



Pacific Department.

By..... Revs. Tonn.

Was it Moses or the Egyptians?

Among the things apparently irreconcilable to mankind of the present day, is how the learned of the religious world can for a moment set up the claim that the Bible is a divinely inspired book, or a special revelation of God through his Hebrew and Christian servants.

We have, as the result of extensive historical research for many years, long since come to the conclusion that the ignorant are honest—ignorantly honest, but the learned, the educated, the doctors of this divinity, are dishonest—knowingly dishonest.

In the reign of King Isiah, some eight hundred years before the Christian era, Hilkiah, the high priest made a grand discovery, namely, he found in the temple a book, which he called the book of the law. The book was read to the king, and he ordered it to be submitted to the prophets, Huldah, and she decided it to be canonical, or, in other words, the will of God concerning his people, of which his and subject were alike ignorant.

It is not remarkably strange that Isiah had already reigned over the people eight years, and all the while been ignorant of the existence of such a book in the temple? Should such a thing occur at the present day, to the ruler of any civilized people, we should not think it strange, since our national libraries are so extensive. But he is known that books were rare articles in those days, and very few in number.

Again, how shall we account for the ignorance of his immediate ancestors of a book of such vast importance as that one must necessarily be, since it was the word by which he was to govern his people acceptably to God.

But if his immediate ancestors and that of his immediate successors was remarkable, it is perfectly astonishing that Hilkiah, who was brought up in the temple and had long officiated at its altars, should not be cognizant of the fact of its existence, and should affect so much unsuspecting ignorance of its origin.

Voltaire, in his "Ancient Researches," settles the matter, in our opinion, beyond all doubt, namely, that Hilkiah wrote the book, and that it was not an ancient revelation, but a mere human invention. And when they obtained their ideas first, it is difficult to decide. Historians have never been able to decide which of the two are the oldest in civilization, Chaldaea or Egypt. It matters not little which should claim priority and sanctify its contents, so far as we are concerned, except what has been added as the caprices of their noted characters, and they of the piously class.

As far as probability goes, Hindostan is the oldest civilization on our globe, and hence, the mother of all the rest.

The Egyptians stoutly affirm that Chaldaea was settled by a colony from their country, yet many believe that Egypt is the youngest nation. On the contrary, the Chaldeans affirm that they are the oldest, and if we admit their claim as laid down by our celebrated writer, we would be under the necessity of coming to the same conclusion. This writer says "that when Alexander the Great conquered that city, the Chaldean priests fled to the Greek philosophers who were in the city, and that they had conducted their astronomical calculations through a period of more than forty thousand years." But these assertions of those ancient nations who were always in dispute with regard to the priority of their civilizations, must be taken with many grains of allowance.

For many reasons that we will not now take time to express, we are inclined to the idea that Egypt is the oldest, and that the Chaldeans were indebted to them for the more ancient part of their history.

And when we come to Egypt, we find the whole story of Moses' birth and wonderful adventures in later life, in the ancient legend of their god Bacchus, which was written out in the Orphic verse, and sung in their cities of that god. It was there related that a child was born in Arabia, and was picked up in a vat that floated in the water, and took his name, Moses, in signification of his having been saved from the waters, and Komater, from having had two mothers, one by nature and one by adoption. He had a rod which he could change into a serpent, and with which he permitted various miracles. He passed the Red Sea a dry road at the head of his army. He divided the waters of the River Orontes and Hydaspes by the touch of his rod, and passed through them dry shod. By the same wand, he drew water from the rock, and wherever he marched, the land flowed with wine, milk and honey.

Taylor, in his "Discourse," remarks, and very justly, too, we think, that "Every part of the Old Testament, from first to last, is Pagan, not so much as a simple historical narrative, but as a drama of religious fiction, or conventional truth, and we have in God's temple, but what will it be back again and dove tail into its original sense. Again, the things existed and were well known to the world long anterior to the time that Abraham, the father of the Israelite nation, first came to the land of Canaan. Again, when we come to compare their ritual, or religious ceremonies, with that of the Egyptians, we find it so strong in similarities that we can come to no other conclusion than that it had its origin in paganism, instead of being a special revelation from God for their benefit and future instruction to the whole race of mankind. Even the name, or signification of their God, was Egyptian. The word Jehovah signifies, I am, was, and will be.

A celebrated historian informs us that in a very ancient temple in Egypt an inscription has been found, as follows: "I am whatever is, was, and will be."

Does not this show that their God is of pagan origin? It has been claimed by some writers who admit that the Egyptian gods were the founders of the Jewish ritual, that Moses improved very much upon it. For instance, they say that he introduced the idea of one God. But this is not the fact, for we learn that Abraham entertained the idea before he left Chaldaea. And it is supposed by some that it is the reason why he was driven out, or found it convenient to leave Chaldaea so suddenly; was, because he had broken a lot of their images.

They held the name of (Jehovah) their God so sacred that they never wrote it in full in their religious books, but expressed it by a short name which they pronounced "Adonia," meaning the Lord. The Egyptians on the other hand, writing their own way and pronouncing their another.

The Hindus entertained the same idea with regard to Brahma.

The Egyptian priests always wore a breast-plate ornamented with jewels, and containing the names of two deities, Thame and Ra, signifying Justice and Light. Moses dictated that the Hebrew high priests should wear breast-plates adorned with jewels, and the Urim Thummim to be placed thereon. These words are derived from two Hebrew words, Aur and Thame. Aur means the sun, the plural of which is Aurim. Thame means truth, the plural of which is Thamin.

The tabernacle which Moses constructed in the wilderness, was built entirely after the Egyptian mode of temples, although he claimed that it was the architectural skill of Jehovah that planned it.

First, it faced the East. Second, it had a tank of water for ablution. Third, it had an outer enclosure, another one within, called the sanctuary and an inner one, called the sanctuary sanctum.

Again, in the most of the Egyptian temples, they had a chest or shrine that was overshadowed by images having wings. In the sanctuary sanctum of the tabernacle, there was an ark overlaid with gold and overshadowed with the wings of the cherubim.

Josephus when speaking of these cherubim, says that they were "flying animals, like to none which are seen by men, but such as Moses saw figured on the throne of God." But this is the most

common imaginable, for the meaning of the Hebrew word cherub is to plough. Hence, no doubt, they were winged bulls, that were held as sacred emblems by the Chaldeans and Egyptians.

Again, the Hebrew ark was constructed so that it might be carried with poles on the shoulders of the priests, and the Egyptian chest was constructed in like manner.

The Egyptian priests were accustomed to anoint themselves with sacred oil. In like manner, Moses commanded the Hebrew priests to anoint themselves. In Egypt, the priests were all descended from one family. Among the Hebrews, none but the Levites and they of the family of Aaron could serve as priests.

In Egypt, provision was made for the priests, by setting apart certain lands for their special use. In like manner, the Hebrew priests were provided for. They both wore the whitest and purest linen when discharging the duties of their office. In both nations the theocratic government prevailed, their authority was absolute, and the priests the medium of communicating the commandments of God with religious ceremonies, and their harvest festivals were alike.

The Hebrew law prescribed as obligations to Jehovah, precisely such articles as were used by the Egyptian priests long before the nation as the Hebrews were ever heard of. The Hindus and Egyptians were accustomed to burn animals as sacrifices to their deities, because they believed the fragrance thereof was pleasing to them. And in the Mosiac law, they were always mentioned as a sweet savour to the Lord.

The Hindus and Egyptians believed that the deities were fond of regaling their olfactory nerves with sweet smelling things, and Moses commanded the Hebrew priests to wave incense before the Lord.

The Egyptians laid the sins upon the head of a bullock and sacrificed him. In like manner did Moses with the sins of the priests, using a goat for the sins of the common people.

The Egyptians and Hindus were ever accustomed to attach an unnamable sacredness to their cows, and the Vedas give an account of a preparation of ashes of cow dung that was mixed with water and used to keep away the spirits of death. But Moses went in for the whole thing, for he commanded the Hebrews to burn a red heifer and to scatter the ashes thereof on the water, and to gather up for purification. And the priest mixed it with water, and with a hyssop sprinkled it upon whoever had sinned to do with the dead.

Again, it had once been the custom of the people of Hindostan when going on a journey, to take with them a pole with the image of a serpent twined around it. The Egyptians and Greeks likewise entertained the idea that the serpent possessed a peculiar charm in the healing art. In like manner, Moses made a brazen serpent and placed it upon a pole, and if any one was bitten by a serpent and looked on the brazen one, he was cured instantaneously. The Egyptians held the swine in utter abhorrence, and we find Moses giving express command to the Israelites to not eat thereof or even touch them, pronouncing them unclean.

It is unnecessary for us to continue this parallel any further to prove, at all of the doings and sayings of the Pentateuch are of Egyptian origin, and if the word of God, then it was the Egyptian Gods, Anubis, Apis and Osiris, instead of the Elohim of the Jews. Men of education know the fact, and have known it through all past time. How, then, in the name of justice, can they be guilty of the fraud they are, and possess the least claim to honesty? Let them tell.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WHAT ARE WE?

FACTS.

BY E. F. DOWD.

