

of both historical and personal reminiscences, that that which had been by the Church in one age pronounced as diabolism and the Devil, proved itself in the age following to be the world's savior, redeemer and deliverer.

As the close of each lecture, Mr. Wilson entertained his audience by giving readings of character, and described several spirits in a most remarkable manner.

Brother Wilson also gave out the following resolution, and offered to debate it with any minister of the Gospel having a charge in the City of Wilmington.

RESOLVED: That King James' Version of the Bible sustains Modern Spiritualism in all its phases and teachings.

As yet it has not been accepted, though well advertised, and from my soul, I would pity any poor pastor of a flock in this city who would make the vain attempt.

In conclusion, I would say that all the Spiritualists here were most agreeably disappointed in Brother Wilson's tests and lectures. He is far in advance of what we had expected.

All success in the glorious cause which he has taken upon himself to promulgate and defend. We, as a society, feel greatly benefited by the Scriptural bread with which he hath quieted our hungry souls, and from many enquiries made by outsiders since he has left us regarding our society, we learn that he has done a great work in settling minds to thinking and investigating for themselves.

Wilmington, Del.

Literary Notices.

COSMOLOGY, by George M'Ilvane Ramsay, M. D. Wm. White & Co., Banner of Light office, Boston, Publishers.

The above entitled work is destined to attract the attention of the best thinkers of the present age.

It is replete with interest throughout its 264 pages.

Our knowledge of the author is limited to the work under consideration. We make no pretensions to scholastic attainment in the science treated of.

It is a common sense view of the subject from our own standpoint only, that governs us in this review of the work.

The author says in his preface: "The author esteems proper criticism desirable, and valuable toward the advancement of knowledge, yet he trusts that the public and he may be spared the infliction of maudlin brain-cranks, whose love for purity of diction transcends their estimation of the discovery of natural laws, explanatory of natural phenomena hitherto unknown."

We deem the position a very good one. If scholastic critics review the work at all, let them show the fallacy of the theories presented, and the unsoundness of the arguments adduced in support of the authors views.

The following is the table of contents of the book:

"Matter without Origin; Properties of Matter; Nebulous Theory; Old Theory of Planetary Motion; Planetary Motion; Cause and Origin of Orbital Motion; Special Laws of Orbital Motion; Eccentricity, Helion and Equinoctial Points; Limit and Result of Axial Inclination; Result of Perpendicular Axis; Old Polar Centres; Cause and Origin of Ice-Caps and Glacier Periods; Ocean and River Currents; Geological Strata indicate Reconstruction of Axis; Sudden Reconstruction of Axis Inevitable; Ethnology; Axial Period of Rotation Variable; Moons, and their Motions; Meteors, Comets, etc.—their Origin, Motions, and Destiny; Orbital Configuration of Comets; Planets and Old Comets; Infinity.

At a glance, it will be seen that the work is worthy the attention of the profound scholar and reflective minds.

The author opens with the following apostrophe to the sun:

"Oh! how glorious and incomprehensible thou art. Worthy of adoration art thou. No pen or pencil or language can portray thy splendor. Nor can the eye, unveiled, behold thy dazzling beauty.

By thy genial might worlds are brought forth, as from nothing, and again dissipated. With throbbing brain and yearning heart, we crave to know thy origin, thy destiny, thy creator.

From whence cometh and whither goeth thou? Thou thyself art a source of light and life and motion. Still thou art not original, neither first nor last.

A period with life and motion existed ere thou hadst being. A like period will remain when thou hast passed away.

And yet, O Sun! we feel that thou art almost Alpha and Omega, so great, so good, so glorious art thou."

Chapter 1st, is entitled "Matter without Origin." He says:

"The finite mind, with all its varied and mighty attributes, is yet far too puny to even attempt a solution of the origin of matter.

No more can finite mind comprehend a period anterior to, or coincident with the origin of matter, than it can grasp the great First Cause of all that exists.

But, notwithstanding we grope in such unutterable darkness and ignorance in regard to the origin of matter, still the mind is capable of analyzing matter, and thereby learning its organic elements and relations, in multitudinous forms and conditions.

We find matter undergoing innumerable gradations of change, from the most crude to the finest forms.

We find formations and re-formations of the most incongruous as well as of the most beautiful creations which the mind can conceive or the eye behold, from whence all the varied parts become again resolved into the first elements of unorganized matter."

He treats of the indestructibility of matter, of its illimitability, its infinite extent, of its being coequal with space, which is infinite and eternal, consequently cotemporary with God.

He next treats of the properties of matter, in which he speaks of its creative elements, moisture, heat and attraction. Another important but negative and noncreative principle of matter is inertia. He says:

"Now, it is a fact, as clear as any one that is demonstrable, in natural philosophy, that two atoms of ponderable matter might lie by side of each other, without touching, for ever, in consequence of the law of inertia, which is an inherent law of matter, preventing the atoms from moving; the power of attraction being too weak of itself, to overcome the law of inertia.

(It may be remarked here, that we use the terms law and property as synonymous, for convenience only, and yet, in point of fact, the two are wholly different. The term property strictly applies to positive or negative qualities of

matter: while the term law, in a strict sense, applies only to the mode by which certain qualities or properties are manifested, as seen and known by results.) But, should any third quality, property, or power develop, and intervene between the laws or properties of inertia and attraction, of such a nature as to overpower the negative law of inertia, that moment the positive property of attraction would manifest its law of action, and would be instantly exerted in each atom; and the result would be that each atom would move toward the other, meeting half-way, and become united by cohesion; and instantly, upon their union, their powers of inertia and attraction would be doubled, and in the future be exerted as one body with two-fold powers.

Henceforth this double atom, acting as one, becomes a dominant power over all surrounding single atoms. It has obtained twice the power to lie still, and twice the power to attract; therefore it becomes a nucleus around which and to which all other single atoms gravitate.

Chemistry resolves all matter into a few simple gaseous elements. Hence it is possible, and highly probable, that there was a period in the past when the sun, earth, and moon, all the stars, suns, comets, planets, and satellites of the universe existed as one, and consisted of a few gaseous elements or compounds, similar to the constituents of our present atmosphere.

At what period in the past formation of individual suns and planets began to form, as such, no finite mind can conceive. And yet, notwithstanding, all analysis of matter, all reasoning by analogy, teach that there was a period anterior to the existence of the sun in his present position and attributes. So, too, with all visible things.

Oh, man buckle on thy mental armor, and strive to get the bark upon the *chimes* of time, to a period anterior to the sun's formation; to a period when there was no light, and there in deep, deep darkness and solitude; let thy no-created mind contemplate the yet uncreated, visible universe. Perchance thou mayest feel the first tiny glow of heat; or see the first flicker of light, by the powers of which two primordial atoms of matter were outcast from their eternity of rest and darkness, and were made to unite in one, and thus creation was begun.

It seems to us that the union of the first atoms must have required of Nature's laws a mighty struggle than the subsequent formation of the millions of suns, and billions of planets interspersed throughout illimitable space.

Upon this conceptive period of creation we think it profitable for the mind to dwell for a considerable time, that it may, at the beginning, drink wisdom in pure draughts from primordial, innocent Nature's fountain, which she is ever ready to give to all her truth-seeking votaries.

Oh the inexhaustible depths and mysteries and beauties of infant creation! An infant universe—lay us in her tender arms, and there let us rest, in contemplation of her charms, a million ages. Then let us awake to behold the first gambols of a young sun, who had but just begun to revolve upon his axis, and to dispense light and heat, and motion and life, to embryo worlds.

The Nebulous theory is next considered in its order. After referring to the eminent scholars, who have, in different ages, thought upon the grand subject under consideration, the author boldly puts forth his own theory regarding the conflicts that may be apparent or as existing between his and those of eminent scholars of the past.

His boldness of purpose is worthy of admiration.

His work is well illustrated by plates admirably designed. Plate No. 1 represents two atoms united, and then the power of these to attract surrounding atoms.

He asserts "that all vaporous atoms must at one time have been of the same quantity in mass. Hence all atoms would generate the same momentum. After treating of the theories, that planets have been evolved 1st, from the sun, and satellites, or moons from the planets, and showed in his opinion, at least, the fallacy of such a theory, he enters upon a new and hitherto unexplored field of thought.

In this review, it will be entirely out of the question to give the authors views in such a manner as to do him justice, and yet we hope not to do him injustice in what we may say.

The author says:

Having already demonstrated the impossibility of the planets belonging to the solar system having ever been cast forth from the sun, and thus distributed through space as we now find them circulating in their respective orbits, we next propose a demonstration going to prove that the universally-accepted theory of planetary motion, as believed in and taught by all institutions of learning both in Europe and America, is in error, and has for its foundation conjecture of the most frivolous character, and in violation of the very laws of Nature by which planetary motion is claimed to be made continuous.

The origin of this erroneous theory is based upon an assumed primitive impulse, by which planets obtained motion, together with the law of attraction; by which it is assumed that planets are made to move continuous in elliptic orbits.

Now, it is clear to candid minds, that after a primitive impulse is once given, that the impulsive power must either remain the same in proportion force, or diminish; that it could in no way increase after the impulse was once given.

Now, the law of attraction, as defined by its discoverer, is, that the attractive power decreases in an inverse ratio to increase of distance.

At the opening of chapter five, it is said:

"The longer we live, the more we ought to know.

The longer I live, the more convinced I am that nothing is more profitable than for each to do his own thinking."

This is a grand thought, and well expressed—safe ground, however unpopular.

In treating of the origin of motion, the leading idea is kept in view, of heat, moisture and attraction being the creative elements, and presents the following:

All ponderable matter contains moisture.

All ponderable matter contains heat, even ice.

All matter possesses the property of attraction.

Heat, moisture, and attraction are the primary, therefore the dominant, elements, or properties, of matter.

But, besides these, matter possesses a number of secondary properties.

We have already stated,—

That inertia was a negative, consequently a secondary property.

Constant change is another secondary property of matter. Change requires time in which to consummate the change. And 'tis time is eternal, and rolls on ever, so, too, matter, from eternity has never ceased undergoing change, and never will cease.

The pertinent question next arises as to the process by which these creative properties of matter, blending in one, changed primordial matter from its primordial condition.

It seems to us, that, as *moisture* and *heat* were blended in the same atom, and as a change was and is the law of matter, expansion of the atom took place in consequence of the moisture and heat it contained.

