# CHICAGO, JUNE 4, 1870.

VOL. VIII.-NO. 11.

# Ziterary Department

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A PROPHECY.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSINGER.

There's a battle yet unfought, With its trophies all unwon, There's a destiny enwrought With a life not yet begun. And an angel who will bring On its wing For the fading brow of autumn, all the rosy hues of spring.

There's an army yet to spread Through the golden future time, By whose bounty will be fed All the poor of every clime. Undivided it will stand Great and grand 'Neath the bright and starry banner that'll float o'er all the land.

There's a blessing yet unknown, And riches yet unsought, That will compass every zone With abounding treasures fraught. Revolutions great and free

Yet must be. Ere the land will teem in plenty neath the ban-

There's a glory yet untold, And a beau'y yet unseen, In this future age of gold, With its summer fields of green. Where united we will be,

H

Ca.

Great and free, I our ships will bear the message to our brothers o'er the sea,

Or, this golden future time, It is coming by and by ! In its mission great and high! It is coming, let us wait Near he pearly gate That will open at the bidding of a better beam-

Like a summer vision bright,

In its glory it doth rise, And it beameth with a light Interblended with the skies. Like an angel it will bring On its wing For the fading brow of autumn all the rosy hues

PENNSYLVANIA.

Wonderful Spiritual Manifestations in Harrisburg.

BY W. BARR.

At the earnest request of a number of your readers, I will now endeavor to give an account of a few of the wonderful spiritual manifestations and uncoubted tests that have been given to us within the few weeks past, which have caused so much excitement and wonder in the minds of unbelievers. I suppose in publishing this, I will be denounced by many learned and professedly good men, as wicked and insane, but, as I said in a former communication, what care I, if men shall revile and say all manner of evil? We know in whom we trust. During the past winter at our regular circle, which has been kept up over twenty years, many, very many, spirits have manifested their presence. On one occasion, I do not remember the evening, but there were a number of ladies and gentlemen present, a strange spirit manifested a great anxiety to communicate. He spoke to us through a young gentleman (the medium). His manner and expression was anything but pleasant or acceptable. He used very profane language, and I took occasion to reprove him. I spoke kindly, and said I did not like to hear any person awear or use bad words, and that we would be pleased to have him come often if he would try to be good and give us good news from the Spir.t Land. Since that evening he has met with us regularly, and is one of the most reliable test spirits that communicates with us, although there are many others. We asked his name, when he said it was Patrick Ocer, and that he had come from Ireland not two years ago. He came over on a whale ship, and landed at a place called the Battery, at New York, and that a band of music was playing there. He left New York in two days afterward, got on a coal train, rode and walked to Philadelphia and had no money. Drank a great amount of whiskey, worked about, got a little money and bought a basket of oranges and commenced peddling. He then left Philadelphia, walked and sold oranges on his way to York, York county, made a good bit of money, but still drank whisky. After leaving York, started on the railroad towards Harrisburg selling oran-ges and candies; being intoxicated he passed up near a little town called Fairview. There were men working on the road with picks who gave him liquor. He got very drunk, and gave a little girl (a farmer's daughter,) two oranges to mark his name on his handkerchief. He then sat down under a shade tree; while there Mr. Jones came along, and spoke to him, and said Patrick, is this you?" He said yes, what is left of me, yer Holiness. Said Mr. Jones, came across with him, and had not seen him since they landed in New York, Mr. Jones said "Patrick, you are in a bad way, you will lose all your money." I was very drunk. Mr. Jones took my stocking off, says he cut it into three pieces. He took all my money but a twenty-five cent and ten cent bill I took from him. He says he builed it away intending to him. He says he builed it away intending to get it again for me when he returned from York; The window was opened, when in the presence but on his return, before he got to Harrisburg, of all, without hands, in came the foot part of through the bushes and briers. The Indians more cheering than to know to a certainty that

he fell asleep in the cars, and never got awake until he was past on his way to Pittsburg, where he remained a tew days, took small-pox and died,—as ye call it, but we are not dead—we are with you. You know I was drunk. I walked on the railroad two days after. Those things that pull the cars run over me, and killed my body, but my spirit is still alive and I have a nicer body now than I had when I was on your

· We have received over one hundred written communications from different spirits, not written through or by mediums, but direct by spirits in their own hand fac simils of their writing when in the earth form; also, likenesses of de-parted friends have been brought by spirits and presented to us.

On the evening of the 27th of March, in circle, I asked the question—Will we get a written communication this evening? A spirit answered—"Yes; sing." We all j. ined in singing

the beau iful hymn-"We will join with the saints at the beautiful I was standing with my hands closed, resting on two chairs, on which were seated a lady and gentleman, when all of a sudden my hands were both involuntarily opened and closed with a tight pressed paper in each. I remarked to those present that there was something placed in each of my hands and then closed; again my left hand was opened, and another, apparently heavier and stiffer paper, was put in that hand and closed. I kept my hands closed until the c.rcle was regularly closed. At this moment a spirit speke and said, "Good evening, Doctor. I am so happy to meet you; con't you know me?' I said "No." The spirit replied; "I am Patrick; you know I used to swear and say bad words, but you did me such great kindness, I never said a bad word or swore since. Of the communications you have received, one is for you and the other is for Dr. Shew, and the third is Patrick's dicture. I thought I would save ve the trouble to frame it. I have framed it me-(There was the appearance of a frame on "Teil Dr Shew his is for his patient. You must not let any person read your communica-tion, Dector, until after you read it, and don't tell my boy (the medium) what is in it." Before giving you the contents of his communication I would here remark that he has irequently said in the circle, that he had money buried and other articles-even had named the amount to a cent; also, his handkerchief with his name on, his father's spectacles that he brought from home as a keepsake, comb and a farcy glass that Mr. Jones got out of a church in Ireland, a few leaves of the Bible that Mr. Jones used to read to him, and his pocket Bible. He wanted us to go and get the money, and give it to Mrs. Hopkins. I must acknowledge and confess that my faith was now a little shaken I never did believe in this hunting money. I doubted very much the truth of the communication, but Patrick said he wanted to give us a test, and said the communication was from Mr. Jones. Here it is. "The best way to conduct this little test is as girected, it it is correct. Doctor, you and little Anna Hopkins go along with my Irish boy; either ride or walk. The walk will be too much for Anna. The only way I can direct you to the place is Anna to take hold of his left hand thumb, and you, Doctor, his right, she being the negative, and you the positive, then I can impress him to the spot. You need not hold his hand, only when he is loosening. I have tried my utmost to have it described to you, but seems cannot. The sooner you go the more likely you will find it. I was with him and put it away. He was drunk; I was afraid some one would steal it. Two days after he was run over by the cars, I left the earth-sphere soon after; I came over the sea with Patrick; it will take all of Patrick's and my influence to enable you to succeed in obtaining the hidden treasure. I know the directions, and I think I can remember the spot. If we can get our good boy (the medium), then it will not take more than two or three hours to go and return. The notes are most likely destroyed but still I think he had some specie. If you will

his hands, (my medium's hands.) THUMAS JONES.

As I before said, I hesitated about going after money. The spirits knowing that I doubted their kind instructions, on the Thursday evening following they asked Mr. Hughston whether he would go. He answered "yes." According to directions, on the morning of the third of April, Mr. Hughston, his daughter, Mr. Stephenson and others followed the medium to the place where the spirit said his money was buried, but the river was very high and the place overflowed. It would not do for the medium to put his hands in water. He said he saw the money but we could not get it now, but would take us to the tree where Patrick was sitting when he pulled his stocking off, and took his money from him. We had to go back without finding it. On Thursday evening following, April 7th, sitting in circle at Mr. Hughston's, a number being present, Patrick's spirit said "we better open the window, Mr. Jones was going to give us a

be so kind as to give it to Mother Hopkins, for

her kindness towards we spirit friends, it will

be a satisfaction to us all, and please keep these

things a little to yourselves, for the reason people do not understand these things. Please

start from our circle room, my boy to be there;

rest a little before starting; then don't talk too

much to him on the road; steer for the bridge,

and after you cross the bridge, if you are wrong, hold his hands and he will tell you. To keep

up the influence take with you a little garden

hoe; give it to my boy. When you stop he will

soon find it, that is, if he can keep up the influ-

ence. Don't make a mistake and have hold of

Patrick's stocking. Enclosed in i: was a five dollar U. S. note, a one dollar, fifty cent, twentyfive cent, a ten cent note and f. ur pennics. The twenty-five and ten cent notes were torn as Patrick said—in all there was \$6,89. The paper money was wrapped in several leaves of the Bible from Joshua fifth to the eleventh chapters.
The pennies, comb and all were wrapped up in the handkerchief which had Patrick's name worked with red thread, all of which was very wet, saturated with dirty water, and river sand, and from appearance had evidently been lying in the sand and water for a long time. It came in through the open window and fell on Mr. Peter Snyder's hand. He kept it until the close of the circle. I have the paper money and pennies in my possession now. On the Saturday evening following, the 9:h inst., sitting in circle at Mrs. Hopkins, we were told to open the window and sing a hymn low. The window was opened. The spirit then said Mr. Jones would give another test, when in through the window came the two other parts of a stocking, wet and dirty with river sand, and fell on the table before all; the other fell on the the flor; both tied tight at both ends; one piece contained twenty five pennies and the other twenty six. The spirit spoke out that all present heard, and said, the balance of the money you will get to morrow. We would have brought all, but the others are lying loose in the ground, and it will be more satisfactory it you bring it yourselves. Said the amount of coin we would get including that received, would be \$1 25. We promised to go with him. The next morning, April 10th, the medium was wakened about four o'clock and directed to Mr. Hughston's, and aroused hin, and said that Hughston and his daughter must go with him. They started and went over the bridge, holding the medium's nanc's according to spirit directions. They went direct to the house of Mr. Stephenson and awoke him. The medium being under influence ati the while, was not conscious where he was or what he was doing. They then started up the river, and the little girl had him by the left hand and Mr. Hughston by the right. The other witnesses followed until they reached the form of Hen. Richard J. Haldeman. When within a few hundred yards of the rad bridge near Fairview, he suddenly firmed down through the bushes, to the water's edge and commencing digging the sand and gravel away, when to our utter actonishment he commenced picking up the pennies, the spectaciles, razor and a one dollar note. After a few moments all left and returned to the circle room, of Mrs. Hopkins, where I was directed to count the money and examine whether all the articles were found. The young man was over an hour under spirit control, the spirit conversing with me and the others all the while, giving us a very accurate history of his life as well as his death on the railroad, all of which, as far as we could ascertain, his being run over with the cars is as strictly true as that we found his effects through his and Mr. Jones spirit directions. On carefully counting the money he said we did not get all. We asked him if he would go along if we went over again, and he answered "yes." After taking dinner, about two o'clock, we all started, crossed the bridge again; called on Mr. Stephenson, who again accompanied us to the place where the other coin was found, and commenced turning the wet sand and gravel over that had been dug out in the morning, and found eighteen more, which I was permitted by our spirit friend to retain in my possession. Patrick was deligated and said I should take them to Philadelphia and show them to Dr. Childs.

Indian. It being interpreted by another spirit -said he wanted to give us a test. Dr. Barr should go with the medium and Miss Lucinda. The doctor to walk on his right, Lucinda on his lett, holding medium occasionally by the hand to keep up the magnetic influence, and take as many along as wished to go with them. He would lead them on a trail to the place where his tomahawk, beads and other articles were buried. We asked him when his spirit passed from the body? He said he was killed, or shot dead as we call it, in the year 1702, and his things were buried then, and remain undisturbed to the present time; that they lay alongside of a flat rock; said we would have to go over a bridge that had been swept away by the high water. On the next Sunday morning, April 24th, according to instructions, we met at the residence of Mr. Potts, on Broad street, opposite the market house. The old gentleman sent word to Lucinda to get ready to take a walk. When she was ready (she being a good trance medium), we all started. Several gentlemen accompanied us, anxious to witness the test, viz: Mr. Henry Brenneman, of Mechanicsburg, John Hopkins, Peter Snyder, John Hughston, engineer, Wm. Potts, Miss Lucinda Potts, medi um, Andrew Potts, medium, and myself, eight in all. Seven undoubted witnesses, as the medium was under control and knew nothing that transpired. I said we would take a walk towards Camp Curtin. Neither the lady or Andrew had any knowledge of what we were after, as it had been kept from them. They both appeared to have an interesting conversation, ta king Indian all the time. I walked by his right side, the lady by his left. The others kept a reasonable distance in the rear. They led us up the Ridge to the commons (an open lot), down to Pennsylvania avenue, then down to the drove yard and canal, up the canal about two and-ahalf miles to the third bridge. There he stopped, looked around, then crossed the bridge, down through the swamp until we came to a log or rail bridge that had been carried away by the high water, but that Sunday morning there was

Again, an Indian spirit, giving his name

Iessa Catawasa, came with his squaw, talking

(mediums) did not appear to mind it, although hard, wet, muddy traveling for me, but I determined to see it through. After crossing the swamp we came to an old fence and open lot near the hill. The Indians jumped the fence like a deer, while I found it hard to get over. They then went several hundred yards down towards a wood, stopped, looked all around, talking Indian all the while, when he, apparently by her direction, seated himself on a flat rock and commenced pulling up the grass and sod, picking out the gravel. He then took hold of my cane, and I was afraid he would break it, and went and got a sharp fence rail and commenced digging the gravel and ground, which was very hard, and evidently could not have been removed from the time the articles were buried, it being close to the rock. After digging awhile he picked up a small block bead and handed it to me. Then we all commenced pickle gout a number of large and small beads. Then the Indian dug out the handsomest and most perfect stone tomahawk I ever saw. Af er wards we returned to town, so far successful the Indian and squaw appeared delighted, talking, laughing and jumping until we got out to the road. In the evening, in circle meeting, the Indian's spirit said his pipe, bow and arrows were of wood, and were with his body, returned to dust, but the bear's claws and teeth, we did not get then.

At the next meeting, on Saturday, April 30th, another strange spirit said if we would go along with the medium—not far—he would take us to the place where we would find his pistol, and an iron wedge, which he had used to split logs to build his house that the Indians burned for him, over 136 years ago, when there were but three houses about here. We agreed to go, and the tather of the medium, Mr. Petts, was informed of the promise, and cautioned to say nothing to his son. The next morning, May 1.t. at er breakfast, Andrew, the medium, essed his father whether he would take a walk out to the cemetery. His father said, "Very well," and they started, in company with the other son, William Instead of going directly out to the cometery, he went down Third s reet, and to the river. His father said nothing, but followed down Front to Market, down Market to Mis. Hopkin's; stopped there, and found she had gone, with others, according to the spirit's direc tions, out to the cemetery. They then tarted direct for the cemetery, where they found the others waiting. The medium, being under the control of the spirit, left them, and walked fast for the road. He went up the Johnstown road unt.l above Hæalin's, when he jumpe i over the fence and dug up the sod and ground, and, six inches underground, he dug out the old, half eaten, rusty double barreled pisto!. He then jumped over the fence again, and ran down, perhaps, sixty feet, and commenced digging in the hard, hollow gutter along the road, and there, behold! he dug up the old rusty iron wedge. All of the above articles are open for inspection. On the evening of the 20th of April, at the circle, a very singular and, to some, astonishing manifestation was given, which, I have no doubt, will be pronounced by some us not worthy of belief, but there are numbers, with myself, can affirm to the truth here, as well as others I intend to publish. Our cus tom is to conduct our meetings with singing hymns. We were all engaged singing, when, suddenly, something was brought through the window, shattering the pane of glass, the pieces falling on the floor. On picking it up, we found it was about half of a pocket bible. The spirit of Mr. Jones s.id he brought it, and broke the window, for a test He said it was Patrick's; that he had put it away when with Patrick hving on the earth. As we did not get it with his other things, (it was in the water,) he thought he would bring it. He said he brought it right over the water. It being all wet, part of it stuck on a bush, near the bridge, and it we would go with care, as the river was very high, we might get it. Severel of the brethren went down to the river, above the bridge, and actually found the other part, on a tree or bush near the water. Both parts of the book were wet and dirty. Now, here is the strangest of all. The spirit said he broke the glass to convince us of their presence and power to communicate, and, through proper conditions, perform miracles, as we call them. Before leaving, that evening, money was contributed to put in the glass. Mother Hopkins said she had a pane of glass, lying on the case down stairs, and we could have that, only it had a mark of white paint on it. Several of the brethren proposed putting it in for her, in the morning. The glass was lying on her case when she locked up and retired. In the evening, Mr. Hughston came down, to put it in, and when the old lady went for the glass, it was gone. She smiled, and Mrs. Bigler said perhaps the spirits had taken it, as they had both brought and taken articles from her on former occasions. On going up stairs, into the front room, where the window was broken, they found the same identical pane of glass, with the white paint mark on it, put in the window from which the glass had been broken, as smoothly and prettily as a gluzier could have done it.

Now, as strange as this may appear to many, it is nevertheless true, and the spirits tell us they put it in for her. If any person desires to see the curiosities, money, &c., with the bear's teeth and claws, that the Indian spirit brought us since, in the presence of, at least, twenty five or thirty ladies and gentlemen, they can at any

I have now at length given a few facts. If it is the desire of your reader, I can from time to time report other interesting facts. We are now living in an age of wonderful progression. It would be well if all would a riously consider,

we shall not only meet our friends again, but that we have the privilege—the unspeakable pleasure—of seeing and conversing with them. Yes, often have I conversed with my dear angel wife and children, with tears of joy, since they passed into the heavenly spirit land, with and in the presence of many of my spirit friends. I have given this lengthy account of these manifestations in a plain, simple way, that the unlearned as well as the learned may read and understand. We are not in the dark, as some, who have never given it a thought, would suppose or think. Our circles are in the light, open and free for all honest investigators.

"Now let the world despise and leave us, They have left our Savior too; Human hearts and looks deceive as, God is not, like them untrue.

O, while thou dost smile upon us. God of wi dom, love and might Foes may hate, and friends de pise us— Show Thy face, and all is bright."

I am a friend of Universal Progression. W. BARR.

MISSOURI.

Letter from Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.

DRAR JOURNAL: The closing engagement, for the present in this far West, finds me here at Clarence. Looking—back over the past three menths of hard active soul-work and physical fatigue, I still find the memory of hospitable homes, smiling faces and kind words, mirroring pleasant and never to be forgotten pictures on my grateful

Everywhere have I been greeted with a warm welcome, and fine appreciative andiences, till now as I turn my face Essward, it is half reinctantly, and with a ling sing feeling of regret at the good-by that must be said, only that other hands may be grasped,—other people that may listen, and to rest a brief moment in the sunlight of lass s and caresses longing to be bestowed by my own sweet pet Evangeline.

Since writing you from Fort Scott, where I gave cight lectures to large audiences, I have been to Spring Hill Kansas, giving there three lectures, stopping oil at Clathe to give them one more,— thence on to Weston giving four While stopping nere at the home of Dr. L. Grasmach, a worthy worker in the cause, and well deserving the testi-monial be has received from the powers he has so noby assisted, my hand was made the instrument through which the baby face of their little ange Coarlie was pencilled in so accurate a resemblance es to be at once recognized by all who had known

From Weston I went to Kansas City, giving lectures two Sandays, to a fine, in elligent interested audience. Here a small society is making an effort to establish itself on a firm liberal basis, and need only perseverance and encouragement to become successful.

[Here follows resolutions and character of discustion, which appeared two weeks ago in a communication from Holden.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Thence I made my way to this, my last stopping place. Here I found that J. H. Powell had preceded me a day, and had advertised to lecture on Saturday eve, on "Electro-Biology, Psychology, etc.," with "experiments," at twenty five cents admission. Putting out bills to that effect, a very good audience gathered to hear him, and when he had presented the merits of his case for the space of half an hour, the rude hand of the city officials. seized him by the arm and arrested him as having violated a city ordinance in taking pay for a lecture, without a license. The professor excused himself from the audience till he could give bail for his appearance for trial on Monday morning, when he returned and finished his discourse. Yes terday was mostly consumed in the trial. The jury found him guilty, and fined him ten dollars and coets, classing his lecture among theatricals, shows, jugglery, sleight-of-hand performances,

I gave a lecture here on Sunday, and one last night, and as describing spirits is generally a part of the programme, I did not know but I should be liable to arrest. Expected to leave here to day, but as there is so strong a desire manifest to keep me for a lecture to-night, I have contented. The arrest of Mr. Powell has caused much excitement all through the town.

When next my pen may speak to you, I cannot say, and it matters as little, so that I am able to toil for the great needs of the hungry souls that are pressing on the workers, who, with the promptings of the angel hosts, may scatter a few crumbs of the bread of life. Clarence, Mo., May 10th.

#### To the German Spiritualists of the United States.

The subscriber is desirous of obtaining the names of all German adherents of modern Spiritualism throughout the land, partly for the purpose of preparing a roll of honor of the strong minded men and women, who, in spite of violent prejudice. and a strong aversion of the mass of Germans to their doctrine, have shown sufficient courage to embrace the great truth of the nineteenth century, and partly to transmit to them interesting documents, and to form an organization calculated to spread spiritual ideas, and to be of service in the decisive contest,—to all appearances not far off, between the hosts of darkness and the sons of light.

The names also, of free-thinkers, who are opposed to dogmatic atheism and shallow rationalism, and who have shown more or less interest in the investigation of spiritual phenomens, will be welcome. The name and place of residence, (state and county not to be omitted), are sufficient, though any statements as to the necessary of the though any statements as to the progress of the cause in the writer's section of the country, will Other spiritual papers will oblige the subscriber by copying this call. Address, Dr. P. L. Schircking, Washington, D. C. be thankfully received.

General Waiker decides that women are not competent to take the census. The Detroit Tribune says this is a nonsensical declaration. for a woman could ask more questions in five migntes than a man could put in all day.

GOD.

I am the first and the last,
The beginning and the end.
I am the ages that are peat
And all the future ages blend
In me; the eternal day
That's forever passing by
Yet remains forever nigh
With its bright and varied ray.
I am it and it is me.
Time and eternity
Are the pulses of my heart,
Of my being but a part.

