

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO
GENERAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Volume 8, No. 10
Chicago, May 28, 1870

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

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E. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1870.

VOL. VIII.—NO. 10.

Literary Department

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Crime in high life—A Wife's defense of her husband.
REV. SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D. IMPRISONED.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC:—However painful and feeble my effort to write on a topic which concerns the welfare of this and future generations, it is nevertheless a pleasure as well as duty to vindicate the noble character of, and lofty motives of my good and kind husband, Dr. Simon M. Landis is one man picked out of ten, yes fifty millions, so far as "purity of life" and zealous philanthropic acts are concerned. I have been married fifteen years to him, and a more industrious, earnest reformer never lived. I have often times opposed him in his enthusiasm to remodel the world. He was at his work early and late, and to do a kindness, even to an enemy, he would go any distance and spend his last penny. He would overlook and forgive the grossest insult by simply receiving a kind look from his insulter, for which I was often indignant, and expostulated, when he would say, "Never mind, he did not mean it; it is human to err, divine to forgive."

His great forte was to pry into the "laws of nature," and to preach, practice, lecture and write upon the improvement of the physical and spiritual health of the people. I knew him to deliver ten lectures a week, waited upon thirty patients on an average daily, edit a monthly paper, and all for the love of improving peoples health. He often stinted his family in the necessities of life, so that he might be the better able to advance his cause, to which he was devoted beyond expression. I have known his best friends to say to him, "Let reformation go, and put money in your pocket; then you will have plenty of friends," but such words highly wounded his feelings, and his answers often were exceedingly uncouth and reproachful. I never knew him to drink anything except water, neither did he eat any meat until he was forty years old, and his example as a father, husband and fellow citizen, was a rebuke to evil doers. Still this man must be persecuted in so enlightened an age and moral city as Philadelphia. Yes, the mayor issued a warrant on Saturday morning, Jan. 1st, 1870, and retained it until Sunday evening, Jan. 2d, 1870, and arrested Dr. Landis in his pulpit, threw him into a filthy felon's cell all night, to prevent him from preaching the genuine gospel of salvation to sinners; and mark you, in less than a week they dragged him into a criminal court, and convicted him for publishing a little scientific physiological book, (especially dedicated to married people, and which benefited thousands for an "obscene libel.") I style this crime in high life.

It was not the book they cared for, otherwise they would arrest the thousands of positive obscene prints in circulation, as I am told; but it was the only case they had to find a charge upon. I personally went to the judge the evening of his conviction, and begged him for the sake of my twin babies of five months, two older children and my poor old mother, who were depending upon him for daily bread, to make his sentence light, but he brusquely said, "The penalty is moderate, only one year's imprisonment and five hundred dollars fine, but I wish it were five years imprisonment and five thousand dollars fine, for I should enforce the full sentence."

My father, Abraham Schrader, fought in the war of 1812, was a champion of temperance for forty years, and I ask this community, is it just and human, not to say christian, to have my faithful husband kept in a felon's cell for one year, (he has been there since Jan 22, 1870), whilst myself, old mother of eighty years, and his innocent children are famishing? In prosperity, and when he was free, he had hosts of friends, but where are they now? Is this the reward he deserves for being faithful to God and man, and are his persecutors benefited by such barbarity?

Philadelphia, Pa., April 17, 1870.
CLARA S. LANDIS.

CARD FROM SIMON M. LANDIS.

Friends and fellow citizens: Hear me for my cause and be prejudiced that you may be the better judge. Thousands of the people of Philadelphia have been my patients, and tens of thousands have attended my lectures. If I am an immoral man—if I have ever departed from the precepts of Christ in whom I believe and whom I serve, if ever I have defied, or if I have taught or practiced what would defile any human being, let my enemies and accusers publish it to the world. The Public Ledger has accused me of being a murderer of illegitimate children!!! For that libel I have commenced a suit in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, against the Proprietor of that paper. It was a cowardly act to publish such outrageous falsehoods about me after I was to be placed in a cell to defend myself. But God's laws will not fail. The day of retribution will come. All who know me, know the charge is base, meanly false. I have lived in Philadelphia nearly twenty years, and in no one instance have I ever intentionally violated the laws of God or my Country. I have always been a law abiding citizen, and yet I was worse treated than thieves and murderers. Had I been a Hypocrite, a Pharisee, a Dram drinker, a Thief or a Cut throat, I might have been popular with many of my accusers and persecutors, but as I have endeavored to reform and improve the race I love, they charge me with an obscene libel in publishing the SECRETS OF GENERATION. I wrote that book to save the race from moral and social bankruptcy. Outside of a return to God's fixed laws, I see no remedy for the evils which are rapidly sweeping

