

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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VOL. IX.—NO. 5

The Sacred Mother.

"Every woman becomes a Madonna by the cradle of her first-born child."—T. W. Higginson.

In the glow of many a sunset,
In the hush of many an eve,
Sits a young and wept-oviced mother,
Where the plaintive low winds breathe,
Through the leaves of the latticed window,
A song of the summer day,
While she chants a sweeter measure
To her darling at rest from play.

Young mother! thus sweetly singing,
To the baby upon thy breast,
Lulling with tenderest carols
His beautiful form to rest,
Dost thou feel the en-irring presence
Of the God who hath chosen thee.
To clothe in his glorious image
The form of humanity!

Very near to the Infinite Nature—
Very near to the heart of God—
More blest than the "hills of Bouiah"
Which the white feet of angels trod—
Is the sacred heart of woman—
The nature through which alone
The divine can become embodied,
And the spirit reach its home.

Look up, O my drooping sister !
To the crown that awaiteth thee,
When Tra'h, like a mighty anthem,
Shall sweep over land and sea;
When woman, the Sacred Mother,
The Christened, the free, the blest,
Shall be to an 'entered millions
An angel of peace and rest.

With a Flower.

Though but one blossom spray I bring
That this bright hour to "wine."
I would that every bud-ding thing
Of June and summer should be thine
While heart's ease all her purple veins
Should press for these, wild roses red.
All their cool, fresh spirit shed
Round thee, and, forgot thy woes
Love as sunbeams do the dew
Of heaven weave their shining strand
And at last a heavenly hand
Give thee, give thee
Lilies of eternal peace!

Beecher.

—

*Says the Bible is Full of Fictions—
—akes of Fire and Brimstone in the He-
—streets of Heaven Not passed With God—
—Every Man his Own Heaven Maker.*

—

From the New York World, Oct.

Plymouth Church was more the morning. Many persons to obtain admittance to the tulle after the other preliminary ex-her proceeded to preach, taking in Matthew XXII, 30: "For in tion they neither marry nor are rriage, but are as the Angels even."

The Sadducees did not believe in a resurrection according to the land system of the Jews, in which property was to be kept in the family. If a brother died, his widow was to marry his next brother, polygamy being permitted. If there was a widow who passed on without another to the seventh, she was to be married to another to the seventh. "The Lord said, 'I am the God of the living.' " (the other life whose shall

"You are a set of ignorant fools," it was couched in other language. It came to that. "Ye do err, in the power of the Scriptures." You are ignorant; the everlasting law, the law of God. For in the name

[illegible]

...in the early times, such a
...though there is not a single
...the whole of the five books of Moses
...addressed to man as a motive of
...of reward and punishment re-
...If you do this, you shall be phar-
...do that, you shall be rewarded-
...now here in the other. For
...are Christians? Let
...could God maintain an "equi-
...for 4,000 years, and never recog-
...as a future state. And there-
...in the New Testament that
...Heaven, whether it is a thing
...there is no account given of its
...the experience of those that

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

OCTOBER.

BY S. A. NICHOLS.

There's a calm October evening,
And over mountains and woods
The glow of heaven descends
In a shower of golden light.
The rich and varied tints
Were caught by the evening breeze,
And with hands of glittering emeralds,
Was bound in golden shawls.
The earth, with hands of silver,
Impregiated the glowing sun,
Stretching to meet his beams.
After his work was done:
And up the rugged mountains
As a man of valor and pride,
And the leaders on the crags were clad
In a uniform of gorgeous picture.
But my soul was dumb with pain,
For the glory of his motherhood
Could come no more to me.
And all the while my spirit heard
The mourning of the soul.
The tender grace of a day that is dead
Can never come back to me.
A hand was laid on my forehead,
And my face was brushed by his hair,
And the face of a satisfied longing.
Was upon his forehead.
I knew that beside me was standing
My pride-my first-born boy.
He was looking with me on the phantom troop,
And clapping his hands for joy.
And the fair October evening
Was bathed in the light of his eyes.
For the child had been with the snowdrifts
And the shadows of night.
He was there-
Death cannot part him from me.
The heart of death is laid last-
The great hath no victory!

SPIRITS GOOD AND BAD.

Jottings from the Pen of John Sphyrer.

Paul says, "try these things." We can learn many things by a close and critical consideration of this line of Paul.
If we can try the spirits unless they return! All preachers used to say that no spirit ever came from that source whence no traveler returns, and that Spiritualists who said they did, were all liars, and the thing, a most gross humbug! But they have now turned their backs, for the same reason, and a consideration of the matter, has proved to these jockeys, that even their Bible (word of God) recognizes this idea of the return to earth of disembodied spirits.
Paul himself was strongly imbued with this idea, for how could he try them unless they came back to us? We certainly could not go into the spirit world at will, and try them there; neither would we have any right or business to do so, even if we could; but when they return to us, we have the right to try them—to test them, to see if they be of God, and whether good or bad. This was certainly by what they say and do. It is quite an easy matter to determine, to which class a spirit belongs after we have become acquainted with the laws of spirit intercourse, and of spirit control. Another idea may be gathered from Paul's injunction to try the spirits.
Both good and bad spirits return. If no spirit's return but the one of the Devil, as the churches and the preachers now everywhere affirm—why should he say,
"Try them to see if they be of God?"
If the position now taken by the Orthodox churches is correct, then Paul should have said, "Examine the spirits, have nothing to do with them, hide from them, for they are all of the Devil." But the Bible plainly says that they are all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of Salvation. But who sent them forth?
Certainly not the Devil. He takes up such lively interest in the affairs of those who are heirs of Salvation, and consequently entirely out of his reach. Not he never takes any stock in that class of people! He has no need to. He can get all he wants without making any such special effort to a cure even that small class of humanity, and he does not need to act the hero and take the whole world! He is generous enough to allow unto his great opponent (God) a few souls to people his realm; to enjoy the beauty and the splendor of His heaven and His home.
He is too generous to take delight in seeing Him who made the world, and is the Creator of all things, make an entire failure, and the great sweep of His gospel set through the world coming out with an entire water haul!
He allows Him a few minutes, but appropriate the big fish all unto himself! No! the Devil is no church, although they say he lies a little occasionally, and who doesn't? He is rather a clever old myth, and has some good traits after all, even the ugly black old clown foot that he is. He is more than satisfied! His business has succeeded entirely beyond his most sanguine expectations.
I am not afraid of him at all, no, not a bit! although the preachers all tell me that he is a book in my mouth and is slowly dragging me away to his hole in his infernal volcano, burning with fire and brimstone—in a burn!

