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B. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Original Poetry.

COMFORT.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

When the shadows thickly gather,
And the dark clouds lower,
And within the weary heart
Sorrow holds its power,
If the soul will open wide,
The closed doors of will,
Angel guests will enter there,
And whisper, "Peace, be still."

Angels from the land of light—
The Summer Land above,
Beaming to the weary heart
Their offerings of love,
Driving shadows far away,
Gilding clouds with gold,
Scaring peace and quietness,
As in days of old.

Then, weary wanderers here below,
Close not your hearts while here
To the bright messengers of
Who healing comfort bear.
They come to show the way with doves
Of peace and truth and love,
Gathered in the heavenly bowers
Of Spirit Land above.

THE WHITE LADY.

A Ghost among the Reigning Houses of Germany—Her Visits to Berlin, Bohemia, and Baden.

In traversing the history of all ages and all countries, we find everywhere a faith in what is usually denominated supernaturalism. It is enshrined in temples and acknowledged in the highways. In the palace of the monarch, the cottage of the laborer, and the tent of the nomad it is seated alike. Sacred books of the world-religions acknowledge it as the source of their authority. We are, therefore, bound to regard and to treat it with respect, if only because it has been reverently believed by men.

In 1691 the Rev. Robert Kirk, of Aberdeen, in Scotland, wrote a book by the title of "The Secret Commonwealth," in which he set forth, what we have long suspected, that the creatures called fauns, elves, fairies, brownies, and the like, were the former inhabitants of the respective countries; and, of course, their supposed apparitions were verily ghostly. The Dijas and Peris of the East are included in the same category; thus it will be seen that the reverend gentleman brought the Tausand and One Tales very close to the region of possibility and probability.

So general is the belief in supernatural manifestations, that every family of long standing appears to have a tradition of one; and haunted houses have been a theme so long that it seems almost incredible to tell of them. We find William Howitt speaking of the "Ghost Club" of Cambridge, Eng. and, consisting of eminent members of the university, who conducted a series of investigations on the subject of apparitions, and finally avowed their conviction that such appearances were a settled fact. One member had collected two thousand cases of apparitions. Indeed, a noble family which has not its ghost legend may be safely set down as "new." The spectral visitor appears to have been almost as much the satellite as any of the retainers, younger brothers, or poorer relations; it accompanied the married daughters to new houses and became domesticated with them as it had been at the old home. It thus constituted a real heirloom, an inheritance which was secured more firmly than by entail.

Perhaps the most remarkable of these apparitions is the "White Lady," who first was seen often at the castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia, but afterward became a visitant at the castles of Rumburg, Tzschorn, Istubocka, Bechusse and Tretzan, in the same country. Years later the heirs of the house of Baden, Brandenburg, Bayreuth, and Darmstadt were honored by her appearance. She wore a veil, through which her face was barely distinguishable. She generally came a little while before the death of one of the reigning family, or some person of the court, but did not regularly or always appear to make such announcement. She was also wont to be seen about the time of the three principal church festivals, showing that she had been a Roman Catholic. She appeared in the daytime as well as by night.

The first recorded appearance was at the castle of Neuhaus, in Bohemia, over four hundred years ago. After that she was seen there very often. She was entirely in white, wearing a white veil with white ribbons; her stature was tall, and her demeanor modest. She was frequently observed at noonday looking out from a window at the top of an uninhabited turret of the castle. On one occasion a Princess of the royal family of Bohemia was in her dressing-room trying on an article of dress, and asking her maid to hold the time, when the white lady stepped out suddenly from behind a screen and said, "It is 10 o'clock, my darling." The Princess a few weeks afterward fell ill and died.

In December, 1638 she appeared at the Electoral castle in Berlin, and was heard to utter the following words: "Veni judicio vivo et mortuos; judicium mihi adhuc superest."—(Come, judge the living and the dead; my judgment is yet going on).

Merian, in the 5th volume of his work, "The Theatre of Europe," declares that she had been

frequently seen at the castle in Berlin in the years 1632 and 1633.

Sillig, the celebrated mystical writer, and the friend of Goethe, asserts that a officer of the ducal court at Carlsruhe, who was a man of unqualified veracity, declared positively that the White Lady appeared to him as he was going late one evening through a lobby of the castle. He first supposed her to be a woman of the court who came to terrify him, and endeavored to lay hold of her; but she vanished before his eyes.

She was often seen to be angered, and even to assume a threatening aspect, when any one used blasphemous or indecorous language about God and religion; and there are instances recorded of her resort to violence towards such persons. But her most positive demonstrations of this character were observable at the castle of Neuhaus. It was a custom there to feast the poor, often several thousand in number, on a sweet potage of pulpy fruit sodded in honey. Each person was also presented with seven pretzels, and had as many small beer as he could drink. During the Thirty Years War, Neuhaus fell into the possession of the Swedes, who neglected to keep up this custom. The White Lady became greatly excited, and gave the garrison of the castle no rest. The guard was dispersed, beaten and thrown to the ground, by an unknown power. The sentinels were met by strange figures, often mere faces without bodies, and the officers themselves were dragged of nights from their beds and along the floor. So great was the alarm and disturbance that it was not enduring. The matter was mentioned to an inhabitant of the town, who advised the Commander-in-Chief to renew the repast for the poor according to the old custom. This was done, and order was thus restored.

These accounts are found in "The Monthly Discourses on the World of Spirits," a publication of the last century. One writer supposes the White Lady to have been a Countess of Orsande, but a more plausible account is given of her by Baldou.

In the castle of Neuhaus, among the family pictures, is a portrait exactly resembling the White Lady. Simi ar pictures were also at other castles. She is clothed in a white habit, and her name was Percha von Rosenberg. She was born between 1420 and 1430, and was the daughter of Ulrich II. and Catherine of Wurttemberg. Her father was Viceroy of Bohemia, and the Commander-in-Chief of the troops employed against the followers of John Huss. Percha or Bertha was married in 1449 to the rich nobleman Johann von Lechtenstein, of Steyermark. He was a wicked and profligate man, and treated her so badly that she was compelled to seek protection from her own kindred. After the death of her husband, she returned to them and lived with her brother, Henry IV., who died in 1457.

The festival at Neuhaus was instituted by her. She built the castle in that town, requiring for that purpose the services of the vassals. The work occupied several years, and was felt by them to be a severe taxation. She entered them on, promising them the acknowledgment of their services. "Work for your masters, ye faithful subjects," said she, "work, and when the castle is finished, yet, and all your families, shall be feasted with sweet porridge."

The castle was finally completed, and she kept her word, treating all her vassals with a sumptuous repast. While they were eating she walked among them and promised that, in consideration of their fidelity, they should have a similar feast every year, thus perpetuating their praise to future ages. This was done; but her descendants, the Lords of Rosenberg and Slavans, changed the time of the feast to Easter Day, and Sillig informs us that it was still continued.

The persecution of the Swedish garrison is thus explained. Several female members of her family married into the houses of Hohenzollern, Baden, and Darmstadt. As she set up the habit after her death of visiting among her posterity, she thus became a guest at the electoral, afterward the royal, abode of Berlin, at the palaces in Carlsruhe, and at the castle in Darmstadt. Whether these visitations have continued during the present century, we have never inquired.

Sillig was of opinion that she became a wanderer after death because she had lived on ill terms with her husband. This is a very suggestive idea. He remarks, however, that her disposition was benevolent, that she was tranquil and cheerful, and not undergoing suffering or torment. Her practice of appearing to persons shortly before their death he attributes to her mistaken kindness of heart. Having the faculty of presentment fully developed, she perceives the approach of that event, and appears for the purpose of inducing them to prepare for it.

Although the Lady Percha was a Roman Catholic, and her father commanded the armies against the Hussites, she appears to have acquired a favorable disposition toward Protestants. She was especially attached to the house of Hohenzollern, appearing often at Berlin and even becoming familiar with the Princess and Princesses; while, except at the castle of Neuhaus, which was built by her during her life time, she did not appear so warmly disposed to her ancestral castles in Bohemia.

From our Special Correspondent. SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK.

By J. Wm. Van Namee.

"What are the Spiritualists of New York doing for the cause?" is a question we often hear asked, and one which we are ready to answer. They are sustaining a well organized Lyceum,—holding regular meetings in one of the largest and handsomest halls in the city,—employing the best talent in the ranks of lecturers, and drawing together every Sunday large audiences of intellectual refined, and substantial people. Mr. F. A. Worth, the Secretary of the Society, has been uniting in his labors, and aided by his worthy wife, have sown seed which is bringing forth abundant fruit, and it must indeed be gratifying to them to note the progress the Society has made, to see the returns their unselfish labors have yielded. There are now located in New York a large number of mediums, and many who are not openly avowed Spiritualists, who still hold positions in orthodox churches seek comfort and assurances of immortality from those the angels have chosen to the work.

