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## The Rostrum.

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LECTURE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE

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

### INVOCATION.

Oh! Thou, who slumberest not, nor restest, 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 Thy omnipotent eye, nor stay the chariot wheels of creation, to wait for us who faint 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 Thy all-protecting arm doth sleep. All things need sleep but Thee.

The sun is down, and the deep pall 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 Thy omnipotent 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 separation 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 souls are awakening 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 era. 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 microscopic Universe of Man. Amongst the many revelations of import that Spiritualism has brought, none are so suggestive of new revelations 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 mysterious—perhaps unbalanced—reason dethroned, intellect, and all those forces that we call judgment, made subservient 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 human soul to advance in the path of a new found progress—a progress into Spiritual Science.

The Spiritualist, enamored with the glorious revelations, which spirits from the world beyond the grave have brought, are too apt to resolve all unknown and unexplained phenomena of past ages, the solution of which, from time to time, gleams out from their own natures into the action of a foreign intellectual power. It is time that we learned to compare head something more of the spirit within ourself, 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 rays now 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 aid 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 Psychology—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 perform actions in which we have no volition. Electro-biology has proved this, and we have looked upon the experiments as the amusement

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 Psychology. 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 irresistible 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 magnetized. He willed mentally that a fellow student, who he believed, might prove a good magnetic subject, should write a poem on a certain theme. Without delay, although the subject was unconscious of the action of the operator, the poem came.

The third form is exhibited around you in the world—the moving world, where every human being exercises a psychological 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 applications of these forms of mysterious power. The psychologist, 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 unbalanced 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 power of a judicious 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 demonic—here the psychological power is of the highest importance. The firm resolution which can be projected from the mind of another, can dispossess the organism of the obsessing spirit and restore it to proper balance.

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

In the prison, the jail, the penitentiary, 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 perceive the right, or is unable to carry it out, it requires the strong force of another will to aid them. Thus the good psychologist 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 beneficent strengthening power of healthful psychology. 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 prodigal 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 psychology. They prevail, also, whether magnetism be the method or not, of controlling these subjects. In fact, when there is strong psychological 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 psychologists, perceive 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 bow down and worship, through their psychological power. This has made our Luther and Calvin, 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 created must bend.

We have not begun 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 psychological 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 competitors or above him, nevertheless the psychological 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 the action of one man, and that always, provided that he can exhibit that in the form of psychological control. Those noble intelligences have too often sunk beneath life's burdens, too many of these have

passed to unhonored graves, full of psychological power, whilst others who have controlled the world and led it thus on, have written themselves immortal by the strength of this power which has enabled them to compel obedience and respect.

Let me apply this in detail to our daily lives. Can it be possible that we all go forth from our several centres of life to psychologize 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 psychological power in ourselves, thus proving the two occult powers of magnetism and psychology. 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 imperceptive until they are put into exercise by the nervous apparatus, the fibres of which proceed upwards from the great ganglionic 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 of force, sometimes nerve aura, sometimes 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 imperceptible forces are indivisible and become more powerful as they are refined,—so this invisible life force has the most strength, is the most potential of all the forces. It is perpetually being created, and perpetually being given off in the action of life—it passes out of every form, it exists in inanimate as well as in the animate objects. All things are sustained by it, and when it has ebbed away, and fluted out until 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 psychological influence of the individual, it is full of the shadow of every thought, it is writing every idea, it is a living witness of the soul within. When we attempt to magnetize by manipulation, we charge the object or subject with our psychology,—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 psychological 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 psychometry, or the power of reading character. We must leave the impress of our psychology wherever we go. Every 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 volumes 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 exaggerated 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.

Psychometry 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 here 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 ragged, a pitiful object. It stopped in the street to greet another child still more distressed, with tears coursing down its pale, 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 comfort it with these rude expressions of sympathy, no eye but mine saw that act, but my spiritual eye was opened at that same moment.

I saw the child, whose eyes 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 ears are not attuned to sufficient nicety, to hear with exact precision,—to detect where these waves of air end. We know they imping upon one another till the universe

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 atmosphere in this chamber, and from this 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 mathematical 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 magnetizing 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 efflorescence 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 other 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—sometimes dim recollections of past scenes, sometimes strange premonitions of the untold future. Such experiences as these are common to all; but when we see them exhibited in the strong form of clairvoyance 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.

Psychology, psychometry 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 suling stars, and perceive the magnetic lines that everywhere intersect and bind up in one harmonious chain ten thousand million 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 contrast distinction. 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 limitless liberty, and by clairvoyance I comprehend something of these aspirations, these strange impulses which we can not 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 existence, and they should teach us not to overlook the fact that they 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 of soul, the true communion of spirits that have gone before us.

How may we best cultivate these powers? How we can reduce them into such order as to make them utilitarian. I answer, by pointing to the rudimentary 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 man in the street equal to the King on his throne; it

has given individual sovereignty to every person that can read; it has made the human race strong and linked together the ages by a tie which can never be broken.

Again an important truth discovered that man, that stone would burn. He saw them strangely light and turn up before his eyes, and from this resulted the discovery of the use of coal, and the formation of gas—by which we are freed from these narrow limits that we are so cramped by the darkness. We have ten thousand little stars illuminating that darkness,—all these marvels come of the powers by which we have applied these simple discoveries. Vast utilitarian purposes have grown out of these small and simple beginnings. Do not despise me when I present to you the glimmering spark of mind, when I show you one simple point of human character upon one atom of matter, when I show you the first burning stone by which the first light of their grand and sublime truths, when I show the illuminating power of psychological reason on the human brain—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. We are all psychologists and magnetizers, and all have our influence over minds. Let us carefully investigate the results of their occult forces—there is nothing in the outward lot, 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-tremors that were ours when there were none to sympathize—all these have gone out into the eternal stretch of creation and made their mark, and float on 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 psychometry. When I know that my magnetism, freighted with love and sympathy, shall speed across the waves of the Atlantic to a lonely mother at home in the stillness of her deserted chamber, it shall enter like a beam of light, and touching that train and waking a sweet chord of music, and with it, sealing a thought, a fresh unspoken message of love, a faint shock shall startle that dim eye, shall awaken up a nameless joy, and as this passes over her, she shall feel a love she can not speak in words. Such are some of the results, some of the powers even now discoverable 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 lightning, and reduced to obedient subjection the winds and the waves to commerce—stem to guide the iron ship; just such methods as we capture the sunbeams and compel them to paint our pictures for us, and every extantible influence 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 of the mind, 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 far grander results than this brief fragmentary discussion can present.

