomplished under the law. Law universal is the author of the seasons. What a/pitiful exhibition of Divine justice or law, to weep because the vegetables die in the fall, or trost comes killing millions of insects and ilowers, or the white mantle of snow for a season hides the green carpet of summer from our view. Knowing the law to be infinite and eternal, unchangeable and everlasting, we weep not, for we know that the green carpet will succeed the white mantle, that summer will follow winter, that God is good atid his gardens are changeable, therefore he is not the God on which the Winchester confession of faith rests its hope. Hence in advance of a thange-

6. Our evidence is from the inhabitants of etergity; yours of time. We are in direct communication with immortals; you are not. We have seen, heard, felt and conversed with immortals; believe men heard and saw these things in the past. You accept uncertain testimony; we certain and living testimony. Ours are united preachers, conceded to be true by our enemies; your witnesses are contradictory and uncertain, hence we are in advance of the Wiucuester confession of faith. We have all of your belief added to knowledge; you lack the knowledge. Your faith rests upon human authority through hearsay, your witnesses are all in the grave. You can not preduce one of them in the court of human reason. Our witnesses, who have heard and seen for themselves, are living, and are truthful, and we can produce them in court.

We are willing to take our oath that these things are true in and of our own knowledge,—are Certain knowledge is in advance of faith. Faith

is good, but knowledge is better.
If through one Lord Jesus Christ, through one Holy Spirit of Grace you are to be saved, we ask, what of Judas, who was necessary to the plan, for the holy spirit of Jesus was dependent on the evil spirit of Judas for its ultimate success, for one Lord Jesus Christ says of one evil Judas Iscariot,

For this purpose wast thou created."
Why not base your Winchester coulession of faith on the merits of the man of murder, as well as upon the merits of the man murdered, for without the betrayer you would have no Savior. The people elevate the general who whipped Jeff Davis

and not Jeff Davis who was whipped.
Universalists ought to rest their faith on Judas, not Jesus, for Judas is really the principal actor in the tragedy of salvation.

Our Tour in Michigan-No. 8.

Sunday, Oct. 24. The morning discourse created a great feeling and much consternation, resulting in a large audience in the evening. Our subject, "The Contrast,—Spiritualism Progressive, Theology Retrogressive," At the conclusion, we gave the following tests:

By a stran ter, a spirit, which we described, and gave time of death and age. Identified as Col. B. Saw the spirit of a young lady, which was fally

Monday, Oct. 28th. - We left for Alligan, at 7. 50 A. M. It is a very clear cold winter morning, the ground was covered to the depth of four loches with snow, and as we fly on at the rate of 45 miles an hour, we noticed that the trees are in full foliage, and the apple trees full of fruit. We reached Alligan at 41% P. M., and called at Dr. Weeks, and supped with him. We lectured at 7% o'clock, to sixty souls in the form, and many out of the form. Of the latter came A. L. Eleg, who was fully identisted; gave his age and time of death. Read the life and character of Dr. Calkins, Mr. Pratt and Judge Reynolds. All accepted.

Saw by the side of Dr. C. the spirit of a woman, who, from the description given, was identified as the doctor's sister. Went home with Dr. Hatton. Alligan is situated on the Kalamuzoo river, fortyfive miles above its mouth, at the head of steam navigation, and in the midst of a fine farming country. Fruit abounds. It is also a lumber station. It is connected with the wide world by steam on raver, and railroad. There is a society of Spiritualists here, who have a fine Lyceum, under the management of Brother—and his good little wife. They have occasional speaking. There is no question whatever about the effect of organization of state and county circles in Michigan—that it has hurt the cause, is patent. At Nunica, Lyons, St. Johns, Almont, Detroit, Alligan, Saugatuck and Ganges, the admission is clear and unmis-takable that the present organization is not calculated to advance the cause of Spiritualism in Mich-

Tuesday, Oct. 26 h .- Cold and cloudy. We left for Saugatuck in an open buggy, under the care of Brother A. S. Weeks, and rode through pine woods, twenty-five miles. The pine wood is solemn always, but grandly solenn when the dark green limbs are freighted with snow. Our road was rough, the day was cold and stormy. Seen outwardly, the day was unpleasant; but within us, the sprit was calm, contented and full of love, and we enjoyed the ride. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Morrison. The first a confirmed sceptic on Spiritual testimony, notwithstanding he is a good man, and has the confidence of his fellow citizens. Mrs. Morrison is an out-spoken and firm spiritualist, and true as steel. In this town Brothers Peebles and Dunn were mobbed a few years ago, and not permitted to hold their meetings. The cause of the trouble was, as we heard the story, as follows:

