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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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Literary Department.

The Merry Golden Sunbeams.
BY MARY ANN STELLMAN.
The merry golden sunbeams
Are playing everywhere,
They float among the ether,
And tremble in the air.
They glid the waving tree-tops
Like golden banners bright,
Whistling some the hoarse venters
To kiss the leaves of night.
Upon life's chequered path-way,
In beauty they are gay,
And through the shades of darkness,
They smile and shine away.
The poor man feels their presence
Around his humble door,
And smiles to see the creeping
Across his cottage floor.
The merry little sunbeams,
They make our earth so bright,
They seek the golden presence,
And flicker on the wall.
They smile in the garden,
They come with silent tread,
And glid the moss-grown tablets,
Above the peaceful dead.
Then with a gentle presence,
They walk this lonely sphere,
And make our earth so bright,
Because they linger here.
Then let us learn their lesson,
For deeds to impart,
A blessing of love and kindness
Are sunbeams to the heart.

The Rostrum.

LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE.
Delivered at Harmonial Hall, Philadelphia, Sunday Evening, Oct. 31st, 1869.
HYPATIA OR THE PLATONIC PHILOSOPHY, CONTINUED.
Reported for the Journal by E. T. Child, M. D.

INVOCATION.
Spirits of the mighty dead, heroes, martyrs, saviors, warriors of life who have fought the great battle and conquered, whose brows are enwreathed with the laurels of immortality, who bear in your hands the palm branches of victory over sin and death, be with us now, wise and holy ones, prophets and spirits who have drunk in the divine fire of heavenly inspiration, whilst yet pilgrims on earth; Seers whose illuminated eyes have looked down the golden gates of eternal life and traced the footprints of those that have gone before, lightening our darkness and removing from our eyes the veil of materiality; and permitting us to see things illuminated forms, radiant and glorious over sin and death; spirits of the beloved, household deities, once the bright stars of our hearts and homes so very near to us, we need not invoke you for we know that at each one's hand an angel stands. But, oh! we do seek you this night to lift the cloud of materiality that veils our eyes, and permit us to see whitherward ye have gone, and where ye are tending.
Great spirit, Lord and Master of life, thou who holdest the destiny of mortal and immortal alike in thy hand, we ask for thy blessing on our counsels this hour.

LECTURE.
"Whitherward are we bound?" is the last question which philosophy had asked, and the first and the last which possesses the soul of the pilgrim in the shadowy veil of mortality. One of the most mysterious of all life's problems is the fact that here, whilst we are bearing its burdens and groaning beneath them, whilst we confess ourselves overpowered with the toils of life, and are ready, like weary soldiers, to lay these burdens down, whilst the best and most favored amongst us are restless and weary of the perpetual strife after a higher good than the present hour can afford,—still, we devote life's best energies and all that is lent us of fortune and strength and intellectual power to the maintenance and preservation of the life beneath whose burdens we groan. The very best portion of our being are taxed and called into action to discover how we may best maintain this warfare of life, and stave off the inevitable approach of that which we call the last enemy death. It seems impossible for us to yield up those who are passing from our sight without a bitter struggle, and long and anxious attempts to rescue upon them even a portion of our own life, so that we may retain them by our side. At the very moment when we would beg from the Infinite hand of the Father the best blessings we can give, in that very moment we pray that they may be permitted to bear yet longer life's burdens. In this problem we inevitably are engaged, and we find that it is we are seeking, what we are fearing?
When we look back at the example of those who have gone before us, we find that there was not so much fear among the Ancients. Life was held dearer among men in the olden time, death was regarded as an enemy, and a transgression, and not such an impossible evil as is sometimes represented between the visible and the invisible worlds.
This may have proceeded from an insensibility to the value of, or a more potential recognition of the fact of immortality.
There are questions which we have a right to demand, which religion and philosophy cannot answer, for they are pressing upon us with more and more force every day. We are sometimes answered by philosophy that life has become more of value to us as we perceive its