But what strange reason and philosophy the churches must have to suppose that God would permit the Devil with his hosts and armies of wicked spirits to invade this world, and lay waste with fire and sword and general destruction His entire realm, while he sits still upon His throne in the heavens and never presumes to sound the trumpet of war, or His armies of good spirits to meet him and try him at his own game,—to checkmate him, or to outflank him in any of his cunning strategic movements! How strange that God should act thus! Not it is monstrous! God has more than a hundred good spirits to the Devil one, in the field to day, and under His leadership the world has nothing to fear from a mythic Devil and his petty hosts. They say God is a general who never loses a battle, and I believe it.
The Orthodox churches may cry out Devil, Devil, Devil and evil spirits, just as long as they can wag their tongues, yet the great work of God and the good angels bringing about a new, better and more spiritual religion, will go on, and the gates of Hell cannot prevail against them. It is the same old cry of the Orthodox churches of Christ's time.
They cried out, "Behold, Devil, Devil! He cast out Devils by Beelzebub, the Prince of the Devils."
But the whole thing was nothing but a short-lived orthodox lie; and as of old, even so to day.

Mrs. A. P. Ladd, of Augusta, Maine, has been appointed by the governor and council a justice of the peace—good. This is believed to be the first appointment of a lady to this office in New England and perhaps in the United States, of New York Territory. This appointment qualifies her to administer oaths, take oaths and edgements of dea, and solemnize marriages.

The most fashionable for to be used next winter, according to the New York Evening Mail, will be chinchilla. Ermine has gone entirely out of fashion, and is now used only for opera cloaks.

The mothers-in-law of Brigham Young have formed themselves into a co-operative society the object being to compel Brigham to "do equal and exact justice to all his wives."

THE MORMONS—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

BY W. J. ATKINSON.

In the JOURNAL of the 31 inst., I see an article by Brother Hull with the above heading. I like his remarks very well. The Mormons, like all other Christian communities, have their time of trouble and abuse.

"You do not call them Christians, I hope, with all their wives."
Yes, my dear Sir, I do most assuredly—if I believe the Bible, preach and practice its sayings, makes a per-son or set of persons Christians. There is not, that I have found, any where in the Bible, a single sentence that opposes polygamy as being a sin, or incompatible with Christianity; but Jesus and the apostles lived in the midst of such practices, were themselves the offspring of wives kept in polygamy; yet we do not hear them raising one word against it. They were, in fact, polygamists, fornicators, whoremongers, nor anything of the kind; because it was not Christian faith. If the Bible is the infallible word of God, to be a good Bible Christian, one must believe and practice polygamy as an ordinance of the church of God, for it is a holy prophet and man of God in all ages, practiced it. Then why abuse them for keeping the teachings of the Bible, if we regard it as true? The Mormons claim "King James' translation" of the Bible as the word of God, and upon that they plant, with firm steps, their good doctrine. Those who like to hear a long and good doctrine told, ought to read Joseph Smith's struggles to overcome the world, and have his rub washed and made white "in the blood of the lamb," by the holy spirit. If Mr. Smith's visions were not genuine ones, and his conversion as pure as any other of conversion, then why evidence have you that they are not? Truly, not by their fruits, for the Mormon leader was as true to the conviction of his mind, as Jesus of Nazareth,—not only so, but like Moses of old, he sealed what he saw and what he told, by producing the "papers," though it was engraved on plates or copper instead of so; yet, it did not alter the facts, the plates were produced, and how any man who recognizes old Moses' tables of stones as coming from, and by, the direction of God, can doubt that the plates of which Joseph Smith speaks, were produced just as he states, is more than I can tell. Taking it all in all, upon the Bible platform, as they are, and as true party, and "peculiar people" of God, and through them will be fulfilled the prophecies of that book.

I would ask the devotees of the Bible, to read Mormon literature, and compare it with the Bible, and pass sentence after read examination. Now, as we do not lie to the Devil, ever talked to Mr. Seaborn, Isaac, nor any other man; therefore, we do not believe that God has any peculiar people that he has by giving any written word on stones, brass, copper, or any other substance. Then, we propose to do with the Mormons, as we would with any other ecclesiastical organization, as they are, though they doubly delude by Mr. A. and Joseph Smith, and small strive to elevate them as we would any body else—let them alone, in their religious belief, so long as they behave themselves. Trust them kindly, and teach them truth; and if we can convince them that they are in error, and cause them to refrain and obey the truth, as a natural, common sense, and philosophy presents it, then we shall have accomplished a great work, and great will be our reward in heaven.

We can not make a reform, in a moral direction, by legislation. It must be done by moral means. When it is thus done, it will be a permanent thing, and will make legislative bodies.
Let principle once get possession of the minds of the people, and then we will have no use for legislators,—each man will be his own legislator, and need not feel bound to a thing, and say, "because the law says so," as though they were. Until our system of morals are made better than that of the Mormons, let us lay still, remembering the maxim, that "with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."
Kingsville, Mo.

BEECHER WANTS TO BE A SPIRITUALIST.

In a recent letter to Fanny Fern, writing of Littlefield, Conn., Mr. Beecher says:
"And yet, if you should go over to the east of the town, and wandering in the burial-ground, you should find a stone marked 'Reverend Amos A. Beecher, pastor of the First Church, and divine from your mind all but heavenly thoughts. See will not speak to you, I know she will not! Oh! why should we be left struggling on in this life in doubt, and often in dependency, when one word, one single word would re-assure the soul, and that word never be spoken! The dead beneath the feet may be silent; but over our heads, in the spirit-land, is there no voice there, and none to call and comfort?"
REMARKS BY "B."

This is the sorrowful wail of one who longs to know he is immortal, and sighs for the experimental proof of angel guardianship, but longs and sighs in vain. What to him are the legends of the Jews, or the dissertations of the Christian Fathers, in comparison to the testimony of an angel mother, could she but speak to him of the life immortal in the beautiful Summer Land.

You only prove yourself possessed of longings common to humanity, Friend Beecher, by this wail of your great soul, and the angel mother, you may to your friend you know will not speak to her or you, is even now hovering about you, and longing to pour into your ear the glorious news that she lives, and loves you as of yore.

For many years, I, too, mourned a mother dead, and visited her tomb with the same prayer on my lips and in my heart, that your own burdened soul gives utterance to.

Thanks to the All Father and the dear angel, my days of mourning are ended. My mother lives. Her own dear voice, in tones that thrilled my every sense of being, has assured me of that fact, and she came to repeat that assurance at every opportunity: "My son, I am not dead; on the contrary I am more alive than when in the earth form. This is the real life,—that but the incident stage or starting point of life."

This message, and a thousand other sweet and comforting ones my mother has uttered to my willing ear in an audible voice such as mortals use.