Expansion was *motion*, and motion was the overpowering of *inertia*; and instantly upon the destruction of inertia, attraction sprang to the aid of *heat* and *moisture* in the further production of motion, and the result was the union of two primordial atoms; and this union for ever destroyed the equilibrium of the vaporous matter hitherto existing throughout the infinite universe.

Thus heat, moisture, and attraction begot motion in matter; and motion was life.

Two atoms united thus by the legitimate operation of these three creative properties of matter, and the equilibrium of the whole being thereby for ever destroyed, it becomes easy to comprehend a continuation of the process, until a globe of matter shall have become accumulated as large as the sun, or Sirius simply by an aggregation of unnumbered billions of atoms.

Whether or not we have explained the true rationale by which motion originated, we do feel satisfied that hereafter we will be able to clearly show that these three qualities of matter,—heat, moisture, and attraction,—in proper combinations, constitute a power by which axial and orbital motion originated and are maintained by all the planets of the solar system possessing these three elements; and wherever any one of the three is absent, there, axial rotation has ceased.

Hence we believe that linear motion, as well as rotatory and orbital motion, is the result of the same triune power.

The author having thus presented a basis for his theory, he goes straight forward to, and grasps a mighty mass of nebulous matter, and holds it up before a central sun, until the one side becomes so heated, rarified, expanded and elongated by heat and attraction, that it has a mighty lever to speak, extending in a right line towards the sun, that the slightest force turns it upon its axis, then and there formed which becomes a diurnal motion of a new born planet,—heretofore simply a mass of nebulous matter.

The diurnal motion causes the aforesaid lever created by heat, moisture and attraction, to constantly change position upon the face of the new born planet and constantly affords new power by atmospheric circulation which is also then and there put in motion to continue the diurnal motion first acquired.

The author then treats of the cause and origin of orbital motion, which is simple and quite a matter of necessity, growing out of the conditions existing at the moment diurnal motion began. But fearing we cannot do the author justice in this necessarily limited article, we will simply say that the theory is well sustained by illustrations, diagrams, and plausible arguments, and we hasten on to refer simply to other considerations advanced by the author.

He predicts that in 125,826 years subsequent to the present time, the earth's axis will have become perpendicular to the plane of her orbit; and that, consequently, perennal summer will reign from the equator to about 70° north and south latitudes, beyond which a region of ice mountains will prevail. Then the golden age of the poets will be realized, and the earth be one garden of Eden, producing spontaneously vegetables and fruits so abundantly that man will have but to pluck and eat.

By this theory of change of polar centres, or axial periods, he accounts for the great geological revolutions of the planet, and for the glaciers which have been traced by Agassiz on both the European and American continents.

He boldly advances the theory that the earth ever has been and ever will continue to change her poles or axis; that each change is attended with a convulsion in mother earth, which smokes mountains and dries up oceans; that turns the torrid zone into intensely frozen regions almost in the twinkling of an eye.

Hence animals of the torrid regions and their remains in a state of preservation are found in such abundance frozen up in the glaciers of the north.

At these periods, vast continents are sunk beneath the new oceans thus formed.

These occurrences are uniform, hence in future may be calculated!

In his ethnological theories he says man came upon the earth in the fifth axial or carboniferous period, and hence was black—the carbon man, fitted for the intense summer heat of that era. Reconstruction of axis produces reconstruction of climates; heat and light are diminished, and the lighter races of men came in accordance with the new conditions. The building of the pyramids of Egypt he ascribes to the sixth axial period, when the force of gravity was less than it is now, in consequence of greater solar attraction and heat.

The author shows just where the poles of the earth were previous to the last change, which was but recently, only some six thousand years ago.

He not only shows where the poles of the earth were, but shows that those localities will eventually be the most attractive portions of the earth.

Great salt lake was the north pole of the earth less than seven thousand years ago. From that fact he accounts for the mineral wealth and productiveness of the region formerly within the compass of the arctic circle. These changes occur once in little less than 400,000 years. Little necessity for the present generation to prepare for the great catastrophe that is sure to overtake our descendants *some time hence*—say in about 365,376 years.

Our author finally follows the earth in its onward course until it shall finally lose its life-element—*moisture*, when it will become again as it was, a vast ball of fire, when it will change its orbit and become a satellite and revolve around a primary planet as our moon now does around her.

That all moons are but worn out planets, which have exhausted their *moisture*, hence have lost their necessary properties to be acted upon by the sun, and receive a diurnal and orbital motion—hence they fall under another law which he explains, and become satellites.

An entire new theory is put forth in regard to meteors and comets.

Meteors, says our author, are primordial comets, and comets primordial planets. The tails of comets are only *light*, like the streaming rays reflected from a *cutaneous light*. The

planet earth was once a comet; and when stripped of her concentric geological layers, her nucleus is found to be *unstratified, igneous, cometary rock*.

If our space would admit of it we should be most happy to go more into detail in this work, but we must content ourselves with what we have said; but in conclusion we recommend the work to the thoughtful every where. For sale at this office. Address S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark street, Chicago. Price \$1 50; postage 16 cents.

Speakers Register.

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MY AFFINITY.

SPIRITUALISM, As Taught by the Angels.

By WASH. A. DANSEIN.

[From the Baltimore Telegram.]

We have received many inquiries in reference to mediumistic development, which perhaps will be better answered by rehearsing some of the experiences through which we have passed in our earlier investigations, than by an elaborate essay upon the subject.

From the time when we were capable of sustained thought upon topics of vital importance, the subject of immortality and the conditions of life beyond the grave possessed for us a profound interest.

Being so constituted and circumstanced as to enable us to gratify a fair share of the physical and intellectual demands of our nature, we learned in early manhood that the mere indulgence of our appetites, whether natural or cultivated, did not satisfy the interior longings of the soul.

Success in business—pleasant domestic and social relations—mental acquisitions—while gratifying in themselves, did not constitute that happiness to which, as the offspring of an infinite Father, we were entitled to aspire. The area was too circumscribed. While there was an illimitable universe to explore, we were unwilling to be confined, by theological dogma, to the narrow confines of this material existence.

Accepting as our basis those attributes which the religionists of the so-called-civilized world claimed for the God whom they worshipped, our argument took this form:

If a being, omniscient and omnipotent—infinite in love and infinite in wisdom—did project from the fathomless depths of His interior consciousness the world in which we live; did fashion and form the innumerable antagonistic conditions by which we are surrounded, this must be the primary or germinal stage of human life, from which we should eventually emerge; for if the earth-life, with its sorrows, its sufferings and its despairs, was the end as well as the beginning; creation was but a bad burlesque, unworthy a divine artificer. And when our vision stretched into the beyond, taking theology as our guide, looking upward to some far distant heaven where only the chosen few find admission; while the vast masses of God's children add lustre to His glory and magnify His name by shrieks of agony and curses of despair throughout the endless ages; we could but look upon creation as a terrible tragedy.

Take the theological view of the attributes of Deity—Omniscience, Omnipotence, and Omnipresence, creating and controlling all, and it is impossible for the rational mind to reach theological conclusions from such theological premises. Either theology presented erroneous views of the destiny of man, or the Being that could conceive and project such scenes of eternal and infernal torture was not a God of infinite wisdom; he could only be an omnipotent fiend.

Who could bow in adoration to One whose workmanship was so terribly defective? This train of reasoning seemed logical. We knew it was honest and felt that it was independent.

When told that it was sinful and dangerous to indulge such thought, we would ask, why were we endowed with power to reason if the use of reason was forbidden? If in all other departments of thought we had been taught to trace effect to cause, and determine upon the nature of the cause from the character of an effect, we would ask, why should we ignore the noblest of our faculties when contemplating that subject which involved our eternal interests?

We were told that here Faith must suffice.—Faith in what? Faith in certain records which had been handed down to us through all the ages of the past; which records, in themselves, bore testimony to the fallings and imperfections of the sources through which they came.

To substitute such faith for reason would have been unworthy our manhood; would have been disloyal to that Perfect God who claimed our allegiance.

The man who has not the power to reason is a natural idiot; and he who possesses that glorious attribute and fails to use it, is, in our opinion, a voluntary idiot. Having thus passed beyond the theological idea of the Divine Mind, we fashioned for ourselves the more rational conclusion that, if man is an immortal being, he must be an immortally progressive being. That all the difficulties and disasters of the earth-life are but the means through which his energies are quickened, his faculties brought into exercise, and his powers enlarged; thus fitting him for that wider sphere that awaits him, like the boy who, through much tribulation, acquires those primary lessons that enable him to pursue his studies in the higher schools to which he is promoted.

We were thus free in thought and fearless in feeling, cherishing as our most precious treasure that perfect love which casteth out all fear when the first external manifestations of what is called modern Spiritualism came under our notice. The most careful scrutiny, continued through many months and pursued with earnest and devout aspirations for knowledge, rendered doubt impossible.

If it was not true that the spirits of our departed friends could and did communicate with us, then there was no evidence of truth in the phenomena of nature.

We will mention a few of the many incidents of our early investigations.

THE FLOWER INVESTIGATION.

In the private parlor of a very respectable family, favorably known for half a century past in this city, there were assembled round a small table several ladies and gentlemen. A young girl still attending school was the medium. Letters and communications were written through her hand which she claimed were not written by herself. Some invisible influence, she said, controlled her hand and wrote, while she was mentally passive.

While she was thus writing, we said, mentally, "If the spirit now said to be controlling the medium is really Jane H., will she oblige me by drawing a flower through the hand of the medium after the writing is finished?"

This was a mental question—not spoken, only thought.

In answer to this unspoken wish, the medium took a fresh sheet of paper and began drawing. While the flower was in progress, a sister of the spirit said, "I will take that flower to father; he was so fond of Jane's drawing."

This disposition of the drawing I mentally objected to; and asked again mentally, that when the flower was finished, the spirit would indicate to whom it should be given. In a few minutes it was completed, and then was written under it.

"Yes, you shall have it. I saw the request written on your brain. For Mr. Danskin. JANE."

Then a larger and more perfect drawing was made, with the request that it should be given to her father.

This manifestation appeals to the affections as well as to the reason. Can the incredulous skeptic who sneers at spirit-intercourse explain by what other law this answer to our request, was given?

Did that school-girl read my thoughts and—having no knowledge of the art of drawing—sketch the flower without the aid of an invisible, intelligent power to aid her? We think not.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,

CHICAGO FEBRUARY 26, 1870.