many uses, as arts and sciences are unfolded before our eyes. We have discovered many uses to which we can apply these powers, and by which we can control the elemental forces, and make life noble and sweet and precious.
Philosophy I say, answers us that because we have discovered these multifarious uses in life, we loathe to part with it—we shrink away from its discontinuance.
Religion answers us, we have not yet sufficient faith in immortality, and on this point we take sides with religion. We believe that this hold on life, this clinging love of mortal existence which makes us endure, as the great poet Shakspeare declares, "The worst and most loathing form of life sooner than risk what we fear in death." We believe that this grasping hold which we attempt to maintain of life, proceeds from the blindness which has been thrown over the mystery of death, and if Spiritualism does not break this form, if it does not dispel this illusion, and arrest this shadow then it is worse than these,—it is but a repetition of the old platitudes.
We know there are minds groping in darkness, professing to believe in annihilation. We know that annihilation does not answer the question. We know that to preserve our hold upon any form of life, is better than to sleep, to do nothing, to go out into the vast blank darkness.

What were our energies and our faculties given to us for? Wherefore this longing for something higher and better than we are to-day? Why do we perpetually strive to know? Why have we grasped the various links of knowledge, and bound them up in such a mastery power, if all to be quenched, the fires of genius to be darkened, we are to sleep, or rather sink into blank nothingness?
We turn now our steps in the footprints of the Platonists of old, and once more question of life and its uses. What answer it gives us but the perpetual resounding question of Whitherward? First we have a right to know, so long as we know no more, so long as we are perpetually questioning our energies and taxing our skill in bearing life's burdens and toils, and sharing each one his part, we have a right to know the result of it,—we have a right to know what death does to these restless energies, with all these that have been illuminated with the divine fire, so that they have pictured out the glorious machinery of the heavens that is set to music and time.
We long to read the music of the spheres, and we listen to diviner voices than are sounded on earth. Daily we strive to repeat these. We have a right to know whence these thoughts upon music come from, these aspirations for a diviner, sweeter and holier sound than we are receiving when we hear the tones of song and melody, when our souls are lifted up, and when we can say that we have toiled with our hands, and labored to make this earth so beautiful and so fair,—to build cities and found noble institutions, to bridge over even the mighty ocean and make the lightnings our carriers, the sunbeams our messengers, we have a right to know what we shall do with all these powers? Why are they lent to us for a brief moment? What will be the result of the knowledge we have accumulated? We, who have walked with the majestic Architect of the heavens, and seen how life has mapped out the systems of worlds, and spelt out the ages of the grand old planets, gauged and measured them, and writes the history of their marvelous being, back, back, into sums of questions that even the mathematicians fail to count up, we should have pierced the thick darkness and blackness of that midnight sky, and away in the universe realm have found the light of stars approaching us, and old planets, gauging and reveal its speaking beams to the eye of Science.
When we have mastered the largest, wildest and grandest mysteries of creation, we have a right to know what knowledge He has bestowed upon us. The winter is coming fast upon us—it is a mourning, mourning voices, gathering strength until they shall bear us down in a awful tempest, and compel us to turn from the life freezing streets. These voices remind us of those who in the storm and the pitiless winds shall travel homeless and homeless, nameless multitudes whose backs are broken, whose feet and hands let fall the burdens that are too heavy for them to bear. There will be moans of hunger, this bitter winter, there will be wild eyes upturned, there will be grey hairs blown in the wind, and little tottering children creeping into holes and corners for shelter, every city is full of such multitudes as these.
There is a very great that waves over the grave of the poor man full of tears.
There are women's hands that are sowing their own shrouds when they make the garments that are covering the limbs of the rich. There are those that weave the threads of existence into delicate flowers that are worn in fair ladies hair. We know of these toilers, some of us know that in many a hard cruel condition of poverty, there is something more added, there is disease and suffering, there are darkened eyes that never see the light of day, nor the fair and beautiful forms around them.
There are deaf ears that never hear the tones of music, there are cripples, helpless, lame, and creatures who we turn from, who may cry as the Jews of old when night comes, "Would to God it were morning."
We have a right to know where we shall go in the hereafter. If in this life we have nothing but the hope of Christ, then, indeed, are we miserable above all men. If there is nothing for the poor, nothing for the toiler, nothing for the unending, here, that in many a hard cruel condition of poverty, there is something more added, there is disease and suffering, there are darkened eyes that never see the light of day, nor the fair and beautiful forms around them.