Liberalism is creeping into all the churches, and the people are now and then startled by the broad and liberal views that find expression from the lips of those who fill the pulpits. Truly, a "little heaven leaveneth the whole loaf."

Thomas Gales Forster, with his pure inspiration, did a grand and noble work during the month of November. His clear reasoning, gentle and unassuming manner of presenting great and important truths, won the hearts of many who had hitherto sighed in vain for conviction, and led thirty souls to the great fountain of eternal life where they drank and were satisfied.

Corra Tappan, in December, gave the people choice and masterly discourses and beautiful poems,—and the work goes on,—and the people's will ask,—"What shall we do to be saved?" and the reply comes from the Spirit Land—across the misty sea of space—"Seek the truth, learn to know thyself."

Cheering news come to us from the East and West. The laborers are busy in the vineyard of the Lord, and souls are rejoicing that they have found the light, and the darkness of the past is swept away by the glorious truths of the present.

AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

Just at present there seems to be a general discussion in regard to various individuals whose names have heretofore been known in spiritual circles as belonging to advocates of free thought and free religion, but who now claim to be the exponents of the "delusion." Dr. Wright has endeavored to create a sensation in Baltimore. J. S. Loveland, we understand, challenges the advocates of Spiritualism in Callifornia to discussion. McQueen is busy in Pennsylvania—all doing the cause an immense amount of good. It is a singular fact that all who attempt an exposition of Spiritualism, and their shafts at the physical manifestations alone, as if that and that only was the foundation upon which rests the great truth of spirit communion. Not one has attempted to explain the cause or give a theory in regard to the remarkable tests of spirit presence and power, which have been given through our media, at least no rational or sensible explanation or theory has been given, and the weak and superficial manner in which these pretended exponents of Spiritualism present their claims to a thinking and reasoning people, only stimulates in the minds of many a desire to investigate that of which they have heretofore been ignorant. Truth fears not investigation; it is only error that hides its head in darkness, and honest media are always willing—nay, anxious to afford investigators every opportunity to convince themselves that the work claimed to be done by disembodied spirits, is so perjured work. Let opposers how! expositors rant—the onward march of truth and freedom cannot be stayed. Men are learning to reason and to think for themselves, and are unwilling longer to be led blindfolded through the world. The angels are at work; deliverance is at hand. Prison doors are opening, and captives are being set free.

A WORD FOR AUSTIN KENT.

Friends, let us not forget this faithful worker in the cause of right. Now that winter is upon us, many comforts are needed for the invalid that cannot be procured without money, and while you are happy in the enjoyment of health, your worldly wants supplied,—let your thoughts wander for a moment to the helpless cripple—to whom life brings only suffering physically,—whose spirit has battled bravely with wrong,—and open your hearts and your purses, and send him such contributions as you feel that you can spare, remembering that "He that giveth unto the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

A BAPTIST LADY INFLUENCED.

Letter from T. Carpenter.

BROTHER JONES—I would relate a little circumstance that happened about twenty years since, about the first of my investigation of Spiritualism. I lived then near Pontiac, in the Eastern part of this state.

I give the experience of a Baptist priest, P. D. Gillet, as I heard it given through a medium, a young lady,—she being a Baptist at the same time.

When I was living near Pontiac, I had occasion to trade lands with a Baptist Deacon, and he used to be one of this Gillet's deacons many years before. I went to his house to complete the trade; it was a beautiful May morning. I found the Deacon and his lady at home, and also his daughter,—a medium for the first time in her life. All three of them were bitterly opposed to Spiritualism.

While I was conversing with the Deacon, I noticed the young lady was being influenced by a spirit. Soon she asked her mother to give her a slate and pencil, that she might write. She took it from her mother's hand, and after holding it a minute or two, laid it down, saying, "I can talk, and that will be better than to write. My name is Elder Paylandor D. Gillet, as you us to call me. It is a very beautiful morning, and I took it into my head to come and visit my old friends. Having passed off and parted with my old body, I find that I can still come to earth and visit my old friends,—truly believing as I used to, I am now here with you, and it is not something remarkable that your daughter should be the prepared instrument by whom I can talk to you? In the first place, I want to tell you a little of my experience on arriving in the Spirit World. On opening my eyes, I found myself on a beautiful ocean (psychological) the waves would knock me overboard and thicker like a cap on the water. There was no land to be seen in any direction. It was an awful time with me. I was several times forced to exclaim, 'My God, hast thou forsaken me?' After a while, I drifted ashore, where I could get a foot hold, and while standing in the water, two angels came to me and threw a garment over me, and led me out of the water." He then went on to state how he was now occupying his time; but that is not very interesting, and I will omit it. But I must here make a few remarks, having lived years a neighbor to said Elder. He was a great man to baptize his new recruits. He would wait a while until he got a large number of them, then go at it like a day's work—give them a good sousing. This was his hobby, the height and depth of his greatest happiness, to baptize!

I must say a few words more about this baptizing business. I have known him many times to baptize his new converts in the very coldest weather in the winter, when their clothes would be covered with ice. I have so often felt vexed with him—have felt in hopes he would get baptized in his heart's content, and sure enough I heard him confess!

Battle Creek, Mich.

"GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE."

Letter from Nathan Childester.

BROTHER JONES—I noticed an article headed as above in the JOURNAL of December 19th, from Brother N. Kinney, in which he criticises Charles F. Foster on his profession as a medium. Brother Kinney does not complain that his first interview was not reliable, only that he could not get more than his written names called for. This appears strange to a man that has spent twenty years investigating Spiritualism, and it is more strange that a medium developed to answer sealed letters and written names, should not also be qualified in all the manifestations of Spiritualism. There was a time when mediums had different gifts, but Brother Kinney's twenty years experience show this to be a mistake, and what appears more unaccountable, is that a communication should come from a spirit, in the form of a Brother Kinney's real the story about the man that married a ghost? Do not our spirits and conditions have something to do with the communications we receive, and does not much depend on the character of the spirit that enters us? So it is we write out the names of spirits in the form, and ask a communication under false premises, what will most likely be the result? It is said that spirits comprehend our thoughts, and can answer mental questions. If so, they can detect a fraud, and might possibly answer a fool according to his folly, and yet the medium be honest and innocent in the premises. I will say to Bro. Kinney, that I have learned something of Spiritualism for the last twenty years, and I will give him a little of my experience. At a little circle at my residence, a young lady medium wrote the name of a young man in the form, then about three miles distant. I looked at the writing and spoke the name and inquired if he had dictated the writing of that name. It was answered in the affirmative. At this the medium appeared much embarrassed, and inquired what it meant. In a few moments another medium was controlled, and explained that the young man in question wished to gain her affections, and had thus introduced himself to her favor. She was indignant at the offer, and told him never to intrude on her in that way again. Such, Brother, are the facts in this case. I will now give a case to show that spirits are sometimes at fault. I had a young man in my employ, a good medium, but limited in education, and a very poor writer. At our little circle, he wrote the name of James Wright Gordon, in beautiful hand writing, a perfect fac simile of Mr. Gordon's. I inquired if he would communicate anything. It was answered that he would like to commune with his brother when present. As it was at a sitting, the name was poorly written. I remarked that the spelling was bad, as it was then written James Wright Gordon. I then inquired if this spirit represented Mr. Gordon, and was answered in the affirmative. Could him there was a mistake, but if he had anything to say, we would hear him. He made but few remarks and left. Here were two spirits representing to be Mr. Gordon,—one the real, the other was not, and most likely in the absence of the former took possession under false pretences, and yet the medium was honest and innocent of any fraud.

Bro. Kinney may yet learn that mediums are not responsible for all the mistakes that occur. It is not singular that the spirits in the form who would cheat the devil, may do the same thing after they leave, and such communications are not always reliable, and yet the mediums are honest. When we criticize the honesty of a medium, we should be honest, and not use fraud or deception, thus showing a bad example. It is

a most certain rule in figures, that a false statement will give a false answer to the sum total, and the man that makes the statement, is responsible for the consequences. We cannot expect to work a good rule by a bad example. I know it is said, when sin abounded, grace did much more abound, but shall we do evil that good may come? Mediums like the rest of humanity were made subject to vanity, not willfully, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope, and we should deal with them in truth and soberness, and then after a fair trial, if found guilty, let them show cause why judgment should not be pronounced against them.