TERMS OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal.

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(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE, NO. IX.

EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF JESUS.

"Mind Shades" and their Peculiar Characteristics—Jenny Lind—Blind Tom—The extreme sensitiveness of the Embryonic Mind—A Word to Mothers.

There is no grander theme than the embryonic development and early history of Jesus. An angel circle "from the foundation of the world," knew that a personage like him would be required just at the time that he made his advent on this mundane sphere, much to the astonishment of those who expected that he would come as a king clothed with heavenly authority and royal splendor, and it was little anticipated that he would be so humble in appearance, and possess such simplicity of manners. The world at that time knew but little of the simplicity which was the crowning feature of this remarkable personage, Jesus. He was a model that it might be well for any one to imitate. Though he came forth in the regular process of events, he was nothing more nor less than a human being, possessing all those characteristics that distinguish humanity at the present day. While, however, such was the case, he possessed all those finer traits of character which go to make up the true man, besides he was in close rapport with the spirit world.

His embryonic history was of that character well calculated to court investigation, for as we said in a previous article, it was during the growth of the embryonic germ, that he was to a great degree developed.

Saint Luke's conception was right. His opinion embraced a great truth. It might be well, however, to pause here, and take another view of the case. Christ's life, especially his embryonic development, taught a grand lesson, for allow us here to say, that, as the sun, rising majestically in the eastern sky, foreshadows the future day, so do those delicate operations that are constantly being carried on in the embryonic condition, foreshadow the future man. And it is by correctly interpreting the nature of the "mind shades" given to the embryonic germ, that the angel world are enabled to predict the future of the coming child.

Orators, philosophers, mechanics, and musicians are made in the embryonic condition.

A vision of the mother, at the right moment, will change the destiny of the embryonic germ; a violent fit of passion on her part, will make a monster out of her child in embryo, which other wise would have been a pattern of beauty and loveliness.

The mother of Jenny Lind was blessed with visions in which she was clairaudient and heard the most exquisite music, and the result so effected the little germ mind that it came into the world with the effects of the most angelic music imprinted upon its soul, and the result was, the world never saw her equal.

Blind Tom, too, is another such genius. His mother was very delicate, nervous, susceptible to spirit influences, and she was constantly the recipient of those beautiful visions in which she became clairaudient, and heard the most exquisite music; but the spirit circle who had her in charge, did not perfectly understand these beautiful harmonious laws of spiritual development, and therefore only succeeded in changing the nature of the germ child in only one respect; that is, imparting to it the effects of the most beautiful music. Blind Tom, to day is a most wonderful musician. Remarkable genius truly he is, and he owes it all to the visions imprinted

upon the mind of his mother during his embryonic development.

Those peculiar characteristics imparted to the germ mind, we call "mind shades," given by an angel circle through the instrumentality of the mind of the mother, or direct by her alone.

O mothers! did you know your noble mission; the responsibility that rests upon you; your high calling in the development of the embryonic germ, you would really exult that you are women, and prepare yourselves on scientific principles for the work you have in charge. You mould the characters of your children. Lascivious thoughts, a dream in which licentiousness plays a prominent part, will cause your embryonic child, when grown up to maturity, to become a prostitute. For bear this in mind, that, to a great extent, "like attracts like." The low and licentious attract around them like characters, and the mother's surrounding influences on the mundane and supermundane spheres, develop her embryonic germ.

We would like to teach a lesson here in this article on the development of Jesus, that will be instrumental in doing good, for the mission of mothers is an important one. It is grand to be engaged in politics, to stand on the forum and thrill the multitude with the powers of your forensic eloquence, to be President, King, Governor, or occupy some other prominent position; but the mission of mothers is far more potential and grand. They mould the character, give bent to the mind, in fact, during their sleeping as well as waking hours, they are constructing the pathway that their child shall follow when ushered into earth-life. They make poets, artists, sculptors and mechanics. Their mind, the visions thereon, indicate the future destiny of the embryonic germ; and we here say that these "mind shades" do foreshadow the path that the child will follow. If these "mind shades" are of a dark, licentious character, mother, your child will become a prostitute.

The mother's blood has festering within it poisonous scrofula, and the result of the same is imparted to the embryonic germ. The child can never enjoy good health until that is obliterated. But the mind is far more delicate in its make-up, is far more susceptible, and of course, its whole status can be much more easily changed, and the "poisonous shades" that the mothers give it, are sure to so incline its nature, that it will follow that life designated by them, and then wonder what "causes it" to pursue such a course. These "mind shades" may be compared to those fine shades, yet far more delicate, that the artist gives his canvas—only the former possesses life, as it were,—give forth a propelling force, while the latter is inanimate. These "mind shades" are an effect; as an effect they possess an animating influence, and prompt the one that possesses them to travel a life indicated by them. Thieves, prostitutes, mechanics, poets, artists, philosophers, warriors, and statesmen, are made in the mother's womb. The shades their own mind imparts to the embryonic germ, or the spirit circle that have them in charge, make the man, indicate the course in life he will pursue, and in fact, foreshadow his whole life.

Many things are extremely delicate in their nature. The sensitized plate of the artist will receive your image. A key on a piece of paper, if allowed to remain thereon for a short time, will leave an exact figure of itself, and in after years hold that piece of paper before the light of a candle, and a spectral key will present itself. A polished piece of steel will receive the impression of a wafer, and in after years, breathe upon it, and a spectral wafer will appear. The sensitive ground is all memoranda and signatures which speak to the intelligent. How much more sensitive is the embryonic mind, and how much more readily it receives impressions?

We can readily understand the nature of Christ's development, and comprehend the action of those unseen forces in the Spirit World, that are constantly in operation to accomplish some grand purpose connected with the destiny of men. The "mind shades" given to him were of that character admirably adapted to make him eminent as a reformer. The visions that were made upon the mind of his mother had a deep significance and the effects thereof were imprinted upon the embryonic mind, making an impression thereon, that gave to Jesus all the characteristics he possessed. There is a deep significance in these "mind shades." They either give a healthy vigor to the mind, or so attenuate it that it only responds to the action of the low and vile. In the development of Jesus there were three spirit circles engaged.

1. One of a high order that projected on the mind of the mother, those images and scenes that were eminently well calculated to give an exalted tone to the embryonic mind.

2. One possessed of strong magnetic powers that acted upon the nervous system and the fine tissues of the embryonic organization.

3. One that was still more gross in its magnetic powers, whose mission it was to impart vitality to the whole system.

But the grand process of development was not completed, even when he was ushered into the world. The work was only half done. The "mind shades" had been imparted, and a perfectly healthy, symmetrical organization given, but a grand work was still in the hands of the angel world to accomplish. He was not only taken away from his real mother, but he was placed in the hands of one who was admirably adapted to become his foster mother. But alone even, she would have been powerless to develop him to that high condition which he attained. The female element alone could not do it. Joseph, the husband of Mary, however, furnished the requisite elements to carry on the grand work. His sphere was strongly magnetic, and being in the presence of Mary, and Jesus during his early career, he imparted an element that was very much needed. Had Mary alone tended him, he would have grown up too effeminate, and would not have possessed those manly characteristics that distinguished him. That boy will be effeminate in mind and body that is deprived of male society.

The sphere of woman builds up the feminine, or negative nature; that of man the masculine, or positive.

Surrounding the physical organization is an emanation known as its sphere. That emanation possesses all the distinguishing characteristics of the organization from which it springs, and only, of course, imparts those characteristics. The sphere of the low vile character, gives forth nothing that is noble and elevating. Within this sphere of each one is a world of meaning, and the effects thereof, under certain circumstances, are truly remarkable. It is, in fact, a part of the system, just as much as the blood, bones or muscles. Now it is possible that you may be sleeping with some person that absorbs the aura that makes up your sphere, just as the same as the sponge absorbs water, and the consequences, a certain amount of your vitality is exhausted, and while the one you are sleeping with is rendered strong and vigorous, you are rendered weak and debilitated. We call these vampires that absorb in this manner, and give nothing in return. Thousands of wives to-day are weak and emaciated, because they are living with vampires, that are constantly absorbing their vitality, by coming in rapport with their spheres.

Between the spheres of Joseph and Jesus, there was a beautiful reciprocal action, that while it did not exhaust him, it done much toward giving tone to the body and mind of Jesus. All these things were brought into requisition in the development of Jesus.

(To be Continued.)

SUSAN B. ANTHONY

Says she "can have Susan B. Anthony on her tomb-stone, and not a Relict of some fool of a man."—E.

Well, that sounds just like her. It is a sentiment that reflects in full proportions, Susan B. Anthony, and whether she looks beautiful in this reflection, we leave the people to judge. Still, there is a meaning, an under current, connected with her sentiment as therein expressed, that means a great deal. Some men, though in the prime of life, with eyes sparkling with energy, and with the rosy hue of health on their cheek, are really dead, for no good deeds characterize their life, and as to progressing in knowledge—that is out of the question. We presume that Miss Anthony, when she made that expression, had in her mind's eye one of those dead men that are walking our streets to day, and who are about as useful to humanity, as Barum's Mermaid, or the two-legged colt now on exhibition in this city. A live dead man is no uncommon entity in this day and age of the world, and we agree with Miss Anthony, that she had better retain her maiden name, than be cursed with one of those to whom she has so feelingly alluded to, and who would through all time mar the beauty of her tomb-stone, and, perhaps, destroy the prestige that she now enjoys in the eyes of all the women in the land.

The life of Miss Anthony has been devoted to the cause of women, and we have no doubt she has done great good. Through her persistent exertions, the agitation of this question has been kept up, and no success has been achieved in the advancement of woman's condition, that does not point significantly towards Miss Anthony as one of its main supporters. True as steel, earnest and indefatigable in all that she says and does, she has achieved for herself a national reputation, and crowned herself with many honors.

Now, it is not to be supposed that Miss A. is really a man-hater because she is not willing to have her name changed by some living dead man,—on the contrary, we think the remark on her part evinces good sense, sound judgement, and fine taste, not exhibited by all the "strong minded women" of the day, and we are rather disposed to compliment her on her advanced ideas on this reform question, so beautifully alluded to in her statement above.