In these days, there is much, and loud talk about facts and truth, and (it seems to me) without much understanding. The question which *Plato* asked of him who was scourged and crowned with thorns, and received no answer save the mute look of a dying man, whose lips, always sparkling with gems of beauty and inspiration on every occasion where he spoke, were here dumb and unresponsive to his question, "What is truth?" Well might he be dumb. "What is truth?" did I understand the nature of proving *about* truth—*not* *what* *it* *is*—or what *anything* in God's universe is.

That truth (i. e. facts) exist, all will admit; but some are disposed to deny that the opposite of truth, or the opposite of facts, exist at all, save in the seeming.

It seems to be the received opinion of all men that truth and facts are one and the same, and are both far from being mere theories.

All men recognize truth as good when contrasted with falsehood, which they instinctively feel to be evil.

This innate love of truth being strong in some men, have led them to look only to suborn their feelings for their religion, and discard all theories as vain speculations, and hence become—like the facts which they worship—fossilized, unbending, unyielding; for it is a law of nature that man grows to be like that which he loves.

In whatever condition in life we are, facts stare us out of countenance. They seem to be God, ever present, unyielding, all powerful.

The fact of our existence, we cannot get around, nor under, but *through* is the only way. So through facts we approximate truth. If facts were all, there would be nothing beyond, nothing hidden; for facts are always visible and tangible. Facts correspond to, and are the material world, and the phenomena of existence. These always appear to external sense, such as sight, hearing, feeling, tasting and smelling; but the truth which we arrive at through facts is reached only by internal sense—i. e. reason; which when reach external sense, only as it reveals a *more* of nature, and ferrets out the laws of combination and extends itself in the relationship of objects or facts.

Now, I lay down this proposition, which to me seems to be true, and which I have never seen disproved, and think it cannot be, viz: Every positive fact which appears to external sense, has its opposite, which is its antagonist, and disproves the first. Facts are divided into three classes, viz: 1st. *Positive*,—that which appears to external sense. 2nd. *Negative*,—that which appears to reason. 3d. *Absolute*,—that which does not appear to sense or reason; but to a higher, or more inner sense still.

It is not my object to discuss *absolute* facts in this chapter; the subject is to metaphysical for the generality of readers; but will simply say that there is only one *absolute* fact in existence, or out of it.

The *absolute* cannot be divided or analyzed. Unchangeableness (if you know what that is), is absolute. Truth is what we want,—not sophistry. How much of truth is revealed to us without reason? A very little.

These steps must be taken upon facts as we journey through them. If the first step were ten or a hundred, we would be lost. The objects which meet us on the way, and to the stars above, are high; it is no *withstanding*, a small step when compared to reason; for reason goes through, as well as around, and finds its more palatable food in the gorgeous repast spread for the gods only—the analysis of things and mind itself.

The man who can reason may lay claim to immortality—not so the unreasoning—while he who is intuitive is already beyond destruction. Originality is indicative of power. The original is alone imperishable. Now, reader, I propose to test your reason. Nor do I care whether you accept what follows or not. If you do not it indicates that you do not see it. In order to arrive at truth, we must of necessity have a foundation in positive facts. These indeed are to us the primitive rocks of existence. *Positive facts* although true when reason is left out, are nevertheless, *proved false* by negative facts or reason.

A few examples will suffice. It is a positive fact, which all my senses tell me is true, that there is up and down. I feel and know this to be true. The glass I own my stove shows me the up; the falling dew and rain drops shows me the down, even if there were no more to prove it. It is a positive fact that some things stand still, while others are moving; that the earth with its broad bosom swelling with mountains, and depressed by valleys, is one vast undulating plain, standing still, while the sun makes his regular journey day by day over our heads; and that the vast over arching dome meets the earth at the remote points of vision; I say this is *positively* true if we leave reason; and hence the ignorant and the unreasoning have always supposed the earth to be flat.

As to the earth stands still. To us the sun rises and sets. We are always on top; and observation tells us that "water will run down hill," and hence must spill out if it should ever get on the under side. We cannot conceive of, or know (if we leave reason out), that we are ever on the under side—it is contrary to our every sense. Yet reason steps in with her negative facts, and sets aside, and proves as *false*, all our childish notions, all our positive facts. Reason proves, nay! demonstrates that there is not an atom in the vast universe which stands still; that there are no flat surfaces; that all things are spherical; that there is no up, no down—a mere delusion of the imagination.

It is a positive fact that this table upon which I am sitting, is *not* standing still; yet reason tells me that everything of which it is composed is vibrating, or moving not unlike a vast heap of insects; that in a few years it will not be here by reason of this motion. We call it a table, but if we take it to pieces, although we have all the pieces, have we the table? Table is a mere name we have given to something, we know not what, for convenience. So, you look at me, and you say "that is D. D. Dowd"; but really you have not seen Dowd at all. You have seen a positive fact, a phenomenon, and effect of something, you know not what. D. D. Dowd is a name they have given to what appears, this positive fact, for convenience. It is nothing but a name. I am a fixed being,—the only solid thing of this paper makes something more or less than I was before. There is no standing point.

I was a child once. Do you pretend to say I was the same then as now? Or that I have one love, one feeling, now as then?

We see it to be standing upon a sliding screen which slips from under us when we think we stand still. You see me walk; this is positive fact, and you are ready to swear that you saw me walking; but reason says Dowd was not walking at all, that he did not even know that he was taking steps, for it was only a body which he was at that moment standing upon the banks of the Nile in Egypt, and wondering if it was really turned to blood by Moses, in the time of old Pharaoh.

I exist by reason of power to exist, i. e. *power* to be a positive fact, but reason says that *power* has no limbs, neither does it walk, but it compels lesser things to walk. It cannot be said, that that is me which belongs to me, or that over which I exercise ownership.

I say this is my pen, my hand, my body, my brain, my mind, my soul, etc., recognizing that these are not me, but possessions of which I may be stripped, as of acres of money. If positive facts were true, then I have no need of grasping for the power of God; if the positive fact of existence are real, then is God visible to all, for real things are *God*. But at things do not change, but are the same; from one age to another.

It is a positive fact that colors exist; no amount of argument will convince you that colors do not exist; yet the researches of chemistry show that colors reside in what we call white, which we do not call a color.

Theories spring from reason, and always go in advance of research. Again of water looks clear and we call it pure, drinking it with pleasure and health; yet the microscope reveals myriads of living things that the eye fails to detect anything but clear water; and reason demonstrates a fact and says that all things are full of life; even the cinders of the stove are teeming with life.

But the *absolute* truth is, all things are not full of life, neither are some things vacant, but all things are full of life *producing principles called power*.

If reason reveals more of truth than observation, if negative facts are greater than positive facts, then does it follow that matter, things, positive facts, phenomena and all effects, are the last step removed from reality, from truth; and consequently we meet with the external senses only error. If this were otherwise, there could be no progression. Of a necessity, the positive facts of existence are placed at the lowest point of the infinite stairway we have the pleasure and the pain of climbing. What folly, then, to ask to see God,—as if to see is all.

I can cause any man to see God who will follow my directions. Would this prove to any only himself, that he had really seen God? Thousands have seen the devil. Does this prove that the devil really exists? Yes, so far as they were concerned. The very sight of the devil proves him to be a positive fact; but reason says he has no existence save only to such as believe on him.

Some may claim that external sense being the positive fact of existence, upon which is based reason, that it must follow that the first is the cause of the second, and hence greatest.

But it cannot be said, no more than we can say that the foundations of a palace are the cause of the palace. Both are caused by the builder. Neither positive or negative facts are *absolute* truth. Both are changeable, transient, passing away, yet the negative is greatest, as the palace is greater than the cellar.

I know how few there are who will understand and appreciate this, for men love to dwell in a cellar, love to dabble with the bread and butter of existence, not thinking that the same is only condensed atmosphere, and that man has within himself the atmosphere and power to condense the same if he would only ascend to the dome of the palace and learn how, for men "live to eat, not eat to live." Love to increase and multiply the positive facts; not satisfied with these ample needs of the hour. I had rather have power to enjoy a crust, than to have the universe without that power.

Man looks to positive facts, to the world of outside objects for pleasure and knowledge, not knowing that from these things comes hell. The kingdom of heaven is within; in negative facts, to which reason is the guide. Reason does not reveal absolute truth, but leads to intuition; and intuition spans the universe, as God's blue eye spans the world. If this is really the true mode of reasoning, if positive facts are disproved by negative facts, although neither reveals absolute truth or facts, we ask what we may rely upon as truth? If reason revealed absolute truth, then reason would be the highest faculty, and its deductions the end of all questions; but here is the discussion of negative facts, is where the disagreement begins.

We are all agreed in regard to positive facts, but we disagree in the thoughts suggested by these facts.

A dozen men stand looking at a storm; one will have thoughts of fear; another of will philosophy upon the cause of the commotion; another will think only of the grandeur of the display; while another will be taking sketches in his mind in order to paint; therefrom; another, will speculate upon the laws of property, etc., etc. It will be found that although they all have the same foundation, yet each rears a temple of thought, peculiar to himself, and differing from all others; and these temples are graded from the merest hovel, to the magnificent temple of the whole universe. There are plenty of hovels, but few temples. These structures of thought are indeed the latent "what we have been" in former ages, and shows the journeys we have heretofore made, the age and stature of man.

