

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

[SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.]

S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

VOL. IX.—NO. 14.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
TO MY OLD WIFE.

BY H. WINCHESTER.

They call thee old, I do not see
The furrows on that brow of thine;
Thy silvery locks look fair to me
As when I met and claimed thee mine.
Though many years have passed away,
I see no change in thy dear face;
Love's sunlight in thine eyes doth play,
Hiding the marks old Time would trace.
Though woman by the world is called
The weaker vessel of the two,
Yet thou, dear wife, my soul enthralled,
As sunbeams drink the drops of dew.
When thou art gone I feel alone,
The light has left my path of life,
The light of love that on me shone
From thy dark eyes, my dear old wife.
For, dearest, thou hast been my guide
For more than thirty years gone by—
An angel standing by my side,
To teach me how to live and die.
God's blessings ever rest on thee,
His light around thy footsteps shine,
For thou, dear wife, hast been to me
The rich, self-gift of Love Divine.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Spiritual Gossip—Incidents of Spirit Control.—Henry C. Wright—His burial place.

BY J. WETHERSDEE.

The knights and ladies of the "spiritual" circle, in their social customs, have a sunny side as well as a night side. Being largely a witness of the former, I am moved to write under its influence for the amusement, or rather the information, of those whose lines are cast in other places. "By the rivers of Babylon" (if that is a proper expression) these people by no means hang their heads upon the willows, and weep when they remember Zion, though they come, on this sunny occasion, they sang some of the good old penny-royal tunes, the words of course being sadly inconsistent with the ideas or ethics entertained by them. I suppose our planet has not been long enough in the magnetic zone for them to have their words as appropriate as their music.

I may be understood better by introducing here another thought, though of no direct connection. Professor Loomis of Yale College thinks there is a stream of a meteoric composition revolving in a large orbit around our sun, and that the earth periodically intersects it, and that once in thirty-three years it goes through the denser part or nucleus, and then, for a day or two, visible in the night, we have the shower of stars with which we are all familiar. Why may there not be a stream or zone of another nature which our planet intersects once in thirty-three years, but at long intervals, and duration, which may account for the "spiritualistic" shower of these latter years? If so, then the fabled beings that once peopled space, at least in poetry, may have had a meaning of a foundation for imagination to embody forth in form the things then imperfectly seen, the world passing out of it, as it does out of Prof. Loomis' meteoric belt. Then the phenomena become a tradition, and from the nature of it, food for superstition. When the intersection occurs again what was once Olympian or Mosaic may be the same old stream igniting in our day, to our eyes, with the attributes of truth and beauty to some, and the reverse to others. This may not help the spiritualists' theory any, but it might account for a disposition in an age to be open or magnetic to occult surroundings.—But I am wandering from my text—the "sunny side" of the subject.

The distinguishing feature of this people, which, you know, is "dealing with the dead," formed no part of the pleasures on this occasion; there seemed to be no disposition to call up or commune with the departed. Their habit, let me say here, of talking familiarly of the departed as of living human beings, is to me rather rational and interesting. This people, whatever else may be said of them, have colored favorably the dark subject of death; they may have disturbed our notions of what is proper, but they certainly have opened on the subject a more cheerful page than was usual before their day. They may not have improved the angel by eliminating his wings, and presenting him in the every-day clothes of a human being; but that is overbalanced by saying to the eyes—looked skeleton and white sheeted phantoms, the bugbears of our youth—yes, and our manhood, too.—Depart! And, speaking for myself, the places that knew them once shall know them no more forever.

Propriety will forbid my making public the doings of private life, but some whose names are public property may not improperly be referred to "to point a moral and adorn a tale." During the social converse and general entertainment of the evening, an interesting feature was an improvisation by Mrs. Tappan. It was announced that if some one would suggest a subject she would improvise a poem upon it. A person, probably referring to Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who was present, suggested as a subject, "Martyrdom," which for fifteen or twenty minutes she treated eloquently and poetically. There was no question as to the spontaneity of its execution and composition, and was prettily applied to the well-known reformer whose presence suggested it. In many respects spiritualists are like human beings; and, as you might

suppose, a table richly spread with this world's food was at the proper time attended to. As an episode in this invigorating part of the entertainment, there was a consecrated worth nothing—the table did duty in two worlds. It is the idea of some, if not all, of this sect that the departed, or some of them, still linger among the flesh pots of Egypt, and the disembodied, who have not parted with their mundane desires, eat and drink by proxy. Mrs. Conant, who is the pen for the dwellers over the border to express their views in the *Banner of Light*, was for a while, on this occasion, during this feast, "possessed" by an Indian spirit, who treated itself with the viands of civilization and with a satisfaction beyond what the frail frame of the lady as a mortal would suggest; but it was an Indian then—which explains it.

I have always hoped that when we should find our mortal coil we should stuff it with the demands of the stomach, for otherwise the consequences of immortality must follow. From me that a dinner is essential to a spirit, and you may say the possibility of our stomachs, dyspepsia, etc. Still, there is a bright side, even then, for a spirit can have under this new idea all the gratification of partaking of a feast, with another's stomach doing all the hard work.

A series of tableaux pleasantly varied the programme. The last one took a vocal and dramatic form. A couple in Highland costume added life to their picture by singing one of the songs or duets of Bonnie Scotland; then one of the couple, familiarly known among them as Charley Sullivan, came forward; but he was no longer Charley. It was a spirit standing in his shoes, who was announced as "John McDougall." This spirit, who was no stranger to many present, made a neat speech, more interesting from its Genesis and Scotch expression. He was easily persuaded to sing a few of his Scotch airs, which he did very exquisitely. I did not perceive that McDougall surpassed Sullivan any as a singer. It was hard to tell which of the two were the better.

When the stranger (I cannot say *spirit*, in this instance) visitors from over the river thus break in upon us, I had rather they would be the McDougalls than the more historic characters of Rob Roy, Robert Bruce, and others. It seems more like reality, at least as if we were laboring under a mistake. I am glad Mr. McDougall has found an opening into these glimpses of the moon, and one where he can so well and favorably express himself. I have noticed, by the way, that the inhabitants of the better world seem to enjoy very much these privileged glimpses of a mundane interview. Perhaps the change varies the monotony of chronic happiness.

During this occasion Mr. Garrison related an incident of his experience that is worth recording. His well-known reputation as an honest man and careful in his statements make it more worthy of note than many similar experiences, which, from the nature of the subject, and the disposition of people to embellish, have to be taken with many qualifications. This statement so impressed me that I have reserved it for the close, which I will give substantially in his own words.

At the late funeral of Henry C. Wright, in Pawtucket, the corpse was laid temporarily in the receiving tomb of the Swan Point Cemetery, near Providence. Mr. Garrison had some conversation with Mr. Phillips about a permanent resting place for his remains. "Forest Hills" was thought to be a good place, where friends, traveling this way, could conveniently visit it, should they be disposed. It was visited, as well as one other place, but no lot that was suitable was found. Soon after Mr. Garrison called on Mrs. R. C. Wood, the healing medium, for consultation with regard to his health; and while she was in her trance she said she saw the spirit of a man beside him who proved to be Mr. Wright. Among other conversations which was very satisfactory, but need not be recorded here, he said he perceived his friends were troubling themselves about where they should place his body. It was a matter of no consequence to him; but if they had such disposition, and as it would be some trouble to remove his remains, they found in the northwest of the cemetery, where his body then was, a small corner lot very suitable for the purpose; and there was one small tree on it, which would answer the purpose of a monument. Mr. Garrison, being shortly after in Providence, visited the Swan Point Cemetery and asked the superintendent to take him to the northwest part of the place. The man did so, saying, while going, that part had no lots for sale; that it was rough, as the company had lately bought there additional land. On reaching the spot, there was nothing significant or suitable, as stated by the spirit of my friend. At another time, soon after, he saw another medium in Providence, through whom Mr. Wright said substantially what he had said before; and he went again to the cemetery. He saw the superintendent, who again said there were no corner lots for sale. Mr. Garrison then requested to be taken to the northwest part of the cemetery, without saying that he had been there before. Proceeding thence, the superintendent said: "Now I think of it, in that part there is a small corner lot that may suit you." When the place was reached, there indeed was the lot—the little oak tree on it, easily identified, and suitable. The lot was purchased, and there the body of Henry C. Wright now lies. Mr. Garrison remarked that the superintendent had previously taken him in a different direction, west or southwest.

This circumstance seems to be a testimony that though the body lies under the little oak tree, like his friend John Brown's his soul is marching on.

Read advertisement of Jesus of Nazareth, in another column. It is truly a wonderful work, and should be read by all.

A RAIN GOD IN CALIFORNIA.

By F. W. Jewett.

Among each tribe of Indians, it is quite common to find a prophet, seer or wizard, and each one, often called "medicine man," claims separate endowments or distinct gifts. Some lead in battle; some prophecy; others are profound in the healing art; others claim to control the elements and destinies of war, and a few the elements of the skies.

The story of one gifted in controlling the elements, is the subject under consideration. It has been fully demonstrated that, not only Indians in this quarter, but white men of the first standing in society, have witnessed these wonderful powers, and do not deny the facts which I will relate. Those residing in this portion of California, know very well that there is but a slight fall of rain even in the best of seasons. The inhabitants eagerly watch for weeks, even months sometimes, for a small shower. For the last ten years, the average fall of water, has not exceeded six to eight inches per year.

The following story was first related to us by Samuel A. Bishop, then a resident of Fort Peck, in Los Angeles County. Since then he has disposed of his immense estates and moved to Santa Clara. General E. F. Bell also witnessed many of these miracles and is known to the facts, he then residing here. He now makes it his home in Chester, Pa.; but still owns land amounting to 240,000 acres in Kern County, Cal. On her references in this regard let this suffice for the present.

Mr. Bishop said, that in the year 1854, he held in charge the Sebastian Military Reserve at El Tejo, where a large number of semi-savage Indians dwelt, all of whom were under his control. This is the head of Tabare Valley, and on three sides is enclosed by high mountain ranges, forming an extensive park in the shape of a horse shoe. This tract of alluvial land, is situated on a regular inclined plain, with small brooks of water extending down to the valley, and may be cultivated with or without irrigation. The year referred to, a portion of this tract was under field crops of wheat, corn, beans and barley, to the extent of one thousand five hundred acres.

The rainy season (or that portion of the year when rain is expected to fall), had passed by without benefit to the crops but little. Most of the rain falls here in the winter months. In consequence of the long continued dry weather, with a reduced supply of running water, it required the constant attention of those in charge, to induce the alfalfa and interested Indians, to irrigate the crops at night as well as day. From this cause the patriarchy, chiefs, and laborers of these tribes, were incessantly making appeals to the general superintendent or "captain," entreating him to send for a Prophet or "Rain Chief," who would give El Tejo all the water it would require, directly from the elements above. After repeated petitions, and sincere assurances that he should have all the water that would be needed; to gratify the poor Indians, his own curiosity, and that of many others, he consented to see the great Rain God and his works. He belonged to the Kern River tribe of Indians, then residing at Kesville. The captain, in remuneration, promised them that if their Rain-God would furnish them with rain sufficient for the season, he should be presented with a stipend to the value of not less than \$500.

Five days after this, on Thursday evening, in the middle of the month of May, the Prophet appeared. Mr. Bishop says, that of all the Indian specimens this one seemed more to resemble the baboon species, than the human. He was accompanied by thirty others of his tribe. The news had spread abroad of the expected visit of this wonderful and mysterious personage, which caused a gathering of several hundred Indians from the out-castes. The superintendent's interpreter, Sepatari, was requested to ask the prophet if he thought he could make it rain.

"Yes, that is what I came for." A blanket was then spread out before him, and down he sat, presents were cast into his lap, according to custom by the Indians gathered around.

The general Government had on deposit at the reserve an estimated value of \$25,000 in beads—out of this deposit the superintendent cast in his mite to the value of five hundred dollars. Soon after the prophet was again asked, if he was intending to make it rain, and again he readily replied, "That is what I came for. You make a great feast to-night, and then on the morrow I will see what I can do." In the morning, after feasting upon a dozen government bullocks, the prophet directed the captain to this fact. Said he, "If I bring on heavy rain, it will destroy all of your adobe—dried brick, and also wash down the unprotected walls of the tenements which you have under my way." "Within three weeks," the superintendent replied, "we can restore the bricks and walls, but to raise a crop, it would require another year, so never mind our works. Shower it down." Not an hour elapsed before rain clouds made their appearance for the first time in months, and then scattered away. The Rain-God said he was fearful of the presence of some opposing influence that was there operating against him, but after being assured that no opposing element or enchanted spirit was about, he said, "I will go down the creek to the brushwood, and see what I can do. If I can make it thunder, the elements are all right." In the meantime, this large band of Indians, nothing daunted, expected themselves sure of success. But it surprised the whites to hear three several cracks of thunder which rolled through the heavens. Soon after the Rain God, and some of his disciples had made a

stand in the brush below, but they soon returned and the Prophet said, "You can have all the rain you want. All is welling well."

On that day the rain commenced in earnest. The heavens seemed opened, and the waters poured down in torrents during the following day, destroying all the house materials and walls of the buildings. The storm had no parallel at that season of the year. Previous to this event, for some weeks, no clouds had appeared, no signs of rain had been noticed. After the rain had fully abated, the Rain-God desired that the captain should inform him when he would like another shower. "In five days" was his reply, and surely, according to promise, on the fifth day, the rains commenced a second series falling copiously, and from time to time, their crops were well watered from the clouds, as per request, until the crops were matured. In the last part of June, the Indians were all summoned to appear and help secure their harvest. They came but did not commence work. "Why here all the day idly," says the superintendent. The Prophet replied, "I gave them permission, and what are you going to do about it?"—at the same time making advanced steps and brandishing a long knife. An instant hardly passed away before the superintendent had knocked the Prophet to the ground immediately followed by a tempest of rain and hail accompanied by loud peals of thunder and lightning. At this instant these semi-savages became much excited, and alarmed, and cautioned their captain to never do the like again. "For our Rain-God might attempt to strike you down with lightning, and at the same time might glance a flash and kill some poor Indian."

To be continued.

SPIRITUAL WORTH AND POCKET WORTH.

There is a growing evil among the religious denominations of the land, which deserves the severest censure, striking as it does at the very foundation upon which the Christian superstructure rests. We allude to a habit of extolling those whose moneyed influence, it is hoped to obtain, though their moral characters may be of the foulest and blackest dye. A lust of money seems to have pervaded Church as well as State, and a villain with a fortune in his pocket, is to day more of aattering reception in the most aristocratic churches in the land. Is it any wonder that good men, earnestly desiring light, should upon witnessing such perversion of the true ends of religion, turn away in pain and disgust, their hearts echoing the sentiments of the apostle, "My brethren, these things ought not to be!"

Need we wonder, so long as Mammon rather than the Spirit of God and true worth, is made a controlling influence in the church, that many are led to deny the worth and excellence of religion itself? Let us not hope for a full development of true religion in our land until this great and growing evil shall be blotted out. So long as men whose moral atmosphere reeks with foulness are admitted to influential churches as honored members thereof, by virtue of a loud resounding clink of ill-gotten dollars in their pockets, we cannot look for a pure and healthy growth of undeffiled religion. Let the interior man be made the standard of true worth. Let the exterior not be taken as a safe standard of character, and let a villain's wealth—though it be that of the Indies—be cast aside as worthless, for there can no good come of it. Let the popular voice ostracize those men who "devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers." Let the religion of Christ be no longer made an anchor for these tarneled creatures, to that under its cloak they may better satisfy their selfish ends.