But supposing that Miss A. should be led astray, as it were, and lovingly unite her destiny to some "fool of a man," we wonder if she would be willing to petition some honorable Court in Indiana, for divers good reasons, to sever the bonds which she had so unwisely allowed to cluster around her, or would she like a true Spartan heroine, "grin and bear it," and then have the beautiful monument, which the women of America will eventually erect to her memory, when she shall have shuffled off the "mortal, and put on the immortal,"—disfigured by the "Relict of some fool of a man."

Then, again, we might well ask why it is that thousands of the women in the United States, who have committed the mistake which Miss A. is trying to avoid, and whose monumental slab will be marred by some "Relict of a fool,"—do not agitate the question thoroughly, and institute a law whereby any such a "fool of a man" can be declared a nuisance, and abated by severing the matrimonial ties, and restoring to their wives in all its pristine purity, their maiden names.

On reading the above paragraph, we are led to believe that the class of men that have paid their addresses to her, have not been of that high order of intellect desirable, and consequently she has repelled them. Well this is unfortunate for her, or the man—we don't know which. But we are inclined to indulge Miss A., and regard her as on the right side of the question, hoping that the future on her part may be as prolific of good deeds and heroic exertions in the cause of woman, as she has been self-sacrificing in spirit and true to her womanhood in the past.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. T. J. Lewis, in another column; and would say to those looking for an opportunity of this kind, that they will seldom meet with so favorable a chance to purchase a well established business at low figures. The Doctor has other business which demands all his time.

MRS. WAITE.

The great healing medium, is still in Chicago, and can be seen at 149 Fourth Avenue.

HIS LETTER WAS NOT ANSWERED.

A little boy having heard a minister of the Gospel declare that God heard all prayers and would supply all wants, if requested earnestly and sincerely so to do, addressed him the following note:

"Please, God, send Ma some bread; she is starving. Please send me a pair of shoes, too; and little sweet Nellie, a dress. Please do, God, for I love Ma and little Nellie."

JIMMY BELL.

This little boy actuated with the spirit of love for his mother and his Sister Nellie, thought he was accomplishing a great deal in their behalf in sending a note through the post office, addressed to God, and he waited patiently for a response, expecting that a being so pure and good as He was represented to be by the minister, would listen to his appeals, and assist little Nellie and his poor starving Mother. Not strange to say the solicitations of the poor boy were unanswered, and his mother continued to feel the pangs of hunger, and Nellie had no new dress to protect her from the pinching cold of Winter. There was a grandeur in that note,—a prayer, I should say,—which sparkles with the innocence of youth. It was uttered through the pen, expressed on paper, and sent heavenward through the mail. But a pure prayer it was. No hypocritical cant; no solemn visage; no monotonous mockery; but a pure prayer bubbling up from the soul, like a flower from its parent stem. That minister prays for his salary. He bends his knees to obtain his daily bread. He utters long prayers, and asks God to bless everybody through the merits of the "Redeemer."

Well, I admire prayer, such as that little boy uttered, for we are sure an angel bore it heavenward to the celestial courts; and all the little gems of childhood in the Summer land sounded his praise. Little Nellie needed a dress, and his Mother required food,—and in the simplicity of his childish nature, he addressed a note to his heavenly Father.

A little boy, and a heathen he was too, actuated with a desire to serve a kind mother, had been reading in the Bible that had been furnished him by the missionary, an account of Abraham and others offering sacrifices to God—thought that he could propitiate God, and induce him to assist his mother, who was suffering from want and excruciating pangs of disease. So he secures a lamb, and in old Abrahamic style offers it up to appease the anger of God, for said he if God is not angry, he will surely assist my poor, starving mother. Well, that was a very natural conclusion under the circumstances, for the boy to arrive at. In childhood, then, we find real genuine innocence and simplicity. The little boy who asked his father to bless the wheat, potatoes and vegetables, in bulk, and thereby save time at the table, was indeed sensible, for it is well for mortals in journeying through life, to economize time as much as possible, and really the suggestions of the little boy were pertinent and well timed. But the little boy that requested his father would pray to stop a moment to enable him to kick his Sister Mary, a rough little girl who was tickling him, had a very correct idea in regard to those evil deeds practiced by the Orthodox members between the hours of prayer.

If God ever answers a prayer made direct to him, he certainly would have responded to those tender appeals of Jimmy in behalf of his Mother and Sister Nellie. If all the ministers of the gospel would write their prayers, and make a note of how much of their hypocritical cant is answered, they would find that they would have but little trouble to keep an account of the same.

A little boy hearing his mother remark that God answered prayers, in the simplicity of his childish nature, prayed God to send a "big shower to make the corn grow," for it needed it. Still it did not rain. He asked his mother the reason that his prayer was not answered, and she replied, "Because it was not best that it should." But when it did rain finally, there came a perfect deluge, inundating the surrounding country, and he finally prayed to God to cease raining. Still his prayers were unanswered—it continued to rain. Asking his mother again why his prayer was not answered, she said, "It is not for the best."

"Then, why pray at all, if you don't know what is for the best, for fear you will make a mistake?"

Prayer is indeed beautiful, yet many times it is simply selfish. Each one prays for what interests himself, and in so doing he is sure to conflict with somebody's else business. The merchant who prays for an increase of patronage, asks it at the expense of other business men. He who prays for rain, may do it at a time when a field of golden wheat would be destroyed. He who asks for prosperity, must build himself up at the expense of others, to a certain degree.

Why, the prayers of all the divines in the land are a myth. They place confidence in God, still will attach lightning rods to their churches and dwellings, thus giving the lie to their wonderful pretensions. As well ask God to warm the breezes of Greenland with the gentle breath of the South; as well ask him to change the temperature on the sixty North; as well ask him to make the illiterate, pug-nosed Irishman a thing of beauty or a joy forever; as well ask him to chain the lightning in the clouds and cause the thunderbolt to speak in soft whispers; as well ask him to change the skin of the Ethiopian, or introduce benevolence into the heart of the miser,—as to request him to do anything for humanity. The offering of sacrifices has ceased, and soon the offering up of hypocritical cant in our churches will cease also. This is a progressive age—not an age of prayer—but an age of deeds. Little Jimmy, we admired that prayer of yours, uttered in childish simplicity, and while writing it, guardian angels entwined around that loving nature of yours a spirit wreath, in honor of those emotions that welled up in your interior nature.

MRS. McCORD.

The trance medium, is yet at the reception room of this publishing house, and gives universal satisfaction.

Philadelphia Department.

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

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

What Shall we do to be Saved?

The question which is thus formulated, permeates the entire realm of man's being. He asks it throughout all his physical being; it rises up perpetually in his mental organism, and is forever present with his spiritual nature.

Many little vines send out their tendrils only upon the side on which they can find support. If you take one of these vines and place a stick or other support on one side of it, you may notice the little tendrils putting out directly towards this support, and if before it has had time to take hold upon this, you remove it and place it upon another side, you may read in the looks of that plant, the poetic language of disappointment.

Examining the willow tree when the woodman's axe has laid it low, and you will find that those roots which grew upon the side nearest to the water, are the longest and strongest, and this is in answer to our question.

Thus in thousands of instances throughout the domain of vegetable life, may we find instructive lessons in answer to this universal question; but these must suffice.

We will refer to a few upon the animal plane. Far back in the traditional period, beyond all historical records, we have the observation of the fact that the bee and the ant give evidence in their wonderful instincts, of the power to answer this question—in the foresight and industry manifested in laying up their stores of food for future use.

There is a little black beetle, the mother of one of the curculios that feeds upon some of the finer varieties of plums; that preaches a wonderful sermon upon our text; and in order that this may be fully understood, we will give the history of it. A gentleman discovered that the fruit upon the limb of a favorite plum tree, which hung over the water, matured properly and was entirely sound. Supposing that the moisture had something to do with this, he caused tanks of water to be placed under other parts of the trees, with like results. The true explanation is that the little mother beetle, a natural philosopher, as she is looking around for a suitable place to deposit her eggs that shall bring forth her future children, and that without the possibility of her ever seeing them, for she dies when the egg is deposited; still this act calls forth the maternal love and care, and forethought,—seeing the little pea-like plums, so fair and promising upon this beautiful tree, and gazing out upon the blue vault above, her little insect heart sends out a prayer and thanksgiving to the All Father; but pausing a moment before the eggs are deposited, a mother's watchful care prompts her to look down and she beholds the waters beneath the branch, and we hear her say in her insect dialect, "It will not do; the tree is fair and beautiful, the sky is serene, but oh! that dreadful water will drown my children. I will hide away and look for a place where they shall be saved. Thus all through the range of animated nature our question is perpetually rising up and being answered in ten-thousand wondrous ways.

The fishes in the seas, long before there is any change in the temperature of the waters, start off on their pilgrimage to deposit their eggs that the young may be saved and the race continued. The fowls of the air fly away to the climates adapted to their wants, and those of their offspring in order that they may be saved. The hibernating animals prepare their beds for the long winter or summer sleep—for these and a few that hibernate under the tropical sun, whose heat would be as fatal as the intense cold of the frigid zones. The bear of our northern climate takes an account of stock, and if he has been enabled through the summer and autumn months to accumulate fat enough to endure the long winter's sleep, he enters his cave and coiling himself up in his well prepared bed, lies down to pleasant dreams, or better still, to oblivion. But if his wasted form warns him that there is not oil enough to keep the lamp of life burning, with nimble feet he trots away to a warmer climate where he may find food for the winter. Each and all of these impelled by the divine instinct within them, answer the question "What shall I do to be saved?" In ten thousand ways, by living in obedience to the laws written by the hand of omnipotence in their being.

We shall continue this subject.

History of Spiritualism, and the Progress of Spiritual Ideas—Number Six.

CHAPTER SECOND.—SECTION SECOND.

THE PRIMITIVE FAMILY RELATIONS.

With the selection of caves and the construction of rude huts, began the most crude and rudimentary conditions of the family. This was a grand step in the career of human progress. Prior to this, men and women had lived in the most promiscuous and revolting intercourse. The maternal feelings on a very low scale, had saved the race from annihilation. The beginning of a home feeling was the dawn of that light which was to blaze forth and illuminate a social heaven on earth in a harmonious and happy home, where confiding souls blend and mingle in pure, social and conjugal, filial and paternal love.

Long after the period referred to, polygamy existed in the most revolting forms. The monogamic instinct which is entrusted upon many of the inferior animals and holds them entirely under its sway, was not made so positive in man as in these.