the American people into gigantic whirlpool of corruption. Unless they return to first principles of truth and righteousness the Sovereign People of America will be engulfed in irredeemable moral, physical, financial and political ruin. Laws are made to punish criminals but I am INNOCENT of all crime. My book is obscene only to wicked and lewd persons, for "unto them that are defiled is nothing pure." To Sensualists, the Secrets of Generation is obscene because they have no moral intelligence, no Godly zeal. Thousands of good souls have been benefited by it, and hundreds have written letters invoking endless blessings upon me for the inestimable information it gave them. Truly I never heard a good man or pure woman say aught but praise of that book.

I pray God to open the eyes of my enemies to see the stupidity and blind bigotry of their course, and to appreciate divine fixed laws. I hope all my friends, and the friends of free speech, a free press, free religion and impartial justice, will read carefully my trial. It can be had of F. E. Gourlay, 605 Walnut Street, Phila., by sending price (50 cts) post paid, as well as at several of the news-stands.

SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D.
Moyamensing Prison, Feb. 22, 1870.

THE COMPACT.

We clip the following from the *Universe*:
The skepticism of Dr. H., of Sixth Avenue, as to the existence of spiritual intercourse between this and the other world, is well known to his friends. Among the latter is a prominent Catholic clergyman of this city, who, a short time since, in the presence of a third party, related the following story to the doctor, in view of this incredulity:

When I was a lad, and long before I thought of entering the Church, I was the fond and constant companion of a little playmate whom we all called "Susie." In the thoughtlessness of our extreme youth, Susie and I entered into an agreement that the one who died first should appear to the other.

Time passed on, and I became a priest. I had been long, previously separated from Susie, and was circumstanced as to have been but seldom thrown in her way for very many years; although I frequently heard of her through a mutual friend, with whom her family corresponded.

Thus matters stood, when one night, about nine o'clock, while in bed, and quite composed by reading my breviary, I heard a gentle tap at the window convenient to where I lay. For the moment, I paid no attention to it, believing myself to have been mistaken; but on its being repeated, I felt somewhat surprised, as my bedroom was on the second floor. Without any thing to lead my mind to the conclusion—for I had long forgotten the compact between my playmate and I—the thought struck me that it was Susie, who had come to redeem her promise of long ago. I was moved for the time being, and, collecting myself immediately, I determined to test my impressions, and, therefore, begged that if the spirit of Susie was at the window it would rap once. Instantly came one audible rap! I then followed this mode of enquiry, until satisfied that I was dealing with some singular agency; but not satisfied with the outside manifestation, I requested the intelligence to enter the room, and tap on the pillow close to my head. One two three came close to my ear; and, while I gazed in wonder, at the spot where the raps appeared to be made, I distinctly saw a depression of the pillow taking place under the pressure of invisible fingers, and waxing fainter and fainter until all traces of disturbance had disappeared.

I turned off the gas which was within reach of me, and endeavored to compose myself to rest, but slept little until morning. I went into the church to say early mass, but could not keep myself from dreaming over my strange adventure. On leaving the altar, I saw the mutual friend who occasionally informed me as to the health and whereabouts of Susie, and asked him regarding her. He said that he had but just heard from the family, and that Susie and the rest of them were all well.

This puzzled me greatly; and I was about attributing my strange experience to fancy, when on quitting my friend, a telegram was placed in my hands. I opened it hastily, and, to my utter dismay, found that Susie had died suddenly the night before, at nine o'clock; and furthermore, that if I started from home, at once, I should be in time to attend at the funeral.

This is the substance, if not the precise words, of the story of the priest, as can be verified by Dr. H., and a gentleman known to the writer.—Com.

THE SPIRITS AT WORK.