When the morning stars together
Sang, the music of the spheres,
The music that endures forever,
Fell mon some angel cars.
I was there and was the chorus
And the star's celestial hynm,
It was I that they did sing,
And the anthem of the angels
As it with the orbs of light
Blends and mingles day and night,
Is my voice through them resounding
Is my life in all abounding.

In the sun that's in the heavens,
In the planets as they fly,
In each distant luminary,
That peeps through the azure sky,
I am in them—was before them,
All their light and all their glory
And the music of their story
And their various circling motions
As they sweep through endless years
In the dance of the spheres,—
I am in them and in the
Hamblest of humanity,

I was with the human race
In its earliest infancy,
As it struggled up apace
Through the desert and the sea.
As it reaches ever higher,
As it wanders to and fro,
Through a wilderness of woe.
I am in the cloud and fire;
A cloud by day, a fire by night,
Will lead you forward in the right.
Tes, Ill' lead you by the hand,
Till you reach the promised land.

Poor doubting one, whoe'er you be,
No sorrow that you ever knew,—
No anguish and no misery,
But I have felt as well as you;
No fears or darkness have you known,
No temptation's subtle power,
No repentant bitter hour,
No sorrow's cup for thee o'erflown
But I have known, and from the cup
The last dregs have swallowed up.
I am in your misery,
Poor, auguished soul, I feel for thee.

Though I'm in the universe
Of planets, suns and stars,
Though in nature's primal curse
Of ignorance and wars,
Though I live in all the life
Of human sin and shame,
For which you suffer blame,
Yet I will aid you in the strife,
And you shall be by inward fire
Purged from all impure desire,
And shall walk with me in light,
Clothed in robes of purest white.

# Original Essays.

FACTS.

BY WM. B. FAHNESTOCK.

All things that exist, whether mineral, vegeta ble, animal or spiritual, have certain qualities which are recognizable by one or more of our senses, cither when in a natural or somnambulic condition, and it is the God-principle, or the portion of God in everything, that enables our sensesto recognize them. If this principle were not in them, they could not exist.

Everything, therefore, is only perfect in proportion to the amount of God's attributes in them, and as everything but God is changeable, it follows that nothing is stable or absolutely perfect, but the great 1 am.

Everything holds or sustains both an absolute or a relative position in nature; absolute, as it is a person or thing endowed with a certain nature, having peculiar qualities or portions of the Great Spirit, or the God principle in them, and relative, as they are a part of the universe-

Our senses recognize that things, persons and spirits exist, and yet, as the senses are not perfect, and only as much so as the God-principle. Within them warrants, they cannot recognize beyond their capacity, and only in accordance with certain laws; therefore are we endowed with several differently organized senses, so that one may correct the short comings of the other, or act in accordance with laws which are not adapted to the other. As an example:

If we plunge a straight rod half way into water. it will appear crooked to the eye, because the eye is not adapted to the laws of refraction, while the touch or feeling is, for it can feel the rod to be straight. So, also, the sense of sight may correct or see that which the sense of touch cannot distinguish, and thus, also, the sense of hearing, taste and smell, may reciprocally correct, or be adapted to laws which the others are not. This being so, it does not follow that because the eye cannot see the rod straight when plunged half way into the water, that its seeing it straight in the air is not a fact according to one law, and the eye seeing it crooked when under different circumstances, is not another fact, according to another isw. Both are facts, according to certain laws, and no reasoning can prove that they are not so. Besson cannot prove that according to certain laws or circumstances, there is no up, no down. Let any one attempt to climb the highest Alpine peak, and when he has acconded its pinnacle, let him leap into the air, and he will by that time have learned that according to certain laws, there is a positive up and a down too.

According to the laws governing our senses, the earth seems to stand still, the sun seems to rise and set, and the moon to go west, but they do so only to unenlightened senses, and are not the less facts to renses in their condition.

It is impossible to find capabilities outside of law, in any of the senses, and never any beyond

It is impossible to find capabilities outside of law, in any of the senses, and never any beyond the attributes or God-principles in them, and he who expects to find them, will be disappointed.

It is also impossible to find lasting positive or permanent truths or facts in anything that is subject to change and as all things in nature are in

permanent trains or facts in anything that is subject to change, and as all things in nature are in process of time subject either to alteration or decomposition, they cannot be said positively to exist in the same condition, even for an instant, but notwithstanding this, they have existed according to certain laws, and consequently they are positive facts, according to those laws. Once a fact, always a fact, circumstances considered, and no method of reasoning can negative that which is or has been a fact.

Man is subject to the same laws as matter, and also to those of a physical and moral nature. That he exists is a fact, according to the laws of life, and does so in consequence of the spirit of God within him, and as he is blessed with qualities, faculties or attributes, so is he perfect or not, in proportion to the quantity and quality of the same, and although he is not positively the same in body that he was when a child, yet the same spirit is within him, which, according to circumstances may have been more or less developed with the growth of the body.

It has been said that "we exist by reason of

It has been said that "we exist by reason of power, and that, consequently, we are the effect of power," but as power is only the ability to act, and at best, an attribute of God, and not all of the great I am, who has many other attributes.

other qualities must have aided greatly in making us what we are If all power resides in God, and God be absolute, how, let me ask, can all that power be delegated to another withoutamnihilating. Himself?

The physical eye, when in a semanambulic condition, reveals tacts that the natural eye cannot compass, for it not only peers into the most accret recesses of the natural world, but it also mounts into the regions of spiritual existence, and there sees the condition, habitudes and glory of those who have gone before, but as the reenes there observed, and the spirits seen, etc., are all liable to change, what is seen can only be positive in regard to certain laws, and relative or negative to others, but they are also facts in both cases, and although their conditions, etc., may change, they were facts that existed, and under other conditions, do so

The present always exists, the past is remembered by what existed or took place, and the future, by that which will take place when it becomes the present; but because time and all things change, it is no reason that the past was not, that the present is not, and that the future will not be.

Our existence here is in combination with matter in its grossest form (bedily) and as we can have no use for it in spirit life, one more ethereal is adapted to our condition there. Gross materiality being gone, does not annihilate us as an individual being; the law of progression has simply stepped between us and annihilation, and we still exist. Life, time and all things, are real to imperfect senses, and are, therefore, not the less true under the circumstances. Reason may be as imperfect as the senses, and what is true to it to-day, some law may make false to it to morrow.

We may not know what eternity means, any more than we do how we exist, but because we do not know all about the one or the other, it is no reason we should conclude that "we had no beginning, and therefore can have no end," for reason is as often wrong as the senses, and we are mortals, may have had a beginning, and as such, may have an end, but the spirit must live forever if God be infinite. God being a spirit outside of matter, is consequently without form, and as the universe is governed by laws, there is no necessity for revelation, speech or directions outside of law, and as transgressed laws inflict their own penalty, there is no necessity for interference in that direction, for the penalty is always equal to the trans-

It is said that "where there is no eye, there is no light." If this be so, the natural eye ought to see in the dark as well as in the light. The eye in a somnambulic condition, sees as well in the dark as in the light, nor does matter or space interfere with its powers, but it is then in a semi-spiritual condition, and consequently governed by similar laws. But because persons and things change, does it follow that they positively do not exist? Does changing after the fact that they did exist, or prove that they do not still exist, although the natural eye cannot see them? Reason, judging from the incapacities of the natural eye, would conclude that they do not exist, but from another stand point, i. e., when the eye is in a somnambulic condition, the person or things, although not visible to the natural eye, may be so to the clair-voyant eye, and reason, in this case, be forced to admit the fact that they do exist.

The fact, too, that deede, circumstances or events, the condition of the condition of the condition of the condition.

The fact, too, that deeds, circumstances or events, (although ages may, have passed since they took place), are stamped or photographed upon the book of Nature, would go to prove positively that whatever has existed or transpired, is never lost or erased from the scroll of eternity, and as the water reflects the sky, so does the spiritual part of matter reflect all that was, and which the clair-voyant eye can see at any time, ay more, and strange as it may seem, the senses of touch or sensation of hearing, taste and smell, all aid in the recognition, where one or all their capabilities are required to make the same complete.

Reason, therefore, may be forced to reverse its first decision, and to admit the fact that positive facts are facts, notwithstanding that under certain conditions, they may appear to be otherwise.

If we go back to first principles, there is but one

integer, and that is God, all other things are but fractions of the same, combined with matter. In numbers, one and one are two ones, and when added, are called two, etc. Two grains of corn are two ones, if you grind them together you make meal, and not one homogeneous grain, but you destroy the form of the two grains and divide them into a million particles of the same grain of corn, which according to certain laws or conditions, existed as facts, and according to others, do so still.

Light is spiritualized matter, and as long as it is composed of a certain number of colors, it remains light, but as it is quickly absorbed by matter, or readily decomposed, its contituents or colors having peculiar qualities and strong affinities, may again unite in different proportions, and as these combinations vary in number and proportions, other forms of matter are in time produced. But the particles of matter thus formed are so infinitesimal that an age might clapse before one would be able to recognize the products, yet they exist, and however small, are still facts in embryo. There are positive and negative forces or attractions and repulsions in nature. Take the negative away, and you destroy the positive, for both are the same, acting under different laws, and are facts under such circumstances. Contraries make up the world, one cannot exist without the other, consequently existence is a positive fact.

One magnet may make an endless number of others without destroying the nature or lessening the quantity in the original. Magnetism, therefore, is a quality outside of the magnet, and by comparison, may aid us in forming an idea (imperfect though it must be), of God, who is a principle outside of matter, Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Omnipresent, the only absolute and unchangeable fact, whether in the past, the present or the future

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MONTH AND DAY NAMES.

BY N. H. JORGENSEN.

In this age of progress—so prolific with reforms, and prophtic of a better condition of humanity,-it might not be amiss, by calling attention to points thus far not touched upon by the reformatory spirit of the day, to array the hosts of progress against antiquated structures still remaining among us, as tapers of darkness only, where the spiritual sun of the nineteenth century ought to shine in the fulness of its glory; as stumbling-blocks in the highway of humanity, and as bastions in the battlements of a morbid conservatism. And while we hereby invite the friends of progress to look around, searchingly, and bring before the people other forms that ought to be obsolete among us, we beg leave here to present the impropriety of the nomenclature applied to the days of the week and to the months of our year-and a substitution by names in harmony with the light and hving spirit of to-day, and conducive to the further and easier development of progressive humanity.

To the "Julian Calendar," and its names, as origionally conceived, we are not in opposition. It was undoubtedly a masterpiece of its time, and proper, not only, but beneficial to these of those days, or to the Roman Empire with its peculiar martial, religious, political and hygienic ideas and feelings; but, springing from merely national, ever-changing characteristics, and from a narrow view, that apparently did not go far beyond the latitude of Italy; and carrying on its pages the names of gods or demi-gods, and those of leaders of armies or statesmen, illustrious among those ancients as representives of their ideas and principles, but obscure and without significance to other and more enlightened nations of the globe—that calendar was unfit for a

universal adoption by the civilized nations.

The Church, nevertheless, adopted that calendar, with its heathenish spirit and dress, undoubtedly from policy; and the change, made in the adopted by its admission into Christian society, seems indicative of the carelessness, if not of the ignorance, with which the priesthood of that day were gifted; or, did also that semichange spring from mere policy? However it

be, we do not feel like blaiming the ecclesiastical actors in that drams—although, through many centuries, humanity may have suffered thereby, positively and negatively; they undoubtedly acted up to their highest knowledge, or to their belief and policy view.

But, in order to come directly to our purpose, jet us examine what light and what moral benefit, if any, the peoples derive from those ancient, to us obscure, calendar names. Look at them. There is

January—How many know or care anything about Janus, the double-taced god? and, if they did, of what benefit? A name, obscure, and not conveying any idea or vitality to the mind and action of the people, stands among us destitute of lite, a corpse, dead as a mere mile-stone on the year's highway.

February-a name sprung from the same root as febris, fever-indicative of the month wherein the Ancient Romans celebrated their "Februe" by expurging from their physical systems the malarious elements that, during their indulgence in winter habits, had accumulated and otherwise would have threatened to culminate in a consuming fever. Could this name have conveyed to the multitude, the duty of exonerating the physical system, preparatory to laborious exertions, hardships and exposures commencing at the opening of spring time, it might, by its annual memento, have been also to us a living benefactor, though not teaching the more correct idea of keeping "Februa" all the year round, by always excluding, from within and around our hodies and minds, whatever, might, he obour bodies and minds, whatever might be ob-noxious to health. As it is, the name of February stands another spiritless form, a dead pointer to time in the year's circuit. Among the Romans it was merely as a temporary physical baptism that helped to keep the nation in vigor, and mainly prepared for the warfares, initiated by the month of

March.—The month of Mars, the god of war. As far as the name of March conveys any idea, it must be detrimental to true civilization and to universal brotherhood." To what extent this very name has contributed toward the keeping up of the spirit of wrangling and warfare, nationally, sectionally, socially and personally—to what extent it has acted antagonistic to that noble Christ principle, we must leave to each reader to judge for himselt. But most certainly, we need no stimulus in that direction-our social system has been reared and maintained, on the basis of selfish warfare, and, wherever some bone is becoming visible among us, we flock snarlingly around it, and my hand must be against all, for all hands are against me. Oh. ye who glory in the name of Christ! is that Roman warfare, the warfare you feel called upon to inculcate? Is that the wartare for which he came to bring the "sword?" Take up his sword; fight the holy battles for truth and right against the antagonistic, warlike spirit of our "civilized" society, and thrust from the shouldbe-heaven of our calender the demon name of war, that by that sword you may conquer the Roman sword and war-spirit, and achieve the spirit of peace and universal social brotherhood!

April.—From the Roman aperire, to open—the month in which Italy opened her buds, and labored to dress in foliage of green, and beautify with flowery ornaments, her groves, her hills and dales. This apellation, however beautiful and appropriate to Italy and its latitude, is also dumb and mystic to other nations and tongues, and not appropriate to more northern or southern lands, where this "opening" of Nature might naturally take place months later or earller, while in the southern hemisphere the budding and opening of the verdure is going on between September and November.

May—"What a beautiful name!" It is well that it speaks to our hearts would that it spoke to the general understanding likewise! It is the name of a Boman goddess. Is the name it self a beauty? Might not its linguistic relation to the dear name of ma (mater), mother, carry with it down the stream of time, though unconscious to us, some filial feeling, while Nature, in its fresh beauty his spring, lends also its lustre to the name, and thus to us makes that name dear and beautiful? But other names might be the absorbents of an equal amount of glory from a surrounding Nature, so softly beautiful, and address our minds as well as our hearts.

June—The month of Juno, the goddess; does this name convey any idea to our age? She is dead to us, while "Juno's bird" is vainly stalking abroad in our parks and elsewhere, unfolding the brilliancy of her plumage, and by her shricking voice revealing the harshness, the inharmonious condition of her real being, somewhat symbolic of our social state.

July—Julius Cæsar, the renowned Roman chieftain, even had he himself been the originator of the calendar that bears his name, might deem it proper now to replace also his name by another,—the name of a blood warrior by that of a moral warrior, a peace maker.

August-Augustus, the first Roman emperor. Notwithstanding the anti republican character of its bearer, the name is an august word in our language, and might have had some moral hearing; but, being, as it is, in the company of so many now obscure personages, we have not become accustomed, while wandering through time toward, and when reaching, this month, to view it in any moral way and make of it. perhaps, some moral application. Thus, of what benefit to us is "Julius" Cæsar or "Augustus!" These names, however great leaders of the Romans, are unfit for a place among the leaders or leading principles of this and coming ages. Not the dead past can move the nations onward and upward,—this must be done by the living present!

Here we have reached a series of months— September, October, November and Lecember—all of which, according to our calendar, are, linguistically or numerically, two months behind the months respectively assigned to them; in other words, our ninth month is called the seventh, our tenth the eighth, our eleventh the ninth,

and our twelfth the tenth month.

The Romans, in their original calendar, had no such numerical discrepancy; for, as the god of war was their great inspirer, their year commenced, most properly, with his month, that of March. By them the four last mentioned months were thus in their proper place, and January and February were the last months of

their year. The Christian religion became the religion of of the Roman Empire. The nativity of its exalted founder had been symbolically, if not historically, fixed at the time when the sun, in its annual circuit, commences its apparent return toward the northern hemisphere, and to the inhabitants thereof; and the Roman calendar was changed so as to dethrone Mars, and bring the beginning of the year in close proximity to that nativity of the great revolutionary Light, The last two months of the Roman calendar, therefore, were placed as the first in the Christian; and, while the "heathenish" names were retained, the four numbered and displaced months retained their original numbers as names merely! And thus our calendar stands to-day another evidence of the singular patchworks made in those remote ages.

The British government, when it took possession of the telegraph lines, retained all the female operators, and also employed fifty new ones.

Over one hundred young women are at present studying law in this country—many in the universities, but more in lawyer's offices, where they pay their tuition fees by writing.

"THE CONFEDERACY IN PROPHECY."

Judd Pardee's Prophecy-Andrew Jackson Davis'
Prediction.

The phrase which heads this article, figured prominently in certain localities of the south, during the late unhappy rebellion. Many narrow minded religionists fancied that in some of the vague and ambiguous sayings of the bible, the glories of a southern confederacy were distinctly shadowed forth; and hence, "The Confederacy in prophecy," became a fruitful theme of biblical argumentation and learned nonsense, by once earnest advocates of "The lost cause."

There were, however, many prophecies which related to the south, and her ill started struggle for independence, but they belong to this dispensation, and may be found in the spiritual literature of the day,—one of which, many of your readers, doubtless, remember, that given in a trance lecture by Judd Pardee, and published first, I believe, in Partridges' Spiritual Telegraph, of that period. This prophecy distinctly announced the dissolution of the union, and described in graphic terms the terrible war that would follow. But the portion of the prophecy which seemed most incredible to the Southern Spiritualists, was that which stated that the Uinon would be restored and become stronger than ever.

One of the most monstrous prophecies ever given to the children of earth, and one still full of interest, because of the vast issue involved in it, was that given to the gifted Seer and Prophet, A. J. Davis, by the Spiritual Congress at High Rock. "Serene and high," so runs his description of this marvelous vision as given in his work, "The Present age and Inner Life," published in the year 1853, and now before me. "Serene and high, distributed into harmonious groups, surrounded with a glory altogether inexpressible, I saw an innumerable host of happy beings engaged in examining mighty secrets, and propounding deep thoughts, and canvassing earth's remotest bounds for beacon lights to guide our erring race toward higher destinations."

This "innumerable host," composed of the delegations from all the nations of the earth, there delivered to our gifted Seer a solemn and impressive message for each of the nations of earth, all which may be found in the work above mentioned. The message from the African delegation, which contains the prophecy to which I have alluded, is in these remarkable words.

"We speak, O ye suffering sons of Africa from the clear sky, and our voices shall be heard. Mammon is the God who first led thee to bondage; so shall it be the god of thy deliverance. We will open the catalogue of national crimes to the world. The nation that perpetuates slavery shall become a by-word; and its people be counted odious as Appius Claudius, the tyrant of ancient Rome, who condemned Virginia as a slave! The people who enslave thee shall prove thy eternal benefactors. There is a law of justice which evermore overcomes evil with good. We will inspire thy masters to worship at the shrine of justice. This is the great God before whom mammon shall bow in eternal subserviancy! The honest man shall rise in over awing majesty before the doer of wrong deeds. The soil now tilled by unslaved hands, the plants now moistened by the tears of suffering exiles, shall be thine. O sons of Africa! to work in the sunshine of gladness, to barter with consciences as thine own \* \* \*
We will bring an overpowering light to all oppressors, and the everywhere oppressed shall be free."

Perhaps in the world's history no prophecy was ever uttered in terms less ambiguous than this, and surely no prophecy could be more literally fulfilled. For the truth of this statement, we may point to the prophecy itself, published seventeen years ago, and to the millions of freedmen now working "in the surshine of gladness" from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. These considerations were forcibly brought to my mind whilst making a "morning call" a short time since to the Legislature now in session at this place. In the House of Representatives, which I visited, are one hundred and five members,-thirty-two of whom are colored, and of these, twenty-five had been slaves previous to 'Lee's surrender." I was particularly struck with their appearance and general bearing, which in every respect was modest, dignified and business like. The morning session of the House was opened with prayer by a "colored divine" in the absence of the white chaplain. I suppose there was nothing in the prayer to distinguish it from those ordinarily made on such occasions, except that portion which petitioned "that the deep afflictions through which we have all passed may be sanctified to the good of us all." I fancied that every one present was affected with the simplicity of the sentiment, and the pathos with which it was uttered; for it was, in truth, one of those touches of nature which make all the world akin."

For the enlightened and thinking Spiritualist, there is abundant food for thought in the anomalous condition which the South now presents. Here are millions of people of both colors, whose erring feet have been led "to higher destination"—for slavery was, indeed, a greater curse to the white race than the black, yet who are ignorant of the instrumentalities by which the mighty revolution was effected; yea, to the great majority of whom the very name of Spiritualism is a "by word and reproach," and to whom the truths of this dispensation, its miracles, its deep philosophy and its marvelous literature, the crowning intellectual product of the ages, are all a sealed book and a closed fountain; yet the radiant heavenly hosts who have in charge the destinies of nations, in seeing all this, are enabled to understand the causes which underlie the benighted condition of the people in regard to this spiritual dispensation; and are, therefore, content with a wisdom that never errs, with a love that never wavers, and with a charity that " suffereth long and is kind," to labor and wait for the better time coming and for "the beautiful hereafter," when the truths as manifested in spirit shall be recognized, acknowledged and obeyed amongst all the nations of the earth.

The renovation of the world through love, The renovation of the race through love, The renovation of the state through love Is the great purpose of the Father-Soul.

For this, all heaven-born spirits act as one, For this all laws together move in one, For this all streams of thought converge in one, For this the scraphins in glory wait,

As once to greet Messiah, manger-born. Jackson, Miss., April, 1870.