The methods of culture through there 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 ages, and when we behold before them, when we pour out our love and our aspirations for them, by faithfulness to our highest and best intuitions, we shall 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 us downward—the sunbeams and the light and the air and gravity the central power of our earth are drawing us up, but our soul's aspirations continually draw us upward, and thus we stand beneath two forces, gravitating between two worlds. Our souls are ever filled with the material and the grand. At times we feel that this is not all, that this world is not all. There is more—a grand hereafter act all over with spiritual lights, a universe full of spiritual worlds, sparkling with beauty mapped out before the eye of the spirit, that is perpetually arising 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-exist to look down upon these material things and be satisfied; it is perpetually soaring away into the vast expanse and looking for and following the soul that have gone before us. It expresses itself in this mysterious reverence for the Great Spirit, which ever compels us to worship the unknown God. It expresses itself in that restlessness that can never fasten itself down to the things of earth, but is ever looking for something beyond, ever grasping after the higher—even in the midst of all the sensual gratifications that can be heaped upon us. Turning from them at last, worn and weary longing for something 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 practice our daily lives as much as possible. Thus shall we be enabled to repel 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 beautiful platform of our mother earth, we feel that we can cry out to God to help us, and it is glorious 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 evidences that we have received there, 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 His hand, and that 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 sympathies, our kind words and charitable deeds that will bless the world; and if we are great and strong,—surely our lives should be writing themselves in the largest deeds of charity, the grandest acts of kindness and good will. In

Continued on fourth page.

From the St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat. THERE'S AN ANGEL IN THE FOREST.

[The antiphonal legend is furnished us by Mrs. Kate Chubb as the offspring of a spiritual manifestation, or inspiration. It is very beautiful and peculiarly touching. We are quite sure it is 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 inspiration, however, we trust to receive other favors from the same gifted quill.—E.]

There's an angel in the forest,— All the presents tell us so,— 'Tis the spirit of a baby That was lost long ago;— 'Twas the woodland's cherished darling,— He could never from her part,— And the mother's precious treasure, Dearest idol of her heart,— 'Twas their only hope and comfort, Frightful morn and evening star; But the little feet would wander, And they wandered off too far.

Original Essays. THE ROSICRUCIAN'S REPLY.

Dedicated to the thinking world and especially to J. B. Ferguson and the leaders of the "Harmonical Philosophy."

In the "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL 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 fastidiously with its glittering generalities and the beauty of expression—I must affirm the idea, although I may have mistaken the exact words, yet I 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 3d. I go to listen and learn. 4th. The absence of any motive to misrepresent—having never spoken with Bro. F. in my life. 5th. The utter folly of misrepresenting a gentleman 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 provocation." 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 a stranger.

It is not for me to rise upon the ruins of any. I copied Bro. F.'s name with my remarks—not because the idea is his alone, nor to wound his feelings in the least—but because of the wide-spread influence of such teachers as he and Davis, and hosts of lesser lights, who take their cue from such great leaders. I had you responsible, and the world will hold you responsible, not only for what you teach, but for what your followers teach and do. 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 facts, and unsupported by reason, 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 child.

Now let us look beneath the glowing sentences and flowery surface of Bro. F.'s article, and see if we cannot fish up from its depths the monster, of which he says I misrepresented, 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 responsible.

cal deeds committed every day in our midst, simply saying: "All right, we can't do anything about it." Why need we call anything devilish or "who dare pronounce bend or devil of any condition or manifestation?" No matter which way you go, down into the slime of vice and depravity, or up into the radiant light and joy of virtue, it can make no difference, for you are still "the recipient of divine inspirations," and "we can separate Him (God), from no condition, idleness, wisdom, luxury, vice, crime, or sin." What is it to us if we cannot separate God from his creations or "animate him from no circumstance," so long as we are possessed of the power to separate ourselves 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 barefaced assumption, unsupported by facts or reason, to say that all "must tend to the same beneficent end," for we do 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? "It is 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 immediate cause and are confined and held responsible for the use by every law of God and man? "I'm 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 Liberty, 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 object to Bro. F.'s philosophy when applied to Deity, but it is faulty 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 seeming, for if it is seeming, then is our whole life, bodies, minds and all things, nothing but seeming, for all that appears to sense is effects which come and go like bubbles on ocean waves. Harmony is a dream when applied to man, for we only know of it but by the contrast of discord. We live, grow, and die, by antagonisms.

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. Eternal 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 false and unreliable as the winds—they wait us anywhere. Bro. F. defines God thus: "God is Spirit. If God is spirit, all spirit is of God, whether we in our ignorance call it man, angel or devil." "We can pronounce nothing evil 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 spirit, for physical nature is the positive 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 equality, and that is the substratum of all things—no thing—nothing.

There is, however, a relative or comparative equality. Is the spirit of a mule the same as that of man? or that of a dog the same as a rose? It makes no difference to us if God is in the essence of nature, we will not go there if we can help it; and who 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 imagination—aye! the very consciousness of selfhood and individuality, the vain boastings of a dreaming, sleeping God, confined in a lump of clay. Aye! you make man the veriest automaton, dancing to the whim or fancy of a demon God who stands behind the curtain and pulls the wires that makes us juggle—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 being of good or ill, etc." Now here is a barefaced 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 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 sealed up every autumn by God's angel 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 emaciated cheek, craving stomach, and tattered rags, in the jails and pest houses, in the aching limbs, and from the beds of pain, of the monster disease, that if this is God'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; 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 Jesus was sold into Egypt. The fact is, God acts 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, 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 motto in man to act, is his love of pleasure; hence he recognizes that as good which gives him most pleasure. These two great principles—constant elements of all beings—are inseparable, and constitute the self-love 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 body (as Adam left the Garden) becomes more conscious of God, or more conscious of evil as the case may be. i. e., love and oblige to evil, or love and oblige 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 increased 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 hidden, 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, 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 such a 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 for the power of nothing to throw them back and re-recognize them again), who for a moment will deny? He admits that existence of things, and all nature, and the very existence of things, prove the existence of nothing to exist. Can we call the antagonist 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 conception of the word God, man clothes him with the attributes of things—i. e., a personal, individual, having self, 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 he 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 annihilated, 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 God 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 doctrine or philosophy is. Man is progressive by reason of ideas. A shadow of an idea comes to him, vague and indistinct at first. He can not comprehend 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 forgetfulness of the external world, he calls the shadow back. It enters in like a mist and condenses in the womb of the mind; for here it hath met the human, and from that human is 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 taught by 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 immaculate conception, the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, the conception in the womb of the virgin, the union of the human mind of the first born of God, i. e., 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 desire to possess, hence the blood of Christ is our savior. 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; their birth is the incorporation of the unknown into the realm of the known. Hence a man is as he believes. Now things are conceived in the womb of the mind, and the 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; their birth is the incorporation of the unknown into the realm of the known. Hence a man is as he believes. Now things are conceived in the womb of the mind, and the 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; their birth is the incorporation of the unknown into the realm of the known. Hence a man is as he believes. Now things are conceived in the womb of the mind, and the 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; their birth is the incorporation of the unknown into the realm of the known. Hence a man is as he believes. 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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 UNKNOWN.