You say you know your mother will not speak. Perhaps not, if you seek her in the churchyard. If she did, she would say, "My son, why seek ye the living among the dead?" "Yet, my mother, by your own saying, you cannot, will not, speak to you. You do not know it,—on the contrary you do not even believe it. Your own heart-longings are propellers of better things."

Allow me to assure you in all candor, that I know your mother will speak to you if you will leave her. I know this because your

mother is a woman, and you her son. She will not, therefore, lose an opportunity to assure you of her love, and lift the load of doubt from your soul which now weighs you down to earth, and shuts from your vision the beautiful facts of immortality.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

WISCONSIN.

Spiritualism in Geneseo.

LETTER FROM C. B.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I beg leave to occupy a short space in the columns of your valuable paper, for the purpose of telling your readers of the general spiritual state of the people in this place, and though I may not give the names and number of Spiritualists here, yet, I shall take the liberty to express some facts, which should not be wholly overlooked. A goodly number of congregationalists and Methodists convene each Sabbath, to worship God, according to the dictates of their own conscience. The Spiritualists also convene for mutual benefit and the advance of truth.

There are many liberal minds here, who, having gone through the school of orthodoxy, and finding nothing upon which the soul may feed and rest satisfied, are seeking still farther for more light and wisdom; and during the past two or three months, an unusual interest has been manifested in regard to the investigation of the truths of our philosophy, as set forth by E. W. Stevens, of Jaccusville, Wis. Those talents, as an orator and seer, are not excelled by any of the spiritualist circles in the west.

Not long since, a Rev. Methodist, considering it his duty to use his influence against the great evil, Spiritualism, called a meeting for the purpose of "showing up" its diabolical origin, and its tendency to the perpetration of crime, and the above named gentlemen met his arguments, sarcasm and buffoonery, with so much sound reasoning, that even some of the Methodist persuasion, regretted the effort that was made by their leader.

A philosophical report of both lectures was given for publication, but I regret to say nothing of it in the JOURNAL, I think it may have been neglected.

We are laboring and hoping for further developments to be made, which will open the eyes of the blind, and lead all earnest investigators into the light of a truly spiritual theology.
Geneseo, Wis.

LETTER FROM A NEWTON.

Joseph H. Priest and his healing Power.

BROTHER JONES.—I wish to say to your readers, and especially to the whole circle of Spiritualists and Orators, that Joseph H. Priest recently of Berlin, Wisconsin, is now on his road to San Francisco, California. He came this way, and tarried a few days among his old friends and neighbors. It is known to you and many others that he formerly lived here, and was considered one of our best men, and a true friend of the cause. Though uneducated—yet the world styles it the success! in securing us a hands on property.

During the early days of the development of a medium, this community was thrown into a great excitement. At first, his influence was extraordinary and distorted, in consequence of his surroundings and other causes. At the same time, his extraordinary ability, with his thousand slanderous tongues, was actively employed in persecution and railway; and even a proposition was made to have him arrested and sent to the Insane Asylum. Under this order of things, his spirit guided him, and he went out and out to Wisconsin. He did so, and located in Berlin Green, Lake Co. There he labored several years as a lecturer and physician under spirit control. Having received but a meager compensation for his services, his spirit guides have assigned him a new field of labor in California.

On the eighth or of September—present month—he delivered a discourse on "Progression, in the Christian meeting-house, located in his old neighborhood. There was a full attendance. His lecture was thrilling and eloquent, and it was listened to with profound attention. I trust that all who heard him, went away with broader ideas, and less bigotry. Our friends in California will find him worthy of their confidence and support. His wife accompanies him to his new and distant home. She is an excellent and intelligent lady, and cannot fail to please all who have an opportunity to make her acquaintance. We wish them much success in their new location, and hope they will find many warm and congenial friends.

Will the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritual periodicals, both East and West, please copy.
Dayville, Ill., September 30th, 1870.

The Roadster Courier sums up the result of the lightning stroke at Kingston, New York, as follows: Five persons killed instantly; two have since died from their injuries; eighteen seriously injured, but will recover, and about one hundred slightly shocked.

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A Search After God.

"Each thing in its place is best,
And that which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Continued from last week.

For eleven weeks we have pursued the investigation of this subject, unravelling many facts connected with the orthodox God, and demonstrating conclusively that he is a myth, and those who worship him, are just as much idolaters as those in India or China, who bow down before some brazen image. We can only compare this conflict of opinion that exists, and that impedes our progress, to the rocks and shoals that obstruct the mariner as he sails along near the shore of the sea. As the mariner finds no safety near shore, he unfurls his sails to catch the wafting breeze, and fearlessly goes forth on the waters of the mighty deep, to contend with mountain waves and terrific storms—here, away from rocks and shoals, he fears nothing, bids defiance to the mad waters and the fierce hurricanes.

And let this interminable conflict of opinion, one is apt to get confused, or lose his balance, or become discouraged, and fear that success will not crown his efforts. Just for a moment think of the wild confusion that prevails on all sides in connection with this subject! But we must not pause to think of that. We must advance beyond them, where ancient landmarks fade away and where the mind is free to act.

Well, what comes next? What is left undone? What points have we not touched upon during the last eleven weeks? Ah! many. The field grows broader as we advance, and there rises up before us in magnificent grandeur, index fingers, which point out certain positions for us to assume.

In previous articles, we alluded to the evil that existed, and desired to know, if through that, we could discern any rays of intelligence that pointed significantly to an All-wise Creator. Those who endeavored to prove the existence of a God, have craved that question and while they have tried to establish his existence, they have failed to demonstrate why evil was allowed to exist, why discord was permitted, and why so much misery prevailed in the world. To evade that question, or travel over it by giving expression to a few glittering generalities, would show an unpardonable weakness. We boldly face the issue. The problem is a grand one; it is one that is worthy of the profoundest minds.

will develop animal life are hid from mortal eyes. The earth is kept in its orbit by the action of unseen forces. The moon dashes attendance upon the earth because it is subject to influences that mortals never have seen. The unseen is the real motive power.