It was evidently designed that reason and conscience should eventually regulate and establish upon a higher basis, the true idea of marriage,—that of one man and one woman, in whom the physical, mental and spiritual nature's properly affiliated.

During these ages the family relations, if they may be so called, were exceedingly arbitrary and despotic. The man as the head of the family held all things, even to the lives of the women and children, at his disposal. Of course the Spiritualism of this era was at a very low ebb. The physical manifestations were not so powerful, as the transition to the intellectual commenced. Man had arrived at a position in which he had the power to communicate with his fellow man, and express some of the most common thoughts by means of a crude language made up of a combination of sounds and gestures. Names had been given to the more prominent deities, monosyllabic and corresponding to those of the most powerful men, who were universally deified. The manifestations which came were often in response to their names, and this was considered as positive evidence of their immortality. In this we have the origin of vocal prayers to God. At first only the higher or ruling classes were supposed to live hereafter; this belief gradually extended to the most prominent character in the second class, and it was considered as ample compensation for the secondary positions which they occupied here, that they were thus immortalized. Thus originated the doctrine of compensation out of which has grown, in more modern times, the absurd and exaggerated idea of future rewards and punishments; a theory which is far more the result of man's vindictive and revengeful spirit than any thing of which we have any evidences on the part of the Great All Father of the universe. We know from every day experiences that cause and effect or penalty are positively and intimately connected with each other, and, however long continued any effect may be, it is never separated from its cause, and never increases, but continually diminishes.

Fear and vengeance, which to some extent disgrace theology to day, were the chief ingredients in the mythology of these times, and yet, mingled with all these, were spiritual ideas, gross and repulsive, though they may seem still ideas that were eventually to raise man from those conditions. The greatest barriers to human progress in all ages, have been the intimate connection and influence of the past upon the present. Like a mighty pall the former has laid its sombre weight upon the latter. Next to mere physical strength and cunning, authority and the dogmatism which resulted therefrom, were the means by which power was held in the hands of unscrupulous men, either as individuals or a small number of persons forming a caste or a hierarchy. The love of power which springs from the selfishness of human nature, has darkened the pages of history with crimes that we gladly turn from the contemplation of. We should be glad to know that this root of bitterness did not exist now, that the ponderous weight of past authority and dogmatism were forever broken from the human soul.

Through all these long ages, it has been the aim of enlightened spirits to promote that growth in humanity that would remove these evils, and even in these early traditional periods to which we refer there were evidences in every age of the existence of spiritual power in manifestations which even to-day seem visionary to the mass of humanity. We might trace out some of these, but prefer to come down to later periods in the traditional times—where the manifestations themselves come to be thus transmitted to us.

Under special invitation, we next went South, to Iatan, a small hamlet with one faithful ne convert, only to lay a plan, and enforce a scheme and conduct the two lectures, which he did in true Western gallantry. Dear me! how can I describe the scenes that followed? The first night, the women did not venture to attend because they feared the devil would bewitch them or their husbands so as to make it necessary to apply for a "divorce"—really these people could not believe me to be of the same material as themselves.

I next went to Oregon, following the footsteps of Brother E. V. Wilson, where good, attentive and interesting audiences met me for five successive evenings, and then on to this place, where packed houses accepted with intense enthusiasm five more lectures.

At Iatan and this place, I am told, the spiritual excitement and enthusiasm has never run so high since the war. Orthodoxy in all its forms turns out, and will in defiance of ministerial warnings, etc., not only listen, but applaud one who, since coming here, has firmly established in their clerical minds the well-earned title of "Commissioned Agent of the Devil."

Last night, though Sunday, the large hall was filled to repletion, and round a ring of wicker apparatus made its walls tremble. What the torch is that has lit this magazine, is more than I can conjecture, unless it be the hunger of a starved people for the bread of life, which hitherto has not been broken in wholesome acceptance in their midst.

To-night, the Reverend Mr. Long was to have lectured in his (Campbellite) church, on Spiritualism, but "didn't come." The crowd that anxiously waited outside for a long time, finally dispersed. To-day, a petition has been in circulation, for me to deliver another course of lectures here on my return from Fillmore, whence I go to-morrow, to speak four or five evenings.

Just before taking up my pen, I received a formal invitation to lecture before the "Grand Army of the Republic," which I accepted, for Thursday evening next. The subject of their choosing—"The Boys in Blue." You will recognize in the quickening spirit manifested, the true Western enthusiasm and onward march. I can not but like the glorious West, when you once gain its confidence; but it insists on testing everything for its soundness. The air is clear and salubrious, and the most genial I have seen since October elsewhere; the country is rough, and many things that might be pleasant, and will, in time; but I speak a golden future for this country. Savannah, Mo., Feb. 14th, 1870.

DR. TONGUE, THE HEALER.

We with pleasure call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Tongue, to be found in this number of the JOURNAL.

Dr. Tongue makes a specialty of the diseases mentioned in his advertisement. We know many who have been cured by him, after being treated for years by other physicians.

Patients go to his rooms on East Madison street for treatment. He treats patients at no other place. He gives one treatment free of charge, to all who apply, that they may know his peculiar method. He gives no medicine in any case.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

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HOME.

Spiritualists visiting Chicago, will find a pleasant home at 148 1/2 Avenue, on the South side. Only five minutes' walk from the Post-Office.

Good mediums always in attendance.

Statistical Department.

In this department we propose to publish all reports that shall be made by individuals or committees of local societies, in reply to questions hereunto appended, and our readers are requested to fill in furnishing reports, not only in regard to their own towns, but in regard to adjacent towns or localities, where our paper may not be circulated. This is intended to remain a permanent department, and will be of inestimable value for future reference. We wish it to be understood that we expect that such reports will be subject to supplemental reports from time to time, as inspections shall be discovered, and changes made in the status of the spiritual philosophy, by the dissemination of light and knowledge, which is now so rapidly disintegrating old theological systems.

QUESTIONS.

1. How many avowed Spiritualists are there in the town of _____ county of _____ and what are their names?

2. How many lectures have you had within the last year?

3. How many mediums, what phase of mediumship and what are their names?

4. What churches are the most prosperous in numbers and ability of preachers?

5. What is the apparent status of the old theological churches, and the more liberal in the estimation of the mass of minds in your town?

REPORTS.

Greenview, Bond Co., Ill., By Henry Sharp. Twenty five spiritualists in town, names—D. H. White, B. White, Ellen White, Susan White, Theo. Ralph, Nollie Ralph, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Howard, paper, Howard, Theo. White, Elizabeth White, John M. Alister, Mary M. Alister, Mildred Myette, W. Myette, H. Myette, H. Sharp, M. J. Sharp, M. M. Sharp, W. D. Honey, Mr. Follett M. Follett.

Spring Valley, Rockland Co. N. Y. By H. A. Beach. Twelve avowed Spiritualists—names, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ellis, B. E. Sims, W. Sims, E. Sims, M. Sims, and Mrs. L. Gurnee, L. Gurnee, M. Fisher, and Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Beach, many other investigators.

Have had five lectures by Moses Hall, and one from Miss Nettie Pease during last six months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sims, L. Gurnee, Jr. Miss P. Fisher, and Mrs. E. N. Beach are writing mediums.

Four churches in town, (orthodox) Methodists are now leading in "_____".

Two mediums, M. C. Healy, physical, seeing and medical aid and speaking.

Chicago, Clinton Co. Ill. By G. Shumway. Thirteen Spiritualists, names—Dr. Sharp, J. Sharp, J. Sharp, S. Sharp, L. B. Smith, M. F. W. Carter, G. Stumway.

Five Spiritualists, names—R. T. Trudelo, A. J. Brown, B. Brown, E. Nariman, and Mrs. R. S. Bond.

Methodist Church leads in numbers and ability of speakers.

Washington, Dubuque Co. Iowa, Feb. 18, 1870. Number of avowed Spiritualists twenty seven, names—B. B. Dando, G. A. Dando, Mrs. G. A. Dando, E. T. Waterman, Mrs. E. T. Waterman, G. D. Hazard, Mrs. Hazard, Mrs. Stewart, B. Parrott, W. Parrott, S. Martin, Mrs. Martin, J. Brown, Theo. Wood, J. Wilcox, Mrs. J. Wilcox, A. White, J. W. Gibbs, C. Bunn, Mrs. Bunn, Mrs. J. Vandiver, Mrs. J. Vandiver, G. Austin, M. McNally, M. Miller, J. G. Quackenbush, B. Board.

Lectures during past year—Mrs. M. J. Wilcox, four; Fannie T. Young, one; Dr. E. B. Wheeler, one; J. Brown, one; Mrs. J. H. Board, one.

No Mediums as yet developed, or circles held in this part of the country.

One Catholic, and one Baptist Church.

These churches are the most prosperous in numbers, and German in nationality.

Mrs. Wilcox was the first to lecture at this point, and was the means of agitating the minds of the people to investigate the principles of the Hermetic Philosophy, and which at the present is the main controversy among the minds of our community.

Yours fraternally, R. B. Dando.

Mechanicsburg Pa. By H. Brown. Avowed Spiritualists—Andrew Elbert and wife, Samuel Myers, S. Myers jun. A. Brennan and wife. Twelve doubtful.

The theological Churches are not prospering much here this winter, can't say in favor of their liberality. Socialism is about the order of the day, and the people still have some minds here willing to come out to our circles and investigate, sometimes twenty or thirty attend our meetings Sunday night.

Bergh Hill, Ohio. By S. Deora. Thirteen Spiritualists, names—J. Hooper and wife, G. Woodward and wife, W. Chatman, J. Williams and wife, P. M. Bell and wife, C. A. James and wife, F. E. Taylor and wife, C. A. Deora, A. Smith and wife, Miss M. Lear; P. C. Bondy.

Sandoval, Ill. By W. S. Dean. A. C. Douglas, M. D.; Mrs. N. Douglas; Miss L. Dean. Mrs. E. W. Dean; Mrs. W. G. Andrews, B. C. Andrews; B. C. Warfield; J. Warfield; Mrs. E. Senton; J. K. Humphrey. Miss Humphrey; Mrs. C. H. Dean.

Office above two healing and one inspirational medium.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Our friends are sending us the names of Spiritualists who are not subscribers for the JOURNAL, requesting us to send the paper to them for three months on trial, with the assurance that each person will on receiving the paper remit Fifty Cents for a three months' trial.