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have a right to know Whitherward? I claim that if religion and philosophy fail to teach us, we have a right to search throughout life's scriptures, until we take the kingdom of heaven by triumph, and determine for ourselves whether these life's pilgrimages are all done here? What are the evidences that we live beyond the grave? What are the assurances that we may gather from life its history and its past experience, that "If a man die he shall live again."
First, I point to the universal faith of all man kind in immortality. I remind you that we have received this hope and cherished this belief. Just as surely as we have received the intuitional conviction of love or hatred, or of all the various emotions of the mind which are just as intangible, and it is just as impossible to determine whence these spring and why they arise, as this universal belief in immortality. Here is Nature's witness. The next is the voice of that same philosophy which cannot deny us evidence on the one side and present it on another. All things are perfected after their kind. Witness this little blossom, small and insignificant as it is, you observe that it is fashioned as perfectly as its capacity will admit of. It is perfect—so of everything, from the world in its grandeur to the dew-drop, each expresses the highest perfection which matter can give off. The life of all things is complete in itself—you take a handful of sand upon the sea shore and examine it with a microscope, and you will observe that every grain is a perfect existence. It can be no other, it can do no more, it cannot exhibit any capacity beyond that here. I may put it into fresh forms, I may recombine it into higher, more progressive conditions, but as it is created, it is perfect in its kind. Not so with man. We do not perceive a single existence, however high, however noble, that is complete. Take the mightiest mind of this age, if you can find it; take the one who is stored with all the possibilities of intellect with a genius perfect in knowledge, righteous in spirit, holy in love, kind in heart, and wise in brain,—are these endowments sufficient? Question such closely, and they will tell you that they are perpetually striving for something beyond—more light is the demand of the intellect; more love is the demand of the heart; more knowledge of the great mystery is the aspiration of the spirit—ever beyond. Question these, and they will answer Whitherward? There is not one of us that can say that this life has furnished us with all we need, all we require for the expression of our nature, all we desire, a moment when the images do not present themselves to the mind, and when at last the bell tolls out the requiem that life here is completed, do we not find a perpetual craving for something beyond? Do we not perceive that life's unfinished problems continue? Man is not perfect; human life does not find its fulfilment in this world, it is perpetually craving for something beyond this life. There must be some means of completing the unfinished problems of this life. Thus answers philosophy.

What response does religion give? From the earliest and crudest forms of worship, from the rudest forms of Fetish worship to the solemn rites of the Hindoo, the deep religious feelings of the Hindoo to the edicts of the Great Law, everywhere man as a worshipping being has proclaimed a life beyond the grave. He may not offer you the demonstration; he does not bring you the proof of his assertion; but his heart is full of it—his reverelements proclaim the great question in all pointed out upon the altars of religion. His incomplete existence ever points to the life beyond. Thus all these propositions ever stand before him. The sneer and scoff of the unrelenting materialist, and the cold atheist who demands of me at every turn, demonstration of the problems of human existence, do not find their answer in the facts that are answered by the fact that they are outworn by the body. The marvelous chemistry of the atoms is sufficient to set in motion the various organs of the body. Each of these expresses a function of what we call mind. Mind is the legitimate action of the chemistry of the atoms, the sparkling gem of eternal beauty the effect is greater than the cause; that we demand a cause adequate to produce such effects. In vain we assure him that something does not result from nothing—that mind cannot spring from matter. Mind can never be exhibited in the waving forests. The dust beneath, the lofty mountains, the sparkling gem of eternal beauty never think—none of these will answer, none of these will express a thought.
In vain we respond to the atheist. He returns to his old position, and says, give us demonstration—bring us proof of this whitherward, give us evidence of this beyond—the scheme is visionary. The voice of nature answers us, the voice of the toiler responds not to our query. Men have asked of the whole world from the days of the Chaldeans down to the present hour, and they have never responded. Your philosophy fails says the sceptic—give us demonstration. He turns to religionists and asks them to match their affirmations with the demands of the science that we feel him to bring their record into harmony with geology and history. He compares miracle with law. He compares the so-called affirmations of the Spiritual teachers of the olden time with blank cold materialism, and he rejects religion. The selfish minds of the age are thus driven off by philosophy and religion, into the coldness of materialism.