Some time ago, Abraham Reed, a cattle dealer mysteriously disappeared from St. Joseph. He was in a restaurant eating oysters between 12 and 1 o'clock of the night of his disappearance; while he was yet at the table, a man appeared at the door of the house and called him out. The man who called him was unknown to any one who saw Reed go out in answer to the call. Reed never returned, and no tidings of him have ever reached his friends in Bigelow, where he resided. The *St. Joseph Herald* says: "In Holt county is a farmer's boy who never saw a town, never heard of Spiritualism, and this boy has recently become inspired with the gift of seeing and conversing with spirits of dead men and women. It is stated to us that he has related circumstances which it was impossible for him to have been previously informed of. Among these is the case of young Reed, whose spirit, the boy says, appeared to him and told him that he (Reed) was murdered in the Night of his disappearance from St. Joseph! The

story is that he was decoyed to an out of the way spot by two men, who killed him and took his money. He also gave the names of the men who did the deed, and they are known to some persons in this city. The names were withheld for prudential reasons. What disposition was made of the body was not stated to our informant; though it is presumed the spirit will not long withhold such indubitable proof as the discovery of the body from being put in evidence of the truth of this statement. The statement has, however, been so far proceeded upon as to put it in legal hands, and efforts are being made to ferret out the truth, if there be any, of the story.—*Missouri Democrat*, April 24th, 1870.

THE CURSE OF TOBACCO.

The Effects of Chewing and Smoking.

From a report of Dr. Dio Lewis' on tobacco in the *Boston Congregationalist*, we take the following interesting facts and statements:
Tobacco in its ordinary state, the "plug," which you have in your pockets, is a powerful poison. It will do what no other poison will do, I do not speak of the oil of tobacco. I do not speak of nicotine, a single drop of which, put on the tongue of a cat, will kill her in twenty seconds; three drops of which put on the tongue of a bull-dog, will kill him so quick he will hardly get out of your arms in his struggles; and ten drops of which will kill a cow inside of ten minutes. I am not talking of these things at all, though they are in tobacco. I am talking of tobacco in the form of the original "plug."

Now let me suppose an experiment. I call from the audience a boy ten years old, who has never used tobacco. "Charles, will you help us make an experiment to night?" "Yes, sir." "I will give you fifty dollars if you will go through it like a plucky man." "I will, sir." "The experiment is this: There is a piece of tobacco as large as a pea. Put that in your mouth; chew it; don't let one drop go down your throat; spit it every drop in that spittoon; but keep on chewing; don't stop; just chew steadily." Before he has done with that piece of tobacco, as large as a pea, simply squeezing the juice out of it, without swallowing a drop, he lies here upon the platform in a cold, death-like perspiration, he vomits the contents of his stomach; put your finger upon his wrist, there is no pulse; he seems for two or three hours as though he were dying, or, perchance, dead.

Now, gentlemen, go to your drug stores, begin with the upper shelves, and take down every bottle, and then open every drawer, and you cannot find a single poison (except some very rare ones, which you never heard of) which, taken into the mouth of that ten year old boy and not swallowed, will produce these effects. Tobacco, then, I repeat, in its ordinary state, is an extremely powerful poison.

Look into a man's mouth who chews tobacco, and see how red it is. The tongue is so red that the doctor no longer appeals to it to determine the condition of the man's stomach. He can learn nothing of it by examining his patient's tongue, if he be a chewer of tobacco. That congestion that produces the redness, extends a little farther down than you can see, and affects the speech. Dr. Cole, and Dr. Waterhouse, affirm that they are never mistaken in endeavoring to determine whether a public speaker be a chewer of tobacco or not, so peculiar is its influence upon the articulation. But let that pass.