Letter from Laura J. Thompson.

BROTHER JONES: This morning is calm and beautiful, and a feeling of gratitude seems to inspire my whole being! I feel grateful in many different ways. I am grateful to you that you publish a paper (the JOURNAL), wherein is contained so much of what I esteem the very best of life, on which the hungry soul can feast and feel supplied; and I feel thankful that I was six months or more ago fortunate enough to have one of your papers come under my observation, and grateful that I found within its columns Mrs. A. H. Robinson's advertisement, as a Healer; and thankful that some good spirit gave me faith enough to try her power on me, having been troubled with a chronic disease for many long years; and above all, thankful that under her directions, I feel that I am slowly but surely recovering. I think that only patience and perseverance to strictly follow her directions, is wanting to perfect a cure.

Please inform me, through your paper, how it is to be understood, concerning the terms and conditions, if a person applies to Mrs. A. H. Robinson concerning business,—if they are the same as for healing.

Stanwood, Iowa.

REMARKS:—Mrs. Robinson's terms for answering business letters, are the same as for answering letters for healing the sick—\$3, and we can truthfully say that her mediumistic powers in business matters are not excelled by any medium we have ever seen. Her controlling spirits for healing the sick, are performing through all mediums in most wonderful cures, in every State in the Union, as well as in the Canadian. One prescription usually cures the patient.

Samuel Underhill, M. D. to Austin Kent.

MY DEAR FELLOW LABORER:—Your question is easily answered, "How do I cure without touch?" All who love each other are to some degree in rapport with each other. Touching the hand of the sick, will put you into interchanging nervous fluid with him. The fixing the mind on you with desire to receive benefit, will, in many cases, extract virtues from you, as the woman did by the mere touch of the garment of Jesus. Even the impression on the mind, may awake to increased action the faculties of innervation in the patient. Hope is a great faculty of healing fluid, and, if excited, may, and often does—excite appetite, i. e., Alms-giveness, which only gives hunger, and the faculties of direction of which my book speaks, may also be excited by hope, and each better organized gets the stimulus of food. It is all natural. This nervous fluid, secreted by a glandular action of the brain, can not only be detected by the will of the person in whom it is generated, but it may be drawn from us by the will of the sick; at the same time, the patient gives off an equal amount of bad, worn-out fluid, which I am very liable to absorb. Some persons escape it by its diffusion in the atmosphere. I use as an escape, putting my hands in cold water while manipulating. We should always do it.

Chicago, Ill.

The Latest Use of Spiritualism.

"The latest uses of Spiritualism," says an English exchange, appears to be to unravel the secrets of the pre-Avante world. The theory is that inanimate objects retain some subtle influence from the scenes enacted in their presence, and that the medium being able to perceive these influences can reproduce the scenes. In this manner, by placing a selection of geological specimens in the hand of the medium, we can get a consecutive history of the world, from the earliest times. A Mrs. D. n. n., an American, has made the greatest progress in this science. A piece of a mastodon's tooth, which she did not see, was given to her, whereupon she spoke as follows: "I feel like a perfect monster, with heavy legs, unwieldy head, and a very large body. I can hardly speak, my jaws are so heavy. I feel like getting down on all fours. What a noise comes through the wood! I feel an impulse to answer it. My ears are very large and leathery, and I can almost fancy they flap my face as I move my head." We should be sorry to insult a lady, even though she were a "perfect monster" with "heavy legs" and a "very large body," but when we read of the "large leathery ears, we have an inclination to say, "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" and we agree that the complete identification of the psychometer with the thing psychometered, or the animal with whose influence it is imbued, is one of the most remarkable facts developed by this experiment.

"Ministers and preachers of the Gospel" are excluded from the Maryland Legislature by a constitutional provision to that end.

THE SISTER; OR THE ANGEL WATCH.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A daughter watched at mid of night Her dying mother's bed; For long long hours she had not slept, For many tears were shed.

Sweet slumber like a blessing fell Upon the daughter's face; The angel smiled, and touched her not, But gently took her place.

The mortal and immortal, each To duty true were seen; The earthly and the spiritual, With Death's pale face between.

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound The slumbering girl alarms? She wakes—she springs with wild embrace, But nothing there appears.

INDIANA.

Letter from Sister Deborah.

BROTHER JONES: We have just been favored with four lectures from Bro. E. V. Wilson, which were much better attended than we have had in this place.

Bro. Wilson is a logical and impressive speaker, and his lectures are clearly and logically presented. He handles the Bible with great dexterity and effect.

We always consider that a book which is infallible, Infant Damnation, Polygamy, Slavery, Drunkenness, and Justification of Murder could be proved, and up in which over six hundred different creeds have their foundations, was and must necessarily be unworthy of candid examination.

The only objection we found to Brother Wilson's use of the Bible, was the allopathic doses in which he served it, consuming much time, which, we think, could be more profitably used in Homeopathic doses.

During Brother Wilson's stay here, he gave about one hundred and fifty public tests, with only about fifteen failures.

He described a number of spirits, but gave only four names, none of which were recognized, and many of those described as standing by certain persons in the audience, could have been as readily recognized, if he had described them by a half-dozen others, as tests, we considered them as only tolerable.

The Rev. Wm. A. White has been the pastor of the Presbyterian Churches at Hookstown and Bethlehem, Penn. While in that capacity charges were made against him. They were not, as the reader will think, altogether trifling or unimportant.

Even granting that he is right, which we are by no means prepared to do, there is not over one confirmed Spiritualist in twenty who will accept it, and it will surely prove, if extensively taught, the rock upon which thousands of inquirers will shatter their barges, abandoning their investigations, to seek a more rational religious belief elsewhere.

We fully appreciate the great value Brother Wilson is, and has been, to the cause we all love, as a test and speaking medium, who, perhaps, has not an equal in the field; and we make these criticisms with the best of feeling towards him—believing those our best friends who endeavor to point out our faults as well as our virtues.

In New Hampshire the Free-Will Baptists, the Methodists, and the regular Baptists, each have a candidate for Governor, and it is thought that the Methodists will carry the day.

He made many hits which will not be soon forgotten by those who heard them. It may not be out of place in this letter to give you a few ideas about our little city. Crawfordsville is located in the centre of one of the most productive districts in the state, and has railroad connections second to no city in the state, save Indianapolis.

We have located here W. Wash. College, under the patronage of the New School Presbyterians, which is in a flourishing condition. We also have about ten churches, kept up at an expense of not less than fifteen thousand dollars per annum,—an amount sufficient to provide for the comfort of every widow and orphan in the country.

We have been laboring in the interests of the spirit world for over twenty years; we hope with good results. We still need more of the physical phenomena, and to supply that want, we have written to Brother Thayer of your city, to induce him to spend a few weeks with us, and hope he can do so.

Allow us to congratulate you, Brother Jones, upon the increasing worth and usefulness of your very able paper.

Letter from Jay Densmore.

DEAR JOURNAL: I read with great interest, the accounts of the progress of Spiritualism in different parts of the country, and I presume that others are as much pleased with such accounts as I am myself.

Although we are only twenty-two miles from Rochester, the great starting point of modern spiritual phenomena, it is not surprising that Spiritualism is not as powerful and steadily an element here as it is in many other places, particularly in the West, for great rivers are always small and apparently unimportant near their sources; and again, when the light of Modern Spiritualism broke upon the world at Rochester, this part of the country had its social and religious institutions a ready formed, and people are always indifferent to the changing of an old thing, which they already have, and which they think will answer their purpose, for a new article, even though the new may be much better than the old.

Week before last, we had Mr. Charles H. Read, and Mr. Harry Bastian, physical mediums, with us. They gave two public sittings at the Hall in our village, and three private ones at my house, and they made a deep impression on the minds of all thinking persons who witnessed their manifestations, demonstrating, as they did in the most convincing manner, that such manifestations were produced by a power outside, and independent of themselves.

Very Truly Yours, JAY DENSMORE.

A Heavy Sentence.

The Rev. Wm. A. White has been the pastor of the Presbyterian Churches at Hookstown and Bethlehem, Penn. While in that capacity charges were made against him. They were not, as the reader will think, altogether trifling or unimportant.

A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been established in Illinois, under the auspices of Mr. Angell, the Boston humanitarian. It is to be known as the Illinois Humane Society.

Speaker's Register.

We are sick of trying to keep a standing Register of Meetings and list of speakers without a hearty co-operation on the part of those most interested.