In the primary stage of existence, we know this to be true. The unseen forces set upon, and set in motion elements of the material universe. The material world is constantly acted upon by unseen forces, and certain tendencies given thereby. No man is free, perfectly so, for he does not create himself. Perfect if edom can not result from your creation by another. If law acted in the creation of your mind, in unfolding it, and perfecting it with mathematical precision, is not law also required to sustain it? Does law form the first thought in the mind of the child, the first image on the retina of the eye, the first feeling of hunger, thirst, laughter, etc.? If law creates, it is not required to sustain. If man is not free in his creation, is he perfectly free in his actions? Where is the dividing line? Law forces you into the world. Were you consulted? Not wherein then were you free? Does law act in your formation, and not to sustain? But this man is idle, his eyes are not brilliant with that expression that characterizes the scholar. Why? That man has been a cripple from birth—pale in every limb, every nerve weak, the system all out of order and a ruinous burden of fish hooks. Why not? Is this right? Does it exhibit wisdom or intelligence in a Creator? Why this sorrow, crime, misery, licentiousness and poverty on all sides—tell me if you can? Stop. Here is a thought. That man has been a cripple from birth; another stands by his side in perfect health. Both are the creatures of law. One is strong and vigorous, the other weak in body and mind, but

"Each thing in its place is best,
And that which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

No less appropriate is that oft repeated couplet of Pope's

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

We recognize the first line of Pope's declaration as true, and none but a fool would attempt to prove to the contrary. Then can we not conclude that

"Which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

Has the idle, then, just as important a position on earth as the most profound scholar that ever wielded a pen? O! inquiring mind! ever on the alert, ever active, bounding with energy and strength, peering with critical eyes at the works of creation, and interrogating the Maker thereof, we bow in humble adoration before thee. It can scan the universe, measure the distances of the planets from the earth or sun, invent instruments that unfold the heavens like a scroll, and read therefrom the language of unseen forces.

O! how majestic and grand! Before the colossal grandeur of the great minds that dot the fair pages of history, or shine forth from the artist's brush and pencil, when they glide gracefully along on paper or canvas, we stand with a feeling of awe, mingled with the most profound respect.

We honor and reverence the mind that Columbus discovered, and established landmarks to search for grander and more beautiful truths that will ever lie before it.

Yes! to human mind, a library of books—a canvas on which are delineated nature's landscapes, and the choicest works of art—a storehouse of literary gems—a telescope that brings unseen truths near—an instrument that unfolds like a scroll the order of creation—a play-house where through its doors the imagination, or holds carnival with the scenes around—oh, the human mind! capable of infinite possibilities—what question will it evade?

Really, then, how can our position at matter, feasting with its sensations, covered with purple robes, the outcropping of disease, suffering from pain that causes the tears to flow and the means to escape from the life in plaintive melodies—yes, how can matter, sending forth death-messengers in the shape of sumptuous elements, strengthen and support the rest?

The waves that roll mountain-high, that rise in colossal grandeur, dressed in a spray of white, while they dash the staunch ship to atoms, afford a source of enjoyment to the sea-gull, the sea dolphin, the flag-fish, and the numerous phosphorescent animals that send forth their lurid light from the vast volume of water that heaves to and fro, as if laughing with joyous glee! While it is cutting darts by dashing to atoms the ship, its movements generate new life, bring into existence untold millions of animalcules, the light of water can be plainly seen at night on the mid waves of the ocean, as they dash along in terrific grandeur; and when the bodies of extinct cyclopes are enveloped in a watery shroud, and the sea gull sings the parting requiem, the thousands of fish feed on them, and untold millions of phosphorescent animalcules are generated therefrom.

The mad waves do not harm. They cause death on the one hand, but they develop life on the other.

Grand thought! So the life arrangement is the economy of Nature! Man, page before you came God, or later; the system was words. It is said to be the majestic ship trembles on the spray-capped waves; to read and to fro like a drunken man; it is horrifying to see the angry cloud gather around it, and hail itself with electricity with the same precision as the soldier would his cannon, and then discharge the same at poor, weak, puny mortals that, on their knees are asking God to drive away the storm King, to let the lightning, to assign the angry waves, and dry up the torrents of mad waters that rush through the windows of heaven.

Yes, they pray, but no one says "Peace! be

still." The sea gull sings louder, the shark frisks with new life, the mad waves open the jaws of death, and the grand old ship with its precious cargo finds a watery grave.

"All right!" says the roaring waters. "Good thing!" says the shark. "Grand arrangement!" utter the thousands of fish that meet to hold high carnival over this terrible catastrophe.

New life is created by the devastation and ruin that follows. Tell me not that death on the mad waves has no use, and subverts no wise end—no wise purpose. There, even when the last cry of some poor heart, to see a mother or father, a brother or sister, or a little child, and death ensues, the body becomes the food of animals, and from which life is not only sustained, but new life generated therefrom. Would you quiet the mad waves, chain the lightning, dissipate the black cloud, drive back the torrents of rain, calm the chill blasts that are freezing some poor frail creature that was driven on forth like Carrie Beam on a playful residence on Michigan Avenue, because she had erred once? Poor Carrie! you had erred. You were a servant girl. When you surrendered your better nature to that hell hound, Charles Garretson, little thought you of the torrents of scorn, vituperation, abuse and hatred that would be heaped upon you by the members of that household. Driven to despair, agony in every feature, tears flowing in torrents, hair disheveled, and with sighs and moans, you were driven forth. It was a cold night, too—oh, what chilling winds!—and the frost was falling, and the very air seemed full of demons.

Had we control of the lightning, the winds and the clouds on that night, we might have aimed the force thereof at that palatial residence, where hum an being—slept on soft carpets, ate in silken chairs, slept on downy beds, ate the choicest viands, while on the streets was Carrie Beam, a poor servant girl, in labor pains, suffering untold agonies.

Poor, miserable, contemptible, helish, brutish, hateful! images of that palatial residence! Within the soul of Carrie Beam is more purity, more precious qualities, though disguised, than in all the occupants thereof. But it is a sad irony. Is it true that the world of antipony sings a harmonious song, and chants the praise of Nature's laws? Or shall we term

"All transient evil universal good,
All discord harmony not understood!"

Carrie Beam's suffering, created sympathy, created new life, as it were, in calloused souls, and in the end did great good. And can we truthfully say that, even on the cold streets,

"Each thing in its place is best,
And that which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest?"

Encouraged, with a mind replete with the thought of ultimate success, we catch a glimpse of Dity through the Serpent's Eye, that has been so much trouble to us in our search. The dark cloud that enshrouded us is gradually rising, and we feel as if we were walking in grandeur, where truth, becoming a living reality, holds communion with our own soul.

We are now in the morning of our Search. The sun has just arisen; the dark clouds are shrinking away; the Serpent's Eye is as if he was about to commit suicide, and our spirit guides are all hilarious, and we feel like a man just escaped from a hideous incubus.

Henceforth we shall continue our labors with new life and energy, and will finally unveil the Belial who we are searching.

To be continued.

Complimentary Resolutions to Mrs. Harding.

