

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1871.

VOL. IX.—NO. 23.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.  
**THE TREAD OF INVISIBLE FEET.**

She Judged, and Forgave Him.

They were walking slowly, she leaning on his arm, on the little pier that ran out into the sea. Her little brother and sister were playing on the beach not far away. It was evening, and the sun had gone down, and Venus was just beginning to shine in her mild and silvery splendor over the quiet waves. This was a delicious, hardly known, little village by the sea in one of the Atlantic States. Trade had little to do with it; fashion had not found it out as yet. Perhaps some day it is destined to have its strand covered with bathing machines, with young ladies in costumes that would have astonished the Nereids; perhaps there will be a band playing every evening on that pier where now our lovers are walking almost unseen of mortal eyes; perhaps there will be fashionable hotels, and six dollars a day for board; perhaps there will be splendid carriages and amazing teams; perhaps the correspondents of newspapers will devote half a column weekly to an account of the visitors and the doings at this spot, under the general title of "Our Fashionable Watering Places." Perhaps all this may happen. It is possible; it is even probable. But when the place becomes thus fashionable, dear reader, it will care nothing about you or me; and we, in revenge, will care just as little about it. At the time this story tells of, a very few years ago, it was a place as delightful in its seclusion as in its scenery—a place, certainly, where happy people might make love, but which as yet idlers from hot cities had not desecrated by turning into a first-class promenade.

Elsie Roland, the girl now leaning on the arm of her lover as they walk up and down the pier, had been living for many years secluded and happy life with her father and mother in this village by the sea. Some time ago, Mr. Roland was an enterprising man in commerce, living in New York, and making money very fast; but he broke down in business and in health together, and having saved the wreck of his fortune, after paying all his creditors, just enough to maintain himself and his children in a very poor and stinted sort of way, he found out this little village, and came and settled there. He had had too much philosophy or too little spirit to tempt the chances of life any more. He yielded his broken sword to conquering Destiny; escaped with barely life from the wreck, he hung up his dripping garments as an offering to the sea-god, and tempted the winds and waves no more. Elsie Roland had remembered what people would have called the better days of the family. She lived a pure, poetical, delightful life, and even knew that she was happy.

Especially did she recognize the fact this evening as she paced the pier, and leaned upon her lover's arm. Let us look at them. She is a tall, handsome girl, with fair hair and blue eyes, and an expression at once thoughtful, simple, and noble. There is a certain peculiarity about the expression of intelligent and refined people, women especially, who live in secluded places deep in the country or by the sea. The serenity and stillness of nature herself seem to be reflected in their calm, cordial, contemplative eyes. They do not dart flashing glances at you, but look at you frankly and quietly, without hastening to let fall their eyelids or avert their eyes. Elsie Roland was of this class. Calm nature had set its solemn stamp on her; and you would have known at the first glance that she was not a town-bred girl. You had, on the other hand, only to turn your eyes upon her lover for one moment to see that he had bathed pretty freely in the rough sea of life, and in most of its moods. The first impression conveyed to you was one of striking disparity as to age. Elsie surely was under twenty years old, and this man seemed to be at least forty. He was rather tall, very dark, with wavy hair and beard, which were already showing the first faint dawn of gray; and his handsome face, with its broad forehead and delicate chin, was deep lined. Much experience and struggle and passion surely, and suffering doubtless, must have gone to mark that face thus distinctly; for now, as you looked a second time, and more closely, there was something in the general contour of the man's face and figure which seemed to declare him younger than the first appearance gave him out, and to tell that that hair was prematurely losing its color, and that forehead was lined and seemed too soon. He looked into Elsie's face with an expression of deep affection and tenderness, and she gazed into his eyes with a regard of confidence and love unexpressed.

Christie Cleveland—such was the name of Elsie's lover—had been a seaman, a merchant-captain, a lieutenant in the navy, an explorer in the Rocky Mountains, a dealer in furs, a wanderer among the Indian hunting-grounds, a whaler in Greenland, a teacher of navigation, a professor in a mining college. He has lived many lives. He had somehow or other got into dealing with Mr. Roland at one time, and the latter owned him money—a considerable sum—which Cleveland did not come forward to claim at the time of the settlement. Mr. Roland put the money aside, and waited, and then advertised in the papers for the missing creditor; and at last Cleveland turned up quite carelessly and unexpectedly one day, his old acquaintance was getting on. He received a little diffident about taking the money, his old acquaintance was getting on. He received a little diffident about taking the money, his old acquaintance was getting on. He received a little diffident about taking the money, his old acquaintance was getting on.

lumped the bank-notes into a handful, and crammed them into his pocket, and gradually and rather timidly contrived to make useful or handsome presents to Mrs. Roland and the children, and so became by degrees a close and cordial friend of the family. They all grew to be warmly attached to him. As a companion he was very interesting; he had seen so much, experienced so much, and could talk so unpretentiously and so well. In short, he became a devoted lover of Elsie's, and she soon made no secret of her deep love for him; and her father and mother were delighted, and every thing on the horizon looked rosy and bright.

These two lovers, then, were walking on the pier this beautiful evening, and talking in low, grave, happy tones (I don't think lovers indulge much in loud bursts of laughter generally, do they?) when suddenly Cleveland came to a stand, and caught the hand that rested on his arm, and looked into Elsie's face with eyes that spoke of pain and wonder.

"Elsie," he said, "do you hear nothing—no sound now as behind us?"

"Nothing, dearest. Surely there is no sound near us except the talk of the children and the sound of the waves."

"Don't you hear any thing now—the very moment while I speak to you—I like the sound of feet; of somebody walking around us? Do you really hear nothing of the kind, Elsie?"

"No, Christie, dear, not a sound."

"Why, it grows louder and louder. Good God, how I hate to hear it!"

"Indeed, Christie, it is only something in your imagination."

"Yes," he said, in a low tone, and with a sigh which well suited the haggard look on his now pale face, "it must be so; there is nothing in it; and yet you can't think how it disturbs me."

"What is it like, love?"

"Like the sound of footsteps, Elsie—didn't I tell you so?" he said, with some sharpness in his tone. "Like the sound of somebody walking slowly round and round me. Its detestable—its damnable! Oh, Elsie, my sweet, I beg your pardon for such words; but you know what a rough, uncut, badly trained sort of fellow I am; and this cursed, nervous fancy of mine disturbs me in a queer way; and you won't mind me, dear child, will you?"

"No, oh, no," replied Elsie, slowly, and with a tone of hesitation at first. "No, Christie, I don't mind that. But I don't like to see you disturbed by any thing. Indeed, I shall grow jealous of this fancy which distracts your attention from me. For you have had it before now, Mr. Christie Cleveland, have you not, sir? Come, confess?"

"Yes, Elsie," he said, and he shrugged his shoulders. "I don't want to conceal any thing from you. Twice it disturbed me before while I was with you; but I did not then think it worth talking about, and I didn't know that you observed any thing strange in my manner."

"Oh, yes; I have quick eyes, dear, for all that concerns you. Shall I tell you when it was that you had this fancy before in my company?"

"If you can, Elsie."

"Indeed, I can, for the very same expression came over your face then that was on it just now. The very first night my father brought you to our cottage, the very first moment when you and I spoke together, you started and looked round on all sides, and your face had just the expression it had an instant ago. Am I right, dear?"

"You are right, Elsie," he said, gloomily.

"The next time," the girl went on, lowering her tone, and looking on the ground—"was the evening here, when—you know—when you told me—"

"When I told you that I loved you, dear girl, better than all the world!" said Cleveland, shaking off in the excitement of the recollection all the gloom and pain of the moment—"when I told you the truth, my love, which I will say now again and again, if you will only listen to me. What do I care about such nonsensical whimsies as these imaginary footsteps! I am ashamed of myself, Elsie, and I don't know what you can think of me. Never mind—and forgive me, Elsie. You have chased away the ghost. I don't hear a sound of her confounded footsteps any more."

"Her footsteps, Christie? Is the ghost a woman, then?"

"Why, yes, dear—at least a light tread, you know; something like the tread of a woman, or a child, perhaps. I suppose all ghosts tread lightly, don't they? Besides, there is no mischief, they say, but there is a woman in it; and I suppose the same rule holds good with ghosts. But, man, woman, or fiend, its gone now, Elsie; and, please, let us not waste our time by saying any more about it."

And he began to talk rapidly and vehemently about their approaching marriage and their prospects; but in the midst of his talk he paused every now and then for a moment, and seemed as if he were listening nervously for some sound.

It was growing dark, and the lovers soon returned to the cottage, and Cleveland presently had to make his way to the house in the village where he had taken a bedroom; and so Elsie and he were separated. He was very tender and affectionate to her on their parting, and she returned his affection with frank, maidenly uprightness. And why, then, did she go up to her bedroom with a sad and scared face, and shed some silent bitter tears?

sounds? Why did he not speak more fully and freely to her? Had he not entire confidence in her? Why should he feel pain of any kind which she must not be permitted to assuage? Was there any secret meaning in all this which she must not yet know? and would that secret endure after their marriage?

Let me do Elsie Roland justice. No mean and miserable suspicion of the man she loved entered into her generous soul. Brought up not in city life, she had not learned the ignoble lessons of universal suspicion and distrust; and having given her heart to Christie Cleveland, she had given him her confidence and faith to a degree which would doubtless appear unspeakably ridiculous and preposterous in the eyes of a young lady from Fifth Avenue, New York, or Park Lane, London. But it was enough to bring tears to her eyes that there should be any source of disquietude to Cleveland which evidently might not be fully set forth and explained to her. And so loving him and believing in him no less than ever, she felt that a heavy shadow, the first during their courtship, had flung itself ominously over her; and being, after all, only a girl, she could not repress her emotions, and she wept.

When next the lovers met, however, Cleveland made no allusion to the occurrence of that evening, and Elsie said nothing, and began gradually to think but little about it. Some happy days and weeks passed away, during which these two met every evening, and talked over their future and their love without any disturbing sight or sound to mar the serenity of their association; and Elsie felt more closely drawn to Cleveland than ever.

At last came the evening when the final arrangements being made, the day of the marriage was fixed, and it was to be in the following week; and the lovers left the house for a short ramble toward the sea.

From the moment they left the cottage, Elsie saw with pain and alarm that Cleveland's face grew haggard and gloomy, and that his manner was *distrait*. At last he stopped suddenly on the strand and groaned out:

"By Heaven, Elsie, I can't bear it any longer! Human nerves could not stand it. This horrid visitation is sent to punish me, and to take me from you, or perhaps to save you, poor child, from me!"

Elsie looked up into his face with an expression of horrified wonder. A terrible doubt was working in her mind, and must have signified itself through her eyes; for Cleveland replied to it:

"No, Elsie; I am not going mad. I am quite sane—so much the worse for you and me! I am a scoundrel, Elsie, not a madman. I am not fit to marry you; and the angels have sent this visitation to preserve you. I thought first it was sent by devils to torment me."

"What is it, Christie? What do you mean? Why do you talk so? Do you think I could believe anything bad of you? Not if all the ghosts come out of all the graves to swear against you! Not I, dearest; I know you better than any of your ghosts!"

She was endeavoring to talk cheerily, poor girl, and thus to reassure him and herself as well. But she was much alarmed and shocked, for all her confident words.

"Listen, Elsie. No man like me could care much about the visitation of a ghost, even were it a ghost, unless something within his own heart and conscience made his nerves weak. This wretched sound, which I fancy I hear just at the moment—only the sound of a girl's feet, child—and I have not led a coward's life for the most part. No, Elsie, my love, you must not marry me, you must have nothing to do with me! I wish, for your sake, I had been down at the bottom of the sea before ever I saw your sweet, beautiful face—before ever I was tempted into forgetting the past by loving you, and thinking that you could love me! Good God! have I destroyed your life to?"

For Elsie turned so pale, and seemed so like to one about to fall in a swoon, that Cleveland had to catch her in his strong arms, and allow her to rest there a moment. But she quickly grew firm again, and spoke with something like coherence, if not composure:

"Christie, Christie, dear, can you not speak to me frankly? Tell me what all this means. Let me judge. Am I not to be with you? Oh, I entreat you, tell me what you mean? Oh, before you send me away from you I ought at least to know the reason why. You shall not break off in this way, for I love you, Christie!"

"That seemed to the poor girl to give her a supreme, resistless right—to be the utterance of a command which might not be questioned. But Cleveland only looked at her with haggard face, and eyes that were almost wild of meaning; and his lips trembled, and his whole aspect was that of one who is unmanned by supernatural terrors. It was a strange and a sad scene. The sea-shore, with its heavy, gray slumberous waves coming lazily in; the sultry, dark clouds of a summer evening, when the air is overcharged with electric fluid, and a storm is near; the two lonely figures on the strand—the dark, pale, haggard man, and the imploring girl clinging to his arm.

Suddenly voices were heard, and two other forms appeared in the distance.

"Your father and mother, Elsie," Cleveland whispered. "For Heaven's sake do not say a word to them. Not now!—oh, not now!"

Recovering something of composure, with a strong effort, he gave Elsie his arm, and then walked slowly and silently to meet the Roland pair. Then Cleveland murmured some excuse about having to go into the village to keep an appointment, and he left Elsie with her parents. She watched him as he strode along the strand. His head was bent; once he stopped for an instant and almost turned round; but he evidently would not allow himself to look back, and he presently disappeared.

That was a sad walk home for poor Elsie—the saddest she had ever had. But she would not submit, at the cost of any mental torture, to allow her father and mother, as yet, to know anything of what had happened, or of her state of mind.

Mr. Roland was a sweet-tempered, placid, feeble man, utterly useless in any crisis or hour of distress. Mrs. Roland was a plain, practical sort of woman—what people call a sensible woman—who could hardly sympathize with any but material and tangible sufferings. There was nothing yet which Elsie felt that she could possibly confide to her mother.

Oh, how tedious, tantalizing, torturing, that long evening was! How disturbing the noise of the children! How distracting their endless questions! How weary everything seemed! How wearisome everybody! How profound a relief poor Elsie felt when she could escape to her own room! All through that agonizing evening it had seemed to Elsie that life had left to her no higher hope, ambition, aspiration, than a wish to be once more in her own room alone.

At last raised to the height of this poor, sad ambition, she enjoys it by throwing herself on her bed, and pouring out piteous, passionate tears. Suddenly she starts up—she had not undressed—and runs to the window. For she had just heard sobs, in a low, wailing tone beneath the air and some of the words of a song she loved, and which Cleveland used to sing to her in his full, sweet tenor. She knew it was Cleveland's voice which now sang in low, suppressed notes under her window.

Yes, he was there. The cottage was low, and he could almost touch her window. He sang to summon her. She flung up the window, whispering, "Oh, my dear Christie!" and leaned out.

"Elsie!"

"Love!"