In some men are magnificent palaces of art waiting for suggestions to give them birth; in others, are governments clamoring; in others, are rich and varied landscapes waiting; in others, are inventions and partly perfected in previous births; in others are the great thought of ancient times which have grappled with the infinite since man was; in others are vast acres of wheat.

And herds of lowing line breating sheep and filthy swine.

In others are arid deserts, from which exhale a hot breath of violence and crime, all waiting for opportunity.

Man of to-day is but a vital shadow of what has been. It is vain to look for truth in positive facts, and equally vain to expect to find absolute truth by reason; for each are fleeting, moving ever onward to higher conditions.

The truth reached to-day is error to-morrow. Absolute is fixed. In man there is no fixedness; all are sliding. If we say that existence is an absolute fact, we err, for this belongs as much to the category of positive facts as day and light.

We know we exist by the sense of existence. These senses belong to us, they may be taken from us, like our garments and new ones given in their stead. Senses is an effect of power as much so as body or any matter that changes.

I exist by reason of power, then I am an effect of power. I belong to power the same as my garment belongs to me. Power does not exist by reason of me, for power existed before me, to which I am subject. What power I have, and use, does not belong to me only positively; negatively I belong to it. These thoughts which I claim as mine, are not absolutely mine, they belong to the universe, and existed long before me. Thought sustains me, I do not use thought.

Thought sustains me the same relationship to mind, as electricity does to matter; or as atmosphere does to earth. It comes in zephyrs at times, anon it comes down like the tornado, obscuring the great deeps of being like the winds obscuring the waters. Many a landscape is laid low in devastation; many a mind is broken up by the lightnings of thought.

What thought thought does not reveal the all! It reveals more than observation, the same as the inner of a palace reveals more of its splendor than the door thereof.

We are not as one grave thinker asserts, in the possession of any absolute. The absolute possesses us, and we sustain the same relationship to things delegated to us, as the absolute does to us.

I am the absolute so far as that which belongs to me is concerned, and no further; hence, my soul, mind, body, etc., are in my keeping, and I call it as I am in the keeping of the infinite. Is it possible for me to loose these? Yes! the same as I may lose my coat and when I have lost my possessions, I have lost my power as well, for power is mine in exact ratio to my possessions, which are loaned to me for my use, not abuse.

Can't understand this when he spoke the parable of the talents. But who understood then, or who understands to day, what he meant by the journey which the nobleman took after dividing the talents?

I claim that God has loaned to us his talents,—his power,—for our use; and then taken the journey of forgetfulness for a season, i. e., he slumbers in us, and awakes occasionally and calls us to a reckoning. Then we unto him who hath not improved upon his loan.

When I have lost my power, I have ceased to exist as an individual, for power cannot exist without possession.

I am an individual so long as I am lost to God, for when God finds me out, I am as God. We exist by reason of the forgetfulness of God. If God should bestow one moment of attention upon nature, all things would be perfect in that instant—no more motion, no more seeking for higher conditions. If God should bestow on me one favor, annihilation would be my lot; or if one kindly impulse should swell the infant's bosom for me, the ecstasy would be so great that I could not exist longer as man, but that moment be waited home to that bosom.

It is a positive fact that I possess things; a negative fact things possess me. A positive fact that one and one make two; but reason says that there is only one integer in existence; and that things are only fractions of that integer; and that the addition of fractions only brings us back to one. One man cannot be added to another man, or one thing added to another thing. If you add one grain of corn to another, it is an arbitrary process, save as you grind them both to meal, and then you have not two, but one.

The physical eye reveals positive facts or forms; and clairvoyance is only a mode of vision, it reveals only positive facts, or that which is transient, the shadows of that which really is. Spirits have form, and he who looks not for forms, but for realities, sees no spirits; for he looks too far! What matters it to me if forms come not? So long as power comes, or so long as a formless presence shrouds me round about, giving me all I can bear. What matters it if no brilliant shining light dazzles my sight, so long as there ever confronts me a nameless night from whose fathomless gloom come whispers in a language unspoken and unknown by any save me; whose black disk hath power to illumine every atom of my being? The first looks at the side of which light is as only one point compared to the myriad points of the limit less universe, knowing that this night is but the shadow of one who holds the reins and guides the fiery steeds of the chariot of the universe (whose wheels are suns and worlds), the life and light of which flash from their eyes and pour from their nostrils as they charge upon chaos, breathing in the aroma of the unknown, waking the echoes of harmony upon the bleak cheerless, waveless shores of infinitude. Knowing that this shadow comes from beyond the fading towers, and golden shores of light, I am content to sit in its gloom,—content to breathe, the aroma of creative genius, of new universes,—of new beings,—and note the fitful gleams of expiring light emitted by the crash and whirl, the smoke and ruin of many a universe.

Positive facts being set aside by negative facts, or reason, what basis of truth have we? Materialism destroyed, where can we rest? If our existence depends upon matter, then we have no permanent existence, for matter is a positive fact, a mere psychological impression, to be set aside by reason. Animate nature is but waking from sleep, we are waking somnambules. Who is awake? Materialism gone, where does reason lead us? I answer, to annihilation! The religionist setting this, discards reason, while the reasoner clings to matter, discarding theories—expecting his reason to be supported by positive facts, he says death is final. The first looks for truth, not knowing that revelations are positive facts to be disproved by reason. The second looks to positive facts as ultimates, and expects reason to conform thereto. Both are false. The true grounds are between antagonists always; but it is not man who finds the middle grounds. God stands between contending factions. Life is not what it appears to be, neither to observation, nor reason. It is more than was ever dreamed of by the loftiest reasoner, or than was ever revealed to observers in since man began. What are we?—not what we seem. If man seems to be the ultimate, reason says 'tis as false as that the world stands still. If man is the all—the highest—then nature has an abatement. If man has a positive existence, distinct and above the unreasoning brute, then is reason false; for reason says life is the same everywhere, in every condition, and that one thing is as immortal as another.

The truth is we know not what immortal, or what eternity means. Positive facts say we have a beginning and an end; but reason says there is no beginning nor end. That life flows on like the ceaseless undulations of ocean waves,—low here, and high there—one ever entering into and making the other. Nor is a great wave any more permanent than a small one—each breaks upon the shore and is gone. The truth is that each is a little right and a great deal wrong. No man can speak of the final for there is no final.

God makes no revelations; He is more secret than the grave. If Moses saw him in the burning bush—it was merely a manifestation of power; and who can say who, or what stood behind the cloud from whence came the voice? It is a false fact that we hear sounds; but reason says that where there is no ear there is no sound. So we might say where there is no eye there is no light, no things, no space—where there is no sense there is no time.

So take out of space the things which measure space, and time and space are not, and nature ceases to be. To such extremes does reason lead.

It is a positive fact that time, past, present, and future, exists; a negative fact that time has no existence, that it is simply a product of things in motion. Nature may be called the sense of a page of type. The words and letters represent time; the spaces represent space; the stops or pauses the things. If you remove the stops and the punctuation, you destroy the sense as much as if you had removed the letters. So nature is destroyed by the removal of things. Time must exist so long as there is things in motion.

It is a positive fact that we mark upon nature's page the sense of things and events. But past if it is not; neither is there any future until it comes. The present moment is all that really exists, and this is sliding from under us with the velocity of light, even as I write, this moment has fled away even before my baby hands had grasped its significance. The past with its pages of sense, all blotted and marred by the clumsy type stickers, has faded, faded away! In the uncertain light of memory, leaving here and there, dimly visible, only some hideous blot, or some great word with long spaces between, with here and there an exclamation point, and one damning interrogation point covering the senseless page. Could we remember all the little acts of our lives, we might possibly get the sense thereof, and answer the problem of What are we? The past is ceaselessly questioning the present, and asking, "Why do you still seek me out in my sepulcher? Why do you look to me for light? and reproach me with what is?" All the light I can give you is the expiring taper of the dead! "The exhalations of a charnel house!" The present is a vast exclamation point—always exclaiming against the past, for the failure of the present—ever exclaiming some lothesome skeleton and sucking the corruption from its marrowless bones, one moment cursing it for its ghastly appearance, and the next falling down to worship.

The future like inexorable fate stands dark before us. We ask it questions and our words come back upon us in mocking; we stretch out our hands to grasp it, and we find them empty when we think they are full. It takes upon us from out the darkness continually. It steals from upon us whether we think or no, strikes us down, without halt, or warning, and is gone ere we have time to breathe; leaving only our wear and pleasure in a strange whisper, "I am."

I exist to-day, I know this, it is a positive fact, and memory tells me I existed yesterday and ten years ago, but she steps at my mother's lap, My mother tells me and observation confirms it, that I was an infant once; reason takes it up, and says, supported by the microscope, that I was a spermatozoa. So I learn that I have existed in conditions and forms of which I am now ignorant. Then reason steps in and says that the past united to the present, indicate the future. If I existed before, I shall exist after. But reality is the spermatozoa me? I exist by reason of previous existence; and the conditions of that existence were only the vehicles which have conveyed me down the stream of time, the same as infancy conveyed me to manhood. I claim the present, by reason of consciousness, and I know that consciousness is dependent upon conditions, and that each condition has its consciousness peculiar to it.