At the close of Mrs. Harding's engagement with the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists, Sept. 21, A. A. Woodcock, chairman of a committee prepared resolutions, and the following, which were unanimously adopted by the large and intelligent audience to whom they were presented:

WHEREAS, The ministrations of our esteemed and gifted sister, Emma Harding, to the Society of Spiritualists, are now closed, and desiring to give expression to the official notice of esteem we enter into for her, as a noble woman and a self-sacrificing laborer in every return that can aid humanity, therefore,

Resolved, That we regard our guest sister as one of those, as an able exponent of the Spiritualist Philosophy, and that we feel a pride and satisfaction in committing the sacred cause of Spiritualism to such hands, knowing that it will ever receive that eloquent defence and just tribute in its merits.

Resolved, That our sincere gratitude is due, and hereby most freely tendered to Mrs. Harding, for her noble labors and her successful labors in different parts of our State, and in Cleveland, for the past two months, as assured as we are, that by her irresistible logic, her matchless eloquence, her exalted and angelic ministrations, our cause in Ohio has received, as it has in every part of the country, where her voice has been heard, aid and assistance most encouraging for the ultimate triumph of the truths of Spiritualism.

Resolved, That not only as a brilliant orator, but in the character of a true and noble woman, sympathizing with the poor and oppressed, and using the most heroic effort to reclaim the degraded and fallen of her sex, do we recognize in her endeavors, the woman and the angel united and combined.

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Resolved, That though parting with her in the form, we shall still keep and cherish her in memories bright and golden, and wherever she may journey through life, whether across the ocean blue, to the land of her birth, childhood and a kinder; whether visiting foreign lands, fulfilling her benevolent mission; or whether returning to America, "the land of the free," with fresh inspiration and a baptism of the dew of heavenly knowledge for all—our sympathies, friendships and prayers for the welfare and happiness of Emma Harding, shall go with and follow her, like the celestial love of the angels, ever hovering about her, and blessing her.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Harding, and that a copy be also sent to THE AM. SPIRITUALIST, BAYNE

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S. B. JONES—DEAR SIR:—I find my health improved since I was in Chicago, that I shall be able to take the field soon to battle for truth and against error, superstition and ignorance, hence you may put my name in the speaker's list. I would like to go down into Illinois, to labor for the winter.

Mrs. R. Binson is indeed a great healer, and no less a test medium. While sitting with her, I received four good tests that could not be questioned. I would like to say through the JOURNAL, that here is one case of four years' standing, cured by and through her. The reason why I wish to say this, is because it was said to me that she had never cured any one yet, and if I was cured by her, it would be the first. I by no means believed this.

Let the sick give her a trial, for the angels are with her, and they will not be sorry.

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Watertown, Wis., Oct. 11th, 1870.

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We take great pleasure in recommending Bro. David to our friends. He has within him the elements that invariably lead to success. He is a clear, logical thinker, an eloquent speaker, and a live man in every sense of the word. We hope he will be kept constantly employed.

Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger.

This distinguished California poetess, whose poems have been read with great interest all over the country, is now the acknowledged author of "Great Truths," as published by Andrew Jackson Davis, in his "Star Key," and which will forever immortalize her name.

The communications from Andrew Jackson Davis to Miss Pittsinger, admitting her authorship, will be read with interest.

This gifted poetess, under the auspices of Mr. J. L. Brewer, late of Hartford, Connecticut, will soon commence giving readings from her own productions, in our large cities, and we bespeak for her a cordial reception wherever she may go.

Dr. Samuel Underhill.

This veteran in the cause, is now at Dixon, Ill., where he will remain until his debate with Prof. Phelps. In a letter to us he speaks as follows of the JOURNAL:

"The JOURNAL just received is ALL GOLD. . . . I hope you will find God!" We rejoice to know that this "Search after God," has attracted the attention of thinking minds, and is awakening within them a train of thoughts that will do good. The whole orthodox church to-day, are worse Pagans and idolaters than those to whom they send missionaries.

Mrs. Mand Lord.

This most excellent medium for physical manifestations, is still holding seances in this city. At her seances, spirits hold conversation with those present—dress their friends, and do many other wonderful things.

Information can always be obtained at this office in regard to the place where seances are to be held.

Henry Ward Beecher.

On the first page of our paper will be found a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, which will be read with great interest. It shows a progressive spirit on the part of the pastor of one of the most aristocratic churches in the world, where God is worshipped systematically, and in accordance with rules.

Look to It

That your subscription is paid. Those who are on the wrong side of October, 1870, should right up promptly, and aid us in publishing the best newspaper in the world.

A little from each will be very much.

The Wilson and Haddock Discomen.

Owing to the weakness of the eyes of the reporter, engaged to take down the debate between Wilson and Haddock, we are unable to furnish the last day's proceedings this week.

Personal and Local.

—W. D. Holbrook writes us that the Spiritualists at Waukegan have opened the campaign by employing the services of E. W. St-pence, who delivered two fine lectures. They propose to keep the ball moving.

—D. W. Hall is still actively at work. His lectures are well received, and additions to the number of Spiritualists follow his efforts. He lectured at Terre Haute, Covington, and West Lebanon, Indiana. He will have his lecture delivered at Terre Haute, and shall publish it soon.

—A note from Mrs. L. A. F. Swain says that the cause of Spiritualism is prospering in Missouri. She says "that the test given by E. V. Wilson, and other test mediums, have given Spiritualism an impetus that cannot be counteracted by the opposition."

—K. Bollos, writing from Peoria, Ill., says that Mrs. Abbott, the developing medium, has been doing a good work there, and is going to Decatur. She will again return to Peoria.

—Anna Cora Moravitz Ritchie was a Swedenborgian and a firm believer in spiritual manifestations. She used to assert most seriously that in all her trials, after her first husband's decease, she was in direct communication with him, and that he guided all the important actions of her life.

—A. Cople & Co. National News Depot, 237 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., keep on sale the JOURNAL and all other spiritualist and liberal publications. Our friends in Washington will find them perfect gentlemen, and always up to the times. They deserve a liberal patronage.

—Isaac B. Stevens writes that "Mrs. H. A. Kites calls spirits by their names as they come to our circle, particularly all that take part in our exercises."

—That eloquent lecturer, H. P. Fairfield, speaks in Salem, Massachusetts, this month, and at Ancora, N. J., next.

—Brother G. N. W. Swyer, M. D., writes to us from Flint, Michigan, stating that Spiritualism is in a flourishing condition in that quarter. He says that "the JOURNAL is full of significance, fraught with the bread of eternal life." Thank you, Brother, and we will ever try to meet your approval.

—J. Madison Allen, conscious trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture for Spiritualist societies. He will lecture week evenings on Language, and instruct classes in the new and natural shorthand, also attend funerals and weddings. Address him, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

—Mrs. Annie C. Torrey is now at Mobile, Alabama.

—Dr. Samuel Underhill writes us that Professor Phelps has accepted him as an opponent in a debate, which will take place probably at New Boston, in November. Professor Phelps is an able man, and is really well worthy of that old hero in the cause, Dr. Underhill. An abstract of their debate will probably be furnished to the JOURNAL.