Montana, Iowa.

The Golden Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we would only stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If in the golden east would make it!
To the soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust never falters,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter's storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted;
For the sweet sun will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are lifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And one's own soul, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoard of treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden fling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are ready and willing;
Than to snap the delicate minute thread
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

A lady in Zanesville, O., cleaning house found a package of two pounds of powder, and thinking it was lamp-black she threw it in the fire. Her husband thinks she has escaped, as nothing has been heard of her since.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

LETTER FROM DR. McMAHON.
IOWA.

BROTHER JONES—Dear Sir:—In the JOURNAL of Nov. 26 I noticed an article headed, "Wonderful Case of Healing." The people here, or a portion of them at least, seem to think it has reference to my son Jesse, a boy eleven years of age. We have received letters from various places where Mr. Wilson has lectured, asking for information about the case, and it is for the cause of truth, and to satisfy them all, that I give below a plain statement of the facts as connected with Jesse's recovery. In the winter of 1864 Jesse had an attack of sciatica, inflammatory rheumatism followed as the sequel of the fever, and since that time, he has had frequent attacks of lameness and soreness of the leg, which we attributed to rheumatism.

In September, 1869, he was attending school, and in practicing gymnastics, fell and received a severe bruise on the hip. From that time the lameness continued to grow worse, and in November, 1869 he took to his room. The lameness and swelling continuing to increase, he was forced to lie low, and in this condition, remained until April, 1870, when the pain subsided a little, and he could move for him, so that he could go about the house.

In the early part of July, he again suffered excruciating pain, and I had an eminent surgeon of this place examine the limb. He had been examining in treating the case, and we decided that matter had accumulated in the hip joint, and had come near the surface, so that we could feel the fluctuation. The consulting surgeon proposed making an incision so the matter could escape, which he opposed, preferring to wait, and keep him under the influence of alteratives and tonics a few days longer.

My wife had been told that she was a healing medium, but had never seen anything of the kind, and had not much faith in her ability to heal. She felt strangely impressed to pass her hand over the diseased limb. The consultation was held on Friday. That evening, my wife took Jesse to his room, and gently passed her hand over the diseased limb for about half an hour she thinks. She says she felt as if just coming from under the influence of chloroform. Jesse slept well that night. The next morning, she repeated the passes over the limb, and rubbed the tendons under the knee, which were drawn so as to bend the leg back. After rubbing it for about an hour, she persuaded Jesse to lean against the wall, and while he stood in this position, with one foot only on the floor, she gradually straightened out the diseased leg till the foot rested on the floor. That day he walked with only one crutch. The rubbing was repeated Saturday, evening and Sunday morning, and Sunday, in the afternoon, he came bounding into the parlor where we were sitting, saying, "See, mamma, I can walk as well as ever I did. We were astonished, amazed!"

When Mrs. McMahon began rubbing the limb, it was swollen at the hip, and the foot and the lower part of the leg were shrunk away, and clammy and blue as those of a dead person. He is now enjoying better health than he ever did in his life, and the once diseased limb is as sound and healthy as the other. You cannot detect any lump in his walk, and the whole appearance of the child is that of perfect health. I have never seen a spirit, and do not pretend to know what cured him. I know he is well, and I am thankful to see his smiling happy face. There were three or four (physicians) attending him, and we are all confident he had tuberculosis of the hip joint, and we were all astonished to see him recover so soon.

Any physician reading the article I have alluded to in the JOURNAL of Nov. 26, would laugh at the conclusions of the physicians as there given. Had I known that Mr. Wilson intended to publish a history of the case, I would have given him a written statement of the facts, as he would necessarily get them from me, with the press of business he had on his mind at that time.

Another point: I am not an Atheist, but believe in one great and good God, who is too good to doom any of his children to everlasting misery, where they can never progress out of wretchedness.

I regret exceedingly that Mr. Wilson should have written other things contained in the article referred to, and regret still more that Mrs. McMahon's name has, contrary to her wishes, been brought before the public. But I love truth, and hope it will one day prevail over all forms of error. In the last JOURNAL, of Dec. 10, I see an article in which L. A. Fisher begs in the name of humanity to know the names of the persons connected with the above case. They are names known throughout the whole northwest,—we being among the first settlers of this thin wild country. If I plan you may ever advocate the truth, and the truth only, I remain Yours, very respectfully,
P. J. McMAHON, M. D.

What God has joined man cannot very well put asunder. Would that what God has put asunder man would not undertake to join. Then, and not before, there will be an end of false marriage.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all went except one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest, said: "Oh I belong to another church."

Original Essays.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
CONSISTENCY A JEWEL.

Odds and Ends.

What would the poor, independent, unauthorized, and "poor"—critical speakers of our stripe do, if it were not for the safety valve which 153 South Clark street, Chicago, provides us in the pressure of modern inconsistencies? Walking the streets of this lovely city, to day, my eye caught a conspicuous little bill on a grocer's barrel, which read thus:

"Jarley's unrivalled wax figures! The only stupendous collection of real wax works in the world! Jarley is the delight of the nobility and gentry! The royal family are the patrons of Jarley! If I knewed a donkey what wouldn't go to see Mrs. Jarley's wax works show, do you think I'd acknowledge him? Oh no!! no!!

Then go to Jarley's at the Episcopal Festival, etc."

Somewhat my feelings took a sudden rise and fall as I looked up and counted the steeples around me, all pointing upward "in the name of Christ," and then entered the import of this imposing little bill, which might grace the doorway of any small varieties theatre. My mind suddenly flew back to the time when, a member of the Episcopal Sunday School, I was taught to shun all theatricals, shows and exhibitions of an unsanitary order, as demoralizing in the extreme.

For the life of me, the machine poetry above, did not look much like the old hymns of the reparable book, and even the sight of a harjo and the uproarious laughter and cheering which greeted me nightly from a den of vice just under my hotel window in Omaha, two years ago. Then look at this—"The only stupendous collection of real wax works in the world! Jarley's the delight of the nobility and gentry!" "The royal family are the patrons of Jarley!" "The Episcopal Festival," etc."

The time was when the meek and lowly Nazarene taught the gospel of equality, and instead of appealing to the people the name of nobility and gentry, he had only to prove his divine mission and that of his followers, by his wonderful works. Suppose it were possible for Jesus, the adored orator of the Christian world to come again in his true character, how many of these "gentry," these "nobility," these "Episcopal Festivals," would admit him?

In New Castle, at a Sunday School institute, the extremely Rev. Dr. Bain struck off the main line of his discourse, to give magnetism, spiritualism, the New York Ledger, and slight literature a dig, and having finished his grand exhibition, was followed by a lady who established her name as a fine reader by repeating a double extract of this same light literature. Of course there was no harm in that, for the lady was to draw twenty cents per head next evening, to assist the treasury. I suppose the Rev. Dr. Bain had as much as he could do to keep his hearers from laughing at his "light literature" business by writing for the Ledger. And we suppose, too, that the people cared just as much for his lecture on magnetism and spiritualism, as they did for the Ledger. But on the contrary, on looking over the report of the different sessions, I found that the teachers had been expressly charged to "look their pupils in the eye, and thus hold their attention."

I suppose Dr. Bain did not recognize the office of magnetism in this advice of a brother! But aside from all this inconsistency in the name of "modern worship," for the name of Christ only comes in as a terminus to the prayers—how many inconsistencies stare us at every page of our religious literature! Individually, as democracy—how few of us are free from the follies of Phariseism. Spiritualists, even, promising the world republican liberty, are, in the great majority, for more than a century, in the great majority, in the name of their own God. That mediums and speakers should be left to their own influence, and to pull on the great work by their own choice of conditions, has scarcely occurred to them as reasonable or consistent.

Many of this class have set themselves up as special protectors and guides of the mediums, and not a few must run to their own chosen circles and get directions which, if followed, would destroy the best mediumship. Others must ignore mediumship entirely, and want to "get rid of it." I really think sometimes there is as much difference between a living spiritualism and a profession of it, as there is between that modern Episcopal bill and the old hymn of the Prayer Book, which is not the least liable for being "out of date."

"O-a shall charge his angel legions," Watch and ward o'er thee to keep."

When the true friends of the cause are ready to come to the work in their own private service, and a speaker out in their own private service. And when the public demand is all out of order, and the case supply, it is not folly and madness thus to overtax them.

"But" say our friends, "now stop off and visit, and get rested."

They do not know that this same proposition is the worst they could enforce. This visiting is in what, prolonged, dissipation. Rich food, and too much of it; late hours, and too many of them; more or less excitement, then draughts of air, and often rushing from a warm room into the chill night air, with no quiet repose before sleep; half or two thirds of the night passed in a "Narcotic sweet rest" wiles us to her soothing presence. We rise only partially refreshed, to find the programme repeated. Tell us, even granting wax works and Episcopal festivals are admissible, is not a quiet, orderly, consistent and most useful public life in the cause of truth and humanity, a more practical evidence of our ability? What a work now presses upon the weary soldiers,—to do battle with voice and pen to meet the growing alliance that seeks to crush out our liberties, and while the clap net of expediency are resorted to by the modern church, in order to get wealth and power, let us not lose our opportunity by frittering away our best energies.

Let us not fail to secure our greatest power, and in the most consistent manner. How often are some of us prevented from writing on most important articles by the empty, shallow, and rotten practices of society! Nothing can compensate us for such losses. True reformers have no heart for dissipation—no heart for mere profession. The effort to sustain a spiritualism in the power and purity upon the crumbling pillars of popular morality and worth, will prove as fatal as it has with the churches.

The want of order, system, pure food, a proper style of dress, etc., in fact, the great danger in our mediums and all others, is the great danger in our body of life, and the command of society in this, our fertile land, how soon we should mark the glorious

result! But every nerve is strained to pick up the ten temples in the name of liberty, every bolt that will catch a penny is but a nail and a nail cost, and no matter who, as long as it is a nail, we will thank heaven that with all our power of numbers and lack of consolidation or agreement, we are still saved in the purity of our religion and in the highest of our power by just what some deem our greatest failure. For, had we bowed to a leader or an association, it would have proved the death of that spirituality.

Believing that mediumship is, in its purity and perfection destined to work out this same sovereignty, any rash infringement upon its principles must be attended with its lessons of penalty. But begging excuse for this lengthy article, we will direct a few more thoughts to our next paper.

Mariaetta, Ohio, Dec. 5, 1870.

*We, as Spiritualists.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

GOD FINITE OR GOD INFINITE.

A Short Reply to Austin Kent, by Dr. P. B. Wheelock.

BROTHER KENT: In your pleasant review of my last (which, by the way, is no answer), I find the following language:

"I have said neither God or devil could be infinite. No more could good or evil be infinite."

And further on you ask thus:

"Do you desire to impress me with the idea that our Creator and Father God is only pleased—made happy—by witnessing the sufferings of his children?"

Let us see if "neither God or devil are infinite," and good and evil are both finite entities, a kind of come-by-chance,—each a sort of special accident, floating ad acting at random as is the nature of all finite things, unless guided by wisdom unerring and infinite. I know not why each might not be pleased or angry, as their finite whims might dictate. And, dear brother, it is not quite clear to my mind which you would have us understand was "our Creator and Father"—your finite God or finite Devil? Perhaps you may mean both, as you claim to be a partaker of both pleasure and pain.

And why not suppose that each are pleased—made happy—by turns, as each shall witness alternate pleasure and pain in their legitimate or illegitimate children?

Why not say that these finite Fathers, by mutual agreement, are playing with their children the game of "care and pinch,"—the cares for their pleasure, and the pinch for their pain, and by so doing have a good time between themselves?

But as you say "neither good or evil can be infinite," then, of course, this game will end sometime; and with it both good and evil; and so ends both you, me, and all mankind.

No, this is not the "worst belief." Annihilation in preference to "eternal hell torments"—every time.

But what about the query of yours found in the postscript, reading thus:

"Symmetry with the suffering is suffering per se. If you say a good being can be entirely and infinitely happy in sight of suffering, how describe an evil being a devil?"

Suppose we ask another question. If suffering through sympathy makes a good being unhappy, why would not happiness and pleasure through sympathy make your devil equally miserable? And in strict justice to each, why should you have sympathy for one more than the other?

If the absence of all pain from the universe is requisite to make God more happy, he must be, as you intimate, a kind of finite simplicity. And to give comfort to your devil, or evil, (which you say is as real as good) all happiness and pleasure should immediately cease. Do not be partial, Brother Kent. Give the devil his due.

But as you wished me to be serious (as I always am), let us return to the question in another light. It is not vain, so to speak, an institution ordained by God, designed, in infinite wisdom, for the good of humanity, and, when rightly comprehended, as necessary as pleasure?

Does the pulling of a painful tooth necessarily make the dentist unhappy? Ought he not to be made happier, knowing the beneficial results?

Please tell us from whence can sorrow and pain, if not from a fountain of lubric wisdom, guided by infinite love; not as a finality, but as a means to higher ends—to greater pleasure.

Why should we pain in us be pleasure to God,—the knowing the good to us that will come of it? What if the peach tree—the lin-bus—the leaves—the buds are all bitter? The ripe fruit is pleasant to the taste and wholesome for food. And are not these bitter conditions essential to this end?

Put the human family into the crucible of this figure; give to your father and mine the attributes of infinite wisdom and goodness; and to ourselves the possession of elements like unto Him; then can we receive of an existence by law inherent in ourselves, possessing the quality of infinite good—of God—that shall run parallel with eternity.

Is not this Spiritualism? Is not your position something else? We leave the reader to judge. In friendship and love let us be one. It is to call out the thoughts of others that I have written this reply.

A pleasant rejoinder, by the permission of Brother Jones, will be in order.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Stirring for Heaven—A Fable—By N. B. Starr.

O, as upon a time a Violet lived in the under-land. Damp, clear and cheerful was the condition of this sweet little flower; and yet it had an instinctive perception that it should struggle upward to a higher life; and so, through the chilling winds and the biting frosts of the cold, dark earth, this brave and pure little Violet grew upward, until one beautiful morning in spring it burst the earth, and came into the upper world. When, dear God! what a flood of splendour burst on its enraptured vision. The sunbeams kissed it, the zephyrs fanned it, and the south wind brought it perfume. At eve it drank the nectar dew, distilled through moonbeams, until it grew faint with ecstasy as it entered in a world of bliss.

Now, this dear little flower had no selfish heart, although it had come up through the cold, dark earth, for it longed to go back to the under-land, and tell its sister of the glorious splendours of the upper life; but alas! her words fell dead and cold upon the ears of her sister, for she could not understand them.

Then was the Violet sad, but gladly she smiled again, for she knew that she would soon awaken to the joys of which she had spoken.

MORAL.

Be not cast down, oh mortal, at the coldness and selfishness of this under-world, for thou, too, if thou stivest well, shall, like that Violet, bloom in the eternal garden of God.

The Berlin (Wis.) High School has a reading room which is supplied with news papers and periodicals that have been already looked over by the well-to-do citizens.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
MICHIGAN.

A Voice from the Woods.

LETTER FROM A. P. BOWMAN.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir: The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and I strayed from our home in Berzie County to Mason. We left at home in the Township of Gilmore, about twenty or thirty believers in the idea, that departed human spirits influence the living. From the above believers, and others who do not believe, a society was formed, called the "Progressive Church." They are doing well, when we consider their surroundings and pressing wants.