J. Madison Allen, Ancora, N. J. O. F. F. Allen, Bloomington, Mass. Mrs. A. B. Allen, 122 West Washington street.

John Corwin, Five Corners, N. Y. Andrew Jackson Davis, Orange, N. J. Dr. H. P. Fairfield will answer calls to lecture. Address: 18 West Washington street, Chicago.

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MEDIUMS' DIRECTORY.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal being an especial friend to all true mediums, will hereafter publish a complete Directory, giving the place of all professional mediums, so far as advised upon the subject.

CHICAGO. Mrs. A. E. Allen, 221 West Madison St. Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 145 Fourth Avenue. Dr. W. Cleveland, 85 East Harrison St.

BOSTON. Dr. H. B. Storer. Mrs. Julia M. Friend, 118 Harrison Ave. Mrs. S. J. Stickney, 333 Tremont St.

PHILADELPHIA. Mrs. S. A. Anthony, S. E. Cor. of 7th and Catherine Sts. D. B. Oswald, 1095 Race St.

NEW YORK CITY. Jennie Danforth, 54 Lexington Ave. Miss Blanch Foley, 624 Third Ave.

ST. LOUIS. Miss M. Lou Hopper, 631 Brooklyn St., St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Helen Grover.

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SAN FRANCISCO. Wm. H. Hatch, 128 Kearney St. ST. CHARLES, ILL. Mrs. Leonard Howard.

SAN JOSE, CAL. Mrs. Mary E. Beach. WINTER WATER, WIS. Mrs. A. E. Storer.

MISCELLANEOUS. Mrs. Orrin Abbott, Weston, Mich. Jonathan Allen, 1011 N. W. 1st St., Wash. D. C.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



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A COMPILATION OF PSALMS, HYMNS, ANTHEMS, CHANTS, ETC., Embodying the Spirit of the Age, and representing the Sentiment of the Freethinker. By John B. Adams.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. All letters and communications should be addressed to E. S. JONES, 189 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 21, 1871.

TERMS OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal.

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NEWSPAPER DIVISIONS.

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.

LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Is an Infinite, Intelligent God a Possibility?

NUMBER TWENTY FOUR.

For thousands of years the earth has moved along through space with unerring precision, yet no one has ever heard the voice of God. Prayers are uttered, but never answered.

The idea is nearly universal that there must be an infinite, intelligent God,—that there is one! And he who boldly denies the truthfulness of the assertion, places himself in a position antagonistic to a large portion of humanity.

The human family recognizes the fact that they were created, and that implies a Creator, and they will exultingly exclaim: "Then there must be a God!"

In the discussion of this question, the human mind is glancing in every conceivable direction, endeavoring to find some ancient landmark that will aid in the search.

God being all-powerful, yet we cannot see wherein his power is manifested; being all-wise, yet he cannot give us any instruction; being infinitely merciful, he allows thousands of his children to die of starvation.

Where shall we find a being that represents these various phases of life? Is he intelligent? How do you know it? Is he omnipresent? Did you ever see him? Is he infinitely merciful?

This work treats upon the igneous or nebulous theory of La Place, now generally adopted by astronomers and geologists, and proves quite conclusively that hypothesis to be a most arrant humbug and delusion.

Look at that locomotive, moving along with terrific speed. Connected therewith is an engineer,—an intelligent being,—but before the existence of the engine, there was a machinist who conceived it.

All designers and engineers that we know anything about, are human beings, hence, if the analogy holds good, the designer and engineer of the earth are human beings.

- 1.—The engine is a mechanical structure. 2.—It has evidence of a design. 3.—It moves. 4.—It has a designer and an engineer.

All designers and engineers that we know anything about, are human beings, hence, if the analogy holds good, the designer and engineer of the earth are human beings.

Now, the universe is endless in extent—it is infinite—hence, can not be a mechanical structure. Any mechanism necessarily has limit, bounds; but the universe, the infinite fields of space, taken as one grand whole, is limitless in extent.

In our next, we shall commence branching off into a new field of investigation, and will lead our readers from the material planes of life to the spiritual, unfolding the grandeur of man's destiny, and the magnificent works that will engage his attention in the fields of space.

To be continued.

"The World's Agitator and Reconciler."

We have in course of publication at our office a very remarkable book, which will be entitled: "The World's Agitator and Reconciler; or a Treatise upon the Physical Structure of the Globe."

This book was written in Sacramento, California, by Wm. F. Lyon, a man who seems to be thoroughly informed in relation to the subjects introduced in the different chapters were given through the organ's pen of Dr. M. L. Sarman during a series of sittings that occurred in that city between January and November, 1870.

The book will make its appearance about the first of April next, and from what we know of its contents, we have no hesitation in saying that it must have a wide-spread circulation, and the attention of a large portion of the thinking minds of this continent, if not of the entire civilized world.

It contains a chapter upon the Open Polar Sea, presenting some new and interesting views concerning that still unsolved problem, giving some very palpable reasons why previous navigators have been unsuccessful in sailing into that charmed circle.

Oh! when will humanity learn to forgive the erring, and throw around them a garle of strength, so that they can rise in the scale of existence? To-day, society, in many instances, is the criminal, and the individuals thereof can not escape the penalty of their evildoing.

There is a story of another of Christ's ministers who denied him; who, in the hour of his bitterest need, cursed and swore, saying, "I know not the man." His reproof was but a look; and Peter afterwards was one of the purest of his apostles.

A chapter upon solar influences presents a new and interesting view of that difficult subject, showing the method of lighting the interior surface of this spherical shell or hollow globe, claiming that the sun and more etherealized

aural element performs the duty of furnishing those beautiful realms with both light and warmth.

The work contains an interesting treatise upon the inherent powers contained in all globes, showing that the materials of which they are composed must be of the most inactive negative character, and that gradually, in accordance with progressive principles, they develop to a state of greater and still greater activity and life.

It contains a chapter upon the dissolution and reconstruction of worlds, delineating in a remarkable manner how they may be resolved into their primal elements, and then reconstructed by the use of the proper material, and an application of the requisite forces.

It gives some reasons why Arctic expeditions have been hitherto unsuccessful, and shows the possibility and probability of sailing into and exploring the Open Polar Sea at no distant day.

It will be a work of about 440 pages, treating upon a great variety of subjects that seem to be agitating the minds of modern thinkers, and to be appreciated, must be read.

Vindictiveness.

Among the various orthodox churches, there is a spirit of relentless persecution manifested, that does not reflect the true Christian spirit.

Passing through this severe ordeal, had he been encouraged, he would have become more useful than ever; but the pious Christians in his church pointed at him the finger of hate, and soon his poisonous magnetism sent him lower and lower in the scale of existence.

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The Journal.

On our sixth page we present our readers this week with another of those brilliant lectures by that distinguished speaker, Mrs. Emma Hardinge. The essays and letters from our contributors, on the second, third and sixth pages, will be found especially interesting, and embrace the following: Resurrection Meetings, by F. B. Dowd; America Without a Bible, by J. A. Swain; A Christian Murder, and Notes from Western New York, by D. P. Kayner; The Devil His Due Again, by N. Kinney; I Am the True God, by D. P. Hank; Letter from L. L. Parker; Voices from the People; Letter from Fisher Doherty; Letter from Jay Denmore.

The JOURNAL is the true exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy. Its pages are strewn with gems of thought that the masses appreciate.

Spirit Artist—Letter of Inquiry.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 23, 1870. Bro. JONES—Dear Sir—Will you please inform us if the Spirit Artist, Mr. E. A. Blair, paints portraits of persons in the Spirit Land, and oblige.

Yours truly, JOSEPH MARSH, HENRY DIXON.

REPLY—She does not paint portraits. Her paintings are most beautiful specimens of art—flowers, wreaths, etc., etc.

Her wonderful paintings can be obtained at this office. See advertisement in another column.

Belvidere Seminary.

The Belvidere Seminary, located at Belvidere, N. J., is an educational institute, founded on a broad and liberal basis.

Belvidere Seminary is strictly non-sectarian, and no pupils are ever requested to attend any church.

The Analytical Healer, Dr. Dumont C. Duke's career in the West, is brilliant and praiseworthy. The doctor remains in Kansas City, until Feb. 6th. The balance of February, Eldridge House, Lawrence, Kansas.

Dr. Persons.

We have this week had the pleasure of a call from that wonderful healer, Dr. W. Persons. He has been healing in St. Louis during the past few months with the most gratifying results, as we learn from the press of that city.

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Personal and Local.

—Mr. Frank Thayer, the medium for physical manifestations, has been giving sances at Room 5, 104 Madison street, during the past week. He is really one of the very best mediums in the field, notwithstanding the accusations of those who wish to build themselves up by tearing him down.