How then shall we answer this question, Whitherward? How shall we give evidence to the poor toilers that life is worth something for them? How shall we respond to those who lift their tear-dimmed eyes of heaven, and ask for justice, that there is yet compensation for them, and justice for all? How shall we answer the mighty minds that we see per-

petually striving to develop fresh uses, fresh beauties in life? Of what use is all you do when death, the spoiler, comes to shut the gate upon you, and you sleep, and that is the end of all? How shall we answer to ourselves the justice which we claim to exist—whither they have gone the mighty ones who have passed away how have they used the wonderful power that have inscribed their might and power and ingeniously upon those eloquent forms of stone, as we pass amid the ancient ruins, which reveal to us that man has been there with all his power and energy.
How shall we answer the question, Whither have they gone? These vast and mighty heroes of life, those legions who were slain for the protection of country and home; those great spirits who reared up ancient cities, and built monuments and temples; those Greeks and Romans that dragged forth from nature the mysterious secrets hidden away in the night of barbarism, and laid the foundations of art and philosophy, and would we count up what millions upon millions of earth's children that have passed away into that dim phantasmagoria, that shadowy land of death. When we behold the throbbing heart of humanity pressing upon every side, and are assured that one hundred years hence not one of all these millions of former life will be left to witness the passing of our places, dust and ashes will cover the earth, now alive with busy thronging millions—our houses would be desolate, our garments would be old and decay, our gardens would cease to bloom with flowers, the beautiful earth would become a desert, a heap of ashes, for we shall be gone, Whitherward?

If philosophy and religion will not answer the question, we will ask it of the immortals themselves. Have they ever failed to answer us? When has there been an age or period in human history, when their bright forms have not stepped from the mysterious portals of the grave to come back and bring us the assurances that there was a better world? I ask you, what period of time have we not had these strange phenomenal evidences of a power superior to man, dwelling with us, and has it not been a strictly human power, and all men have looked into themselves to comprehend it. In all past ages, the seers and sages spoke with familiar tones, and they inspired them with a wisdom not of earth—upon the revelation of these, the rudest dynasties are all founded,—not upon belief, but upon the assurances that the invisible Spiritual world, and like the soul of the invisible, hold communion with outer forms, and from time to time reveal to us their presence higher. They have the mysticism of Egypt, the wonderful wisdom beneath which the sages of Greece and Rome bowed. Like those high mystic teachers at whose feet the wise men of old would sit to learn of a wisdom higher than man's, and that wisdom and knowledge was demonstrated in the lives of the sages of old. This is no mere assertion—it has interpreted the history of all nations, all beliefs, all philosophies of which we boast. These deep and mysterious researches into human life and human destiny which are so often quoted in classical lore, all point at last to the continuation of life beyond this sphere, that is the ultimate life, the Alpha and Omega in Spiritual existence. The love of the ancient Chaldean, the faith of the Fire worshiper, the solemn belief of the Hindoo, the wisdom of the Egyptian, the philosophy of the Greek, the strength of the Roman, the wonderful revelations made to the ancient people in the desert, and upon the plains, and in the people in the midst of the cities, the foundation of Christianity itself, the revelation of prophets, the strength and consolation of the martyr, the power of the saints, the might of the early teachers whom we call the Christian Fathers, were all derived from communion with the invisible world. Many were the means of communication,—various the methods,—not most of all tending in the same direction, all proclaiming the invisible witnesses in our midst; and these witnesses ever take the human form. Where, then, is the problem, the unsolved problem of the ages, Whitherward? so long as we will accept the testimony of the Spiritual world, and not seek for it as the churches of Christianity are seeking for it in mere ceremonial forms and external worship, which possesses no longer the Spiritual essence. But we are indeed compelled to echo the question without any answer, Whitherward? Whitherward? If, however, we search for it in the material world, and not seek for it as the churches of Christianity are seeking for it in mere ceremonial forms and external worship, which possesses no longer the Spiritual essence. But we are indeed compelled to echo the question without any answer, Whitherward? Whitherward? If, however, we search for it in the material world, and not seek for it as the churches of Christianity are seeking for it in mere ceremonial forms and external worship, which possesses no longer the Spiritual essence. 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Philadelphia Department.