Any lecturers passing through Berzie County, Michigan, by addressing A. C. Farley, the Corresponding Secretary, may find something to do, if they are willing to skip for the mile the honest and upright poor may have to bestow upon them.

As we did not stop between here and Berzie to look for friends of progress, we, therefore, cannot report any, but here in Mason County, Amber Township, we find quite a number—I am safe in saying from twenty-five to thirty-five believers affirm that there is communication between the departed and the yet remaining friends of earth.

Here the traveling lecturer will find another society, whose Corresponding Secretary is Valentine Parker, from whom information may be gathered, concerning work. The society is called the "Amber Church." It is standing on a broad and liberal basis.

We also have quite a number of believers in Vi-tory, the next town north of Amber. Any one passing along this line can address Dr. Timothy Knox for information. But let no one come into the points named above, expecting any great amount of pay as we necessary expenses. They are generous as a people, but poor,—unable to do any thing more than support a speaker with their mite.

I have not been able to obtain but few subscribers for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, on account of the scarcity of money among these industrious people. We are glad to yield many readers for your worthy paper. There is a dreadful monopoly here among the heavy trading and lumbering companies, that seriously injures the actual settlers, and keeps them moneyless. These companies refuse to pay cash for produce and work, until some "far off day," and then present immediate pay in their stores, where the honest laborers are compelled to trade at just such figures as the company may exact, or wait till the "far off day."

And oftentimes, when the "far off day" comes, the honest man of work is compelled to take goods, or wait still longer. We are glad to say that this state of things is beginning to break, and a better day is dawning for the people.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will have a place among this people in almost every family.

I will now close by presenting you with the programme of association adopted in the above named societies.

PROGRAMME.

Fundamental Principles, Faith, and Constitution of the Progressive Church.

1. We believe the Point of all Power.—The Father and Mother of all spirits.—The Infinite Wisdom and Love endowed all spirits of the human race with the inalienable right to judge for the selves what is right.

2. That conscience demands obedience to that judgment at the peril of condemnation and by the reward of justification.

3. That upon this basis of the right and private judgment, and the demands of conscience alone, can mind be elevated from error to truth, from wrong to right, from evil to good, from darkness to light.

4. Therefore, we hold it our duty to organize, in harmony with the above principles and rights, for the purpose of securing a free and untrammelled expression of judgment and faith on all questions, in harmony with the understanding and conscience of each member; and also in accordance with the laws of the State of Michigan, which incorporate and regulate religious associations.

5. To obtain this end, with the greatest amount of good to all, we shall endeavor to keep a record of faith, stated in the form of questions, to which all may respond after fair and candid discussion, with yes, nay, or don't know, as they verily believe. This belief they shall have the privilege of changing on record, by giving date whenever judgment and conscience so demands.

6. This society shall be known as the Progressive Church.

7. Any one may become a member by attendance to meetings—financially, as the laws of incorporation made by the State of Michigan incorporating religious associations may direct.

8. The officers of this society shall consist of one President, two Vice Presidents, one Secretary, one Treasurer and one Librarian. These shall constitute the Board of Trustees, and shall be elected annually.

9. This constitution may be amended by a fair majority of all the members, after general notice of such amendment be given at least two weeks previous to its passage.

A. P. BOWMAN, President.

G. B. Farley, Secretary.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE TINY RAPS.

By Miss Martha Pulsifer.

After reaching the golden side of the Atlantic, we spent three weeks in the city of San Francisco, after which we went to San Jose to find a home. We took up a temporary residence in the eastern part of the city, in a house located on S's' street, where we received a cordial welcome from both the visible, and the invisible spirits.

There were raps in the house at all hours of the day, and so loud and distinct that profound silence was not necessary to render them audible. We had a spirit portrait of my grandfather, drawn by Prof. Andrews, and on entering the room that contained it, there would come a perfect shower of raps on the picture and floor, reminding one of great heavy drops of rain, such as come in semi-cloudy days in early autumn. Doctor M. L. Sherman and lady were then members of our family, and in the evening, when we were all gathered around the fire, while talking of persons and scenes from which we had parted—perhaps forever, those raps would come as if in response to our uttered thoughts, on the hearth, or on chairs, under our feet, on the table and walls, and all over the room, answering any question we might ask.

After retiring, these gentle visitors still continued the manifestations of their presence, by rapping on our pillows, and rocking our beds, one first, and then all together, as we requested. They generally kept up the exercise until some one expressed a desire for them to cease. When

all was hushed, we were permitted to revel in the beauties of Dream-land. These things came as regularly as the hours while we remained in the house, but such strange phenomena were unknown to its former occupants. We only remained a month in that house, when we moved to a place of our own, two miles and a half south of San Jose on the Almaden road, where we spent many happy days.

During our short sojourn in the already mentioned place, we formed the acquaintance of many excellent people among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Beach, and Mrs. C. M. Stowe's family, and more that we would name, did time and space permit. Mrs. B. used frequently to visit us, and the first night she slept in our house, she was aroused from slumber by hearing loud, heavy foot-steps approaching her bed, and on looking up, saw the form distinctly, but as some of the family were also sleeping in the same room, she thought it one of us, and said nothing about it until asked "How she rested last night." "Nicely," she replied, "with the exception of that little disturbance, by which we were all surprised, of course." On another occasion, she saw a beautiful lady standing by my sister as she sat at the piano playing her "farewell," and hearing Mrs. B. describe her, my sister recognized her immediately, as her former music teacher of whom she had learned the piece in question.

San Jose is full of good people, and we hope some time to be among them again. Indian Valley, Cal., Nov. 18th, 1870.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

IOVA.

Jottings by the Way.

DEAR JOURNAL:—For the past ten months it has been my privilege to visit many of the most promising cities in the West. In them all I find much that is interesting; and meet with many warm sincere friends and co-workers in the great cause that needs assistance from every true source. In Rockford, where we remained five months, and where the Doctor, with the help of spirits who are over at hand to aid, made several astonishing cures, there are many souls who stand firm, ever ready to defend and sustain the truth against opposition and discord. Their reward will be that of the faithful "few over many."

In Beloit and vicinity, there are hundreds of Spiritualists, staunch and true, ready to do all they can to further the progress of our beautiful philosophy; and so in Elgin and other places. Since visiting your sanctuary, we have made our first visit into the state of Iowa, stopping in Davenport a few days. The Doctor had occasion to send a bill poster, a highly intelligent negro, to Iowa City. While on the train, one of the leading physicians, very wise, no doubt, in his own estimation, addressed Albert as follows:

"What I you, a respectable Christian man distributing circulars for Dr. Dake! He is a Spiritualist."

"If a man came to you to have a finger amputated, would you stop to ask him if he was a thief or a murderer?"

It struck me that Spiritualism must be at a very low ebb in Davenport, when a poor honest darkey had to apologize for serving one in its ranks.

Nature has done much to make Davenport one of the loveliest of cities, but any one who claims the cognizance of a Spiritualist, has a heavy burden to carry, unless, perchance, he has plenty of the where-with to cover his footsteps. There elsewhere, we found warm friends. Mr. P. B. Jones, one of God's own noble ones, gladdened our rooms with his genial countenance, and added much to our comfort with his hopeful words and cheering smiles, during our limited stay. He and his good wife have ever stood ready to give a kind welcome to all mediums who have visited this city, in fact, they have for years kept a free hotel for Spiritualists, as many a one can testify. Sunday afternoon, we enjoyed a ride with them. The canyons of Davenport and Rock Island are very interesting. We drove over to the island. This is owned by Government as a place for the manufacturing of all implements of war. There are to be thirty six buildings built entirely of stone and iron, for this purpose. Several are already under process.

General Rodman has a fine residence upon the island. He is the inventor of the twenty-lug gun. Dr. Dake was one of the fifteen who were permitted to be present at the casting of it in Pittsburgh. Dr. J. Bell, a well remembered, the anxious expressed by the General at the time.

The island is already a pleasant rendezvous, and will eventually be a place of great interest to travelers. From here we drove about three miles to visit a spot called Black Hawk Tower, a high eminence, named after the Erie. There we were surrounded by the Great Spirit, and call together in course his tribe of warriors. This is a fit place for inspiration and spirit communion.

We left this beautiful place just as the "God of day" smiled upon us, with a feeling of subdued gladness in the belief of a glorious immortality. We bade our new friends good-by, each wishing the other a God-speed, and hoping that our life lines might sometime again mingle together.

The Doctor met an old friend, Mr. Bronson, formerly of New York, and was pleased to learn that through the development of his wife as a trance medium, and by the reading of the JOURNAL, he has recently become a firm Spiritualist.

All in all, our sojourn in Davenport was fraught with lasting benefit to us. Monday, Nov. 23th, we took the cars for Iowa City, a lively little town on the Pacific Road, one of the Capital of the State. There we were surrounded by pleasant hotel accommodations and many homelike faces. Only one disadvantage, an extensive Medical College, which, to a progressive mind, seems almost superfluous.

Monday night, we had the pleasure of listening to Lucy Stone, the able exponent of woman's rights. Her claims were presented in a different manner than we often hear them,—more from the emotional standpoint than from the practical. She spoke feelingly and eloquently of the enduring power of a mother's affection for her child; asking most earnestly that our laws might be reformed so as to give to woman the disposal of money she has earned with her own hands, and that we might be removed from the odious classification with the idiots, insane and criminals, who are now disfranchised by the law. May the angels bless all such workers.

The age wants heroes—heroes who shall dare to struggle in the solid ranks of truth. We left Iowa City, every way pleased with the result of the Doctor's Iowa sojourn. Then we went to Cedar Rapids, over a very rough road, risking our lives to the mercy of a driver who evidently considered it disgraceful to drive horses that are not capable of passing everything on the road. Then again by steam to Cedar Rapids, where we are now, and where the doctor is meeting with good success.

He purposes visiting the leading cities of Iowa, and will give a free lecture in each place. Last evening, Rev. Mr. Irish called to see him. He was once a Methodist minister, but has recently renounced all former ideas, and by reading the JOURNAL, has become an earnest advocate of Spiritualism. The article entitled, "A Search after God" has done him a great deal of good. He says it is the best thing he ever read.

The spirits through the doctor's organ gave him some cheering communication, urging him not to falter, but to continue in the path he had entered, and more light would be given him.

Brother Jones, you can but feel encouraged by the good you are doing in spreading the truth through the columns of your valuable paper. Hoping that success may attend your efforts and the efforts of all true laborers in the field, I am yours for truth,

MAN, DELLA E. DAKIN.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—J. B. Swan writes.—Find enclosed three dollars for your valuable paper, which I have taken since the year 1866, and have had value received.

WADE, OHIO.—C. H. Toler writes.—With deep interest and much profit, I have read the paper for about a year, with a view to "knowing" it for its merits to J. M. Toler, Aberdeen, Brown County, Ohio. Here is the cash. Please send him the paper on trial. I am very anxious to hear some lectures from E. V. Wilson or some one like him. I see a great many people who would be glad to meet a test medium, though they say nothing about it in public. You cannot imagine the silent under current of interest there is among the people.

ROCKFORD, MICH.—Wm. Hicks writes.—I would say that we are preparing to build a hall early in the spring, 30x20, to hold our meetings in. We are not discouraged on account of a few would-be leaders to wing us, as per J. S. Loveland, of the Pacific Department of the Present Age. We are looking for the great discovery we have made on the Pacific coast in reference to the science of mud and matter.

OAKFIELD.—George D. Butler writes.—Enclosed you will find one dollar and fifty cents for the JOURNAL, as we cannot do without it, let what will come. I will endeavor to be more prompt next time, for I know your rules are to pay in advance, but my means are not ample, therefore I have neglected my duty. This is for a renewal.

FOULKLEVILLE, MO.—S. M. Browne writes.—You will find three dollars enclosed in payment of my subscription from last August to next August. Have just received your last issue, and seeing an article relative to delinquents, I concluded to send it, and help you all in my power. I have sent one dollar for your Benevolent Fund, and one dollar for Austin Kent.

REMARKS.—Thank you, good brother. Your good deeds will bring a meet reward. Loved ones in spirit life will ever be with, and guide and direct you in paths that lead to endless joy.

KINGSVILLE, MO.—W. J. Atkinson writes.—In the 27th chapter of Matthew we have the Bible account of the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus, and also that many of them that slept in their graves came forth and walked in the streets of Jerusalem, and appeared unto many. Now, did Jesus' body and the bodies of those "saints" really come up out of their tombs, or was this a false story circulated to establish a particular religious sect? Were those bodies really stolen, as Matthew brands the Jew as believing? Such stories are difficult for me to believe, and are a host of objections that present themselves to the mind of a true seeker. What evidence have you that this story is incorrect? I should like to see an article from your pen explaining this subject. The resurrection of Jesus, as found in this chapter, is the ground work of the system of religion built upon the New Testament.

BOSCOBEL, WIS.—J. C. Sweet writes.—I am a new subscriber to your soul-cheering paper. The three months' subscription has run out. Please send me three dollars, and place the paper on my credit. May the good angels hover around and assist you in feeding the hungry souls on substantial food, that are now turning away from the darkness.

CLARENCE, MO.—A. O. Durham writes.—Has the cause of Spiritualism completely died out in Missouri? I thought we had a State organization in this state, and were to have had a Convention in St. Louis last year, but it must have died in embryo, or have failed to get into the proceedings. It appears to me that there ought to be some interest gotten up to have one or two speakers to traverse the state, and why they are not set to work, is more than I can divine. They are hungering for spiritual food, and seemingly, no one to supply them. I believe a good speaker would receive a fair remuneration if they would take a trip through this part of the state.

AURORA, ILL.—Mrs. A. B. Smith writes.—Please accept a renewal of subscription for your more than valuable paper—for the life giving principles and soul-cheering element contained therein; also for its great and noble generosity.

NEW LISBON, WIS.—N. H. Southworth writes.—I would not like to miss a number of the paper, for otherwise it would be like an orthodox Sunday to me. We think your paper is indispensable, and would not like to be deprived of its presence.

MATAGORDA.—H. N. Gove writes.—Please send enclosed three dollars, for a renewal for the ensuing year. Although sometimes I get it for three weeks, it is worth the cost. If I get it at midnight, I generally peruse its pages before I can willingly lay it down.

UNION, OHIO.—Perris Hoag writes.—Much light will come through Spiritualism, the coming winter, and I want to be fully posted. That is the reason I wish to subscribe for your valuable paper. You will find three dollars enclosed for the paper.

THOMPSON, OHIO.—M. Hulbert writes.—I think the paper never was so fine as now, reading as at present. It is liked very much in these parts. I wish that it might be read by all the people. I think it would make them better. There is a good society here in Thompson, and we have a hall of our own, and a Lyceum in a flourishing condition.

CASTALIA, IOWA.—L. S. Maynard writes.—I am a little behind with my subscription to the paper, yet I feel that it is necessary to have it, to help supply the spiritual food my soul needs. You will find one dollar and fifty cents, to add a little to the time, and when that is out, I hope to be able to remit again. Samuel Hunter, one of the trial subscribers I sent you, wishes to have his paper stopped. Do not forget it. The wife thinks the "Search after God" blasphemous, and fears the devil will get the house if such an awful paper is allowed to come into it. So please stop it at once.