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self. What my condition will be after death, I know not, no more than I know what it will be to-morrow; but this I do know, that I shall exist in some form or other, with increased or diminished consciousness. Consciousness depends upon power, and he who lives in accord with law, increases in power, while he who violates law, especially, moral law, decreases in power. Power is alone eternal. Consciousness is finite. If you are conscious of power to act, you have power to do that act; and no man is conscious of a power he does not possess, or have the right to use.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Magdalena.

By The Author of "Media"—"The Mad Actress"—"The White Slave"—"The Spectro Rider"—"The Bivals," etc.

CHAPTER VII. ELOPEMENT.

The treatment of old Mr. Ellsworth failed of its intended virtue on Linwood Suffolk, but, rather as possible in invariably does in similar cases, it only served to embolden them in their arrangements for their clandestine departure together from the place so ungenial to the full expression and development of their love.

The plot finally and quietly completed, it was on a dark and dizzling night that Linwood Suffolk drank a farewell glass with his betrothed friend, and hastened to convey the lovely Grace to the boat, which was to bear them to the opposite side of the river, where they were to take the cars and hurry on to New York, and be married ere the old folks could possibly miss them.

Nature, indeed, seemed to lend her assistance to their midnight flight, for she was clothed in sable, dark, indeed, as Egypt's blackest night. With a firm hand and steady step, Linwood assisted the trembling Grace into the carriage, and they were soon rolling down hastily toward the Delaware. The heart of the girl beat quick with love for Linwood, and fear lest her weary parent, having watched again, should pursue and overtake them.

But they reached the ferry, and were hurriedly approaching the warping boat, when mistaking the freight for the passenger way, they both alas walked deliberately over the ship into the dismal dock below. Poor Grace uttered a piercing shriek and sank amid the dark waters. Lanterns were quickly swung over the side of the boat, and ropes thrown out, but all of no avail.

There was another plunge into the dark seething waters, and anon she was seized by a stranger hand, and borne safely from what in a moment more would have proved to her a watery grave. Conveyed hastily to a near cottage, perhaps the same in which she came, she was driven hurriedly, rapidly away, before any inquirers were able to syllable a question. Luckily, Linwood was no more seen nor heard.

Out Walnut Street they rattled as rapidly as the horses could bear them, arrived near R Street, the carriage stopped, and Grace Ellsworth dipping with the surf, was conveyed all unconscious into a large costly dwelling. Her deliverer assisted by the lady of the house, conveyed her to a well furnished apartment, and placed her gently on a couch. Prompt action with restoratives, soon revived the drooping girl. Guilford Craiton now watched with eager pride her breath coming more freely, and the rosy bloom of life and vigor return again to her blanched cheeks. He took her hand in his, and was about to print a kiss upon her cheek, as she murmured, still half unconscious:

"Linwood, O Linwood! father, forgive me. Forgive him, he checked him, and he arose to his feet again, and the pure girl soul escaped the pollution of his touch. He was about to ring for Madam Blanche, as that lady entered with a change of clothing for Grace, and Guilford left the room to exchange his own wet clothing for something more comfortable. After some minutes, when the door opened again, Grace suddenly started up joyously, and springing towards the door, shrieked, "O Linwood, Linwood have you come at last?"

She threw up her arms as if to embrace him, but seeing in an instant her mistake, she ran back in confusion. In a shuddering voice, she cried, "Guilford Craiton, what mystery is this? Linwood not here yet, and the man I fear before me—how is this? Madam, where am I? Speak, whose dwelling is this? O Madam, if you are my friend speak, tell where I am?"

"Oh, that, Mr. Wilson will inform you, lady. I leave you in his charge, do not leave me alone with that man, cried Grace in distress, as Madam Blanche left them alone. "Why, Grace, Grace, why do you shrink from me so? said Craiton in a tranquilizing tone. Be calm and listen while I explain our present position—the cause of this singular coming together."

She sprang from him, and reeling, sank into a chair on the opposite side of the room. "Dear Grace," said he slowly and composedly, "are you aware that it was I who saved you from drowning to-night?"

"I do not know. But as he was not seen after he went down, most probably he is drowned. Oh, that we had perished together!" She sobbed, "and you saved me from drowning?"

"Yes, Grace, and I feel already rewarded." But also you have prolonged that which is now a burden to me, add'd misery to my cup of sorrow. O, would that the waves had borne me to the depths of sweet forgetfulness. Yet, I should not, perhaps, be ungrateful. "Thanks, dearest Grace, thanks. This enhances my reward."

He clasped her hand, and raising it to his lips, her tears involuntarily glistened like pearl-drops on her cheeks, and fell upon his hands. Soon the anodyne he administered by Madam Blanche, soothed her troubled feelings into a placid sleep.

CHAPTER VIII. STORY BY GRACE—BRIEF HISTORY OF HER EARLY DAYS. Awaking early next morning, though greatly refreshed, yet Grace felt melancholy and sad. "Grace, Grace, why so pensive this lovely morning?" said Craiton as he joined her in the place where they sat together the night previous. "O, Mr. Craiton, I scarce can tell, but I feel very sad to-day—born I believe to melancholy for within the last half hour, every incident of my past life as if painted on canvass, most vividly has passed before me, filling my memory with sad recollections, and yet I should say—no, not sad for a beautiful halo of light overspreads momentarily the thought-picture, and I see in the midst of a beautiful green lawn near a splendid mansion in the country, a young girl standing in hand, as the freshest breeze plays through the golden ringlets of her luxuriant hair, her cheeks blooming with the glow of rosy health, and her lovely eyes sparkling with the pleasing inspiration of her innocent girlish pleasure. A large New-

foundland dog romps and plays by her side as she gaily chases from flower to flower the beautiful butterfly that on bright gilded wings sails glittering through the air—and anon, she stops beneath the spreading rich elm tree to career her limbs which she has trained to feed from her pretty little hand. Then still followed over the lawn by her faithful companion, she flies to the carriage just prepared for her to accompany her adoring father on his usual afternoon excursion around the country. All ready, and away the gray horses prance down the gravelled and boxwood bordered carriage-way out into the road, and away until they are lost sight of in the far distance—and on and on they speed, heedless of the great clouds of dust raised all around them by the noble steeds, all absorbed in contemplation of the new and changing beauties which nature constantly presents to their admiring eyes.

But a shadow spreads a sombre shade over the pleasing scene, and the horizon is suddenly changed from the bright raiment of light to the storm threatening vesture of darkness and rain. Great Vulcan rides forth on the straggling cloud, and his servants, Thunder and Lightning, obedient and prompt, answer his summons, and roll and rattle and glimmer before him, starting forth the terrible tempest of rain in all its dashing fury.

Wet and weary, the excursionists reach their home again. But O, how changed that home from the calm quiet which reigned around but a few hours before. Sorrow, confusion, and the hurried tread of many feet join in the conflicting elements to shroud that once blissful abode in sadness and gloom. Oh, who can describe a sister's agony and a parent's frenzied anguish, when they first realize that their household joy, their darling boy is no more.

A boatman had seen a pleasure barge capsize, and sink immediately within a short distance from the farther shore. I heard it all, and sank insensible within my weeping father's arms.

The following month was clear and beautiful. The search of the previous day was renewed with unremitting vigor, and now with more success. The keel of the ill-fated little craft was found imbedded beneath the surface, at no very great distance from the shore, and on dragging the lake, the body of our man-servant was found, but no trace of the nurse or her darling charge could be obtained.

"Why, Grace, I never knew you had a brother." "Ah, Yes, Guilford, I had a brother, too." "Having performed the last sad rites over the remains of our aged and faithful servant, we turned with the setting sun, our backs upon a place with which might but sorrow can henceforth be associated.

As she thus concluded, tears—those sweet messengers of relief, crossed their way down her cheeks like rain, and Craiton tried to reassure her grief and succeeded at length in pacifying her.

"And so you have, Grace, though yours has indeed been a life, so far, of much sadness." "Guilford Craiton while thus engaged in trying to calm the terribly disturbed feelings of the distressed Grace Ellsworth, failed to note the revolution now going on in her mind and nerves in consequence of the exhaustive effects of the sorrowful retrospect.

A sudden scream started him to his feet, and ere in his alarm he could leave her, she lay prostrate at his feet. "Great heavens, what is this?" He stammered, hurriedly attempting to raise her to a chair. "Help! ho there, help! help!" he loudly called.

The door opened, and Madam Blanche stood a second gazing on the pallid features of the beautiful girl, as she still lay helpless. "What does this mean, Mr. Craiton—no violence I hope?" "None, Madam. I'll assure you. It came upon her suddenly. Please take charge here,—command me, and I will bring any thing you require to restore her."

"Bring some water at once, and as you return, bring a small vial from the side board in the middle room." "Yes, Madam, great heavens! Rachael here?" As he turned to obey the commands of Madam Blanche, the beautiful "Jewess" confronted him with her tall form drawn to its full height in the door-way,—her countenance stern, and her large gleaming black eyes flashing the severest reproach, striking alarm and terror to the base heart of her betrayer.