An English judge once addressed a criminal who had been sentenced to death for issuing a forged one pound note, in this wise:

"I trust that through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may there experience the mercy which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to nope for here."

The Roman Catholic church talks of canonizing Christopher Columbus. It would be a good plan; for, as that church came very near making him a martyr, it is due to itself that it now recognize him as a saint. Though we don't suppose that Christopher himself cares a cent about it.

# Voices from the Zeople.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.—G. W. Hoit writes.—We like your paper, and believe that it is a demand of the present age. The Spiritualistic idea is gradually taking root in Sacramento, for we have many faithful werkers here. Though we are not having lectures at present, we have Sunday conference meetings at three o'clock in Pioneer Hall, free for sell. The first hour is devoted to short speeches, and the second heur to a public circle, when the various gifts of healing, developing, giving tests, etc, are all going on at the same time.

AUGUSTA, Wis.—Daniel B. Hull writes.—About two years ago, I rece ived a severe injury in the eye, so that both myself and wife supposed the sight to be destroyed. I lay down in great pain, and my wife placed a wet cloth over my eyes. In a few minutes, I saw a circle of light, and a most beautiful lady within it. She stretched out her hand, and waved it a few times gently over my eyes. I then became unconscious, and when I awore, the pain was gone, and my eye was as well as ever, and yet only fifteen minutes had elapsed since I lay down suffering the most intense pain.

CENTRE CREEK, MO.—Alcander Longley writes.—Our Community has lately made considerable progress in members and means. We now have six families and four single persons, twenty-seven members in all; also sufficient stock and implements to carry on our business successfully. Our additional building is about completed, so that each family has a separate lodging room, and all use a common kitchen, dining room, sitting room, library and reading room together. We now begin to realize many of the advantages of a combination of capital and co-operative labor in a united interest, and we hope soon to enjoy many educational and social benefits. An entire equality in rights and privileges is secured to all our women in all the affairs of our Gommunity. If any of your readers want such a home as ours, we would gladly answer their letters of in quiry in reference to our principles and progress. They may address Alcander Longley, See'y Reunion Community, Centre Oreek post office, Jasper Co., Mo.

MAYSVILLE, MO.—Annis U. Lewis writes.—
This is a beautiful country, and settled mostly by people from the east, good, intelligent people, most of them professing Christianity, and to give you an idea of the spirit of intolerance among them, I have only to tell you that they denied an estimable lady the privilege of teaching a class in their Sabbath school because she believed in universal salvation. Our Mary, eight years old, went to this Sabbath School last Sunday. She said to me after she came home:

"Ma, that Sunday School is not worth going so

"Ma, that Sunday School is not worth going st far to."
"Why?" said I.
"Repense" said the with a requestful look ""

"Because," said she, with a regretful look, "it isn't anything like my Lyceum used to be in Richmand," (Ind).
"That may be," said I, "but if the people here should hear you say you attended the Lyceum and liked it, they would tell you it was organized by the devil, and that you were a child of that same person-ge."

She looked thoughtful, and said:
"Well, ma, maybe I'd better call it the Lyceum
Sabbath School."
Who can blame the child, when older heads have
been tempted to give a popular name to an unpopular doctrine.

Wm. B. Fahnestock writes.—In a letter to you from Mrs. S. D. Wallridge, I notice that this lady makes exceptions to what I, in part, did not say. I did not say that cures were made or "done by the exertion of the will-power of the healer," but that nine-tenths of the cures that were said to have been effected by the laying on of hands, were effected by faith, or a belief upon the part of the patient that the means employed would have the desired result, and that when patients were in a somnambulic condition, they could by a resolution effect cures in themselves. This is the substance of what I did say, and I will now add that when subjects are in a somnambulic condition, spirits may so influence their mind as to effect cures, and the cases said to have been cured by the laying on of hands, which were not accounted for in my article upon healing, may have been relieved by spirit influence, but as I did not see those remarkable cases, I cannot say that they were so.

WEST LAFAYETTE, OH10.—Joseph S. Burr writes.—Can you not prompt spiritual mediums to call upon me when passing on our R. R., and partake of my hospitality as long as suits their convenience. West LaFayette is a station on the Pittsburg, Cincinatti, and St. Louis R. R.

John Beeson writes .- Many philanthropic minds are roused by official outrages on the Indian, to the necessity of some efficient protection of them as well as of the settlers in the new states and territories; but it is certain that unless there is a more persistent and general effort to correct public sentiment than has ever yet been attempted, no general good can be accomplished, or at least nothing adequate to the evil; and therefore as a nation, we shall continue to inflict, if not experience, the horrors of exterminating war, and the scenes of the Piegan massacre may be repeated. Now, in view of the sufferings of widows and tatherless children, which now exist, and which will be multiplied by continued Indian wars, all of which may be prevented by a faithful performance of treaty stipulations on the part of the Government and peop e of the United States, with the various Indian tribes, permit me to propose a general effort by all who believe that the golden rule includes our Indian neighbor, for its immediate application in their behalf. Every body knows it ought to be, and especially every Spiritualist knows that it is only by helping others in their need, that we ourselves can be helped. I further propose that the condition and needs of the Indian. hall be the most prominent theme in all of the Fourth of July orations for 1870, throughout the country. Spiritualists should thus show their moral superiority, until the Indian shall rejoice, as well as the pale face in the land of the free.

Wm. Fletcher writes.—By the kindness of my brother, living in Warren Co., Ind., I have received the JOURNAL on trial for three months. My time is now out, and I like it so well that I must take it for one year.

ORTONVILLE, MICH.—S. S. McIntyre writes.
—Alexander Smyth's work came duly to hand. I have read it carefully and am satisfied with the investment. Have lent it often, and it has been read by one Charles Seaman, a Spiritualist, and one Free Will Baptist, and was borrowed last Sunday and read or sketched by the sisters during services at the Communion church. They all pronounce it a wonderful book.

LEWIS CREEK, IND.—J. C. Felton writes,—The Journal is worth all the other papers published in the West. It is noble and generous, beside the spiritual food it contains.

GLEN ARBOR, MICH.—Wm. Goff writes.—I see that I have the last paper that is paid for, and enclose you one dollar and fifty cents. You may send the Journal until I order it stopped. I find in it that which satisfies and fills a void that nothing else can.

SNAKE LAKE RANCH, CAL.—D. M. Hambly writes.—I will write you in a week or so a short account of our progressive circle of Spiritualists. Although we do not have any lectures,—living as we do right in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and tolerably well scattered, but I think we can count very near fifty Spiritualists in sentiment, although some are yet weak in the back or afraid of Mrs. Grundy. When I started to argue the points of Spiritualism six years ance, I had not one in this nellshborhood to take my hand and wish me God speed, but since then, my wife is developed to a trance test medium, and has incroofed the tabernacle of bigotry, and let in the sunlight of God's truth. We hold a free circle every Sunday evening, but being a farmer, and living rather out of the way in a little valley of my own, with but few neighbors, all who come to my circles have to tarry all night. We have been holding circles for four years, and never charged the first cent as yet, for tests, food and lodging. This is rather out of the range of California Spiritualists. Generally they have been too much after the almighty dollar—too much so for the interest of Spiritualism.

A CASE OF DIRECT WRITING.

#### Spiritualism in England-Strange Experiences and Revelations.

From the (England) Medium and Daybreak.

The scance took place at the house of Mr. Everitt, 26, Penton Street, on the evening of Monday, April 11. There was a full circle. Mr. Peebles, Mr. Maurice, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Mylne (from India), Mr. Scott, &c., were present. Mediums: Mrs. Everitt, Mrs. Burns, and Mr. Shepard. The sitters having been arranged. the circle harmonized, and the room darkened, the spirit "John Watt" spoke in the audible voice, telling several members of the circle to laugh and talk, but cautioning the medium for the voice manifestation (Mrs. Everitt) to "keep quiet," as her speaking interfered with the spirit's power of producing the audible voice.

The phenomena were powerful and highly satisfactory. The perfumes given by the spirits were in rich profusion; and the seeing mediums, Mrs. Burns and Mr. Shepard, saw the spirits scattering the spirit-flowers from which the perjume was derived. The female spirit was again seen near to Mr. Taylor (see MEDIUM No. 1) and Mr. Peebles was startled by a gentle female voice close to his ear. At the same time the seer perceived an exquisite female figure standing by him. This spirit has been seen several times in the vicinity of Mr. Peebles, and she was at once recognized as the spirit "Josephine" (see Medium No. 2). While these various mani-testations were in full operation, a curious ticking sound, as with a pencil, was heard on the paper which lay on the table, and the remark passed round that the spirits were engaged in making a drawing. When the sounds stopped, the light was struck, and the sitters were astonished to find the following paragraph closely written with pencil on one side of a sheet of paper. The time occupied in giving this writing was estimated at twenty seconds, or less. We give the matter thus written, hazarding no opinion as to its merits, of which our readers must judge for themselves, but simply to show how many words could be produced by direct spirit agency (as no one held the pencil) in such an incredible short space of time:

The identity of the Salem of Melchisedek with the Jerusalem of Sacred History has been demonstrated by a close, critical analysis of the Dassages in which the circumstances are alluded to; and it has been further shown to be highly probable that this patriarch was identical-not with Shem, as has been sometimes supposed, but-with Heber, the son of Peleg, from whom the land of Canan obtained the name of the land of the Hebrews, or Heberites. The eluci-dation which the early history of Jerusalem re-ceives from the monuments of Egypt is extremely important and valuable as relating to a period which is passed over in silence by the sacred historians. We meet first with it as a fortress of the Amorites. Sethos II., is engaged in besieging it. It is situated on a hill, and strengthened with two tiers of ramparts. The name in nieroglyphics, translated into Coptic, and thence into Hebrew, is Cadash. The real nation of Cadash belongs to the reign of Sesostris, and connects it with the Jebusite nation. Cadash is further stated to be in the land of Heth, or the Hethites; it was thus likely to have been the metropolis of those in favor of the most powerful Canaanitish nation before the time of the Hebrews. You need not hesitate in identifying the Cadash of the hieroglyphics with the Rodotis Cadytis of Herodotus, the Radotha of the Syrians, and all Rado of the Arabs of the Holy City It was not until David's time that the Jebusites were finally expelled; and how the names were altered I have already given you.\*

Do not touch this paper more than necessary to read it. I will try and give you some more if the influence is not disturbed.

The paper was but slightly handled, so that the conditions might not be broken; and again the light was put out to receive the continuation of the message. After a short time the peculiar ticking sounds were again heard, and their continuance was timed as accurately as possible, and it was estimate that the whole time occupied in giving both messages was about forty seconds. Here we give the second piece of spirit writing:

I will give you a little history. You can ascertain the truth of it if you like to take the trouble. Queen Melisinds was the eldest daughter of Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, who was nephew to Balwin Duborg, Count of Odessa, the brother of Godfrey of Boulogne, first King of Jerusalem, and himself the second. On the death of Baldwin II., his only child and heiress, Melisinda, married Foulkes d'Anjou, and conveyed her kingdom into her husband's family about 1130. Now you have the date to go from. She having no male heir, the kingdom went to Queen Sybilla, who gave it to her second husband, Guy de Lusignan, whom Saladin took prisoner, so that the crown that required much nighting for, passed to another,-the Queen Isabella, who handed it over successively to four husbands, and at last to Queen Mary, a daughter by the first Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat.

This queen's daughter, Isabella, conveyed the crown to the Emperor, Frederick II.; from her tne empty title of King of Jerusalem was trans-ierred to the House of Sicily by Charles, Count of Provence and Anjou, brother to St. Louis, who united in his person the rights to King of Cyprus and of the Princess Mary, daughter of Fredricks, Prince of Antioch. There were many side claimants to the throne of Jerusalem; but the right one by lineal inheritance is Victor Emanuel, the present King of Sardinia, who is also the indisputable representative of the Stuart Kings of England. If Garibaldi would turn his attention to a new crusade he might restore to Victor Emanuel his kingdom of Jerusalem with even greater ease than he has made what seemed much more unlikely three years since, King of United Italy.

This writing was said by the spirits to be for Mr. Peebles, to aid him in some historial research on which his mind was engaged, and he had been specially invited to be present at that

After supper, the circle was again constituted.

John Watt "again spoke in the audible voice, and held a very interesting conversation on a variety of topics with Mr. Mylne, and others of the circle. The seeing mediums, Mrs. Burns and Mr. Shepard, saw an Indian spirit magnetising Mr. Peebles for his health. One curious fact should not be omitted. Before "John Watt" manifested, a motto was seen by Mrs. Burns on the wall, "I am coming," and she exclaimed, "John Watt is coming; and immediately powerful vibrations were experienced, as of a ocomotive engine in action, which were followed by the spirit's voice announcing his pres-

We have not space to give all the interesting facts witnessed at this remarkable sitting. The spirit-writing came quite unexpectedly, as no such instance of it had been before experienced at that circle; yet Mrs. Everitt has often had short sentences in direct writing, some facsmiles of which we intend giving next week. It was stated that the spirit who gave the writing was Arculph, a monk of the fifth century.

On the following Monday evening, the sitting was resumed, when direct writing was done in much less time. One message was carefully atthographed, and will appear in Human Nature for May, with full particulars, including a de-

scription of how the writing is done, given by the spirits. These wonderful phenomena impress the spectator with a profound conviction the genuineness of the manitestations, and the great power which advanced spirits exercise over material conditions. In this case deception was impossible. The paper and pencil lay on the table in a dark room; the table was surrounded by sitters, the medium, Mrs. Everitt, occupying the end, with some one close to each After the first writing was given it was keenly scrutinized. The second message was written on the other side of the sheet of paper and on examination it was identified as the same sheet, and containing on one side the writing which was produced in the first instance.

The originals lie at our office for the inspection of the public. \* At a seance at Mr. Pearce's.

#### THE SUNDAY CONFERENCES.

Last Sunday the Conference at the Cavendish Rooms was opened by Mr. Harper; subject, "Spiritualism in relation to social life." It was a very wide subject, but he devoted himself to one section of it; the elevation of woman, who holds such an important position in relation to the progress of society, especially in the matter of morals. Mr. Harper said the genuine method of courtship has yet to be discovered. As it is carried on to day it is impossible for loyers to get at the true nature of each other. By the application of psychometry people can take stock of the phrenological peculiarities, and future developments and tendencies can be pourtrayed. The ladies are profound psychometrists -can read character at sight, and know what people are at the first introduction. This art of psychometry will yet become a useful institution in aiding men and women to choose suitable companions for life. Marriage is a soul union, and the nearer that the various elements of the souls of the two aproximate, the more firm and happy will the marriage be. Mr Harper then referred to the great and im-

portant question of maternity, and considered the effect on the offspring of psychological influences on the mind of the mother. It is through the mentality of the mother that the future des-tiny of the child is moulded. The psychologic impressions of the mother make indellible characteristics in the child which no amount of reasoning or training can obliterate. The speaker narrated a case which occurred at Halifax. 'A child was born deficient of muscle on the arms and legs, the hands deformed, and the mouth locked wide open; a pitiable and helpless object. This unhappy result was occasioned by the mother having seen a drunken man, who had dislocated his jaws, with his mouth wile open, who made horrid noises, and was unable to walk. The mother should be in all cases carefully protected from influences which would affect the mind injuriously, as these were reflected on the mind of the unborn child. Two brothers of the speaker's acquaintance were very different in character. The elder one was a tall, handsome, good natured min; while his brother was diminutive, ill-favored, and cantankerous in disposition. They were born and brought up in every respect similar, except that the father lived on good terms with his wife at the birth of the first boy, but ultimately became intemperate and made his wife's life miserable. intemperate and made his wife's life miserable, which characteristics were faithfully represent ed in her younger son. The education of woman was referred to. She had all the faculties possessed by man, and by education could attain to the same results. Woman might not be so capable of protracted mental labor as man, but she came to her conclusions by a much quicker route, as she had clearer preceptions and deeper intuitions than man. He recommended an education for woman less ornamental and more useful. This favorable training would be reproduced in the succeeding generation. Great men uniform'y had noble mothers.

J. Burns said that Spiritualism was not simply the production of certain phenomena, and the reception of communications from spirit friends, but it was the science of man's spiritual nature, and pointed out the best means for spiritual development and human perfection. Hence all subjects which affected the growth and manifes tation of the human spirit were legitimately a part of Spiritualism.

Mr. Chant did not agree with those social usages that place the bulk of property in the hands of a few and left others helpless. Spirit-ualists had not sufficient unity of belief to keep them together. It would be better to choose a competent leader and follow him, rather than have every one blundering along on his own account.

Mr. Bush said that women got into the colleges in America, and prepared themselves as lawyers, doctors, or ministers, equal with man. Spiritualism, by showing the relations between mind and matter, could confer many practical benefits on individuals and society.

Mr Peebles said our platform is as wide as human wants and deep as human needs. The spiritual man is the real man, and is made up from the etherialized parts of the physical body. Whatever affects the physical body affects the spiritual body, whether taken as food or imbibed in any physical or mental form. The marks and experiences of life are carried into the spirit world at death, and form the basis of individual existence—happiness or the opposite. All men are born, and all men die equally rich as regards property, and whatever a man accumulates beyond what he can use is a weight to drag him down. The miser takes with him into the spiritual world his grasping disposition, but none of his property. Spiritualism inculcated the sentiment of human brotherhood, and asked the question, "What shall I do to help my brother?" If society was so regulated, that all would have a means of supplying their wants, then crime, as affecting property, would cease, and men would use their energies in other directions than the scramble for existence which now held many down so close to earth.

Next Sunday, Mr. Bertram will introduce the subject, "Spiritualism in reference to social destructions." These useful gatherings increase in interest and numbers.

# ROCKFORD, ILL,

Worthy Spiritualist, D. S. Bartlett-Dr. Dunn-Lyceum-Prophecy.

LETTER REOM DR. D. C. DAKE.

DEAR BROTHER JONES :- Believing that a few lines from the Forest City might interest some of your many readers, I herewith send you a few items for publication. I found many warm friends and a goodly number of the faithful here, true, self-sacrificing Spiritualists, who have nobly unfurled the broad white banner of truth. Many of them feeling that

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty, Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

Mr. D. S. Bartlett, at his own expense, under spirit direction, built a hall and dedicated it, not spirit direction, built a hall and dedicated it, not to the unknown God, but to humanity and the Spirit World, in which every Sunday a meeting or a circle convenes. Mr. S. Smith is a trance medium, who gives marked evidence of spirit control,—lecturing, personating and giving tests. He has a daughter ten years old, who is developing as a medium. There are many mediums here in this city,—among the most prominent, Dr. Dunn,

whose reputation is wide spread. The doctor has a cabinet, a large collection of rare geological specimens, etc.

It is a shame that the Lyceum, one of the greatest boons to mortals given, at one time in a flour-ishing condition, is now, alas! among the things that were. It is to be hoped that the anticipated visit of Emma Hardinge will inspire them with new zeal to organize and sustain another Children's Progressive Lyccum, and bring back to the fold a number of weak-kneed Spiritualists, who from some unaccountable reason, sanction priestly acrimony. It would not matter so much, if they, perchance, did feed upon dry husks, but then to compet their children to partake of such fodder, it is deplorable! These young and tender minds are to be filled with stories of an angry, a loving, vindictive and a jealous God, changeable and un-changeable, a devil, and all manner of evil, total depravity, an endless hell, a monotonous heaven, and also have justilled into their youthful minds the idea that Christ Jesus died, for them, and no matter how wicked they may be, that he will save them if they would only look to him finally,—even if a long dark career of crime has marked their previous path in lite. Away with such blasphemy! Be done with such demoralizing influences to com-

munity and the world.

Spiritualists, why in the name of suff-ring humanity do you not stand figm—buckling on the armor, and warring to the death, if need be, in noble battle for truth! I am meeting with good success here, -healing

sick-many remarkable cures, by a pure and

effe :tual method,—laying-on of hands.

Mrs. Davis, of Rochester, N. Y., one of our most most reliable trance mediums, foretold that f should meet with a physician in the West, with whom I would associate in healing. As predicted, I have entered into partnership with the renowned East Indian physician, Dr. Servetus Watkyns, late of Europe, who for several years traveled with the learned Hinloo healer, Rajah Seximon Roy, who had the gift of healing, making many ustounding cures.

#### NEW YORK.

### Communication from W. W. Culver.

DEAR JOURNAL: In the early days of the Religio - Philosophical Journal, I was favored sufficiently with its weekly issue to become acquainted with the humane aim and object of its generous, noble editor, on his embarking on the troubled sea of religious bigotry and superstition. Meritorious, indeed, to smooth the troubled waters by a kinder and less vindictive spirit than worn-out orthodoxy had known of, or was wont to call up from the deeps of its ignorance, to quell the sea sickening rollings of the old hulk, now so generally regarded as unseaworthy by compe-

I soon began to cherish hopeful articipations for the future prosperity of the JOURNAL, from the judicious method with which it was conducted, and the ability of those in its editorial interests, manifested through its columns. Time has proven that the JOURNAL arose auspiciously. and exactly from the appropriate point of locality. Like a new luminary from the zenith of the planetary system, unlooked for by th, watchful astronomer, it suddenly appeared in the geo graphical zenith or center of our glorious republic of religious and political liberty, radiating its genual rays with a fearless freedom, under the ægis of constitutional guarantee, by a government of equal rights and privileges, whose sacred pillars might and should stand unshaken for centuries yet to come, but for the machinations and ungodliness of religious intrigue, which never failed to destroy everything beautiful in the architecture of civil government, wherein its unholy obtrusion gained sufference. To guard against the devices of certain black coated gentry, is one of the greatest duties of the Journal, and for which it is well deserving. May it receive the patronage it merits, and expand its borders of circulation to the utmost limits, where dwell devotees of free thought,-religiously, socially and politically,and the errors of superstition, and the ignorance of the past are wont to be repaired by the light of reason, and the ennobling, happifying progress of the present.