"Child, don't call me by such a name until you know all. Yes, I have made up my mind, and I will tell you all. That is what I came now to say. Then you shall judge and sentence me. If you can endure me I shall believe that God, too, will forgive me. If you condemn me and cast me off, I shall only say that you are right and just. Tomorrow you shall hear from me. Good-night, and God bless you!" He was gone.

Does it seem strange that Elsie drew back into her room with a sense of relief, almost a feeling of delight? Certainly she went to her rest hopeful and almost happy, for she could not and would not believe that her lover had done anything which could render him forever unworthy of her. This innocent judge could not believe in utter guilt, and was already prepared for pardon.

Next morning brought, not Cleveland, but a long letter from him, written in his clear, manly hand—the hand of one to whom writing is no pleasure or light task, and who, when he says much with the pen, must be profoundly in earnest:

"This is a sad story, dear Elsie, but I must tell it. I shall feel the better for telling it, whatever comes; I shall be better able to bear the worst."

Two years ago, Elsie, I was in one of the Pacific islands trading. A native girl was foolish enough to fall in love with me. She had been seduced a little by some of the American missionaries, and she could talk English well. I liked her, too; I was fond of her in a sort of way; but I could not bring her with me and bind myself to her for life. I was glad when the time came for me to go away; and I am ashamed to say I did not tell her, fearing scenes. But she found it out, poor creature, and hid herself somehow on board the ship; and she came out when we were far away to sea, and ran to me. I was ashamed and sorry and angry; and I am afraid I spoke some sharp words to her. She looked me full in the face—I shall soon forget that look—and then ran to the side and leaped right overboard. As I sprang to the bulwark, I saw her face again rising out of the sea, and her eyes met mine again, and there was the same look in them—so full of disappointment and despair. The ship was just down, the sea was running high. I saw the poor thing's face just that moment, and never again.

Of course I threw myself into the sea—not many better swimmers than I—and I did my best to find her and to save her; and they had the boats out in a moment. All to no purpose; we never saw a lock of her hair again above the waves. There was hard work enough for the fellows to pull me out of the water—I didn't want to be saved! But they dragged me out somehow.

Here were the footsteps that of evenings, just after sundown, haunted me when I was most happy with you. I don't—at least I didn't—believe in such things any more than you do. But say it is only my guilty conscience haunting me, and not a ghost, is not that enough, Elsie, to make me unworthy of you? For though I never wished to harm that girl—though I never thought she would take the thing to heart—I am her murderer all the same. She killed herself because of me.

This is the story, Elsie. But for this I have not been a bad sort of fellow; ask any one who knows me. If you do not shudder at me and hate me, and shrink away at the thought of touching my hand—if you could still bid me hope, could tell me that some time, any time, I may be forgiven by you and by Heaven—then I shall feel my soul lightened of a fearful load, and I think perhaps, after all, I might yet make not such a bad husband. But if you are otherwise resolved, I shall bow my head and say that you are right, and that I am rightly punished, and I shall not repine; and I shall always think that but for my own crime you would have loved me.

Elsie, take your own time, and think of it;

and if you can still love me, send me one line, one word; say 'Come!' If not, send me back this letter of mine without a word, and I shall accept my sentence, and own that it is just. I am, either way, one who loves and blesses you.

CHRISTIE CLEVELAND.

Many, many tears did Elsie Roland let fall over this letter. But sad though it was, it brought her deep relief. She consulted no adviser but her own soul and Heaven. Neither told her to reject the manly heart which had poured out its penitence and made its appeal to her.

She wrote to him at once:

"Come to me, dearest! This story is your secret and mine. No one else has any right to know it. Let it be my happy task to keep painful memories and haunting footsteps from you, for the future."

And Elsie concluded. Never more did Cleveland start at the sound of a ghostly tread. The love of his wife encompassed him, and the shadows of the past faded away.

## Psychometry and Spirit Pictures.

Mrs. M. L. Shyman—Dear Madam:—I received the psychometric reading, dated the 5th day of this month. I am very much pleased with it. You have given me a more detailed and satisfactory reading than any I have yet received. You expressed a wish in the note enclosed in your letter, to retain the photograph. I have taken the liberty to send you a spirit picture of my mother and sister, which shows how fondly she loves me, and how closely she can come to her child.

I must state that this picture is considered wonderful on account of the position of the arms around my body. Mr. Mulder was the photographer, who took this picture a fortnight since, at his house, 170 Spring-street, in this city.

Most respectfully,  
EDWARD BROWN.

Dated, Feb. 11th, 1871.

Note.—We have examined the photograph referred to in the foregoing letter.

The likeness of the writer of the letter is taken sitting in a chair, with a nice front view. The spirit mother stands behind him, with her arms, very plainly given, around his shoulders, with clasped hands on his breast.

The sister, woman grown, stands by the side of the mother, with one arm thrown in front of the brother, so as to show her hand on his coat sleeve. Her hair is combed back (side view), so as to show the full forehead.

The mother's hair seems to be frizzed, showing a full, high forehead.

The gentleman's photograph is ordinary. The two spirit likenesses are sufficiently plain to show the features, but shadowy, when compared with those taken from mortals.

Spirit photograph artists are now being developed in various parts of the country. We fully expect perfect pictures in a few years. Those who are being thus developed, will do well to send us specimens of their work, to be placed on exhibition in the Reception Rooms of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House.

## An Inquiry.

"Inquirer," a married lady, asks, in substance, what shall one do who has plenty of this world's material goods, but no children or other person to love her, etc., etc. A long letter portraying a case, such as is often met with in fashionable life. If we were to answer the inquiry, some one might follow our advice and find Jordan "a hard road to travel." "Experience is a good school master."

For short, we say, "Get up and get on"—live up to the highest light you have within you, and continue to do so until you are happy!

A portrait without shades is not comely to look upon. Each person is, day by day, manufacturing his or her life picture, as enduring as the soul.

The dark shades should be lighted up by the delicate touches of the intelligent artist, self, as he or she becomes perfected or developed in wisdom.

Try, eye, try, try again, and never despair.

## Letter from J. A. Hamilton.

At the expiration of my trial subscription for the JOURNAL, I wrote you to discontinue it, but it seems that you heeded me not, for I have received the JOURNAL regularly. Am very glad you have kept sending it. I have been very much interested in the "Search," and regard it as being fully worth \$3.00, the price of your JOURNAL per year. You ask, "Who are they?" I, sir, am one of them. And I hope you will not harbor the thought that I would cheat you out of one cent. No! I would much rather give you a thousand dollars if I had it.

If I keep my health, I will be able to send you \$3.00, or perhaps six by the first of May. If nothing serious happens me by that time, I will be able to report myself a life subscriber to your JOURNAL. If you cannot wait on me until the first of May for payment, and wish to discontinue my paper, please send it at any rate, until the "Search after God is over."

REMARKS.—We are glad to know you are pleased with the JOURNAL. You talk like a true man. You appreciate the favor we have conferred by sending the JOURNAL on credit, and express a willingness to pay. That is right. Don't justly with every man, is our motto. The stingy soul that would get the sending of our good JOURNAL on credit, and then trump up an apology to get rid of paying for it, is to be pitied!



Original Essays.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

By Hudson Tuttle.

Philadelphia has witnessed another gathering of self-constituted Levites, for the purpose of agitating the question, and develop public sentiment to the amendment of our national Constitution, so that it shall recognize the existence of Almighty God!

Two hundred delegates were assembled, and Judge Strong being detained in Washington, Pollock, of Pennsylvania, was appointed to the chair. The last resolution embodies the result of their deliberations:

"That in view of the controlling power of the Constitution in shaping State as well as national policy, it is of immediate importance such an amendment as will indicate that this is a Christian nation, and place Christian laws, institutions, and usages in our government on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of our nation—especially those which secure a proper oath, and which protect society against blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, and polygamy."

And the key-note of the meeting, as thus struck by one of the speakers, was: "As at present, respecting the authority of God in our Constitution, we are a nation of Atheists; if we adopt the resolution of Dr. McTear, we become Deists; if we abide by the report submitted, we stand before the world as a Christian nation."

We have almost completed a century of the most successful experiment in government, history has ever recorded, and have just emerged from one of the most terrible struggles of modern times. We have accomplished this without a word of religion in our Constitution, or recognition of Almighty God, or of Jesus Christ. How is it that it is now necessary? We certainly never have been a nation of religionists, and when the crimes, hypocrisies, and debaucheries of those among us, who profess to be such, are reviewed, we hope the time is far distant when we shall be. It was not an oversight or blunder, this omission, for while the ideas and principles on which it rested, were fresh in the minds of the people in 1789, under the administration of Washington, the following provision was made in the treaty of Tripoli:

"As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion; as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion, or tranquillity of Mussulmen (Muslimans); and, as the said States never have entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mohammedan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries."

The American nation is Christian in the broad sense of that word. It seeks to "establish justice," "secure the general welfare," and to "secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity," to guarantee equal rights to all, and in so far as it accomplishes these aims, it is Christian. Such were the noble views of the framers of our Constitution. They recognized Mohammedan rights, the rights of all religions, and wholly discarded the narrow selfishness of theologians, who can so little appreciate such liberal ideas, as moles the broad sunshine.

They would have the American people, for the sake of "public morals and social order" to amend the Constitution so to make our government Christian, and place the "usages in our government on an undeniable legal basis in the fundamental law of our nation, especially those which secure a proper oath, and which protect society against blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, and polygamy." This simply means laws which shall compel observance of the Sabbath, by attendance at church, and an official test oath, so that none but church-members shall be able to vote! It means a theocracy, the most cruel, narrow, utterly immoral and devilish government that can possibly be imposed on a people. Europe, during the dark ages, had such a government, when the priest ruled and religion was rampant. What was the result? The answer is written with the bleaching bones of the slain on the countless battle-fields; in the decimation of nations; in auto-de-fies; in rack and dungeon; in the lurid sky, reflecting the flames of a million fagot piles, on which men and women went up in smoke and flame.

It is written, "this said, fearful, and satanic story of robbery, lying, murder, and demonic cruelty,—on the black page of history, with the blood of earth's noblest sons, diluted with the tears of woman, wrung from her by red-hot instruments of torture, because she sympathized; a tale of the ignorance and superstition of the people, and the cunning and fraud of the priesthood, for a warning to all time. Shall we not heed the lesson? Shall we allow ourselves to be bound hand and foot by this same power? This is the great problem to be solved by the immediate future, as physical nature has solved the past. Shall the priests rule or shall we rule ourselves? Are we, after having reached the estate of manhood, to have baby shoes forced on our feet, and trundled in the baby cart of old theology? Are we to be whipped if we cry out, shut up in closets if we choose to be obstinate, retus to say our parrot-prayers, and bow down to the Bible? Just escaping into the light, we are commanded to return to darkness; staining our morality, we are expected to become driveling infants, calling on God with aniveling accent, as a State Religion which is only an overgrown fetishism, or priestly monstrosity, commands. The broadest culture of the masses by the diffusion of accurate knowledge, may avert the catastrophe which is imminent. As light is opposed to darkness; superstition to education, so is culture to teocracy. The latter can only grow, like the offensive mushroom, in the rank and reeking soil of fermenting rotteness, where fraud and deception is the leaven in the seething mass of ignorance.

The admission of the clause suggested, into the Constitution, in fact, opens the door to a State church. As this church cannot be any one of the many sects into which polemics has divided the Protestants, they must unite under one banner. This is foreseen by the leaders and the Protestant union, and considered the next preparatory work. The skirmishing forces of this army, sent out towards liberalism, are being withdrawn. The Unitarians and Universalists, are receding on conservatism, and the struggling Protestant ranks are retreating on the grand army of Catholicism.

Protestantism, unless permitted to protest to the entire extent of reason, is the flimsiest of all shams, and as it stands before the world to-day, is illogical in its premises and conclusions, and contradictory with itself. It claims the Bible to be infallible, yet asserts that fallible man can interpret it; it declares the supremacy of reason, yet denies the right of being governed by its conclusions. There is no danger from Protestantism, as such. It must first unite its forces, and then ally itself with the mother Catholic Church. The hundreds of thousands of ignorant foreigners, poured annually on our shores, constantly reinforcing this cause of churchianity; the four millions of negroes in the South, wholly under the influence of priestly teachings; the foundation of Asiatics, now reduced to the halo, but soon to have it, will form a concentrated mass,

when the hour of action comes, fierce, vindictive and religious as was let loose on St. B. R. Holmwood's Day on the defenseless Waldenses.

There is little present danger. These delegates only expected to agitate, and develop public sentiment. The danger lurks in the future. There is to be a grand union of Protestant churches. The European war only prevented its first gathering the last autumn. A great and united power, with the force of popularity on its side, and the conception so fearfully in ascendant may accomplish more than we deem. This old lion, rheumy eyed, diseased in tendon and marrow, toothless, talonless, may be galvanized into momentary strength. Its tawny hide is yet clothed with the blood of noble men, and its jaws drip with gore from its recent repast. Let us who love liberty better than life; who love freedom of speech and of thought, better a thousand times, watch well, the monstrous foot-eps, soft as wool, yet unyielding as iron, and be ever ready to oppose the least encroachment on our individual rights, with our voice, our vote, our lives!

CRITICAL.

The "Search After God."

"And now we propose to prove that an Infinite God is an impossibility,"—so says J. R. Francis

A herculean task, my brother, such as man nor angel has ever done. As well might you deny the eternity of duration, or the endlessness of space. Though they are incomprehensible, they are self-evident facts. The most scientific admit them without argument. We can reason upon limited time or space, but we can not fathom the boundlessness of the infinitude. Heed the question attributed to Zophar, "Canst thou by searching find out the Almighty to perfection?" It seems to me absurd to deny an Infinite God because his perfections are above our comprehension. We as certainly know that there is an intelligent God,—the framer of all things, and the Author of all law, as we know that intelligences enacted the U. S. Statutes, or set up the type and perfected the volumes that contain them. Topsy was no more false in fact, when she said, "I was not born but I grew up," than are the speculators who deny the reasonable, self-evident proofs of an Intelligent Designer, Controller and Governor of the universe. In fact, it seems to me that the existence of an intelligent God can no more be called in question than infinite space. A law implies a lawgiver. An intelligent effect, an intelligent cause. We see all around us beauty, order, harmony and adaptation. Are these the products of an intelligent cause? Would like produce like without a governing law proceeding from an intelligent lawgiver? Does the author of "A Search after God," believe with Mr. T., that "God was developed up from the lowest form of matter," or, in other words, that he was once the senseless granite? If so, in the eternity previous to that development, who governed the universe,—who was the Lawgiver that superintended his development?