—That brilliant speaker and indefatigable worker, Mrs. Mary J. Wilcoxson, we are happy to learn is slowly recovering from a severe attack of sciatica, and will soon be able to once more enter the lecturing field.

—The Rev. John A. Rainer, of Chardenville, Ill., a prominent divine, proposes to take the negative of the following resolution, and will discuss the same with any Spiritualist:

Resolved: That the Holy Scriptures teach that the material phenomena called Spiritualism, that is, the spirits of the departed, both good and bad, do not communicate with the living through the living.

—Mrs. Bell A. Chamberlain writes to us from West Mitchell, Iowa, giving an account of her efforts in behalf of our cause. She has lectured at Orono, St. Ansgar and other places, giving tests, and convincing the skeptical mind of the truth of immortality.

—J. O. Barret, State Missionary for Wisconsin, sends the following appointments for A. A. Wheelock: Racoon, Ill., Friday evening, Jan. 13th; Beloit, Wis., Sunday, Jan. 15th; Evansville, Monday evening, Jan. 16th; Stoughton, Tuesday evening, Jan. 17th; Stockbridge, Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, and Sunday, the 22nd; Oshkosh, Monday evening, Jan. 23rd; Neenah, Tuesday evening, Jan. 24th, and Wednesday evening, Jan. 25th; Omro, Thursday evening, 26th, 27th, 28th, and Sunday, 29th; Waukau, Monday evening, Jan. 30th; Eureka, Tuesday evening, Jan. 31st; Berlin, Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st; Ripon, Thursday evening, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, and Sunday the 5th; Beaver Dam, Monday evening, 6th; Fox Lake, Tuesday evening, 7th; Portage City, Wednesday evening, 8th; Maunster, Thursday evening, 9th; Lisbon, Friday evening, 10th; Sparta, Saturday and Sunday, 11th, and 12th.

—Brother Barber, your confession came duly to hand, and the result thereof will cause the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to smile upon you.

—Charles H. Read, the medium for physical manifestations, will be in Chicago some time in February. He has been holding sances in various parts of Ohio with marked success, and doing good wherever he has been. His sances are said to be fully equal to the Davenport's.

—Ruth Bishop sends two dollars, but fails to give post-office address.

—V. Parker, of Ludington, Mich., writes to us, speaking in high terms of the labors of A. P. Bowman.

—Jesse B. H. Shepard, the musical medium, who has been in various parts of Europe during the last two years, has returned to the United States, and will at once commence giving sances in various parts of the country.

—William Garlick, of Silver City, Idaho, thinks that place a good field for the operations of medium.

—Our old friend, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, has been with us at Williamsville, Conn., during the month of December, and has given good satisfaction as a speaker. New thoughts were cast into the minds of unbelievers; the sad hearts of mourners comforted by the return of their spirit friends at private circles; and at present our Spiritualist friends are all in good spirits; and with the fine prospect of Dr. F. L. H. Willis for a speaker until April, we will hope for success.

—John Downing thinks that it would pay a good lecturer and test medium to visit Paola, Kansas.

—The Mound City (Kansas) Sentinel speaks as follows of Dr. E. B. Wheelock: "Dr. E. B. Wheelock, an eminent physician and lecturer of the state of Iowa, is at present traveling through our state with a view of selecting a permanent location. The doctor will lecture in Fort Scott on Sunday next, from whence he will go to Montgomery County."

—Mrs. E. S. Horton lectures in Cleveland during February.

—N. Frank White has gone to Newbern, North Carolina.

—Laura V. Ellis has been at New Philadelphia, Ohio. The Democrat, published there, speaks of her as follows: "Mr. M. M. Ellis, accompanied by his gifted daughter, Laura V. Ellis, one of the best mediums we ever saw, have been giving a number of sances in New Philadelphia and Canal Dover during the week. The wonderful doings of the marvelous and ubiquitous Blake astonish all beholders, and remain as mysterious as ever. Mr. E. and his daughter acquitted themselves with great propriety, and we recommend them and their marvelous entertainment to our brethren of the press, and the public generally. Verily, there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in our philosophy. We have no opinions to advance here, as to the modes of operation of the 'ways that are dark and the work that are vain,' but we do expect to hear a report from some of our men of science, as we saw several present at the entertainment. The attempted exposure at Dover was a total failure."

—Dr. J. K. Bailey is still in New York, lecturing in various places.

—F. B. Dowd, the eminent Rosicrucian, will answer calls to lecture. He is one of the clearest thinkers of the present age, and capable of entertaining any audience.

—That indefatigable laborer, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, after several weeks of active service in Central Illinois, has gone to Wheeling, Va., to deliver a course of lectures.

—M. B. Craven, of Philadelphia, has published a book entitled, "A Criticism on the Theological Idea of Deity." It contains a vast amount of useful information, and no library is complete without it. We shall in our next issue allude to it again.

—Mrs. A. E. Allen, 241 West Madison street, is an excellent psychometric medium.

—Lyman C. Howe is still ably ministering to the Spiritual wants of those attending Crosby's Music Hall.

—John H. Surratt, having engaged to lecture in Lincoln Hall, Washington, on the assassination of President Lincoln, the directors of the company owning the building very properly put an end to the whole arrangement.

The Rostrum.

LECTURE XXIV.

The Priesthood of the Future, By Mrs. Emma Hardinge, Delivered before the First Association of Spiritualists, at the National Hall, Philadelphia.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, and copyright secured, by Henry T. Child, M. D.

INVOCATION.

Oh, Thou Great Spirit, Our Father and Friend, we thank thee for this sweet Sabbath night. We thank thee for all memories which each seventh day bring home. We thank thee for the ancient Sabbath. Surely it was thy kind voice whispering to the living soul, "Peace be still."

LECTURE.

To-night we speak of the Priesthood of the future, the Priesthood that shall be, that must be, if the conflict of the human spirit that is now raging over the earth, bring this not forth, then the experience of the past is of no value, and we have no example by which we may hope to build up those brighter, grander experiences of the future which we call progress.

The common people cannot understand this system. The common people in the days of the apostles, received the doctrine and teachings—not the wise, not the learned, not the great, who hold the psychological letters that bind the human soul; but to the common people cannot receive these things, therefore, for the sake of them, a priesthood is necessary to present in authoritative terms the succession of ideas we have laid before you. It needs much wisdom, much philosophy, much poetry, much authority—the authority will not suffice. Presented by a Peter, a James, and a John. Poor fishermen cannot impress such a doctrine as this upon the world. Jesus stood by the well and talked with the woman of Samaria, in simple, touching tones that opened up before her the whole of her past life with all its mysteries. He laid bare the secrets of her heart, and told her what religion was—that it would not suffice to preach the mystery of Godliness. He who stood on the mountain side, and there opened up to man all the possibilities which well up in his heart, in rolling, in eloquence in the necessities—that daily walks and cares of life, he resolved all those problems in his pure simple tones. He told man now the pure in heart saw God and realized heaven. He showed man how simple and yet stern were those retributive laws which visited upon every living creature, the results of the act, even to the giving of a cup of cold water to God's poor. He who preached these simple doctrines; he who in the market places and by the wayside, without even the ritual, without the solemn vestments of the priesthood, without the sanctum of the holy anointing and beneath another temple than the star spangled skies, and the overhauling armies of God's forces; trees—he taught man that worship must be in spirit and in truth; that we may show our love to God by our love to man. He could not be a high

priest of such wonderful and astounding problems as implicate to the great creative power; that was wise enough to call ten thousand millions of sparkling worlds into existence; yet not wise enough to fashion this little planet aright. Wise enough to build a great road leading from one eternity to another, and strew it with star dust, and sow it thickly with sparkling, grand and wonderful systems, and carry them forward in the spacious and unerring machinery that never fails from eternity to eternity, and yet could not compass the breadth and subtlety of one single creature, that he had made, a being so small, so atomic, that he stands as a mere grain of dust to his own planet. Oh, no! Jesus the great High Priest of the fishermen, the Magdalen, the outcasts, the Publicans and sinners, could not present such a doctrine as this; hence it was necessary to call a new priesthood into existence,—apostolic success.