"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 turtle is heard in our land."

A year has rolled away, as novelists usually phrase it, and the rosete dawn of the new year salutes the world with an effulgence bright and clear. Fronting one of our public city squares, 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 marble 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 fit in harmless glees from branch to branch of the numerous shade trees, in summer, and dart amid the silvery cooling spray of the ever gushing 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 fairy sea.

What a change of condition for the gentle Annie, or 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 wears her new position, as she sits by her husband's side, attired in an azure robe of velvet. On her lovely brow decked with sunny smiles, rest a coronet of pearls, on her neck a chaste necklace, and clasping her beautiful arms a pair of fine bracelets 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 "merry joy," and a happy new year, passed on just in season to elude the brisk salutations and merry clangor of half dozen visitors. "Joy, joy, happy new year!" rapidly passed from lip to lip upon the blushing bride, as she gaily 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, gaiety 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 nondescript, occupied a large portion of the canvass, contrasting vividly and strikingly in dark grimy-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, 'twas 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 eulogized, was the Unknown. Nor is this all. It is to visit the home of Randolph and Annie, we shall find the walls adorned with many a gem of a sketch by him in the happy land of poetry and dream, beneath an Italian sky. A sun set scene in romantic Italy, who may breathe the spirit and beauty of its conception? A company of gay idlers, standing on the beautiful bridge spanning the lovely Arno, is sketched with a free and graceful ease, while on the tide beyond, a boat containing a young girl, and her gallant cavalier who pines the air busily, but to prolong their visit in seclusion of the quiet lake. The sun just setting bathes with his lingering streaks, 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 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 bowers.

During the same evening, and near the sequestered retreat, on the Schuykill's quiet banks, another scene progresses. The old fallen tree, Linda Ray, and Sylvan Shermer have selected it as their resting place. Strange the coincidence! This the self same spot which witnessed the love vows and betrothal of the Unknown, and Elmira Osbourn years ago. But all unconscious 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 nook, an Eden of love, devoid of care, and looking together from the dew 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 tide of fancy's dreams. But the sun of her prosperity set suddenly, and left her in darkness to grope her untried way through misery and woe.

As Sylvan Shermer breathed again into the ear of Linda the oft told tale, 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 outlash 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, without pausing to receive her gratitude he

passed on. She looked for him but he was gone; and trembling yet with the late fright, she has tended 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 compelled to stop to allow a lady time to cross the street safely. They laughed heartily 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 toll-gate, the man "extended his hand, but Stettler not wishing to stop called out, pay as we return, and fit 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't 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 return." "Ha! well, I did not think, doctor, you were so ready a diplomatist. I feel strongly tempted to congratulate you upon your adroit expediency." You coquettish wizen—there you take that for your flattery, he returned good naturedly imparting to her ruby pouting 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 new-mown hay, and many a fragrant flower, played around them in delicious zephyrs, and the bright silver moon, night's beautiful queen, cast at them encouraging smiles, as on the gullant animals swept, on through Frankford, past the "fairy post" and out the Oxford road sped through the villages 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 fitful cry for help now sounded out upon the air, echoing through the leafy forest, and falling on the ear 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 doleful echo; and as the affrighted animals reared and plunged and broke again into lightning like speed, the ball whizzed through the carriage, grazing the doctor's head, and bared itself harmless into the embankment of the roadside beyond. Heavens doctor, we are attacked by robbers, and shall be murdered! Media cried and clung closer to Stettler's side, who now applied his whip vigorously on his favorite bays, they now gave the full strength of every muscle to their flight, and soon conveyed them fortunately beyond immediate danger. With joy Media saw once more the ten thousand flickering lights of the city as it now speedily loomed nearer and nearer to their eager view.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE UNKNOWN'S STORY CONTINUED. "I know thou art gone to the home of thy rest; Then why should my soul be so sad? I know thou art gone where the weary are best, And the mourner looks up and is 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 loveliness can not be marred, Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal. I know thou hast slipped of the lute that flows Through the land where thy notes do not forget, That sheds over memory's only repose, 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 revelations 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 visions 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 over a presence that whispers of thee, And my spirit lies down and is still."

"And though like a mourner, that sits by the tomb, I am wrapt 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, joyfully, Florence!