God, being the soul of the universe, can act within himself, and being everywhere present, does not need to move out of his infinite orbit. He acts in his universe by principles which, because they are incapable of improvement, are unalterable. These principles constitute his personality. He is the Positive Spirit of the negative universe. Incomprehensible because of his infinity, yet revealed to the extent of finite comprehension in his works. We do not admit God to be outside of nature, because the theatre of his action being endless space, there can be nothing outside of it. The laws by which he governs matter and man's intellectual and moral nature, are relative and harmonious, and being in every respect perfect, could not be abrogated,—set aside, or the penalty of their breach be transferred to another,—hence the falsity of the Christian Atonement. Science is the foundation of all philosophy, and Reason its interpreter; hence, whatever contradicts science, whether found in the Bible or the schools, is false to truth.

We may know enough of God to love and adore him; we may trace the Everlasting in his ways so far as he is revealed to our intellect, but when we attempt to scan the infinitude of his nature, we launch into a deep where all our thoughts are drowned. When we have reached this perilous point, a sober second thought may suggest to us the fate of the load that lost his life in the vain effort to assume the proportions of the elephant.

What do we know of the primary elements or forces of nature,—of mind, of spirit, of electricity? We may know something of their modes of action, but of what they consist, or in what respects they differ from each other, may be beyond the range of our comprehension. The celebrated Grecian orator, Demosthenes, through a modern medium, is represented as having said:

"Had you asked me concerning God a thousand years ago, I could have told you all about him; but now, after I have walked the highway of celestial worlds for more than two thousand years, I am so far lost and overpowered amid the splendor of infinitude, I can say nothing. Height on height, beyond the penetration of finite vision, I see the dim outlines of a Deific universe. I feel the flood-tides of Divinity flowing down through all the avenues of my immortal being. I hear peal after peal of archangelic eloquence ringing through the endless archways of the empyrean, evermore sounding into my ears the name of God, God, God! I am silent—dumb."

You say in your twenty-third number: "We are simply searching for him (God), and as yet have failed to find him." There is one place, which, in your Search after God, perhaps you have overlooked. Before you and your readers are,—in endless mazes lost,—I would advise you to try the efficacy of prayer. Go into your closet, retire into your innermost being, and when through prayer you feel your poverty and needs as they are, you will feel that God is there,—you will see him unveiled, and know him to be,—not a myth, but the Being for whom you have so long in vain searched—the Dispenser of blessings to the needy,—the God and Father of ALL. This is my experience, and I am persuaded that no one has ever found this course ineffectual. Try it, try it, TRY IT.

Hoping you may soon find him who is the object of your search, I remain as ever, your friend and well wisher.

GEORGE WHITE. Washington, D. C., Jan. 17th, 1871.

REMARKS.—We fully appreciate our good Brother's position. We would not attempt to answer each of his objections. Future articles on this question will disclose to him the beauty and grandeur of man's destiny, and through the tendency thereof, none will be in "endless mazes lost." These articles will inculcate no pernicious doctrines, but unfold laws in relation to man's destiny that can not fail to do good. We would say, then, to our good brother, be patient, follow us in our Search in the spheres of the spirit world, and all the objections you have advanced will be fully answered. One by

one, the shackles of old theology are dropping from the human mind, and man's true destiny and mission unfolded. Do we in our Search narrow the mission of man? Nay, Brother, we enlarge it, and if we sustain our position, the world will rejoice, and thank us. We inculcate, too, a lofty and pure morality, and instill within the mind of all a picture of man's true status. In conclusion, we would say that we leave the articles already written on this subject, and forthcoming ones, to fully answer the objections presented.

Letter from a Subscriber.

BROTHER JONES.—I am not disposed to criticize, neither do I feel able to dictate to a man of your ability; but I claim that no one is infallible, and may make mistakes perceivable by the commonest reader.

I would say, "Be consistent." In your JOURNAL of Jan. 21st, I find one piece, headed, "Vindictiveness," where a minister had been expelled from church for running off with a young girl. He came back repentant, and you say that he exercised Christian charity toward him, and reinstated him, he would probably have become more useful than ever; but he fell, and finally found himself in prison for bad conduct, and that the mobs that turned him out should change places with him.

Now comes one to your heart's content,—an article headed, "Rationality—Heavy Verdict." A minister is guilty of a like offense. He repents, and is reinstated. Then your sympathy is turned to the other side. You say: "Are not trials for such little offenses admirably calculated to uphold the dignity and public confidence of the church?"

Men write from different quarters, giving accounts of the circumstances, with their own prejudices, either for or against the parties, and you should sift the good from the bad, and only publish such as show an even tone of moral sentiment.—That is, give the devil his due, but do not, out of pure gratification of an evil impulse, pitch into the poor orthodox ministers, right and left. Many of them need it, I know. I could state circumstances in my own knowledge, equally as bad as either of the above,—but I say, treat them all alike. No offense, Brother Jones, but while I am writing, I will call your attention to the following, and ask if they bear the face of truth: "Raining Stones in Mexico," "Captain Kidd's Treasures," and the "Lain God in California."

I happened to be in California about that time, and near the place spoken of, but heard nothing of such an occurrence.

Had not you better fill up such space with a little news from Europe, or the Chicago markets; and make it more of a family paper,—then we could dispense with some others we are obliged to take. With all the paper is very interesting, and the last article is read before any attention is paid to other papers.

One Grove, Ohio. We are glad to learn despite all objections that our friend can find with the JOURNAL, that its "last article is read before touching any other paper." But we beg leave to assure the brother that stranger things are transpiring under the direct action of the inhabitants of the Spirit World, than the most marvelous phenomena as yet recorded in this paper.

Rain storms will be controlled by scientific minds and measures as readily in a few years, as houses are warmed by modern improvements. Don't be discouraged, dear brother, because ignorant clergymen frown upon remarkable phenomena transpiring in different parts of the world.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has such a mission to perform as will make the believers of an old and effete system of theology, howl. S. S. Jones, its editor and proprietor, never stops to inquire how will this or that article take with the people. His inquiry is, is this true—and is it such truth as the world needs?

Such matter as you refer to, would be a matter of convenience to a few. But remember, my brother, that that which you feel should be excluded from our columns, because, forsooth, you never learned of it while in California, is a phenomena which was actually induced by the interposition of spirit power. Many similar and quite as remarkable spirit manifestations have been witnessed among savage tribes during their incantations, in past ages; and which are as well authenticated as any other matter of history. The ignorance of the people attributed it to the Devil.

We desire it to be distinctly understood that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL caters to no preconceived opinions because they are popular. It bows to the *ipse dixit* of no would be leaders. It respects no man who is inflated with vanity, and assumes a position which intrinsic merit does not award him, and yet it treats with all proper respect, every person, believing each and every one to be true to his or her own organism, internal forces and external surroundings.

Letter from Salt Lake City, Utah.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I wish to say that all who are acquainted with the JOURNAL, prize it very highly in this city, and I believe it will find a very extensive circulation. There are hundreds of Spiritualists and hundreds of earnest investigators in this city.

The New Hall of Liberty, now in course of completion in the heart of this city, will be opened the ensuing spring, and will be free for all liberal and progressive lecturers. The proprietors, Messrs Wm. Godbe and others are doing a glorious work in this territory, by the publication of the Salt Lake Tribune—devoted to Spiritualism and progression. There is a club formed and known here as the 10th Ward Progressive Reading Association, which loans (free) to all the Mormon population, books, pamphlets, &c., on the principles of Spiritualism and other liberal and reformatory works.

Another organization in the centre of this city, is for the purpose of purchasing, at least, one copy of each work named in the catalogues of the JOURNAL, BANNER and Investigator, for the mutual instruction of all. These are steps in the right direction.

We feel able to hire a good test medium or physical manifestation medium and lecturer here, if the terms are moderate. We proffer a hearty welcome and a wholesome host of friends to a true medium. If, in case the medium should be a married lady or gentlemen, they both would find support, and plenty of room for their spiritual talents. We would like one whose name is known in the columns of the JOURNAL and BANNER.

Yours fraternally, ICONOCLAST.

Mr. E. P. Hurlbut, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of New York, has given to the public a pamphlet entitled—"Secular View of Religion in the State, and the Bible in the Public Schools." The doctrine, clearly stated, and exceedingly well sustained, is substantially identical with the views of Rev. Dr. Spear, as presented in the columns of the New York Independent. The Judge very forcibly argues that under a democratic government—not theocratic in its constitution, but based on popular consent, and representative in its character—the state has nothing, and without manifest inconsistency can have nothing, to do with the religion of the people.

Wonderful Spirit Manifestations at Ancora, N. J.

By George Haskell.

About three weeks ago, Dr. R. F. Fellows, a medium for various phases of spirit manifestations, came here, and we have had proof of spirit presence every evening,—sometimes by the medium seeking and describing spirits, as they presented themselves to him, and repeating what they said, or wished to communicate. The spirits directed me to procure some bells and a tin trumpet, and place them on the table in a certain room to be used for spirit seances.

I did as directed, procured a table bell, three sleigh bells, and a tin speaking trumpet, and put them on the table, with paper and pencils. Three individuals only were permitted to enter the room, Dr. R. F. Fellows, the medium, Mary A. Crowe, a trance, test and healing medium, and myself. All light was excluded from the room, and we were seated in front of the table.—Dr. Fellows on my right hand, and the other medium on my left.

Soon Dr. F. saw and described several spirits, who were recognized. He saw Dr. Franklin and Daniel Webster conversing together and looking toward me, as if I were the subject of their conversation. Webster had a roll in his hand, and as he unrolled it, the medium read the names of Henry C. Wright, Dr. Franklin, Daniel Webster, J.udd Farce, Miss Sprague, Ann Lee and Eliza W. Farnham.

After that, there was some tapping on the table, the bells were rung, and the sitting was closed. The next night we were seated as before in front of the table,—my right hand on Dr. Fellows' head,—both his hands on my arm; my left hand on the other medium's head, and her hand on my head. Soon the raps announced the presence of spirits, the bells were rung, and questions answered by raps.

The paper on the table was moved about, placed on my head, and returned to the table. Then we heard the pencil moving on the paper, and in about two minutes the light was called for, and on a sheet of thick letter paper was a profile likeness, with a vine on one side and a wing on the other, a star over the head, and under the likeness was written in a fine, plain hand, "Your friend, Eliza W. Farnham."

Then followed a communication, addressed to me, of fourteen lines, finely written on a space of about two inches, containing 183 words, in which were the names shown on the roll before named, stating that they were deeply interested in Ancora, and were doing what they could to make the place a beautiful spirit colony and a light to the world, and that as a band, they were guiding, guarding, and protecting me at all times, and signed, "Yours, in love and truth, Eliza W. Farnham."

The next night the spirit band gave proof of their presence by rapping in answer to questions. I requested Dr. Franklin to give me his picture and a communication. Soon we heard the pencil moving on the paper, then the paper was turned over, and more writing was heard. Then all was still. We struck a light, and before us was a likeness of Dr. Franklin, and under it was written, "Ever thy friend and co-worker, B. Franklin," in a fine simile of his own hand writing.

On the opposite page was written: "Loving brother, it is with the greatest pleasure that I commune with you this eve. I gratify your desire by giving you my picture.—B. F."

The next night, the likeness of H. C. Wright, in spirit life, was given, with his own peculiar signature, and the likeness that all who have known him and have seen the picture, readily recognized it. On the left side of the picture was a scroll, on which were inscribed, in a fine, legible hand, the following names: H. C. Wright, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Webster, L. Judd Farce, Miss Sprague, Ann Lee, Eliza W. Farnham, with, "Love and truth to all, is our motto."

Several other pictures have been given at different times, among them, the spirit artist who has drawn the pictures, who gave his name as "Franz St. Leon."

Several other pictures have been given. Remembered in the chief and warrior, stands erect, with his blanket decorated with stars, and his bow and quiver filled with roses instead of arrows,—a jewel in his nose on which is written in small letters, "Mary's Guide," and a vine above his head, loaded with flowers.

Another beautiful picture is that of the Indian queen that often controls Mary, with a wreath around her head, and a necklace around her neck. Another is a striking likeness of a Chinaman, with his peculiar features and long queue, who said he had been 190 years in spirit life. A life size image of William Penn was drawn on the wall of this room, and the table.

I will not name others at present. One night a piece was cut from the curtain cord and the bells tied together with it, then rung about us, and placed on my hand. I tried to hold them, but could not. They were taken away, and afterwards were found on the floor.

The next night, when our sitting was over, the string was missing from the bells, and it could not be found in the room. After being in the parlor while, on opening the door it was found tied to the door handle,—we let it remain, and the next night it was again in my hand.

On one occasion a large, strong hand grasped my leg, and was placed on my head, and we all were handed.

H. C. Wright placed his hand on my head, moved it about, so that all could hear it, which has also been done several times by the hand of my spirit band. The hands were as tangible as mortal hands. Spirit lights have been seen several times in the room, moving around, and in other parts of the house.

The medium has been securely tied with a cord around his hands, then around his body, and tied to the head of the bed,—then, after having been tied, united again by spirits. Testimonies seem to be the active spirit in arranging and preparing for others, as well as producing the most striking manifestations. He speaks through the trumpet in a plain audible voice, and has held an interesting conversation of more than ten minutes at a time, on various subjects, and in answering inquiries.

I have not before known of any other spirit speaking more than a few common place words, as, "Good evening, how do you do?" etc. On one evening, seven different spirits talked through the trumpet with us in a plain, audible voice. Henry C. Wright said:

"Good evening, my friends. It gives me great pleasure to be thus able to address you, but I can not control the electric and magnetic elements sufficiently to talk much now, and must defer a long talk until another time. Good night."

A spirit calling himself Jack the Sailor, seemed to be master of the trumpet, and held a long and interesting conversation with us. He said he was much interested in Ancora. It was one of the best places in the world, and spirits designed to make it a most important place, and the band were now away doing what they could for Ancora, to influence people to come here, and he would do what he could wherever he went, for Ancora.

The last spirit that spoke to us that evening, said: "Good evening, friends. I am J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln. I am very miserable, and have been since I committed that bloody deed. I must suffer the consequences of that act. I hope to outgrow it. I am reconciled to Lincoln, and he would gladly assist me, but oh, the miseries attendant upon wrong doing! Crime is its own avenger; conscience will not sleep."

He then rehearsed, in a forcible, theatrical style, a passage from Shakespeare, beginning, "I would I were as dead as that familiar with Sikespeare will comprehend it. He then said: 'I must go; farewell.'"

Another spirit attempted to speak, but could not succeed. He then took a pencil and wrote on the paper. On striking a light the name "John Brown" was written, and on the same paper were several drops of water. On inquiry of the spirits, the next night, we were told that the drops on the paper were Booth's tears; he felt so bad he could not help weeping.

