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A Search After God.

NUMBER EIGHT.

The Allegations of the Question—Is God a Mathematician?—Where is the God who Claims the Authorship of Evil—The Serpent a part of God—Mary Gladstone.

Continued from last week.

Well may it be asked, that, whether amidst the awful chaos of ideas and different forms of religious worship, there can be discerned one ray of light bearing upon it the joyful announcement that God has been unveiled.

When a whirlwind or tornado starts on its errand of destruction, did he calculate with his pencil in hand the path it would follow, for it is well known that these fiends of destruction, these kings of the air, when they are launched forth by some unseen force, invariably describe a parabolic curve, like a planet in its orbit?

ered those rules that unfold the relation of one body in space to all the rest. Davis makes God a skillful mathematician, who originated all those complex rules that relate to the government of worlds and systems of worlds. II., to some extent, personifies God.

God, the enlarged man of Davis, and other speculative philosophers, fails to have everything move in accordance with the rules of mathematics, and hence a wreck is the result. Descartes, however, has God in all things, and says, "He has extent, as we say of fire contained in a piece of iron, which has not, properly speaking, any other extension than that of iron itself."

Will we not become bewildered amidst this chaos of ideas,—this endless conflict of opinion,—and like a mariner at sea, without compass or rudder, be wrecked and cast upon some desert coast, declaring in our anguish, there is no God! No Divine Architect: controlling the prancing steeds of space! No organizer and sustainer of this mighty machinery, the complex motions of which excite within us the wildest enthusiasm!

Is this a wild search, an adventure of another speculative person, who, yearning to do what others have signally failed to accomplish, equips himself for a Search After God, hunting for him everywhere,—in the traditions of the past, in the clash of arms, in the formation of worlds and systems of worlds, in those mathematical rules that govern the planets and the terrific whirlwind as well,—in the plentiful, burning, seething, irritating, health-destroying cesspools of life,—in poverty, in the pale cheek and dim eye, overworked, weary body; yes, searching for him amidst all conditions of life; in health and sickness; in the well-formed man, whose body is strong and robust, health tingling in his veins, like the sweet chimes of the morning bell, and in the miserable cripple, whose eyes are like lightning-bugs, cheeks expressive as a buck-wheat cake, form distorted, and mind full of fish hooks, and who is a wild weed that everybody is disgusted with, and says it were better if he would die?

Yes, amidst this chaos of ideas, shall we cry again, "Watchman, what of the night?" Are we bewildered? Do the lightnings flash, the thunders roar around us, and the waves of discord swell up mountain high, and do we stand fearless and undaunted, knowing that we shall not be wrecked? Do we tremble as we look at that raving maniac, that harlot, who died in St. Louis a few months since, and who saw the spirit of him who seduced her years ago at her bedside, his presence causing untold pains of anguish,—do we tremble when we try to see God in that fevered brain, that wild, glaring eye, those big round tears that come forth from the fountain of her soul, that expression of terror and dismay,—do we tremble as we look in the garden of her soul, and see the flowers, the beautiful flowers, that were there when she put her arm around the neck of her lover and pressed her lips to his, and then surrendered all that was noble and pure in her to his use,—do we then tremble, as we see that confiding girl, whose kisses were as pure as the dew-drop that comes from heaven to sleep in the affectionate embrace of a rainbow-tinted flower, surrender herself to one she devotedly and truly loved,—do we tremble as we see Sarah Gladstone, behold her character as white as the undyed snow on the mountain top, and see her white arms around the neck of James Lenox, and her cheeks pressed to his,—do we tremble as we see one so pure, so noble, so lovely, reposing confidence in a man, and then see her nature become distorted, like the gnarled oak, the wild weed, the rheumatic, palsied body,—do we tremble as we try to discern through this dark cloud, Deity?