—Brother Samuel Hartman writes to us, speaking highly of the lectures of Emma Hardinge, at Westfield, Ohio. Jacob Hornbrook tendered his hall for the use of the Spiritualists, but that was too small, and the Court House had to be employed.

—The BANNER OF LIGHT, alluding to the prominent characters at the Richmond Convention, says: "Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, was at his accustomed place as Secretary. He made many short speeches, all of which were relished by the audience."

—J. G. Falk, of Philadelphia, has been lecturing for some time at Springfield, Mass. He is an able advocate of our glorious philosophy, and author of the work, "Bible in the Balance."

—The third edition of "The Voices" is now in press.

—Mr. Millson, spirit artist, will be at Little Falls, N. J., until the first of November.

—Warren Chase will lecture in Denver, Colorado, Sunday, October 30th. If the friends there make arrangements, and notify him at or before the Topeka Convention, which takes place October 23rd; or, if no arrangements are made there, he will speak at Greeley, Col., on that day.

—J. G. Fisk, of Philadelphia, has accepted the challenge of Rev. Mr. Moore, to debate with him anywhere in New England.

—A few days since, a young and beautiful girl leaped from the Quay de Bercy into the Seine, to end a life which her lover's desertion had stripped of all charms. Two young men, who had witnessed her despair, ran and plunged in after her, and brought her to the shore insensible, but not lifeless. Messengers were dispatched to Dr. de Lacaze. He came at once. The girl had not given the least sign of life. He exerted all his skill to re-animate the almost extinguished spark; after incessant efforts, made during two hours, she made some motion. Although he was exhausted, he continued his efforts, and had the satisfaction to see life return with all the vigor of youth. But as the girl recovered strength, he grew faint, and presently fell on the floor. Then the girl and the young men did all they could to restore his life, but it continued to ebb despite them, and in a few moments Dr. de Lacaze was a corpse.

—Some one writes for extra numbers of the JOURNAL, from Quincy, Ill., and sends fifty cents, but gives no name. We will attend to the order as soon as the writer gives his name. Another, Cary H. C. B., as near as we can decipher his name from the writing, speaks of sending to S. B. Jones by draft, \$3.50, but fails to give his post office address. As soon as we receive and inform us of his post office address, we will write his name plainly, we will try and look it up.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey speaks in Corning, N. Y., on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of October.

—David Dillon, of San Jose, Ill., writes to us speaking in high terms of the labors of Mrs. F. A. Logan. He says that healing is one phase of her mediumship. She also writes under spirit influence. Her poetic effusions he regards as very fine.

—Mrs. Rogers, late of Maine, a fine trance medium, gave us a fraternal call on her return from Iowa to her home. We hope she may be fully appreciated in her labors wherever she may go.

—D. W. Hall in a newspaper article, humorously "takes off" the quarrel between Satan and God. "There has been an everlasting quarrel going on between the Almighty and his favorite Medley. Not only have they quarreled, but we know that they have frequently undertaken to settle their

Religio-Philosophical Journal

H. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.
CHICAGO, OCTOBER 22, 1870.

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\$5.00 per year, \$1.00—3 months, \$1—4 mos.
Fifty Cents for Three Months on trial
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In making remittance for subscriptions, always procure a receipt from New York, or from Chicago, or from the Editor. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, but ALWAYS in a registered letter. The registration fee has been reduced to FIFTY CENTS, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so.

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NO NAME APPEAR ON THE SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS WITHOUT THE FIRST PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

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

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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether it be for his own use or for another's, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment of it.

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

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a week, is evidence of intentional fraud.

LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made. For instance, if John Smith has paid to Dec. 1870, 1870, it will be marked: "Smith J.—Dec. 1870." The 1870 will stand there: Smith J.—Dec. 1870—, or perhaps, in some cases, the last two figures for the year, as 70 for 1870, or 80 for 1880.

Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL, should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

All letters and communications should be addressed
H. S. JONES, 187 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

A Search After God.

"Each thing in its place is best,
And that which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Continued from last week.

For eleven weeks we have pursued the investigation of this subject, unavailing many souls connected with the orthodox God, and demonstrating conclusively that he is a myth, and those who worship him, are just as much idolaters as those in India or China, who bow down before some brazen image. We can only compare this conflict of opinion that exists, and that impedes our progress, to the rocks and shoals that obstruct the mariner as he sails along near the shore of the sea. As the mariner finds no safety near shore, he unfurls his sails to catch the wafting breeze, and fearlessly goes forth on the waters of the mighty deep, to contend with mountain waves and terrific storms—here, away from rocks and shoals, he fears nothing, bids defiance to the mad waters and the fierce hurricanes.

And let this interminable conflict of opinion, one is apt to get confused, or lose his balance, or become discouraged, and fear that success will not crown his efforts. Just for a moment think of the wild confusion that prevails on all sides in connection with this subject! But we must not pause to think of that. We must advance beyond them, where ancient landmarks fade away and where the mind is free to act.

Well, what comes next? What is left undone? What points have we not touched upon during the last eleven weeks? Ah! many. The field grows broader as we advance, and there rises up before us in magnificent grandeur, index fingers, which point out certain positions for us to assume.

In previous articles, we alluded to the evil that existed, and desired to know, if through that, we could discern any rays of intelligence that pointed significantly to an All-wise Creator. Those who endeavored to prove the existence of a God, have craved that question and while they have tried to establish his existence, they have failed to demonstrate why evil was allowed to exist, why discord was permitted, and why so much misery prevailed in the world. To evade that question, or travel over it by giving expression to a few glittering generalities, would show an unpardonable weakness. We boldly face the issue. The problem is a grand one; it is one that is worthy of the profoundest minds.

will develop animal life are hid from mortal eyes. The earth is kept in its orbit by the action of unseen forces. The moon dashes attendance upon the earth because it is subject to influences that mortals never have seen. The unseen is the real motive power.