The above are some of the manifestations we have had. I could name many more, but will defer it to the printer. When we know that all these manifestations are made by spirit hands, it naturally prompts the inquiry, how is it done? I do not propose to explain. The facts speak for themselves. I leave the inquiry for the wise to answer. Ancora, N. J., Feb. 8th, 1871.

Voices from the People.

W. GLOUCESTER, MASS.—Thomas Haskell writes—Since I saw the Antheus Memorandum that are poured upon the head of Victor Emanuel by the Catholic church and clergy, I have been impressed to communicate some of my thoughts to you upon the present and Christian Protestant Evangelical church and clergy. I think that you deserve their antheus as much as Victor Emanuel does the Catholics. In your "Search after God," I think you have annihilated the God they teach us to believe in. They have taught us we must believe in a great God afar off, seated upon the top of a topless throne,—so far off that we poor creatures can not know his will, except through those whom he has appointed to make known his revealed will to us; which is, that he has instituted murderous, avowed sustained governments to bear rule over us, and if we disobey, we must suffer all the miseries of this life, and death, and the pains of hell forever. They teach us that we must worship the power that wields the sword, regardless of the teachings of Jesus Christ, or our own instincts of humanity,—thus they are deceiving the people. They are very much horror stricken to know that there are a few human sacrifices offered in India to the great God, and that they teach us that it is the will of the God that Christian nations worship that they should offer them by millions. I could not believe if I did not know it to be a fact, that such monstrous absurdities could be placed on upon people of common sense and humanity. Look at Protestant Russia and Catholic France—11 Christians—see who they love one another. The Protestant Church does not claim the right to make use of the sword herself, but instructs the government how to use it. Even our boasted free government is so much under the control of the Church that they have made promises with any public business without a false promise to property before them. As all true Spiritualists have commenced a new life, I wish to say a few words to them. I think that Spiritualism is plainly taught in both the Old and New Testaments, but the Old teaches that we must be governed by the laws of the New, through love. I studied the New Testament carefully when young, and was convinced that Jesus Christ and his disciples were possessed of a power which I thought was lost, having been taught to believe that the Revelation of St. John was the last that ever was, or ever would be, given to men. I made up my mind to try to live by the New, through love. I studied I found to be love, peace, and forbearance, and that we must do right ourselves, and trust in an unseen power to protect us, which Jesus Christ called his Father. I think all true Spiritualists will trust in their unseen friends to protect them, and not apply to avowed sustained governments for protection.

GENESEE, WIS.—R. B. Balcom writes.—I want to know how you are coming out with the "Search after God." I set the paper on a table, and extraordinary conclusions, which shock some of my neighbors, but I am prepared for anything,—no matter what. I will investigate, so let it come. If individualized intelligences made this earth, prove it, and make it clear. I think you have a great task before you, but see that you are unflinching in it. Brother Francis, spirit applier, needs of humanity, and you will have accomplished a great work.

BAGLEVILLE, CAL.—A. S. Cleveland writes.—Your "Search after God" is the best series of articles I ever read on the subject.

SALEM, OHIO.—David Porter writes.—I received the package of papers, and have been only reading your "Search after God." Have been delighted, instructed and amused,—myself, as well as others, with it. You have thrown Baron de Hellenbach into the shade entirely. You may consider me one of your subscribers. I hereby send you two dollars, to begin with. I think the paper ought to be published, and spirit appliers of humanity, and you will have accomplished a great work.

WEST WINDSOR, VT.—Avron Hemeway writes.—With heart felt gratitude I acknowledge your noble generosity in sending me, free, your most excellent paper, through the post, and thus far, the best I have seen. It has been a source of great consolation. You have plunged deep into the current of philosophy, and brought forth gems of thought worthy of our candid consideration. Your "Search after God" has been a thorough one, and furnishes many new and beautiful ideas; finally, your paper is perfectly satisfactory, and were not for the fact that I have a source of great consolation, I would be a life-subscriber. I can not in conscience ask you to continue your favors. You have done nobly, and may Heaven's choicest blessings be yours. To do without the JOURNAL will be like parting with a much valued and highly esteemed friend, but I would not trade a free horse to death.

Remarks.—We will continue the JOURNAL to you, my brother. We never refuse food to the hungry soul because the money is not forthcoming, when poverty, induced by inability to labor, is the cause. Perhaps some kind, noble brother or sister will see this, and send us one year's subscription for you, if not, you will get the paper.

TUNBRIDGE, VT.—Ezra Willis writes.—I have never seen a paper that came up to the JOURNAL in plain simple truth. The article, "A Search after God," is worth four times the cost of the paper for one year. By the way, are you going to print the book form? I really hope you will, for I have sent my papers in every direction where I thought they would be read and appreciated. I never shall see them again. Now, the facts are, this God question still fills my eye. Give us more.

"Evangelical Preacher" writes.—Truth is eternal. I notice in your paper much is said about the "Search after God." Tell your friend he had better never meddle with that matter.

Remarks.—Poor simpleton, we pity thee!

Austin Kent writes.—I congratulate you, Brother Jones, on the interest I am sure the last dozen numbers of the "Search after God" is giving the logical reasoners among your patrons. Something to think about. They are very good.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—L. D. Alley writes.—One point respecting your paper I can not but observe,—namely: Every one who has read it the past three months has become so attached to it that they feel that every week it will, for I have sent my papers in every direction where I thought they would be read and appreciated. I never shall see them again. Now, the facts are, this God question still fills my eye. Give us more.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

J. B. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. J. B. FRANCIS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE. 159 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 25, 1871.

TERMS OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal.

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

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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.

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A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

Is there any Work in Nature or Art that does not Point Significantly to Individualized Man as its Author?

NUMBER TWENTY NINE.

The arm of man is strong, his eye clear, his aspirations far-reaching, and his intellect grand in its conceptions. Ever endeavoring to solve the problems of Nature, he walks forth, never hesitating to undertake any task, however difficult.

Who can stand on an Alpine peak, and survey the flashing lightning beneath his feet, and hear the moaning thunder, and behold the clouds moving in grand array, without seeing evidence of a design connected therewith, and wondering where the Designer is?

This Alpine peak is nearly five miles in height. Below are moving clouds and pattering rain-drops; above, the blue canopy of heaven.

We know our career from the cradle to this date, but the future is veiled from our vision. Standing here, the lesson we learn is a beautiful one.

There is water there, and man knows its component parts; there are clouds there that were nestling quietly a few hours ago in the ocean, and he knows that they are composed of hydrogen and oxygen; there is electricity there, and he can control it; there is atmosphere there, and he fully understands its composition.

Is this Book of Nature without an author? Nay! Wherever a design is manifested there is a Designer—Individualized Intelligence. The halibone nestling in the bosom of that storm-cloud, and playing with the forked lightning, claimed that no Infinite Intelligence was connected with its formation; and there was not.

something of the laws that govern the production of things here. Spirit—On earth, you recognize the fact that there is a peculiar process that governs the formation of various materials.

On earth, man is living in the primary stage of existence. He is merely an apprentice here, and must have the experiences of earth life. His body is a part of all the elements, and as the inner man moves around in this shell, it is only emblematic that it shall, by and by, control the forces of Nature.

While he can influence electricity, and send news with the speed of thought, he cannot control it in the atmosphere, and because he cannot, declares that God himself must have exclusive charge of it.

O the illimitable grandeur of the starry dome! the poetry of the Book of Nature! the philosophy of moving, throbbing worlds, and the mathematics of their orbits, and the times of their revolution—oh! before the magnificence presented to our inspired mind, we tremble like a child, and faster for a moment in our course.

And now, all at once, our mind is carried to the bed-side of one of earth's children; and as we hear the sob of a wife, the heart-rending cries of anguish that come from his children, we know that Death is advancing slowly, but surely in that family circle.

The scene was to him so bewildering in its grandeur, and seemed to express so much, that he could not utter a word. On all sides he was met by the smiling faces of those he knew in earth-life, and the sadness he had experienced in parting from his wife and children for a while had left him.

Who made you beautiful villa that I see from this place? Spirit mechanics, his attendants replied. Spirit mechanics? Spirit mechanics? Spirit—Yes, those who can evolve from the elements, the materials for a house, just the same as the acorn can evolve from the earth tree.

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Prayer is only the aspirations of the soul, and when pure, result in elevating all the feelings. But the prayers of the Chaplains of two opposing armies, that victory may crown the respective invading forces, only find a mocking response from those in the higher spheres that hear them.

To the children of earth I would say, be patient with the writer in this search, and he will picture your true destiny, inspire you with purer and holier resolves, and make you better prepared to battle with the trials of life, and I believe that all who closely follow the thoughts as given from week to week, will wish at their conclusion, that the position assumed may be true, for the true destiny of man will be unveiled therein.

To be continued.

Letter from G. B. Richmond.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS DROPPED HIS HEAD NO LONGER A MEDIUM.—Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the great Spiritualist, has fallen from grace and the high repute in which the Spiritualist brethren held him.

We clip the above from the Detroit Weekly Free Press of Jan. 31st, 1871. I do not think it would have got into the Press without some foundation. Whatever the facts may be, I think all readers of the JOURNAL should know them.

Very respectfully yours, G. B. RICHMOND.

I see by an article published in a late number of the Chicago Republican, that A. J. Davis is accused of a recantation of his belief in Spiritualism, or it's most important phase, spirit communication.

REMARKS.—Our opinion in regard to the position occupied by Mr. Davis might agree or disagree with the conclusions of others who read Mr. Davis' books.

Mr. Davis is abundantly competent to speak for himself. Our columns are open to him. His books are upon our shelves, and for sale to all who wish to purchase. The book from which Mr. Powell has drawn his conclusions, and got up such a glorification by the devotees of old Theology through the religious and secular press, is known as the "FOUNTAIN," and we will send it by mail, post-paid, to any one who will send us ONE DOLLAR AND SIXTEEN CENTS.

We are glad to know that old Theology is so elated, and we will say to our friends, that it matters not whether the statement be true or false, that Mr. Davis denies spirit agency in writing his books. Spirit communication is an established fact. The two worlds are daily becoming more and more closely interblended.

Thank God and angels, the would-be AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND STATE ORGANIZATIONS are powerless. Neither can they put the thumb screws upon A. J. Davis, or any other one, to compel him or them to acquiescence in imposed creeds or dogmas.

We know no leader in Spiritualism. The motto of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is, "Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing."

Give Brother Davis a hearing, and you will doubtless find, as you do in the books of all other authors, precious grains of truth—aye, more, many, very many, among a mass of rubbish and inconsistencies.

If Brother Davis shuns investigation, by and through the varied avenues that the present period affords, and clings to preconceived opinions expressed in his books, however often they may have been proven by facts to be erroneous, he will but fill his proper place, and verify that truth which he has so often uttered,—that the age of Dairying leaders,—aye, more, the age of leaders has passed.

Then what of it? The report goes out every now and then, that a Dr. Randolph, Rev. H. Melville Fay, Revs. Loveland and Leland, Prof. McQueen, or some other titled individual has renounced Spiritualism, or denounced physical manifestations, or said a still more silly thing, which is contrary to every investigator's experience, viz., that wise spirits are withdrawing from their communion with mortals, because, forsooth, some people can not appreciate spirit communion only as prompted by their love for gain,—a love for finding lost treasures, minerals, &c., &c.

These Reverend's and Professor's recantations delude the credulous devotees of ignorance and prejudice, and we hope, sometimes, awaken a new spirit of inquiry among the liberal-minded people.—Ed. JOURNAL.

Our Subscribers

Again receive our thanks for past favors. Those who owe us, will please remember, that not less than five hundred and fifty dollars per week is required to defray current expenses; hence, the necessity of promptness on the part of friends who would sustain an Independent JOURNAL.

—J. W. Peters, of Portland, Oregon, thinks that a good lecturer and test medium would do well there.

Legislation Against Spiritualism.

In our last week's issue, we published an article by Dr. D. C. Dake, entitled "Chicago Medical Society," at the conclusion of which, was a paragraph testing the preservation of the paper, in view of a Remonstrance, which would be published in this number of the JOURNAL to be cut out and pasted upon a sheet of writing-paper, to be signed, and forwarded to some member of the Legislature, now in session at Springfield, Illinois.

Since that number was published, we have received numerous requests from people in Michigan, to publish a like copy, suited for that State, as a similar movement is being made before the Legislature of that State, now in session at Lansing.

It is undoubtedly true, that the opponents of all the reforms of the day, are clubbing together to procure such legislation as shall most effectually crush them out. By a little persecution here, a little there, and a good deal more in some other direction, they hope to most effectually accomplish their object.

It behooves every reformer to be on the alert. Through the supineness of reformers in all schools, the matter of legislation of the class now contemplated in this State, was allowed to go by default in the States of Ohio and Wisconsin.

It is said by some, that the law will remain a dead letter if passed. That has not been the experience of several well-known and efficient doctors in Wisconsin. Already, a number have been fined and imprisoned under such a law. There is no class of men so vindictive, one to ward another, as doctors when interest is at stake, and who can say that even they may not unite to persecute some poor healing medium, or some other follower of the Nazarene, and devout believer, to whom promises were made, that even greater things should be done, than we've done by him.

We most respectfully, but urgently recommend, that every subscriber cut out the printed protest, to be found on the 3rd page of this number of the JOURNAL, and paste it upon a half-sheet of paper, sign it, and get every neighbor you can to sign it, and send it to some member of the Legislature at Springfield, Illinois, with a request that he introduce it into the House or Senate, and cause the same to be read and referred to the appropriate Committee without delay.

If you don't get a single soul but yourself to sign it, send it on. But be not fearful of results. Ten or twenty can be found in every neighborhood. All that is required for perfect success is a fair trial.—providence.

The Wonders of Mediumship.

Testimonials of Spirit Power.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON.—The effect of some of your prescriptions in my case has been somewhat peculiar, and different from what I expected. My health has not been materially benefited, but my mediumship has been wonderfully developed in the short space of time, since I have been using your magnetized paper, and in a direct unbroken way. I have all my life been quite mediumistic,—subject to seeing visions and symbols,—and have exercised considerable healing power, but the phase developed since using your prescription is personating spirits, and answering mental questions, which I am enabled to answer as readily as if propounded orally; and through me have been given some as good tests as I have witnessed through the best mediums.

I feel that the influence developed will restore my health, and I will need no further treatment from you, unless it should be another magnetized paper, to assist me in my development. I have been influenced by a Negro, representing himself as very lame in one leg, who is very jovial and comical. He takes great pride in being called "Doctor," says he can cure me, and his influence is certainly very invigorating, and while he influences me to purchase the Negro character to perfection, I feel that he is more than an ordinary spirit, and a most powerful magnetizer, and I believe he will accomplish all he says he will, but if you should feel that I ought to have another prescription, you may send it and I will remit your fee.

I do not know whether or not you claim any developing power, but as such has been the effect in my case, I thought I would report the same to you.