One of the brothers manifested a strong desire for a small finger bone, out of an Indian grave, there eing Dienty afternoon they took a stroll out among the graves of the dead braves, after which, in the evening, Brother Dunn, under an Indian influence, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison told Mr. Peebles that he, the Indian spirit, understood his desire and had complied with his wish, and that he would find a little bone upstairs in his room, designating the place where it could be found. Mr. Peebles had his doubts; Indian brave was sure. Mr. Pee-bles went to his room and looked for the bone and found it not. He accused Indian of not telling the truth. Indian brave got excited and affirmed that he had brought the bone to the window, but could not get it into the room, but that It was now on the outside of the window of the room on the window sill. Again Mr. Peebles went to his room, we believe others went with him, and when they raised the window sill-lo! the bone was there! a bone that once belonged to the little finger of a human hand. This was more than the Saugatuck people were willing to swallow, and they rose up in their anger and demanded that these things should be done in their sight, or our brothers should not hold forth, hence the meetings were closed and Spiritualism considered a dead letter in Saugatuck. But our brother can now have a hearing in Saugatuck, the way having been prepared by the "Gentle Wilson," and believing in the divine right and virtue of laying on of hands, we expect, one of these days to great our brother with a brother's love.

While sitting in Mr. Morrison's house, he being present, we saw by him the spirit of an old woman. lescribing her, and gave the name of McGraw. We told Mrs. M. and her daughter of what we saw, and Mrs. M. said finally: "I knew such a woman, and was a friend and

favorite of hers." We lectured at night to a full house, gave many

fine tests, of which the tollowing are marked : Wm. Butler, an old citizen, came and was fully identified, his brother-in-law being present and fully recognizing the man before we named him. Tuen came a spirit wao gave his name as French. We fully described him, saying, "This man was drowned, the cause being whiskey."

A gentleman present identified him, and the coroner who held the inquest on his body, was pres-

3rd. There came a spirit, which we described. We gave the name of J. Briggs. Fully identified. We gave several fine readings of character. From the Hall, we went to the excellent home of Jay Cook, Esq., and when we entered the house, we saw standing over a cradle, the form of a beautiful spirit woman, and in the little bunk or crib lay a sleeping child. It was a beautiful sight, and filled our soul with joy, to see the spirit mother lovingly, watchfully guarding her little one, and

we thought of the old cradle hymn: "ifush my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed, Heavenly blessings without number,

Gently showered around thy head." We turned to the family and told them what we saw, minutely describing the woman, who was at once identified as the mother of the child, and late

wearth companion of Jay Cook, Esq.
Wednesday, Oct. 27th.—Cold and cloudy, with
heavy N. E. wind. Leave in buggy for Ganges,
10 miles. Lecture at night to a full house, giving

many fine tests, most or which were identified.

Lectured again on Thursday afternoon to a good house, reading characters and giving tests as usual, many of them very line indeed; along which, we may mention the case of Mr. Nichols, Jas. H. McCormick, Mr. Fenn, all of which were approved. From the meeting in Ganges we rode back to Saugatuck. We lectured again at night to a full

house, giving tests, readings and describing spirits. The following persons received readings and tests in Saugatuck: Mr. Louis, (sceptic), Mr. Gillem, Jay Cook and Esq. Cook. We saw the children of the latter and fully identified them.

Friday, Oct. 29th.—Returned in an open buggy through the Pine Woods to Alligan. Lectured at night to an increased audience. Gave the following

To A. S. Weeks we said, "There is with us a spir-

it. It is the spirit of a black man." We then entered lute a full account of the man's nature and

babite. 2nd. Vm. Jenner, O. Wilder, Mr. Littlejohn and daughter and others, came from Spirit Life and were fully identified. A man, an entire stranger, came to us, and demanded a test. We at first were disposed to resent the demand, then came the spirit, and turning to him, gave him three sharp and pointed tests, all of which were fully

identified. Saturday, 30th-Left for Detroit, arrived at 8 o'clock, P. M., a long ride by rall, the ground covered with snow and the fruit frozen.
Sunday, Oct. Sist.—Lectured morning and eve-

ning—the evening a fine and interested audience, and many fine tests given. The Spiritualists of Detroit are good and true people, and are seeking light. They need energy and concert of action. We like them and their aurroundings, and were well treated while with them. Bless them. We lectured in Detroit fourteen times, in Nunica four, Lyons ave, Almont five, Alligan two, Saugatuck, two, Ganges two times, in all thirty-four lectures and seames, and one funeral sermon at St. Johns, and traveled seventeen hundred miles in all, and thus concluded our Michigan tour.

> [Communicated.] PETER WEST.

Some of the Practical uses of Spirit Control.