ST. CHARLES, MINN.—M. V. Silsbee writes.—I am only a trial subscriber as yet, but like the paper so well I should be lost without it.

FALLSBURGH, MICH.—Benjamin Lewitt writes.—I should be lost without the paper to read. Your bold assertions in the light of orthodoxy, and your plain reasoning on the being and attributes of a God, suit my mind, and hope you will long live to defend our spiritual philosophy. I like the bold letters of Austin Kent, which you have published at times in the JOURNAL. He is a deep thinker. I wish I was able to help him in his misfortune, and if my health and fortune continue to be good for another year, I hope to be able to do a little for him.

Jeremiah Brown writes.—As my last year's subscription for which I have paid up, is about to expire, the times are so hard that I must request you to discontinue it until further orders. It is not because I dislike it by any means, for it is the best paper that is printed at this time, and should be very happy to be able to continue it as long as I live, but dear brother, I am an old man, upwards of seventy years of age, very poor and decrepit, and not able to do much at any time.

My dear brother, your case is worthy of the Benevolent Fund. Some generous man or woman, will, we are confident, send us a donation for the Benevolent Fund, to pay for a year's subscription to you, free.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

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

Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1870.

TERMS OF THE

Religio-Philosophical Journal.

\$3.00 per year, \$1.50—6 months, \$1.—4mo.

Fifty cents for Three Months on trial
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or Post-Office Money Order, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a registered letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so.

All subscriptions remaining unpaid more than six months, will be changed at the rate of \$3.50 per year.

ADVERTISING is solicited and an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrears is made, as required by law.

No names are given on the subscription books without the first payment in advance.

SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with or without further reminder from this office.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them unclaimed for, is prima facie evidence of fraudulent intent.

NOTE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Upon the receipt of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made. If a statement of John Smith has been made to Dec. 10th, 1870, it will be mailed "Smith J.—10 Dec.—0." The 2 means that it has only been paid to Dec. 10th, 1870, it would then be "Smith J.—10 Dec.—9, or perhaps, in some cases, the last two figures for the year, as 70 for 1870, or 69 for 1869.

When remitting money to this office for the Journal, should be enclosed a note stating whether a renewal, or a new subscription, and with proper names plainly.

All letters and communications should be addressed S. S. Jones, 189 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Does Design in Nature Indicate the Existence of a God.

NUMBER TWENTY.

In this dialogue we aim to teach an important lesson. Matter is eternal; its laws are eternal also. Its tendency is in a particular direction, and no power can change it. Being indestructible, it denies the efforts of puny man, and has no enemies that it fears. If matter is given new tendencies, then all its laws are not eternal, which would imply the creation of something out of nothing. Matter possessing the same peculiarity today that it has throughout all time, nothing can be added to it, nothing taken therefrom. We left the Philosopher talking with the mad Wave. He had been taught an important lesson. The scenes around him were bewildering to him, and he hardly knew what he was about. The Wave resumes the conversation.

Wave.—Philosopher, your search for God is fruitless. You see the elements paying no attention to puny man. I cause the death of those who try to live within me. I sustain the life of the inhabitants of earth, and in one sense, I am life itself. Philosopher, take that microscope, and examine my body. What do you see?

Philosopher.—Innumerable animals in invisible to the naked eye.

Wave.—Within me are elements of life, and they develop themselves in organized life. Life is diffused throughout every part of me, but only organized in those animalcules. You drink water, and it is that organized animalcule-life that gives vitality to the system. You appropriate them to your own use, and they impart brilliancy to the eye, tints to the cheek, strength to the nerve, elasticity to the muscle. I don't know that any God has anything to do with this. Water, as matter, is eternal; hence, this peculiarity was never created—it always existed. No God ever made these animalcules.

Philosopher.—You reason strangely. In those little organisms, I see evidence of a design; hence, there must be a Designer, and he must be God.

Wave.—Philosopher, you cannot go beyond the source of anything. I give birth to those animalcules, and beyond me you cannot go. How can you go beyond me, when I am eternal? The Designer always exists prior to his work; this is true in the world of arts and sciences—why not true in Nature? You trace these animalcules to the water, and you might as well ask what was before the Eternal as to endeavor to trace them to any Infinite Designer. The action of the elements produces cold and heat, winds and calms, and it is their influence that unfolds many things.

Philosopher.—Do you declare, then, that design in Nature is no indication of a Designer.

Wave.—Those animals were generated in accordance with certain laws inherent in matter; they were unfolded or developed, just as easily as the sun's rays, constantly acting upon me, will change me into a cloud. Don't you feel the sun's rays—they are terribly hot! In a moment more I shall be changed to mist, and then I will form a beautiful cloud. [The wave accordingly becomes a cloud.]

Cloud.—How are you, Philosopher? Where's your Designer? Didn't that change indicate a design, and don't all designs have back of them, a designer? Ha! ha! ha! I would like to see that Almighty God you are looking for. I defy him! Here comes the lightning and the thunderbolt, and I defy the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I defy all G-ds! I was a Wave; the sun's rays acted upon me, and,

presto change! here I am—a Cloud. I could not resist their action. A few hours ago I hurried to destruction hundreds of innocent men, women, and children. I laughed at their prayers—and sneered at their pious efforts to reach the shore. I, sir, recognize no G-d. All the elements belong to one family—the Eternal. I obey the sun, wind, and gravity. I never do anything unless acted upon. The sun has his mastery, and he is compelled to travel in a certain orbit, and, poor fellow! he can't get out of it, if he would. Now I will just start a tornado. G-d up on that tower, and witness its effects. [Thereupon the heavens become covered with dense clouds, and the tornado is soon completed.]

Tornado.—Philosopher, how are you? Think you will find G-d? Now see me! Here I go! Behold me spilling the crops of the farmer, tearing down fences, and demolishing buildings.

Philosopher.—You seem to travel with me, chaotic regularity. Certainly some G-d could control such a being.

Tornado.—Look! my pathway is a parabola, like a planet in its orbit. I travel with mathematical precision. All tornadoes do the same. All the elements seem orderly in their actions. There is just as much order in the tornado, the flashing lightning, the deluge, and the earthquake, as in any department of Nature. One element alone is powerless, but let two or more unite their forces, and wonderful results are produced. You reason to little effect. You are searching for a Designer in Nature. You will never find a Universal Designer. [While he was speaking, and while passing into a gentle calm, the mist, acted on by the currents of air, produced the halftone, which fell on the head of the Philosopher, and, nearly knocking him down, rolled away a few feet.]

Halftone.—Ha! ha! you're searching after G-d! You are a poor reasoner. Look at me.

Philosopher.—You are a cruel monster, to strike me such a severe blow on the head. You have nearly crazed me. You are a bright looking object. Where did you come from? Did you ever see G-d?

Halftone.—Philosopher, a few hours ago I existed as a Wave, and destroyed the lives of thousands. Just for a moment I became me. I am an eternal rock.

Philosopher.—Yes, and you are perfectly round—a perfect sphere. Somebody must have made you.

Halftone.—Ha! ha! I am only one condition of water. The sun's rays acted upon the wave—it produced mist—the mist formed a cloud, and the action of different currents of air upon it, formed me. I never saw G-d. You see evidences of a design in me. I am a perfect sphere. Chance—blind chance could not have done that—ha! ha! You see, Philosopher, that the elements are a law unto themselves. The positive and negative forces just balance. Now, the action of the sun, water and atmosphere produced me—I am a perfect sphere. Within my solid body is nothing but water. A little while ago, I was a wave, then mist, then a cloud, and now I am a solid body.

If the sun and atmosphere are not endowed with intelligence, perhaps that characteristic had something to do with me. How do you know but you were unfolded by the action of the laws of nature the same as I? How much do you weigh?

Philosopher.—One hundred and fifty pounds.

Halftone.—Within you are one hundred and eleven pounds of oxygen, and fourteen pounds of hydrogen—they are combined in your body in the form of water. You have only twenty-five pounds of other materials in your body. I, sir, am an important part in creation.

It may be as easy for the elements to create a man, as to form a tornado, a halftone, or a snowflake. You don't amount to much. You have, sir, in your body about fourteen gallons of water, enough to drown yourself. Water is just as essential in the process of forming your body, as it is in making me. You are more complex in your organization than I am, on account of more of the elements entering into your composition.

Philosopher.—The views you advance startle me. Can water that can not see, iron which can not hear, carbon which can not feel, phosphorus which can not taste, and can not think, and other materials too numerous to mention, unite and form a man who can see, hear, taste and think?

Halftone.—Your question is somewhat puzzling. Can water which can not see, the air which can not hear and the sun which can not think, organize a perfect sphere? Here I am. I present myself as an example. You can not make a halftone in that pool of water yonder, but let the sun act upon it, change it to mist, which unite in a cloud, then currents of air act thereupon, and a hard substance—a perfect sphere—bearing evidence of a design is formed. This grand work is accomplished by the elements, which do not see, hear, feel or think. Where is your designer? I am a perfect sphere. A few hours ago I was mist, was the home of the lightning and the thunderbolt, rode on the wings of the storm, and made high heaven my home. A water, I was useful as well as destructive; as a cloud, I caged the lightning, and sent it forth to destroy the fairest works of man; as a hailstone, I bear evidence of design, just as much as the flower that lifts its rainbow-tinted head in the field. In order to produce the halftones, I had to pass through different conditions, though I still possess all the constituents of water. I am simply oxygen and hydrogen. I was oxygen and hydrogen as water; the same in the mist; the same in the cloud; the same in the tornado; the same in the halftone. Hydrogen can be solidified, be made as hard as a rock. Oxygen does not possess the same properties. In order for water to produce me, it passes through successive changes. If blind currents of atmosphere, deaf sun, and thoughtless heat and cold, can change water to mist, and from the mist to a solid sphere, why not all the elements united form a being like you?

Philosopher.—I am perplexed at your reasoning, and as onished at your presumptions. You don't seem to have any G-d.

Halftone.—I tell you, I never saw him; the sun, moon and stars never saw him—he never has been, and never will be seen. You can trace me to the cloud, from the cloud to the mist, from the mist to the wave, that carried that massive ship.

(To be continued.)

The Journal.

As usual the JOURNAL is richly freighted this week with interesting reading matter. On the sixth page is an address by Nellie T. J. Brigham and Thomas G. Les First, well worthy of careful perusal. "Elysia Leda," by Dr. Fairchild, contains many ideas of interest. The essays, etc., on second, third and sixth pages, are of sterling worth, and will command attention. On the first page, will be found many things that will interest the reader. On the fourth, fifth and eighth pages, will be found the usual editorial notes.

The JOURNAL will publish from time to time, addresses from Emma Hardinge, Nellie T. J. Brigham, Rev. A. J. Fabbler, D. W. Hull, and other prominent speakers. It is devoted exclusively to the Spiritualist's play. It is read by not less than 100,000 readers. Inspired will send their best thoughts here, for they know that by so doing, they reach the masses.

The JOURNAL has won the confidence of the people. Its essays, its different departments, its searching analysis of things in general, has placed it in the front ranks. It makes no PROMISE, but what it fulfills. It finds its way to the home of the poor, as well as to the wealthy—it is read by none. Now is the time to renew your subscription, and obtain an additional subscriber. Ad us, and we will aid and bless you. Do not exclusively to Spiritualism, it has found its way to the heart of the people, and they love its bold and in defense of truth and right.

The Bible in the Balance.

J. G. Fish.—Dear Sir.—Thanks for a copy of that able work, "The Bible in the Balance," which I have just perused with great pleasure and interest. For profound research, clear reasoning, solid deductions and general excellence, it ranks, in my opinion, with the first productions of the day, and cannot fail to accomplish a startling revolution among all Christian sects and parties who are not bigoted to reason—the noblest gift of God.

Most truly yours,
JAMES MCCARTHOY,
Associate Editor, etc.

Office: of Watts's Art Journal, 746 Broadway,
New York, Nov. 10th, 1870.

Cure for Opium-Eaters.

John Darling, of Chicago, called upon us and stated that he has been afflicted with the terrible appetite of using morphine. He was in the habit of using ten grains per day, and sometimes more.

He saw in this paper an advertisement of Dr. C. Linas' remedy, applied for the same; and he is happy to inform the public that he has never taken any morphine since the first dose of the remedy was taken—about six weeks since.

He feels confident that it will prove a perfect remedy. It is a painless cure.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

Arrived in London, from the United States, November 15th. She was entertained at a public reception, given by the Spiritualists of London, in Cambridge Hall, Newman Street, on Tuesday evening, November 22nd. B. Coleman occupied the chair, and words of congratulation and welcome were spoken by J. Barrs and others.

THE YOUNG FOLKS' RURAL.

The first number of the YOUNG FOLKS' RURAL is received. It is a fine-looking sheet of eight pages, the largest of the young peoples' papers full of entertaining reading matter, good stories, dialogues, and pieces for school exercises—pictures, etc. It is designed to cultivate a taste for Rural Life. \$1.00 per year; single numbers, ten cents. Published by H. N. F. Lewis, Pub. Western Rural, Chicago, Ill.

We would suggest that a year's subscription to this attractive paper would be a beautiful Christmas or New Year's gift for your boys or girls. See the advertisement elsewhere.

"The Voices."

The third edition of this poetical gem, by Warren Sumner Barlow, is now out, and contains many marked improvements over the previous editions. It contains a fine steel engraving of the author, and is elegantly bound. We shall take the opportunity soon, to give it a more extended notice.

Literary Notices.

The Atlantic Monthly for January, has arrived, and in this number has nobly sustained the exalted reputation in which it is held by all classes of people. The articles are of a character admirably adapted to entertain, as well as instruct, and we predict for it the coming year, unparalleled success. No table is complete without the Atlantic; no literary mind has suitable diet unless it can glean from its pages. Fields, Osgood & Co., publishers, Boston. Single number, thirty-five cents. Yearly subscriptions, \$4.

Our Young Folks, an illustrated magazine for boys and girls, is certainly one of the very best periodicals of the kind now published, and no boy or girl who can read, should be without it. Fields, Osgood & Co., Publishers.

The Spiritual Monthly and Lyceum Record, for December, has arrived, and is an excellent number, and should be well sustained. It is edited by J. H. Powell, and published by W. F. Brown & Co., Boston.

The Nursery for January, is beautifully illustrated, and is a perfect gem for children. John S. Shorey, 36 Broomfield street. Publishers, Boston.

At Sand Hill Ky., on Sunday, the 4th inst., while a minister was baptizing a man, in the river, the man was drowned.

Personal and Local.

There will be a Convention of the Spiritualists of De Kalb County, at Geneva, Ill., on Dec. 25th. Mrs. Mum and Dr. Jewell will be there. The doctor is an excellent test medium, lecturer and healer. Mrs. Adie L. Ballou will also be present. Mrs. B. has been lecturing at Chicago, Urbana and D.atur, Ill., to crowded houses, her eloquent appeals in behalf of the cause awakening new interest there, and her many tests causing sceptics to investigate. A good time may be expected, and we assure our friends in the adjacent counties that they will be well cared for, and have a good time if they attend. See call in another column of this paper.

Eliza C. and others write us that they would like to correspond with such persons as desire to unite in a community. Address him at Brimingham, Mich.

Some friend in Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes Nov. 28th, and sends us \$2.50, but does not sign his name to the letter. Cannot place it to the right credit: until the name is given.