In the primary stage of existence, we know this to be true. The unseen forces set upon, and set in motion elements of the material universe. The material world is constantly acted upon by unseen forces, and certain tendencies given thereby. No man is free, perfectly so, for he does not create himself. Perfect if edom can not result from your creation by another. If law acted in the creation of your mind, in unfolding it, and perfecting it with mathematical precision, is not law also required to sustain it? Does law form the first thought in the mind of the child, the first image on the retina of the eye, the first feeling of hunger, thirst, laughter, etc.? If law creates, it is not required to sustain. If man is not free in his creation, is he perfectly free in his actions? Where is the dividing line? Law forces you into the world. Were you consulted? Not wherein then were you free? Does law act in your formation, and not to sustain? But this man is idle, his eyes are not brilliant with that expression that characterizes the scholar. Why? That man has been a cripple from birth—pain in every limb, every nerve weak, the system all out of order and a ruinous burden of fish hooks. Why not? Is this right? Does it exhibit wisdom or intelligence in a Creator? Why this sorrow, crime, misery, licentiousness and poverty on all sides—tell me if you can? Stop. Here is a thought. That man has been a cripple from birth; another stands by his side in perfect health. Both are the creatures of law. One is strong and vigorous, the other weak in body and mind, but

"Each thing in its place is best,
And that which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

No less appropriate is that oft repeated couplet of Pope's

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

We recognize the first line of Pope's declaration as true, and none but a fool would attempt to prove to the contrary. Then can we not conclude that

"Which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

Has the idle, then, just as important a position on earth as the most profound scholar that ever wielded a pen? O! inquiring mind! ever on the alert, ever active, bounding with energy and strength, peering with critical eyes at the works of creation, and interrogating the Maker thereof, we bow in humble adoration before thee. It can scan the universe, measure the distances of the planets from the earth or sun, invent instruments that unfold the heavens like a scroll, and read therefrom the language of unseen forces.

O! how majestic and grand! Before the colossal grandeur of the great minds that dot the fair pages of history, or shine forth from the artist's brush and pencil, when they glide gracefully along on paper or canvas, we stand with a feeling of awe, mingled with the most profound respect.

We honor and reverence the mind that Columbus discovered, and established landmarks to search for grander and more beautiful truths that will live hereafter.

Yes! to human mind, a library of books—a canvas on which are delineated nature's landscapes, and the choicest works of art—a storehouse of literary gems—a telescope that brings unseen truths near—an instrument that unfolds like a scroll the order of creation—a play-house where through its doors the imagination, or holds carnival with the scenes around—oh, the human mind! capable of infinite possibilities—what question will it evade?

Really, then, how can our position at matter, feasting with its sensations, covered with purple robes, the outcropping of disease, suffering from pain that causes the tears to flow and the means to escape from the life in plaintive melodies—yes, how can matter, sending forth death-messengers in the shape of sumptuous elements, strengthen and support the rest?

The waves that roll mountain-high, that rise in colossal grandeur, dressed in a spray of white, while they dash the staunch ship to atoms, afford a source of enjoyment to the sea-gull, the sea dolphin, the flag-fish, and the numerous phosphorescent animals that send forth their lurid light from the vast volume of water that heaves to and fro, as if laughing with joyous glee! While it is cutting darts by dashing to atoms the ship, its movements generate new life, bring into existence untold millions of animalcules, the light of water can be plainly seen at night on the mid waves of the ocean, as they dash along in terrific grandeur; and when the bodies of extinct cyclopes are enveloped in a watery shroud, and the sea gull sings the parting requiem, the thousands of fish feed on them, and untold millions of phosphorescent animalcules are generated therefrom.

The mad waves do not harm. They cause death on the one hand, but they develop life on the other.

Grand thought! So the life arrangement is the economy of Nature! Man, page before you came God, or later; the system was words. It is said to be the majestic ship trembles on the spray-capped waves; to read and to fro like a drunken man; it is horrifying to see the angry cloud gather around it, and hail itself with electricity with the same precision as the soldier would his cannon, and then discharge the sum of poor, weak, puny mortals that, on their knees are asking God to drive away the storm King, to let the lightning, to assign the angry waves, and dry up the torrents of mad waters that rush through the windows of heaven.

Yes, they pray, but no one says "Peace! be

still." The sea gull sings louder, the shark frisks with new life, the mad waves open the jaws of death, and the grand old ship with its precious cargo finds a watery grave.

"All right!" says the roaring waters. "God thing!" says the shark. "Grand arrangement!" utter the thousands of fish that meet to hold high carnival over this terrible catastrophe.

New life is created by the devastation and ruin that follows. Tell me not that death on the mad waves has no use, and subverts no wise end—no wise purpose. There, even when the last cry of some poor heart, to see a mother or father, a brother or sister, or a little child, and death ensues, the body becomes the food of animals, and from which life is not only sustained, but new life generated therefrom. Would you quiet the mad waves, chain the lightning, dissipate the black cloud, drive back the torrents of rain, calm the chill blasts that are freezing some poor frail creature that was driven on forth like Carrie Beam on a playful residence on Michigan Avenue, because she had erred once? Poor Carrie! you had erred. You were a servant girl. When you surrendered your better nature to that hell hound, Charles Garsen, little thought you of the torrents of scorn, vituperation, abuse and hatred that would be heaped upon you by the members of that household. Driven to despair, agony in every feature, tears flowing in torrents, hair disheveled, and with sighs and moans, you were driven forth. It was a cold night, too—oh, what chilling winds!—and the frost was falling, and the very air seemed full of demons.

Had we control of the lightning, the winds and the clouds on that night, we might have aimed the force thereof at that palatial residence, where hum an being—walk on soft carpets, sit in silken chairs, sleep on downy beds, eat the choicest viands, while on the streets was Carrie Beam, a poor servant girl, in labor pains, suffering untold agonies.

Poor, miserable, contemptible, helish, brutish, hateful! images of that palatial residence! Within the soul of Carrie Beam is more purity, more precious qualities, though disguised, than in all the occupants thereof. But it hails us useless. Is it true that the world of antipony sings a harmonious song, and chants the praise of Nature's laws? Or shall we term

"All transient evil universal good,
All discord harmony not understood!"

Carrie Beam's suffering, created sympathy, created new life, as it were, in calloused souls, and in the end did great good. And can we truthfully say that, even on the old streets,

"Each thing in its place is best,
And that which seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest?"

Encouraged, with a mind replete with the thought of ultimate success, we catch a glimpse of Dity through the Serpentine Bill, that has been so much trouble to us in our search. The dark cloud that enshrouded us is gradually rising, and we feel as if we were walking in grandeur, where truth, becoming a living reality, holds communion with our own soul.

We are now in the morning of our Search. The sun has just arisen; the dark clouds are shrinking away; the Serpentine Bill is as if he was about to commit suicide, and our spirit guides are all hilarious, and we feel like a man just escaped from a hideous incubus.

Henceforth we shall continue our labors with new life and energy, and will finally unveil the Belaguer whom we are searching.

To be continued.

Complimentary Resolutions to Mrs. Harding.