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

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 602 Race street, Philadelphia.

The Twenty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

Time in its onward course speeds rapidly by, and as we gaze backward twenty-two years, to the 31st day of March, 1848, we note one of those apparently insignificant events, which, like the falling of an apple, may have occurred ten thousand times ten thousand times since the days of the fabled apple, which mother Eve is said to have plucked and given to Adam;—mark, she plucked it—apples are always better when they fall, or are ready to do so.

Man kind are very apt to take hold of ideas which strike their heads so as to make an impression.

We approve of throwing apples, but not those of discord. It is probable that Newton was somewhat excited at the stroke upon his head,—enough at least to stir up a large train of thoughts, which brought to the world of mind a mighty discovery.

Ideas are not born into this world without pains, any more than human beings are, and those who read the story of the Fox family at the time alluded to, will find that this is no exception to the rule, and this little young Newton, this time, in accordance with the demands of the age,—representative of the sex who are to be delivered by Spiritualism from the thralldom which has ever held them back from their true position, while he felt the ray upon his head, cried out with childish glee and noble heroism, "Here, old spirit, do that again!

Her,—as the key snatched from the thunder-bolts of heaven, that was to unlock more of science than the apple of Newton, more of philosophy and religion than any other apple,—even that far famed one of Eden which was to make men as gods or spirits, for that is the literal meaning of the old text, knowing good and evil. Thanks to our good old friend, Father Lawrence, of Cleveland, or rather the spirits through him, the Spiritualists have resolved to celebrate this the birthday of our freedom,—the opening of the gates into the life of eternal day, and to do so again to be closed—more than this, a revelation of the laws and principles which underlie and overlap the entire universe.

Man had speculated some, and dreamed more about the forces of nature, and the force which he called God. Through this revelation, we realize that we are all spirits, and that though we may not fully comprehend what they are and how they operate.

Liberal science has been marching up one side of the hill, and reaching almost to the summit, with conclusions similar to these which enlightened Spiritualists, by the bright and glorious light of intuition, have clearly discerned.

The declaration of the scientific world that the forces in nature are all correlated and conserved, and that they interchange with each other, and the necessary deduction therefrom, that they are all in reality but one force manifesting itself under different phases, is precisely the same as the doctrine which the Spiritualists are rapidly reaching—to wit: That there is but one force in nature, and that is spirit or God,—if you please to call it by that name.

We hope the Spiritualists all over this land and all lands, as they abound everywhere, for the veil that was so gratingly rent at Hydesville has been torn in shreds all over the world, will meet and congratulate each other and the world on the anniversary of this great natal day of our freedom. We send our greetings to all, and rejoice with you in this dawn of a new light which is shedding its halo upon all other lights that have ever dawned upon the world.

It is the mission of Spiritualism to illuminate, not only the dark places of earth, but even the brightest sun and stars of knowledge which the telescope of the human mind in all the ages of the past has discovered from time to time in the great firmament above us. The birth of Spiritualism was a new era to humanity, and every day reveals this more clearly to us.

The work of the ancients which was supposed to have drowned the world, could not have brought about more effectually a new era, than has this great flood of light which modern Spiritualism has thrown over the world, and which is designed to immerse everything within the floods of its glorious light.

It is well for us to come together in this manner and have our annual feasts. The plan adopted in our city has been to have a free meeting during the day, in which our home speakers are invited to give their experience, and relate interesting incidents. Then we have a supper provided by the ladies, who rise with the sun to get up the nicest tables, and present some of the good things in the way of physical religion. These are sold for the benefit of the society. In the afternoon or evening, we have addresses from some of our best speakers, the object being to have a Spiritual re-union, and to raise funds for the Society. Tickets are issued at fifty cents each, and care is taken to furnish them to those who may not be able to purchase them, so that all may come and join the happy bands. Heretofore we have had dancing for those who enjoyed this, but our arrangements for the celebration at Harmonical Hall on this anniversary, will not include this—because we are too pious, but because we have no suitable room for it.