Round breathes an atmosphere of life; The very air seems brighter from her eyes, So 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 fiery 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 divine 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 of a large price of my first picture, the beautiful "Madonna," at the public gallery through all the encumbrances 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 sals on the beautiful Arno, with the noble accomplished and lovely Adelaide Devera, by my side, who though so noble and wealthy, gave more of the spice and pathos of romance to our courtship

and wooing, and not to wound my pride, assumed so effectually the guise and air of the humble, though beautiful peasant girl, that in wringing the sweet Amy Barrietta, I really gained the kind hand and love of Adelaide Devera. I used scarcely a hint in passing, that painting there, I can 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 "Madonna," inspired by another's eyes, the sweet soul light of my angel Adelaide. But, ah! Randolph, my life of charm in Florence, was not all of sunshine. There were fitful periods when clouds and darkness drear rested on it. The ignoble plot of my cousin, Francesco, to supplant me in the affections and a stage of my aged and almost sightless father, by sending me abroad, then circulating effectually the report of my decease, influenced the old man in his own behalf as the only remaining heir to the vast estates—was deeply laid—and even attempted craftily to be hastened by an effort almost successful, to poison the old man's wine, but even this was frustrated in the very act by my angel guide, Adelaide, and the would-be murderer confessedly drank his own poison. When he looked to see my dear old father gasp his last in the sleep of death, his own vision suddenly grew misty, his surroundings assuming grotesque and indefinable forms. The truth at last flashed on his mind, and he raged and tumbled wildly under the subtle influence of the insidious drug. It was a strange fatality, 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 deBazio, of the wealthy of Florence, the most brilliant star. "What hellish plot is this?" shrieked the great Francesco in frenzy as she now confronted him imperiously, almost tauntingly. "I know, a voice near him, very like a serpent hissed in his ear. "Oh! cursed plot, and most foul," he continued to rave, "ruined all my pride, ambition in a moment brought to naught. Ruined! I 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 antidote failed of its full purpose—the subtle drug had reached the seat of reason, and though the body lived, Francesco was always known from the fatal day as the "mad painter."

But, Randolph, I must hasten with my story. It was a tempestuous, rainy evening in mid summer, when my sweet Adelaide 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. Adelaide 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 illuminated the sombre scene with an almost incessant glare.

Adelaide had ceased playing, and was about rising from the instrument of song, when we were paralyzed with alarm by the sudden appearance of a wildly gesticulating man, who burst in upon us in flaming rage. His tall and powerful frame was dressed with the heavy armor of a warrior, his large brazen arms above and about him with mad force, while his large glowing eyes dilated and rolled about and shot forth fiery gleams almost as fierce as the electric sparks of the roaring thunder.

"Ha! ha!" he yelled loudly, "swayed at last! ha! ha! I can see a beautiful object of my desire, come! Ha! ha! I have thee! mine, mine!" I leaped forward to protect her whom I loved as the apple of mine eye. But, O God! ere I could prevent him, the madman had clasped her viciously in his arms, and by the force with which he seized her, fell heavily to the floor. In an instant I was on him and with a vigorous effort hurled him to the other side of the room. I too, was mad now. Maddened at the sight of my loved Adelaide's distress, as she lay there prostrate, fainting and hurt. He recovered in a moment from the force with which he fell to the floor, and flushed now with manic rage, he glared at me with wild eyes, like a wild fire that seemed breathing from the furnace of hell. With a scream I leaped at once to meet him. With a terrific howl he cried: "Ha! ha! The puny dudley rival to the great Francesco!"

With a fierce tiger-like spring, he darted at me, flourishing his long arms with terrible velocity. I kept my eye fixed steadily on his fiery orbs, and shuddered in the shudder. 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 reeled and fell to the floor. I still seemed to hear the wild yells of Francesco like ten thousand demons over me in exultation. Then the panorama revealed my sister sitting in her seat as a holy though her right hand pointed to the fatal hurt 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. Adelaide, though weak and faint, was kneeling over me, and laying my face and limbs with restorative. I recovered, but Francesco, the madman 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 madman to 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. Oh! I was lonely then, My worldly possessions were large, it is true, but I felt that all would be a gift like too small for the price I have allowed myself to pay to be blest with her celestial companionship, I felt perfectly 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 shalt find happiness, pleasure, and long good years." "The voice," 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 Florence. 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 allotted mission of doing good to be blest with her celestial companionship, I felt perfectly willing to lead cheerfully a life of labor and of poverty.

For several weeks the populace was carried away by the excitement of the dead. Osbourn now acted like an insane. Arrested, and brought to trial for murder, yet on this plea, "sanctity," half of his wealth easily purchased his acquittal.

But on 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 ingredient still more bitter to the overflowing cup of his sorrows, and he sought to drown them still deeper into the oblivion of dissipation. And so gradually, aye surely, all his property and wealth slipped from his grasp, and the once proud Edward Osbourn 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 morning the family was aroused by the report of a pistol in his room, and on entering, he was found a corpse, his face fearfully barred, and his head terrible shattered by

the stroke of the fatal charge he had committed the murder crime of suicide!

Alas! the sad end of my early and best friend, who proved to the homeless orphan a guardian and parent. I can not describe the pain with which this fragmentary recital fell from the lips of the heart-broken but heroic Elmira. She had just concluded as 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 vicissitudes."

"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 shapes all our ends rough hewn as we will."

Gentle Annie, as she still sat at the piano, had been an eager and intet listener, as it is a new fell in relation to the keys, running off into a beautiful air, her heart grew lighter, her soul once more free, and soon the apartment was vocal with a cheerful volume of the sweetest melody.

To be continued.

SPEAKER'S REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

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

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IMMORTALITY.

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

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 illiterate, 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 flashing 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 paraphernalia to enable us to accomplish the result.

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 hope and 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 sugar, 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 animalcules that live and move in it. Examine vinegar, and notice the myriads of moving beings there. Look at the human system and you find animalcules within it. As far as your powers extend, you can see animal life. The amoeba 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 rainbow-tinted flower is the home of myriads of unseen living creatures. The air is rendered musical to the sensitive ear by the millions of unseen larvae that exist therein. Yes, far 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 amoeba. 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 amoeba 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 life, the discs of the blood and the amoeba. We extend our observations step by step, each one making increasing interest until we finally reach man; but will you stop there? Nay, you step no where! In extending your observations backward, 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 animalcules 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 carnival with the forked lightning! Fulton knew his little craft would long before he launched it on the romantic Hudson! Galileo 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 vision! Desire is the motive power in the Spirit World. Those who do not possess it, and, therefore, do not travel on those ethereal 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, transcendently 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 resembling 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 "absurd," unless we lead them to that point step by step.

But is man 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 measure out the sea; The silent and the dumb are heard by me. E'en now the odors to my senses rise— A tritoeon boiling with a lamb supplies, Who roars above and brags below it lies."

Origen, Piny and other writers say that Empedocles raised 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 organic structure, and Modern Spiritual Manifestations—all attest to the fact that man lives hereafter,—and all within themselves, contain evidence of the fact.