Take away this terrible belief in human depravity, against which man struggles in vain; take away that which deprives him of the possibility of doing aught that is good; of working out his salvation, and you have no need of a God incarnate; take away the doctrine of a vicarious atonement, and you have no need of such a priesthood; no need of churches, popes, cardinals, bishops, deacons, pew rents, fees, and church revenues. Thus the whole system by a grand accession of ideas, comes down to us to-day, interwoven into a hand-work of priestly years, and yet stands to-day confounded, amazed, and trembling at the possibility of being unable to perpetuate its power—and why? Because a new priesthood has risen; a new priesthood in the name of human reason; a priesthood that to-day has appeared like a wild man,—like John, whose voice was scarcely understood, crying aloud in the wilderness of Materialism, and thus preparing the way for the coming of the Messiah—a priest of baptizing us with the extreme element of the water of reason, and nothing more. The moment this priesthood was seen, its strong stern voice was heard, calling upon men to think, and as they thought, they rejected upon the systems of belief. They broke them in twain, and like ropes of sand, priesthood authority gave way before this mighty element of reason. It was but a baptism of the external elements, comparable to water. Then came the priesthood of fire, the fire of the holy spirit, to light up all those smouldering embers of religion—those longings of the human soul, and enable them to find once again the bright and glorious hopes of immortality, which had been darkened out by materialism.

The great demand of the soul was answered with twice told ten thousand tongues of fire, that burst through the very abom of the grave, and snuckling and things that were naught—and spelled out by knocking at the human heart and by piercing the very gates of the citadel of human feeling, entering in and taking them captive—spelled out the glorious words, "I still live, and thy soul shall live forever." The day of this priesthood has been promised for twenty years; but we scarcely yet comprehend its meaning. We have not learned to apply it; it has taken us by storm; it has led captive all our senses; it has compelled our allegiance; it has compelled our belief, but nothing more. We stand now in the midst of the invisible hosts that have thronged around us, and we wait for something more. We wait to practice the principles they have awakened up in our hearts, to some useful purposes. We are longing for religion. We have broken loose from those old traditional institutions, that held captive our slumbering souls, for they must have slumbered ere we could consent to accept such a belief. We have been startled by these wild cries from the baptism of reason. We have heard the shouts of the awakened multitude, cheering through this stern voice of reason. We cannot go back to the myths and traditions of old. We remember the stately church—the solemn cloistered arch. We have looked back upon the calm, sweet Sabbath day. There are some of us who recollect, even in the earliest moments of childhood—how sweet it was to listen to the bell that called us to prayer, and to bend in solemn awe before the altars, where we were told the invisible presence rested. There was something holy and sacred, too, in those vague, unformed whispers which we lifted up to the unknown God—for he was unknown to us. Every one of us that has ever looked in the calm and mysterious face of death—every one of us that has gazed upon the solemn angel as he has entered the dwelling, and left behind the terrible kathingome thing that we cannot bear to look upon—that we put out of our sight in silence and mystery, and then stand in the great loneliness; every one of us that has ever felt that, knows that our words have been true. We told them that neither materialism nor philosophy, nor even old metaphysics, nor any external form or deeds, will fill up the place in the heart that should be devoted to religion; will crave alliance to its author. The soul will demand expression for its aspirations—will and must be answered in its future day, and must be answered in the name of religion. We have asked these bright spirits, visitants of ours. We have questioned these bright angels, whether they would be around us forever, or whether another Messiah is yet to come; they tell us this dispensation is not yet perfected; that they are but the advance guard, forerunners and messengers of a brighter and holier, grander dispensation than has ever yet been realized. They have rapped upon our tables; they have telegraphed to us through signs and wonders; they have illuminated our lonely dwellings; they have clasped our hands, and spoken sweet words of comfort in our hearts, but they have not yet built our church; they have not yet given us a priesthood; they have not yet been commissioned by the great high priest, to reveal to us the future destiny of all these millions who are now, this Sabbath night, under various forms and aspects—under various denominational beliefs—each and every struggling after an inspiration to discover the true religion—something of the form, the beautiful form of that religion and its priesthood seems to dawn upon us to-night. Something of its external expression is given to us to contemplate. It seems to us to assume the form first of a Sabbath day; not one, but every day a Sabbath. We know that each day is God's day; that every duty that we perform is good or evil, holy or profane—precisely as we make it. There are many thoughts and ideas crowding upon us. The development of arts and sciences, the progress of intellectual power, has so filled up every avenue of the brain, that there is no time to think of immortality, and to aspire to God, to lift our

souls to bright and holy things, during the busy rush and giddy whirl of life. We know that all the practices that the arts and sciences have invented, are the means for the growth of life. We know that they have expression in eternity; that they are good, and they are to be continued hereafter. Those spirits that come from the busy world of moving life, tell us that all things that are planted on earth, blossom in the spheres, and we believe now that all things are sacred. There are moments when these phantom souls stand by our sides, and we take counsel of them.

It is for this purpose that we now come together,—not alone to shift the burden from the poor man's shoulder, but to lay the weary hands down, and give the bending form fresh air, fresh life, a sunny sky, to rest it from the heavy toils of the week. It is not only for rest, but it is for food and refreshment for the soul. It is that we may come together in the solemn assembly, and look into each other's faces, and each one feel that we come to meet the Great Spirit; each one recognize their own humanity; and look upon each other, as bound together with the magnetism of a common idea,—fraternalized by the central thought, so that we shall feel that we are in the shadow of the Day of Pentecost, if not in its reality. It is for such a purpose as this, that the Sabbath has been established, so that for many ages, although it has been abused and perverted, still it has been handed down, and still the great High Priest has never sunk and it to be blotted out of existence, until this very night, it seems to shine upon us as a good and holy day, a day when the spiritual table is spread, and our weary unresting souls come together as with one accord in one place, and take counsel of those whom we have selected to echo our thoughts, and speak to us of a high and holy influence, that shall lead us to put the shoes of Materiality from off our feet, and feel that we are treading on sacred ground. Oh! believe me, were the Sabbath blotted out from our spirits, our souls would become dwarfed, our minds would grow material, and the thoughts of immortality, and the recognition of the Great Spirit—these we would become but dim memories in our minds, and we would gradually wander and wander, until at last gradually we would be lost,—we should be mere materialists. Let us thank God for the Sabbath day, and cherish it as a day which is hallowed and set apart, so that we may meet and take counsel for higher and holier purposes,—as every day in the week belongs to the expression of intellectual progress, which Almighty God himself has awakened in our minds. It is a part of our duty to ourselves, and to him whom we attempt to make our great High Priest, and whom we commend with praise and piteous supplications to change his purpose, that we pay no more sacred respect to one day than to another. Jesus taught us to do good on all days, on all occasions, to do whatsoever your hand findeth to do, whether it be on the Sabbath day or any other day, that will benefit ourselves and our fellow-beings, and to forget not the putting aside some portion of the day for the best and highest purposes, to forget not to lay down life's burdens, and consecrating the day to clasping hands in brotherly love, and going to some place, no matter where, so it be consecrated and dedicated to the purposes of worship, so no impure and unholy thoughts shall accompany us, so that we shall come together with one sole purpose to take counsel of the grand and holy influence of eternity.

Six days are enough for toil. We should give the seventh to soul expression. Thus much for the day; for the place it matters little, so that it be not polluted with dark thoughts and stained with crime; so that we do not receive the foul magnetism, the psychological impress of that which is impure and unholy. Every place may become a church, if it have the proper psychological influences, which we spiritualists know are so necessary. The forms of beauty, the overarching roof, the splendid cathedral, may all be lacking in this. The solemn tones of the pealing organ may not satisfy the soul, though it pour forth the sweet melodious tones in unknown tongues. We may find a better place in the forest grove, where the solemn voice of the preacher, speaks to us, even from by place or hill-side,—anywhere or everywhere. If the place is consecrated by such a purpose, that is enough to constitute a church.