"What seek you here Rachael? Why do you thus cross my path as in the discharge of a duty which the strong are owe to the weak?" "Still the proud woman stood there immovable in his course—a smile of terrible meaning wreathing with scorn her purple lips; as he concluded a speech. Still she spoke not. Madam Blanche, also vexed with the abrupt intrusion of the stranger, turned as she leaned over the fallen girl, and stared on her in rage.

Craiton emboldened by this, advanced hastily and exclaimed, "Stand aside, woman, and let me pass?" "Piece not your hand on me, Guilford Craiton. I know you, and you see I am prepared," the Jewess scornfully replied, discharging a glittering dagger in the light. The rose drew back in terror, and Madam Blanche started up in amazement.

"Madam, what mean you by such a demonstration as this in my house? I shall insist on a full explanation, or you must submit to the office of the law," she spoke in a tone somewhat imperious.

"Madam, for this intrusion, I crave your pardon," spake the Jewess in reply proudly. "I come not to mar your peace, nor to take the life of any, though in truth, armed as I am, I only come to save the lost, or, perhaps, thank heaven and her good angels she is yet fully saved—to take the lamb from the wolf, and to restore the stolen to her home."

"Woman, I know not who you are—your charges are false. Stand aside that I may assist in restoring the fainting girl." Go, and obey your mistress, Guilford Craiton, and when restored, Grace Ellsworth goes with me. He passed out, but instead of assisting in restoring the sick one, he passed into the street, and away.

Presently Grace moved again, showing signs of returning life, and she at length unclosed her drooping eyes, and they seemed fixed on something off in the distance. What could it mean? "Grace, look up, come girl, what do you hear?" said Rachael taking her by the hand, endeavoring to arouse her. She started partially up, and in a hoarse whisper questioned: "Who calls? Who is it? It is Rachael." "Is my brother's voice? I hear it from the deep, calling me by name. And is it so? O, can it be Linwood, my long lost brother? No! no! yet the spirit tells me, thy brother and Finwood are one. Linwood is thy missing brother restored."

With Rachael's assistance, she gained her feet and with her eyes still fixed, her hair falling over her shoulders, she paced the room singing: "Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear. They were born to bloom on her shining hair. She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth. She has had farewell to her father's hearth. The grave is new by another's side. Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride."

"I'll go and bind my troubled brow With pine and cypress, pale for me. For I can sick with sorrow now And sit in the month for thee, And sit in thy dear bowers Or seek thy place among the flowers."

Attired as she was in white, her face pale and pensive, her eyes fixed as it were on vacancy, and her loosened hair falling unbound down over her shoulders and bosom, and her expression of the above lines, partaking more of a moaning monotonous air than an air of melody—her entire manner in fact revealed all too plainly that her late vision of her past suffering and present trouble, had indeed made a deep and thrilling impression on the medium soul, all beyond her own control.

To Rachael, the lovely girl presented a picture, melancholy indeed, a picture of hopeless distress, yet full of quiet resignation, and when as she paced the floor with slow and steady tread, moaning in an air so pensive and sad, "I'll go and bind my troubled brow With pine and cypress, pale for me."

Tears coursed their way down the cheeks of both the "beautiful Jewess" and Madam Blanche. To be continued.

The "Ring" Manifestation Again.

A writer in last Sunday's Tribune, over the signature of "A Lover of Honesty," pronounces the "ring manifestation" a deception. He says that "it can show by reliable witnesses that the ring was made to separate, and can also produce the ingenious mechanic who made the ring so that it would accommodate itself to the neck."

Knowing the assertion to be utterly false—without the slightest foundation in truth—so far as the rings used by myself in this manifestation were concerned, I ascertained the name of the author, and in company with a friend, called upon him. As I anticipated, he admitted without hesitation that he had never been present at any one of the exhibitions of this phenomenon, either in private circles or in public meetings.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have given to the public, in the fourth edition of "How and Why I Became a Spiritualist," a carefully prepared account of this "marvel of the age." The accuracy of that account is attested by thirty-one respectable citizens of Baltimore, who spoke from knowledge based upon observation—not from hearsay. They testify that a "solid iron ring," seven inches less in circumference than the medium's head, was actually and unmistakably placed around his neck, and that the conditions observed were such that they rendered deception impossible.

In presenting this subject to the public, I do not speak carelessly. The "rings" were thoroughly tested to ascertain their solidity, which is not at all difficult. They were so marked that it was impossible the marks could be known to the medium or counterfeited by him. They were made not by the "ingenious mechanic" who manufactures "rings" for fraudulent purposes, but by a honest intelligent craftsman who did not believe the manifestation possible, but who tested it thoroughly and to his entire satisfaction.

They were made of half-inch rod iron.—They are without joint, spring or other device, by which they can be accommodated to the neck. They are still in my possession and open to the examination of any one interested in this matter.

The investigation of this remarkable phenomenon has been always conducted with the most careful scrutiny; sometimes under the supervision of a committee of gentlemen eminent in the scientific and social circles of our community, and no one has, in a single instance, pretended to detect its imposture.

In announcing these "new facts" in the world's history, I am actuated only by a sense of imperative duty. I know how difficult it is to realize that which conflicts with all the known laws of nature. I do not expect nor desire to command universal belief. I know that it is not possible; but being a voluntary action of the mind is beyond our control. But when I have presented my views to the public—as based as they are upon patent and persistent investigation, and sustained by scientific demonstration—I know they have produced their legitimate results; for, but a few years ago I stood almost alone, and to-day I am surrounded by hundreds of earnest and intelligent Spiritualists.

Yours, &c. WASH. A. DAN KIN.

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We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested. Let us heartily meet in all who accept this proposition and we will do our part well.

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(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE, NO. XV.

EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF JESUS.

A Scene through the Mediumship of Jesus.

In our previous article, we gave an account of the interview of Jesus with the learned Doctors in the temple, giving the remarks that he made on that occasion. Surrounded as he was by an angel band that could come at any time in close rapport with him, he was prepared to not only answer their many queries, but anticipate the objections that they would raise, and the questions they would ask.

We will again raise the curtain of the past. But how any past? The past coalesces with the present, and the present with the future, and he is indeed wise who can designate the dividing line; but up the curtain goes! revealing to our vision many incidents of other days.

He was not yet prepared to enter the "arena" of reformation, and content with those gladiators in the persons of the ancient Rabbis, who would cry "crucify! crucify!" If he should attempt to subvert the institutions that they had founded at the expense of the poor laboring class, he knew all this, and, of course, his pathway was so arranged that he would seem to disappear from the world,—would seem to set like the golden sun preparatory for another day.

brief but glorious career. He then seemed to recede from their view, growing larger as he passed away, until in the distance, he had assumed the full stature of a man,—his beard falling upon his bosom, and his forehead rising in grand proportions,—he was indeed majestic. This scene seemed to indicate his early departure from the home of his parents, and that they would not see him again until he had arrived at manhood.

THE ALLEGED DISOBEDIENCE OF ADAM. From Moses' statement, Adam was not accountable to any moral law or command, not being a moral agent. At the time of the alleged command, Adam did not know right from wrong, or good from evil, and could not be amenable as a moral agent, to any moral law.

it, that we may count on them,—not only as life subscribers, but as life workers, to give it a wide circulation. Having great confidence in God's noblest work as we said in the beginning, so we closest men and women when unbiased by old theology, are prone to do good, as sparks to fly upward.



Communications From The Inner Life.

Beautiful Child.

BY MAJOR WILLIAM A. H. SIGOURNEY, REPUTED AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Beautiful child by thy mother's knee,  
In the mystic future, what wilt thou be?  
A demon of sin, or an angel sublime—  
A poison Upas, or innocent Thym—  
A spirit of evil, flashing down  
With the lurid light of a fiery crown—  
Or clinging up with a shining track,  
Like the morning star that ne'er looks back,  
Dauntless dreamer that ever smiled,  
Which wilt thou be, my beautiful child?

Beautiful child in my garden bowers,  
Friend of the butterfly, bird, and flowers,  
Pure as the sparkling, crystalline stream,  
Jewels of truth in thy fairy-eyes beam,  
Was there ever a whiter soul than thine  
Worshipped by love in a mortal shrine?  
My heart thou hast gladdened for two sweet  
Years

With rainbows of hope through mists of tears—  
Mists beyond which thy sunny smile  
With its halo of glory beams all the while.

Beautiful child, thy look is given  
A gleam serene, not of earth, but of heaven.  
With thy tell-tale eyes and prattling tongue,  
Would thou couldst ever thus be young,  
Like the liquid strain of the mocking bird,  
From strich to half thy voice is heard.  
Off in the garden nooks thou'rt found  
With flowers thy only head found!  
And kneeling beside me with figure so quaint,  
Oh! who would not dote on my infant saint?

Beautiful child, what thy fate shall be  
Perchance is wisely hidden from me.  
A fallen star thou mayest leave my side,  
And of sorrow and shame become the bride—  
Shivering, quivering through the cold street,  
With a curse behind and before thy feet—  
Ashamed to live and afraid to die.  
No home, no friends, and a pitiless sky.  
Merciful Father, my brain grows wild,  
Oh, keep from evil my beautiful child!