We have concluded to comply with their request, but with this express understanding with all who may thus receive this paper, that if they do not want to see such terms that they at once advise us of that fact, when it will be discontinued. If parties continue to receive the paper we shall expect Fifty Cents for the first three months, and one regular rate thereafter.

A New Proposition.

To any one who has never taken the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we will send it for three months on trial, and a neatly-bound volume of Inspirational Poems by J. William Van Namee, on the receipt of seventy-five cents. When it is taken into consideration that the price of the Journal for three months is regular rates would be seventy-five cents and the price of the volume of poems has been seventy-five cents, they will see the advantage of the offer.

To all old subscribers who desire a new subscription for a year I will send the volume of poems. Subscription can be sent to J. William Van Namee, Elmira N. Y.

I endorse the above proposition made by Bro. Van Namee and all who would like to aid him in this way may do so by sending me the price of the poems, and at the same time benefit themselves by so doing, will do well to accept his proposition—and address him, Elmira, N. Y.

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She gives no medicine in her treatment, but the vital force which is imparted through her mediumship, and performs the cures, is given to her by eminent physicians in spirit-life with whom she is in daily communion.

She treats patients at a distance, as well as those who visit her in person, on receipt of a letter written by the invalid, or if too feeble to write then, by a look of the invalid's hair, with a statement of the age, sex, leading symptoms and about the time that the patient has been sick. In which case the proper remedy will be imparted through magnetized paper, or such other means as the controlling intelligence shall dictate in each case.

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Vol. 7, No. 20—4f

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Artificial Somnambulism.

The author of the above named book, is a philosopher of large experience and great merit. In this work he treats of the philosophy of mind as demonstrated by practical experiments during the last twenty years. No work has ever been published which so thoroughly demonstrates many popular theories to be unfounded, and fallacious; and at the same time gives a sound theory for phenomena manifested in spiritism.

DE. FAIRBANKS is a thorough believer in spirit communication, and teaches in this work the modus operandi, to a complete theory for phenomena manifested in spiritism.

The following is the table of contents of this valuable work.

CHAP. I.—HISTORICAL SKETCH. Member not the discoverer of the state—His theory of it—Its examination by the French commissioners—Their conclusions—The author's remarks.

CHAP. II.—Of the causes which have retarded the progress of the science.

CHAP. III.—Of the conditions necessary for the production of the somnambulic state, with instructions how to enter it, etc.: I.—Of the instructor or operator. II.—Of the patient. III.—Instructions. IV.—Of the sensations experienced by those who enter this state. V.—Of their awakening.

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CHAP. XXI.—Of the sense of motion. Of their physical strength.

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CHAP. XXIII.—Artificial Somnambulism considered as a therapeutic agent.

CHAP. XXIV.—Of the kinds of disease cured while in this state. I.—Chorea, or St. Vitus's dance. II.—Epilepsy. III.—Dyspepsia. IV.—Intermittent fever. V.—Lepra. VI.—Case. VII.—Inflammation of the lungs. VIII.—Chronic rheumatism. IX.—Hysteria. X.—Melancholy from unrequited love. XI.—Case. XII.—Case. XIII.—Case. XIV.—Contracture of the muscles of the fingers. XV.—Second fever. XVI.—Case.

Communications from the Inner Life

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

A Communication from George II. of England.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE, MEDIUM.

JAMES FERGUSON.

I am James Ferguson. I am a dark Spirit, but not bereft of all feelings of humanity.

Gird yourself to hear a sad story. I was born in West Tennessee. My parents were in good circumstances and gave me a collegiate education.

Watching a favorable opportunity I left home on board a steamer for New Orleans, and there joined a company who were about going to Texas.

A man came to me and proposed robbing a company about starting for New Orleans. I had not yet lost all sense of propriety and refused.

He continued his importunities, and at length I agreed to join him. We were about fifteen in all, and had a fair idea of the extreme wickedness of these men.

I was about giving up the enterprise when I was told that I had gone too far, and death was surely mine if I drew back; assured at the same time that nothing but a little plunder was intended.

Fearing a worse result if I refused, a reluctant consent was given, and we all assembled one night to perfect our plans.

We had information that a company of merchants were coming from New Orleans well provided with every kind of merchandise, which we determined should belong to us.

Waiting in a ravine for their approach a sentinel being in advance to give the signal, we all waited in silence, but in vain.

They were informed of our purpose, and as soon as they discovered the sentinel, made off. What curses were uttered at our disappointment. We started back to Houston, and in a few days learned that another company was coming more richly laden than the first.

Having prepared our plans we were joined by few more, and at the appointed time were again concealed in the ravine not far from where they must come.

We had no sentinel this time, on horseback, who might be seen, but a man placed in a tree who was to give notice by three shots.

The whole day was thus slipping away without any signal being given, when just as night drew on, five shots were heard from his revolver.

In an instant all sprang to their feet, and what a scene ensued! In less than five minutes I beheld eleven men bleeding in death. My soul was filled with horror, and what to do I knew not.

I had not fired a shot and therefore no stain of blood was upon me; nor had I contemplated any thing like this. I knew that my life was not worth a pin if I refused my share of the plunder, but I resolved that not one cent of it should be mine.

You can have no idea of my awful condition. Watching a chance I reached New Orleans, got on board a steamer, and in a week was at my father's house.

I could find no rest for some time. The scene I had witnessed was ever before me. Those dying men, how could I forget them? My father discovered a change in me but could not divine the cause.

Again and again he asked me to make a clean breast of it, but I could not, I had always borne a good character wherever I was known. How then could I blot it forever?

Gaining strength at last, for I had become feeble from such continued agony, I began to look about for something to do. I determined to record the events I have now given.

Shut up in my chamber I employed myself in writing, and had made some progress when one day a lady came on a visit. She occupied the next room to mine, and began to wonder what I could be about.

Her curiosity excited her to watch an opportunity, slip in and read what I had written. Her amazement knew no bounds, and I believe she would have died had she not divulged it—consternation seized upon all—my father took to his bed, and in a week filled his grave.

A wanderer then was I, for no place could I call my home. Having made an appointment with a friend, I left my room and started up the street. Who should I meet but a man who was with me on that dreadful day. He came up and offered his hand, I refused to accept it, pretending I had never seen him before.

This aroused his anger and he swore he would have his revenge, but I protested in not knowing him. He at length followed his companion and I saw no more of him.

But what was my surprise to find him at my lodgings when he declared he would not depart unless I acknowledged his acquaintance. He and his companion were too much for me at a contest, and to acknowledge him was at a loss what to do.

Just at this instant came in a lady who knew me and called me by my true name, for I had given an assumed one among those wretches. This saved me, for they at once took their leave and that was the end of it.

Never before was I placed in such a critical position; watching a chance I left in the night and went to Natchez, where I made the acquaintance of a lady of great beauty and became passionately in love with her.

Her father was a merchant of good standing and had amassed considerable wealth. He had no objection to the match, but wanted to know something of my antecedents. What could I do? If I owned my name, inquiry would be made at home, and then the fatal record would be brought up against me.

Faithful to me was my loved one and waiting an opportunity I determined to divulge the whole. She listened patiently until I came to the dreadful scene; when she covered her face with her hands and rushed from the room. Was ever a man in such a condition? I remained an hour in just that same position as when she left. At length I rose, staggered towards the door and saw that beautiful form no more.

Broken hearted I wandered on, caring not where death might find me. Night came on but still I wandered, morning came and still I had no place of rest. At length broken down for want of sleep, I laid down by the road side and became unconscious. How long this I I did I can form no idea whatever; but on opening my eyes I beheld a company of men and women looking at me with compassion marked in their countenances. They helped me up, placed me in a carriage, and drove for Natchez, just the last place I wished to see. Have you ever known a man so stricken down that madness rather than reason could be ascribed to him? Half an hour elapsed after being returned to my lodging before I became fully sensible of my condition, and well was it for me that I had told no one my name.

I determined to go where no one had ever heard of me, and took passage in a steamer bound for the West Indies. Arriving at Havana, I went immediately into the interior of the Island, and became clerk for an English firm dealing in sugar. With them I continued for a year, when an offer was made to me to go to England as clerk for a house about to be established in Cuba. I was to make up the cargoes & shipment. I arrived in England in better

health than I had known for several years.—Time had in a measure obliterated that horrid scene and I was comparatively at ease, but at times every incident came up in dreadful array, and naught that I could do could banish the scene.

I thus lived in alternate misery and peace for many years, gathered about me no little property and could have been happy but for that terrible affair in my early life. I had no other attachment of the heart, and lived on, devoid of all interest. I had no fears for the future, for I believed not in a future state. I took nature for my guide. I looked around and saw every thing marvelously made, all fitted for some special purpose; all waiting for a change that comes to all; whether it be floral, mineral or animal; the same for man, whether it be birth, life or death. I sunk to rest in my fiftieth year in 1849.

I opened my eyes in utter amazement, for above was a vast dome dark as midnight. I heard not a breath or sound, all creation seemed a blank. I grasped about hoping to find some exit from this dreary place, but I grasped in vain. How long I thus wandered I can form no idea. At length I heard a faint murmur which rose by degrees to a rustling sound, and then shrieks and screams were heard, then a tumult of voices, then an immense throng burst upon my astonished eyes, and before I could collect my scattered senses, they rushed upon, and dragged me by the hair until life departed. I came too at last and here have I been with the vilest wretches you can conceive of.

Dear friend, I have been told that you have given comfort to such as I. Can you find any thing that will suit my case?

Your case seems so singular that I hardly know how to address you. I see no depravity, and the terrible event which attended your early days, was a measure forced upon you, was bitterly repented of during the rest of your life. I think your present unhappy condition is owing to a morbid state of mind, growing out of false views of religion, and if you will seek upon God as your father, ever ready to receive a penitent child, and not the wretched being which the church proclaims, you would find peace and comfort.

"God bless you, my dear sir, for those words of comfort—how they have lifted a burden from my mind. I could not have believed it possible that a mortal could speak in this way. You have revealed to me the true cause of all my trouble. I have brooded and brooded over all these strange events until I have thought myself forsaken of God. But you have imparted new life, and I feel sure that my deliverance is at hand. May God ever bless you."

"I will give you in charge of my son who will be your instructor." I then called for Frank.

"Dear father, I have been here all the time and have heard every word. You are well fitted for this work. I will care for this spirit and assist him in the path of progression, and it will not be long before you hear a good account of him."