We would hear the sweetest tones of music, and gaze upon the fairest forms. In this worship, we would impress upon every sense a psychological memory of a God of beauty, a God of love, a God who has made sweet flowers, and called for them and painted them with many colors, and made the sunbeams to find a home within their cups,—until, as we gaze down into their petals, we are astonished to find so much beauty,—such lovely forms, that we feel like worshipping them. Man builds splendid temples, and waxes the substance of the people, of God's poor. Within the shadow of the most splendid architectural piles, the wretched poor have no where to lay their heads. They are crushed down in poverty and sickness, to die where these stately cathedrals are lifting their solemn stone heads to the skies, and they might shelter thousands and thousands of these crushed, homeless creatures. They would not shelter the Mary of Nazareth; they would let him linger homeless out in the tempest. We know that Cardinals, Popes, and priests, would not admit those wretched poor into their solemn ceremonies, before their stately altars, in their fine pews, lest they might soil them. This is not the church we want. Ours must be everywhere, in the home, in the market place, in the place of business and of labor, beneath the overarching dome where the ancient Druid worshipped, in the magnificent Cathedral of Nature, whose lamps are ten thousand stars, and whose choir is the sweet angel voices, who are looking lovingly and tenderly upon us. It matters not where we are, if we recognize the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and one common destiny. This is the church we are seeking to find to-day, and we propose to speak of the exercises which belong to it—of its Sabbath day, and of that which constitutes its religion. We would ask each one to question, what has this done for me? We should question, what are we? We should question, what is the culminating point upon which our thoughts should be; this should be the purpose that should bring us together. We need not enter upon the minor details of this work. We want no more severance between word and work; no more unkind divorce between practice and preaching. In the church all things that relate to human destiny, are fit subjects to be discussed,—arts and sciences, philosophy and religion—everything relating to man, to the Angel World, and to God. We take in all, from the highest to the lowest, and count every religion a failure that does not do this. We should question all the institutions, and endeavor to see what these results are now, and what they will be in the future,—both of this life and the life to come. We should not attribute to our Creator, that which we should be ashamed of ourselves. We should study all the great works of the Infinite, as mapped out so perfectly, so magnificently in the universe. By this means we shall discover the true foundations of governmental institutions,—the highest, and best, and most enduring. We should study astronomy, and learn of those infinite numbers and distances, marked out by those bright dwellers of the skies, an

earn of Him whose majestic powers hath thus strown the sky with light. We should look at the majestic and wonderful revelations of earth, as we turn page after page in the great store book of Nature. We should read there our destinies, and all that the reveals of his ultimate purpose in the great laboratory of creation, which he has expressed there. We should study the arts and sciences, and all useful things, which he has put into man's hand to initiate into matter, and to bring forth in the form of works of industrious arts, giving evidence of the creative power of the human mind. We would refer back to him, and forward to immortality.

We would show how he has disposed of all things, and we should endeavor to model after him as far as possible. We should take lesson after lesson from the books of life within, and compare it with the book of life which we are writing. We are studying the ponderable here, and it is opening up to us, as we discover more clearly, the wonderful nature of the impalpable forces. We are gradually scaling the heights of knowledge; are standing upon the apex of the ages, with the telescope penetrating into the immensity of space, and with the microscope gazing into the depths of God's universe.

I do not see any subject which can be legitimately excluded from Sabbath day worship. With this view, we would throw open the platform of the new priesthood, and give hospitable welcome to every idea with which God has charged the human mind. Our object is to magnify his name, we never can perform such service so acceptably, as when we realize what he is, and show that he doeth all things well.

I must now speak of the priesthood of the future. I must question what that priesthood should be. We all have fashioned to ourselves some idea of such an one as should perform for us acceptable service at our Sabbath day gathering. Let us inquire who have been the preachers of the last twenty years. We have seen that the wonderful intelligence that has come through the tiny raps, the movements of the tables, and the various manifestations that the spirit world, through our mediums, has presented, has been the source that has stirred up and awakened the human heart to the great and solemn mysteries of life and death. These have been our preachers, holding up the torches of immortality, and they have brought thousands upon thousands of souls to a realization of their eternal destiny.

We do not say that these are enough. We do not know how long they may continue in our midst. We do know that their light can never be extinguished from the world; that cold, bleak materialism and skepticism cannot annihilate the beautiful conceptions of the spiritual that we now realize. Our voices are intermingled with the tones of the spirits so that we can scarcely distinguish the one from the other.

We know it has not been given to mortals to constitute this priesthood. They hold the torch to light our way. They have been permitted to come and illuminate our blind eyes; when they are opened, we must see for ourselves. They have never been privileged to come and do our work for us; it is still to humanity that we must look. The first element that we demand for the priesthood, is that they shall be sincere,—in that which they teach. The first element that we demand for Sabbath day service, is that they be sincere; that they believe in the Great Spirit,—that all Creative Intelligence; whom we worship as God. They may not comprehend him. They must seek to build up the fires of spiritual life upon the altar within. Let our priests realize that the Spirit Presence fills the place in which they minister. In breaking the bread of life for us, they must know that it feeds their own souls. Let them be sincere in their assurance of immortality. Let them realize that there is another and a better world to which every soul is hastening. Let them make themselves practical in the everyday duties of material life. Let us have no more speculations; no more wild theories,—man made opinions. We have been taught too long to shrink back from God because men have crowded upon us their theories, their opinions; and we know many in the present day are not their doctrines and creeds. They admit that they can neither comprehend them nor believe them. Let us awe with all this bigotry, that has been fostered in the holy name of religion. Our preachers are in our midst. We have had the communion of spirits. We have not only listened to the immortals, but we have been referred back to the laws of God, as expressed in Nature.

Every day of our lives the Judgment Angel follows us. We cannot take a single step, or perform a single act but there is judgment upon us. Were the gates of immortality to close upon us now; were all those bright ministers to pass from our sight; were the veil once more to be dropped, and the spirit voices to be silenced, they have left us enough; they have lighted the torch of reason; they have illuminated the darkness of members of the mind; they have called us back to the worship of forms and ceremonies, of man's inventions, and shown us that Nature's revelations are divine; not in the mere external sense that cold philosophy would teach, but in that higher and grander sense that God has revealed in man.

Should they leave us now in darkness—these spirits—until we are permitted to first them upon the shore of the B. utiful River? We know they are there. We know all is well with them. We know those invisible eyes are upon us, and we shall meet them in that morning whose sun shall know no setting. They have given us all this, and can we mistake our priest hood? We would have our priests prepared for this office. We want those that we are not ashamed of. We do not put forward the ignorant and unlearned,—those who cannot instruct or inform us, in the lycæum or on the rostrum. Why should we do this in religion? Let us determine that our priests and ministers shall be fitted and trained for their office. Let them know that they are to lead the people by reason and truth, and not to dogmatize over them. Let us have no more ecclesiastics and bishops, or popes far removed from the people. Let us have priests who will go among them. Let us have those who will be of the people,—learn their great sufferings, their bitter toils, their many privations. Do not place them upon the pedestal of wealth and power, but stand them in your midst. Make them your friends. Teach them to sound the depths of human hearts. They must be men and women that will bear each other's burdens. They must feel for the people. Let us ask for no transcendental beings, far removed from the sympathies and feelings of those who worship in the Father's temple. With such a priesthood the fires of Spiritual inspiration would be renewed. With such mediums between this and the spirit world, we should constantly hear the voices of the immortals.

We know that the phenomenal dispensation cannot go out. We know that the spiritual hosts are around about us, and we can no longer walk in darkness, for they have pointed the way. They are waving the torches of spiritual light before us, and their inspirations must guide the new priesthood. The gates that have been opened, can never be closed, and the instruments in the hands of

these, are the priests who shall minister for us. They will never leave us, but just so long as we put ourselves in the attitude to work for them,—just so long as we take the pilgrim's staff in our hands,—we build up the priesthood. We build up the altar, and they give us the fires. This will give us bread to break amongst each other. This I believe to be the idea of the priesthood. Let us labor to bring it about. Let each one of us be in our place, doing our work for the coming of this new ministry, for which the world is surely waiting.

I have endeavored to speak to you of that which for twenty years the spirits have been laboring to produce. We have dared to reason upon this solemn mystery, that has hitherto been kept from us. We have not been permitted to build. It has been shown to us that the churchmen have advanced far beyond their creeds. We have found them better than their professions. Do we not find that when we present these strange and incomprehensible doctrines, they shrink back from them. They cannot explain them, and many of them are ashamed of the myths which have been embodied in the name of religion. These are the signs of the coming of the new ministry.

We know that order is the first law of heaven. We know that we can never think and fail to do. We know that we must put in practice the thoughts that stir within us. We know that as these bring forth their fruits, some thing better will be the result. The old priesthood has failed, the old authority is gone, and the world demands something better.

We have seen some of the work that is mapped out for the priesthood. We see that the priest should lead the people, as the representative of those mighty hosts who are waiting to bring to us the glorious light of immortality. The priest, then, must be a medium,—in the higher and grander sense,—reading the footprints upon the boundaries of both worlds, and looking into the realms of the spiritual, should be able to bring forth the knowledge that shall save the people.

The day is coming when you and I shall sit in the temple with this mighty priesthood, and hold our solemn feasts. The day is coming when we shall see the part of a man's hand come out and write on the walls of the churches—the solemn temples—Thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The day is coming when the kingdom will be divided, and the priesthood totter to its foundations.