In this unparalelled age of reform, has already been greater and more important discoveries to benefit and ameliorate the condition and wants of humanity than in all recorded previous time. To one especial instance I beg to advert. It is the remedy of Dr. S. B. Collins, of Laporte, Indiana, for the opium habit,—the same found in the advertising columns of the Journal.

I should be dealing unkindly with my sympathetic nature, to forego an opportunity to make public my testim my as an actual expert or demonstrator of the infallible efficacy of Dr. Collins' treatment for the expulsion of the destructive habit of opium-eating, and the use of the drug in any known form. If there lives a person who has suffered what I have from the use of opium, who could feel indifferent to the misery of others under like suffering, or who would be slow to sound a timely note of alarm to the uninitiated, or point a means of salvation for the already enslaved victim, I can think of no punishment better adapted to such an one than to subject him again to the afflictions of the

Almost twenty years ago, I was addicted to the daily use of opium, and, but for the timely intelligence of the discovered remedy by Dr. Collins, should this day still be an onium-eater. or have sought release from the enthrallment of the habit by voluntary suicide. Dr. Collins is the only man known in the history of the world who ever obtained a victory over the terrible enslavement of opium. Under no other treatment, was a patient ever cured of the habit without enduring suffering which not one organization in a hundred could endure unimpaired, if at all, and never one who would pass through the ordeal a second time for the wealth of the

I speak with the authority of experience in this matter, having made it a subject of demonstration; and yet I can conceive of no one capable of being less incredulous in relation to the discovery of an antidote for the habit than I was when the fact was first announced by advertisement in a public journal; for I had been using every expedient against the habit on which I could predicate a rational hope of success, and expended time and money at several expensive infirmaries, claiming to treat successfully the habit, and been baffled in every undertaking for relief. I examined all the published authorities on the subject, but found nowhere anything to encourage my hopes, but, on the contrary, ascertained to my satisfaction that there had never been a cure effected, except at the expense of suffering greater than one in a hundred could endure and live.

Having received such evidence from the doctor's patients as no one worthy of cure could doubt, in the month of December, 1869, I lett a comfortable home, and traveled over five hundred miles to visit the doctor, then beginning to be esteemed as my prospective savior. On the 21st of the month I had satisfied myself of the genuineness of the doctor's practice. In the office he occupied I took the first dose of the antidote, from which time to the present I have used in no form one particle of opium, nor have I felt a desire for it, nor any actual suffering from its disuse, and nothing more than a transient

uneasiness once or twice. It is now four months and four days since I abandoned the habit, and I truly aver that during the time, I have felt decidedly better than while indulging the habit. I should already have discontinued the use of the antidote, but that the doctor advised me to continue its use a few weeks. I feel no desire or use for either opium or the antidote at this time, and consider myself cured. I seem to be transported into a new and more delightful sphere of existence than I have known for a series of past years. I find beauties, enjoyments and endcarments where, under the abnormalities I was suffering, I saw nothing to cheer my despondency. The elements that surround me all impart a new inspiration and present a changed aspect. I am stimulated into the exercise of a new ambation, and, finally, "old things seem passed away, and all things are become new."

In consideration of the fact that, during the two last centuries, the medical faculty have exhausted their skill in the search for a remedy for the horrible sufferings from the opium habit, without pretense of success, I may well allude to the discovery of Dr. C as standing pre eminent among modern discoveries in the fields of herapeutics and materia medica.

While at Laporte, to visit the doctor, I saw there one of his first patients, who had been cured for nearly a year, whose experience, as related in defai', was identical with that attending my own. The medicine is a liquid decoction, a d not nauseous, or much unpleasant to use,-not more so than opium or mornhine,and can be conveniently forwarded, by express or otherwise.

It the foregoing details of opium cure induce any unbappy victim to seek relief by the easy process of regeneration I am now enjoying, or should the uninitiated be put on their guard against the insidious seductions by which the habit is formed, I will have received a satisfactory requital for my pains.

Bluff Point, Yates County, N. Y. April 25th, 1870.

### Truth Stranger Than Liction



# [Paul and Judas Entering the Cave of John the Baptist.] A WONDERFUL BOOK!

STRANGE REVELATIONS BY PAUL AND JUDAS concerning their lives and intercourse with desus and his aposties, given through

ALEXANDER SMYTH, MEDICM, of Philadelphia, by the spirits taking possession of him about one hour in every twenty-four, when, usurping all his powers, giving a continued series of well connected secies, presenting scenery, characters and personaics, dialogues and actions in their regular order and succession, embracing all the most important personages and incidents which occurred during the sojourn of Jesus while upon earth. There was probably no book ever written in which such perfect life-pictures occur; every written in which such perfect life-pictures occur; every city and country village, every river, brook and mountain, and scenery in general, is so vividiy portrayed that an actual journey through the country could hardly be more interesting. The characters in this unexampled drama are so faithfully portrayed, that, as you are introduced to each in turn, you seem well acquainted and delighted with your company, and the many points of interest you are called to visit. The book is replete with interest from beginning to end, but we can mention only one or two leading items of each scene as we pass.

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS: In the first scene we are introduced to Paul and Judas who have mounted their spirited steeds, for a day's journey in search of the recluse, John the Bap-tist. We journey with them—at noon they halt for rest and refreshments.

SCENE II. The bondsman, Judas, opens out a rich feast from his leathern bag, while Paul gives him a feast in turn, which is perfectly bewildering. They resume their journey, and find the object of their search alone in a mountain cave, haranguing an imaginary audience. Paul and Judas enter—John frightened and squares himself for a fight; laughable scenes occur, and Paul gets well paid for his journey.

SCENE III. SCENE III. '

Graphic description of the Mount of Olives and surrounding country, including the beautiful village of Bethany, the home of Lazarus, his lovely daughters Martha and Mary; the latter has a strange presentiment; Martha tries to pry into the secret; Mary in tears, etc. SCENE IV.

Jesus visits the house of Lazarus, after a sojourn of many years in foreign lands. The welcome- a perpiexing mystery solved. Many swoons: comes to her senses—too good to be true, Jesus and Many walk by moon--100 good to be true, Jesus and Mary wark by moon-light alone in the garden; what transpired during the

SCENE V.

The baptism: the storm; what John saw, Jesus offended, and John distressed: Paul jubilant. The opinion of Judas concerning Jesus, John and others. The multitude scatter; Paul commands Judas to follow Jesus to his retreat; he obeys, is delighted with his company, and becomes a disciple. What occurred there.

SCENE VI. SCENE VI.

Judas returns with a flattering report. Paul encouraged, sends Judas off in search of a fortune-teller. He stops at an Inn where he meets an old friend of his youth; have a jubilant time; secrets disclosed confidentially. A strange character here introduced, who plays an important part in the scenes following. Judas finds a medium and engages a sitting for his master, Saul SCENE VII.

The Octagon Temple of Mystery; its gorgeous drapery and furniture; the queenly occupant. Paul speception and embarrassment; strange revelations; Paul delighted and the medium disgusted.

SCENE VIII. Jesus in his Grotto, reclines upon a bench and falls into a deep slumber; has a remarkable dream; fore-shadowing his future career and its results, all of which have been literally fulfilled during the past eighteen hundred years.

SCENE IX. Fifteen hills and verdant slopes surround a fertile spot wherein a village stands. Description of said village and its inhabitants. At the setting of the orb of day, three weary travelers arrived at the Spring of Nazareth. Several lovely maidens surround the well, one of whom approaches the tallest of the travelers and offers him a drink; a conversation ensues; they go off together. A surprise, and what comes of it. The death of Mary, the reputed mother of Jesus; her parting words and bestowal of a casket, which he opens, and which opens his eyes; a mystery solved.

which opens his eyes; a mystery solved. SCENE X.

Jesus preaches a sermon, and offends a Rabbi; he re-plies; a warm time; meeting breaks up in a row, and Jesus barely escapes with his life. Strange scenes and incidents, great excitement. SCENE XI.

Jesus among the fishermen of Genesereth. A graphic description of the country. The Hill of Beatitudes. The Town of Capernium and Village of Bethsaida. Simon and his residence, and what occurred on the piazza. Simon's birth-day, and a remarkable draught of fishes. A strange coincidence. "By the God of Moses, here comes old Zebedee." He takes a cup of wine, and tells a long story. Judas in cestacies; he puts a fice in Simon's ear. Simon pleased with the prospect of becoming a great man, becomes a fisher of men. Has poor success pecunjarily; kicks up a muss; Judas divides the spoils, and Simon becomes reconciled.

ECENE XII. Judas and Simon become friends on a basis of mutual interest. John the Eaptist declared crazy; has a dispute; his opponents get mad, and leave in disgust. Coopy, a strange character, appears. An exciting scene.

ECENE XIII. Paul begins to be uneasy. Judas in possession of his secrets, and he fears an expose. Paul's meditations upon the precarious situation; a rap at his door—it is Judas. He enters and they take a drink. Judas reports progress. Strange doings at Nazareth. Judas gives an amusing description of the character and personal appearance of Jesus' followers, confidentially. SCENE EXIV.

The Disciples all meet at Bethany: a grand rounion, and inflamous treaslery. Mary accidentally catches a few words of some remark of Judias. She discovers a plot, and warms Jesus, but he falls to see the point until it's too late. An inflamous document sent by an officer from the great Sanhedrim; an immediate reply demanded and onswered.

SCENE EEV. Matters culminating very rapidly. A fearful scene.

SCENE ESVI. The last supper: strange conduct of the Apostle John, Judas retires from the company; he returns.

SCENE XXVII. Jesus arrested, and his followers disgusted: their game was up; fishing for tish more lucrative. The great trial; the witnesses and judges; exciting scenes and incidents. Another prisoner apprehended and brought into court; nine counts in the indictment. SCENE EXVIE.

The magnificent Palace and Fortress of Antonia, built by Herod the Great; the great hall of state. Pontions Pilate; Tiberius Caesar. Herod Antipas comes to the city on business; attends the trial and had a severe trial himself. The Father and Mother of Jesus; who are they? We shall see before the close of this scene. FUENE EXEX.

Great excitement in Jerusalem and elsewhere. A frantic mother and lover. Ho, for Calvary! The procession; line of march. Marshalls, police executioners, &c. Martha and Mary in the crowd! Mary swoons and falls into the arms of Cosby, who, for the first time in his life, feels the weight of responsibility. The distressing scenes which follow. Herod Antipas musina in his palace. A strange visitor; her affecting plea. The curious bracelet; an impresmable monitor; Herod wilts; has sent his own son to ignominious death; the scramble for the cross. Alas! too late, too late! for the cross. Alas! too late, too late! SCENE XXX.

Another scene. The shades of night, and a murky misthangs over Jerusalem. Paul and sunder under engagement to meet in a sceluded spot, by meonized, at the hour of minisht; Jugas on time; his inpatient waiting, and the strange scusulions which come over him; Paul approaches. The freedom papers and bag of gold are presented, and elittering weapons as well. "Are you prepared, Judas; you or I must die this night." The terrible contest; Paul the victor; the dying words of Judas to Paul such as must thrill the seal of every reader of this remarkable book. reader of this remarkable book.

SCENE XXXI.

Final communication of Saul to Alexander Smyth. through whom these strange and startling revelations were given, which will be read with intense interest.

The book contains 319 pages of closely printed matter, bound in muslin, and for sale at this office. Price \$1.50. Postage 20 cents

Address S. S. JONES. 198 South Clark Street, Chicago Ill.

SCENE ZIV. The City of Jerusalem. The Gorgeous Temple. A mis-The City of Jerusalem. The Gorgeons Temple. A mismute description of the stapendous structure. The immense Alfar of Burnt Sacrifices; the priests at the top; vast inclined planes extend from either side, ferminating in well filled cattle-yards. An immense gathering at the Temple; Jesus min.cles in the crowd; obtains an elevated position and preaches his radical doctrines; says hard things about the high priests. The people enranged; a general melec ensues in which the tables of the money-changers are capsized, and the thieves and pick-puckets reap a rich harvest. SCENE XV.

The gorzeous palace of the Sanhedrim. A full description of it and its immates. The high priests in trouble. Paul's opportunity and how he improves it. The conspiracy: the whole city in confusion and terror. Paul plays a double game, and how he comes out. SCENE EVI.

Josus turns up again and preaches another radical-section. 'Cosby appears upon the scene, though not rec-ognized—of course not. SCENE EVII.

The beautiful gate, the largest of nine which gave entrance to the Court of Israel, built of Corintian leass, ninety feet high by seventy feet wide, covered on both sides with gold plates. Jesus gains admission and gets into another dispute, and what comes of it. SCENE EVIII.

Paul gets John the Baptist imprisoned and condemned o death. Jesus visits him t an affecting scene: the exe-A PLEASANT DIVERSION

In which Paul communicates sundry matters of interest to his medium, Alexander Smyth, of Philadelphia. PUENE ZZ.

Mortha meets Jesus and informs him of the death of her father Lazarus. They hasten to the house of mourn-ing: the strange things that occurred there, and what was said of them. The priests excited by the stories affect concerning the strange transaction. Another sermon and another argument in which the priests are confounded. SCENE REL

The woman caught in adultery; her arrest; the condemnation, trial and triumph. SCENE EXII.

Cosby turns up again: his afflictions and how he is relieved. A gay and festive gent, up to all manner of

SCENE XXIII. The great conspiracy ripens.

# HEDGED IN.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. AUTHOR OF "GATES AJAR."

" Only Heaven means Crowned, not Vanquished, when it says, 'Forgiven !' "

"Most like our Lord are they who bear,

Like him long with the sinning."

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Religio-Philosophical Publishing House,

CHICAGO JUNE 4, 1870.

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#### " SILENT WHISPERS."

Who are the Sinners of Society-Ellen Grey and Ena -The Orthodox God too busy in "numbering" our hairs and noticing the sparrows, to assist her and her child-Wonderful visitation of Providence .---Mary Gladstone-" It is almost Morning now."

She is crying; the tears glisten in her eyes, moisten her cheeks, and they reflect the untold agony of the heart. She feels lonely, sad and disconsolate. The while-winged messenger, Death, she would welcome to her side, but he comes not. She yearns to die; to leave the scenes and suffering of earth, believing that a better life awaits her. By her side is a little child with flexen hair, eyes brilliant with innocence, while on her features there shines forth the effects of hunger and cold. The mother examines her store of food,--only a crust of bread left for her and her darling child, and it is now Saturday night, and she has no money. She looks out of the garret window and witnesses the display of wealth on the street below. She hears the pattering feet and cherry voice of those who know no want. Poor soul! A jewel in the lap of poverty! Why this, O God? Poverty here,-grim, ghastly poverty, while across the way resides a millionaire, and he fares sump tuously every day. But poor Ellen and her little child, living in the city of New York, were suffering from hunger, and he felt not the yearnings of her mind. What would she do when the morrow comes, when the bright rays of the sun shines in her window, showing the grim outlines of poverty and wretchedness? She, cries, -the tears, how they flow! Her bosom swells with emotions of love for her little Eva, and she bends over and kisses her pale cheeks as she lies on a pallet of straw. She kisses her forehead,she moistens it with tears. She kisses her cheeks which were once tinged with the rosy hues of health, and in her anguish she kneels and prays. Reader, did you ever see a mother kneeling by the side of innocent childhood, with the big round tears of sympathy glistening in her eyes, and her heart almost bursting with the agony of her soul? A mother's prayer by the side of her hungry emaciated child,—there is grandeur in it. By the side of Eya she knelt,—by the side of the little innocent sufferer, and then the beauty of her soul was manifested. She prayed to God who made the beautiful Garden of Eden with its flowers, murmuring streams, sparkling founts, and flowers and trees, and asked him if he would not send her a morsel of bread. She fervently supplicated him who sent manna from heaven to appease the hunger of the famishing multitude, and entreated him to send her something for her hungry babe. She entreated him, who, with five loaves and three fishes, fed hundreds of people, to send one drop of nourishment for her child, her pet, her only jewel! She prayed earnestly and f rvently. Each word was moistened with a tear; each sentence glistened with her love for little Eva; each was brilliant with the purity of an unspotted soul. In the midst of her prayer, she stopped and kissed her child, but it did not wake. How innocent in the arms of sleep! What a sweet expression on her countenance, sweet even in the embrace of hunger, and who would not want to kiss such a little creature, so fair and beautiful. She prayed carneally, and invoked heaven to assist her. stopping now and then to kiss her cherub child. There was a mother's love. You can not measure it. The brush of the artist can not represent it. Flowers can not equal its beauty, and the highest angels can only interpret the language it expresses. You have all been the recipients of a mother's love .--- and didn't you prize it highly?

sel of bread to appease her hunger, felt keenly her situation, and she could not stop praying. She prayed to God, to Jesus Christ, to her spirit father and mother, to the pure and good of heaven, to glance at her little Eva, and send her manna, quails, a crust of bread,-anything to last over the morrow. She rose from her knees. She glanced at the window sill, it was still vacant. She looked at the rough table, but nothing was on it. She seemed to think that her prayers would be answered, and she was greatly disappointed to find no food furnished in compliance with her request. Her heart almost bursting with agony, she looked at her darling Eva, so fatigued and hungry that she had fallen into a sound sleep, and then she knelt in prayer again. With one hand resting on the forehead of Eva, and the other pointing heavenward, she sent forth the beauties of her soul, white-winged messengers of love, to the realms above, hoping they would touch the tender feelings of God or Jesus, inducing one to send her something to nourish their famishing bodies. She prayed long and fervently, but again her prayers are not answered. Oh, poor struggling woman! you love your child, and how earnest in your efforts to save her. She has but one dry crust left. Her prayers were not answered. Eva. awakes and eats the last morsel, and with hunger only half satisted, cries for more. The mother prays again; she presses her child to her bosom; she showers kisses upon her; she sends around her frail body a halo of light from her affectionate nature. Clasped in each other's arms, they weep themselves to sleep. It was a sweet sleep to the child, to the little cherub, as she nestled close to the bosom of the mother like a dew-drop in a flower. This was a grand scene, well worthy of being represented in letters of gold on the glittering canvas! Did I say grand? Well, have it so, for there is grandeur in squalid poverty. That mother's love was grand, beautiful indeed. Thus did the mother and child sleep, and the mother dreamed of sparkling fountains, tables covered with luxu ries, rooms finely carpeted, silken setees, and soft velvety chairs, and in her agony she murmured. "None of them for poor Ellen and Eya." She slept soundly though, with her precious charge clasped to her bosom, and during the long hours of night, she awoke not once. But the morning came,—it did to that poor mother, and when the gates of the East were opened to admit the soft rays of the morning twilight, they lit up with a delightful tinge the little room, and the mother awoke, and her child was still clasped to her bosom,—little Eva was there still sleeping sweetly, and the mother did not stir, fearing she might awaken her little pet. She gazed upon her, and noticed that during the hours of night, her features had become deathly pale, and the unwelcome appearance greatly startled her. She listens—why, her child can breathe only with great difficulty! She rises from her pallet of straw, and with her child in her arms, she moves to the window, only to witness the sufferings of one she devotedly loved. But the mother does not cry. She gazes upon her Eva, and her eyes are not even moistened with tears. She heaves no sighs; utters no murmers of regret. Her eyes seem glassy and wild. She looks out of the window at the bright day, -sees the sparkling sunbeams kissing the flowers over the way, and sipping the sweet dewdrops, but still remains silent. Her tongue seems lashed to the roof of her mouth, and her mind to have become unnerved. O mother, we can read the terrible agony of thy soul, see the convulsions there, witness your desire to relieve your child, and we pity you. While contemplating her sad condi ion, she resolves to destroy the life of Eva. O, what a resolution from that mother's heart. There is insanity in her leye; there is the monster despair on her features; there is a resolve in her mind that none can thwart. Unhappy creature, we pity thee. and sympathize with thee. She walks her room in the agony of despair. She kisses little Eva on the forehead, the cheek, the mouth—she showers kisses upon her darling child. She presses her to her bosom, but she does not wake. She kisses her again, but she slumbers on,-perhaps dreaming of the flowery fields of the Summer-Land. She holds her up, and the sun's rays kiss her faded cheek, but they do not blush like the morning twilight. Her child is truly sleeping, and in that sleep she looks beautiful. There are rags in that apartment, and they enshroud two jewels, incase two precious human natures. But the mother thinks of her child, but she does not cry; she does not smile; she does not speak; but she thinks, thinks of her desolate condition, and sighs. She looks at a vial on the window, labelled, "poison,"-she uncorks it, and pours out ten drops of the liquid poison, and administers it to her child. She did not all this time say a word. Last night she prayed, unfolded the beauty and grandeur of her soul to God, Jesus, and others, but they gazed thereon without relieving her. Yes, last night she prayed. Was not she worthy of manna, of quails, of loaves and fishes-worthy as those of ancient times whom the Bible says God blessed? Pure woman! spoiless child! will not God assist thee, a uswer thy prayers? With poison in thy hand and spotless innocent childhood pressed to thy heart, we still call thee pure. We love thee, noble mother, in the solitary garret, half starved, holding in thy hand the little waif on the shores of a perilous sea. The poison commences its work of death, but the mother still clasps her child to her bosom. She kisses her little hands; she showers kisses on her cheeks. she presses her lips to hers, and thinks them sweet. She watches the progress of the poison. She locks at the eyes half opened, and sees that they have lost their brilliancy. The rosy hues of health have left those cheeks forever, and they now feel clammy and cold, still the mother kiss. es them and thinks them sweet. But she does not cry. Last night she shed tears and moaned

can just breathe, the pulse is very weak; and soon the child is dead. But the mother still huge it to her bosom, still presses it to her heart, and in her lonliness, she sheds no tears She lays her child on the pallet of straw, and lying down by its side, she clasps it to her bosom, and falls into a gentle slumber, and dreams that she sees her Eva in the arms of an angel surrounded by a bery of little children, and as she gazes on the scene in dream-land, she presses still closer to her bosom the lifeless form, Her child is now connected with different sur roundings, and is happy; not famished with hunger, or cramped with the hand of disease The mother awakens, to gaze again upon the material form of her darling child, and to witness her destructive work. She seems conten'ed, even in her misery-satisfied that her child is dead, for she had seen its spirit in the

arms of an angel. And was this mother a criminal, an outcast, a hideous monster, for poisoning her only child and sending its spirit prematurely to the Summer Land? Yes, the world calls her a criminal; but though her hands are stained with the lifeblood of her child, they are as white as snow; though she administered the death-messenger, still her real character is as noble and unsullied as an angel, and we see nothing but purity tingling in her veins and sparkling in her features. She was a mother, and loved her child. She had made shirts for twelve and a-half cents apiece, she had begged, she had sold her "virtue" to support her child she so dearly loved, yet she was pure. She had clasped to her bosom a loathsome debauchee, that she might gain a livelihood, and live; she had striven against every obstacle, and in her sin, she was pure She was pure as she bent over the midnight lamp at work, and drove the brilliancy of her eye away, and caused the rosy hue of health to depart; she was pure as she entered the rich man's mansion for just a morsel of bread for her little child; she was pure when she sold her virtue, and hugged to her bosom the debauchee, that she and her child might live; she was pure when she administered the fatal dose to her child, and showered kisses upon its little body, as her spirit was passing away. She was not a criminal. She is pure and unsullied, even in her solitary garret room, in the presence of the child she had poisoned, and we had rather stand in her place, than occupy the gilded mansion of the millionaire over the way. She is innocent, and society is the crimnal, and must answer for the murder of that child, for her licentiousness, and numerous wayward acts. Society, aristocratic society, who have no thought of the suffering of humanity, are guilty of crimes that they allow the unfortunate poor to commit. But the poor mother,—what did she do? Takes a dose of poison herself, and clasping the lifeless body of her child to her bosom, she lies down on the pallet of straw to pass over the river of Death. Call this a crime, will you, and the mother a criminal? The poison goes on its destructive way, and soon the mother is dead. Well, she is a criminal in the sight of law, an outcast in the estimation of bloated aristocratic society, a prostitute in the estimation of the But a few weeks before she had appealed, as a daughters, however, repelled her, sent her away with no words of cheer or assistance, and she from that moment became a prostitute. The mother and her three daughters are the prostitutes, but Ellen Grey is innocent and pure in heart and intention.