Beautiful child, mayst thou soar above,  
A winged cherub of joy and love,  
A drop on eternity's mighty sea,  
A blossom on life's immortal tree—  
Floating, flowering evermore  
In the life-rod light of the golden shore;  
And as I gaze on thy smile bloom  
And thy radiant face, they dim my gloom—  
I feel He will keep thee undefiled,  
And His love protect my beautiful child.

FRANK'S JOURNAL.

FRANCIS H. SMITH, OF BALTIMORE—MEDIUM.

Your grandfather has hidled in me a desire to prove the truth of what he has told me. I am Oliver Cromwell.

One who filled a high place before the world-war was mine almost from entrance into active life. I had no desire for this, but circumstances forced it upon me. When first I came before the world as a reformer, I had no thought beyond curbing the king's encroachments. He had usurped authority which I thought belonged not to him; and all I designed was to place Parliament in its true position before the people.

Give me credit for sincerity if nothing more. I had no selfish ends to serve; no desire for office; no regard for wealth. My intention was when the king acknowledged his errors and relinquished his pretensions, to retire to private life. But it was not so ordered. Once embarked in the dangerous enterprise of rebellion, there was no safety but in success, and I was compelled to see it through.

When war was at length proclaimed, I endeavored to keep myself aloof from the contest, but found this impossible. I had taken an early stand in the controversy, and all expected me to become a leader in the army. I therefore raised a troop of horse which I selected from the bravest and most energetic men I could find. They were all too of one faith as to religion, and I could depend upon them in every emergency.

At the battle of Marston Moor, I was nearly vanquished and had made up my mind to retreat, when finally I resolved upon one more desperate charge, which turned the scales in my favor, and victory was with us. I had been at a place called Grafton when told that the battle would soon commence, and hurried on with my troop to be there in time. Prince Rupert got the advantage at first, but I knew that our cause was hopeless if the day went against us, and therefore made that desperate attempt which was so successful.

My hopes never flagged after this. It was that charge that brought me so prominently before the country, and ultimately in my taking the chief command.

I had no desire to compass Charles' death, but there were those who determined to put him out of the way in order to secure a republic. I objected to this, and would simply have confined him in the tower; but I could not prevail, and had I persisted in carrying out my views, it would not only have endangered my influence, but perhaps worked my ruin. I had therefore to consent, but it cost me many bitter moments. When his execution was about to take place, I sent him word that I would assist his escape if he could manage to get clear of the palace, but he was too well guarded for that. I was not present at his execution. I could not witness what I believed to be a deliberate murder.

As soon as the excitement had subsided consequent upon the King's death, I began to look about among those who had taken the most prominent part, to see what could be done towards establishing a permanent government. I found great diversity of opinion. Some were for recalling Prince Charles, but with sufficient checks and guards to prevent all encroachments upon the people's rights as should then be established. Others were for a perpetual parliament; and again a few proposed that I should assume the chief command as Protector. The first, I knew would not for a moment be entertained by the people; the second, I determined should not be, although not prudent for me to oppose it at the present—the last met with my hearty approbation.

I am aware that I have been hardly spoken of by history, but you must not believe all you read. It is from the interest of my enemies that the materials for history have their origin. I was actuated by the purest love of country that ever warmed the heart. I saw that ignorance, bigotry, fanaticism, and corruption, marked those who aspired to become rulers; and I knew there was no one but myself capable of bringing things to order. I was obliged therefore to act as I did. Had I not done so, all the horrors that flooded France with blood some centuries after, would have sent death and destruction over the land.

I cannot give an exact detail of all I did to accomplish this, and place me at the head of the nation; it is enough to say that I became supreme, and was king in all but the name. Was man ever so suddenly raised to supreme power? How little I could have looked forward to such a position while leading an humble life on my father's farm. I was naturally of a quick and ready comprehension—soon mastered what was necessary for my humble station, and aspired to nothing more than to become a good farmer; but all England was then agitated by religious excitement, and my enthusiastic disposition soon led me to take an active part. I

first became a leader in church, and soon drew upon me the attention of those in authority, by my eloquence in prayer and radical sentiments. I perceived that this might lead to my advancement, and I cultivated a close intimacy with the leaders of the religious society.

It was not long before I became one of their chief leaders. When this assumed a political aspect I was put forward to take a prominent part, and I lost no opportunity to denounce the King and all who sided him. At first I could not say much about state affairs, for I was very ignorant of such matters. I was urged on by others who intended using me for their purpose, but after awhile when I became better informed, and nothing but pulling down the King, and setting up the parliament. When the civil war broke out I had to take an active part, and in it, I fought my way through it.

Hardly had I been fixed at Whitehall, before I became convinced I should have no easy time of it. Every one looked upon me as an usurper, and nothing but fear kept them under restraint. I determined however to do my duty, come what would. I turned my attention to public affairs, and found everything in the most lamentable condition; none seemed to have the least regard for the public good, but each bent on attaining his own selfish ends. I soon made my presence felt.

My first care was to have a complete system of responsibility from every one who held an office. I soon saw the importance of this for never was there such a set of thieves as those who lived at the public expense; and besides this, I was determined on exacting the most rigid economy. I lost many friends by such a course, but greatly enhanced my popularity.

I desired also to form alliance with every court in Europe; for I had had enough of war, and I peace was the great desire of my heart. I cultivated the arts and sciences, I encouraged those who contributed anything to the general welfare, and thus promoted the good of the people.

Certain wrongs compelled me to look after Holland, and I sent Blake to call her to account. We were fortunate in having one so capable to take charge of the expedition, which resulted in a complete triumph. I was not so fortunate in Ireland, until I sent Frances Wallingford to take charge of that distracted country. He was a good man and would have done well had he remained.

I managed to place my country in a better condition than she had known for many years. Commerce flourished; the arts and sciences advanced, and quiet prevailed everywhere but in my own household.

I now come to an event which affected all my future life; this was letting Fleetwood marry my daughter—a gentle soul, respectful to me, loving and devoted to my happiness. She was all that the fondest father could desire; but her mind underwent an entire change after she became the wife of Fleetwood. He was a fanatic in every sense of the word. In religion he was an extremist in advocating all the doctrines of Calvin; in politics an enthusiastic republican. He married in hopes of preferment, but I took a dislike to him because of his persistent opposition to me. He applied for the position of prime minister, but I refused, knowing there would be no peace between us. He now became my secret enemy, and was continually stirring up first one plot and then another. I had not one moment's peace. But for my daughter's sake I should have soon put a stop to his machinations, but her entreaties in his behalf kept him safe from my vengeance.

I was aware, too, of being surrounded by many enemies, all anxious for my death, and I hardly knew whom to trust. This kept me constantly unhappy, and I lived in perpetual fear of assassination; seldom slept twice in the same room, and it on a journey, was always attended by a troop of horse. This you will say was a wretched life. It was indeed. I fell asleep at last, and how peaceful was my end.

On looking back upon my varied life, I can see that religion had much to do in forming my character. In my early youth I cared but little about it, but when fully grown I fell in with a man who had just returned from Rotterdam, where he had become fully indoctrinated in the faith of Calvin. He preached almost every day, whenever he could assemble a crowd. Many followed him from place to place, and among them all there was no greater enthusiast than myself. These religious views made an impression which were never after entirely effaced. But I had cause to suspect the sincerity of many who were loudest in their professions of piety. How heartily I despised those hypocrites, and there were not a few I will not say that I never assumed their garb and used their cant to promote my end.

Death came, and death came not, for I opened my eyes on a vast extended plane—not an object to be seen. "Where am I?" "Who brought me here?" I exclaimed! No answer came. I looked in vain for some one to explain this strange mystery. How limitless was the view before me in every direction. I saw no sign of vegetation, not even a spear of grass. I determined to wander on until I could find somebody. I had exercised but little thought, but now there flashed upon me all about my sickness and death. A tremor seized my whole frame while I meditated on this, and my mind being filled with Calvin's views, how could I look upon my present position but as the after-life. And what will be my fate become the anxious thought. Am I of the elect, or am I doomed to endless woe. What agony I endured. I fell upon the ground groaning in anguish.

At length I heard a sound in the distance that seemed like the murmur of many voices, which gradually increased into a roar, and then a scene burst upon me that baffled all description. An immense crowd of human beings, all clad in black, came rushing with shrieks and screams, as though in great agony.—They rushed upon me tore me to pieces until I became senseless.

I awoke finding myself in a dark cave, so dark that I could not see my hand. Presently I heard what seemed like a scream, then a great many more, and while wondering what this could mean, some creature sprang upon my breast, fixed his hands in my throat and I fell senseless to the ground.

I woke up in great agony, my throat bleeding, and unable to move. I looked about for sympathy, but saw no one. I lay thus a long time. At last I got up and tottered on, hoping to find some one. I saw in the distance what appeared to be a house. I kept on but got no nearer to it. I began to run, but it made no difference; still the house was a great way off. How strange this is; does the house move as well as myself. I could no further go, but fell down insensible from fatigue.

I then found myself in the middle of a filthy pool, part of it blood—how my heart sickened as I looked about me. I tried to extricate myself, but in vain; gradually I sunk deeper and deeper until overwhelmed.