REV. 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 Welsh newspapers of Thomas's exhortations, and as we should suppose, 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 keeping 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 Morrissey, Rev. John Heenan and a host of other prize ring fighters, supposing they should see fit to do 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 language of our clerical dignitaries would meet with little favor with the low prize ring characters. They must be addressed in prize-ring slang if anything is accomplished. Brilliant metaphors, well rounded periods, systematic 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

much, whereas beautiful thoughts would be so much, to them, worthless chaff. 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 contend 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 persecutions 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 afflicted 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 reverence, 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 Orthodox vineyard 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 read.

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 tricked. 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 of 'hurray for the tail!') Yes, Eve 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. Brethren, mighty works are for me to do. My mission is to sever that tail 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 hasn't,' says a voice in the corner.) Follow boys and girls, and dear brethren and sisters, I interpret the scripture rightly—it was the tail 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 becoming teachers. I would as soon endorse, however, 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 her the wishes of Satan. The extreme ridicu-

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 ourselves, 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 engaged 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 views; 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 doctrine 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 doctrine were true or not. Not so—sufficient 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 purporting by a spirit should be tried by the touchstone of reason, as should all other theories.

Our readers have learned long ere this, to protest against all creeds and systems of faith 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 inalienable 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 mind—its maximum is God. The higher comprehends the lower and infiltrates itself into every molecular atom and monad in existence. Consequently:

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

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. We, therefore, shall register such meetings and speakers as are furnished to us by the parties interested, with a pledge on their part that they will keep us posted in regard to changes, and in addition to that, expressly 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.

JUST ROOM 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.

Personal and Local.

Laura de Force Gordon has returned to San Francisco. E. S. Wheeler has returned from his Eastern tour to Cleveland, Ohio.

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

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 office.

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.

John Smythe, Hallsport, N. Y., will answer call to lecture.

The Spiritualists at Wilmington, Del., meet each Friday evening, also on the last Sunday of each month. Stephen N. Fogz President; Jas. A. N. Fraser, Secretary.

Concluded from first page. this respect were growing nearer to God—glorifying Him in our works. He has bid us write the Scriptures as we go through 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 ashamed to be small and mean; until we shall be ashamed to stand them with criminal acts. When we realize how grand and powerful 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 condition. 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 true means by which we are to work out the will of the Creator and to cause our spirits to grow to full manhood and womanhood. Even if we do not now realize every po sibility; if we are so enclosed in the veil of matter that we can not; if the invisible world is dark to us—if we can not discern the presence of the invisible, 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 twain and we stand in the great universal temple unobscured; 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 out enjoyment of heaven.

The Spiritualist, whilst he rejoices in the presence of the master-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 roads have been trodden by these, and they are ready to help him onward, let us not forget these occult powers of the human spirit, and that we are all sons of God—all children of the Great Spirit, and as such, have infinite possibilities; that we have all the attributes of God enshrined in us, constituting the divine 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 wisdom will ever be given to you.

May the light of the Master-mind ever be upon us and guide us through the darkness, may His blessing be on our souls 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, may each mind may be followed by a fresh morning radiance with light, life strength and truth, until we all walk in the memory of the bright day that shall know no setting sun.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

HEAVEN.

Where is Heaven and how shall we Gain an Entrance?

BY MRS. M. L. SHERMAN.

Esharined 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, according to the growth and unfolding of the individual.

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 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 heaven within.

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 enlighten'd day a man could be found with nature so cramped as to believe and preach such an absurd dogma from a public rostrum.

Again, A. J. Davis has in his "Sellar Key" described his heaven in the milky way, and Dr. Randolph beyond the "fixed stars. Does distance lend enchantment? and do they intend to possess 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 within 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 own quarry, and polished by constant friction until they shine with gem-like brilliancy—then can we adorn our heaven with the pearl, jasper, sardonyx and crysolite, 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. A mistaken notion it is, for mortals to live in a red luxury, hardly exerting themselves enough to keep the health forces balanced in the system, by enslaving a brother or sister, being thereat, unless have given them money, cause circum- vention. What will the luxurious position. When the Book is opened, and our lives do we every page? when the debtor is found out, what have you earned question shall be asked, title clear? Then will by right, and is your gold 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, grinding small; His patience stands He waiting, while these grinds He all."

Shall we whose souls are lighted, who have passed into the green fields of Liberty, refuse to invite our friends who are yet in the theological bondage to enter and enjoy the inspiring beauties with us? Let us see the noble deeds and heart fill the passing years, the way of lies melodies. What thougts, over crosses and through sloughs and vale, the crown of reward will be through brambles, the crown of reward will be ours at last, and a right to it because fairly earned 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 singing and playing, that you may engage an you lose your identity, that you may engage an eternity in smug? 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 the planetary systems, and nebular forces, and a planetary system, in the I AM of the Spirit; reaching out for new discoveries, and claiming by right of our royal birth, a right to all truth, honest earned, and gaining a power that no one can rob us of. A heaven thus gained is natural, substantial, and worth striving for. Sacramento, Cal.

Philadelphia Department.

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

Gratitude.

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 boundless 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 beneficent light and warmth.

There are many, however, who give the purest 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.

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.

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.

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

The Reason Why.

It is very evident that the churches are failing 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.

So successful are they in this drafting process, that they declare that not more than one in a thousand can be saved. We are certain that the churches have failed, 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.

Good night! Good night! May angels bright, Watch over thy baby slumber; One more sweet kiss, Then dream of bliss, Come rocking without number.

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

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.

Notwithstanding all the folly and fanaticism 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.

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.

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.

Through 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 lighter and holier scenes.

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.

We found genial souls in some of our sisters there, who aided us with sympathy and love. The dear lady who improvised and performed beautiful music on the piano at our meeting, has been blind from childhood, yet her music is seldom, if ever excused by the most skillful practitioners.

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.

GOOD NIGHT. BY NATHAN UPHAM.

Good night! Good night! May angels bright, Watch over thy baby slumber; One more sweet kiss, Then dream of bliss, Come rocking without number.

J. L. Beckley, renews his subscription, but fails to give his P. O. address. Please advise us.

Our New Books. The readers of this paper will do well to look over our advertised books. Several new books will be found advertised—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 months old, called the 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. Manchester's wife, at Washington City, for a few days only, during which time they removed to parts unknown. Any one who will communicate any intelligence to these almost distracted parents in regard to their lost child, will confer a very great favor.