The morrow came, and still the garret remained unnoticed. Side by side the mother and child slept in the arms of death. Society wouldn't help her; she had no sympathy, no love in the wide world to render her bappy. God would not even send; her a little manna, not even a quail or a morsel of bread. That "all-powerful" orthodox God had too large enterprises on hand, to notice Ellen and her darling child. Brooklyn church, bloated with arrogance and aristocracy, and thousands of others, demanded his attention, and he could not attend to poor Ellen. He "numbers the very hairs of our head," and "not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice;" and at the time of Ellen's prayers, he was busy in counting the hairs of an old Presbyterian, and could pay no attention to her and her child; a flock of sparrows was demanding his attention also, and so engrossed was he in noticing them that he had forgotten suffering humanity.

But soon the scent arising from the room attracted the attention of the police, and the bodies were discovered. The next day the daily papers came out with a flaming heading, -" A mother and child found dead in the garret! Supposed to have been starved to death. Strange dispensation of providence!"

Thus ended the career of Eilen and Eva.

Beecher says: "'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things,—what ye shall eat and what ye shall drink, and wherewithal ye shall be clothed.

God understands it perfectly well. He made the world, he made you, he made the laws under which you dwell, and he has declared that he is a providential governor who takes you under his special care, and regards your life with such minuteness of etail that "the very hairs of your head are numbered;" who regards his creatures with such minuteness that a sparrow cannot fall on the ground without his knowing it and

permitting it. Yes, but he could not attend to the wants of innocent, prattling childhood. Talk about a personal God numbering the hairs of your head! -it is all bosh! Beecher knows it is the most consummate nonsense, yet he feeds it to the members of his aristocratic church. Is he honest in so doing? So far as Eilen Grey is concerned, who died in the city of New York, a piteously, but now, how changed ! She, with a few years ago, she was innecent; but society pure and holy affection, watches the prowas guilty. That wealthy woman who refused gress of the death messenger that she had sent | her assistance in the time of her greatest need, But Ellen, in the garret, in a large city, with a | to destroy the vitals of her little child. The driving her to acts of licenticusness, is the proslittle cherub child by her side, with; only a mor. | child is dying, and the mother knows it. She titute, while in heart Ellen Grey is pure,—pure

even in her prostitution,—pure when she clasped to her bosom the debauchee, that she might gain the crust of bread that had been refused her by society,—pure when she administered the fatal dose to her child,—pure when she committed suicide. Society is the criminal. Those women who refused her their love and sympathy are the prostitutes. Thus we find that one half of all the criminals in the land are innocent, while society, opulent society, bloated aristocracy, the "upper tens," are the guilty party.

How many young women have descended in the scale of crime, sunk in the featering pools of prostitution, and became covered with the filth of debauchery, because, having sinned once,been seduced, perhaps,-those women who "have never sinned," turn the cold shoulder to them, frown upon them, spurn them from their doors, spit upon them, revile them and point the finger of contempt at them, when one kind word would have saved the erring ones, and enabled them to live and bless the world. The young lady whose nature is sensi ive and kind, whose heart is overflowing with love and goodness, and through whose whole being there courses the purest sympathy, is too apt to be too confiding, and she sins, while one whose nature is differently constituted, treads the path of virtue, but extends the finger of scorn at her fallen sister. The latter is really the prostitute, the sinner, and she, if any, should have the finger of scorn pointed at her, instead of her erring sister. There is purity in the dens of prosti ution; it is only temporarily covered with a dark cloud that envelops its brilliancy. Perhaps that outcast was driven to that den by the finger of scorn pointed at her by the "virtuous" woman of society. That woman who frowns upon the prostitute, -- who reproaches in bitter terms the diwn-trodden,-who gathers up her garments, that they may not touch the outcast, who breathes unkind words against the "sinner,"her frowns, turned to poisonous stings, and her reproaches to pains of anguish, shall fall upon her o yn head; her pure garments shall be turned to tattered, filthy rags, her unkind words to self-accusers, to torment her, before she can rise in the scale of existence. The "pure, virtuous" women of society, many times, are its real prostitutes, for they point the finger of scorn at the fair young maiden who has sinned. once, and maddened by their actions, she fades away like the rainbow-tinted flower before the pestilential simoon of the African desert. We would extend the hand of sympathy to the erring; we would encourage them by kind words and smiles to rise in the scale of existence; we would look at their past life as we do at the dark night, knowing that the bright sunshine will dissipate it, and endeavor, by words of cheer and substantial aid, to cause a brighter day to dawn upon them. There are women in society, who, appreciating the grandeur of their mission, have a smile and kind word for all. Their life is truly noble, and the future for them is bright. Angels love them, watch over them and smile approvingly upon them. God bless them. True womanhood is a jewel which few possess, and they who devote their life to ameliorating the condition of those below them, shall world! But she is innocent, society is guilty. receive a reward in the not distant future that will cause them to rejoice. But to the woman last resort, for assistance at the residence of a who is so fastidious in her goodness that she has wealthy family,-the mother and her three frowns only for the down-trodden and outcast, and approving, encouraging smiles for those who do not really require them, there will come a day of retribution, and she will feel the pains of anguish that she had the power to ameliorate in others. Beware, then, woman, how you speak of others, for every word is recorded and will stand forth to judge you in the future. In connection with the life of Ellen Grey, we

give below that of Sarah Gladstone, as taken from the St. Louis Republican. With the words on her lips,-"It is almost morning,"-she passed away, enveloped in a dark halo which obscured the purity of her nature, as the clouds do the glorious sun sometimes, and as the sun shines even behind a cloud, so there was beneath that dark halo surrounding her, a "gem of purity" that sparkled with a translucent light. "It is almost morning,"—the music of a soul

that yearned for that "sweet sometime," when free to bask in the sunshine, where love,—not lust, rules the human heart, she might be happy. The narration of her remarkable life as given in the Republican, is as follows:

The facts connected with the death of Sarah Gladstone have been kept quiet and away from the public, but have excited a very deep interest among the few medical men and others acquainted with them. There appears, however, no object in further secresy. The unfortunate woman has been dead several weeks, and it is pretty well established that she has left no near relatives whose feelings need be considered in connection with the matter.

Sarah Gladstone belonged to that class of prostitutes called by the police "privateers." home was a small room in a tenement building, which she kept furnished with great neatness and taste. It was never the scene of drunken revels or unruly gatherings, and, in fact, Sarah's visitors were so few that it was often said she had some private means of her own.

A month or so ago Sarah was taken ill. The fact was first discovered by a young man, a clerk who was in the habit of visiting her. He went to her room late one Saturday night and found Sarah kneeling on the rug before the fireplace, her ace buried in her hands, and weep-

The young man states that he endeavored to persuade her to tell him what was the trouble. but that she seemed be wildered, and persisted in passionate entreaties that he should leave the room. Her agitation inceased, and finally, fearing the sound of her voice would attract aftention, he went away.

The following Sunday, feeling courteously interested in the state of the unhappy girl, he again went to her room. He found the door locked, and could gain no response to his knocks. On Monday evening he went to the same place. He knocked, and after waiting some time, she finally admitted him. He states that he found her the picture of misery. Her face was deadly pale, her eyes bloodshot with tears. and her movements indicated extreme weakness. The following is his report of the conversation that took place:

"You are sick, Sarah," I said. "I will get a doctor, and you will be all right in a few

"It's of no use, Henry; nothing can save me

I've been called and I must go. My strength is ebbing away fast, and by this day week I will be dead I'm not sorry," she continued slowly, as if talking to herself; "my life has been a bitter. bitter struggle, and I want rest. Bu', oh God! she cried, starting to her feet and walking up and down the room, wringing her hands, "why should he be the one to call me? He ruined me; he stole me away from happy Stamford, and made a wretched strumpet of me. He left me all alone with my dead child in the big city, and laughed at my prayers and tears. I heard he was dead long age—shot himself down South—and I felt God had avenged me. But no, no! he has haunted me when dead as when alive. Curse him! curse him! my evil star. And now he takes my life. Curse him! curse him in hell forever!" She hissed those last words through her teeth with terrible emphasis, and sank on

the sofa panting and exhausted. "I left her for a short time and procured two of my medical friends, and returned to the

The remainder of the particulars connected with the girl's death are gathered from the physicans who attended her. They stated that they found the patient in a state of extreme lassitude on their arrival.

She seemed possessed with the idea that her death was approaching, and it was evident that she considered she had a supernatural intimation of the fact. She had been called, she frequently said, and knew she must go. could detect no specific ailment, and treated her as we considered best to allay nervous and mental excitement, and to support the physical strength. On Monday and Thursday she seemed better, but on Friday alarming and most singular symptoms were developed.

It appears that on this evening, when the two doctors visited Sirah together, they found the young man, Henry, in the room. As they approached the bed they observed a change had occurred in the patient. Her eyes shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and her cheeks were flushed with a crimson color. Otherwise, however, she appeared calm and self-controlled.

"Tell them, Henry, what I have told you," she said to the young man, He hesitated, and finally she continued:

"This poor boy, doctors, won't believe me when I tell him I shall die to-night at 12 o'clock

Henry was weeping, and she said to him: "Were you fond of me, really?—fond of the wretched girl of the town? Oh, Henry, God will bless you for your kindness and love to

She continued to talk rationally and affectionately to her young friend until about 10 o'clock, when she closed her eyes and appeared to

The night was one unusually sultry and warm for April, and between 11 ard 12 o'clock a thunder storm broke over the city. Sarah had continued silent for over an hour, and except the whispering conversation of the three men the room had been quiet. A crash of thunder which shook the building startled her, and she suddenly sat up in bed. The physicians state that they approached and found her trembling violently. She caught hold of the arm of Dr.saying, "You are a good, strong, brave man; can't you save me? Why should a poor girl like me be persecuted in this way? I have been suffering all my life, and now I am dying at the bidding of this dark, stern man. On! save me, doctor! save me, for God himself has given me

As she spoke, she clutched the doctor's arm with desperation, and a tearful carnestness was expressed in her face. The young man Henry, at this time, overcome by the scene, left the room. Sarah did not notice his departure, but continued to talk wildig at some coming peril, all at once. When the doctors were endeavor. ing to compose her and induce her to lie down, she turned her face toward the door and uttered a piercing shrick. In a moment she had become a raving maniac. Her eyes were fixed on the door as if they saw some terrible object

"So you've c me," she said; "you've come, James Lennox, to complete your work. But I've got friends now. I am no longer at your control. Oh, how I hate you you bad, wicked. bloody-minded man! You ruined me body and soul, but now I'm tree. Keep off, you d-d villain,"

As she spoke she sprang out of bed and ran behind the physicians, shuddering and muttering to herselt. They put their arms round her and lifted her into the bed again. She resisted like a wild beast, and seemed to think herself struggling with a deadly foe. She heaped imprecations on the head of her haunting persecutor, and defied him in desperate terms, also alluding incoherently to scenes in her past life. For more than halt an hour she remained in this way, and then suddenly became quiet and seemingly composed. Her eyes closed, and she seemed asleep. Her breathing became regular, but very low and faint, and her pulse fell alarmingly. In a little time she opened her eyes, and looking upon her attendants, smiled sweetly. She muttered something, and one of the dectors bent down, and says he heard the words, "It's almost morning now."

They were the last words of Sarah Gladstone, for in ten minutes afterwards she was dead-and the clock was striking twelve.

# MRS. CARRIE M. SAWYER.

This most excellent medium still holds forth at the Circle Rooms of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPH-ICAL JOURNAL Office, giving universal satisfaction to her many patrons. She gives private sittings during the regular business hours of each day and holds public circles on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. The manifestations of spirit presence and power, given at these circles are really marvelous, even to those who are accustomed to attend upon physical manifestations. On Wednesday evening last, while the manifestations were in progress, a spirit voice said "Will the audience please sing?" The request being complied with, a spirit voice, unusually loud and sweet, commenced singing the Alto, while the controlling spirit "Maud" kept up a constant conversation with the audience; while others were still playing upon, and carrying musical instruments around the room. While all this was transpiring, the medium was being held by two of the most skeptical persons in the audience, who could not escape the conclusion, that real, tangible, live spirits were present; spirits that they could fed and hear, at least, if they could not see; and thus many who had never thought of spiritualism and spirits, only to class them with the humbugs of the age. have been brought from the darkness of the Circle Room, to the light of the divine truth of spirit communion, and have been placed upon the great highway of spiritual life and progress. which will lead them onward and upward forever and ever. That such mediums as Mrs. S. may become more numerous, is a boon which the progressive people of this age are hoping for, in behalf of the famishing millions which now sit in worse than heathen darkness.

#### THE REALING ART.

Wonderful Cures by the POSITIVE and NEGA-TIVE Forces in Nature. - Distance Annihilated .-Mrs. A. H. Robinson as a Healer.

No phase of the manifestation of spirit power. either in ancient or modern times, has attracted more attention, or been more beneficial in its results, than that of the healing of the sick. Among the most remarkable of the so-called miracles performed by the Nazarene, was the causing the blind to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear, and those suffering from all types of diseases to be restored to health. These cures were performed not only in the presence of the diseased, but at remote places, far away from Jesus, the mediumistic healer. His followers did the same thing, and those who were to come after them were promised greater gifts than those which he performed. Under the present outpouring of spirit power, those promises are daily being fulfilled, as thousands can testify.

Eminent physicians who loved the healing art, while in this life, but who have passed to the spirit plane, are still engaged in the same noble work, with increased powers of an hundred fold.

The positive and negative forces in nature seem to be the great restoratives, and are imparted from spirit-life, through healing mediums, in a most astonishing manner. Cures are often instantaneous.--at other times gradual, but sure, -both from the touch of the medium, when convenient, or from the application to the invalid of a positive or negative element, as the case requires, imparted through proper methods, though thousands of miles from the medium whose body and mind are used by the controlling spirit prescribing.

This phase of mediumship may be rare at this

time, but will soon be as common as other phases with which Spiritualists are now familiar. We have already entered upon a new and glorious dispensation. One of this class of mediums has been recently developed, and most surprising cures are daily being performed through her mediumship. Her psychometrical powers are so acute as to be able to diagnose diseases most accurately on sight of the patient; and she can, generally, do the same thing by the simple touch of a lock of the sick person's hair, sent by letter. Yet, as the obj ct to be attained is the most certain and speedy restoration to perfect health of all patients, the controlling spirits who prescribe through her mediumship, desire the very best facilities for quickly accomplishing that object, rather than to gratify idle curiosity. To that end, those writing for prescriptions should state the age, sex, leading symptoms of the disease, and about what length of time the patient has been afflicted,—enclosing in the letter a lock of the sick person's hair. Although this medium has possessed a diversity of mediumistic gifts of a remarkable character, for several years, which were well known to the public, yet this most remarkable phase has been developed most perfectly since passing through a severe and protracted sickness of nearly twelve months' duration, during all of which time, her guardian spirits, as well as spirits through other mediums, have stated that she would be restored to health and to a much higher and more perfect and useful phase of mediumship than she had ever attained to before her illness; all of which has been verified with remarkable accuracy. Her spiri guides now direct her to advertise these powers to the world, with the assurance that in all curable cases the treatment will be most certain to give immediate relief.

In most cases one prescription will be sufficient. See advertisement and terms in another

Every phase of disease which flesh is heir to, yields to the positive and negative treatment. Call upon, or address, Mrs. A. H. Robinson, No. 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

#### THE Mc FARLAND-RICHARDSON CASE.

The New York Independent has spoken forth boldly in regard to this case which has attracted so much attention throughout the country. Should the same sentiment be found in a Spiritual paper, it would be regarded as the organ of the Free Lovers, but emanating from the plastic mind of Theodore Tilton, it will receive commendation, no doubt, from many who otherwise would condemn it. He says: "The horrible case is a new illustration of the folly and wickedness of that semi-superstitious sentiment which, in the name of maintaining the sanctity of marriage, by compelling the life-long union of two persons, either of whom finds such a union to be loathsome, degrading and unholy. There is no divine, and there ought to be no human law, to compel the continuance of any marriage which, as long as it continues, is nothing better than a legalized prostitution, 'Whom God hath joined together'-that, and that only, is the divine law of marriage. Anything short of that is abomination. To chain two human being fast to each other's side, against the perpetual protest of galled and wounded human nature, is an offence at which angels weep. The great, indifferent public have no right to say, either on the basis of any statute law, or on the deeper basis of any popular sentiment, or on the still deeper basis of any supposed religious tenet, that (any two individuals, man and woman, shall live, together as husband and wife, against the inward protest of their own individual souls. Derived from whatever source, based on whatever foundation, sanctified by whatever tradition, such a legalized tyranny is unworthy of a Christian civilization, shamefully perverts the fundamental teachings of Christianity, and destroys the sacred claim of religion to the reverence of mankind."

# PERSONAL.

E. S. T. Harrison and E. W. Tullidge, of Salt Lake, Utah-editors of the Mormon Tribune, gave us a call last week. They are opposed to Brigham Young and his policy, and their efforts against him will have a telling effect.

#### THE SUFFRACE CONVENTION.

During the past week, the "Women's Suffrage Convention of the Northwestern Franchise Association" has been in session in this city in Farwell Hall. Among the distinguished ladies present, were Susan B. Anthony, Phebe Cozzen, of St. Louis, Mrs. Lily Peckam, Addie L. Ballou, Nettie M. Pease, Lizzie Boynton, and about

twenty-five other lights of various magnitudes. There seemed to be but little interest manifested in the proceedings, not over three hundred being present each evening. We regret this, for we anticipated that much good would be accomplished by the action of this convention. Probably the experiences of this, will make a success of the next. If Susan B. Anthony will persist in putting forward that eccentric George Francis Train, to disgust those who attend these conventions, she must expect that soon the better portion of the community will treat with contempt any meeting that she is expected to attend. The convention closed with a speech from him, the crowd leaving as he indulged in his incoherent, erratic remarks.

#### MORMONISM-A REVIVAL.

"A Morman revival is, at present, in progress, about fifteen miles from New Albany, Indiana, in the church of the Christian denomination, which the trustees have given the latter-day saints the privelege of using. This church is located about three miles from New Providence, Clark county. The meetings are conducted by a Mormon evangelist from Salt Lake, and it is said he is creating an intense excitement. Already fifteen persons have given in their adhesion to the Mormon church, and the revival progresses without abatement. The entire family of six persons has joined the church, and will shortly leave for Salt Lake. So great is the excitement that farmers are stopping their plows in the fields, to attend the meetings. What the end will be, it is hard to determine, but, in the meantime, many converts are being made to the Mormon faith."—Exchange.

The elder in question is a powerful psychologist, and has succeeded in controlling many of the good people of New Albany

#### REMITTANCES.

Parties making remittances to this office, should be very careful to state explicitly what is wanted, and when the remittance is for the Journal, whether it be for a renewal or for a new subscription, otherwise the paper may be duplicated to the same party, when it was intended for a re

Mistakes will be cheerfully corrected, and any one discovering any mistake, will confer a favor by advising us of it without delay. Always give post office address, including the state. Scarcely a day passes that we do not receive letters with the omission of the state.

#### MRS. MARY WALKER.

She is decidedly sharp. It would be well for precocious vouth to let her alone, for she is as quick at repartee as the lightening is to flash. It is said that during a lecture delivered by her | Here is the true secret of service in heaven,-in Kansas, a precocious youth in her audience cried out: "Are you the Mary that had a little lamb?" "No," was the ready reply, "but your mother had a little jackass."

The last we heard of this lady, she was under arrest at New Orleans, for appearing on the streets in a short dress.

# N. W. BRUCE, OF LOCKPORT, N. J.

A healing medium of goot powers, called upon us while en route for Naperville and other towns in this state. To our knowledge, Dr. Bruce has performed many extraordinary cures through his magnetic powers. We recommend him to the sick, wherever he may go, as one who will be likely to give them relief.