Smoking injures the teeth; it produces decay in the teeth. It produced decay in two of my upper teeth, and one under tooth, before I had any other decayed teeth in my mouth, by holding my pipe or cigar between them. It is not remarkable that with the heat of the tobacco smoke and its acrid poison, this injurious influence should be exerted upon the teeth. But that is nothing compared with the influence upon the lungs. Put your hand before your eye, fill your mouth with smoke, and then blow that smoke up under your hand. Now look in the glass, how red the eye is! The tears run down the cheek, what is the matter? There has been a powerful poison in the eye. And yet, men whose fathers and grandfathers have died with consumption, do not scruple to sit down in a room where there are a dozen smokers, and smoke till it is all blue, taking in lungful after lungful of that deadly poison. I believe with Dr. Waterhouse, that if young men would abandon cigars, consumption would be confined almost exclusively to women, and in them be produced by their unhappy state of dress. I believe the great Liebig, who says that of the German males who die between the ages of fifteen and forty, many die of smoking tobacco. Pass on to snuffing. In the first place snuffing spoils the voice. How strange it is that any man would change his voice, the richest music this side of heaven, into a nasal snarl by taking snuff into his nose! I tell you a man who doubts total depravity must be staggered by that fact. Besides, it produces headache and diseases of the stomach which nobody ever can cure.

I know I do but echo the voice of the wise ones of the world, when I say that this use of tobacco paralyzes and deadens the moral sensibilities almost more than any other habit in which civilized men indulge. Gentlemen, clean yourselves, and quit, I would give it up. It is a nasty, disgusting, ruinous habit.

Miss Hooper is now modeling in clay a full length figure of Maria Sophia, the ex-queen of the two Sicilies.
An Olivo girl has laid by the sum of six hundred dollars, all gained by making corn-husk door mats, at ten cents each.

IOWA.

E. V. Wilson at Des Moines.

This staunch apostle of our faith has just concluded an engagement of seven lectures and sermons here, which has given a marked impetus to the interest in Spiritualism among us, which cannot fail of producing good results; but of these—being local—we do not propose to speak; but of Mr. Wilson as a man, and his marvelous powers of spirit seeing, the reading of character and giving prominent incidents in the lives and experience of individuals. First as a man, Mr. W. is made up of the unmistakable elements of honor and honesty. His loyalty to truth is so prominent that we judge he would cut a poor figure in playing the toady before the crowned heads and nobility of Europe, or the autocrats of wealth and influence in his native country. What he perceives or believes to be true, he knows no variableness or shadow of turning from, but holds boldly and uncompromisingly to without fear and favor. He uses no "gloves" in handling the errors and fallacies of orthodox in his lectures, but throws down the gauntlet defiantly, and he who takes it up, must calculate on rough handling, and getting indiscriminate contusions and bruises. He is St. Peter over again, bating the denial of his faith in the crisis of trial.

He lacks the advantage of education, which would abate his influence as a public lecturer, were not this deficiency offset by so prodigious a weight of counterbalancing powers which he possesses as a medium. As it is, he constrains the attention and interest of the most fastidiously critical, who can appreciate his great powers, and they readily accord him the merit, so intrinsically his due. But, with his characteristic frankness, Mr. W. makes no reserve of his want of scholastic finish, which neutralizes all ground for criticism by those who might otherwise be disposed to exercise it toward him.

What would be considered a fault by Spiritualists versed in the lore of our philosophy, would be the length of his lectures, compared with the number of tests he ordinarily gives on the occasion of his lectures. But, as we understand him, he has no control over this, and is passively subject to the influences operating in and through him. On the whole, it works well. Curiosity draws large numbers of the anti-spiritual fraternity to witness his tests, before the giving of which—having them well cornered up and in his power, he deals out to them such an array of wholesome, startling truths, as are equally able to crack the skulls of such neophytes of theological inquiry and investigation, to an extent, needing reprimanding to restore them to orthodox soundness. If Mr. Wilson, therefore, would abridge his lectures to half or three-quarters of an hour at the longest, and go down among his auditors and give tests, readings of character and incidents of life for the remainder of the time, he would leave more converts to Spiritualism wherever he goes, and augment his already great reputation as a test medium.