Robinson Fletcher, yours with \$3.00 enclosed is received. What is your P. O. address?

PRICE OF BOOKS. These wanted books, will find the cost of the books in the "Book List" published every week. Those ordering books to be sent by mail must be careful and remit the extra amount required for postage.

QUARTERLY MEETING. The quarterly meeting of the Southern Wisconsin Spiritualists Association will be held at the Baptist Church in the village of Burlington, Racine County, on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1st and 2d, 1870.

HOME. Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148, 4th Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

SPECIAL NOTICES. WANTED, PHYSICIAN, HEALER, &c. \$2,000, &c. An experienced and successful physician, with a remunerative practice already established, wishes to take a partner, and is therefore desirous of corresponding with some one possessing the following qualifications:

ON THE 18TH OF THIS MONTH WILL BE PUBLISHED EMMA HARDINGE'S GREAT WORK "HISTORY OF MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM,"

A TWENTY YEARS' RECORD OF THE COMMUNION BETWEEN EARTH AND THE WORLD OF SPIRITS; ONE VOLUME LARGE OCTAVO, SIX HUNDRED PAGES, SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED WITH STEEL ENGRAVINGS, PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED SPIRUALISTS, SPIRIT AUTOGRAPHS, ETC., ETC.

THE WELL-KNOWN PSYCHOMETRIST, WILL VISIT HIM IN PERSON, OR FROM AUTOGRAPH OR LOOK OF FACE, READINGS OF CHARACTER; MARKED CHANGES, PAST AND FUTURE, ADVISES IN REGARD TO BUSINESS; DISCUSSION OF DISEASES, WITH PRESCRIPTIONS; ADJUSTMENT OF THOSE INTENDING MARRIAGE; DIRECTION FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN; HINTS TO THE INHARMONIOUSLY MARRIED, ETC.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS. The World Renowned SPIRITUAL MEDIUMS. Their Biography. ADVENTURES IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED

CLAIRVOYANCE. MRS. S. W. JORGENSEN, Rooms 20, 219 South Clark Street, Chicago. Psychometric, Business and Developing Medium: Inspirational Instructor and Counselor. Terms reasonable.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF "ONIETA," "INDIAN" Control of J. WILLIAM VAN NANCE, from a Drawing by W. A. Anderson. Will be sent by mail on receipt of twenty-five cents and a stamp. For sale at the Office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

MRS. LIZZIE LA BELLE CLAIRVOYANT, 112 and 114, Franklin St., between Washington and Madison streets, just north of the east entrance to the tunnel, where she is prepared to give sittings to all who desire clairvoyant examination or psychometric delineations. Her power as a medium for general special instructions in regard to the future—recounting the past—diagnosing and prescribing for diseases, have been tested by thousands.

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THE AFTER LIFE.

Scenes in the Summer Land—Terraced Mountains.

By THE SPIRIT OF MARY MOORE, J. CURR, M. D., MEDIUM.

From the delightful valley of "Beauty," filled with Angelic intelligences, that I last attempted to describe, we continued our journey of explorations. Our companions were a glorious band of lovely and congenial spirits, filled with love for each other and overflowing with joy and pure benevolence. On every side were new scenes 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 flash 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 shrubbery, principally of the tropics, with arbors of flowering vines. Here and there were seen upon these isles, temples, residences, villas, beautiful avenues, walks, flower-gardens etc., all in the highest state of cultivation. On the water were often seen beautiful little glided sailing vessels, 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 peals of merry laughter, as they bounded through the crystal waters. The fragrance and beauty of these lovely isles surpassed a thousand times the faded scenes of "Araby the Best."

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 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 kind 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 these lofty mountains and their scenery. Dear friends of earth, could you only behold for yourselves these splendid scenes for a few moments, it would relieve me from a task 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 these 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 landscape 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 sun's rays. This stratum 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 conceive—such as beautiful parks, lawns of softest 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 beheld 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 Pythagoras, 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, Hancock, etc. Here, too, we met our loved and murdered Lincoln. I noticed particularly Washington and Lincoln, who were closely linked together in bonds of true love and sympathy—their 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 clothed 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; parts 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! he 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 shoulder—in 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 loving 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 these 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 evergreens and flowering vines. One hand was raised, pointing upwards; in the other he held a scroll

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, I sent a thrill of joy to our hearts, seldom experienced. Still pursuing this beautiful 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 joyful smile on his countenance. It was a most appropriate and beautiful design, and fills the soul with joy to behold it. Behind the statue of Lincoln was standing a lovely female figure, placing a wreath of flowers 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 laden with flowers filling the atmosphere all around with their rich fragrance. In these 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 these avenues and walks, fountains spouting high upwards their pure, silvery liquid, sparkling like diamonds as it falls into the marble basins beneath, and from which you can drink at pleasure. Every foot 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 gorgeous 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 promulgating through this world of flowers and roses, delighted 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 joy 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 home.

On awaking, as it were, from this delicious reverie, I beheld a most lovely and exceedingly intelligent female standing by my side, and pointing a way in the great distance, to a still higher plane, far 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 Mountains.'"

After taking 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 furnish my labors of love there.

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

George, King of Poland.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

Dear friend, I am here 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 murmur rose against my 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 falsehoods 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 counseled 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. I 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 in her sleep would fall asleep. At length I gave it up and despaired. She was a good wife 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. I 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 Deity, and I gave to God my homage 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 life wore, and nothing could satisfy my wife but her dismissal. I could have borne her anger, but what could I

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 enjoyed such conversation, for education was not then almost universal as it is now, especially among women; Rachel was a rare exception.

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 cotemporary with George I of England, and as I spoke English well, had a fine chance of being served from that literary field. I 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 barren. 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 relieved. 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 felt that my punishment was just.

How long I remained in this condition I have no means of judging. Gaining strength at last I began my onward career, hoping to find a more cheerful country. On I wandered, 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 songsters. I rejoiced too in a blaze of light, and it was not long before I found myself surrounded by troops of friends.

A great change 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 fluttering 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. I could thus go on and still not exhaust the subject.

And here I am, enjoying 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 Adolphus 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 weaned 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 be 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 condition.