Annie Kent makes the following report: "I have received from your patrons since Nov. 1st, as follows:

O. Bixby	50
E. T. Cushman	\$1.00
Frank Sears	50
J. Huover	50
O. Lamborn	50
J. T. Muzzie	\$1.00
R. T. L. Caswood	\$1.00
M. J. Evans	50
Total	\$11.50

Some eight persons have sent me 25 cents for the tract. For all of this, I desire to return my most heartfelt thanks, with my prayer that it may never be lost, lessen the happiness of any donor. I desire to add—I made mistakes, as I did not form reply. I may repeat, or I may leave out, some names." Stockholm, N. Y.

Dr. M. L. Sherman, who recently came to this city from California, is now permanently located here, and will treat the diseased at his residence, or at their homes. The doctor has a good reputation as a healer. See his advertisement in another column.

George A. Bacon made the following remarks in a late Conference at Boston: He confessed himself unprepared to do justice to the merits of the question. Clairvoyance was defined to be clear seeing, or seeing through other than the usual channels. Its method or mode of action was replete with mystery. Science was unwilling to fully admit its claims, though not a few scientists have recognized its facts. Pure or simple clairvoyance was not to be confounded with spiritism, so called. A. J. Davis, one of the ablest and very best of clairvoyants, disclaimed being a medium. The name of clairvoyance was spiritual. This was its origin and basis. In numerous instances it had demonstrated its independence over, and its superiority to the physical sciences. Its operation was analogous to intuition. Dr. A. P. Purce and a score of others, of this city, have given overwhelming evidence of possessing this wonderful power. The speaker related several deeply interesting facts which had come under his own observation. The fruits of clairvoyance were a mass of extraordinary facts, which no man or class of men could gain say—a personal, social, and medical character, ameliorative and humanitarian in tendency, purpose and result.

Mrs. S. M. Thompson, of Cleveland, Ohio, will speak at Grafton Centre, Lorain County, Ohio, in the town hall, on Sunday, Jan. 8th, 1871—forenoon and afternoon. Mrs. Thompson is a trance speaker, also a test medium for private sances. She has spoken there once in four weeks for the past three months. The subject to speak on, has been selected by the audience every time. She has improved and sung several beautiful poems. James Hubert writes to us that he can recommend her to the Spiritualists of the United States, as a speaker and medium every way worthy of their support and patronage. Her residence is 161 St. Clair street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Dr. M. L. Sherman is a very fine psychometrist. From our own observation we know that she ranks among the very best. See her advertisement in another column of this paper.

Brother E. Winchester Stevens sends us the following appeal: "Our venerable and worthy brother, Rev. Joseph Baker, of Jolietville, Wis., now in his sixty-fifth year, is entirely helpless and in imminent danger of paralysis and apoplectic condition. He will not accept any means of support. His wife has been confined to her room for the last three weeks with a slow fever. The charity of friends, their only hope of salvation from absolute want, is hereby invoked. The self-h may ask, 'Can they any children on whom they can rely?' I answer, they have but one child, and that one struggling for an honest living in Chattanooga, Tenn. Brother Baker has been a faithful and efficient worker in the great field of human rights, and spent his energies and great ability in the advancement of liberal and spiritual ideas. He is worthy of respect and charity. Let such as would lay up unwasting treasures, contribute of their means, either of money or necessities of life, and may his evening sky be cloudless, until the angels shall escort him to the home of the faithful."

"The Bible in the Balance," by Rev. J. G. Fish, is a very interesting and instructive work.

C. Fannie Allyn has occupied the rostrum at Crosby's Music Hall during the last three Sabbaths and has nobly sustained the reputation that preceded her. She is indeed one of our most able and eloquent advocates. Her ideas are clearly expressed, and combined with a voice that is musical and sweet, she attracts the attention of her audience, and seems to carry them with her. Her improvisations are of a high order, and fascinating in the extreme.

"The Fountain, with Jets of New Meaning," by A. J. Davis.

West ward ho! The friends and invalids in Council Bluffs are to be favored with a visit from our worthy brother in the cause of mental and physical reform, Dr. Dumont C. Dake, on his way to Lawrence, Kansas. He will lecture in the principal hall, and will heal at Ogden's Hotel, Council Bluffs, for a few weeks, commencing Saturday, Dec. 24th.

Read the history of Jesus, as given by Paul and Judas, through Alexander Smyth, if you wish to get the only correct history of that remarkable medium ever written.

Mrs. A. E. Allen, an excellent medium, has removed to 231, West Madison street. Her mediumship embraces many phases.

Lyman C. Howe will lecture at Crosby's Music Hall, during January. Those who desire the services of this eminent trance medium, can address him in care of the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

—Brother A. B. Boff sent us fifty-four cents for Brother Annie Kent. Friends had better remit directly to Brother Kent. His address is Stockholm, N. Y.

—Molbry K'ungum, Sec., sends a report here, but fails to give the name of the State where the meeting was held. As there are several places of the same name in the United States, it would be a matter of speculation as to where the proceedings took place.

—Mrs. Louise D. DeWalt, of Joliet, Ill., says she has perused the JOURNAL with great profit, that she could not do without it, and that through the mediumship of Dr. Greer, she has been restored to perfect health.

—J. G. Fish has commenced lecturing again. He is the author of the "Bible in the Balance," and a man of remarkable ability. He is prepared with an excellent set of dramatic vases in geology and natural history, which he proposes to use in connection with his lectures. He makes the following liberal terms: If the hall is furnished to him free, he will do his own advertising, and give half of the receipts to the society. His address is Providence, R. I.

—If you want to buy a book that will interest your orthodox friends, as well as yourself, procure a copy of "In Union," by Mrs. Francis K'ungum. She dedicates the work to the following language: "To Freddie, my precious son. He is not dead! He is risen; and he doth all in me to the very praise of his happy home." The following quotations from Pop and Colton, which she places on the title page, will give some idea of the character of the book:

"Slave to no sect, who takes up no private road, But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God."

"The hand that moved Baliszar, derived its most heavenly influence from the want of a body and Death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not."

For sale at the office of this paper. Price \$1.25, postage 16 cts.

—George W. Fairbrother, of Tecumseh, Nebraska, writes that the people are anxious for a lecturer and test medium to visit that place.

—Miss Lottie Fowler, a splendid medium, has been speaking at Bridgeport, Conn., and many of the girls employed in the Union Metallic Cartridge Works called to see her. "What she told them," says the Bridgeport Daily Standard, "that there would be an explosion yesterday about eight o'clock in the morning—a high one, but that whole establishment would go up high and dry into thousands of fragments before Sunday night, or something like that." Believing this, the girls, many of them, could not be persuaded to stay in the shop, but ascended to the superintendant. The company is so pieced with orders for cartridges that the factory is run day and night, and the absence of the employees was a serious damage to the concern. Mr. Hobbs, the superintendant, called on the Chief of Police, and complained that Miss Fowler was frightening the girls out of their wits, and the Chief went immediately to her room at the Atlantic Hotel, to remonstrate with her against the "horror of her ways." She was about to leave the office, but the girls, in fact, she was more so, for the big tears rolled down her face as she listened to the recital of the wrong she had inflicted, and was told the penalty thereof was imprisonment. Fie and quivering with fear, she inquired, "What can I do? Are you going to arrest me?" The Chief talked pretty plain, and told her she had better not tell any more of her friends for the girls in that shop, if she did, she would doubtless be punished. She paid back the money she had received from the cartridge girls, and promised to hasten her departure from Bridgeport, and leave the matter rest at present. "The girls are not all dead," said she, "but a proper emergency on the action of these persons was as credulous enough to believe in the delusion of fortune-telling, as practiced by L. L. Fowler, and others like her."

But the explosion did occur as predicted, and he is the account from the Evening Post, another paper published at Bridgeport: "Yesterday afternoon at about half past three o'clock, a loud explosion at the works of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company announced that a serious catastrophe had occurred. Some forty of the workmen in the plant shops deserted their posts, and hurried forth to ascertain the nature of the accident. Wives and mothers of employees were thrown into the greatest consternation as they thought of loved ones, and gave full vent to their grief, franticly inquiring if their husbands or children were killed, and begging to know the worst. An immense crowd soon gathered, and a hundred rumors were started, each contradictory of the other. Of course it was impossible to obtain any accurate information at such a time. The great hall was very dark, and the exodus of the hands was very rapid, from the fact of the powder magazine being very near the blazing ruins."

Miss Lottie's prediction was realized, and had they been headed, a frightful loss of human life might have been saved.

—Andrew Hunt, of Danville, writes that a good speaker would do well to give the Spiritualists in that section a call.

—Dr. Sherman, the healing medium, and Mrs. Sherman, the psychometrist, are to be found at 306 South Clark street, Chicago.

—Judge O. S. Paston, formerly a resident of this city, is now a resident of Harrodsburg, Ky., and is still doing a good work in behalf of Spiritualism through the influence of his pen and speeches.

—On the third page will be found "Eastern Lode" by the distinguished speaker and medium, Dr. H. P. Fairchild. His lectures are eloquent, logical and highly entertaining. He speaks at Williamsville, Conn., during this month.

—Read advertisement of Smyth's "Jesus of Nazareth" in another column.

—Mrs. M. L. Hopper, of 933 Brooklyn street, St. Louis will answer calls to lecture. She is a clairvoyant, and sees and describes spirits.

—A gentleman residing in Troy, N. Y., makes the following report to the Times of that city: "About two weeks ago we began to be annoyed with a strange noise in the house at night. My wife was awakened the other night by a loud rapping at the bedroom door. She immediately aroused me, and I sprang out of my bed to see who was there. To my great surprise, I could see no one. I went into the dining room, and found the table set, and all ready for breakfast. I went back and called my wife. When we came back again the table was gone, and nothing in the dining room, but six or eight chairs, placed in the center of the room. While we were standing there, horror-stricken, the table came floating in from the parlor, and was placed in one end of the room. I heard three loud groans—they seemed to come from the kitchen, but I could not tell where; my wife faintly sprang out of the window, terrifiedly frightened awakened my next neighbor, and she came up, and told my story as well as I could to him. We both went back to the house, and found my wife sitting in a chair. I asked her how she came there, and she said she did not know. Searched the house thoroughly, but to no purpose; we could find nothing. Our kind friends set up, as the rest of the night, but nothing more disturbed us. We have been troubled a few nights since, but not enough to cause any excitement. Cannot account for it in any other way than that spirits have really taken possession of the house."

—Dr. E. E. Perkins, of Princeton, Kansas, will answer calls to lecture anywhere in Kansas during the next winter.

The Postscript.

IS IT FINISHED?

An Address by Nellie J. T. Brigham and Thomas Gates Foster, at Harmonical Hall Philadelphia, June 12, 1870.

Reported by Henry T. Child M. D.

NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM: We take for our subject this one little question. Is it finished? We are told that when the body of an older teacher of the truth was crucified, his last words were, "It is finished." This referred only to a certain work which he had done, for he taught that "the Father worketh hitherto and I work."

He also taught his disciples that he would be with them, with a power which could save them.

When we ask the question in the outward, is it finished? the answer comes back through the boundless lanes of the Universe, not development goes on forever. Men may talk of the spirit of nature, as the blind man talks of colors, or of the stars which he does not see, and the do this when they speak of God as the Creator, and of all that exists below as Creation. When we look at anything of this nature; when we seek to find on the heights of the mountain top, or in the valleys wherein the Father, the Creator, has rested, we find. We may go over the wide world, and from everything the voice ever comes up, it is not finished; therefore, through all the world there is not such a thing as creation or such a power as Creator in the sense that anything is finished.

We do not deny the existence of God, but that he brings forward from nothing that power which we see in this world as a special creation, we cannot accept, for whatever lives today has its germ, and had development yesterday. Whatever we find existing now, has a two fold relation to mind,—first it is a result itself, and second it is a cause itself. So through all the wide world of matter and of spirit, we find there is no resting spot, no development that is upon itself the sign and soul of God's finished work. The present, with all its glorious power, is only one round in the ladder of everlasting progress. The great fault with man is, that when he has received any truth, beautiful in itself, when the part or the present unfolds it when they at last comprehend it, they say truly this is sublime and beautiful and fair, there can be nothing beyond this, it is all complete. So they fold their arms with satisfaction about them and say it is finished. Still the voice of man's spiritual nature pleads for more, pleading that the old is good and useful in its way, but only useful when it lays the foundation for the new,—that which is to be. Man often does well when he looks back through the dim and misty halls of recollection. It does well when he grasps the truth to-day; but he does not well when he says, this is all there is, far from the world of thought the words goes forth,—it is not finished. Science comes to men and says, read the truths of Nature, and behold the hand writing of the spirit of God's development in all that you see around you, as well as in yourselves. Man binds his eyes and says, it is finished. Did not God give us the Bible which is a history of Creation. Men suppose that when the morning stars sang together at the dawn of creation, the work was finished, and all that man had to do was to look at it, and behold what God had finished.

Through all Nature comes to man these words, "Thou hast not finished." In careful revelations written in the grand rhythmic harmony of the Universe, and to every human heart, there comes the voice of God's truth written in the stars, and everywhere on the earth, and in the human soul, saying always, "God's work is never finished." Down through the depths of the earth, we find that there are teachings, which say that the Father is ever manifest and through all the world of matter beneath you feel he ever says, "I am not finished."

There is a class of persons who cling fondly to the past; they have a "hobby" in the life that contains, and then try like the prodigal son to live up in the husk and refuse to answer the call of the Father. They say the old writings of the old revelation is enough. We have the Bible; it says it is finished; and this is enough for us to know. There are commands in the ancient revelation teaching man, "to seek and he shall find, and he shall receive."

Let man, therefore, ask for truth and see if she has spoken falsely to him. Let him ask through the broad boundless universes for truth, and truth will ever answer, that nothing is finished.

Theology says, it is finished. Does not the Bible tell you that the heavens and the earth were created in a certain length of time, and God pronounced them finished? They say, Would you have science tell us the work is not done? Would you have science build up its theories above the ancient revelations? Suppose now we look at this world. We take up a little handful of gravel, and we find that all its atoms have been rounded into their present shape. We know there must have been the action of strong forces in nature, rolling waves, or chemical forces must have acted to make the rounded pebbles of fine form that gravel. We look forth upon the ocean, the mariner sails far away on a voyage, and a few years after they find in that same place, there has suddenly risen above the surface of the water an island composed of volcanic matter. The water may stand for years, and the waves roll over it. In time it will begin to grow green and beautiful with blossoms, and then become an abode for man. Why, throughout all this world nothing is finished. There are winds, waves, earthquakes and volcanoes; there are changes continually going on. The little coral insect labors to lay the foundations of islands and continents, and all over the world God's truth says of this work, it is not finished. But one says, some parts of it are finished. That man physically, intellectually and spiritually, is finished. This is not so. The world is growing everywhere, and man also, so in the dark hour of night when the earth itself seemed lost, it is preparing for higher and grander conditions—the grand musicians are only tuning their instruments, only getting ready for that wondrous harmony for which the world has dreamed and prayed, and which shall fall sometime on the glorified perceptions of the human spirit.