We have numerous questions on file, from our subscribers, who request an answer thereto. All of them will be answered in the JOURNAL in due time.

# "Estrangement."

We shall commence next week, another new atory, by W. D. Reichner, entitled, "Estrangement," Companion to "Magdalena."

The Davenport Gazette, of a recent date states that no less than forcy persons had been poisoned in Iowa within a fortnight, from esting wild paranips, and six cases had resulted

# Kersonal and Local.

Mrs J. M. Wilcoxson, who has been spending the winter and spring in the South, has just re turned to this city, in good spirits, though some what care-worn, on account of her protracted isbors. She has done a good work for the cause of reform in the South, sent sunshine into many inquiring minds and gained for herself many laurels. She meets with success wherever she lectures.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou has been in attendance during the past week at the Woman's Suffrage Convention in this city. She has just returned from her Western tour, where she has been stirring up old orthodoxy, and giving tests of spirit presence by her powerful clairvoyant powers. Success has crowned her efforts, often receiving from fity to one hundred dollars for one week's service, showing that her labors are appreciated. A severe attack of sickness has prevented her from answering the letters of her correspondents. Having recovered, she starts Westward again, and will visit Minnesota. After the 15th of June, letters to her can be addressed to St. Paul, during the remainder of the month.

L. D. Day, of Jackson, Miss., will answer calls to lecture. Mr. Day is a fine writer and speaker, and the Spiritualisis of the South should keep him employed. We hope to have frequent contribu-tions from his inspired pen.

Dr. W. Persons, the healer, is now located at Hot Springs, Ark.

THE HELPER is the name of a neat little paper, just started at Lake Mills, Wis, by M. M. Tusey, and is devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. We wish it abundant success. It is published monthly, at thirty cents a year, or four copies to one address for one dollar.

Mrs. S. A. Rogers, psychometric, clairvoyant, and inspirational medium, has entered the lecturing field. Her address is Rock Island, Ili.

# Zhiladelphia Department.

BY..... H. T. CRILD, M. D Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia,

HEAVEN.

It has been said that there is no myth, tradition or superstition that has not in it some foundation of truth. Like the trunks of old trees, the stumps and gnarly roots, they may be weather beaten and scarred, and burned by fire so as to be very unsightly, still they have been beauti. ful trees with green foliage and glowing life beneath whose shade man has found shelter and

Men have pictured heaven a place of rest. The toil worn slave, man with his heavy burdens, woman with her unappreciated labor, each bending beneath the hard weight of toil, have hoped that heaven would be for them a place of rest. The indolent and the tyrannical (and these are often one), have funcied it must be a place of service, where continued songs and praises might feel the approbativeness of God as these had done for them here.

The gorgeous orientalist has pictured heaven as a city built with jewels, precious stones and paved with gold. Others, as a magnificent harem, where luxury, ease and even licentious ness might be enjoyed. The poet and musician looks forward to a realm where poetry and song

The philosopher will have a cold intellectual heaven, without emotion, where all can be squared and measured by science and mathe-

The rude savage sees a heaven in a happy hunting ground, where with his faithful dog and his canoe, he shall realize an advance upon the highest pleasures of his earthly existence.

Indeed, this is the key to heaven, an advance on your present happiness, in whatever condition you may be. The most absurd idea of heaven, is that presented by certain theologians in which we are to experience a total change, to lose all our friends and associations, and be made eternally happy by being made over into some budy else. The locality of heaven has been a speculation in all ages and generally an exceedingly vague one. The idea that it is above us over our heads, is a twin sister of the crude as tronomical notion that the earth was a flat plane. In our solar system, there is no up nor down, nor can we find any convenient locality for heaven. Mankind finding some places more comfortable than others, have concluded heaven must be a place.

It- remained for Spiritualism to analyze all these views, and gathering the truth out of all of them, going forth on the wings of intuition into the realms of soul-life, build up a true and

appreciative idea of heaven. First, then, heaven is a place of rest,—not of absolute idleness, but of appropriate labor, properly distributed and performed so as to produce happiness by the tution of its accomplishments. In this manner, labor unfolds the soul and becomes true worship. Second,-those who fancy heaven to be a place in which service is rendered to God, have forgotten that important declaration of Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." not loud sounding, empty praises to the Great I Am, but true loving service to the weak and erring ones who need to come up nearer to Him.

Third,--the gorgeous beauty and splendor of the orientalists can only be realized in neaven, when the true love of the beautiful, implanted by the All-Father in the human soul, is unfolded, and reflects its pictures as living panoramas, over and around the soul.

So of poetry, music and philosophy,—they are to be subjective realities, reflected from soul

to soul. The Indians happy hunting ground is but a reflex of his mind, more natural than most of the ideas of heaven, and especially does it illus trate the idea of an advance upon the pleasures of earth. The highest and purest pleasures which we realize here, are those which flow out from a harmoniously unfolded and well balanced body and mind.

The theological idea of a total change never had any life in it, and we can find no analogy for it. It is a retten lungus, growing from a corrupt human soil, and, like a cancerous tumor. has no life of its own, and only tends to embitter that upon which it grows.

The idea of a locality for heaven, also springs from human ignorance and corruption, which naturally seeks to get away from itself. It has no foundation in truth,—never had and never can have. Heaven is a state or condition, and not a locality. It flows as naturally out of in dividual harmony in a human being as light flows from the sun, or love from God. It is just as natural and appropriate on earth as in any of the spheres of after-lite.

This world with all its pomp and glory, can neither give it nor take it away. One of the most stupenduous follies of theology, is the idea that we may hope to find a hereatter, the foundations of which we have not laid in this life. Every good act, every pure thought and aspiration, lays a stone in the foundation of our heaven -which a true life alone can cement into a firm and everlasting building, which shall indeed be as the apostle said, not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

# Statistical Department.

In this department we purpose to publish all reports that shall be forwarded to us by individuals or committee of local societies, in reply to questions hereunto appended, and our readers are requested to aid in furnishing reports, not only in regard to their own towns, but in regard to also jacent towns or localities, where our paper may not be circulated. This is intended to remain a permanent department of the property of the property of the contract of t ment, and will be of inestimable value for future reference. We wish it to be understood that we expect that each report will be subject to supplemental reports from time to time, as imperiections shall be discovered, and changes made in the status of the spiritus; philosophy, by the discomination of light and knowledge, watch is now so rapidly disintegrating old theological systems.

19. Be careful and gve the correct Post-Office Address of all persons reported.

# QUESTIONS.

1, How many avowed Spiritualists are there in the town of county of and state of and what are their names? 2. How man, lectures have you had within the last year? How many mediums, what phase of mediumship a d what

are their names

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

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

# REPORTS.

St. Francisville, Clark Co., Mo.

Number of piritualists:—Eleven.

Names:—John Mitchell and w.fe, H. M. Guire and wife,
A. H. M. dus and wife, V. T. Hill, Mrs. M. Enyard, Mrs.

Namey Starbuck, Mrs. M. A. Ostrander, B. S. Wells.

# Lectures:—Two, by Prof. Williams. Mediums:—Two,—A. H. Medus, clairvoyant frauce speaker; and Y. T. Hill, healing and impressional. Churches;—Two, Presbyterian and Baptist. Methodists use the Baptist Church.

Christians, Lancaster Co., Pa. Reported by Simmons Michener.

Number of Spiritualists:—Six. Names:—Elizabeth Garretson, Rachael Mercer, John lercer, Mary Ann Cain, Abby Michener, and Simmons Mediums:--Three,--M. A. Cain, and self and wife,--seeing and writing.
Churches:—Presbyterian and Methodist; about equal in numbers, but latter very weak.

Leesville, Ind.

Reported by T. Woodruff. Number of Spiritualists: Two. Names: Elizabeth Woodruff, and T. Woodruff.

Sparksville, Jackson Co., Ind. Reported by T. Woodrulf. Number of Spiritualists: Two. Names: Niscon and wife.

Salem, Washington Co., Ind. Reported by J. Woodruff, Number of Spiritualists: Siz. Names: Mr. Teublood, wife and mother, G. B. Guffy, sou-in-law and wife.

Bedford, Lawrence Co., Ind. Reported by J. Woodruff.

Number of Spiritualists: Three. Names: Thomison and wife, and Dr. Newliu. The people here are enquiring after the true Philosophy of immo tality. The churches have bare ground elading Rutland, Dane Co., Wis.

Reported by C Martin. Number of Spiritualists:—Seven.
Numes:—T. S. Shamdnor and wife, J and L. Henan,
Stepnen Little, Mrs. hoj t and Mrs. C. M. Mart.n.
Lectur-s:—Five in 1869, four by Mrs. Hayes, and one by

Mediums:—Two; Mrs Hoyt and Mrs. C. M. Martin, impressions, healing and physical.

Ohurches:—One United Brethren, very weak, and one

Sangatuck, Mi h.

Reported by M E. Morrison. Number of Spiritualists: —Twelse.

Number of Spiritualists: —Twelse.

Names: —Mr. J. F. Dickey, Mr Jay Cook Mr. W. Cook,
Mr. T. F. Cement, Mrs. M. Goodroh, Mrs. J. E. Francis,
Mr. L. Harringtou, Mr. L. A. Sheut, M. T. F. Clement,
Mrs. Jane Futter, Mrs. Susan White, Mrs. M. E. Morrison, Lectures:—One by D. Clark, 'ne by Mrs. Hercon, one by Mrs. Doctor Slade, two by Prof. Whipple, and the by E

Wildon.

Mediums:—Mrs. S. White, writing and seeing. Sev. rai Mediums:—Mrs. S. White, writing and seeing. Sev.ral offers partially developed of different phase:
Churches:—Four in number,—Methodist, Congr. gational, Oatholic aud Episcopal. Methodist and Episcopalian most numerous. But their basis trembles and begins to totter, by the light the furths of Spiritualism present to their darkened understanding. Great will be the fall there of

### Obituary.

#### Gone with the angels.

"Passed over," from Weston. Missouri, of scarletfever, on the 18th of February, 187d little Charlie, aged 22 months; also, on Feb. 19th, 1270, infant Louis aged 3 days; only sons of our brother and sister Dr. L. and Mary Grasmuck.

May the light you have tried to cast over the pathway of others, brother and sister, be reflected upon your own, in sweet communion with your own lit is angel BANNER OF LIGHT please copy.

Passed to the elysian fields of the beautiful Summer Land, May 20th, Ches. H. Dolph, aged 26 years.

Land, May 20th, Unss. H. Doiph, aged 20 years.

Lingering between hope and fear for six months, with consumption, he came home to die with mother, sister and brother. The angels heard his prayer, and at the going down of the suc, in accordance with his desire, his spirit took its flight to its new home, fully conscious of the change, and happy with the thought that he should be free from suffering. Thus another bright star has left the terestim and joined the celestial band in their home or tove and joy.

Dr. W. D. Blatz. Dr. W. D. Blain.

## Marriea.

In accordance with the rites of the RELIGIO.PHILO. SOPHICAL SOCIETY, in Chicago, May 26th, by Dr. W. D. Blain, James M. Grant, M. D., of Sacramento, Cali forkis, to Mrs. Mary L. Curties, M. D., of Chicago.

In this city, by H F. Gardner, Esq., Mr. DANIEL W. ELDEIDGE to Mr. : AMANDA F. MERRILL, both of Boston. On May-day, at the Pavilion, by H. F. Gardner, Esq., SOLOMON W. JEWETT, of California, to MARY L. ALLEN,

# Mediums In Chicago.

#### MRS. A. H. ROBINSON AS A HEALING MEDNUM.

Mrs. Robinson prescribes, while under spirit-control, for all phases of distase. REMEDIES,

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leading symptoms of the disease, and its duration. TERMs:-\$2, in advance, for the first prescription, and one dollar for each subsequent prescription,

if such be needed. Same terms if the patient is present.

But one prescription is usually required. Call on, or address her at her residence, No. 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

# TEST AND PHYSICAL MEDIUM.

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Rooms of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. No. 187 & 189 So. Clark Street, Room 23, Upper Floor. near the Post Office; where she will hold scances with all who sincerely desire communion with spirit friends, between the hours of 9 o'clock, . m., and 12 a. m., and from 2 to 6 p. m. She will also make arrangements for public seauces at private houses, and at her rooms, day and evening. during the week.

Mrs. Sawver is one of the most remarkable mediums o the present age. Her phaze of physical manifestations includes the simple rap, loud and distinct, the iron ring feat, the playing on stringed instruments, toned bells, the piano, (closed,) all keeping excellent tune. Also the shak ing of hands by spirits with friends, and holding on to the same until the spirit's hand entirely dissolves and disappears; and speaking, singing and laughing by spirits, in audible voices, without the aid of the medium's lips. Tying and untying of the medium, moving of tangible objects, etc.

As a trance, test, and business medium, Mrs. Sawyer is not excelled, if equaled.

Spirits also answer sealed letters with great accuracy, through her mediumship. TERMS:-Single person, \$2.00; gentleman and lady,

\$3,00: public seances, each person 50 cents; answering scaled letters, \$2,00.

# PLANCHETTE-THE DESPAIR OF SCI-

Thes above named work is one of the very best books ever unblilded. Every Epiritualist throughout the country shou deemd for it at once. It abounds in facts demonstrating Spiritualism beyond casil. The secular press everywhere speak in the highest terms of it. The work has passed to the third edition in about as many weeks. For sale at this office. Sent by mail on receipt of \$1.35

and 16 cents for postage. andress S. S. Jones, 192 South Clark et., Chicago, Tilinois

# HEM ZOOKS.

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"As I gazed, and as I listened, there came a pale blue-

footed maiden,

Eyes filled with larid light;

Her body bent with sicknes, her lone heartheavy laden;

Her day had been the roofless street,

Her day had been the night;

First wept the angel sadly—then smiled the angel gladly,

And caught the maiden madly rushing through the

open door:
And I heard a chorus swelling,
Grand beyond a mortal's telling,
'Enter, sister, thou art pure, thou art sinless evercome, or

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TO ALL SUFFERING FROM NEURALGIA, HEADache, Dizz'ness Bronchial difficulties, debility of the atomach or hervons debility of any kind, diseases of the liver or kidneys, and all conditions of uterine difficulties. This combination was never before used as a medicina on earth. Each element composing it is food for the nerva. on earth. Each element composing it is food for the nerve. It gives quietness to the nervous system, rest to the sleep-less, tone to the stomach, and general activity to the circulation. Dose:—From an ordinary teaspoonful to a table-spoonful usually three times a day, half an hour before meals. Price, \$1 per bottle. It may be ordered through any respectable draggist, or by direct remittance to either E.R. STILL, 351 Washington Street, Boston, or office of "Universe," New York City. The public are cautioned against spurious imitations, see each bottle has the signature of E.R. STILL, Boston, Mass.

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100 Washington St., Chicago. This machine is reccommended to any who desire a firstclass Family Sewing Machine; and is noted for its quiet, rapid motion, regularity of tension, case of management. Four different stitches and reversible feed-motion, features peoplar to the Florence claimed by no other in the world. plies and terms to Agents furnished en application.

# The Zostenm.

LECI URE

By Emma Hardinge, at Harmonial Hall, on Sunday Eveniug, November 7th, 1869, Mefore the First Association of Spiritualints of Philadelphia.

(Reported by Henry T. Caild, M. D., for the Journal. Copyright secured.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou, the source of never failing light, life and inspiration, we invoke Thy presence in our midst this night. Thou who didst open the eyes of the seers of old; Thou who didst unroll the scroll of destiny to his illuminated sight; Thou who wast the God of the armies when they went forth to defend the right; Thou hast been the might of the victor; Thou hast been the strength of the weak. In Thy might and inspiration, the frail ones of earth have become strong; the martyrs have borne their crosses, as Thou art the crown. The frail, the humble the ignorant have seen sight through Thee. We know Thine arm is not shortened, nor has Thy love failed. We ask Thee, then, to fill this place with Thy presence, and to pour the light of Thy countenance upon us, and as Thou art the unquenchable sun of that darkness that has spread over the earth, as Thou art the star-beam and the sunlight for them, Oh, be the Light of the thick darkness that is in our hearts, and our eyes,—to light us through this earth of ours to the immortal glory of the land whose sun shall know no setting.

LECTURE.

Every one familiar with the Jewish scriptures will remember the significant vision of the valley of dry bones unfolded to the prophet Ezekiel in olden times, showing the power of the Almighty to call out from that which was apparently dead, the germ of eternal life.

Ezekiel beheld with inspired eyes the dry bones become an army,-a living army exceedingly great, numerous and powerful. It is so with those who have witnessed one age laying the foundation, the germ of the seed for the growth and life and beauty of another, recognize our purpose of attempting to draw an analogy between the past and the present, to give us hope and courage, that from the valley of dry bones whose picture we presented to you in our last lecture, in the relics of ecclesiasticism, in the vestiges of those old and effete systems, where the life is not,—so may we take hope and courage that the great spirit designs yet for us an Ezekiel who shall put life into these dry nones, and when the prophet of a new and more living inspiration shall see the four winds of heaven coming with power to wake them up to form an exceeding great army. We reviewed the present aspect of the religious world, in the hope to discover, if in their midst we could trace the germ of that new ministry for which the world is waiting. We pointed in another direction, and from the organizations of Lutherism and secularism, we turned our gaze to the teachings of philosophy, when ecclesiasticism proves a failure. We are told it is in the absence of connected links of science, reason, judgment and wisdom, that lacking these, ecclesiasticism is nothing more than the valley of dry bones without life,—lacking these they have no demonstrations of life. Ecclesiastical sects are forms without a soul, without a vital principle, without aught to prove the truth of what they af-

Art, science, and intellectual developments, all point to two features in the human history, which they claim will unfold to us all that is necessive for the conduct of man on this planet. These features are philosophy, the love of wisdom, the development of all forms of knowledge, and morality, or the methods by which we govern our actions. We propose to investigate the work of these two, and see if they be sufficient for man here below.

That you may the better comprehend the full value of that which is entitled philosophy, I invite you now briefly to review the most famed teachers of this system; those who are even now cited in the schools and colleges, as being the inventors of the noblest system of philoso-We do not point you back to those remote days, when you were unable to find by the most vigorous researches in history, who were the real founders or the existing systems.

But we call your attention to the very writings of philosophers, inscribed by the hands of the sages themselves. Take for instance the writings of Pythagoras, founded upon the most exact revealments of science and connecting the whole universe in one grand mathematical system.-mapping it out and proclaiming it to be defined and governed by eternal law.

What knowledge can exceed this, which was presented to the eyes of Pythagoras, who intustively foresaw and perceived precisely that grand scheme of law pervading all portions of the universe, which it has cost us two thousand years to discover.

Plato perceived beauty in all things, realized perfection and harmony in the whole scheme. Plate, a name dear to every scholar, and in every system where learning and wisdom exist; Plato endorsed the sublime teachings of Pythagoras. The language of beauty in the teachings of Plato has the interpretation of that strictly religious idea of law in all things. We perceive that although he did not teach of God as we understand him, we perceive in the beauty which he revealed to us in our own imperfect states, glimpses foreshadowed of a more complete beauty, which was undoubtedly portrayed to his soul, and is to day presented in such exquisite pictorial imagery that men become intoxicated with the Platonic philosophy. Then there was focrates, the wise, the virtuous, who combined immortality with beauty, and whilst he perceived the grand revealments of art and science at marked by the creator as discussed by Plato,—he himself paused to hear the wisdom, he himself imparted to Plato,—the secret of that wisdom in the excellence of man. He inspires us with trust in one another. He gives us confidence in man. He brings before us the assurance that there are well-springs of excellence, mines of life yet unwrought, and even in the darkest specimens of humanity, which reconcile us to human destiny, and even human

Besides these, there was Zeno the stoic, Enicurus the sensualist, each one preaching after his fashion some phase of philosophy and wisdom calculated to reconcile man to his destiny, and enable him to bear life's burdens with true philosophical stoicism. There have been many other philosophers in Greece, and every age has presented us with their claims to wisdom down to to-day, when the progress of mankind give us once more means of building the noble superstructure of life's harmonial philos-

ophy.