Can we discover God through the black, tempestuous mists of sin and licentiousness that rise up like a serpent from the cesspools of man's depraved, dishonest, yes, poisonous heart, and clasp within its slimy embrace a pure, noble woman like Mary Gladstone, and closing its coils, spoil all the noble traits of her character, and who was in her last moments induced to exclaim: "So you've come! you've come, have you, to complete your work. But I have got friends now. I am no longer at your control. Oh, how

I hate you, you bad, wicked, bloody-minded man! You ruined me body and soul, but now I am free. Keep off, you damned villain!" (See JOURNAL of June 4th.)

She agon after died, her lips softly muttering the plaintive words, "It's almost morning now." Through this dark halo of sin and licentiousness, can we discern God? As we can see the beauties of the eclipse through a smoked glass, so, perhaps, in the hell of civil life, where purity is put in the hopper and ground into vice, where wealth is made to subvert the passions, where virtue vanishes like an angel's whisper on a celestial breeze, we can discern more plainly the character of that Being for whom we are searching.

We are appalled at no difficulty, no obstruction intimidates us. We venture into all conditions of life to find God. That cloud of vice, that rises like a boa constrictor over the cess-pool of civil life, where murder, licentiousness, and sins of all shades are collected, and coiling itself, presenting its loathsome sliny tongue for mortals to gaze upon, is a good medium through which to find God! Look at its slimy body, at the forked tongue, at the large scales on its skin, at the poisonous effluvia that issue from its mouth, as it coils and uncoils itself, and raises its head to gaze for some victim that has virtue nestling in the heart, in which it can leave its forked tongue, for he it knows, that virtue is the food of vice; poverty many times the ailment of the wealthy, and that hellish serpent evinces the utmost pleasure as it proceeds on its work of destruction, extracting from pure human nature all its sweetness, leaving nothing but a skeleton of blasted hopes to show significantly the result of its labors.

Thomas Gales Forster declares that by the aid of matter, God's thoughts are given forth. Maria M. King asserts that the "Deific mind required a medium through which to act upon matter; this medium is Deific electric force. This force is the link which connects the Deific Soul Principle with the Deific Mind. Nature's forces, life-principles are the Soul Principle of Deity, as the Soul Principle of all organized forms is the life moving power of those forms."

"All matter is God's tongue, and from its motion God's thoughts are sent, the realms of space are the calyx bars, and the music notes are the stamens and stamens."

Davis saw God in the flower with its five stamens, with its calyx and corol five-parted, and he could demonstrate his existence therefrom, and in his wild enthusiasm he exclaimed, "God GEOMETRIZES!" Does he geometrize in the serpent? Did he geometrize when it raised its poisonous head to lave virtue in a human heart? Did he geometrize when he made that man a cripple, pain in every joint, anguish in every fiber of his heart, and not a moment's enjoyment in all his life? Are we wrecked amidst this strife? Can we sail past this monster, this serpent, in our Search after God? Its mouth is wide open,—we look into its body, and we see human hearts, skeletons of blasted hopes, the widow's cry and the orphan's moans, and as we approach it, it stares upon us, and says, "Back, child! you are on a wild adventure, and then repeats in measured accents, the words of Mrs. Conant, "We are—God—You are—God—We are—all—part—of—the—infinite—Godhead;" and as he says those words, he laughs and flicks his tail, and a stream of poisonous effluvia escapes from his mouth, on which I see the words of that profound scholar and logician, Emerson, "It is order that did all this." Not yet satisfied, he raises his head, shows his forked tongue, and poisonous teeth, and then quotes the saying of Hudson Tuttle,—"A rock—a-tree,—or—insect,—is—as—sacred—as—God—being—a-part—of—him,—or—a-portion—of—his—works?" We are appalled at the scene, and then amidst the wild confusion, it opens its mouth, and we see the poor body of Sarah Gladstone, and on her lips the sweet words, "It is almost morning now," and then it turns its head toward us again, and with all the dignity of a German sultan, says, in the language of Davis, "GOD GEOMETRIZES!" It then adopts the reasoning of Davis in regard to flowers proving the existence of a God. "My mouth," it continues, "has five poisonous fangs, (stamens), my tongue (corol) is five-parted, and my tail (calyx) five-pointed. All serpents of this character resemble me in every particular, therefore, 'Now let us suppose that every one like me is produced by a cause that cannot count, what are the mathematical chances against this combination of five, three times in a single being like myself!'"