The changes that take place in nature, are all in accordance with law—sometimes the floods sweep away certain parts of the country, but nature always brings forth beauty and harmony. If she takes from one part of the country fullness, it is only that she lifts a handful of the golden dust to drop it down in another place. Thus she shows man that all things are progressive, for if we look deeper into nature, and ask, why is it that these strange and mysterious enemies of man shake the earth, these strange underground convulsions. There is a natural solution of this problem. When the terrible power of the earthquake is felt, it is not that the angry Deity threatens to destroy it, it is simply an evidence; that the world is not dead in its burning, throbbing heart; it is an evidence that the world is not yet finished. Go with us to one of these ever burning mountains,—look around you, and you find the land has gained upon the sea. As the lava current runs down, it forms more land out of the mountain. The

very stream is poured forth, and the earth is over-d for miles with it. These great waves of fire are thus building up mountains. We know that always the surface grows thicker and thicker when the central fire recedes, and so what man calls discord, is only an evidence of action, and action in nature is always an evidence of harmony. This is the work of nature, and nature's spirit through all these changes, says to you again and again, It is not finished, and that which is true of these outward things, is also true of the spirit that is within you.

We pass over all grades of being beneath us, and in all we find the law of progression still in action. We come to man's soul. We find there are great varieties in these—some are high, and pure, and dignified, and others are so small and weak that it would seem necessary to go back and have the wheel of mortality revolve several times before the brain comes into proper position; that it must live a long time before this can be immortal. We almost question whether there are not some persons who are so degraded that they have no immortality? We find it extremely difficult to draw the line between man and his brother below when we look at the lowest man. We wonder if such a soul is immortal—it may be a poor savage, a bushman. It seems almost impossible that God should immortalize his little spiritual perception.

While you are looking down upon such a soul as that, did you ever think that there might be a soul so far above you that they might also say, can it be possible that this is my brother? Throughout all human life is a chain of development by the hand of the Father. A part of the truth is in the dust, but never a soul is lost from God. True selfhood belongs to all these links of the chain, and they are welded together—some of them are in the mud, and slime, and dust of earth, and some of them are raised and congregated with the angels. Some of them are in sorrow and tears, and others shine pure with the lustre of heavenly light, but whatever we see a single link of the universal chain, we know it belongs to this great brotherhood of man, and we know that our Father is the Father of all, from the lowest to the highest soul that is in existence.

We repeat again these words: *It is not finished.* No man is finished; no class of men are finished. The mind that is satisfied with what it is, and what it knows, is most to be pitied, for while it imagines it sees light, it is only such a dim light as shines through the windows of materialism and selfishness. Through all this world, then, there is no soul so high but that it needs more light. Man finds one part of his life in the dust, and another above him, and when we look at human beings, we see that there is not one that is rounded out into completeness. There is a work that angels bend earthward to do,—a work that they feel is never doing, even in this earth. They cannot say a still and witness the conditions of humanity, without doing something to elevate human nature. It is not all the work that they have to do,—to give us the substantial proofs of their immortal existence,—the only proofs that are entirely satisfactory in themselves,—this is not all that they have to do. There are thousands who are not willing to receive this.

One says: I have commenced the investigation, and have tried to find a foundation, but I find it so exceedingly imperfect, that I prefer to build somewhere else.

Another says: I have been searching through all the terms of mediumship, to find the beauty and truth of Spiritualism, but I have found materialism and deception—something entirely contradictory and opposed to all that I believe to be true.

How do you account for all this? You say there is a medium, who gives you a beautiful truth, but does not live by the light himself or herself, and you ask: Can it be true? How could an angel communicate to us?

Suppose that you were in a prison bound, and there was a friend of yours far away who could give you your liberty, if you could only write to him and let him know how you were situated. You find some paper, but none of it is pure and white; it is stained and golden with dirt. Do you hesitate, and say: I will not write on this, although I could send it to my friend; if I cannot write on pure, white paper, I will not write at all. No! but, like a sensible man or woman, you will write on it, and send your message to your friend. So your friends from the other world come back, and they see the medium, imperfect as they are, and finding they can give a communication through them, they use them as best they can.

You ask: What shall we do about this deception? We answer: Oae truth, one fact, will weigh down a dozen errors. And yet how often do we find persons who have received many excellent truths, who will lay these aside, as if of no value, and refer again and again to some mistake, some falsehood it may be, that has come to them. When you go to send a message to your friend here by the electric telegraph, do you say, Now I must know this operator; I am not going to send this message to my friend, unless I know that the operator is a moral man. You simply ask the question, Can you send a message? and then you send it.

So the angels are using everywhere, and perhaps in certain instances, they find that there are many who are really glad to receive this heavenly boon.

There is another reason why you should not condemn these, and you should not say the spirits are at fault, but rather say: Here is one to whom the angels have come, seeking that this soul may grow better and purer.

Remember, the whole need not a physician. There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons. Through the laws of Spiritualism, there comes that which helps to purify the human soul,—to comfort it and bring to it the blessed calm and peace of the other land. To begin with laying a strong and sure foundation of fact, showing to man that when death steals like a strange and mysterious calm over the body, there comes to your interior perceptions, to your better understanding, this truth, gloriously spoken: *It is not finished.*

Through the earthly mission is ended,—the earthly work finished,—they still live and still labor for you; not in the silent dust of the grave; not in the coffin where lies the form of the beautiful in its stillness and repose; but in another land where the sun of life knows no setting forever and forever, where life blooms like the flowers, and joy and hope are unforgotten. It is not finished. They do not die. They live forever. This fact settles down into the soul of man. All his hopes and aspirations crystallize around this one central idea,—the glorified fact of immortality. He says to himself, If I am to live forever, I will be honest and truthful to-day. What matters it if the friendship which I believe to be unsullied and pure and true, changes and passes away? If I live forever, there will be a compensation for it.

So the soul says, I will labor for the right. The world may not bring praise to me, but scorn and contempt. Friends whom I have cherished, may turn from me in coldness and suspicion. I will speak the truth, and do the work I find to do, with the consciousness that not only now, but after death, purified from the selfishness of earth, and blooming in the gardens of immortality, I shall look down from the brighter land,—from the crystal islands of peace and happiness, and find my cup filled to the brim,—not by the world praising me, but by their taking up the truths that lie scattered along life's pathway, and bringing forth a har-

vest of glorified and good deeds. I may learn that to add truth to truth, for I shall not die. I shall bear with me a treasure when I pass into the other life; and so will I question of earth and heaven. I will ask the darkness for the secret of light; and God, speaking through all Nature, answers the aspirations of the soul; and its capacity to understand will increase, and I will learn more and more forever. Hereafter, when you awake in the other world, with your treasures of truth, whatever they may be, that fall that you are not in the midst of a barren wilderness, but in a garden; small, it may be, but beautiful and fair, with the collection of ideas and truths, that you have gathered upon this earth.

It is not finished,—this life of yours here below, for the law of compensation says there is another life, where all that is incomplete here, in this, will be carried forward; functions which have only begun upon earth, shall be matured into grandeur and beauty there.

Learn, then, oh man, to question of your own soul.

There was a time when those broad oceans, which to-day bear thousands of ships upon their bosoms, were considered as darkness and desolation. Man dared not venture out into the wide deep, which they fancied to be peopled with wonderful powers of evil. Something had said to man that, far out in the darkness, there was a power that presided over the storms and tempests. But the compass was invented, and man found the ocean was only a grand highway from one world to another, and to day not only ships go, like huge white-winged birds, from one world to another, but now under the ocean's throbbing heart, to another world of sympathy, of strength and intelligence,—so that one part of the world feels and knows the thoughts of the others as they are uttered.

So in the olden times, when men were frightened at death, they looked upon the life unseen—they said, It is finished. Death was to them what the seas were to the old mariners, and the life beyond was peopled with strange phantoms.

The angel world bowed low to man, and gradually the facts in man's intuitions were opened, and compass like, pointed him to a consciousness of what death was, and what the ocean that lies beyond it, and now the prayers of mortals are answered by angels who come to us like white winged ships, who come laden with the treasures of truth, exhaustless riches of comfort, and peace and love; and under the dark ocean of death,—that which was so long as—lies the cable cord of communion between one land and the other; and mortals on the earthly shore, receive messages from those who have passed on into the higher life. The sun of truth rises, and flashes its gleaming light of golden glory across the old sea of darkness, and the whole world of science and philosophy, that has had its deepest thoughts aroused says, "Thank God, It is finished!" and the angels come to us, and show us by their coming, that they still live. They come to us, dropping strength and comfort into our spirits, showing man that he must bear his treasures into the other life, saying to him, "Guard well this life, and do not make it a place of darkness, and mis-trust, and evil, but bring forth the good of the spirit, so shall man learn that we have commenced here are not complete."

When we learn that the angel world is purging out of its treasures; when it proves to us the existence of the soul after death; when it proves that the loved ones stand side by side with the sorrowing ones of earth, saying to the mourning friends of earth, "Know that your loved ones live,—more than this, that the veil between you and them is so thin that they can gaze upon you; that their pure, calm, holy eyes are looking down upon you in the hour of temptation," do they not come as a voice that falls upon the troubled deep, saying, "Peace, be still?"

Whenever you are tempted to do wrong, look upward to the pure land that are calling you with loving voices to come away, and as you realize that you are standing face to face with these loved ones, and as the light of their living countenances shines down upon you in calmness and purity, you will have no bitter or unkind words to speak,—they will die away as the mist dies when the sunbeams of the morning roll over the mountains. With thoughts like these, how strong man can become in the right; how pure and unselfish should he become, when he strives to rise heavenward from all that bowed him down to earth. Let us say, see how much I mean to do, and so seeing it is never finished, the work goes on through countless ages. The work of earth goes on, and God's angels take your trembling notes, and make them full, and clear, and harmoniously beautiful within that summer land. Then, through all your life of the future, never say of anything, even a good thought, a good impulse, it is finished, but rather say to all things whatsoever, they shall never be finished.

After the improvisation of a poem, which we could not repeat, Thomas Gates Foster was called upon and spoke as follows:

The truth, that spirits can communicate with mortals, has been unprecedented in its reception by the world. Faith in this glorious truth, results from man's affection. Philosophy teaches it; science demonstrates it; reason demands it; and the longing of the human soul for that which inspires its love and its sympathy primarily established the faith in Spiritualism, and as an affectionate demand of man's nature, through the necessities of the heart, has made such rapid strides, until to-day, in the twenty third year of the recognition of its phenomenal manifestations, it is before the world as a subject of radical and progressive thought. It has called forth the former at times, and that it calls for the latter, is equally true, from all sincere men and women, who perceive that the human soul still finds in it an facile means to virtue. Through its instrumentality, in thousands of homes, are the witnesses of eternal life. Millions of hearts are beating with holy joy, while theology or philosophy, however specious, cannot mar the beauty of what is to them a revelation.

It is a significant feature, that it is not merely existing in external action; it has taken hold of man's highest nature, and that which was enkindled in the heart, has become the life of the being; hence, we have multitudes to day in this land of America, who realize and accept this faith. That which springs from the human heart will live, notwithstanding all the efforts to destroy it, as long as the affections themselves shall live.

Spiritualism is not only a faith satisfactory to us—as such, perhaps, it might only reach the masses and control the ignorant—but men and women esteemed to be wise, judicious and far seeing, are ready to answer for the faith that is in them—as many of this class as of the former. Mark the progress of this movement.

Since Spiritualism is claiming to be true,—not as a popular superstition, but as a system of faith capable of reaching the intellect of the scholar, the statesman, the jurist,—that which appealed to the affection has reached the reason, and both science and philosophy are beginning to take hold of this in earnest, and it is becoming brighter and brighter, and the more it is investigated, the more substantial it is found to be, and this I take to be the condition of any true science, or religion.

Spiritualism is before the world as a philosophy based upon scientific facts, and as a relig-

ious faith grounded in the affections of man. It refuses to be responsible for individual ignorance, and it refuses to be tested by isolated facts,—its entire basis demands investigation. When Jesus of Nazareth said that his disciples were possessed of "that which the world could neither give nor take away," he expressed the power which is claimed by the Spiritualists; and this faith is to be by the test of their true belief, for as the sister has so sweetly said, "The work is not finished."

This is to be the test of every true believer, and with this faith, he or she are to go forth before the world of sectarians, and prove the purest and highest faith that the world has ever known, by living it in every act; hence, the work of the Spiritualist is not finished. The Spiritualistic Philosophy may be said practically to stand in contradistinction to those religious systems that the world has had, that have been preaching that it is finished, because Spiritualism is declaring most emphatically, that man's aspirations are not finished; that his powers are still advancing; that God in the disposition of nature, has thrown out broad fields for exploration and investigation as the reward for effort.

Spiritualism is preaching practically that man's effort must be continued, as it is incomplete, not only in time, but it is teaching most effectually, that it is not finished as to the future.

It is teaching as a great practical truth, the perpetuity of man's consciousness beyond the grave.

I know it may be said that other teachings are presenting the doctrines of immortality, but not an immortality that declares it is not finished. They are teaching immortality that declares matter is finished up in time. Spiritualism teaches that neither is that little ellipsis of time eternally finished, nor is the work of eternity finished—on the contrary, it declares that man shall be forever beginning anew in the eternal pathway of progress in the worlds that are to come. When old Galileo declared the world moved, the church said it was finished. When Columbus declared there was a new world, the church said, no! all matter had been finished up, and he was a dreamer; but Columbus believed that matter was not finished, and he discovered this new world, which has become the mother of a nation of freemen.

SITTINGS WITH MEDIUMS.

Isabella Smith, the Child-Medium Recently Developed.

We have lately, in the development of Isabella, a proof that invisible intelligences can manifest to mortals through the organism of a mere child. Isabella is nine years old, somewhat precocious, but one of the nineteenth century marvels, nevertheless. She resides in East Boston. On Monday, Oct. 17th, 1870, for the first time her gift of mediumship was manifested in table-tipping and movements. On Wednesday, the 19th, she proved to be a writing instrument in the hands of spirits. Rather a rapid process this. On Thursday, the 20th, a seance was held at the house of Mrs. R. where herself an excellent healing medium, who has performed several cures by the assistance of spirits. We formed one of this circle, and were not a little surprised at the powers of mediumship manifested by Isabella.

During the day, at her own residence, the spirits promised her certain presents, and said that she would be entranced at the circle in the evening. The presents did not come, but the entrancement did. A lady medium present, who is frequently influenced by an Indian spirit, to dance and heal the sick, sat in her normal condition. The little medium wrote, saying that this lady would be entranced, and somebody was to write that she might dance. The result, accordingly. Presently the lady under influence approached the medium, and by a single pass threw her into an unconscious trance, and led her through a series of well executed dances, Isabella's steps keeping perfect time to her own. After a lengthened process of this character, enough to wholly exhaust a grown person, the two sat down and jibbered a kind of Indian, which none of us could decipher. When Isabella was restored, she said that she had been to Boston with a little friend of hers, and had been eating candy. There appeared not the slightest evidence that she was at all conscious of what she had been made to do.

We sincerely hope that the friends of this little prodigy will guard her mediumship from intrusive skeptics and more sensationalists, until she is more developed. There is great danger of persons rushing upon her, and selfishly devouring her vitality and spoiling her development. It is best always to consult the controlling spirits as to who shall and who shall not be admitted to her circles. Then there will be little danger, unless by over-sitting, spirits not always being wiser than their mediums.

MARY E. CURRIER.

Our presence at the Harvard Convention gave us the opportunity and pleasure of sitting in company with a large number of other visitors, at the house of Mr. W. W. Currier, to witness the musical manifestations, which never fail, but change to a wonder of degree when ever Mary is able to sit.