Mr. Wilson has no faith in phrenology. Be the merits of this what it may, one thing is overwhelmingly evident, and that is, that the most expert phrenologist is no more to a medium like Mr. Wilson in point of faithfulness and expedition in arriving at accurate results, than the tyro at portrait painting is to a life-sized oil-lamp Photograph, taken by a skilled artist, and done-upon in ink-ink. To those who never witness the power of Mr. Wilson, the effect of it (like that of our U. S. U. S. are at least Aug.), can not be well described. He stands sovereign among his auditors, to each individual of whom, (as one soon gets to feel, their list rises are an open book, whose legible language his spiritual vision sweeps at a glance, unearthing and revealing the whole catalogue of their acts,—good, evil, omissions and common, from the era when moral action first traced its records upon the indelible tablets of memory up to the present moment. And this is no exaggeration, but a sober fact. Credence and skepticism fare alike before his searching gaze. He asks no odds, no favor, declares sharply and boldly his statements, and throws them squarely at the individual to whom given, and demands whether true or not. Occasionally he fails; that is owing to the difficulty of memory not always being able to revert readily to all incidents of our past experience, especially at remote dates, together with the want of full rapport with some of the spirits who telegraph him (as he terms it) the incidents giving,—he fails to make some few cases recognizable. Mr. Wilson's phase of mediumship is of a value scarcely capable of being overestimated to the cause of Spiritualism. It can not be exposed, counterfeited or denied. It is a fact which speaks for itself. No eloquence can vindicate or augment its verity; no mendacity can vitiate or pervert its reality. If scoffers and skeptics doggedly withstand it, calling it "cute guessing," that any one can do; the defender can stand in his tracks and summarily settle the matter by challenging the object to do the same. A very short experience will suffice. It is a pudding over whose qualities coals need waste no broth in wrangling, the taste of the article alone settles the controversy and silences all disputes. It is the most nauseating, hateful, disgusting pill that can be offered the anti-spiritual palate, for swallow it they must, and, like death, from it, there is no escape. Soul-sleepers delight (?) in facts like Wilson's, as the devil does in holy water. As Nasby says, "it spiles the unities" of the Rip Van Winkle creed, demoralizes the harmony of the plot, and scatters its votaries to the four winds. Spiritualists everywhere will do well to avail themselves of the services of mediums like Wilson.

V. C. T.

Miss Rye, who brought seventy poor English girls to Canada, last October, has found good homes for all of them, and is going back to England for one hundred more.

WASHINGTON.

Reformatory Schools—The American Medical Society—Persuasions of the Negro—Lectures—Discussions.

LETTER FROM CALLESTOS.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Would a few lines from this locality prove acceptable to your many readers, even though I skip lightly over the scenes and incidents which makes Washington life attractive to those who are drawn within the sphere of its polished life? Many points of interest exist hereabouts, and of a various nature, sufficient to entertain and please any who may visit, whatever may be their tastes and inclinations. I enjoy, as usual, the many rich thoughts in the JOURNAL, and a relief it is to get a change from the daily political harangues, comments, speeches, etc., pertaining to the political system, which tends to teach us that we have all got to be members of Congress, then President. I cannot omit to mention one point of interest which strangers are apt to overlook while here, which is in itself an institution that is not only an ornament, but a credit to our government. I refer to the library of Congress, situated in the west front of the capitol, built in a manner that is both substantial and ornamental, thoroughly fire proof, well lighted and ventilated, and free to all! It contains about one hundred and eighty seven thousand volumes, with an annual increase of twelve thousand. There are also forty thousand volumes in the copyright bureau, and the subject is now under consideration to transfer them to the general library. It was a source of gratification to me to find upon its shelves a goodly number of Spiritual publications, together with the standard works of our reformers, past and present, regardless of what views our modern theologians might take of the case, whether tending to corrupt the morals (?) of the rising generation or not. That they are there for ornament, one has only to visit and be satisfied to the contrary. The tree of thought is incomplete, for I fail to find any of the writings of H. C. Wright, Warren Chase, Mr. Peabody and Emma Hardinge, the acquisition of which would be invaluable. That spirit which would recognize by legislation a national religion, hasn't yet shown itself in the management of the library. The American Medical Association is in convention here at present, and so devoted (?) are they to their science, and the amelioration of suffering humanity, that not only is their antipathy excited against the right of a colored M. D. to do good to their fellow man, but propose to refuse admission to those who do not conform to their own views. Very little behind their brethren in Rhode Island and Wisconsin. The programme of the "Progressive Society of Spiritualists," is as much as can be expected here, with our unsettled population. Moses Hull speaks here during the month of April, and though his gauntlet was thrown into the arena of discussion before his arrival, none could be found who dared to discuss either truth or error. Of course they claim Moses is of stamitic origin; yet the banner under which he marches is marshaling quite an army. The Rotunda was occupied on the 8th inst. by Prof. Kern, a grand, philosophical, and interesting speaker. On an interest is manifested in the weekly conferences. The subject under discussion for the past few weeks and to be continued for the next, is: "When, where, and in what manner, does God reveal himself to man?" Among the speakers are such minds as Dr. Tucker, Prof. Kern, Prof. Taylor, (a chemist), Prof. Main, (of U. S. Coast Survey), and Dr. John Mayhew, (President of the S. C. E. C.), who are present each evening. Having made this of sufficient length, I will close, giving you from time to time a few lines if the same may prove acceptable to your readers.