And thus one horror after another assailed me, conscious all the while that I was suffering the pangs of hell, expecting every moment to be cast into the fiery furnace that I had heard so much about and believing, too, that all was for ever and forever.

We have no means of measuring time, and therefore I can form no idea how long these sufferings were mine. But at length I found myself among a band of dark looking beings with whom I had to associate for a long time.

They were very repulsive, but I could not help myself.

One day I strolled away and rested in a crevice on purpose for concealment. At length I began a review of my whole life from a child, and with what different eyes I looked upon every event that had befallen me. I could hardly keep my senses as memory called up each event. Even some that I thought praiseworthy at the time, now looked hideous; while others brought a feeling of horror upon me. In the midst of my agony I fell upon my knees and cried to God for pardon; oh, how piteously I implored for mercy.

Hardly had I spoken the words before my father stood before me. He raised me up and said: "Follow me." I followed. Darkness disappeared and light came.—with light, beauties were revealed that I could not have conceived of. I shall not attempt a description, for language fails me. Enough to say that all the most enchanting landscapes of earth fade into insignificance, compared with what I saw. Many came around me; some who were enemies, but all wore a smiling countenance. I saw Charles—he extended his hand, and I accepted it—we are friends. I am as happy as I am capable of being. I have seen Calvin—he acknowledges his errors. I have seen Jesus, and am happy.

I have been deeply interested in this mode of imparting my thoughts to a mortal, and hope you will publish what I have said, so that the name of Oliver Cromwell may not be so offensive as my enemies have made it. Good by.

Sowing.

Are we sowing seeds of kindness?  
They shall blossom bright ere long;  
Are we sowing seeds of discord?  
They shall ripen into wrong.  
Are we sowing seeds of honor?  
They shall bring forth golden grain;  
Are we sowing seeds of falsehood?  
We shall reap our bitter pain.  
Whosoever our sowing be,  
Reaping, we its fruits must see.  
We can never be too careful  
When the seed on lands shall sow;  
Love from love is sure to ripen,  
Hate from hate is sure to grow;  
Deeds of good or ill we scatter  
Needlessly along our way;  
But a bad and grievous fruitage  
Waits us at the harvest day.  
Whosoever our sowing be,  
Reaping, we its fruits must see.

THE PAUPER'S RESURRECTION.

Extract from a Book "Entitled Real Life in the Spirit-Land."

LAZARUS sitting at the gate, covered with sores, with the dogs for his only company, and begging for crumbs to sustain him, for a few moments longer, his wretched life, is a picture of what I was on the day that witnessed my release from a life of misery. Poverty had been my portion from my birth, yet I was not always a beggar. The time had been when I considered myself in "comfortable circumstances;" but I had not the talent to acquire property, all though I longed for the comforts, which wealth bestows, and felt that there was injustice somewhere, when I reflected upon the unequal distribution of wealth, or of the comforts of life. I had looked into the mansions of the rich, and envied them their luxuries; but it was not permitted me ever to possess aught but a mean cottage, a hard bed upon which to rest my wearied limbs, and simple fare to sustain my physical strength in the performance of the hard labor of a drudge. I could develop no real manhood, because the curse of poverty was upon me, and I suffered it to crush out or obscure what little was my inheritance. I died a beggar; uncared for, unnoticed, save my loathsome carcass was deemed a nuisance and must have burial; and so

"They rattled my bones over the stones," because I was

"Only a pauper whom nobody owns."  
"Oh! where are the mourners? Alas, there are none!  
He has not left a gap in the world now he's gone;  
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman or man;  
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can."

They who consigned me to a pauper's grave as thoughtlessly as though within my bosom had never existed a spark of humanity—a heart that could feel, and that longed for human sympathy as human hearts will, little thought of what I was enjoying at that very moment.

Why should angels minister to the poor? Why did God commission a band of living spirits to attend at my spiritual birth, when my body was clothed in rags and covered with filth and vermin? Surely there must have been some mistake, and this band could not perceive the strong odors that emanated from a body diseased from head to foot, and so filthy that there was found no resting place for it, save the streets or some shed where a heap of straw might be gathered upon which it might rest. But no; there is no mistake; for as the awakening spirit lifts its dim vision to gaze upon its surroundings, so easy a frame, betwixt a well-known face—a mother bending over it, and with joy in every feature, beckoning it to be quiet in its joy, and wait until she should permit it to give expression to its emotions.

If there was ever one of the whole race of suffering humanity who enjoyed rest from the burdens of life after life's weary day was done, it was I; I who had become so reduced, so degraded in the eyes of my fellow men, as to die a beggar. It was permitted me to revel in the enjoyment of the "goods of nature" as I had so much longed to do when I was struggling with poverty, and "had no place to lay my head." It was a kind of compensation for severe sufferings, and I was granted a luxurious home where I imagined myself the equal of Lords. To know that I was cared for by worthy spirits and commanded as much attention as was bestowed upon the greatest who came to the spirit land, gratified me wonderfully, and repaid me for much of the contempt that had been heaped upon me in consequence of my poverty.

I have no long experience to give; but wish, simply, to relate enough of my experience when first ushered into the spirit world to give men in the flesh an idea of the method God uses to awaken the dormant energies of the natures of those that have been crushed by poverty, and stimulate them to that healthy action which is the institution of progress.

I have related that my mother welcomed me when I awoke as a spirit. My emotions on viewing her angelic countenance and the rainbow hues which encircled her form and those of her companions, were at first subdued; but as my strength came, and my mind resumed its wonted action, and I was at liberty to feel and express my emotions, I could find no language that was adequate to the emergency. I was overwhelmed with joy; and such a feeling of gratitude took possession of me that I longed to praise the Father in heaven whom I believed was the author of good gifts, in more fervent language than I could command. I enjoyed every thing I saw, and every circumstance that transpired around me; because all was in such strong contrast to what I had but just before been realizing. I listened to the accents of love that fell from the lips of all around me as I would have listened to the choicest strains of

music, and watched for smiles and tokens of endearment as a hungry beggar watches for meat to satisfy the longings of his natural appetite.

I was not a total stranger to love's endearments, neither was my nature seared by crime or over-indulgence of the sensual appetites; therefore, I was fit to enjoy, when I became a spirit, although I died upon a dung-hill. I could not have appreciated the teachings of a philanthropist, nor fine poetry, nor even conversations upon subjects which interest intelligent people who are not philosophers; yet there was sufficient manhood in me to appreciate the common attentions due from one human being to another. I could feel and appreciate, in a degree, a mother's love; and enjoy the ministrations of friends who strove to assure me that I was yet deemed of sufficient importance by the great heart of God to be worthy to have shrouded upon me every good thing that I could enjoy. I could enjoy pleasant sights and sounds, pleasant odors and agreeable flavors. I could enjoy eating and drinking, and the sight of an abundance of food which was mine as I craved it; also downy beds and easy-chairs, and the sight of the comfortable, and even luxurious furnishings of the rooms in the dwelling I occupied. In short, I could enjoy "a little heaven" in the contemplation of the easy circumstances in which I found myself; and as a just compensation for the sufferings which had terminated my earthly career, I was permitted to revel in this enjoyment until I was, in a measure, satisfied, and my spirit began to crave something more satisfying to its higher aspirations.

The good to me in all this, was the stimulus it gave to my intellect. The strong emotions which I experienced on coming to entire consciousness in Spirit land, and which continued to exercise my mind until the novelty of my situation had, in a degree, worn off, were the means of arousing my intellect to action. When there was something to think of besides starvation and misery, it would repay the trouble to think; it was a pleasure to think of blessings so lately become mine. It was more than pleasure, it was duty, to offer to God a perpetual tribute of thanksgiving for the multitude of blessings bestowed; and so my religious nature was stimulated by my intellect, and I went on my way rejoicing at my deliverance from my fetters of clay, and the prospect which opened before me in the future.

I have lived long in the Spirit land, but I have never ceased to remember, with peculiar emotion, the first period of my existence as a spirit, or ever ceased to realize that from that period dated rapid progress in the road of development. I know, since I have studied human nature, that I needed just the stimulant this experience gave me to arouse my dormant energies, which were as they were from circumstances beyond the control of any.

Ancient Fable.

Jupiter gave to every man a sack,  
To hold his faults and carry on his back,  
Another one gave, which from his breast  
Hung heavy with his neighbor's faults oppressed.  
On this account man never can behold  
His own, but can his neighbor's faults unfold.

The Snow Drop.

The snow drop is the herald of the flowers,  
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead  
For its beleaguered brethren; suppliantly  
It prays their winter to withdraw its troop  
Of winds and blustering storms; and having won  
A smile of promise from its pitying face,  
It tries to tell the issue of its errand  
To the expectant host.

SPIRIT PICTURES.

A new phase of Manifestations.

LETTER FROM HARRIET M. ALLEN.