REASONING OF ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

"We will make our next comparisons in that science so charming to all lovers of Nature. Not over smoky furnaces, or in darkened chambers, will we read this sisterhood of our lecture; but out among the silken division of sweet-scented flowers, where the blue-eyed heavens smile love down in our faces, and the winds whisper through our sunny hair. The first ten classes of Linneus are arranged simply according to the number of stamens in each flower. Let us analyze a flower of the tobacco-plant. It is of the fifth class, and of course has five stamens. Its corol has five parts, and its calyx five

points. It is so with every tobacco plant on the earth. It ever was, and will ever remain so. Now let us suppose that every flower is produced by a Cause that cannot count; what are the mathematical chances against this combination of five, three times in a single flower? The answer is obviously: 'One hundred and twenty-five;' while the chances against a like combination in two flowers amount to the great sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five.

Great God! Heavenly Father! Supreme Ruler of the Universe! Deific Element, where art thou? I am troubled! And as this serpent ceased its speaking, we see it wind itself around one of the fairest daughters of earth. Oh, how pure she was, and as we write this, she stands before us, with eyes of a deep blue, resembling the sky when the last rays of the sun are kissing it. Her cheeks of roseate hue, tell a grander tale than the rainbow that arches the entire heavens.

Let the atheist answer me, What must the chances be in one large field? in all the fields throughout the world during one solar summer? and extending the view still wider, so as to embrace all the summers ever shed by yonder bright sun? He who can shut his eyes to the overwhelming force of this demonstration, deserves never more a single glimpse of the green fields, with their crowns of golden bouquets flaring in their own perfume. Great God! Heavenly Father! Supreme Ruler of the Universe! Deific Element, where art thou? I am troubled! As and this serpent ceased its speaking, we see it wind itself around one of the fairest daughters of earth. Oh, how pure she was, and as we write this, she stands before us, with eyes of a deep blue, resembling the sky when the last rays of the sun are kissing it. Her cheeks of roseate hue, tell a grander tale than the rainbow that arches the entire heavens.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used under or over the nose.

Personal and Local.

Austin Kent has a pamphlet for sale, written by himself, and directed "To my Atheistical Brothers." It is well worthy of perusal. Send to him for one at Stockholm, N. Y.

Little Brown, a splendid trance and test medium, may be found at 123 West Washington street. She will answer calls to lecture.

The wide awake lovers of the Harmonical Philosophy in Osseo, Minn., have organized a society and Lyceum under very favorable auspices. May success attend their efforts.

Emma Hardinge's "History of Modern American Spiritualism," is attracting much attention in England. A number of the London papers have lately devoted large space to notices of it.

Our esteemed brother, K. Graves, is again in the lecture field.

Our subscribers at Providence, Rhode Island, will please bear in mind that we have no one there authorized to receive subscriptions for the JOURNAL. All business should be done directly with this office.

The price of that interesting little book, "Life and Moral Sayings of Confucius," the great Chinese philosopher, has been reduced from fifty to twenty-five cents. The sale even at the old price was good, and now every one can afford to buy it.

It ever gives us pleasure to welcome to our sanctuary, our worthy brother, Dr. Dake, who is doing a good work for the cause. He has been meeting with marked success in our state. He gave us a flying visit on Tuesday last, on his way to Elgin, Ill., where he will heal the afflicted for a few weeks.

N. Frank White proposes to spend the coming winter in the South. Through August and September, his address is in care of the BANNER OF LIGHT; through October and November, Vineland, N. J.