Washington D. C., May 28, 1870.

MISSOURI.

Mrs. A. L. Ballou verifies the tests of E. V. Wilson and Mrs. J. M. Lanston—She draws a life sized portrait of Dr. Grassmuck's deceased child.

LETTER FROM DR. GRASSMUCK.

DEAR JOURNAL.—Thinking that a few notes from this point of the vineyard might prove acceptable to your readers, I have the honor to report that the work is progressing here with a steady pace. We have had another course of lectures by that eminent speaker, and fine test medium, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou. She gave entire satisfaction, to a very critical audience. She had been preceded by the lectures of Bro. E. V. Wilson and Sister J. M. Lanston, both first-class speakers and test mediums, and what gives the most satisfaction to us, is the fact that tests given by the former two, were corroborated, and given a second time by Sister Ballou. Spirits described by them very minutely, were again seen and described by her. Could anything be more satisfactory? Yes, there could, and we got it. Since writing you last, my two boys, aged respectively two years and three days, have both left us and gone to the Summer Land. Sister Ballou was able to see, and to describe our little Charlie, as he played about the room with his little sisters, who were all unconscious of his angel presence. The test of his presence was incontrovertible, and she finally capped the climax of evidence, by producing for our grateful hearts, what of all earthly things we most desire, a spirit picture, life size, of our darling—a child she had never seen while living. Say that Spiritualism gives no consolation—paled the tongue that utters it.

The cause here is progressing finely, and the JOURNAL is giving great pleasure to its intelligent readers.
Weston, Mo., April 28.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

S. S. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street, CHICAGO MAY 28, 1870.

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POETRY. The influence of Poetry—Lizzie Doten—Warren Barlow.

The human soul has been compared to a garden in which the muses carol, and arrange their sweetest lays. He who is without a vein of poetry in his nature, is like the arid desert, with no beds of flowers, no murmuring streams, no bubbling springs, or green carpeted earth to greet the vision.

MAIDEN'S PRAYER. She rose from her delicious sleep, And put away her soft brown hair; And in a tone as low and deep,

There is a vein of beauty in the above, that sparkles finely, and who can read it without feeling that he is made better thereby. The man who can see no beauty in the world, who can not appreciate the scintillations of the human soul, manifested in those poetical effusions which abound in our literature, is exhibited in the following verse by Whittier:

Alas for him who never sees The stars shine through the cypress trees! Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, Nor looks to see the breaking day.

Byron, who entertained a correct idea in regard to spirit communion and impressions, repeated in verse what Johnson had said, in regard to angel visitants.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said, That, in the course of some six thousand years, All nations have believed that from the dead A visitant at intervals appears.

Nearer and nearer to the Central Source of Truth. Youth cuts a foothold in the Rock of Ages; The hope of Fame and Glory lures him on his way.

When a man enters dens of vice and licentiousness, and presses to his lips the low and vile, he casts away the Laurel Wreath of Fame, and loses that dignity which should ever characterize him.

In her poetical effusions, there is a serene majesty and grandeur, that conducts the reader at once into the realms of the beautiful, and he feels as if he was being caressed by an angel.

All Nature is but one stupendous thought, Which God through love and wisdom hath out-evr thought. All things co-operate and ever blend, And serve each other for a noble end.

In his "Voices," he deals severely with error. His ideas put us in mind of the "flaming sword" in the Garden of Eden—only they circle around truth, defending it with an earnestness that pleases all.

If God designed that man should not rebel, Nor eat forbidden fruit and go to hell, Why did He not defend the fatal tree, And thus protect the race eternally?