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 needed 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 he was absent. I don't wish to deprive him of it, as he enjoys reading it highly. 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 Davenporters were here recently, and caused a great fluttering among the small fry, so we know they were big. Bro. K. Graves has just paid us a visit. He has improved very much in speaking.

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

Kokomo, Ind.

For The Religio-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, alike 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 dream of conscious life.

Some ears, it is true, are too much deafened by the worldly din around them to listen to her sweet accents, and many tongues are palsied to their utterances, but this beautiful mother, unheeding the want of appreciation in her children, continues on in her untiring course, and pours out her beauties 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, in mortal coil, is, when the most cruel warfare and disgusting cruelties 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 into the moral and spiritual regions, until to-day, with much still of sin and ignorance and inglorious revelry in fifth and abominations, there seems springing up a new order of things, like to the breadth and persistent force of a spring-time 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 judgment 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 unthinking, 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 truer mode of life. But the agitation of thought and consequent action leading to all reforms can, perhaps, best be induced by conferring one with another, each giving of his views of the life around him—of his own and his neighbor's needs.

We have long since found that coercive measures 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 do we realize in earnest that our days 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 discipline, 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 preacher 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 ascendancy, 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 a more extended charity for our neighbor's faults.

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 cast a longing glance into the far chambers where were stored hidden treasures, but said: "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 there to five years after that for some particular profession. Man must indeed be preeminently below woman in brain power, if with all this 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 hopes 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 together.

A. C. S.

NEBRASKA.

Letter from D. Helling.

In this region of the far west there are some families and individuals 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 parts 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 primitive fathers" to Zoroaster, and afterwards bound into one bundle by Jewish Nations, and still later modified by the Trinity of ignorance, folly, and low, cunning christian priestcraft, by removing Silva (the former son of Brahma, the father), and substituting a Jewish illustrious Reformer (Jesus). Having raised him up to the same plane with Brahma, the primitive christian fathers and disciples made him equal to him (the Father). In every respect, and baptized 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 cannot 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 difficult to get an entrance in the public school house; but thanks to angels, one enlightening family opened the doors wide, bid me enter. There on the 16th, Sunday afternoon and evening, we proclaimed the glad tidings of great (new dispensation)—"open intercourse of thought and affections between the inhabitants of the inferior 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. For purpose of presenting the wonders of nature more forcibly we exhibited the Orera's philosophical instruments. This had of drawing the minds of the audience, imaginary God, worshipped by Orthodoxy, votes, and placing them upon the great Mind; the grand Principle of Light (Intelligence), 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. Vinay, consort of Mr. Herbert Vinay, 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. All the lovers 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 head severed from his body in the fall, and sagged like, prostrated, with heads and hands scattered over the floor.

Blue Springs, Neb.

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 that 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 Vista. 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 *terra material* 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 a lecture in the Court House, at Tipton, the county 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 made to receive the great and grand truths of the new philosophy in Indiana, if those who have already embraced the cause would adopt 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 sedberg*, which has the effect to chill their feelings and slacken their energies, and hence do not feel that interest in the cause commensurate with its importance. I found, however, one apparently live standard bearer, a man who says he is willing to pay one hundred dollars a year to support lectures, although his means are not very ample. Who will "go and do likewise?" I have not found so great faith, no, not in Indiana. A few such living men would enable us to take the whole state of Indiana in a few years, shall it be done, brethren and sisters? what do you? Will you respond?

K. GRAY

Richmond, Ind.

On and after January 1, 1870, the exchange mails between the United States and France cease in consequence of the abrogation of present postal convention between the two countries.

Vincent Collyer says the islands of St. Paul and St. George alone are worth the price paid for Alaska.



Frontier Department.

E. V. WILSON.

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

Spiritualism in Advance of Universalism.

DEAR JOURNAL.—As you are one of the principal organs of Spiritualism 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 Spirit of Grace, who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness."

Art. 3rd. "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 to others, to see an effort made to substantiate this frequent claim.

We call the attention of our readers to the above 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 reply."

We are glad to meet our Universalist brother. We thought, and do affirm, that "Spiritualism is in advance of Universalism," and below we give our reasons. 1st. "Your religion is a belief, Brother W.; ours, 'positive knowledge.' Yours is founded on hearsay from the past; ours on the testimony of unimpeached living witnesses of the present time. Vide the testimony of Judge Edmonds, Mr. Livermore, Prof. Vorley, and Edmund Kirk, (Mr. Gilmore), in the late Manner trial in New York city. Universalism 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 believeth 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 I did. Are you doing them? We know not. Spiritualism to day heals the sick, 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—yes, 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 expulsion of Brother J. O. Barrett, of Seymour, Ill.—not because he had lied, stolen, profaned or committed 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 single soul. We need no fetters, trammols 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 the fold of our Lord Jesus Christ, into the fold of our Lord Satan, Lucifer, Beelzebub. Here again, Spiritualism is in advance of Universalism, inasmuch as it does unto others as we would that others should do unto us—to wit: To keep all of our black sheep in our own fold, all of our evil dogs among our dogs—never sending them to our neighbor's fold to poison his dog. You send yours and we in our charity give them shelter and kindly let them in with the lambs of our fold, for the sign of Universalism is not catching in our family.

4. You accept the character of God as depicted 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 every thing that he had made, and behold, it was very good.—Gen. 1: 31. "And he reported the Lord 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 them 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 Winchester confession of faith? If so; Spiritualism is far in advance of Universalism. We recognize no such God. Our "God is a Spirit, in whom we live and move and have our being—never repeated, never turned back, goes forward, is without beginning of days, or ending of time; and the phenomena; He is the law."

5. Universalism needs hoops in order to hold it together. You make laws to bind your souls as well as minds. We have no fetters or laws to compel 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 belief. "Through faith 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 belief 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 should change his mind and grant no unconditional pardon ultimately—then, where is your faith? You are lost! as must be every faith or belief rested upon changeable laws, or on the will of a fickle God.

Ours is changeable, save from evil to good; from mortality to immortality; from finitism to infinitism, beginning in evil, (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 law of the seasons. What a pitiful exhibition of Divine justice or law, to sweep killing millions of insects and flowers, 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 not the God on which the Winchester confession of faith rests its hope. Hence in advance of a changeable God.