Yours for humanity, E. M. HENDRICK, M. D. Mt. Vernon, Mo., Feb. 13, 1871.

REMARKS.—Mr. Bliss, a spirit who belongs to the circle controlling Mrs. Robinson, has most wonderful powers for developing mediums. Through the positive and negative forces imparted to the paper, the healing spirit referred to, is doubtless brought en rapport with the sick man to cure him.

FROM A MOTHER.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON.—Yours of January 20th is duly received. I thank God and take courage, for my daughter is surely getting better. Her menues, which heretofore caused her such intense suffering, now produces no pain. We now have full confidence in you, both as a lady, and a friend to suffering humanity. May God ever bless you, and the good angels direct and aid you in the truth and love of our Creator, is my prayer. Please write soon.

Respectfully, in love, Mrs. S. H. STARK. Hudsonville, Ill., Feb. 5th, 1871.

Letter of Fellowship.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, on the 10th inst., granted a Letter of Fellowship and ordination to Sister L. V. Tappan, of Washington City, D. C., constituting her a "regular minister of the gospel," which legally clothes her with all the powers and privileges for solemnizing marriages, and other purposes, possessed by "ministers of the gospel" of the most popular churches in America.

Letters of Fellowship are granted to all lecturers upon Spiritualism, in good standing, on application to said society. Address S. S. JONES, President, care of this office.



The Journal.

This week the JOURNAL will be found "chuck full" of food for the mind. The address by Emma Hardinge is a grand one, and will pay perusal. "God in the Constitution," by Hudson Tuttle, is really an able article, and one that will do good.

Latest Reports from Springfield, Illinois. The old school doctors are making a desperate effort before the legislature to get a law enacted, to fine and imprison all who heal the sick and set a dislocated limb, unless they have a diploma from their schools! Poor old grannies!

No Name.

We are in receipt of a letter from Lake Mills, Wis., inclosing \$1.75, and ordering books; also one from Crawfordsville, Ind., with 75 cents; another, from Columbus, Ind., containing \$1.00.

Take Notice

Mr. J. R. Francis will be in Olathe, Kansas, during the month of March. Letters should be directed to him at that place.

Personal and Local.

The worthy and liberal brother who sent us fifteen dollars, with directions to send a copy of the "Biography of Satan," by K. Graves, and "A Revelation of Departed Spirits Among the Shakers," to a number of orthodox clergymen, has our thanks, and will also, probably, have the thanks of some of the reverend gentlemen, and will be consigned to eternal fire and brimstone by others.

H. O. Bigelow writes that a good lecturer is needed at Salt River, Mich.

"Rebecca; a Woman's Secret," is growing in public favor each year, and has already passed through several editions.

Mrs. C. L. Pierce writes a letter in pencil, and sends fifty cents for a trial subscription to E. J. Decker, New Albin, but gives no state. Dear sister, write and give the name of the state, and accept our thanks for your good intentions.

Dr. R. P. Fellows, of whom Brother Haskell speaks so favorably in this week's issue, will soon come West.

Harry Bastian, one of the best mediums for physical manifestations ever before the public, and a gentleman, too, in every sense of the word, is meeting with marked success wherever he goes. J. P. Cowles, writing from Ottawa, Ill., speaks as follows in reference to his seances at that place: "Mr. Harry Bastian, accompanied by Mr. Ira Day-arrort, has just closed a series of seances in this city, which have, in a quiet way, excited an investigative interest. Spirits came and talked with us, and for the first time in my life I was introduced to a spirit."

Mr. Bastian is going to Clear Lake, Iowa, and can be addressed there in regard to engagements for Iowa and Wisconsin.

M. B. Craven's learned and vigorous work entitled "Criticism on the Theological Idea of Deity" is attracting considerable attention.

Miss Lou Hopper, a clairvoyant medium, at the conclusion of Mr. Howe's lecture at Crosby's Music Hall, on Sunday last, gave a description of many spirit friends. Synopsis: Mr. Tillston's wife was accurately described, even the color of hair and eyes. A spirit friend of a gentleman in the audience, who passed away after a severe illness in the South during the war, who, just before his death, sent papers and a gold watch by this friend, manifested himself. Miss Hopper turned to the gentleman, and said: "I see a spirit by you. He sent a gold watch and papers by you to his family. I hear the name of John Wilson."

The gentleman, who was an entire stranger to Miss Hopper, arose and declared the statement correct. Said he had the receipt for the papers and watch in his possession, and that the name was correct. She described many spirits and gave many tests, acknowledged not only by friends, but by skeptics, who rejoiced that those whom they had called dead, were still among the living, to speak of their immortal home, and of unbroken cords of love and friendship, which unite the spiritual spheres with the mundane. Miss Hopper and Mrs. F. A. Logan, who is a well known advocate of Spiritualism, will in company, visit the principal towns in Central Illinois, lecturing and holding public seances wherever halls and homes are furnished for them, and of unbroken cords of love and friendship, which unite the spiritual spheres with the mundane. Miss Hopper and Mrs. F. A. Logan, who is a well known advocate of Spiritualism, will in company, visit the principal towns in Central Illinois, lecturing and holding public seances wherever halls and homes are furnished for them, and of unbroken cords of love and friendship, which unite the spiritual spheres with the mundane.

"A Kiss for a Blow," by H. C. Wright, and the Vine Cottage Stories, comprising "The Little Flower Girl," "The Orphan's Struggle," and "Little Harry's Wish," are fascinating and useful books for children.

P. H. Sanderson, please write us again, giving post office and state, which you neglected to do this time.

Mrs. F. A. Logan gave an address and beautiful inspirational poem before the Chicago Children's Progressive Lyceum, on last Sabbath, which were calculated to inspire both great and small with deeds of benevolence to the poor and needy of our city, especially to those who can not attend the Lyceum for the want of suitable clothing. The poem purported to come from a little girl who died in New York of hunger and cold a few years since.

Whose heavenly home is bright and fair, No more on earth shall roam; For there, from storms she is secure, And the orphan finds a home.

Philadelphia Department.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 634 Race street, Philadelphia.

Alice Carey.

Come to the home of the poets,—the land of the beautiful!

Miss Carey was the daughter of a Western farmer and his wife, who lived near Cincinnati, Ohio, where she was born in 1820.

Her mother, a noble and true woman, of strong and finely cultivated mental powers, passed on to the spheres many years ago, leaving a large family of highly intelligent children.

We have had only a slight personal acquaintance with the sisters, Alice and Paeb, were more intimately acquainted with a sister, Mrs. Swift, who passed over the shining river some years ago, after a long and painful illness, in which at times she was under our care.

With Mrs. Swift we frequently saw their mother, who was much drawn to this suffering and sensitive one.

That mother realized that it was grand to have such daughters, who could feel the inspirations, not alone from her pure, and loving spirit, but from the noble heaven, out of which flowed to them sweet and melodious songs, ever breathing high and loving lessons to humanity. Noble in their womanhood, true to their high mission, these poet sisters have sent out their songs to cheer the world. May a double portion of their spirits fall upon the lone Paeb, so that her songs may still be sent forth to bless the world. Thousands of hearts will send their warm sympathies to her in this hour of her trial, for their names were twined as one in many a household. My angel presence be near to thee our sister, and make the path smooth and brighter with their loving influences.

Truth, the Food of the Mind and Soul.

The mental and spiritual natures of man are sustained in a manner similar to that in which the body is, by elementary and material food which goes to sustain and build up his tissues.

Thus, food taken in to the physical system in gratification of the taste, pleases the palate, and exhilarates the system, at the same time that it leaves unconsciously a more permanent and sustaining power therein, that renews the waste of life and maintains the integrity of the physical system. So of the reception of new truths adapted to the mind or spiritual nature, and these two natures differ, the one being coldly intellectual, and the other is spiritual in its character. When appropriate truths are received by these, a sense of gratification and exhilaration is felt, and something is deposited in the mind or spirit, which, though not consciously perceived, remains like the elements of nutrition in the body to build these up, and maintain its integrity. This is one of the beautiful analogies and correspondences in nature, which may be readily comprehended. Old and familiar truths, like the food of the past, may cease to gratify the palate of the mind or exhilarate the soul, but they have deposited their very element in the substance of our being, and thus have laid the foundations of that structure, which is to receive all the grand and beautiful truths of the ever unfolding future.

The pathway of life, as it opens before us, presents three grand features, closely allied to each other and yet distinct and discrete in their characters. The religion of Spiritualism teaches more prominently and boldly than any other religion has ever taught, not only the beauty, but the absolute moral necessity of cultivating the physical and developing it to the highest standard of perfection by the use of proper food and drink, and by a careful observance of all the higher laws which relate to the body. It teaches also the necessity of intellectual culture and training as an essential part of real happiness and true religion,—and, lastly, the most complete and perfect unfoldment of the spiritual or soul-nature, which grows and unfolds by the perception and appreciation of grand ultimate principles that are beyond the scope of the intellect alone.

The parallel which runs between these is such as to clearly indicate that they are fed and nourished in a similar manner, and especially does this reveal to us the importance of having fresh, living inspiration to feed the soul-nature, so that it may grow and become unfolded in all its grandeur and beauty. The higher the nature the less continuous but not less absolute is the necessity for food. The body soon perishes without it. The mind and soul can not thus perish for want of food, or man would have disappeared from the earth ere this. They, however, become dwarfed and retarded in their growth when they are deprived of proper food as it is demanded.

Even when impure food is taken into the body, it selects with considerable care those portions which are best adapted to it, still its powers do not enable it to reject all improper elements and compounds, and when these are taken, the foundation is laid for disease which will sooner or later manifest itself, and it requires a long and painful effort for the system to throw off these impure elements.

Our mission in this life, as we walk this beautiful green earth, with its abundant and manifold treasures, is to select those only which are adapted to our highest wants, and calculated to build up and unfold a harmonious and beautiful instrument through which the soul and mind may discourse sweet music all along life's journey. So of the mind—there are gross and inharmonious elements around it, and it may take in something of these, and thus become like the body inharmonious and diseased in its manifestations.

The soul does not take into itself any impurities, but it is retarded by gross and impure surroundings.

As the body through the healthy process of life is continually throwing off these impurities which have entered into it, so do the other natures continually eliminate that which does not meet their highest wants.

As we cease to do evil, we must learn to do well. This is the sum of all wisdom, in all departments of our being, and when we realize the true grandeur and dignity of our lives, and concentrate our efforts continually toward perfecting the body as a musical instrument, a harp of a thousand strings, and of unfolding all the powers of the interior nature, so that it may use this instrument, then our lives shall give out a sweet and holy anthem of praise and joy. When all are thus fed and nourished with the highest food, and raised to the best conditions which we can realize here, we have fulfilled our earthly mission, and can recognize something of the beyond.

It is because humanity has risen toward this plane, that mediumship has become so common, and is now blessing the world by its beautiful revelations in all departments of life, teaching us to find the food fitted for each portion of our nature, and, above all, inspiring us with the necessity of providing suitable food for each according to the highest demands of the system.

THE JOURNAL.

We are desirous of preserving a complete file of the JOURNAL from its commencement, and want the following numbers to make it complete: vol. IV, number 10 July 11th 1869, and number 17, 18, 19, 21, 24, 25, and 26. Eight numbers. If any of our friends have either or all the above numbers that they can spare us, we will be much obliged if they will send them to our address, 634 Race St., Philadelphia.

Amusements.

CRUZZY'S OPERA HOUSE MATINEE.

On Thursday, Feb. 16th, a grand benefit was given at this popular place of resort, for "The Little Church Around the Corner." The incidents that led to this benefit can be briefly stated. Geo. Holland, an old stock actor of New York city, died. The Rev. Mr. Sabine, a minister of an ardent church, was requested to preach his funeral sermon, but sneeringly refused, and said: "There is a little church around the corner." The pastor of that little church was called upon, and willingly performed the last sacred rites over the remains of the deceased. At this Matinee on an ardent ministry was rebuked, and a substantial testimonial to the amount of \$2,000 given to "The Little Church Around the Corner." The Opera House was crowded, and thousands refused admittance.

METROPOLITAN HALL.

Saturday evening, Feb. 19, Kate Field's "Dickens, Author, Actor, Man." Admission, 50 cents; reserved seats, 25 cents extra. There is every indication that her lecture on Dickens will attract as large and brilliant an audience as did her lecture of last season, judging from yesterday's sale of reserved seats. The sale continues to day and tomorrow, at Cobb's Library, No. 29 Washington street.

DEARBORN THEATRE.

Manning's Minstrels Popularity increasing. The grand week, with entirely new songs, ballads, etc. of the great success, "Trip Around the World." The very laughable burlesque, "American Tourists; or, Paris During the Bombardment." First week of "High Art." Monday Feb. 20, Benefit of Ben Cotton. Production in a style of unequalled splendor, with "The Mermaid" of the Lakes, or, "The Damsel Under the Tunnel." Dearborn Theatre is now one of the chief places of amusement in the city. The performance always closes in time to allow patrons to get home in good season.

GLOBE THEATRE.

On Desplines, between Washington and Madison streets. D. R. Allen, Manager. Another splendid attraction. Monday evening, Feb. 13, appearance of Miss Kate Baker, who will appear in her celebrated character of "Mozetta;" and, "The Wife of the Dearest," introducing her renowned horse, Wonder. Wednesday and Saturday Matinee at half past two. The enterprising manager, Allen, has made the West Side Theatre a success. None but stars of the first merit appear on his boards, and his stock company is unexcelled.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.

39 South Clark street. Abbott's Pantomime troupe, "Hanky Panky." Houses crowded nightly. Unsworth, Eugene, Griffin, Rice, Mulligan, and Mammoth Company. "Lucretia Borgia." We have always felt the want of a first class minstrel troupe, such as all the larger Eastern cities support. Hooley says this want, and his efforts to fill it have been a grand success. The house is finely fitted up, and now stands unrivalled in the West. Our citizens are daily showing their appreciation of the spirit enterprise of its proprietor.

AIKEN'S MUSEUM.

Frank E. Aiken, proprietor and manager. Friday evening, Benefit of Professor Geo. Stevens, "The Dead is Cloaking." After which, Herr Rothermann and Professor Geary in a grand musical melange. To conclude with "The Convict's Vengeance; or, Life in the Bush." Mr. Aiken, the energetic and efficient manager of the Museum, might be envied and emulated by the other managers of the city in the North-west, in his career to the changing Western mind in his rapid production of new plays.

CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE.

Last night but one of German opera. This evening, Friday, Feb. 17th. First time in Chicago, Richard Wagner's grand romantic drama, "Tannhauser," with orchestra and chorus. Guest with the entire strength of the company. Mad. Louise Lightmay, Mlle Bertha Roemer, Mlle Laura Hafner, Carl Bonard, Theodore Habelman, Edward Vieling, Wilhelm Formes, Adolph Franzosen. To-morrow, Saturday evening, Feb. 18, grand fire-well night, "The Jewess."