Now, the only failing, if failing there can possibly exist in philosophy, may be found in its fanatical application to life. One of the great cuestions to our present discourse is to test the working of that which is presented to us in the form of the old ministry, and here we propose to lay down the law concerning the new minis-We have tried ecclesiasticism this morn-We have glanced at the various forms that now exist in church discipline, and we saw by what light we can steer these frail barks

Many philosophers in the middle ages in Germany, amongst these we would rank Spinosathis man was a great philosopher. In one of his commentaries on a work published in his time, he says that when men were weary of the everlasting cries of martyrdom that went forth from the people under the influence of the persecution for religion and the inquisition, a number of philosophical men retired from the troubled battle of life and its conflicts, into the depths of the ancient forests, and founded a society near Bohemia, where they determined to teach and practice the noblest ethics revealed by

philosophy. In process of time, the restless spirits of the critics, who, like themselves, were weary of the conflict, resorted to these philosophers to learn of them the wisdom and science of life. They taught the wisdom of Aristotle; they repeated the divine orations of Cicero; they once more reiterated the noble teachings of Demosthenes, and the beautiful ethics of Plato and Pythagoras were poured forth from their wise lips in the choicest phraseology among their scholars. There came to them in one occasion a sorrowful man,-a man whose rich garments betokened a high social standing,-his brow was wrinkled with anguish,—he was evidently suffering from some great life burthen. Again and again, each one in turn repeated to him the wise teachings and calm philosophical reasoning of the sages. He responded to them that he had been a man in whom the well-springs of joy had bubbled up in the midst of family relations, home and friends. He was a prosperous merchant. He went abroad for a season, and returned to the once happy dwelling where he had left wife and children, and all his treasures, but he found them all gone,—the house was empty,—there was all the beauty, all the splendor, the blooming flowers, the shady trees,—the retainers were there, the splendor was there, but his wife and children were all gone, the pestilence had swept over his heart and quenched its life forever. Where were they gone? On what unknown shore had their barks been anchored? Did they still live, and if so, where in life's wilderness should he again find the anchor which his soul demanded,—a home, a joy, which was snatched from him torever? The philosophers were speechless. They had no answer for this particu lar case. They pointed him to the disciples of Jesus, they preached stoicism, but he answered with wails of anguish. They pointed to the disciples of Epicurus and bade him drink pleasure. Beyond this the philosophers had nothing to

Again, there came to him another, an old man bending with toil, thread-bare and patched were his garments,—few and scattered were the hairs which frosted his wrink ed brow. He told them he had once stood at the apex of splendor and wealth, but the misfortunes of life had borne him down and swept him far out to sea, and left him without an anchor or compass. He a-ked what should the very poor do? His back was bent with toil; his feeble hands could no longer labor; his dim eyes could not see; his ears could not hear; his fainting powers could not support him. He asked of the philosophers to point him to a home of rest, the means of life, and again the Stoics, the Epicureans, the Platonists, and the Pytaagorians, poured forth doc-trines. He asked for bread, and received wisdom. He asked for rest, and they told him of mathematical schemes, and how the universe was formed in wisdom, and how the framework t rereof was supported by invisible forces, and he pleaded for counsel and sympathy, for kind triends and strong arms to help him on the few m les of life, that weary pilgrimage that he must yet tread. But philosophy had nothing for

S ill another helpless case assailed the philos-ophers,—two little children appeared before them. They concluded the exceptional cases that had already presented themselves, were too worn, too thoroughly hackneyed with life's burdens to receive philosophy; but for these young fresh minds, philosophy was just the plan. Fair specimens these, which might, perhaps, be the means of founding fresh sects, and so they adopted the little ones into their society, and each one plied them with tresh teaching, and the children listened with intuitional delight and cauzht the sweet sounds of the phrases which the philosophers poured out. The time came when it was determined that each one should be placed in a separate branch of study in this wise institu'i m; they were to be removed from each other. and placed under different forms of tuition. But, alas i when this attempt was made, the philosophere failed; the children refused and clung to one another with such wild and agonizing tokens of affection, that the smooth and honied phrases failed to soothe them, and away into the desolate world they went together, so that the deep well springs of human affection might not be broken. They refused to be separated.

Again philosophy failed; it had no particular code to meet that case. The historian goes on to inform us that the sorrowful in every form, the restless and discontented, the unhappy, the envious, the malicious, and all who were borne down either with crime or sorrow as they repaired to the groves of the philosophers and sought medicines for their griefs, failed to find the exact remedy.

This philosophical society melted gradually before the pressure of old age,—the burdens weighed more and more painfully on the philosophical shoulders. Finally, they all found that philosophy was a failure without love and affection was united with it.

I do not mean to brand all philosophers with this description of failure. I know that Owen, the good Robert Owen, devised a system so charming, so perfectly harmonious that it only required to be properly organized to mitigate heaven or earth. I know that Fourier devised a system, which, if it could be fully developed, markind would find very beneficial, but the scheme is too elaborate. There is scarcely an intellect but finds food in the philosophy of Fourier. Doubtless, the world would have tak. en hold of it, had there been any master mind to put it into practice.

There was still something wanting in his philosophy. Again, I remind you that I do not propose to brand all philosophies as failures,doubtless somewhere in the great intellectual world of wisdom, we might find the missing link which should connect the philosophy of the world with that of immortality,

Now, I propose briefly to review the possibility of falling back upon that still more practical and still more noble form of ethics initiated by immortality. There are a great many tall steeples in this city, a great many in every other city, Yet, strange to say, when I ask the teachers, who, with solemn gait, every seventh day, come forth from those places with very grave looks, looks that seem to portend anything but exceeding happiness in the exercises that they have passed through. When we question these solemn teachers, what is religion, we obtain so many various and contradictory answers, we are not able to arrive at any definite conclusions. In the absence of light from these highly illuminated persons, whose light indeed shines very bril. liantly in the valley of dry bones; in the absence of this, we are disposed to ask of another class of teachers, of philosophers, not ecclesiastics,—the living practical men and women of of humanity that are moving around us, and the world, who from time to time rise in our even the high alters, splendidly illuminated midst and initiate those broad principles of mo

though they may be with all the gorgeousness of Roman catholicism which denies the right to think.

Many philosophers in the middle ages in Ger.

rality by which they practically prove which we call virtue, justice, kindness, charity and all those sweet and pure and wholesome graces which are resolved into the one word morality. We question of these, what have you to give us by way of founding a new ministry. Again, we invite you to consult the teachings of the pure immortals.

Strange as it may appear, we find no body of people so well able to answer this by practice as the seculars, the rationalists and the atheists. Whether we look over the ground of this nineteenth century, or go back to the past and count up, we most commonly find that the persons who profess this species of negatism to the popular religion, are most commonly amongst he most moral of the civilized communities. Let us offer you some explanation. Take the disciples of Fourier or of Mr. Owen, grounded on the peculiar system of communism, which was taught amongst these persons,—they practiced what they preached, and when they declared that communism and socialism were a part of their belief, they were sincere enough to explain the principles. They were always faithful and are so still. They were among the best in the land, full of zeal and fidelity. We spoke this morning of the Iconoclasts; here are some of the noblest, kindest, bravest, and most useful citizens of Great Britain. It is so everywhere. You turn your eyes over this continent, and you will find no exception. William Howett gives an account of a community in the south of France of over one hundred thousand persons in a large district where there was not one single church, a single believer, himself, a devoted Christian,—to use a popular term, which inter-preted, signifies a Trinitarian, and a believer in the vicarious atonement; yet this gentleman represented them as truthful and honest, and very practical. He said that there had not been for the last thirty years a single minister of religion who has been able to obtain a congregation in this district. He mentions that in another district, in the north of Germany, the honest mechanics and operatives openly and deliberately abjured all reverence for the formulas and teachings of religion. He adds, however, that he has never yet dwelt in any community so entirely free from vice. If they are free from the ministrations of religion, they are also free from those of law, because there is no scope for the action of the law. They are also free from pauperism. They have no criminal poor. They make no pretense to virtue. They are simply Infidels; yet they live lives of morality. These men assure us that all that is necessary to make this earth a paradise is the observance of justice between man and man. August Comte lays this down as a mathematical proposition, and launches it upon the world in his Positive Philosophy. Again, we must question what is the result of this system of pure morality in the time of trial, in the time when the perilous action from without brings forth something more than mere physical reasoning concerning the best means of dealing between man and

man,-in a word, in a great national crisis. We have a famous specimen in the Chinese of the work of secularism. The Chinese, for more than a hundred years, have been seculars, in that sense which takes very little heed of aught beyond the present life. The docrines of Confucius are emiently moral. His max ims are adapted to the intercourse of man with

There is very little in the solemn institution which belongs to religion,—indeed nothing more than a strong recommendation that they should be practiced in the formation of decent observations for the cause of the common people.

Monsieur Martin, in his verv elaborate history, assures us that those that surrounded the ama of Thibet, have no realizing of the after-life, beyond the communion with ancestry,—that which we call Spiritualism, in its eternal form.

He says that for a thousand years the Chinese have been seculars, and in that period they have not advanced one step in progress, and up to to-day they practice the same arts, the same science, the same system of morality, the same in ternal discipline that they practiced a thousand years ago. One of these is eminently to despise woman and trample her under foot, because she is not developed, because she does not take her rank. It is considered a misfortune when a female child is born; she is laid upon the ground in the garments of degradation. When a male child is born, all the neighboring families are called to rejoice at the birth of a lord of the

The total absence of progress, the total ab sence of vital life, the ban of fatalism, which disregards all life, and sustains the constant repetition of crimes, speaks very badly for this system, as a whole.

We will take an instance nearer home. There were once three very great physicians, cultured gentlemen. Their names were Marat, Robespierre and Danton. They were not sensualists or scoffers like French inquisitors. They were simply teachers of good morals. When the French people were taxed beyond their power to bear, when this had cut into the heart of the nation, the rigid arm turned and became lord of its tyrant. When beneath the act of the virtuous Girondist, the French nation rose against their tyrannical leaders, these men were not known, they were simply very moral men; they talked moral doctrines; they practiced them, and the day came when the first revolutionists of France fell under the lashes of the still more revolutionary party, and the Jacobines had their day. At their head stood Marat, Danton and Robespierre,—the men had been known only as good citizens, cultured gentlemen. They were the leaders of the famed Red Republicans, who stood on the morning of the thirteenth of September from early morning till mid-day, with bared arms dripping in blood, until they had grown weary of human slaughter. These were the men that led out the French people to the most brutal massacre. These were the men that caused the belis of every church to be tolled for the death of ecclesiasticism. They said every thing that could disgrace the name of humanity, and from the lips of fools they proclaimed, "There is no God, there is no life, no hereafter." How did they die, as they lived,—these moral men? What is death, asked Danton, as he stood before guillotine, drenched with the blood of thousands whom he had slain. Were there any phantoms from the realm of the immortal land to drive him back? Were there any spectral forms with bloody fingers and red eyes to scare him from the shores whither he had sent them? Were there any shricks of anguish to reach his heart and sear his conscience and irecze his blood, as he stood on the scaffold where he was to die, when another party came uppermost, "No, I am Danton," he ex-"This moment I am he, the next I claimed. shall be nothing." Such was the life of these men. It was not morality brought them there. It was not the teachings of simple morality and virtue that dripped their hands in the blood of their fellow men. It was not the ethics of justice and mercy, of love and kindness that made France one great charnel house, until its rivers ran blood, its skies dripped blood. Not it was the absence of the connecting link which binds the morality in this life to the morality in the hereafter.

It was the absence of religion and morality, which slew France. Reason for virtue, reason for a good life, that eternal one, not the mere transitory and evanescent practice of a day, because it works well for a few years. Day by day

we see the influence of man, with clear eye and bold front, able to take his place. We feel stronger and mightier, because he is acting from high principle. We see the perpetual consequence of virtuous deeds. We see the reward which true philanthropy brings. We do not see what these may and do become, when we take away the force of religious principles, when we take away from them the food of the spirit, when we make them mere machines. They have moments of living and go out like Danton into nothingness. Just so long as in their philosophy, they had good moral works, and they assert that virtue is the best policy, try them in the great merchandize of life. Try the whole nation. That which works well for the one, should work well for the masses. That which will serve for a single individual, should be the rule of life for every individual that makes up the nation. Give me a nation of Atheists, and you give me a nation of wild beasts. You give me people deprived of all the elements that make man. I honor the man who preaches morality, but I have no faith in him unless he discovers something more in morality than the fact that it works well for the few brief moments of life.

Thus, I return again in my search for the new ministry. I go back to ecclesiasticism. It is a failure. Its life is without philosophy and will be rejected by the wise scientist. It is of no use to preach ecclesiasticism to the philosopher who has proved the eternal laws of nature. But give him a union of ecclesiasticism and philosophy. Give him a marriage of religion with science,—that true, pure and beautiful religion which is the science of all life in all its depart-

ments. Give him no ecclesiasticism which does not prove itself by the scientific revealments of God's great scriptures, written and mapped out upon this earth and the universe, which he has made. I find out by this true morality the reason why I should bear life's burdens; why I should love my neighbor as myself; why I should realize the interest of the largest and the least of God's creatures, because I see these truths proclaimed in the spheres of eternity; because I shall see the result as I go marching up the heavens, and taking them up the stairway of my life with me; because I shall realize that my life is worth something, though I stand on the guillotine and perceive the forms of the fair and the beautiful mowed down by the hand of violence, like the stocks of corn in autumn. Though all should fail—they may kill my body —I shall live forever. I shall see the results of all my martyrdom. I shall realize the truits of all my broken and unfulfilled purposes. All the tears and sighs that I have offered up for my fellow men will be gathered up to waft my ship across the beautiful river; all shall be gathered

It is worth while for me to institute true morality now. It is not for humanity to day alone. nor yet to-morrow, but it is for that divine humanity that shall face me when I cross that beautiful river. It is for the forms that I have helped out of darkness here. It is for the friends that have gone up out of view, that I have loved, that they have formed for me a code of morals—they shall make me afraid to do wrong. I hear the bells that sounded out the tocsin for the death of religion in France. I hear the wild shout of the rabble, the awful cry of the murders, molded and changed into a great rejpicing hymn of praise and hallalujah, which sounds down the corridors of immortality. "There is a God. There is one immortal land for my spirit, where I shall live forever more."

With such a change as this, I have but to find a ministry who shall put this belief into practice. I have but to find those who will unite religion and science, and who will bring these down to the daily life and practice of hu-manity. Who shall make room for the masses in this great scheme? This is the gospel for the great throbbing heart of humanity, for its poor weeping eyes, for its hunger and thirst and desolation. There is no consolation, when you stand by the side of the open grave, and see the joy of our existence which death has snatched. e press near, but who dares speak the word that dooms our life to eternal sorrow.

Philosophy knows not how to satisfy us, and religion has failed. You must bring us into the presence of the pure immortals; bring us face to face with the bright eternal dwellers of the land of the hereafter. Give us proof of these, and we will bow down before your altars. We will have something to live for, something to strive for something worth and the something to strive. for, something worth suffering for. I believe it has come. I do already hear the sound of the coming host. Already it seems to me that Ezekiel has gone forth from the four winds of heaven, and has called up that divine breath that shall put life into the dry bones of philoso-phy, and ecclesiasticism. I do believe we shall yet some of us live to see a religion that shall be a science of life, a scientific religion. I shall pursue my theme yet further. I shall, next Sabbath, seek in the last stronghold where we can hope to find, in the teachings of Christ the spirit, any possibility of the new ministry.

Modern Spiritualism, thither will my search carry my pilgrimage. I still seem to see the wavering banners of the coming host. I still realize that they have not lived and suffered in vain, these immortals who have trod the path before me. 1 still realize that all historical ex periences have not been in vain; that all our failures and successes are but various rounds of that ladder whose highest top reaches heaven, whose lowest round is still beneath our feet on earth. I realize that your feet and mine may yet tread this ladder.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter; We may not see its dawn sublime.
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter. We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice in living thunder— 'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

'Tis coming now, the glorious time Foretold by seers and sung in story— For which, when thinking was a crime, Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory They passed, nor see the work they wrought,
Nor the crowned hopes of centuries blossom
But the live lightning of their thought
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom—
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems rot with age, But the great people's ever youthful I And it shall write the future's page To our humanity more trathful I The gnarliest heart hath tender cords, To waken at the name of "brother, And time comes when brain-scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other—
'Tis coming ! yes, 'tis coming !

Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer !
Aside! thou world-wide curse, called King! The people's step is quicker, stronger. There's a divinity within
"That makes men great whene'er they will it.
God works with all who dare to win, And the time cometh to reveal it-'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves— Yet in our memories live the sleepers; And, though doomed millions feed the graves Dug by death's flerce, red-handed respers, The world shall not forever bow To things which mock God's own endeavor: 'Tis nearer than they wot of now, When flowers shall wreathe the sword for

ever-'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name! Dear, heaven connecting link of being ! Then shall we grasp thy golden dream, As souls, full-statured, grow far seeing; Then shall unfold our better part, And in our life-cup yield more honey; Light up with joy the poor man's heart. And Love's own world with smiles more

'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The tyrant's throne Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted; The sword earth's mighty have leant on Is cankered, with our heart's blood crusted. Room! for the men of mind make way! Ye robber rulers, pause no longer;
Ye eannot stay the opening day!
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
The people's advent's coming!

#### BENEDICTION.

May the light of the world guide us through the darkness of thy physical life. May the Prince of Peace make his temple in our hearts. May our aspirations for light, more light, evermore be answered by the inspiration of him who an-swers prayer with the cry, "There shall be light,"

# A FRIENDLY WORD.

Letter from Dr. J. K. Balley. BROTHER JONES: It is a long time since I have chatted with your numerous readers. Time, however, has rolled on, and progress has

everywhere marked the footsteps of its onward Your patrons have increased, your Jounnal has improved, and a wider, more general, sober and intelligent interest in the cause, phenomena and principles it so ably advocates, has expanded into perceptible activity. Not so much enthusiasm is apparent now, but a decidedly

more effective and lasting interest and investiga-tion, by all classes of minds. These signs of healthy vigor are cheering, and give promise of the golden harvest, by and by. The other journals, published in the interest of our cause, also present improved pages, and evidence of healthy progress and support. The good old Banner of Light maintains its popularity and real merit, by persevering industry and improvement. The Universe, the right paper in the right place, ably conducted and boldly striking out for unpopular, yet most needed, reforms, bravely presents adulthood, independence and fidelity to principles. The Present Age alsoseems to be "marching on" to victory and healthy life. Of the American Spiritualist, I cannot speak from personal knowledge, as I am. not favored with its perusal. But all are, necessarily, doing a good work, in the particular sphere of each, and, I hope, will find living sustenance and increased usefulness. The Lyceum Banner waves gloriously over the upturned faces of the "little ones," a "beacon light" and "guiding star" of great usefulness. May its size, influence and patronage never grow less, but rap-

idly and healthily enlarge.

Not being given to egotism, I ever dislike to speak of self, but circumstances seem to call for word in this direction. Though almost lost to the outward consciousness of the work being done in our cause, I have not been idle. My work seems to be, mostly, in the under currents, which, though often unseen, are generally somewhat potent. It is hard for the sensitive and naturally ambitious soul to be continuously held back, misunderstood, misrepresented, and ofter. maliciously scandalized and abused. This seems to be my lot, to a great extent. All, no doubt, have their troubles and complaints of this nature. Why will humanity sit in judgement upon the intentions and acts of their fellows? None can possibly know of the exact bearing and degree of influences operating upon another in any given case. Practical charity, so little experienced, is a gem which would adorn the brow of each, however exalted or humble in station: whether the station be real, or only apparent. Less effort spent upon personalities, and more upon the principles of our work, would gloriously accelerate the progress thereof. For the past six weeks, I have been very uncomfortably sick; not severely, but annoyingly sick; not completely bed-bound, but so that I could not work in any department. Did your readers know all of the pressure which has borne upon me in the last ten years, they would wonder that cheerfulness could find lodgement in my consciousness. But I beg pardon for this much of

May all rapidly increase in knowledge, purity, charity and love, and in such material substance as is essential to real needs, and best good, is the only infliction I would enjoin upon any.

Yours for the right and the good, DR. J. K. BAILEY.

May 13th, 1870.

# ATLANTA, ILLINOIS.

LETTER FROM MRS. G. M. TEFFT.

BROTHER JONES: The Atlanta Free Thought Society met April 3d, 1860, and elected for officers: Dr. Gardner, President; Seth Turner, Vice President; Mrs G. M. Tefft, Secretary; Charles Fingel, Treasurer. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution which was prepared and adopted by vote, April 17th... I will send preamble and article 9th,—others relating to official duties.

Whereas, according to the existing state of society in the city of Atlanta, there is a necessity for an organization to propagate truth and encourage a spirit of tolerance on moral and religious questions; such necessity arising from the fact that there is not one of our various Christian organizations that tolerates any opinion at variance with their sectarian creed or belief; and there existing an element of society that cannot coalesce with any of the existing religious 'societies, without stultifying their manhood; we, therefore, associate ourselves under the name of the Free Thought Society of the city of Atlanta, Logan County, Illinois, that we may promote truth and independent

# ARTICLE IX.

manhood.

This society shall never, without the consent of all its members, adopt any article of faith or religious belief as a part of its constitution or by-laws, nor require its members to acknowledge any authority in matters of doctrine, except their own judgement and conscience.

Our society consists partially of Universalists. Mr. Chaplin speaks once a month, and is well liked. The Spiritualists have Dr. Burroughs, of Atlanta, Mr. Briggs and Miss Helen Grover, of Bloomington. Professor Richmond, of this place, speaks sometimes, upon historical, scientific and philosophical subjects. Dr. Castaline gave us two lectures last Sunday, May 8th. He is a stranger in the place. The world calls him 'infidel," because he cannot believe by faith. I wish there were many more such. He is full of music and is to stay and teach our Free Thinkers to sing scientifically, and get up, or assist in get-ting up a lyceum. Now, Brother Jones, you see I have plenty of work, and as I live alone, in a cosey little house, I can spend as much time as I please. I have bought a melodeon to assist the cause.

Our CogpOsitorS have stRuck for WaGes & WE has concluded to Se our own type WE Find it Quite 128 ?—Exchange.

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of certificates in our possession. [Our certificates of cure are not like many certificates of the day, manufactured to surr, bearing false and fic-

ticious names for the purpose of deceiving the people, but from living witnesses, men of good standing, who can be found at their places as named by the certificates, men who will hear witness to the truth and nothing but

#### From John A. Kennardy.

Portland Me., Feb., 22, 1870.

I hereby certify that I have used Orton's Preparation for destroying the appetite for tobacco, and find it a sure remedy. I have used tobacco, by chewing, for 20 years, and was completely cured by less than one box. I can recommend this preparation; it is no humbur.

John A. Kennardy.

Lamoille, Ili., Feb., 17, 1868.

This is to certify that I have been in the habit of using Tobacco for over twenty years to my injury. I began to use Orton's Preparation for destroying the appetite for Tobacco, and am now completely cured of the habit by using less than one box, and I have no doubt but what it will cure every case, and I would advise every one who uses Tobacco to use Orton's Preparation, and break themselves of the fifthy and disgusting habit, and it will benefit their health and mind, and also save their money.

#### Frederick Barrett.

Gallon, Ohio, Jan., 4, 1870. Orton's Preparation for curing Tobacco users is genuine. It will cost you less than tobacco while using it, and the only BAD effect resulting from its use will be the reduction of your grocer's profit on tobacco, and yourself freed from a very vile, injurious, and expensive habit.

Rev. Layte Change

From N. B. Fleming, Harrington, Delaware. Harrington, Kent Co., Del., Dec., 7 1869.