We have presented these views as suggestions to our friends all over the country. Let us renew our pledges to the angel world, that we will work on, work ever with them, and as each year brings us one step nearer to the home of the loved ones, let us take courage and bless ourselves by blessing others.

Progress on the Material Plane.

Those of us who can cast their mental vision back half a century, must be astounded by the wonderful progress which has taken place in that period. One of the greatest revolutionaries has been the music on two bars, with their iron steed, which we call the rail road and locomotive. Less than fifty years ago these were unknown. We recall the memory of the first rail road that was constructed to run out of Philadelphia in 1827 and 1828, called the Philadelphia Germantown and Norristown R. R. About the same time, another R. R. was constructed to Westchester. On both these roads horse cars were used. The latter was extended by the state as far as Columbia on the Schuylkill river, and took that name. It was about ninety miles in length. In these "early days" the cars were exceedingly cumbersome and rough, compared with those of the present time. They had some things used for carrying freight a kind of amphibious car, a canal boat, cut up into sections, upon wheels, and then sunk into the water whenever or wherever a "raging canal" could be

found to carry them. We should have some photographs of these ancient "arks" for our children.

All these, however, have gone with the old avarian reptiles, and now we travel in palaco cars.

The Pennsylvania R. R. and the Philadelphia and Erie R. R. run you across this globe faster by less time than his ancestor took you to Columbia. These roads have great advantages over the more northern roads, especially in winter, as they are seldom impeded by snow. The scenery along them is unsurpassed. Mountain and river, with all their charms while away the dullness of travel. These roads have very liberal in their arrangements for accommodating the public. They have a number of excursions at low rates, and they have always furnished free return passes to delegates to the American Association.

Their gentlemanly conductors have given us all the facilities we could ask. The company have learned that to make travel pleasant, it not only requires a good road, well stocked and promptly managed, but reasonable and gentlemanly conductors, with all proper arrangements, which will tend to promote the comfort of the traveling public. The result has been a great success.

Now that the enterprise of our people has put an iron girdle across the Continent, the public are interested to know the best means of reacting that great national road—we say the Pennsylvania R. R.

De Kalb Co. Religio Philosophical Lyceum.

PREAMBLE AND ARTICLE OF ORGANIZATION.

WHEREAS, It is conducive to human happiness to know the truth inherent in all subjects presented to the mind, and especially in regard to the future condition, and whereas God works in nature by immutable and unchangeable law, in all material surroundings, thereby exhibiting man's sensibilities, facts of which mind be come conscious, which teach the great truth, that all which is, is the effect of causes energized by power unseen, which, if known, would remove from the mind all superstition, bigotry and fear, and would correspondingly elevate his moral, religious and intellectual faculties, and would consequently make man a better and happier being.

Therefore be it RESOLVED, That we the undersigned, for the purpose of improving ourselves in RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL subjects, do form ourselves into a society, and free discussion of thought, to be called the De Kalb County RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL LYCEUM.

ARTICLE 1. This society shall be called the De Kalb County Religio Philosophical Lyceum.

ARTICLE 2. This Society shall meet in Butler, every Sunday at two o'clock.

ARTICLE 3. The officers of this locality shall consist of a chair man, secretary, treasurer and librarian. The chair man shall appoint his successor for the ensuing Sabbath.

ARTICLE 4. The secretary and treasurer shall be elected by a majority vote of the members present at any regular election, and shall hold office three months.

ARTICLE 5. The president shall appoint financial and such other committees as may be deemed proper, at meetings.

ARTICLE 6. The object of this society shall be to get the truth before the people by discussing scientific and religious subjects.

ARTICLE 7. No member shall be subject to censure on account of opinions expressed, shall be free to give their views before the society, as he or she may elect.

ARTICLE 8. Women and children are solicited to become members, and take such part in the exercises as their ability will allow them.

ARTICLE 9. No person shall be deprived of becoming a member who is willing to subscribe their names to the constitution, and faithfully discharge their duties as therein prescribed.

ARTICLE 10. The exercises shall consist of reading essays, declamations, singing, speaking or lecturing upon such subjects as may present themselves, and associating a children lyceum therewith.

ARTICLE 11. The price of membership shall be twenty-five cents per month for male members, and ten cents for females, always in advance.

Strange Manifestations.

LETTER FROM L. BUSH.