M'VICKEE'S THEATRE.

Friday, Saturday, and Saturday Matinee, the thrilling and romantic drama of "Nick of the Woods; or, the Jibbenansoy." To conclude with the Irish farce of "Handy Andy." Mr. James A. Herne as Handy Andy. Lucille Western will shortly appear. This popular theatre has achieved the success it deserves. In connection with the best stock company in the North-west, the managers engage the very best talent in the field of star actors.

FARWELL HALL.

Y. M. C. A. The concluding lecture of the scientific course. Prof. W. C. Richards, Friday evening, Feb. 17, "Magnetism; or, About the Poles." The lecture brilliantly illustrated. Tickets 50 cents, including reserved seats, for sale at box office from 9 to 12 and 2 to 5.

STAR LECTURE COURSE.

Free Masonry, Farwell Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 20, 1871. Joseph W. Dickinson, District At-torney, Texas. Subject: "Free Masonry. Its history. What the world is with and without it, and what it has done and will do for humanity." The lecture of Mr. Dickinson has a peculiar interest for a great mass of our people. He should be greeted with an overflowing house.

FARWELL HALL.

Magic in science. Prof. W. C. Richards, A. M., Ph. D., will close his scientific entertainments in Chicago by a grand Matinee on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Tickets, twenty five cents; children, fifteen cents.

THE PATENT METALIC Clothes Mangle.

We now offer to the people of America one of the cheapest and most useful pieces of domestic machinery hitherto brought before their notice. The Patent Mangle does away with old flat-irons.

Saves your time, labor and fire, and is so simple in its construction that your child can manage it, and with a little practice, mangle all the clothes in thirty minutes that require three hours with the old irons.

The Mangle will be packed and forwarded, etc., with full instructions, to any part of the United States, on receipt of \$2.50.

AGENTS WANTED.

RUFUS GOULD, P. O. Box 273, Syracuse, N. Y. v2 n23 131.

DRY DISTRICT.

DR. J. H. SMITH, No. 209 SOUTH CLARK ST., Chicago, claims to be master of his profession, and warrants his work to give satisfaction. Beware from the quacks, who are supplied with a new set of teeth the same day on which they are made.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls can nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send \$1.00 pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of the People's Literary Companion—one of the largest and best family newspapers published—all sent free. Reader, if you want permanent, profitable work, address: E. G. ALLEN & CO., ANDOVER, MASS. v2 n17 3m.

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DR. DEMONT C. DAKES'S SPIRITUAL MAGNETIC MEDICATION—purely vegetable for the speedy cure of the following complaints—remedies furnished for one month's treatment: Catarrh, \$30; Asthma, Throat, Lung and Heart Difficulties, \$15; Rheumatism, \$15; Liver and Kidney, \$15; Dyspepsia, \$15; Diseases of the Female System, \$15; Ecliptic Pits, \$15; Weak and feeble, \$15; \$10; Liver, Pleura, Sore, \$15; Pains, \$10; Seminal Weakness, \$15; Diseases of the Brain and Nerves, \$15; Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels, \$15; Consumption, \$15; Galvanic Piles, \$15. Patients at a distance completely treated. Medicines sent by mail or express. Satisfaction guaranteed. Permanent address, 548 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

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Who have never received the genuine Rinsdell Norway Oats direct from us should send at once for our Great Credit Offer. There is no longer any excuse for being imposed upon by getting spurious, mixed, and rejected seed which is being offered, as our terms are within the reach of all. Remember that where one bushel of genuine wheat sold last year, three of counterfeit was sold, and the crop from one acre of various pieces, from one dollar upward. Address: J. W. Ramsdell & Co., 41 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill., or 612 N. Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

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The unparalleled psychometric reader, will give delineations of character. Her powers enable her to give the leading events of the future as well as those of the past. All letters enclosing photograph, stating age, month of birth, occupation, favorite flower and animal, and whether single or married, with two dollars and return stamp, will be answered by return of delineation and photograph. Address her at No. 506 South Clark St., Chicago Ill. v2 n14 17.

\$5 TO \$10 PER DAY. MEN, WOMEN, Boys and Girls who engage in our new business make from \$5 to \$10 per day in their own localities. Full particulars and instructions sent by return of permanent, profitable work, should address at once, GEORGE BRISSON & CO., Portland, Maine. v2 n17 3m.

MRS. LAURA G. RICHARDS. PSYCHOMETRIC, BUSINESS AND MEDICAL CLAIRVOYANT, from magnetic influences of lock of hair and photograph, names, times, and stamps. Medicines sent if desired. Written communications from spirit friends by means of the same. \$3. Pictures returned. Address P. O. Box 1219, Birmingham, N. Y. v2 n15 6.

NEW EDITION—REVISED AND CORRECTED

THE VOICES Three Poems. VOICE OF SUPERSTITION. VOICE OF NATURE. VOICE OF A PEBBLE

By Warren Sumner Barlow.

THIS volume is startling in the originality of purpose, and is destined to make deeper inroads among sects and bigotes than any work that has hitherto appeared. The VOICE OF SUPERSTITION takes the cross at their word and answers by numerous facts from the Bible that the God of Moses has been defeated by Satan, from the Garden of Eden to Mount Calvary!

THE VOICE OF NATURE represents God in the light of Reason and Philosophy, in His unchangeable and glorious attributes. While others have too often only demolished, this author has erected a beautiful Temple on the ruins of Superstition. Judge Barlow, in his review in the Review of this poem, says: "It will unquestionably cause the enthronement of the almighty and most gifted deity, poet of the ages."

THE VOICE OF A PEBBLE delineates the individuality matter and mind, fraternal Charity and Love. The book is a repository of original thought, awakens noble conceptions of God and man, forcible and pleasing in style, and is one of the best that will grow with it, and mature with the centuries. It is already admired by its thousands of readers.

Printed in beautiful type, on heavy, fine paper bound in beveled boards, in good style, nearly new. Price, \$1.25, postage 10 cents. Very liberal discount to the trade. For sale by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHERS, ING HOUSE, 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Who are They?

QUIT A NUMBER—Our friends are most urgently requested to examine their accounts with this JOURNAL, as they find it reported from week to week, upon the margin of the paper, or upon the wrapper, in case the subscriber receives the paper in a wrapper.

A full explanation of the manner of keeping these accounts, will be found at the head of the Editorial column on the fourth page of the paper.

We speak of this matter, most emphatically meaning that payment is expected from subscribers now in arrears, without delay. If any mistake is found upon careful examination of the account, inform us of the fact, and it shall be corrected. If any one has been unfortunate, so as to make it very difficult to pay now, write, and inform us of the particulars, stating when payment can be made, so that we can know what to rely upon, and time will be cheerfully given in such cases. If time is wanted, it is certainly worth writing for, and we can let you what to depend upon.

We are weekly breaking the very bread of life to our numerous subscribers, most of whom pay promptly, but those who owe us large sums, do us great injustice, by negligently allowing the time to run on from month to month and year to year, without doing any thing to relieve us from the heavy burden we are constantly carrying for their benefit. A remittance of a part of what is due, is much better than nothing, in such cases.

We do say to all who are in arrears, that the sacrifice you are required to make to square your accounts with this paper, is merely nominal to that which we have made every week since we were incorporated to us for the paper. It is painful to us to attend to this matter, but justice demands it, and we shall persist in doing so until justice is done.

We mean to give no offense to any one. It is a matter of business, and common justice, which all Spiritualists must appreciate, dictates that all who owe for the JOURNAL, should pay for it, even as they should pay for the bread they eat.

Obituary.

Died, at De Soto, Kansas, Feb. 5th, Mrs. Norton, wife of B. F. Norton, aged 88 years and 7 months.

There is no death! The stars go down To rise upon some farther shore, And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown They shine forever more.

There is no death! An angel form Walks over the earth with silent tread, He hears our loved ones wail, And then we call them dead!

But ever near us, though unseen, The dear immortal spirits tread, For the angels should pay for it, even as they should pay for the bread they eat.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON. Healing, Psychometric and Business Medium, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

Mrs. Robinson, while under spirit control, on receiving a lock of hair of a sick patient, will diagnose the nature of the disease most perfectly, and prescribe the proper remedy. Yet, as the most speedy cure is the essential object in view, rather than to gratify idle curiosity, the better practice is to send along with a lock of hair, a brief statement of the sex, age, leading symptoms and duration of the disease of the sick person, when she will without delay return a most potent prescription and remedy for eradicating the disease and permanently curing the patient in all curable cases.

Of herself she claims no knowledge of the healing art, but when her spirit guides are brought "or rapport" with a sick person through her mediumship, they never fail to give immediate and permanent relief in curable cases, through the ROSICRY and NEUTRALITY forces latent in the system and in nature. This prescription is sent by mail, and is an internal remedy, or an external application, it should be given or applied precisely as directed in the accompanying letter of instructions, however simple it may seem to be; remember it is not the quantity of the compound, but the chemical effect that is produced, that science takes cognizance of.

One prescription is usually sufficient, but in case the patient is not permanently cured by one prescription, the application for a second, or more if required, should be made in about ten days after the last, each time stating any changes that may be apparent in the symptoms of the disease.

Mrs. Robinson also, through her mediumship, diagnoses the diseases of any one who calls upon her at her residence. The facility with which the spirits control her accomplish the same is done as well when the application is by letter as when the patient is present. Her gifts are very remarkable, not only in the healing art, but as a psychometric, test, business and trance medium.

Terms—Diagnosis and first prescription, \$2.00; each subsequent \$1.00; Psychometric Delineation of Character, \$2; answering Business Letters, \$2. The money should accompany the application, to insure a reply.

CAN'T BE DISPUTED.

Mrs. Wilson & St. Clair, No. 54 Dearborn street: "The Bird in the Hand." In justice to you, as well as myself, I feel compelled to express my hearty approval of your weather guards. The fact that scarcely a week passes that some of the birds is not presented at my office for approval and recommendation, and that something that medicine (her) has somewhat biased my mind, and when your weather guards were presented I examined them suspiciously, if not very thoroughly, and only reluctantly consented to try them in my drawing-room windows. The result, however, has been most satisfactory, and I confess myself entirely at fault in my first decision. The testimony of the entire household to the use of your weather guards and their success is an entire success, and is an indispensable requirement in every building. They are indeed the gold, silver, and diamond. During the recent storm, and when the weather was so bad, it was as warm as the sun in the room, in fact the temperature was perfectly equalized throughout, which has sometimes been impossible in other rooms in the house. My wife is especially pleased with them, and will be pleased in expressing her approval to you, and will of them applied to all the other windows and doors in our house. Yours very truly,

O. L. Whitmore, Architect.

We have used the above named weather guards, and can endorse every word that is said about them. Messrs. Wilson and St. Clair are honorable men, and will deal honestly with every one. We have known and dealt with them for years. [E. JOURNAL v2 n1 6]

PAPER DOCTOR.

DR. J. WILBER, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, of Chicago, will remain in Terre Haute, Ind., till further notice, having taken new rooms over Pease's Drug Store.

He will be remembered as the man performing so many wonderful cures all over the United States, with his Magnetized Paper. v2 n1 17.

THE LAW OF MARRIAGE

BY C. L. JAMES.

An exhaustive argument in favor of liberal divorce legislation. For sale by the author, Louisville, Mo. Post paid for 25 cents. v2 n1 17.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY OF \$30 per week and expenses, of a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address: M. W. GIBBERT & Co., Marshall, Mich. v2 n23 6m.

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The Developing Medium, is located at 118 Fourth Ave., Chicago, where he will develop those wishing to become mediums.

Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE—A GOOD FARM BETWEEN JACKSON and Adrian, Mich., worth \$10,000, for sale for \$5,000, near railroad, plenty of timber, and all the perfect. Terms easy. Address J. C. BUNDY, 119 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

BLACK LIST.

M. B. Packer,

Late of Lena, Ill., has gone to Ohio (so says the Postmaster) and for one year's subscription to this paper. Will some one who knows his present post office address please advise us of it. We don't allow ourselves to be cheated out of our dues when we can help it by a resort to a legal remedy, even if it costs as much as the debt itself. We act justly with everybody, and take nothing less in turn when we can help it.

The Postmaster at Ottumwa, Iowa, writes that H. O. Root, D. W. Stebbins, and William Sawyer, who are each indebted for this paper in the sum of \$1.50, have left the county,—quite a clearing out for one small town. They have the benefit of this advertisement free until they remit. Will some friend inform us of their present whereabouts.

W. D. THOMAS.

Where is he? He used to take the JOURNAL at Richmond, Ind., until he got in debt \$1.50 for it. Cheat the Postmaster out of what you owe for your newspaper! How contemptible!

DR. L. PAFPA.

Who formerly took the Journal at Detroit, Mich., has left for parts unknown (so says his postmaster), owing \$4 for his paper. We hope some one will inform us of his whereabouts, and also send him a copy of this notice.

C. DUNHAM.

Brownville, Mo., owes for the JOURNAL, since the 15th of July, 1870. His postmaster writes that his reason for refusing the JOURNAL is "because he considers it worthless." We are not at all surprised that he should be an honest man of him. Hope the church toward which he is leaning will succeed in accomplishing that object. As a first step in his reformation, paying us one dollar and fifty cents, which he justly owes, will be a earnest of his being a better man in future.

This notice will be discontinued as soon as payment is made.

GEO. H. BURT.



The Rostrum.

LECTURE XXIII.

On the Last Judgment. Delivered by Emma Harding, at Harmonial Hall, Philadelphia, before the First Association of Spiritualists.

Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, by Henry T. Chitt M. D.

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou great and wonderful spirit, whom men have worshipped in every age as Jehovah, Jove, or Lord, Allah, Creator, Father,—how wonderful are thy ways! Our souls expand into admiration and worship as we gaze down the ages, and behold through the ever opening pages of thy scriptures, unwritten by the hand of man, how thou hast launched into space countless worlds, and strung them together in magnetic lines of eternal harmony. Thou hast upreared human dynasties, and swept them away with the noiseless passage of time. Thou hast borne us upward on the wings of knowledge, until from the dark ages of savagism, we stand in the light of a divine revelation, we stand in the light of the Unknown,—the wiseless, viewless Architect, who hast contrived, elaborated and sustained this wonderful ball of earth. Oh, Father, we worship thee with every advancing page we turn in the book of eternal life. We worship thee in the least of thy works, as in the greatest; in the little violet, with the dew that moistens its cup, prepared by thy kind hand. We hear thee in the rustling of the dying leaves of winter. We feel thee in the stirring breeze that fans our cheeks. We see thee in the glancing notes that dance in the summer sunbeam. We know that thou, thatallest all space, art here. We know that in this place, where a part of thy creation is assembled, thou hast built thy church. To thee, our great High Priest, we consecrate the services of this hour. To thee, oh, ministering spirit, we dedicate all we are, and all we have, and ask of thee to enlighten these minds, that they may be permitted now to turn another page in the eternal book of wisdom that thy hand hath written.