We have no fear that religion will die out of the world. Just so long as the great high priest of our souls lives,—just so long as our beloved ones are gathered in by the Death Angel to the portals of immortality, our spirits will follow them. We will listen to their voices when they proclaim to us that there is no death.

We have no fear, then, and we will not turn aside from the light that has been given to us. We shall not turn aside from the angel guidance that has been vouchsafed to us; but we will watch and wait, and place ourselves in the attitude of soldiers ready to enter the service with the great Captain who shall manifest himself to us. We know the world demands his presence, but the coming man of the future will never be an individual whom we shall fall down and worship. We shall never repeat the failures of the past. Hosts of bright beings will come in the name of the great, the grand man of the universe,—not in one incarnate God in man, but in ten thousand of them on every side of us, thronging around us, and each one bringing us the assurance that they live, and that we, too, shall live forever.

With such teachers, with such possibilities for the future, we have but to wait for the fulness of time, when each one shall realize the beauty and holiness of the priestly office. Let each one wait, with the lamp trimmed and burning, ready for the incarnation of this priesthood of the order of Melchisedec.

BENEDICTION.

May the light of His infinite presence be about us—with whom there is no night, no day. May the stars of his providence light us in the darkness of the night of sorrow and misfortune. May his ministering angels, guided by love, inspired by affection, lead us onward and upward forever and forever.

NOTES FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.

By D. P. Kayner, M. D.

BRO. JONES: On the 17th and 18th ult., I attended the Fourth Quarterly Convention of Mediums and Speakers of Western New York, at Johnson's Ore-k, and found a goodly number in attendance from different portions of the country, notwithstanding the roads were exceedingly rough and traveling unpleasant.

For some reason or other none of the Committee were present, but all resolved to have a good time, and the meeting was duly organized by electing John Sybrandt, formerly of Gosport, N. Y., but now a resident of Chicago, President, Mrs. Taylor, S. C. The day session of Saturday was very profitably spent in a conference meeting participated in by all who desired to take part therein.

Among the Mediums and Speakers present were Mrs. Hazen of Buffalo, a very excellent trance-speaker; Bro. J. K. Bailey; Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, State Messengers; Mrs. Briggs of West Winfield, Mrs. A. N. Avery of Rochester, and others whose names I cannot now recall. There were many noble workers also present, who, though not classed as speakers and mediums, are essential to their successful doing the work for which they are selected by the angel world, and by their earnest zeal and constant attention to the business details, contributed largely to the enjoyment and success of the meeting.

The programme as arranged by a Committee of five appointed for that purpose, was to have an hour's conference in the evening, commencing at half past six; after that, discourses from Dr. Bailey and Mr. Woodruff, furnished a literary treat to the audience. On assembling Sunday morning at half past nine, another conference of an hour and a half was very profitably spent, when the Committee announced that Dr. Kayner would address the meeting. This being the first intimation from that quarter that I had received, I was thrown upon my guardians for inspiration, and from the satisfaction expressed at the close of the hour, I am satisfied they did not disappoint my trusting faith in their ability or readiness to respond.

But the "Best wine was reserved until the last of the feast." After an adjournment for lunch for half an hour, Mrs. Hazen, under spirit control, spoke until near the close of the Session, when Mrs. Woodruff with a few pertinent thoughts closed the meeting. These conference seasons cannot fail, when conducted in the right spirit, of benefit to both the mediums and the people who attend them. Erie, Pa., Dec. 26th 1870.

An extraordinary case is on trial before a United States Commissioner in Rochester, N. Y. It is alleged that the defendant and about thirty others entered into a formal written agreement, before the election, to sell their votes to whoever would pay the most, and that one of the by-laws of their association provided that twenty lashes should be inflicted upon any member who voted contrary to the direction of their Presidents.

Frontier Department.

JUNKIN VS. BRADFORD.

Who Shall Decide When Ministers Disagree? Bradford believes Thaddeus Stevens went to Heaven, and deals harshly with X-antippe-Junkin thinks that Thaddeus Stevens went to Hell, etc., etc.

Below we present our readers two letters. They speak for themselves. O the happy, happy Christian family! "Come right down now, Jesus! Come now, Lord!—do it wait a moment, but come now, Lord!—do it wait a moment. We can vote for the meanness of old X-antippe Junkin, for we have been in the town where he lives, and we could smell his sulphur a full square."

THE REV. DAVID X. JUNKIN D. D.

The Overture of N. W. 27, is the fourth personal attack you have made upon me in the columns of that paper since you came to New Castle. In the first you imagined that I was opposing the Christianizing of China, because I expressed the opinion in a public lecture that the Rev. Mr. Wilson's translation of What our International law, a work which is based, like that of Grotius, upon the fundamental law of Christ's duty, was doing more to enlighten and save China than all the missionaries put together.

In all my utterances, designed either for the eye or ear of the public (and I make none unless I am asked to do so) I endeavor to state my opinions intelligibly, and the reasons why I hold them, leaving every one to judge whether they have a value or not.

For these reasons I never replied to the first three of your assaults; neither do I intend to do anything more than merely notice the tissue of false and slanderous statements which constitute the fourth, or any succeeding ones you may make.

Although you hint that I am slightly heretical, I still hold firmly, as a radical Presbyterian, to the doctrine of predestination, and believe that you were predestinated from the foundation of the world to be a seditious and evil person.

Now, my dear sir, if you only knew how intensely I despise your eternal yammering, and how sincerely I pity your conceited and quarrelsome spirit, you would pursue the uneven tenor of your way, and let me alone.

My Old Friend—I intimated in my note of last week, that I felt constrained to summarize upon some passages in your published essays of Master Johnson, and now, if you will put yourself in a state of receptivity, I will proceed to what I have to say without circumlocution.

parted this life. My heart goes with you in every thing that is eulogistic of dead men. I do object to your holding up to public gaze those parts of his character and history that, in the judgment of all the best people in the community, were defects.

Now, sir, you must count largely upon the gullibility of your readers, and upon the forbearance of such of them as possess any claims to scholarship, when you venture to write such stuff in the public, and then to put it in print.

Under this dress he went, and in all he said he was simply the repeater of words put in his mouth. See Numbers 23: 35 This "prophet of the natural religion" did his best to please Balak and get the money; but a higher power restrained him, until he had to succumb.

Thus he confessed that up to that date his eyes had been shut, that then, for a purpose, they were opened, and he uttered the words which God spoke, under divine compulsion.

And in my next letter I shall show that you have utterly misrepresented this sublime passage of Micah, and that its true meaning is the very reverse of what you would make it teach.

Your faithful friend, D. X. JUNKIN.

Amusements.

Mrs. Bowers appears at M'Vicker's Theatre this evening, as Leah, one of her best characters, which she will also play to-morrow evening.

Mr. F. L. Keller takes his benefit this evening at the Musical Union, upon which occasion the beneficiary will appear as Balis Nicol Jarvis in "Job Roy," and as Dennis O'Connell in the new Irish play, "The Wren Boys."

gushed dramatic ability, who has hitherto been known only as an amateur performer, will soon make her debut at this theatre.

DIABOLIC THEATRE. The programme at the Diabolic Theatre remains unchanged, but will be with drawn on Saturday night, to make room for "The Trip Round the World," which promises to be the great sensation of the season at this theatre.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE. The brilliant opera, "The True-Red Door," is the grand feature of the programme at Hooley's Theatre.

COMPLIMENTARY CONCERT. The complimentary concert to Mrs. Imogene Brown takes place at Farwell Hall on Tuesday evening next.

MUSICAL SOCIETY. A reading and concert music will be given for the benefit of St. Luke's Free Hospital.

MUSICIANS. A reading and concert music will be given for the benefit of St. Luke's Free Hospital.

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A Twenty Years' Record of the COMMUNION BETWEEN EARTH and the WORLD OF SPIRITS.

BY EMMA HARDINGE. This work has been prepared by the author Under the Direct Supervision and Guidance of the Spirits,

who have inaugurated this movement. It contains excerpts from rare pamphlets, private journals, periodicals now out of print, and various other sources that have ever been issued from the press.

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It tells How to cure dyspepsia; How to cure neuralgia; How to cure carbuncles; How to cure nervousness; How to cure exhaustion; How to get a good appetite; How to get lean; How to get good sleep; How to maintain high health; How to avoid disease; And all this without medicine; without money; without pain.

It tells about Luncheon and how to take them; Late dinners and how to take them; How drunkards are made; Eating-houses; How girls are spoiled at boarding-schools; How health is lost; How home love is lost; How novel reading ruins them; How love is lost; How young men are talked into; How bad matches are made; How good wives are made at home; How home influences curify.

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