6. Our evidence is from the inhabitants of eternity; yours of time. We are in direct communi-

cation with immortals; you are not. We have seen, heard, felt and conversed with immortals; you believe men heard and saw these things in the past. You accept certain testimony; we certain and living testimony. Ours are unimpeached preachers, conceded to be true by our enemies; your witnesses are contradictory and uncertain, hence we are in advance of the Winchester 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 produce 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 you?

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 was he greater." Why not base your Winchester confession 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 Retrospective." At the conclusion we gave the following tests: By a stranger spirit, which we described, and gave time of death and age. Identified as Col. B. Saw the spirit of a young lady, which was fully identified.

Monday, Oct. 25th.—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 inches 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 4 1/2 P. M., and called at Dr. Weeks, and supped with him. We lectured at 7 1/2 o'clock, to sixty souls in the form, and many out of the form. Of the latter came A. L. Eber, who was fully identified; gave his age and time of death. Read the life and character of Dr. Calkins, Mr. Pratt and Judge Reynolds. All accepted.

Tuesday, Oct. 26th.—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 so dense always, but grandly solemn in the dark green limbs are freighted with snow. Our road was rough, the day was stormy. Seen outwardly, the day was unpleasant; but within the spirit 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 members of the church, but 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 being plenty of Indian graves in the place. So one 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 desires 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. Peebles 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 upon 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—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 indignation, and the things should be done in their sight, or our brother 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 greet our brother with a brother's love.

What is sitting in Mr. Morrison's house, he being present, we saw by him the spirit of an old woman, describing 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 following are marked: "The brother, who did citizen, came and was fully identified, his brother-in-law being present and fully recognizing the man before we named him. "Then came a spirit who 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 present. 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 child hymn: "Hush 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 earth companion of Jay Cook, Esq.

Wednesday, Oct. 27th.—Cold and cloudy, with heavy N. E. wind. Left for Ganges, 10 miles. Lecture at night to a full house, giving many fine tests, most of which were identified. Lectured again on Thursday afternoon to a good house, reading characters and giving tests as usual, many of them very fine indeed; among which, we may mention the case of Mr. Nichols, Jas. H. McCormick, Mr. Penn, 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 tests: To A. S. Weeks we said, "There is with us a spir-

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

2nd. Wm. 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 return 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 rail, the ground covered with snow and the fruit frozen. Sunday, Oct. 31st.—Lectured morning and evening—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 surroundings, and were well treated, while with them. Bless them. We lectured in Detroit fourteen times, in Nunda four, Lyons five, Allamont five, Alligan two, Saugatuck, two, Ganges two times, in all thirty-four lectures and sermons, 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 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 on his office, then at 123 1/2 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. Tallman, and made a location of lead ore four miles from a small town in Wisconsin, called Saugahatch, telling Mr. Tallman the distance down to the mineral, and saying 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 implicitly, they found the crevice and mineral at the distance he had told them, and all he had said about it proved and tendered towards, those little children who from any cause are obliged to be separated from their parents; 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.

Doubts there are other parents, who for sufficient reasons, would be glad to find for their little ones a pleasant home, where affectionate treatment with such instruction as is suited for their age and capacity, would be received by them. I have thought it might be well to advise 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. I have a plenty of house and garden room. They would be sure of tender care in sickness and in health. Letters addressed to me, box 1374, Ottawa, Ill., will be immediately answered.

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

CERTIFICATE. I have read the above statement and unhesitatingly say that the same is strictly true. 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 can no longer enter into, intensify my interest in, and tenderness towards, those little children who from any cause are obliged to be separated from their parents; 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.

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Dr. Wm. Clark's Vegetable Syrup. ENTON JOURNAL.—Having by me a bottle of Dr. Wm. Clark's, Vegetable Syrup, prepared by Mrs. Jeanie W. Danforth, and hearing that the husband of our milk-woman, had been long confined to his room from the effects of a cold, which injured his stomach, some year and a since. Suffering with pains from internal tumors, I sent him the bottle of the said syrup, with directions to have his side washed with hot water, by a healthy colored woman, and to take the syrup internally. The result of which was, that in ten days, he was out, and his work, [that of a common laborer.] His wife, a devoted Catholic, said, "She had spent quite \$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. 115 Prospect St. Yours Fraternally, ABY M. LAYTON FRANK. Georgetown, D. C., January 7th, 1868.

THE DOCTORS AND THE SPIRITS.

SPIRIT TRIUMPHANT!

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

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

WHERE IS THEIR EQUAL?

E. 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. Two years ago last August, I sent to you and got a few boxes of your Powders, and commenced taking them according to the directions, and am cured as I have had no Headache since I took the Powder. I had also been troubled with a case in my bowels from childhood. There was scarce a day that I did not suffer pain in my bowels, 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 ailed me, and could do me no good."

MUST ONE RISE FROM THE DEAD?

Pinebog, Mich., Aug. 4th, 1869. PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I feel that I ought to acknowledge some of the benefits of the Positive 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 Krysipelae, from which he had been unable to work for several 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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The Magic control of the Positive and Negative Powders over disease of all kinds, is wonderful beyond all precedent. They do no violence to the system, causing no purging, no nauseating, no vomiting, no narcotizing. Men, Women and Children find them a silent but a sure success. The Positives cure Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Pains of all kinds; Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Vomiting, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Worms; all Female Weaknesses and derangements; Fits, Cramps, St. Vitus' Dance, Spasms; all high grades of Fever, Small Pox, Measles, Scarlatina, Erysipelas; all Inflammations, acute or chronic, of the Kidneys, Liver, Lungs, Womb, Bladder, or any other organ of the body, Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds; Scrofula, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, &c.

The Negatives cure Paralysis, or Palsy, whether of the muscles or of the senses, as in Blindness, Deafness, loss of taste, smell, feeling or motion; all Low Fevers, such as the Typhoid and the Typhic; extreme nervous or muscular Prostration or Relaxation. Both the Positive and Negative are needed in Chills and Fever. Physicians are delighted with them. Agents and Druggists find ready sale for them. Printed terms to Agents, Druggists and Physicians, sent free. Fuller Lists of Diseases and Directions accompany each box and also sent free to any address. Send a brief description of your disease, if you prefer Special Written Directions.

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