LECTURE.

We propose to speak of a well-worn subject,—one that for ages, has engaged the attention of mankind, and which, even from these lips, has often been familiarized. We speak of that which theology has defined as "THE LAST JUDGMENT."

We select this theme because it bears peculiarly on that position of the religious world, at which we have now arrived, and on those peculiar features of ecclesiastical history, which give us, as we believe, the inevitable assurance that a new ministry is at hand.

We speak of it, too, not with any purpose to discredit or destroy ideas which you have esteemed as sacred, but rather to show you how every theological idea is a fragment of truth, founded, laid up, and stored away in the human mind by the Supreme Spirit, who, in his own good time, gives us a few revelations as we are ready to receive them, but never destroys the worth and value of the old. We propose to select this vestige of old theological belief, because it especially belongs to the subject of which we are treating, the signs of the times, the religious demands of the age. To do this effectually, we shall briefly review the theological idea, as it has been accepted and as it is now taught in the churches.

If church worshippers have advanced in their belief beyond this idea; if they would tell you to-day, "Oh, this was of the Olden time; we know none who accept this idea in these latter times," then there is a greater need for a new ministry, a ministry that will preach what they mean, and teach a truth rather than an ancient absurdity, because it is ancient.

We want a ministry that will lead the people and not be directed by popular opinion; one that is able to present and explain all that they preach,—not one which simply repeats old myths until the people have grown beyond them, and they are compelled to reform their doctrines, lest their flock should grow too large for their shepherds.

It is with these views that we insist on reviewing, one after another, the ideas which we reject,—for we reject them, and we must. The very worshippers who this day are told they must tremble at the last judgment, know that their preachers don't mean what they say. We do mean all that we say, and a great deal more than the infinite spirit has thought proper to entrust to poor, fallering, fallible human lips to say.

The last judgment, or rather the belief that man must be finally judged by a personal God, and judgment pronounced upon the earth when its uses are fulfilled, and man no longer inhabits it. This idea arose from the perception of mankind of a universal truth. When, in the infancy of the race, man must discover what God meant in creation, they must search throughout his scriptures to find the purposes of his writing. Then they must take the kingdom of heaven by violence, and were determined to know of themselves, who they were, what they were, and whither they were bound.

Then God answered them in the revelation of eternal law, and showed them that there is judgment pronounced upon every act and deed. They then looked further, and beside the inevitable consequences of retribution which every deed incurs, every act of life shows,—besides these, they foresaw that for every blossom,—for such a life as that of this little violet falling from my hand, dead,—there was a special use in its existing, and a special judgment pronounced upon it when it has fulfilled the purposes of its being.

They saw that this judgment was written upon all creation; that there was not an atom nor a world, a grain of dust nor an astral system, but what performed a special use, which was done and fulfilled; and in regard to a record, a fresh book of life to set forth the thought.

Thus reasoned the sages of old, and the allegorical figures in which they expressed their wisdom, have been converted by the sages of modern times into accepted truths. The men of old wrote in the spirit; the men of the new take the letter, and you see what they have transformed the providence of God into, in the idea of the last judgment.

They tell us that, born as we are into a destiny which we have not sought, which we have not inaugurated, receiving—as you and I must do alike—what we have not sought, a brief span of being forced upon us, made either a child of darkness or a recipient of virtue,—no matter which we are, but subject to the laws of being—such as we are, we appear for a brief moment upon this sphere of existence; we play out our little lives; we perform our part during the revolution of one turn of the sand glass of time; a certain destiny is forced upon us,—and then we die.

Age after age has passed away since millions have thus expanded for a single grain of time, and died. Some have lived ten thousand, some ten million of years ago, but all go to the same destiny, according to this theological standard, or test. They sleep in the ground, for the last judgment hangs upon the resurrection of the body. In order that there shall be a final judgment, there must be an eternal sleep, comparatively

speaking, a long sleep and rest, the termination of which none of our finite teachers can undertake to say when it shall be,—but judging from the past, it may be for millions of years,—and then sounds forth the trump of the resurrection angel, and forth from the scattered dust, forming and re-forming during the succeeding thousands, and even millions, of generations of the past come forth, the spirits of the dead,—and upon all and each,—not one of which is the duplicate of the other, not one of whom has performed the same mission, or repeated the same life experiences,—one of two sentences is passed,—eternal torment, or eternal happiness! This is nothing commensurate with the life action or special character; nothing proportioned to the mere span of existence that the spirit has lived; nothing proportioned to the destiny forced upon it very often; nothing proportioned to its acts at all.

I do but review this vision of the last judgment, for the purpose of showing you how God's most solemn, beautiful, holy and instructive truths have been perverted. How much depends upon the thinkers, the worshippers, the true believers in our Father in heaven, to redeem his sacred purposes, his holy teachings, from these dark and terrible mistakes.

I repeat again that these are the teachings of the churches, and if churchmen have outgrown them, it is only the greater evidence that we need a new ministry to teach the people. They preach it as a part of those ecclesiastical acts of faith and acts of belief, which every churchman is compelled to acknowledge ere he is permitted to go forth and attempt to pervert the people's minds, by preaching what he knows is not the truth.

This theological idea of the last judgment has suggested to the thinkers of the present day an inquiry into the fundamental principles from which it originated. Searching into these, we find a magnificent series of revelations concerning the true nature of judgment, splendidly illustrated, and crowned with the most sublime truth of all, by the revelations of spirits from beyond the grave. Permit me to show you how, step by step, we ascend on the ladder of progressive knowledge, from the lowest formation of matter up to a spiritual judgment.

We perceive now, by the revelations of astronomy and geology, that the time was when our planet was an inorganic mass of crude fire mist. We know not in what space this vast, rudimentary mass of inorganic matter moved,—but something of its condition may be discerned as we behold those fiery, flaming spheres that, from time to time, illuminate the skies, trailing their length of golden hair for millions of miles, through the dark blue expanse of the infinite. We learn from these something of the nature and condition whence came our beautiful planet. We may judge from these marvelous signs something of the divine Creator's purpose. We may learn as we gauge the heavens, and explore by night the footsteps of those shining children of eternity, that are elder brothers of our world, with their rings, their belts, and their moons,—all in the process of recording the planetary life which has been given to them,—we may learn something of our planet's destiny.

We know that the time came when this world of ours was called into an orderly and obedient path with an orbit fixed for it, moving around a central sun. A judgment was passed upon its long trailing path of wild erratic light, and it was called home into the solar system of which we are a part. We know now how age after age, vast revolving cycles of time, periods which mock the efforts of the human mind in its attempts to grapple with the purposes of him whom it takes millions of years to raise his hand from off our earth, were required to do the necessary work.

All this teaches us that in long cycles of time formations were in process, which, when completed, were sufficient for the period, and then judgment came, and God pronounced upon them the fulfillment of special periods, and he bade them die, and as they perished, they gave birth to other forms, and so creation rose at last from the inorganic to the organic, from the mere crystallizing rock to the grand and stately forms of vegetable and animal life of this period. First, however, small and simple, very simple in external expression, for the germinal life had not yet developed into regular forms; vast masses of vegetable matter floated in the ancient seas, and in the animal world huge monsters roamed the primeval forests.

Judgments were pronounced on these, one after another, and they passed away. In this period there was an expansion of life into monstrous forms, some relics of which remain to tell us that the same eternal law was moving in the same direction,—first in the atoms, then in the expansion of monstrous growths, and then the condensation into beautiful and orderly forms. All this required a series of many judgments, and we know they were pronounced, because we see the rents and ruins, the vestiges of old periods, even now on the face of our earth. We see with what rude shattering, with what terrific convulsions, with what awful catastrophes, Nature died. We see it as we behold the vast boulders dragged over thousands of miles, borne in the arms of the mighty Ice King, torn and lashed and rent, as they were taken up from the mass of old primeval rock, dashed headlong from continent to continent, until at last it falls into the bed of death. Such is the history of the boulders that now cover the face of our earth.

We know that fire and flood, storms and tempests, earthquakes and wild tornadoes, have had a part in all these upheavals of the ancient dead, and then we find Nature subsiding and subsiding until the last death pang, and then rising into new and lovelier forms. This is the geological history of every strata that has been laid down all over the book of Nature. It is from such successive lives and deaths as these, that every blossom you now behold has been perfected. He alone can tell how many millions of years he has prophesied the birth of this rose that I hold in my hand; how many judgments he has pronounced upon the material that Nature laid upon the altar of sacrifice before him, ere he said, "It is finished." He alone can tell how often the floral gems of vegetable life have died and cast off their outer forms, and have risen into fresh life and have presented their petals in beauty to him, and offered their forms for his acceptance, ere they became sufficiently perfected to create this violet.

The history of this long line tells of ten thousand judgments pronounced upon the imperfect of old, until they were perfect enough to be fit for this age.

To-day God's judgment is on all things, and it prophecies of fairer forms, that our mortal eyes may never behold. We have seen this in our own time, and it shall surely continue. I speak of the inevitable sequence of events, resulting from this principle of judgment of God in Nature.

I speak of them in another department of being,—even in human destiny. The time was, as the historian has told you, when there were called into existence, from some starting-point, gatherings of men, and then mighty kingdoms and powerful dynasties. We know that from Romulus and Remus, the twin brothers, of Roman history, wild savages in the midst of the seven hills, a civilization came forth, and a mighty empire that for the time ruled the world. Such was the germ from which sprang anew the supplanted dynasties of Hædostan, Egypt, Syria, Babylon, and even Jerusalem,—each fulfilling a special purpose,—some of metaphysical

and some of scientific instruction. Some laid the foundation of old religious belief; some planted the foundations of special arts, special sciences; to some were entrusted the rational interpretation of the destiny of mankind in one direction, and some in another. When all was done, and when each one had lived his life, and performed the services entrusted to him, judgment was pronounced upon him; he must no more cumber the ground; he had fulfilled his purpose and was capable of no more. He saw the handwriting on the wall. He saw the spirit writing, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." The dynasty must cease, it must perish, and in perishing, the kingdom was divided and given to another. Think you, all that beautiful work has perished? Think you, all that spirit of the ages can ever be annihilated in the crash of falling ruins? No! that immortal power, by which they were erected, springs forth, Platonic-like, from the ashes.

The plains of Palmyra and Dmetara, in the desert, are only broken in their dim sculptures by the voices of the owl and the bittern, the fall of a splendid column, or the sinking of a ruin, and the murmur of the winds as they surge through the broken archways—the decaying relics of a grandeur and a power of which we have now no comprehension. Why, oh! why was God's judgment heavy upon them?

Why were these colossal forms of splendor and beauty stamped with decay, and compelled by the stern and relentless judgment of the Lord to perish? Their purposes were fulfilled. They were like the colossal monuments of olden times, only the expressions of man's strength, his vast physical power. They were not the work of that orderly mind which is exhibited in our factories, our labor saving machines, our dwellings, the industry of our peasant homes and cottages, where the living world of to-day is organized into systems, manifests itself in these various forms, and in our commercial relations, seeks to spread itself, in order to produce these fatter, purer, more useful and scientific forms.

The old must be removed; all that was grand and noble in them we preserve. The age cherishes the memory of the spirit, and of the powers of the human mind, as expressed in these wonderful works of past grandeur. The magnificent Parthenon, the gigantic Coliseum, and a thousand other ruins, the beauty and glory of which has perished, have all left behind them relics of art and science, by which they were created.

We have gathered up all that was worthy of being preserved. We have their philosophy, their music, their poetry, their painting, the principles of agriculture, the principles of sculpture, the principles of form. The large, the great, the cumbersome, the useless, are gradually passing away from the earth. God's judgment is on them, and nothing but the spirit remains. The spirit being with us, we found our works upon it. We incarnate into more useful forms; into more civilized dynasties; into more useful systems of commerce and trade.

We incarnate the forces of nature, very imperfectly understood, in the steam engine, in photography, in lithography, and in all the various means by which we ensnare the very forces of the elements into matter, by the word of God is made flesh, and the Logos, or Wisdom, dwells amongst us.

In everything that our eyes look upon, there are the symbols of judgments that are pronounced, which are perpetually springing up before our eyes in the shape of newer and more useful forms.

We do not see this expressed in the life of man. Our heroes are gone. Our patriots are no more. The martyrs whose forms we still behold by the blazing fires which consumed them, have perished from our midst, and make no sign. The great ones have vanished. A phantasmagoria above appears, in which their shadowy images pass before the mind's eye, in dreams, in visions of the night, in memories growing more and more dim, until they are lost. Even the strong, the giants of old, those of whom they tell us, in the fabled days, of such mighty strength that they must needs write them the sons of God,—their strength is consumed, and their beauty has waxed weak,—all have passed, and we are fleeting phantoms of the present. We know we are but phantoms—this moment is mine, and now it has gone, and as the echo of my voice dies away, the past ceases to be mine. I am but a phantom, I am parting with the world, it ebbs from me every moment of my existence. I am drifting on, on forever to the shores of the unknown, leaving the past behind. I cannot collect even the least fragments,—they are gone from me,—they are mine no more. This is the destiny of man. Where, then, are God's judgements for us? Where is the resurrection for us? If sunlight and seasons, if starbeams and moonlight, all come again, all return, all things that have faded shall re-appear.

Nothing is lost in nature. Those perishing forms, those splendid dynasties overthrown, those kingdoms destroyed, are all still with us. Not so with man, the noblest, the best, the grandest, the ruler of creation. He disappears into the phantom light of that infinitude, from which we can not collect even the fragment of which I have spoken.

Even the dust which we bear, the precious dust that we have carefully laid in the earth, is scattered to the winds, and the grasses which wave above the crumbling form, tells us that it is gone, that there is no resurrection for it. Must we indeed listen to the wild phantasy of ecclesiasticalism, and wait for the trump of the resurrection angel to call us to life again. It is in such moments as these, that we fall either into the blank of annihilation and conclude that for us there can be no resurrection, or we are compelled to take shelter beneath the dark doctrines of ecclesiasticalism.

We are, however, not left comfortless. Even here in this most stupendous mystery of the destiny of the human soul, God leaves himself not without a witness. They come, the bright immortals, they come to rend the veil of mystery in twain, to reveal to us the effect of the solemn judgment passed upon them; ay, judgment, for they are all in the judgment, and with it, too, they bring the glorious light, the ever progressive light of the immediate resurrection of the soul. They have cast off the decaying garment. They may bury the body in peace, and give back reverently the dust which sprang from the fair green earth; to purity, and strengthen, and vivify it, until violets shall spring from the blue eyes of beauty, and roses shall blossom from the burning cheek of the blushing maiden,—we will let all this go; let the dead bury their dead.