DEAR BRO.—We ought to be willing to give to the public all truth as far as in us lies. More anon. Should you like to get proper to publish the following you may do so.

James J. Green, about four miles north-west of Jamestown, lives a respectable gentleman and lady, by the name of James and Frely Wright, bachelor and maiden. They have been the stay and staff of their widowed mother for many years. The family, eight in number, and nearly all Methodists, four or five of the sons preachers—of course the mother, the mother of the bachelor, and spiritual phenomena to all such as have not yet learned how to treat it, is evil and they naturally say as others do, the devil. During the war they had a brother-in-law return home from the union army to visit his friends at this house. While at home he was killed by Confederate soldiers. Since the war, the mother of the bachelor, maiden, and others, died. The family for reasons best known to themselves, broke up house-keeping for a year or two, but at length have resumed. A little daughter of the murdered man, some eight or ten years of age, living with her uncle and aunt, is said to be the medium. The moving of stones, throwing them, and numerous articles together, with threats and requests, speaking audibly, touching the inmates of the house, is making quite a neighborhood talk, but the result be what it may. My own opinion is, that if a candid investigation could be allowed, that great good would be the result. Jamestown, Va.

THREE VOICES.

We have several times given extracts from the book entitled "Three Voices." It is the cheapest book, considering the matter and beautiful style of binding, of any book in the market. It is the most treasured in the reviews and exposure of the fallacies of old theology, of any book published. Every page teems with brilliant thoughts, most bewitching in phraseology.

For sale at this office. Price \$1, 25. Postage six cents. Address S. S. Jones, 129 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

For Mrs. White, the healer, is you doing a fine business in this city. See her advertisement.

For Mrs. McCord, the free thinker and developing medium, is you to be found at the receipt on rooms at the Publishing House.

Obituary.

From West Bolton, Vt., Dec. 29th, 1869, the spirit of our dear mother, Sally Greeny, aged 81 years, left its worn out casket, to join husband and children where parting is unknown.

Thirteen years ago, the companion of her youth and with whom she had walked nearly fifty years of earth-life, was called from her side, to pass the mystic river with the pale boatman, and since that time, she has seemed to weary of waiting for the summons that would call her to the world of souls. She was often heard to exclaim, "Oh! this dreary way alone," and when the summons came, it found her ready, feeling that her life-work was done, and rejoicing that she should soon be reunited to those friends with whom she had held intercourse in spirit so long; and as we laid away from sight all that was mortal of her loved form, we felt that we could say:

Farewell mother, thou hast left us, Yet we feel thy presence near, Whispering blessings and caresses While we drop the all-around And we'll strive to meet thee, mother, Where ad partings never come, And join the song by the crystal fountain, In thy beauteous spirit home.

S. A. Thayer, Chicago.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

A New Proposition.

To any one who has ever taken the Religio Philosophical Journal, I will send it for three months on trial, and best-bound volume of aspirational Poems by J. William Van Namer, on the receipt of seventy-five cents. When it is taken into consideration that the price of the Journal for three months at regular rate 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 will procure one sub- scription for a year I will send the volume of poems. Subscrip- tion can be sent to J. William Van Namer, 1219 N. Y. I endorse the above proposition made by Bro. Van Namer and all who would like to him, whereby medium, to send his book of poems, and at the same time benefit themselves by so doing, will do well to accept his proposition and ad- dress him, 1219 N. Y.—ED.

We call your attention to the advertisement of J. T. Hill, in to-day's paper. All out of employment, in city, town or country, will do well to address him. He means exactly what he says. The information you will acquire may be the means of you amassing a fortune. Write him if you would consult your own interest. No. 21, Vol. 7.—4 times.

Healing And Test Mediums.

Mrs. E. Wallis is now located in Chicago, and can be found at No. 143 Fourth Avenue, where she will treat the sick, for all diseases which flesh is heir to, and

Her name as a healing medium by magnetism or vital force, has not been surpassed by any one now living. Her cures in all cases of Fit, Consumption, Ulcers, Cancer, Tumors and other Scrofulous diseases are truly wonderful.

She pays special attention to the restoration of the weak and debilitated of her sex—as well as all diseases of children.

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

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