Miss Fannie V. Felton, of Montpelier, Vt., an excellent test and medical medium, has recently left her earthly form and gone to the angels. Dean Clark writes to the BANNER in reference to her: "About an hour prior to her departure, Wash., an Indian spirit, familiar to and dearly loved by all who have witnessed his good deeds through her mediumship, came and said he must take her, but he would do so easily, which he did, and he directed that Mrs. Blair should get 'lots of flowers' with which to surround her deserted form. This was done in artistic style, the casket being filled with them, and a wreath of roses, and a lot of green, on which were the words, 'our loved sister,' composed of white flowers, all were tastefully arranged upon the coffin."

Warren Chase has been lecturing in Fort Scott, Kansas. He will attend the State Convention in October.

Emma Hardinge is lecturing in Cleveland. In one week she gave eight lectures averaging one thousand persons in attendance at each.

J. M. Peebles lectures in Cleveland during October.

We hope our numerous contributors will not become impatient because their articles do not appear. The Wilson andaddock discussion, and various reports, so fill our columns that but little room is left for other matter.

Mrs. Lovering is now located at No. 51 North Halstead street. She is an excellent medium.

Miss Lottie Fowler, of whom we made mention a short time ago, is holding sances at Fontaine, New Haven, Ct.

Miss Susie Johnson speaks in Baltimore, Md., during January. Up to that time, she will speak in New England.

Mrs. Harriet E. Pope, an active worker in the cause of Spiritualism, writes to us that Mr. Jamieson had favored them with two lectures, that were well received. She says the cause is gaining ground in Minnesota, and that the only way to prosper is to "give the enemy no quarter!"

E. Bremmond, of Houston, Texas, would like to have E. V. Wilson visit his state. He speaks in high terms of the labors of Mrs. Wilcoxson last winter, while lecturing South.

Mrs. Annie C. Torrey has left Topeka, Kansas, and is now sojourning at Belle View, Mo. She is an excellent medium, and will soon be in Chicago.

Ursula Steward claims that neither Dickens nor the "School marm," was the author of the poem entitled "The Children," but that it was written by "A Village School Master."

The early settlers of Connecticut proclaimed that the colony should be governed by the laws of God until they had time to make better.—Washington Irving.

O. L. James, of West Eau Claire, Wisconsin, offers to discuss in public, either of the following questions, with any minister, or other person, in the United States, he, the challenger, taking the affirmative of the first proposition, and the negative of the last: 1st.—"Does the Bible, regarded as a whole, teach pantheism or transcendentalism?" 2nd.—"Does the Bible, regarded as a whole, teach the existence of a personal God?"

Thanks to Brother White, of Olney, Ill., for sending papers containing items of interest to Spiritualists.

The second annual meeting of Oakland County Circle, of Michigan, takes place October 8th, at Milford.

Dr. D. P. Kayner, of Erie, Pennsylvania, lectured on the 9th inst., at Emporium, Pennsylvania, to a large audience, mostly church members, with good effect. The doctor is a very effective speaker, as well as successful healer.

If you want a good book to teach you the science, philosophy, and the practical manner of developing mediums, send for "Underhill on Mesmerism." Price sent by mail, postage prepaid, \$1.50.

Dr. Samuel Underhill is at Dixon, Ill., from which place he issues his challenge to debate.

We are in receipt of a letter from Brother Howe, in which he says he had no appointment to speak in Chicago on the 25th of September, as announced in the JOURNAL, but that, on the contrary, he had informed the society that his health would not admit of his doing so at present. He hopes soon to be able to make an engagement that he can fill, with the society. Our notice was made up from a positive announcement made at the hall, that Brother Howe would speak at that time.

A. J. Fishback will lecture in Fort Huron, Michigan, the first Sunday in October, and continue for five months.





Price-List of Books.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

All orders by mail, with the price of books desired, and the additional amount mentioned in the following list of prices for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

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Table of Contents for 'Future Life' book.

Table of Contents for 'The Spirit Land' book.

Table of Contents for 'Talks to My Patients' book.

Table of Contents for 'The Wonderful New Book'.

Table of Contents for 'Vine Cottage Stories'.