This resurrection principle of eternal life, is now proved to be a reality, and it is no longer a myth and tradition of the olden time to be resurrected, but it is the blessed ministry of those whom they have called dead, and now what do they tell us?

A few brief words only need I present to you, Spiritualists, as information upon this theme. What they point to the harmonious chain of connection that pronounces judgment on our actions, they remind us of that which science has taught, I grant, but never taught us to go out with the destiny of the spirit. Science has taught us that the life of a man is a microcosm of the life of all things; that the life of a man is an inevitable history, broken only by those interferences produced by disease or accident.

The natural law of life is birth from a little point,—the elaboration of the living creature

from a small tiny, nucleated cell, known to no one but the Infinite, and he alone could have conceived a scheme which should call into being that powerful, strong and wonderful existence, which we call man, from a little tiny, nucleated cell that we can scarcely discover with a powerful microscope, a single point in being, but that point is enough, it is inspired with spirit, and so it aggregates to itself the material necessary for its existence. It grows, it becomes the full and perfect blossom; the germ is now elaborated into a living creature, and the living creature expands by those principles to which I have so often called your attention, attraction and repulsion, waste and repair, giving off the effete, and aggregating unto itself the necessary elements of life, until it arrives at the full perfection of its uses, its powers, its vigor, and becomes a strong, living man. Then the same eternal and unknown law of being which alternates forever and forever between attraction and repulsion, at length gives the largest extent of power to repulsion, and waste prevails over repair, and the form perishes, and even like the blossoms by which we have illustrated our ascending series of progressive lives, as this falls, there is no repair, no more strength comes, no more sustenance—so its form at last gives off the life principle which is not able to sustain it longer,—a judgment has been pronounced.

From the hour when the strong man performed the strongest uses of which his form was capable, judgment was pronounced, and when that form has outwrought all the purposes for which it was constructed, it must cumber the earth no more; it must pass away from the realm of forms, and so it falls like the blossom to the earth. So does it perish, and like the ancient dynasties of which we have spoken, like the mighty kingdoms that seemed built to last forever, like the systems that have perished, like all the varied forms of creation that yielded up all their best uses to the creative hand, and then passed away into other and fairer forms, so does the spirit of man, fully perfected, fully elaborated within the world of the form, spring up Platonic-like from its ashes, and commence a fresh career as a spiritual man. Thus much of its earth destiny. For its spiritual judgment, we need to briefly rehearse those communications so constantly poured into the ear of the Spiritualist, showing that the spiritual man at once enters upon a judgment.

Have you ever questioned into the relations of the spirit people and yourselves? "Oh, point where and how dost thou dwell?" "Have you ever received, although, perhaps, in various forms of expression, any other answer than the one, "I am in judgment?" Have you ever questioned what that judgment is? Do you not find that as the grains of dust, the waves of air, and the drops of dew, combine to make up our external forms, so the grades of thought, the waves of mind, the drops of spiritual light, and even the smallest sympathies of spiritual purposes within us, have made up our spiritual bodies, and on these pronounced judgment? The spirit stands before no tribunal but that which the invisible God has created for himself within us. There he dwells. There he has uplifted his altar, and there he writes judgment upon every act we have done, upon every thought we have cherished, upon every motive that we have harbored, upon every secret purpose that we have had.

Here as we look beneath the material surroundings, they fall back, the curtain is drawn, the veil is rent, and we stand revealed to others, but to ourselves, for what we really are.

The great teacher of Judea said, "The light of the body is the eye, if therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light, but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

There are dwellers upon the threshold that come back and are seen by our spirit vision, with dark forms, and groveling in darkness too fearful for us to contemplate without sorrow, and we understand that the darkness proceeds from within, and that God's sun is on them; that his flowers bloom, and aramantine blossoms of eternity spring up around their feet, but there is darkness in them—they can not see it around them. They see not the glorious light of creation. For there is no moon, nor sun, nor stars, no beauty, and sometimes, heaven help them, they are without any companionship. I have stood face to face with spirits that have lived for self, and there they stood, nothing but self. What are you and I? Mere points of self in the great surging ocean of humanity, moving around and round with nothing but self—how could we fill that world? How could we make it fair and beautiful? What could we, with one little speck of self alone effect?

Yet, when we cherish this love of self, and nothing but self, we carry nothing but this with us into the Spirit World. We must return dwarfed, cramped,—miserable specks of selfish existences, that we have made ourselves. It is so of every passion. It is so of every thought,—it has God's solemn judgment written upon it in eternal and immutable law. It is for this reason that I have pressed upon you to-day the analysis of His law, as revealed in judgment. But will they tell you no man is bright and fair and beautiful? I do know that the little child that passed from my side, upon whose blooming cheek and ivory brow, no stamp of sin was impressed,—I know all is well with her. I know that the friend who passed from me—the unselfish, self-sacrificing strong man, who lived only for another, whose whole labor and strife was the blessing and benefit of others, I know that all is well with him. I know that the sunlight of his great heart, and the wisdom of his mighty spirit, will bloom in the eternal colleges of the better land, and that he has taken his degree as a full grown spirit of earth.

I ask not for them, the patient toilers, who have borne in solitude and loneliness, a life of martyrdom,—those that have pressed the anguish and pain, and suffering of a thousand years into one little life, perhaps obscure and unnoticed. They have passed from my sight; they have passed into the land of light for which their bright and purified spirits were fully prepared. They have carried with them, that which is like a firmament of stars; they have received upon their shining heads a crown of subambams. Their white feet are treading the flowery paths which every act of their blessed lives have planted. I do follow with fear and apprehension, the laws of that stern and immutable judge, who has written consequences upon every act. I follow the unhappy crank, and I follow the angry man, the cold-hearted, the hypocrite. I follow him who has never raised his soul beyond the groveling pursuits of earth. I follow all these, and when they return to me with swollen and contracted brows; when they repeat to me the dark and fatal story of their lives; when they moan out with bitter regret that they had not known of the reality of the judgment; that they had not waited for the final judgment of old theology; that they had not, as they put off their bodies, put off all the memories of the deeds they had done. When they come back to me in the darkness and sorrow of this pitiful lament for the shipwreck of their lives, and charge these consequences upon the false teachers that have misled them; then it is that I would proclaim aloud to the whole world the stern fact of God's immutable judgments!

I see the imperfect building fall. I see the old decaying ship go down to inevitable destruction.

tion. I see the careless shepherd losing his charge. I see the imperfect workmen suffering for lack of skill. I see not a single act or deed that man has done, but God has written on it, judgment.

I hear the voices of theology—the old time-worn theology, the fragments, the broken fragments of old myths and traditions that are gathered to-day and labeled sacred, and presented to us. I hear them tampering with the people's eternal welfare, endeavoring to put off God's judgments to an illimitable time in the future, when they are here at present upon us.

To-night, should this voice sound no more in your midst; should the welcome summons for which I wait—the welcoming of the death angel; should his voice be heard, and the dear hands of my beloved ones, who have passed through the gates before me, be extended to call me home, where shall I stand? Answer, oh my soul; answer from thine own day;—no,—re-light the lamps that thou hast extinguished, and day by day, read over the deeds that thou hast done. There shall I be, whatsoever else I may seem here, there I am in judgment. I know that there is progress for me. I know this tremendous judgment of the Infinite is tempered with mercy, which has written progress for the spirit. I can trust to progress to illuminate my soul. I can not, however, trust to progress to wipe away the sins of the past until I have earned my reward,—lighted my lamps, and have created my sunlight. There is no confession here. I repeat there is no theological sponge to wipe away those things for which we are in judgment. But there is a judgment for all that is past, for all our unfulfilled purposes. There is a judgment for every kindly action, for every tender look, for that loving grasp of the hand that thou hast given thy friend, when thou hadst no more to give.

How often we pass through life with nothing but tender sympathy, nothing but a kind word, nothing but a strong hand to raise up the fallen. It may be an unfulfilled wish which we deemed fruitless for each other's good.

There is a judgment for all these; it is part of our nature; it is a tribute for the spiritual body, this crown of light shining resplendently and beautifully, when we stand in the judgment and see there is a heaven and a hell within us.

This is the meaning of the judgment to which I have invited your attention, and I close, this morning, with once more adverting to that purpose which I can conceive, and which is faintly shadowed forth to all of you in the effort to inaugurate a new ministry. Is there not already a judgment pronounced upon the old? Shall not these effete systems which we have so fully treated and analyzed before your eyes,—shall they not pass away? Shall his mercy, pronounced and written judgments upon all things, pronounced every where,—shall they be forever mangled? Shall those ecclesiastical systems which are wringing wealth from people's pockets, and strength and might and learning from men who would be useful, who might be the people's teachers and leaders,—shall all these be permitted to uphold the rotten systems that we see on every hand are crumbling to the earth? It would not be so, were there as wise and brave and strong and true reformers, as there are now clear thinkers.

You know some of the truths of God's scheme revealed to you by the searching analysis of spiritual communion. You know not how much strength has been lent to you to put these revelations into practice; but we do know that you have perceived the signs of the times pointing to the crumbling of the old ecclesiastical institutions. We do know that the authoritarian teachings that bind the people down to other men's thoughts, are passing away. We have heard the clanking chains that have been put upon the human soul, and we know that the bravest and strongest human spirits have arisen in their might, and thrown off the shackles. They are the best thinkers; they are not willing longer to be worshippers under these ecclesiastical systems. They see that the day of judgment is on those systems; it is also on the political systems. We have seen it in this land. It is not more than six years since this same subject, the last judgment was pronounced by your speaker, in which that judgment obviously pointed to the clanking chains that were binding the physical forms of your fellow men, and in which you were reminded then that you were passing through the furnace blast of transformation. That transformation was political; it was a great physical and moral reform; it had ended,—judgment has been pronounced by no trump of the archangel, by no voice of heaven penetrating the clouds, and sounding in your midst, "Let my people go." But do you know that you are the still and the voice, that even speaks to man of human destiny, and crowds it down beneath the fetters of immutable law; and in the name of that voice,—in the name of that immutable spirit of law, the fetters were broken, and God's people are free! The same furnace blast of transformation is apparent around us, and may be the prediction of a great religious war.

We hear the echoes of the strife coming from every land. Rome sounds the word, authority, and it penetrates the length and breadth of the land. Italy surging in vast conflict, and from high ecclesiastical domes all over Europe, comes the rumbling sound. In England, I have seen even physical strife within a few months in the struggle which is going on against the ecclesiastical authority of Rome.

Where are you standing? Idly waiting in the transcendental enjoyment of spiritual revelation which you think have come, and yourselves are waiting until the tides of conflict shall sweep by,—until the mighty warfare shall overbear all? Take no back position in this great day of ecclesiastical judgment.

Spiritualists, I can not think but what the Great Spirit will demand of you usury for the ten talents that he has committed to you. We know that some of the brightest, clearest and grandest truths that have ever been revealed to man, have been given to you. You can not be idle spectators of the surging waves of conflict, mental and spiritual, that are now overflowing the earth. It has been given to you to proclaim the new dispensation. Since 1848, a day of political and spiritual judgment has been upon us. I close by earnestly commending to you a careful review and consideration of this subject of God's judgment upon all things and all men, upon all purposes and all gifts, and last, though not least, upon the gift of Spiritualism which he has confided to you Spiritualists.

BENEDICTION.

May the blessing of the Great Spirit be upon you. May the guard and guide of his ministering angels be around us. May our fervent aspirations for light, life, knowledge and spiritual strength, ever be answered by him who responds to all those aspirations that ask for light, and there shall be light.

Heaven but tries our virtue by afflictions, and often the cloud that wraps the present hour serves but to brighten all our future days.

A sound faith is the best divinity, a good conscience the best law, and temperance the best physic.



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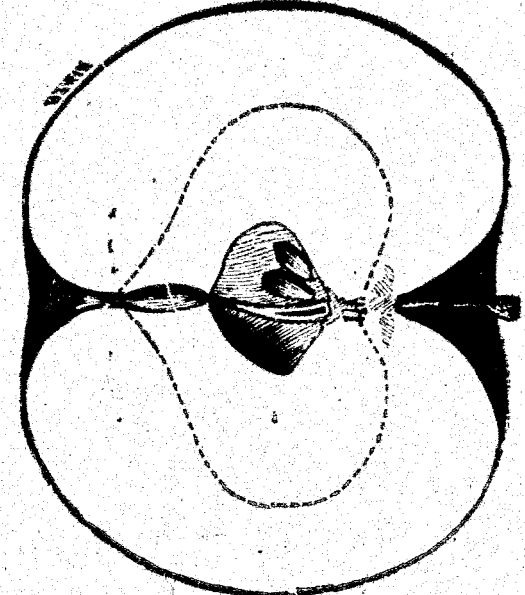
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Spiritualists in Council.

Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Illinois, one of the chief advocates of the peculiar faith of Spiritualism, delivered a lecture last evening in the Calvert Assembly Rooms to a moderate sized audience, composed, as is usual on such occasions, mainly of believers in the legend which is prominently displayed in old English text over the rostrum of the Hall. "Record we bear, in a communion with angels."

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Notices of our Meetings.

Spiritualism and Science.

Dr. Hammond, after having examined the whole of it, is ready to maintain with confidence, that "no medium has ever yet been lifted into the air by spirits; no one has ever read unknown writing through a closed envelope; no one has ever lifted tables or chairs but by material agencies; no one has ever been tied or untied by spirits; no one has ever heard the knock of a spirit; no one has ever spoken through the power of a spirit other than his own."—Dr. W. A. Hammond's Physical and Physiological Spiritualism.

Spiritualists in Council.

Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Illinois, one of the chief advocates of the peculiar faith of Spiritualism, delivered a lecture last evening in the Calvert Assembly Rooms to a moderate sized audience, composed, as is usual on such occasions, mainly of believers in the legend which is prominently displayed in old English text over the rostrum of the Hall. "Record we bear, in a communion with angels."

THE WOMAN WHO DARED.

BY EPES SARGENT. AUTHOR OF "Planchette, or the Despair of Solence." "Honest Liberty is the greatest foe to diabolism." 12 mo. Cloth; 270 pages, fine tinted paper, gilt top, extra heavy binding, with bevelled edges. A very interesting and cheap book. Price \$1.50 Postage 30 cents.

LETTERS TO ELDER MILES GRANT.

Being a Review of "SPIRITUALISM UNVEILED." BY REV. MOSES HULL. Author of "The Question Settled," "That Terrible Question," etc., etc. This sharp and brilliant little book, by one of our country's thinkers and most efficient speakers should be read by all. Price—25 cents; postage, 2 cents.

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