Poetry has its mission. The world might as well be without flowers as poetry. It softens human nature, makes it purer, better, and holier, and advances humanity in the scale of existence.

"SILENT WHISPERS." Death—Little Minnie, who passed to Spirit Life at residence of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Chicago, Feb. 28th, aged three years and eight days—The beauty and grandeur of the Change.

Life is indeed short on earth, and full of trials. We come forth a waif on the shores of time, and child-like viewing the boundless expanse before us, we wonder where that beautiful gateway is beyond the shining river.

Death is no respecter of persons. Well, that's right. Perhaps we might be taken, and others left, or perhaps we might be left, and others taken. But death is natural. There is grandeur in it, in whatever light you may consider it.

Death, it is said "loves a shining mark." Well, all are shining marks. You may be rough and boisterous; but death will quiet you. You may aspire to live; but such aspirations are not respected.

puts her arms around the neck of those she loved; she presses her lips to theirs; she runs her fingers through the rough whiskers she used to comb; she smooths the face with her hands and kisses the cheek as she used to in days past.

Well, no one dies. There is a change called death. If it were passing through what is called death constantly. Twelve years from this date, there will not be a particle of your present body incorporated in your physical system.

Death is no respecter of persons. Well, that's right. Perhaps we might be taken, and others left, or perhaps we might be left, and others taken. But death is natural. There is grandeur in it, in whatever light you may consider it.

We remember our last *tele-tele* with Minnie. She was lying on the lounge, and our hands were smoothing-back her hair. O, how joyous and happy she appeared then, as she pressed her lips to ours, and put her tiny arm around our neck.

Death, it is said "loves a shining mark." Well, all are shining marks. You may be rough and boisterous; but death will quiet you. You may aspire to live; but such aspirations are not respected.

"There's nothing lost, tho' changed,"—so teaches Our chemist seer who preaches of Nature's plan And gibly praises the economy that reaches Beyond the visual range of prying man.

"There's nothing lost,"—we hear it, half-believing. Yet only half; our skeptic hearts deny The mocking words that white outwardly receiving As truth, that which we feel ablazoned lie.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew Which trembles on the leaf or flower, Is but exhaled, to fall anew In summer's thunder shower;

Nothing is lost; the tiniest seed By wild birds borne, or breezes blown, Finds something suited to its need, Wherein 'tis sown and grown.

Nothing lost. Little Minnie is not lost. Sometime, yes sometime in the future, when our eyes are closed in death, we shall see her; when our arms are folded on our lifeless form, we shall then feel the angelic touch of her whom we loved so well, and press her lips to ours.

Statistical Reports. We invite all Spiritualists to see to it, that the names and post office address of Spiritualists in each neighborhood, are reported to this office for publication.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheelock. Dr. E. B. Wheelock has located for the season, at Blairtown, Benton Co., Iowa. He will devote a portion of his time to the healing of the sick when called upon, and upon Sabbath days make appointments to speak in such places as the friends of Spiritualism desire, and also upon funeral occasions, if required.

ATTENTION SKEPTICS. In Mrs. Sawyer's seances, skeptics are permitted to hold the medium while the demonstrations are made by spirits, in such a manner as to preclude all presumptions of imposture on her part.

Richmond, Crawford Co., Ind. At the above named place, the Spiritualists have organized a society, consisting of forty members, and erected a house, which they propose to dedicate on the 10th, 11th and 12th of June.

Mrs. N. M. Henry. Wm. L. Himes writes to us from the office of the Western Advent Christian Association that Mrs. N. M. Henry is "not recognized" by the 2nd Adventists.

The Radical Democrat. Is the name of a new paper just started at Kokomo, Ind. Although devoted to the Democratic party, it exhibits a liberal spirit in its criticisms of religious matters, that is worthy of great commendation.

GOOD MEDIUMS. Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Lord are both most excellent mediums, and can be seen at their evening seances, by all who desire to investigate, when the demonstration of spirit power is so palpable as to convince the most skeptical.

LOIS WAISBROOKER. Is in Colorado. She attended the Spiritual Convention at Golden City, and represents it as a complete success. The Spiritualists there organized a Society under the name of the Colorado Territorial Association of Spiritualists.