GEORGE II.

I am George II. of England. I am brought here by your grandfather, who has excited my curiosity by telling me I may make what impressions I please upon your brain, and you can commit the same to paper. This is very strange indeed; it surpasses all I could have conceived of. It is spirits conversing with mortals; it throws down the barrier that has ever existed between the two worlds, and brings all upon one common plane. This is a great privilege, my friend, and may be productive of great good, and gladly do I avail myself of this opportunity.

I lived at a time when commerce had not made such progress as now prevails throughout the world. We had ships, but they were far inferior to those of the present day; nor had the science of navigation become so well understood by those who follow the sea. Geometry and its kindred science, astronomy, were limited to the learned, and those were looked upon with respect by all classes. Now, such has been the progress of knowledge, that many of your school boys are farther advanced than our professors. Then you have that giant power steam, which adds millions to the physical force of a kingdom without incurring the expense of their maintenance. You have chained the lightning and made it your errand boy. The rolling car climbs the mountains and spans the valleys, almost annihilating distance. These wonders of your age we even dreamed not of.

But to England you are indebted for much of your political and religious freedom. We laid the foundations of your government, and indicated the first principles of your legislation. Your Congress is but the shadow of our House of Parliament—your Judiciary copied from our own, and all your array of magistrates and constables is but following the example of England.

Our religion too is the same—we first broke from the thralldom of the papal church, never to be uprooted.

Why should two such great nations ever quarrel? Is not all Europe jealous of your civil and religious liberty, and ready at any moment to rob you of it if the slightest opening appears; and united, may you not defy the world? Oh, then, let me adjure you to heal all differences. Come together as one nation, and family; and when my country's troubles come, as come they must, be ready to extend the helping hand.—Give shelter to the fugitives; employment to the needy, homes for the friendless; and heal the broken hearted.

Let me now give something of my personal history. My youth was much like that of other boys. I had my sports and pastimes with sons of the nobility, and grew up a manly little fellow, petted by all; until at length tutors were appointed and my hours given to study. How irksome this was at first; but use made it light; interest was awakened, and I strove to be distinguished. On attaining age, few were my superiors. I was called to the throne with mind well versed in all the literature of the day, and to my mother's watchful care in childhood I attribute whatever good qualities I may have possessed.

Standing, as I did, the expected head of a great nation, many offers of alliance were made; but I stood aloof for a while, wishing to give my heart as well as throne. At length favorable accounts were brought me of Caroline, Princess of Anspach, negotiations were set on foot, and she became my wife. Few men have been blessed with a more loving companion. Her chief study was to contribute to my happiness, and I repaid all her care with the fondest affection. My heart was hers alone, and no woman ever caused me to swerve from my fidelity.

The King's example had great influence with the court, which extended among the nobility and gentry. A lexity of morals had prevailed throughout the kingdom, brought on by my predecessor Charles, which I was determined, if possible, to correct, and I have reason to believe that my efforts were not unavailing.

Children were born to me, whose care and education engrossed much of my time. The pomp and parade of soldiers, so attractive to princes, claimed but little of my attention. My delight was in the home circle, with such festivities as the court afforded. I was generally popular, and while taking my walks in the park, respect was paid not only to the King but to the man.

Thus I lived a quiet easy life; with but little to mar the quiet of the Kingdom, or my domestic happiness; and death found me fully prepared for the great change.

How long I lay unconscious, I know not, but on awaking I found myself in a blaze of light, surrounded by a vast number of spirits, many of them my own personal friends who came to express their happiness at my arrival, and give me the warmest welcome. I was then taken to a bower, far surpassing in royal splendor all I could have imagined, and here I live; day by day aspiring after more Light, more Knowledge, more Love of God. Farewell.

PRINCE EDWARD.

I am Edward, Prince of England, known as the Pretender. My curiosity has been much excited by this method of spirits communicating thoughts to mortals. I could not believe it at first, but so many have told me of their having impressed their history upon their brain that I came here to prove its truth for myself. I do indeed see the thing actually done, for hardly do I breathe a thought before you have it in writing.

My eventful life is well known but not always truthfully given; my faults and frailties were spread wide; my good qualities, had I any, confined to a few friends. When party spirit runs high, there is but little chance for truth to appear. Such was my unhappy lot. Enemies many, and better friends few, and not always to be trusted.

I inherited from my father a firm faith in the divine right of kings. By this principle I was ever governed; and many if not all my mistakes may be attributed to this fallacy, that the people were anything more than mere hewers of wood, and drawers of water, as one of your statesmen has said; that any rights belonged to them never for a moment entered my mind. I was not equal to the times.

The school-master was abroad, the people had received their first lesson, and royalty received a severe shock from which it will never recover.

In early life I had my share of its joys, but as increased sorrow came and bleached my hair before I attained the age of thirty. My father's death caused me to struggle alone against adversity I was not fitted to endure; and beside this I was naturally of an indolent disposition, fond of pleasure and easily led astray. This often cooled the ardor of my friends who thought that having a kingdom at stake nothing else should have occupied my mind. During this time the king was becoming more firmly seated on his throne, and when my last effort was made, it was only to involve many dear friends in a hopeless cause.

Life after this had but little attraction; sorrow was continually gnawing at the citadel of life, and after some years of useless repining, I sunk to rest.

Was it rest? Alas no, the sins of life followed me to my new place, and every sin found its retribution. The stings of conscience may be quelled for awhile, but only to rise again with redoubled venom. I found that every act of my life was so impressed upon my memory that nothing could efface, and every sin stood before me in terrible array. What lamentations as each came up for judgment, and what I suffered for each one that I had wronged. How long this continued I know not, for we have no method here of measuring time except by events on earth. But the fire of conscience did its work at last, and gradually I passed into a better condition, and here I am striving to do good whenever opportunity offers.

I attended your circle when that Methodist preacher was with you; and was astonished at the good sense you displayed. I did not think that such thoughts had yet reached earth, although exactly what I believe. You must have had help from your spirit friends for nothing like it is taught among the clergy.

I bid you adieu, thanking you for the pleasure you have afforded me.

STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS.

The new Phase of Manifestations on Tin

LETTER FROM B. HILL.

BROTHER JONES:—Yours of the 7th. inst. came to hand, and without apology for want of capacity I shall proceed to answer, as best I may. I obtained first and last twelve plates of tin commencing with one, say two inches square, and enlarged each successive one till the last is six by twelve inches. At first, I breathed on the plates and obtained likenesses. The tin soon became dim and could not be cleaned without disturbing the tin coating. I then drew the plate lightly across the end of my tongue, wiped it lightly with a soft handkerchief, so that there should be no collection of moisture seen. A little moisture on the plate is necessary, but it should be well spread. If in streaks, it is all right. The plate immediately becomes more blue than before—the surface seems transparent with the pictures beneath. The plate prepared as above, lay it away for development. In an hour, I see dim outlines of faces; it will continue to develop faces for days, and perhaps for weeks, some passing off and others coming. At first, I got nothing but faces, then a face with the bust; then portraits at full length; a tree, a number of trees, a landscape, a white house with miniature spirits in the surroundings, animals birds and etc. I noted down a lady with an infant in her arms,—seemed sorrowful,—tear visible,—hair falling down the back tied in a cue; she appeared wrapt in a cloak down to her knees; feet and legs distinctly visible. An old man with spectacles, ladies with wreaths of flowers on their heads, all conceivable shades of color and physiognomy and nationality, made their appearance. You ask how I got such a variety. I have twelve plates developing at the same time; and once each half hour I examine and note some of them; the next time some have passed off, and others are visible, and so the variety is great. I obtained a plate 2 inches by 2 1/2, prepared it and laid it aside. Two hours after, an appearance near the bottom indicated some singular developments. An hour after, it had swept across and curved toward the top, and was lost in the shadow. All evening, the entire plate was full. Next day I presented it to a man for his opinion of it. He said, "you have told me nothing about it. It is a city,—houses, steeples, towers, etc., etc." I showed it to another. He said, "I see vast edifices, vast thoroughfares, etc." There were various animals and birds; also here and there likenesses, as if behind the scenes, and staring me full in the face. There are many interesting particulars I have not space to record. I should be afraid to trust my senses if so many had not seen the likenesses. Perhaps one third of the people can see them. They are shadow as well as ephemeral.

You may use your own judgment. I fancy part of this is worthy publication—it is at your service.

North Fairfield, Ohio.

A Brother.

When you see a worthy brother, Buffeting the stormy main, Lend a helping hand fraternal, Till he reach the shore again; Don't desert the old and tried friend, When misfortune comes in view, For he then needs friendship's comforts, Cling to those who cling to you.

A Husband to His Wife.

A Communication From Harmon Clafin, who left the Form Some Twenty Three or Twenty Four Years ago, to his Wife, Anna Clafin—A. M. Lewis, Medium.

MY DEAR WIFE:—I have not been a silent observer of your trials and sufferings on this mundane sphere, but have often approached very near, and endeavored to pour the oil of consolation into your troubled and disconsolate heart; and sometimes I have succeeded in lifting the burden from your mind for a time. I know all you have endured in body and mind, and had I not known the time was short in comparison with the amount of happiness in store for you in the upper world; and had I not known that all trials and suffering you were undergoing, were necessary for your unfoldment into a higher state of development I should have been rendered very unhappy myself, on witnessing your condition. But I knew the good Father would not permit any calamity to befall any of his children, which was not destined to work out a "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And as I have been permitted to attend you in your earthly pilgrimage, and many times been made sensible that I could cheer and comfort you by my spiritual presence, although you knew it not, I have rejoiced in the dispensation of so kind and wise a Providence that knows so well how to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

Dear wife, on earth your earthly mission will soon be over, and then you will be wafted on wings of love to a land of beauty and peace, and we shall once more be united in spirit and in truth, never more to be separated through the countless ages of eternity. Do you realize what the unpeakable happiness will be ours, as hand in hand and with hearts attuned to the harmony of the summer land, we wander on, from glory to glory, and from light to light, among the elysian bowers of the heavenly mansions? Then cheer up, and soul, and cease repining. Behind the clouds the sun is shining,—they ever have a silver lining. I would have your days peaceful and calm, as you live out your allotted time here below, and I would that you study somewhat into this Spiritual Philosophy, that your mind may be enlightened here on the things that relate to the future life, for I know it will render your days more harmonious and happy; and you will learn to look upon life with all its joys and sorrows, as so many stepping stones that you can look back upon, and witness your progress in mental and moral development. Remember I am very near you, with a host of superior and bright beings, anxious to do all in their power to ameliorate your condition and prepare you for a happy entrance and a happy meeting "over the river."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Falsehood Corrected.