DEAR JOURNAL—I have long been wanting to write my words of appreciation, but feared trespassing on too valuable time. We all love the JOURNAL and feel that we could not get along without it. The communication from A. J. Raymond was the best of any I ever have seen. It was more nearly what we should expect than those men-agis usually are. Unlike our correspondent, I have always taken much interest in Frank's Journal, regarding it as showing an interesting phase of mediumship, and the struggles of another poor soul into the light. The communications from the Byrons did not bear any evidence to me, of coming from the sources whence they purported. But I write to tell you of a most wonderful development in our midst. We meet every Sunday night for circles, and a week ago, one of our number brought to the circle a small piece of tin, which he had been experimenting upon, and which had apparently represented us of flowers upon it. We examined it, and came to the conclusion that it was nothing more than the action of the acid, which he said he used to produce it; whereupon he proposed that the rest of us should try and see what we could get. So the next day a number did so with no result whatever. But the day after, a gentleman who is a medium, and one of our circle, was in the shop and thought he would try it. He took a small piece of tin and poured on to it, a weak solution of muriatic acid, leaving the upper side well wet, and laid it on the counter and put a tin basin over it. After a while he uncovered it, and lo! upon the plate a representation of an aged and venerable man. They were struck with astonishment and elation; but as they gazed, the figure began to vanish from the plate, and in their experiments to retain it, faded out. More plates were fixed and different figures appeared each time, but they soon faded from view; however, the next day they got a picture of a foreigner, by his dress, which still remains (now, more than a week after), so that it can be seen. After that, they got the likeness of a young girl, which is as distinct as daguerreotypes were when they first commenced taking them. It has been seen by many here, and is now at Lake City, quite a town, a few miles above us, on the opposite side of the lake. Since that, there has been no more produced, but the spirits promise us something more wonderful after a while.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The pupils of the Worcester Sunday schools, who, some four or five years ago, contributed dimes and pennies to buy shares in the new Morning Star missionary packet, will learn with sorrow that the vessel, which they helped to build and to send on a Christian mission to the Sandwich Islands, has been wrecked. A dispatch received here yesterday from San Francisco states that advices from Honolulu give the particulars of the loss of the Morning Star, which was built at East Boston, with funds contributed by the Sabbath school children connected with the congregations which sustain the American board. She sailed from Boston March 12, 1866, and arrived at Honolulu March 13, 1867, and since then she has been doing an excellent work among the islands of the Pacific. She was insured for \$18,000.

REMARKS.

If those "Sabbath school children" had been taught to give their "dimes and pennies" to help feed and clothe the multitudes of poor children around them, they would have been doing a real and not an imaginary good; and instead of suffering from the chagrin and disappointment the loss of their vessel occasions them, they would now be happy in the con-

siousness of having relieved the necessities of their poor neighbors, and would be reaping the reward of a good action in the daily blessings of the little ones who had been made happy by these little philanthropists.

"The vessel was insured for \$18,000." Probably it cost \$25,000, at least. What untold good that \$25,000 might have done, distributed among our home poor. But, alas! for ignorance and bigotry—the Sandwich Islanders (who will never be condemned for what they don't know) are of more importance than our home heathen? Oh, when will men learn wisdom?

Worcester, Mass. VIOLET.

A Widower's Sorrow.

I heard a judge his tipstaff call,  
And say, "Sir, I desire  
You go forthwith and search the hall,  
And send me in my crier."  
"And search, my lord, in vain I may?"  
The tipstaff gravely said,  
"The crier can not cry to-day,  
Because his wife is dead!"

Tulips and Roses.

My Rose, from the latticed grove,  
Brought me a sweet bouquet of posies,  
And asked me round my neck she hung,  
If tulips I preferred to roses,  
"I can not tell, sweet wife," I sighed,  
"But kilt me ere I see the posies,"  
She did. "Oh, I prefer," I cried,  
"thy two lips to a dozen roses."

SECOND SIGHT.

A Wonderful Case Reported in Paris.

A short time ago, the family of a Russian prince went to Paris from London. Among their servants was a young German girl whom the princess had engaged during their sojourn in Wurtemberg. As all the hotels at the time were crowded, they sent a courier in advance to secure convenient rooms, and though they were regular customers at the Hotel B—, where the Russian noblemen usually took lodgings, the courier only succeeded in getting two rooms in the third story for the prince and his wife, and on the pressing instance of the princess the hotel-keeper promised to find a room also for the young German attendant. It was about eleven o'clock in the night when the girl left her mistress and was shown to her room. To her great astonishment it was a front room in thesecond story, with two large windows, and furnished in the most gorgeous manner. She at once asked the waiter why this room was not given to her mistress in preference to herself; but he satisfied her with the answer that the room had become vacant only an hour since, after the prince and his wife had already been installed in other apartments, and she might, (so he added smilingly,) profit by the opportunity of sleeping once at least in such a splendid room. The girl then locked the door, extinguished the light, and sought sleep under the gorgeously canopy. And now we let the girl tell her own story, as we translate it from the language in which she related it, a few weeks ago, to a commission of scientific men, who afterwards examined her:

"I do not know whether I slept or dreamed, or whether I was awake and gazed with my bodily eyes. I thought then that I was awake, and I believe it still. This is, however, indifferently locked, was opened, and a gentleman entered with a light in his hand. He wore the blue uniform of a French naval officer. From the moment he entered my room I was paralyzed with terror and unable to move or to speak. All my senses seemed to be concentrated in my eyes and ears. He put the light upon the small table near my bed; my clothes lay on an armchair at the foot of it. He flung my wardrobe to the floor, and pushed the arm chair in the middle of the room. He marched through the room in the greatest excitement, gesticulating violently with his hands. I could not turn my eyes from him. He was a tall young man of dark complexion, with intelligent features; but he had brilliant black eyes, and his long glittering hair made his appearance remarkable. I can still see him as he passed his hands through his curls—it seemed as if they stood up straight over his forehead. He spoke loud and fast; I could not understand what he said. But all at once he threw himself upon the arm chair and took a pistol from his side pocket. My eyes at that time became so penetrating that I could observe a peculiar bend and color of the trigger. After a few seconds he brought the barrel of the pistol to his mouth and stood motionless dead. I heard a terrible noise, and something approached my ear and snarply whispered into it; "Die! un ave pour moi!" [Pray an Ave Maria for me.] After this it was dark in the room, and I could see the light from the reverbere in the street shining in my room. I cannot tell how long I lay motionless in my bed, but at once it was daylight, and I heard people speaking in front of my door and knocking at it. Unable to open my lips I listened, and heard the princess order somebody to open the door by force. The key being in the lock from within, they had to break the lock, and immediately the room was crowded with people. The princess rushed on me, touched my hands and face, and the well-known voice of my mistress, who always spoke German to me, in the end dispelled my stupor and I could speak: "Remove that dead man, before I get up," I cried, and the princess despairingly ejaculated: "She has become insane." She dismissed the crowd, and sent for a physician. He found me in a state of terrible excitement. I however succeeded in telling my story, not as a dream but as a real event, which had passed under my eyes. The physician imagining that some cruel joke had been played upon me, sent for the hotel-keeper to assist. They spoke for a long while together in the middle of one of the windows, and in the meanwhile the princess attended to quiet me until I dared to gaze around the room. "My wife must have carried him off," said I.

In the afternoon, I was made acquainted with what the hotel-keeper told the physician. "Here," said the intelligent man, after having collected his thoughts, here is a case where the world of spirits seems to touch our own terrestrial world. The night before last, about the time mademoiselle went to bed, a young officer of the navy shot himself dead. His corpse is at the Morgue. Such an event being extremely disagreeable to hotel-keepers, it once informed the justice of the circumstance, and before daybreak the body was removed from this room to the Morgue. Only a few people in the house knew of the fatal affair, and I requested them to keep silent about it. After the room was carefully cleaned, I gave an order to let mademoiselle have it, as the princess desired to have her stay in the house.

The prince, the hotel-keeper, and the physician at once drove to the Morgue. They found the uniform hanging in front of the mutilated body; but his long black hair was the same I had described it, and even the trigger of the pistol was of an unusual shape, and painted red on the top. He was a creole, and he had killed himself in consequence of a love intrigue with a faithless woman."

Getting into a passion is a good deal like getting into a barberry bush—the bush comes out right, but you don't.

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Scoutier Department.

Another Appeal Against the Noisy Minority.

To THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE:—A woman of the Majority was brave enough, in your paper of yesterday, to raise her voice against the movement of the Minority of women.

The above we clip from the N. Y. Tribune, of Feb. 21st ult. These things occur so frequently, of late, and since Spiritualism became a fact, that we are forced to concede the power of spirit life, even in death. By and by the dead will rise up and walk.

Christian Charity in Practice.

In Auburn, N. Y., there lives a man who became a Spiritualist some years ago. His relations are all members of Christian churches. His business connections were with Christians also.

Things from the Camp.

HERMON, N. Y.—The Rev. Mr. M. writes:—I have just received your issue of the 1st inst. and find it very interesting and profitable.

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LITTLE

GRACE C. TREADWELL. "I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER DESIRING TO KNOW the particulars about my niece, Her name is Grace C. Treadwell, and she is four years of age.

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ENOUGH

FOR THIS TIME. "Probably you remember my letter to you of June 1st, 1869, in which I mentioned that I was ill, and that I was suffering from a severe attack of dyspepsia.

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THREE DOCTORS

AND A WIZZARD. "I have been suffering from a severe attack of dyspepsia, and I have tried many remedies, but I have not been able to get any relief.

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