I hereby certify that I have been an inveterate user of Tobacco for upwards of 30 years. One box of Orton's Preparation has completely cured me. I am as free from any desire for tobacco as a person who never used tobacco; and all this has been brought about by the use of only one box of Orton's Preparation, and at the small outley of two dollars. CHEAF ENOUGH.

N. B. Fleming.

From Andrew Brown, Esq., Sacremento, Cal. From Andrew Brown, Esq., Sacremento, Cal., July 15, 1869.

After using Orton's Preparation twelve days I thought I would see what effect tobacco would have. So after lighting my pipe, I began to smoke, and I did not draw it more than five seconds, but it made me so sick and dizzy that I was obliged to lie down or I should have rallent. Four days afterward I tried it again with the same results. I have not wanted to smoke since. I had used tobacco for fifty-live years. I think highly of the Preparation.

## Andrew Brown.

From Rev. James S. Finley Lawrenceburg Tennessee.

Lawrenceburg, Tenn., reb., 8, 1870.
This is to certify that I had used tobacco for 28 years
I have many times tried to break off, but have suffered so I have many times tried to break off, but have suffered so much from a heavy du. sensation, and a complete prostration of my nervous system, with a constant and increasing hankering after tobacco that I have soon given up the trial. This will also certify that my wife was a regular smoker for twenty years. She had many times decided to quit the use of the pipe, and has as often fancther own will not being strong enough to successfully resist the demon-tobacco.

Twelve months ago I resolved to try one box of Orton's Preparation and it has effected an immediate and permanent cure. I have induced my wife to try one box, and she is completely cured. Each one of us has gained from ten to afteen pounds in weights me we quit the use of tobacco, and our health is greatly improved. I do not

of tobacco, and our health is greatly improved. I do not hesitate to say that one box of Orton's Preparation, used according to directions, will permanently destroy the appetite for tobacco in any one, no matter how long they may have used it.

From J. W. Wilber, Cloverdale, California. Cloverdale, Cal., Sept., 25, 1869,
Knowall men, and some women, that I am 55 years
old, and that I have used tobacco ever since I was sixteen years of age, with the exception of occasionally resolving that I would leave off the fifthy hight, but as often as I would form those resolves, just so often would I
fail to carry them out, until I began to think there was
no use for nore humanity to attempt to overcome. fail to carry them out, until I began to think there was no use for poor humanity to attempt to overcome that strong and powerful appetite. But thanks to this progressive age, I saw by the papers that a number of old tobacco chewers had got to be their individual selves by using Orton's Preparation for destroying the appetite for tobacco. Some three months ago I purchased a box of the Preparation, with as little faith as I ever done anything in my life. I began to use it according to instructions. A strong conflict ensued between myself and the appealte. I did quite often, when the struggle was going on, use Orton's Preparation, and it has completely and effectually destroyed my appetite for tobacco. It is now three months since I began to use the Preparation, and I have some of the same box left, yet I have not the least desire for tobacco, neither have I for the antidete.

J. W. Wilber.

Subscribed and sworn to, this 29th day of September,

D. C. BRUSH, Justice of the Peace.

Portland, Maine, March 1, 1870.

CUMBERLAND, 88. Personally appeared, C. B. COT-TON, Proprietor of said Preparation, and made oath that the shove certificates are genuine. Before me. RICHARD K. ROBINSON, Justice of the Peace.

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Whereas, there has existed among us as a church for some months past, considerable feeling and alarm on account of the attention given to Spiritualism, by some of our members, it is agreed, as the best course to take in the matter, that if our brethren will now separate themselves from all connection with it, and cordially go forward in their duties as members of the church, we will overlock the past, and treat them with the same fellowship and love as if this had never happened. But if any member shall refuse thus to separate But if any member shall refuse thus to separate himself, we shall feel impelled in such cases, to resort to Gospel discipline, as we cannot fellowship any connection with a system so opposed, in our judgment, to the doctrine of Christ.

REV. THOMAS BRIGHT.
Pastor of the First Baptist church at Fex Lake.

Dodge Co, Wis. MR. JUDD-DEAR SIE: In the hope of doing you good, I write you these few lines, thinking that you may receive any written communication with perhaps more candor and profit than you would a formal conversation. I am told that you would a formal conversation. I am told that you say you will never hear me preach again; and that I have been personal and abusive toward you. Rougher things, even, were reported as having come from you, and by one who evidently wanted to believe what you said.

Now, I do not keep a minute of every word that hear of discourse. Pashers

I say, especially in the heat of discourse. Perhaps some things have been said that might better have been said in another way, but really, I am not straid to say that you never heard me state in pubsiraid to say that you never heard me state in public or in private, one unkind word to you, and if you had known my real feelings, you would know that I never indulged in one unkind thought toward you. That I have felt grieved and sad at the course you have taken, I freely admit. I would not have been a true friend nor a faithful pastor, if I could have felt otherwise. The dear Master has felt this more than I. I should have felt it more, if I were more like him. I do not feel a disposition to enumerate every fault or error in you, but would say that the worst thing of all is the disposition to excuse yourself, in what, in your own conscience, you know is wrong. You know that there is no such thing as justifiable transgresthat there is no such thing as justifiable transgression, for in that case, sin would not be sinful. You know that you ought to be a living, working Christian, and that in his service you have never found one reason for leaving it; yet you are bent on justifying yourself. You lay the blame of your course on others, and in doing this, you are very severe on them. You have refused to accept of disclaimers and explanations and you have charged some of us, I must say, without reason. Now it is often worse to defend a wrong than to commit it. The wrong may be done in a moment of passion, but to excuse it afterward, is to do it over again in cool deliberation. This is impenitence. It would do you so much more good to repent, to let your heart break and return to the Lord.

Perhaps no one thing would be halled with greater delight by your Christian friends, than your restoration to their love and fellowship. If you have ever supposed they have felt coldly on this subject, you have greatly erred. So far as I know the feelings of the Church, there has been the despect regret over the failure of your Christ. the deepest regret over the failure of your Christ-ian profession, and there would be the deepest joy over your repentance. None of us have wished to exclude you, or to have you leave us. And yet no true Christian among us has approbated your course, and why should you wish for any one to fellowship you in what your own conscience condemns? There is a great deal more love and char-ity in Christian reproof and admonition, than in bestowing fellowship or flattery, when we do not deserve it. There is as a general thing a great delinquency among Curistians in regard to per sonal labor for the restoring of those who wander. I have no doubt that duty to you has been neglected. I have not been to see you half as often as I wanted to, nor as often as I should have done. I have felt afraid that I might say too much. Pere leemer urged several to call on you, and our sisters to call on your wife. I believe they feared the cross, but that is wrong. When I go away, I hope the heart of the next pastor will be gladdened by your repentance and consistent Christian life and faithful co operation. Your true friend and brother,

T. BRIGHT.

The above speaks for itself. Brother Judd is an able farmer, hence the desire of the Church to hold him. He is free, however, and in his freedom he is full of joy. Others in Fox Lake, Wis., are charing his joy, and through God and His spirits, we in some measure have been instrumental in bringing these two men out of the church of error into the living church of God ;-the rock clairvoyant and mediumistic, through which the world chall come to God.

Brother Judd's only offense was in the ceasing to believe through faith, and entering in through knowledge. He was sorrowful in belief; he is joyous in the possession of knowledge. Before, he lived in the dark waters of theological error; but now his bark is launched on the swift-flowing stream that runs by the throne of God. Steady your bark, brother, by the helm of progress, by the chart of wisdom guiding it, and through the needle of mediumship in the compass of spiritual. ity, you will anchor safely in the harbor of immortal recognition.

All over the land we find souls for our hire precions souls. We love them, and know that there is more joy in the spheres over one who becomes a Spiritualist, than ninety and nine men and women who join the churches. For ours is an eternal habitation. Greetings to our brethren in Fox Lake. You are very near to us, for we know of your trials and tribulations. Greetings, a l. Be brave, and heed not the enemy, for they that are with you, are greater than they that are against 10

# A Chapter of Facts and Tests.

May 22d, 1870.-At Oskaloosa, Iowa, we turned to Mr. C., saying, "We see you in a very excited state. You are very angry. There are before von three boys,"-fully describing them. "You defend the larger boy, and are blamed by your neighborn -they taking sides against you. But you were not to blame. The lesser boy was the aggressor you were right."

We were tarrying at the very pleasant home of Brother and Sister Garritsens. On the morning of the 3rd, Dr. S. called on us, and in a respectful manner asked for a repetition of what we had

seen, observing:
"I am the father of the lesser boy, and if my boy is at fault, I am willing to make a remedy of the wrong and blame I attached to Mr. C." Just then I looked up through the door, which was open, and saw Mr. C. He came to the gate and asked Mr. G. it Wilson was in. We arose

and went to the gate, saying:
"Good morning, Mr. C., will you come in?"
"No, Mr. Wilson, I came this morning to brand as a falsehood the statement you made last night in regard to me. You have wronged me, and you had no business to repeat the story." This was spoken in bitterness.

"What statement did we make?"
"You stated that in the matter of difference about the boys, that I was to blame, which is take and the party that told you, told you a falsehood, and it is that which I have come to

prand as a falsehood."
Come in, sir." 66 NO. 33

"Yes you will, for I am prepared to settle this matter right here."

So he came into the house. Now, sir; let me fully understand you. You

say, first, that we said you were to blame in the matter of the boys !"

"Second, that some one told us, and we related it to you for the purpose of injuring you in this place ! Yes."

"Now sir; who told us?" "I don't know. How should !? You claim that spirits told you, which I don't believe a word of, for I have no faith in Spiritualism."

"Now, sir; you are just where I want you, and every word you have uttered is false, and you know it is so. In the first place, we never said that you were to blame; but that you were not to blame, and you could not misunderstand us, hence you have uttered that which, is false, for here is Dr. S., who did blame you, and is now here on this same affair, asking why he was to

'Yes," said the doctor, "I came on purpose, for Wilson blamed me, and not you."
Mr. and Mrs. G. confirmed Dr. S.

"Second, in regard to the story retailed by me, as charged by you, I answer that the man who utters it, or says that the statement was second hand from me, that is, that some person in the form told us, and we retailed it, that man, whether er you, or any one else, utters that which is not true, and means to tell a lie, whether it be you or any other person, and as a minister of God, you have no right to suspicion your neighbor, or accuse him falsely, and I am prepared to prove that every statement made by you this morning is incorrect and over a statement when we have correct, and every person with whom we have talked are here, and can answer for themselves," and then an appeal was taken to the parties pres-

ent, and we were sustained.
"As to your belief in Spiritualism, what care we for it. You can have no less belief in Spiritualism, than we do in theology, from either the Christian or Universalist stand point; and we here affirm that no minister can be relied on where testifying to that which conflicts with his orders as a min-

But the shoe pinches in another place with the Kev. C., and we will point it out by and by.
What about that acceptance?

As seen elsewhere, the celebrated healer, of Richester, N. Y., Dr. Dumont C. Dake, is now associated with the distinguised traveler and oriental physician, Prof. Servetus Watkyns, late of London, England. Dr. Dake has schieved an unquestioned and unexampled reputation as a healer, in his native country. His associating with the Prof., it is to be hoped, will enhance his powers as a healer. They are advertised to be at Joliet during June.

#### BLACK LIST. J. Leach.

Who can tell where he is? We learn upon inquiry that he has abandoned his family, at Omro, Wis. He owes for

this paper since the 7th of January, 1868. Hereafter we intend to publish the names of every person who gets in debt for the Journal, and tries to get rid of paying for it, either by sneaking behind an orthodox post master's notice, or running away and leaving his family or by any other device. Those who have proclivities for cheating newspaper publishers will please take notice, we are after them. This warning is intended for none but such as feel that they are included in the category of the meanest cla s of people in the world, those who would cheat a printer. We don't believe there is a true Spiritualist in the world who would be guilty of so mean an act. Any one receiving this paper must understand distinctly that we ex pec pay for it, unless each number is marked F, which mes s free, and if it is not wanted longer, remit arresrages and ask to have it discontinued. Each person can at a y time tell how much hear she owes, as the time for which the paper has been paid is indicated on each number re-

at least; first, justice to self demands, that we should be paid for the Journal; secondly, justice to other printersto Spicitualists, and to the public generally, requires that such persons as will be guilty of such most detestable conduct, should be exposed. All who hereafter, no matter by what device, attempt to cheat us out of our just dues, will fied their names and last known place of residence publish ed in this " Black List."

ceived, -for explanation of which we heading to editorial

department on fourth page, under the sub head "Look to

our aubscriptions."

# State-Society Meetings, Conbentions &c

# Fifth Annual Convention.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists, will hold their Fifth Annual Convention at Sparts, Monroe county, Wis., commencing at 10 A. M. on Friday the 17th of June, 1870, and continue in session until Sunday evening, the 19th.

The members of this association consist of delegates chosen by the local organized societies and lyceums. Each organization being entitled to three delegates, and one for every additional ten, over the first twenty members-and "any person may become a member by signing the Constitution."

The St. Paul Radroad and other roads, are expected to sell half-fare or excursion tickets, good for five days, from the 16th to the 20th inclusive; when arranged, further notice will be given.

With these prospective facilities, a general invitation is extended to speakers and mediums, and all who are interested in the cause of progress and the subject o Spiritualism. By order of the Executive Committee,

J. M. Trowbridge, Sec. S. U. Hamilton, Pres. Beloit, Wis., May 2, 1870.

# Indiana State Spiritual Association.

The Indiana State Spiritual Association, will, in ac cordance with a resolution passed at its last regu ar meeting, convene in State convertion, at Masonic Hall, in the City of Indianapolis, at '0 o'clock, A. M., Friday, June 3, and continue its session until Sunday evening, June 5th.

advisable to say that each organized society in the State, will be entitled to three delegates, and an additional one for every ten members exceeding 30. That each County in which there are no organized

For general information, the Executive board deem it

Societies, is entitled to a representation equal to one Society of thirty members.

That each locality, where there is no organized Society and having not less than four, and under ten, who are desirous of co-operating with the members of this Convention, will be entitled to one Delegate.

The past two years' experience has fully demonstrated he efficacy of missionary labor, in this and adjoining States, and the Executive Board particularly request Societies to recommend such persons as they may deem suitable to perform local missionary duties to be presented with certificates of character and merit. Each petition should come recommended by ten persons residing near the field of labor of the applicant.

Arrangements have been made to have some eminent Lecturers and Mediums present and nothing will be lef undone to make the short season spent in Convention, interesting, instructive and beneficial to all who attend. In conclusion, a cordial invitation to all liberal-minded free-thinking people, to join the deliberations of the Convention, is heartfly extended.

Freedom of thought pertaining to religious subjects s one of the chief objects of Spiritualism, and when it can be truly said, that people think for themselves, and seek the truth as the natural result of investigation, instead of deriving it from preconceived notions and predetermined promises, we will then have gained one step in the progress of the race.

It is hoped that as many of our friends from abroad as can, will attend, and as business of great importance to friends in the State will come before the Convention, it is desirable that as many as possibly can, will come, By order of the Executive Boa.d of the Indiana State Spiritual Association.

SAMUEL MAXWELL, Pres't. ttest: L D. WILSON, Sec'y.

N. B. Arrangements will be made for guests, and by addressing the undersigned beforehand, places will be reserved. A committee will be at the Depot, Friday and Saturday mornings, on the arrival of each train to conduct visitors and delegates to suitable stopping places. L. D. WILSON, No. 1614 East Washington st., Indian-

#### Three Days' Meeting in Sturgis.

The Spiritualist friends of progress and free thought, will hold their eleventh anniversary meeting at Sturgie on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the 17th, & 15th days of June. Eminent speakers from abroad will be in attendance to address the people. Ample provision will be made to entertain strangers from abroad. By order of the Committee.

#### Convention.

The semi-annual Convention of the State Association of Spiritualists of Minnesota, will be held at Farmington. Dacota Co., Minn., June 24, 25, and 28, 1870.

All Spiritualists throughout the State, are requested to attend. Arrangements have not yet been perfected with the various R. R. companies, for return tickets, (free) but we hope to secure the same. Delegates will repair to the Occidental Hotel, where they will be met by friends. Hall and entertainment free.

#### Penusylvania State Society of Spiritualists.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of this society will be held on Tuesday, the 21st of June, 1970, at 3 and 8 p. m., at Harmonial Hall, 11th, and Wood Streets, in the city of Philadelphia.

The friends of the cause are carnestly invited to attend

this meeting. Our missionaries are at work, but we need your hearty co-operation in order to prosecute the work with greater success. There are hundreds of thousands throughout our state who are anxious to hear the gospel of Spiritual-

Those who cannot come will confer a favor by sending reports of the condition of the cause in their sections, and their contributions to the secretary.

Carolina A. Grimes, 1919 Walnut st, or to Henry T. Childs, M. D., 634 Race st., Philadelphia.

#### BASKET MEETING.

The First Religo-Philosophical Society of Hillsdale county, will hold their annual Festival at Clear Lake. Steuben county, Indiana, on Saturday and Sunday, June 18th and 19th. Mrs. M. P. Powler, and Dr. Brown, of Kendleville, are engaged as speakers, assisted by as many others as may chose to occupy our free platform. A cordial invitation is extended to all, as ample provision has been made to accommodate our friends from a distance Trains will be in waiting to convey passencers from the line station to the Hotel and Grove.

Clara E. Coney, Sec'y.

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to be classed among the ablest and most gifted didactic poets of the age."

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ed by its thousands of readers.

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fruits. and the grains which make bread.

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As there can be no "good living" without a good appetite, how to get this great blessing without money and without price, is pointed out, and, it is keped, in very clear and

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The object of eating: Power to work: Early breakfast: Dinner-time: Luncheon: Eating "down town;" What shall a man do? What shall fat men eat? How to get fat: Bad blood: Diet for the sick: Spring disease: Children's eating: Forcing children to est: Young ladies' eating: Cold feet and headache: Biltonanese: A lazy live: Mischievous tonics: The out-door air: Why are we dispeptio? Discomfort after eating: Cole slaw: Certain cure of neuralgia: Nervous debility: Air and exercise: Food cure, etc., etc.

. It tells

How to cure dyspepsia: How to cure neuralgia: How to now to cure dyspepair; How to cure neutraligia: How to cure billousness: How to cure nervousness: How to cure exhaustion: How to get a good appetite: How to get lean: How to get good sleep; How to maint-in high health: How to avoid disease; And all these without medicine; without money; without price.

It tells about

Luncheons and how to take them: Late dinners and how to take them: How drankards are made at eating-houses: How girls are spoiled at boarding-schools: How health is lost: How home love is tost: How novel-reading rains them: How love of dress is instilled: How young men are talked about: How bad matches are made: How good wives are made at home: How home influences purify.

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P. of. Serveius Watkyns M. B. A. B. F. R. S., distinguished traveler and Oriental healer, late of Europe, is now associated with the above named analytical healer. This great combination of talent and skill render their success unparalelled. Can be consulted at the National Hotel, Joliet Saturday, June 4th, and will remain during the mouth.

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THE CELEBRATED CASE

# HUSTON RUSSELL

Terrific Attack of Tic-Douloureux, or Neuralgia, lasting nearly two years.

Skilful Physicians fail to cure it. Surgery and Hydropathy give only partial relief. Patient prostrated, reduced to a skeletons

and his life despaired of. HE FINALLY TAKES THE

POSITIVE POWDERS,

IS CURED, AND GAINS FIFTY FIVE POUNDS IN FLESH.

Brownsville, Nebraska, Dec., 22, 1869. This is to certify that I, Huston Russell, was taken on the 24th day of September, 1867, with a pain in my eye and head, and it was so severe that I thought I would rather die than live. I called on Dr. Hoover, and he attended mefor some twenty days; at times I was easy, when under the influence of medicine but occifined to my bed. I called on another doctor, by the advice of Dr. Hoover. Under a new system of treatment entirely, he gave me no medicine at first, but pricked me with instrumints and put on something to blister, but it had no effect. Then I called on two other doctors, who had me under their treatment for several menths without any permanent relief. On the 15th of September, 1868, I called on Dr. Arnold, and he had me under his treatment until April, 1869. I used the shower bath every morning during the treatment of Arnold. Under his treatment I improved some, but the pain never left me until I commenced taking the Powders called Spence's Positive and Negative Powders. Six boxes of the Positiveshave cured me of the paid. And I had the Liver Complaint for several years, and the Diabetes, and now I believe I am entirely well. At one time the doctors and friends gave me up to die; but thank G. don the : 5 of May 1869. I commenced taking Spence's Positive Powders. My weight then was 132 pounds; now it is 187, and I know that it

Real of Nemaha Cunty Nebraska.

was the Positive Powders that cured me,

Subscribed and sworn to, before me this 22nd day of D comber, 1869.

JAMES HACKER.

County Clerk of Nehama County.

Nébrahka. HUSTON RUSSEL

I also certify that I have been acquainted with Huston Russel for twelve years, and that he was seriously afficted for a long time, and I regard his as one of the wonderful

> WILLIAM POLLOCK. Postmaster at Brownville, Nebraska.

On the 19th day of September 1867, Huston Russel came to me with a pain in his left eye, which I treated for the Neuralgia, and treated him several times afterwards for the same, but the complaint returned each time after treatment. He was under treatment by several physicians afterwards, but got but little relief. I have used Spenc.'s Positive and Negative Powders in Scarlet Fever and Diarrhoes, and found them to be good for those complaints.

JEROME HOOVER. On the fifteenth of September, 1868, Huston Rostel came to me with a forious Tic-Douloureux, Neuralgia. I had him under treatment until last April, 1869, at which time he was dismissed improved. WM. ARNOTO.

State of Nebraska,

: County of Nemaha. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* I hereby certify that I am acquainted with Huston Russel, and that I know him to have been sick, and I also certify that I am acquainted with Drs. Wm. Arnold and Jerome

Hoover, and know them to be practicing physicians. Heal of County, this 22nd day of December Nehama Coun'y, 1869. Nebraska. JAMES M. HACKER.

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