We were invited to the circle room, to examine the piano and the various instruments which are played upon.

The first thing we did was to sit and talk to Mary, and read her soul in her eyes. This is no difficult matter. The human face is never a liar. In the scroll upon which the spirit within writes its own character. A man may assume a virtue he does not possess, but his face will retain the record, and the true physiognomist can read it. There are cases, we are aware, where the devil of sin is transformed, apparently, into an angel of beauty, but there will lurk in the eye, or in the corner of the mouth, a witness of its guilt. Mary is twenty-two years of age. Her face is the type of womanly innocence. We could not look at it, and think it possible, even were she able of herself, which is an impossibility, to perform on several instruments at once, that she could be persuaded to do it, either by mortal or immortal of the dark stamp.

The circle room contained a piano, weighing about seven hundred pounds, one end of which we lifted by exerting our full strength, thirteen hand bells, a guitar, a violin, a triangle, two horns, a tambourine, a drum, and four harmonics.

Mary sat at the piano and played in her normal condition. After a few minutes playing, the bells were rung as an accompaniment, and at the request of Mrs. Currier, made to polka on the floor near the door, which was kept wide open. Next we could hear two parts at once on the piano, one played by Mary, the other by one of her invisible assistants. In a few seconds, a change—the medium was entranced, and the piano played by an Italian spirit, and in a style very different. Mary was said to be entranced by "Grady," a little spirit brother who often talked through her to convince us that the medium's lips were not used in discoursing the very sweet and fine music of the harmonicon.

The heavy piano was made to dance in time to the music, a feat of itself beyond the strength of the medium, whose health was in a weak state. Besides, the instruments, light or heavy, were rattled and banged, to accomplish which would need the strength of a giant.

Among the tunes played were "My Country, 'tis of thee," "Shoo Fly," "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer." The whole were accompanied, and were all rendered with feeling. "Grady," we may suppose, is an oddity; he blew the medium's nose, a feat not in the programme.

The door bell was rung, and new-comers admitted by the desire of "Grady," who knew who they were before they entered the house.

The playing of the harmonicon floating in the air, in accompaniment with the piano, was an execution not to be easily forgotten. It is not possible for us to describe the effect of this musical seance. As an entertainment, it was equal to anything we have before witnessed. As an additional proof of the power of spirits to control mediums, it stands prominently in our esteem. We have often witnessed spirit manifestations, physical and mental, and have evidence a weighty in their favor. All phases of mediumship are necessary. Not one can be dispensed with. Physical manifestations are, in our opinion, less needed than psychical. We know that some of our advanced Spiritualists have gone ahead of physical manifestations.

But it so, they sadly err when they do. They announce physical phenomena as humbugs, and ignore physical phenomena. We know, if we know anything, that physical facts are performed by spirits through mediums. Because of this knowledge, we gladly record our experience with Mary Currier, and add our word of encouragement to that of the numerous persons who, during four years, have sat in her seances. The task of mediums is not an easy one. They learn the lessons of mediumship in a school of suffering. God bless them for their heroic endurance.

Mary Currier not only realizes in herself the promptings and presence of invisible intelligences once in the mortal form, but she is the beautiful instrument through which those same angel ministrants come to others. Here is the sweet reward; not in ease and luxury, and all the appliances of wealth, but in the good that needy souls receive. Shame upon the men and women in the spiritual movements who in pronouncing all physical phenomena to be impossible, virtually stigmatize Mrs. Currier, and all physical mediums, as gross impostors or miserable lunatics. The mediumistic gifts of the Curriers are of a character to place humbug out of court, and we are not afraid of Mary and her parents being charged with symptoms of insanity by sane people.

MRS. E. M. SMITH.

Lowell, Oct. 16, 1870. Editor Spiritual Monthly.—A Mrs. Thomas called with two of her friends to see us, she being a perfect stranger and also a medium.

Mrs. E. M. Smith was controlled by an Indian spirit, calling herself Polly, and gave a very good test to Mrs. Thomas. (She being controlled at the same time by an Indian spirit calling herself "The Flower.") She then asked Polly (Mrs. Smith's influence, if she could tell her anything about her medium's folks. Polly (Mrs. Smith's control) then began saying that her grandfather (calling his name Thomas) was killed by an Indian. The Indian took him by the hair, while asleep in bed, and then pulled him out, and then split his head open, and then scalped him,—and he died immediately. The children were there at the time, and the mother took the little boy in her arms to make her escape; but the boy was shot dead in her arms and the ball passed to the mother and lodged in her breast. The mother survived. The two little girls, their child then, aged four and six respectively, escaped with the mother. Molly, the sister of the mother of these children, was captured by the Indians, and carried off to Canada, and was afterward ransomed by an old sea captain.

She also gave other names to the lady, Mrs. Thomas, and also several tests. Polly (Mrs. Smith's control) mentioned the time,—Indian and French War.

The above communication and facts are all true. I never saw the medium, Mrs. Smith, until to-day.

Witnesses to the above, in presence of us,—Friedrich Webb Thomas, Little F. Seale, C. B. Phillips, Esther G. Bailey.

Yours, very truly, ALBERT J. SMITH.

ROBERTS AND MUMFORD.

Mr. Robert Sherman, at whose hospitable home we rested during our stay in Newburyport, has in his possession proofs that the dead live. O. A. the wall in his parlor hangs a pencil drawing of his first wife, who died in 1854. This drawing was executed through the mediumship of R. G. Rogers, the spirit artist, then residing at Columbus, Ohio. The hair is short, and one hand placed to the face. Mr. Sherman says that the likeness is a good one, and that it was a habit of his wife to place her hand to her face thus. He did not, at first, appreciate the short hair, but eventually, through another medium, communicated with the spirit, who called his attention to the fact that during the latter part of her earth career she had her hair cut short, and further said that she appeared to the spirit-artist with short hair to make the test more satisfactory.

In 1861 Mr. Sherman went to Boston, and sat with Mumford for a photograph. His spirit-artist and their spirit-girl impressed their likenesses on the plate,—his wife with her hand up to her face. Here is the fact that those who doubt physical phenomena would do well to consider.

Mr. Sherman has also a double profile photograph of Annie Lord Chamberlain, taken by an artist named McArthur, at Newburyport, in presence of Mrs. Sherman. This is one of the most extraordinary evidences we have yet obtained. A double profile at a single sitting! Who'll believe it? Yet we saw the picture and are assured that the facts in the case are as we state them.

MRS. MARY WEBSTER.

We called upon Mrs. Mary Webster of Amesbury Mills, who has been developing as a writing, healing, and drawing medium, for fifteen or more years. She has framed quite a number of drawings which are not artistically executed, still the design, in most of them, is good, and considering that the medium claims to have no knowledge of the subjects before-hand, and is made to commence at the top and finish at the bottom, are wonderful creations. The human family, from the lowest to the highest. Christ, and the Woman touching the hem of His Garment. A Medium crowned with many Jewels. They that have come out of Great Tribulation. The Dove of Peace. Materialism in the form of a Fish. Old Theology on its last legs, etc. We were much interested in examining these pictures, and not unmindful that Mrs. Webster has lately parted from her husband, to meet him on Life's other shore.

A few years ago, Mrs. Webster was spiritual-ly informed that there was a spring of water near the house. She pointed out the exact spot and employed men to dig. The well was discovered, and the water conveyed, by means of tubes, to her own house.

Read advertisement of JESUS OF NAZARETH, in another column. It is truly a wonderful work, and should be read by all.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

OHIO.

A Session Through the Mediumship of Laura V. Ellis.

Miss Laura V. Ellis gave an entertainment at Lyceum Hall, on Saturday evening, 18th inst., before about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, among whom were many of the very best minds of the city. Miss Ellis is prepossessing in appearance, fair complexion, well built, has a fine neck, full bust, stands with ease before the audience, and exclaims but little of the stage character. She was in short clothes, and neatly dressed. She has nothing whatever to say in explanation. She is carefully hid, takes her seat, and the exhibition goes on. She is accompanied by her father, a sharp faced, spare, thorough Yankee, as unlike his daughter as a father can well be. The entertainment is preceded by a short speech from Mr. Ellis, not very intelligent, but to the unbelievers, or satisfactory to the believers in Spiritualism. The burden of his speech is in substance as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: My daughter does not do these things, nor do I. They are done by an intelligence independent of me, and I am not a part of the phenomena we have witnessed and witnessed to. I am, and believed I could have pulled her out of the cabinet when I took hold of the stick."

Reporter.—Mr. Ellis, have you ever seen this spirit or intelligence calling himself Blake?

Mr. Ellis.—Yes sir.

Reporter.—Will you describe him?

Mr. Ellis.—He is a young man, about 25 years of age, and is a Union soldier, who was in the first battle of Bull Run, was taken prisoner and died in a rebel prison. One of my daughters, influenced her when she was eleven years of age, and has been with her ever since, now about 15 years ago. We do not call this intelligence spirit, you may call it what you please. We call it an intelligence independent of me, and I am not a part of the phenomena which we shall present you this evening. The audience will appoint a committee of one, to be with us, who shall report progress from time to time."

Judge Tilden being chosen, took his place on the platform, and after a careful examination of the cabinet, outside and inside, declared to the audience that there was no machinery, wires or contrivances in or about the cabinet, and that the spirit form in common use with mediums for physical manifestations.

Miss Ellis then stepped before the cabinet, making a very pretty bow.

Mr. Ellis said:

"I have here a piece of unbleached cotton sheeting, I cut from this sheeting this strip, two inches wide, which I will tie around my daughter's neck, in a square knot. With this second piece of cloth, I will tie her hands behind her thus. Your committee will now examine these knots."

Judge Tilden, after a careful examination, pronounced them carefully well tied, adding one or two knots, using great strength in tightening them.

Mr. Ellis then said:

"My daughter will now take her seat in the cabinet, and I will tie her hands to the cabinet, thus. Your committee will now examine."

This was done, and pronounced firmly fastened.

Mr. Ellis then said:

"I now with this third piece of cloth I tie her feet together, the Judge assisting. With this fourth piece of cloth tied to her feet thus, and hanging outside of the cabinet, you can see whether her feet or limbs are moved in the least. Now I will close this door, and ask the intelligence to untie the cloth around her neck."

Ellis—Good evening, Mr. Blake.

Spirit—Good evening, Mr. Ellis. What do you want us to do?

Ellis—Will you please untie the cloth on my daughter's neck, and lay it in her lap?

Spirit—Yes, yes, it is already done.

The door was opened, and sure enough, it was undone. Turned for this purpose, from closing the door until now, twelve seconds.

Second—"I will now tie my daughter's neck to this iron bolt so that she cannot move her head or neck to the right or left, thus."

Committee examined the tying, pronounced all right.

"I will now tie this cloth around the neck, with the knot behind the neck, thus."

The door was then closed, and she was untied in five seconds.

Third.—By request she was tied around the neck in three knots. Time, four seconds. This was done by the spirit. The committee to untie it was the door.

Fourth.—Mr. Ellis then tied a strip of cotton cloth around Mrs. Ellis' waist, taking him twenty-two seconds to tie it. This knot was untied in five seconds.

Fifth.—The cloth was then tied into five knots, and tied on Miss Ellis' lap. Untied in six seconds.

Sixth.—Judge Tilden then took the cloth and marked it privately, laying it on the lap of Miss Ellis, and in four seconds after the door was closed, this cloth was untied in several knots, and laid on the lap of the young lady.

During this time, a rapid conversation was going on between Mr. Ellis, and the intelligence, Blake, the girl's hands and feet firmly tied as mentioned before; her head or neck tied to a bolt. The committee was two and a half minutes untieing what Blake accomplished in four seconds, and found his private in the cloth. All were exceedingly surprised.

Seventh.—Mr. Ellis said: "I have here a walnut stick, about thirty inches long, (something like a short golf stick). Your committee will please examine it. I will lay this stick across my daughter's lap, and B. to will strike the roof and each side of the cabinet with this stick with great rapidity and much force, on my request, and throw it out of the cabinet after the door is closed."

The door was then closed, and a succession of heavy blows were made on the walls of the cabinet, with great rapidity. We counted thirty-two of them. Then the stick was thrown with considerable force some fifteen feet from the cabinet, hitting a lady who sat directly in front. Ellis and Blake keeping up a rapid conversation during the time, which occupied just five seconds.

Eighth.—Mr. Ellis said: "I will now place this stick on my daughter's lap. The intelligence will put the large end of the stick through the opening, and your committee may try to pull it away from Mr. Blake."

(A voice.)—"Examine the girl, judge."

Yes, that is well to do, carefully examine."

Judge—She is fine to the hilt, and as to the rings, and her neck also, as well as her feet. The door was then closed, and the large end of the stick thrust out. The Judge, a powerful man, weight full two hundred pounds, grasped the stick with both hands, bracing himself with his left foot forward, gave the word, ready, and then the moral pulled sticks with the immortal and it was a strong pull. All noted the muscular power put forth by the Judge. Gradually the stick was pulled out of the brawny hands of the Judge, instantly the door opened, and the stick was found lying on the young lady's lap, and while the Judge was pulling like an athlete, Miss Ellis sat calm and unmoved, fast tied to the ring, and bolts. The Judge entered the cabinet, making a minute examination, and pronounced the whole thing beyond comprehension.

Ninth.—A very fine exhibition of bell ringing.

Tenth.—The drum beat, first with sticks, second with fingers. Mr. Ellis playing on a large sized snare drum, and Blake playing on the drum, with his fingers in good time, first "Rory O'More," and second, "The girl I Left Behind me." This drum was made of sheet iron, in the shape of a tin whistle, without a hole, and five inches through, by fifteen in diameter.

Eleventh.—The drum was laid in Miss Ellis' lap, at side down. On it was placed a glass full of water. This glass of water was carried to Miss Ellis' mouth by the hand of Blake, and half of it drank off by Miss Ellis. The glass was set back on the stove without spilling a drop of the water.

Twelfth.—A harmonic, or large sized music comb, was laid on her lap, the door closed, and the following tunes played, first, "Home, sweet Home" in very quick time, second, a palm tree in long note, third, "Captain Kidd on the Seas," in quick time.

Thirteenth.—A gold ring was called for, marked and at the request of parties, placed on right

thumb, and the door closed. The door was opened, and there it was. Mr. Ellis removed it.

Fourteenth.—A wooden gavel, one and a half inch square, was placed in the mouth of Miss Ellis, and that, too, with the rings, hands and feet were tied as before stated, and when the door of the cabinet was closed, a strong masculine voice spoke words of many syllables—California, San Francisco, Occidental, Montgomery, and then whistled very correctly.

Fifteenth.—A three bladed knife was laid on the lap of Miss Ellis, opened, and came out closed.

Again laid on the lap of Miss Ellis, closed, and came out opened, and then closed by the committee and laid on her lap, opened by the spirit Blake, the tying of the neck cut, also of the feet, when the door was opened and Miss Ellis walked out with her hands tied behind her. The hands were cut by the committee, and the phenomena was over for the evening, after which the following conversation took place:

Reporter.—Judge Tilden, do you believe that there has been collusion between these parties in any way or manner?

Judge—No, not any more than between me and the phenomena.

Reporter.—Are you satisfied that Miss Ellis had no part in the phenomena we have witnessed and witnessed to?

Judge—No, I am, and believed I could have pulled her out of the cabinet when I took hold of the stick.