LETTER FROM J. O. BARRETT.

"If it is the opinion of Spiritualists that they have a better influence, as a body, and can accomplish a greater good by reclaiming their spotted characters among themselves, than by keeping their ranks pure and holy, why, I have not a word to say; but it is my opinion that we had better adopt our own plan in this particular. We claim to believe something, if not to "know" something, and it is the individual opinion of many of us that whoever does not believe the Universalist doctrine—and especially one like J. O. Barrett, of Steamore, Ill.—who openly condemns and ridicules the religion of Jesus Christ, or of any other portion of our faith, has no moral or legal right to belong to our church, and should be expelled, if they have not the moral respect for themselves to withdraw voluntarily. But this is simply our opinion of church government, for it is not mentioned in our Confession of Faith. And it was from this cause alone, if I am not greatly mistaken, that your brother, J. O. Barrett, was expelled, and not that he simply availed a belief in Spiritualism, and affirmed it as you said."

The above extract from an article published in the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Feb. 5th, signed "W.," is evidently the fumigation of a close communion Universalist clergyman. It is not my purpose to meddle with the discussion which Bro. Wilson is carrying on so vigorously with "W" (why not show your colors—who you are?), to give him sound doctrine—and sensible advice, but to correct a false report that he and others are circulating about the cause of my excommunication. Having found no moral grounds, no chance to bring in a charge of moral guilt, that should warrant such an edict, a new caudal is got up, representing me as an especial instance of heresy that had to be cast out in order to preserve the Universalist's "ranks pure and holy;" for this "J. O. Barrett openly condemns and ridicules the religion of Jesus Christ!" This is news to me. If the committee that acted on my case made this their basis, they ought to have so certified to the public, after first giving the proof. On the contrary, that committee brought no charge except that I had used my letter of fellowship "for purposes for which it was not given."—SPIRITUALISM!

I challenge "W" or any other person, to show in any of my writings or speeches or private conversation, a hint even of condemning and ridiculing the religion of the Jewish Nazarene. Stripped of creeds and commentaries, reduced to its simple core, viewed in its primitive moral status, the religion of the Nazarene is inspirational, the breathings of the soul, eternal in duration, being based on principles. All this I have ever taught. A true Spiritualist, a faithful medium showing what man can do under angelic guidance, he is indeed our dear elder brother. It is undoubtedly true that I have been damned and ridiculed all the theological fiddlers with which ministers play different tunes upon the Bible, and the tricks and gambling arts at proselyting and excommunicating of which Universalist Sectarians are guilty. In the modern christianity of this stripe—of creedal atomisms, of self-righteousness that chains "our" church "pure and holy"—the heretics cast out to make it so,—in a religion, so called, that clogs the march of discovery, that spits in the faces of angels, that prostitutes virtue under the hiding places of church respectability, that de-vours widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayers; that is aristocratic, winking at popular vices to catch a little more of the "filthy lucre" wherewith to support "our minister"—in this religion, call it what you please, I have no fellowship, but in the name of all that is sacred in heaven and earth, I will openly condemn and ridicule it until the people shall see it is indeed a very "Mokanna"—the incarnation of "all mischief"—the very religion that Jesus in his day so bravely assailed. Sir! we are of one mind touching this matter. All that is good and beautiful in the teaching of that Bible we accept. In the primitive sense of the word, not modern, who are believers—who are the christians?

But then we need not be disturbed. If so called liberal churches refuse their pulpits and broad us as yllifiers of truth after they have cast us out, because we teach the religion of Jesus Christ, what may we not expect next? We are in a war against the wickedness of

all great and little popedoms, when we shall be called every possible appellation of villainess, as a palpable fact which only a coward would dodge. If cross swords we must, so mote it be! We are in this battle all over, and the stakes are Liberty, for "Ever the right comes uppermost, And ever is Justice done."

J. O. BARRETT. Glen Boush, Wis., Feb. 4. 1876.

Correspondence in Brief.

Cuba, Mo.—Jane Polson writes.—I am glad to say that the JOURNAL visits us weekly, and is hailed with delight. I think it is improving all the time.

Auburn, Oregon.—D. B. Scofield writes.—Your welcome paper comes regularly to hand, and serves to keep Spiritualism on the minds of the people, and they wish to investigate.

Cuba, Mo.—B. Smith writes.—I will just say I am pleased with the JOURNAL. I think it would do much good if people would lay aside their prejudices enough to read it.

Omega, Ill.—Alice T. Hensley writes.—I send one dollar for the paper. I would rather read one of your articles than hear an orthodox sermon any time. It is food for the hungry and a balm to the soul.

Chester, Vt.—Mr. John Clark writes.—I saw one of your papers a short time ago, and liked it very much. I see by the paper that it is fifty cents for six months. Inclosed you will find the money for two subscribers.

Almont, Mich.—D. Pace writes.—I hardly know which I like the best, the BANNER or JOURNAL. I am highly pleased with the way that you oppose orthodox and priest craft. The time has come when bigotry and superstition must be abolished, and the Harmonial Philosophy placed in its stead.

Tomah, Wis.—Julia Eaton says.—Your paper has brought light and comfort in an hour of spiritual depression. I would add that Mrs. E. M. Graves, from Sparta, has given reliable tests of spirit presence to myself and others, that give me new ardor to live and labor for the other life.

Hadley, Ill.—Frank Seales writes.—Please send me a box of Positive Powders. I am sorry to see you answer the call to help our sick and destitute brother, Austin Kent. You may put my name down for six dollars, and more, if I need be. I have sent him five dollars this winter, and shall send him another five dollars in the spring.

Earville, Iowa.—James Richardson writes.—I inclose one dollar and fifty cents, to renew my subscription for the JOURNAL. I think that the JOURNAL is a light to all who will be guided by reason and truth. Its teachings are the best I ever read. It is the very food to supply a hungry mind.

Nunica, R. Jennings says.—We are having a good many seances here this winter, and we are getting some good communications. We got a message from a soldier the other evening. He requested me to send it to the JOURNAL for publication. It was given through the mediumship of Mary B. Jennings; my name is Frank Atchinson. My mother is a widow; lives in Bedford, Pa. I was enticed away from home in 1861, joined the army and was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. Send a copy of this to my mother, that she may know what become of me, and that her boy still lives."

Galena, Ill.—D. E. Webster writes.—I see by the conclusion of S. R. Barrow's letter, that he people here are taking the time to read the truth. If he had reversed it, and said we took Spiritualism to prove some of the Bible true, he would have been nearer correct. As to the book by A. Smyth, it is a work of intense interest, but I think it incomplete. It sees Jesus crucified, leaves him in my opinion, in a wretched condition, and the strongest points in the orthodox church faith is his rising from the dead and appearing to his disciples in the physical form. If he had explained that satisfactorily, the work would have been complete; without that, to my mind, it is incomplete.

Akron, Ohio.—Samuel Underhill, M. D., writes. I am very busy. I lecture here, and on the Sunday before twice in Akron, and last night in Northampton, and will lecture two or three times more. Bay everywhere I have to hold and press upon our friends to keep up circles, they being the life of Progress, and I send some verses composed a few minutes ago. Some I desire published, and would argue the case for the truth, the close of circles. Some one can find a tune for them. Shall speak at Akron next Sunday, then go to Massillon and Canton, and perhaps New Philadelphia. I expect to be in Chicago in May, about the first, and then I am going to Kansas, lecturing on my way, and with design to settle there. I intend to visit the Community in Missouri as I go. Some of my grand children have gone to Kansas, more are going, and I am going.

Urbana, Ill.—Thomas Rea writes.—You will find inclosed, one dollar and fifty cents. Send me the book called "The Three Voices." You must send us a good test medium, as this is a hard orthodox place. We want the best you can get—Wilson, or one as good. There are a great many people here waiting for some one to lead them. We can have a good society of Spiritualists here, if you would send us a good medium. The book you sent me is waking the people up. I intend to let every person read it. I have learned more common sense from your paper than I ever knew before. Spiritualism is only a religion, in my opinion. Orthodox religion does not satisfy the mind. My mind was never at rest until I commenced reading your paper. I do not want you to forget to send us a good medium. Let me know, either by letter or through the paper.

Orangeville Mills, Mich.—J. S. Terry writes.—Some one has been sending me your valuable paper for some time past. Well, I being an old Methodist, at first I felt a little indignant that any one should think of sending me such a cheat, and at first I was almost afraid to read it. But I have got over that now, and pretty much all my sectarian notions, and am willing to investigate and prove all things, and hold fast to that which comes to my senses as truth, let it come from whatever source it may. I keep a small snore store, and your paper lays around loose on the counter. Some read and cry a number; others read it and wonder; some read it and treasure it up in good and honest hearts. The preacher and brethren look cross-eyed at me, and the consequence is, some spicy arguments.

Fort Calhoun, Nebraska.—(Captain O. F. Huff writes.—As you (Mr. Bundy) are the agent for Orton's Preparation for destroying the appetite for tobacco, I beg leave to inform you that I did not believe in its efficacy. I had had such an inveterate user of tobacco for over twenty-five years, that I laughed at my sister, when she proposed to me to send for a box of the Preparation. I told her that it would be two dollars thrown away, but if she would write for it, I would try it, as I had a strong desire to destroy the appetite for tobacco, feeling that it injured me, physically and mentally. When the box arrived, I read it, and I said that it was nothing but common chewing gum; but I am happy to testify that I have used Orton's Preparation just two weeks to-day, and have not the least desire for tobacco,—in fact, it makes me sick to smell the weed,—it alone putting it in my mouth. I have for the last three years used one pound a week, and now all desire for it is gone. It is truly wonderful; in fact, Mr. Bundy, I can truly say that I think "Orton's Preparation for destroying the appetite for tobacco," just what it is represented.

A Neighbor.

Do not harshly judge your neighbor. Do not deem his life untrue, If he makes no great pretensions, Deeds are great though words are few. Those who stand amid the tempest, Firm as when the skies are blue, Will be friends while life endures, Cling to those who cling to you.