We often hear it asked, of what use or of what benefit is spirit control? The following well attested facts go far to show the utility of spirit direction. It was given through the mediumship of Mr. Peter West, of Chicago, in July last. Mr. Knowlton and Joseph Tallman, of this city, hearing of Mr. West's wonderful clairvoyance called at his office, then at 129 South Clark street, but now at 189, same street, and after asking him some questions in relation to his power to look into the earth, he told them that if his spirit guides chose to show him minerals of any kind, he thought it could be done successfully. Mr. West was employed by the above named gentlemen, and he went in company with Mr. Pallman, and made a location of lead ore four miles from a small town in Wisconsin, called Snulesburgh; telling Mr. Tallman the distance down to the mineral, and saving that they would find it in a crevice running east and west, but inclining to the south, and full of mineral—the crevice growing wider as they went down. After following Mr. West's directions im-plicitly, they found the crevice and mineral at the distance he had told them, and all he had said about it proved strictly trae. In fact, it would have been impossible for Mr. West or any person no matter how well versed in geology, to have

CERTIFICATE. I have read the above statement and unhesitatingly say that the same is strictly true.

given a better description of it, had it been laid

bare to the eye.

J. H. KNOWLTON. N. B. Mr. West is being called upon daily by different persons, and he expects to be pretty generally employed during the coming year in locating minerals, as his powers manifest themselves strongly in this direction.

His address is 189 South Clark st., Chicago, Ill.

Letter from Mrs. J. B. Cowles.

S. S. JONES-DEAR SIR :- Circumstances in my past life which I can not now enter into, intensify my interest in, and tenderness towards, those little children who from any cause are obliged to be separated from their purents; those sensitive little ones deprived of a mother's tender care. I have at present with me, one little girl whose mother, (a medium) in a distant city, is necessitated to part with the child to enable her to devote her time to the avocation which is to yield support for both.

Doubtless there are other parents, who for sufficient reasons, would be glad to find for their little ones a pleasant home, where affectionate treat-ment with such instruction as is suited for their age and espacity, would be received by them.

I have thought it might be well to advice your

readers, that, for a reasonable compensation, such as would enable me to provide them with good healthy food, and other comforts, I would receive under my care, and endeavor to do by them as I would have another do by mine, -a limited number of children of either sex, from four to eight years of age. My two daughters, young ladies, are with me, both fond of children.

would be sure of tender care in sickness and in health.

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Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrap. EDITOR JOURNAL:-Having by me a, bottle of Dr. Wm. Ciarko's, Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jeanle W. Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-woman, had been long evalued to his room from the effects of a from a building, which injured his side, some year and a since Entering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said syrap, with directions to have his side bathed with not sait and water, by a healthy colored woman and to to the ayrup internally. The result of which was, that in tendays, he was out and undis work, [that of a

common laborer.] Bis wife, a devoted Catholic, and, "She had spent quits \$100, upon him for doctors, with no good result; but having faith In good Spirits, she would try this."

His name is McCarthy and he lives in this place, No. 118 Prospect St. Yours Fraternally. Abut M. Lavelin Perres.

Georgetown, D.O., January 7th, 1868.

THE DOCTORS AND THE SPIRITS. SPIRIT TRIUMPHANTI

The following extract is taken from a letter written by MRS. MARY A. STODDARD, of Kouts Station, Porter Co., Ind.:

"I have lately been called to take and treat several patients whom the M. D.s had falled 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 CON-SUMPTION. After I had had her under my care for one week, her friends met the M. D.s. who said they knew that she had the consumption, and

could never be sured. 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. Spenc's Positive Powders. I gave her no other medicine. To the Positive Powders, God and angels we give. the priase of saving her life and restoring her health."

WHERE IS THEIR EQUAL?

K. F. HATCH, of Huntington, Mass., sends to-PROF. Spence, the following remarkable report: "I feel it my duty to report to you what Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders have done for me. I had suffered with a hereditary Headache for 35 years. During no week had I been free from the Headache in all that time. Tw years ago last August, I sent to you and got a fe boxes of your Powders, and commenced takinthem according to the directions, and um cu as I have had no Headache since I took the Powder. I had also been troubled with a c ease in my bowels from childhood. There w searce a day that I did not suffer pain in my bow. els, up to the time I got your Powders. They have cured me of that, too. I had employed many of the best physicians of the Old School, and none of them could tell what alled me, and could do me no good."

MUST ONE RISE FROM THE DEAD &

Pinnebog, Mich., Aug. 4th, 1869. PROF. SPENCE-Dear Sir: I feel that I ought to and Negative Powders in this place. Well, then, two years ago one box cured my child, one year old, after given up to die. Half a box of the Positive Powders cured H. G. Kilburn of Erystpelas, from which he had been unable to work for seyeral years. He took up the half box, went to work, and says he is now cured. Again, a young, girl, twelve years old, who had become blind from pain in her head, has used up one and one half box of Positive Powders; she is now around at work, can read, write and sew. I might give more such cases; but after seeing such evidence if people can't believe, they will not believe "though one should rise from the dead." I should have stated above that the girl was pronounced incurable by our skilled doctors of this place.

Yours, &c., W. D. KELLY.

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