Reporter.—Mr. Ellis, have you ever seen this spirit or intelligence calling himself Blake?

Mr. Ellis.—Yes sir.

Reporter.—Will you describe him?

Mr. Ellis.—He is a young man, about 25 years of age, and is a Union soldier, who was in the first battle of Bull Run, was taken prisoner and died in a rebel prison. One of my daughters, influenced her when she was eleven years of age, and has been with her ever since, now about 15 years ago. We do not call this intelligence spirit, you may call it what you please. We call it an intelligence independent of me, and I am not a part of the phenomena which we shall present you this evening. The audience will appoint a committee of one, to be with us, who shall report progress from time to time."

Judge Tilden being chosen, took his place on the platform, and after a careful examination of the cabinet, outside and inside, declared to the audience that there was no machinery, wires or contrivances in or about the cabinet, and that the spirit form in common use with mediums for physical manifestations.

Miss Ellis then stepped before the cabinet, making a very pretty bow.

Mr. Ellis said:

"I have here a piece of unbleached cotton sheeting, I cut from this sheeting this strip, two inches wide, which I will tie around my daughter's neck, in a square knot. With this second piece of cloth, I will tie her hands behind her thus. Your committee will now examine these knots."

Judge Tilden, after a careful examination, pronounced them carefully well tied, adding one or two knots, using great strength in tightening them.

Mr. Ellis then said:

"My daughter will now take her seat in the cabinet, and I will tie her hands to the cabinet, thus. Your committee will now examine."

This was done, and pronounced firmly fastened.

Mr. Ellis then said:

"I now with this third piece of cloth I tie her feet together, the Judge assisting. With this fourth piece of cloth tied to her feet thus, and hanging outside of the cabinet, you can see whether her feet or limbs are moved in the least. Now I will close this door, and ask the intelligence to untie the cloth around her neck."

Ellis—Good evening, Mr. Blake.

Spirit—Good evening, Mr. Ellis. What do you want us to do?

Ellis—Will you please untie the cloth on my daughter's neck, and lay it in her lap?

Spirit—Yes, yes, it is already done.

The door was opened, and sure enough, it was undone. Turned for this purpose, from closing the door until now, twelve seconds.

Second—"I will now tie my daughter's neck to this iron bolt so that she cannot move her head or neck to the right or left, thus."

Committee examined the tying, pronounced all right.

"I will now tie this cloth around the neck, with the knot behind the neck, thus."

The door was then closed, and she was untied in five seconds.

Third.—By request she was tied around the neck in three knots. Time, four seconds. This was done by the spirit. The committee to untie it was the door.

Fourth.—Mr. Ellis then tied a strip of cotton cloth around Mrs. Ellis' waist, taking him twenty-two seconds to tie it. This knot was untied in five seconds.

Fifth.—The cloth was then tied into five knots, and tied on Miss Ellis' lap. Untied in six seconds.

Sixth.—Judge Tilden then took the cloth and marked it privately, laying it on the lap of Miss Ellis, and in four seconds after the door was closed, this cloth was untied in several knots, and laid on the lap of the young lady.

During this time, a rapid conversation was going on between Mr. Ellis, and the intelligence, Blake, the girl's hands and feet firmly tied as mentioned before; her head or neck tied to a bolt. The committee was two and a half minutes untieing what Blake accomplished in four seconds, and found his private in the cloth. All were exceedingly surprised.

Seventh.—Mr. Ellis said: "I have here a walnut stick, about thirty inches long, (something like a short golf stick). Your committee will please examine it. I will lay this stick across my daughter's lap, and B. to will strike the roof and each side of the cabinet with this stick with great rapidity and much force, on my request, and throw it out of the cabinet after the door is closed."

The door was then closed, and a succession of heavy blows were made on the walls of the cabinet, with great rapidity. We counted thirty-two of them. Then the stick was thrown with considerable force some fifteen feet from the cabinet, hitting a lady who sat directly in front. Ellis and Blake keeping up a rapid conversation during the time, which occupied just five seconds.

Eighth.—Mr. Ellis said: "I will now place this stick on my daughter's lap. The intelligence will put the large end of the stick through the opening, and your committee may try to pull it away from Mr. Blake."

(A voice.)—"Examine the girl, judge."

Yes, that is well to do, carefully examine."

Judge—She is fine to the hilt, and as to the rings, and her neck also, as well as her feet. The door was then closed, and the large end of the stick thrust out. The Judge, a powerful man, weight full two hundred pounds, grasped the stick with both hands, bracing himself with his left foot forward, gave the word, ready, and then the moral pulled sticks with the immortal and it was a strong pull. All noted the muscular power put forth by the Judge. Gradually the stick was pulled out of the brawny hands of the Judge, instantly the door opened, and the stick was found lying on the young lady's lap, and while the Judge was pulling like an athlete, Miss Ellis sat calm and unmoved, fast tied to the ring, and bolts. The Judge entered the cabinet, making a minute examination, and pronounced the whole thing beyond comprehension.

Ninth.—A very fine exhibition of bell ringing.

Tenth.—The drum beat, first with sticks, second with fingers. Mr. Ellis playing on a large sized snare drum, and Blake playing on the drum, with his fingers in good time, first "Rory O'More," and second, "The girl I Left Behind me." This drum was made of sheet iron, in the shape of a tin whistle, without a hole, and five inches through, by fifteen in diameter.

Eleventh.—The drum was laid in Miss Ellis' lap, at side down. On it was placed a glass full of water. This glass of water was carried to Miss Ellis' mouth by the hand of Blake, and half of it drank off by Miss Ellis. The glass was set back on the stove without spilling a drop of the water.

Twelfth.—A harmonic, or large sized music comb, was laid on her lap, the door closed, and the following tunes played, first, "Home, sweet Home" in very quick time, second, a palm tree in long note, third, "Captain Kidd on the Seas," in quick time.

Thirteenth.—A gold ring was called for, marked and at the request of parties, placed on right

thumb, and the door closed. The door was opened, and there it was. Mr. Ellis removed it.

Fourteenth.—A wooden gavel, one and a half inch square, was placed in the mouth of Miss Ellis, and that, too, with the rings, hands and feet were tied as before stated, and when the door of the cabinet was closed, a strong masculine voice spoke words of many syllables—California, San Francisco, Occidental, Montgomery, and then whistled very correctly.

Fifteenth.—A three bladed knife was laid on the lap of Miss Ellis, opened, and came out closed.

Again laid on the lap of Miss Ellis, closed, and came out opened, and then closed by the committee and laid on her lap, opened by the spirit Blake, the tying of the neck cut, also of the feet, when the door was opened and Miss Ellis walked out with her hands tied behind her. The hands were cut by the committee, and the phenomena was over for the evening, after which the following conversation took place:

Reporter.—Judge Tilden, do you believe that there has been collusion between these parties in any way or manner?

Judge—No, not any more than between me and the phenomena.

Reporter.—Are you satisfied that Miss Ellis had no part in the phenomena we have witnessed and witnessed to?

Judge—No, I am, and believed I could have pulled her out of the cabinet when I took hold of the stick.

Reporter.—Mr. Ellis, have you ever seen this spirit or intelligence calling himself Blake?

Mr. Ellis.—Yes sir.

Reporter.—Will you describe him?

Mr. Ellis.—He is a young man, about 25 years of age, and is a Union soldier, who was in the first battle of Bull Run, was taken prisoner and died in a rebel prison. One of my daughters, influenced her when she was eleven years of age, and has been with her ever since, now about 15 years ago. We do not call this intelligence spirit, you may call it what you please. We call it an intelligence independent of me, and I am not a part of the phenomena which we shall present you this evening. The audience will appoint a committee of one, to be with us, who shall report progress from time to time."

Judge Tilden being chosen, took his place on the platform, and after a careful examination of the cabinet, outside and inside, declared to the audience that there was no machinery, wires or contrivances in or about the cabinet, and that the spirit form in common use with mediums for physical manifestations.

Miss Ellis then stepped before the cabinet, making a very pretty bow.

Mr. Ellis said:

"I have here a piece of unbleached cotton sheeting, I cut from this sheeting this strip, two inches wide, which I will tie around my daughter's neck, in a square knot. With this second piece of cloth, I will tie her hands behind her thus. Your committee will now examine these knots."

Judge Tilden, after a careful examination, pronounced them carefully well tied, adding one or two knots, using great strength in tightening them.

Mr. Ellis then said:

"My daughter will now take her seat in the cabinet, and I will tie her hands to the cabinet, thus. Your committee will now examine."

This was done, and pronounced firmly fastened.

Mr. Ellis then said:

"I now with this third piece of cloth I tie her feet together, the Judge assisting. With this fourth piece of cloth tied to her feet thus, and hanging outside of the cabinet, you can see whether her feet or limbs are moved in the least. Now I will close this door, and ask the intelligence to untie the cloth around her neck."

Ellis—Good evening, Mr. Blake.

Spirit—Good evening, Mr. Ellis. What do you want us to do?

Ellis—Will you please untie the cloth on my daughter's neck, and lay it in her lap?

Spirit—Yes, yes, it is already done.

The door was opened, and sure enough, it was undone. Turned for this purpose, from closing the door until now, twelve seconds.

Second—"I will now tie my daughter's neck to this iron bolt so that she cannot move her head or neck to the right or left, thus."

Committee examined the tying, pronounced all right.

"I will now tie this cloth around the neck, with the knot behind the neck, thus."

The door was then closed, and she was untied in five seconds.

Third.—By request she was tied around the neck in three knots. Time, four seconds. This was done by the spirit. The committee to untie it was the door.

Fourth.—Mr. Ellis then tied a strip of cotton cloth around Mrs. Ellis' waist, taking him twenty-two seconds to tie it. This knot was untied in five seconds.

Fifth.—The cloth was then tied into five knots, and tied on Miss Ellis' lap. Untied in six seconds.

Sixth.—Judge Tilden then took the cloth and marked it privately, laying it on the lap of Miss Ellis, and in four seconds after the door was closed, this cloth was untied in several knots, and laid on the lap of the young lady.

During this time, a rapid conversation was going on between Mr. Ellis, and the intelligence, Blake, the girl's hands and feet firmly tied as mentioned before; her head or neck tied to a bolt. The committee was two and a half minutes untieing what Blake accomplished in four seconds, and found his private in the cloth. All were exceedingly surprised.

Seventh.—Mr. Ellis said: "I have here a walnut stick, about thirty inches long, (something like a short golf stick). Your committee will please examine it. I will lay this stick across my daughter's lap, and B. to will strike the roof and each side of the cabinet with this stick with great rapidity and much force, on my request, and throw it out of the cabinet after the door is closed."

The door was then closed, and a succession of heavy blows were made on the walls of the cabinet, with great rapidity. We counted thirty-two of them. Then the stick was thrown with considerable force some fifteen feet from the cabinet, hitting a lady who sat directly in front. Ellis and Blake keeping up a rapid conversation during the time, which occupied just five seconds.

Eighth.—Mr. Ellis said: "I will now place this stick on my daughter's lap. The intelligence will put the large end of the stick through the opening, and your committee may try to pull it away from Mr. Blake."

(A voice.)—"Examine the girl, judge."

Yes, that is well to do, carefully examine."

Judge—She is fine to the hilt, and as to the rings, and her neck also, as well as her feet. The door was then closed, and the large end of the stick thrust out. The Judge, a powerful man, weight full two hundred pounds, grasped the stick with both hands, bracing himself with his left foot forward, gave the word, ready, and then the moral pulled sticks with the immortal and it was a strong pull. All noted the muscular power put forth by the Judge. Gradually the stick was pulled out of the brawny hands of the Judge, instantly the door opened, and the stick was found lying on the young lady's lap, and while the Judge was pulling like an athlete, Miss Ellis sat calm and unmoved, fast tied to the ring, and bolts. The Judge entered the cabinet, making a minute examination, and pronounced the whole thing beyond comprehension.

GOD DEALING WITH SLAVERY.
God's Instrumentalities in Emancipating the African Slaves in America.
SPIRIT MESSAGES
Given During the Years 1860 to 1870, inclusive.—from FRANKLIN, LINCOLN, ADAMS, JACKSON, WEBSTER, PENN., and others to the Author,
THOMAS RICHMOND.

This is one of the most interesting books in the whole catalogue of Spiritualist publications. Its author is well and widely known throughout the Western States, he having been one of the early pioneers and a man of extraordinary energy and ability, who would make his mark in any country. After an active business life of over sixty years, he now, in his seventy-fifth year, is as strong and hearty, and as capable of doing business as he was fifty years ago. His ability, energy, and acquaintance with many of the leading men of the country, pointed him out to Franklin and other distinguished spirits as the most fitting instrument with which they were to accomplish a mighty undertaking. The manner in which they worked through him and the results achieved are herein related by the author in a book of 299 pages.

Price: Cloth, \$1.50; postage, 10 cents. Bound in paper slip and cloth back, 75 cents; postage, 6 cents.

For Sale, Wholesale and Retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 189 South Clark street, Chicago.

THE BIBLE IN THE BALANCE.
A Book for the Age and the Times,
and one that should be in the hands of every liberal man and woman in the land.
You want it for your own instruction, that you may be furnished with acknowledged authority to meet the arguments of the theologian, historian, chronologist and scientific man with his own weapons.
It discusses the matter of Bible canons, versions, translations and revisions with ability, citing none but authorities in the highest repute, and those that are above criticism.
The book is printed in excellent style, 12 mo., on new type and of paper, with beautiful illustrations of the mountains and moorlands of the Mississippi Valley, and a fine portrait of Dr. M. W. Dickson, the great mind explorer.
It is substantially bound in cloth and contains three hundred and twenty pages.
The interest felt in the work is so great that orders were received for nearly the whole of the first edition before it was published, one party alone having received or ordered over three hundred copies.

Price, \$1.50; postage, 20 cents.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

Address: RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, 187 & 189 S. Clark St., Chicago.

88 N. 36 St.

EXETER HALL!

EXETER HALL!

HAVE YOU READ EXETER HALL!

This flowing are extracts from a few of the notices of Exeter Hall, the Theological Romance:—

"The plot and passion in Exeter Hall show an experienced hand in their delineation. Exeter Hall proves that the author has something to say and knows how to say it." (Public Opinion, London, England.)

"It is indeed a wonderful book." (New York Mail.)

"We commend it to the widest popular approval." (Banner of Light, Boston.)

"We have no hesitation in declaring this a great work." (Universal, New York.)

"The book is well and powerfully written. * * *

"The most searching work ever published in America since the Age of Reason." (Liberal, Chicago.)

"One of our most exciting romances of the day." (Democrat's Magazine, New York.)

"Convincingly illustrative of the errors of Theology." (Investigator, Boston.)

"The humane and charitable tendencies of the book must receive the approbation of every friend of humanity." (Daily Telegraph, Toronto, Canada.)

Price, 60 cents. Postage, 4 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 187 & 189 South Clark St., Chicago.

DR. H. SLADE,

(Clairvoyant.)

AND

J. SIMMONS.

DR. SLADE will, on receiving a lock of hair, with the name and age, make a Clairvoyant examination, and return a written diagnosis of the case with cost of treatment. A fee of Two Dollars must accompany the hair, which will be supplied on file where treatment is ordered. All letters should be directed to

SLADE & SIMMONS, 207 West 23d St. N. Y.

P. S.—Please write your address plainly.

D. M. GRAHAM, J. W. BERRY, D. L. PERRY, Notary Public