At the close of Mrs. Harding's engagement with the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists, Sept. 21, A. A. Woodcock, chairman of a committee prepared resolutions, and the following, which were unanimously adopted by the large and intelligent audience to whom they were presented:

WHEREAS, The ministrations of our esteemed and gifted sister, Emma Harding, to the Society of Spiritualists, are now closed, and we desire to give expression to the official notice of esteem we entertain for her, as a noble woman and a self-sacrificing laborer in every return that can aid humanity, therefore,

Resolved, That we regard our illustrious sister as one of the noblest and ablest exponents of the Spiritualist Philosophy, and that we feel a pride and satisfaction in committing the sacred cause of Spiritualism to such hands, knowing that it will ever receive that eloquent defense and just tribute in its merits.

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We take great pleasure in recommending Bro. Dwyer to our friends. He has within him the elements that invariably lead to success. He is a clear, logical thinker, an eloquent speaker, and a live man in every sense of the word. We hope he will be kept constantly employed.

Miss Eliza A. Pittsinger.

This distinguished California poetess, whose poems have been read with great interest all over the country, is now the acknowledged author of "Great Truths," as published by Andrew Jackson Davis, in his "Star Key," and which will forever immortalize her name.

The communications from Andrew Jackson Davis to Miss Pittsinger, admitting her authorship, will be read with interest.

This gifted poetess, under the auspices of Mr. J. L. Brewer, late of Hartford, Connecticut, will soon commence giving readings from her own productions, in our large cities, and we bespeak for her a cordial reception wherever she may go.

Dr. Samuel Underhill.

This veteran in the cause, is now at Dixon, Ill., where he will remain until his debate with Prof. Phelps. In a letter to us he speaks as follows of the JOURNAL:

"The JOURNAL just received is ALL GOLD."

We rejoice to know that this "Search after God," has attracted the attention of thinking minds, and is awakening within them a train of thoughts that will do good. The whole orthodox church to-day, are worse Pagans and idolaters than those to whom they send missionaries.

Mrs. Mand Lord.

This most excellent medium for physical manifestations, is still holding seances in this city. At her seances, spirits hold conversation with those present—dress their friends, and do many other wonderful things.

Information can always be obtained at this office in regard to the place where seances are to be held.

Henry Ward Beecher.

On the first page of our paper will be found a sermon by Henry Ward Beecher, which will be read with great interest. It shows a progressive spirit on the part of the pastor of one of the most aristocratic churches in the world, where God is worshipped systematically, and in accordance with rules.

Look to It

That your subscription is paid. Those who are on the wrong side of October, 1870, should right up promptly, and aid us in publishing the best newspaper in the world.

A little from each will be very much.

The Wilson and Haddock Discomen.

Owing to the weakness of the eyes of the reporter, engaged to take down the debate between Wilson and Haddock, we were unable to furnish the last day's proceedings this week.

Personal and Local.

—W. D. Holbrook writes us that the Spiritualists at Waukegan have opened the campaign by employing the services of E. W. St-pierre, who delivered two fine lectures. They propose to keep the ball moving.

—D. W. Hall is still actively at work. His lectures are well received, and additions to the number of Spiritualists follow his efforts. He lectured at Terre Haute, Covington, and West Lebanon, Indiana. He will have his lecture delivered at Terre Haute, and shall publish it soon.

—A note from Mrs. L. A. F. Swain says that the cause of Spiritualism is prospering in Missouri. She says "that the test given by E. V. Wilson, and other test mediums, have given Spiritualism an impetus that cannot be counteracted by the opposition."

—K. Bollos, writing from Peoria, Ill., says that Mrs. Abbott, the developing medium, has been doing a good work there, and is going to Decatur. She will again return to Peoria.

—Anna Cora Moravitz Ritchie was a Swedenborgian and a firm believer in spiritual manifestations. She used to assert most seriously that in all her trials, after her first husband's decease, she was in direct communication with him, and that he guided all the important actions of her life.

—A. Cople & Co. National News Depot, 237 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C., keep on sale the JOURNAL and all other spiritualist and liberal publications. Our friends in Washington will find them perfect gentlemen, and always up to the times. They deserve a liberal patronage.

—Isaac B. Stevens writes that "Mrs. H. A. Kites calls spirits by their names as they come to our circle, particularly all that take part in our exercises."

—That eloquent lecturer, H. P. Fairfield, speaks in Salem, Massachusetts, this month, and at Ancora, N. J., next.

—Brother G. N. W. Swyer, M. D., writes to us from Flint, Michigan, stating that Spiritualism is in a flourishing condition in that quarter. He says that "the JOURNAL is full of significance, fraught with the bread of eternal life." Thank you, Brother, and we will ever try to meet your approval.

—J. Madison Allen, conscious trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture for Spiritualist societies. He will lecture week evenings on Language, and instruct classes in the new and natural shorthand, also attend funerals and weddings. Address him, care BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass.

—Mrs. Annie C. Torrey is now at Mobile, Alabama.

—Dr. Samuel Underhill writes us that Professor Phelps has accepted him as an opponent in a debate, which will take place probably at New Boston, in November. Professor Phelps is an able man, and is really well worthy of that old hero in the cause, Dr. Underhill. An abstract of their debate will probably be furnished to the JOURNAL.

—Brother Samuel Hartman writes to us, speaking highly of the lectures of Emma Hardinge, at Westfield, Ohio. Jacob Hornbrook tendered his hall for the use of the Spiritualists, but that was too small, and the Court House had to be employed.

—The BANNER OF LIGHT, alluding to the prominent characters at the Richmond Convention, says: "Dr. Henry T. Child, of Philadelphia, was at his accustomed place as Secretary. He made many short speeches, all of which were relished by the audience."

—J. G. Falk, of Philadelphia, has been lecturing for some time at Springfield, Mass. He is an able advocate of our glorious philosophy, and author of the work, "Bible in the Balance."

—The third edition of "The Voices" is now in press.

—Mr. Millson, spirit artist, will be at Little Falls, N. J., until the first of November.

—Warren Chase will lecture in Denver, Colorado, Sunday, October 30th. If the friends there make arrangements, and notify him at or before the Topeka Convention, which takes place October 23rd; or, if no arrangements are made there, he will speak at Greeley, Col., on that day.

—J. G. Fisk, of Philadelphia, has accepted the challenge of Rev. Mr. Moore, to debate with him anywhere in New England.

—A few days since, a young and beautiful girl leaped from the Quay de Bercy into the Seine, to end a life which her lover's desertion had stripped of all charms. Two young men, who had witnessed her despair, ran and plunged in after her, and brought her to the shore insensible, but not lifeless. Messengers were dispatched to Dr. de Laxmann. He came at once. The girl had not given the least sign of life. He exerted all his skill to re-animate the almost extinguished spark; after incessant efforts, made during two hours, she made some motion. Although he was exhausted, he continued his efforts, and had the satisfaction to see life return with all the vigor of youth. But as the girl recovered strength, he grew faint, and presently fell on the floor. Then the girl and the young men did all they could to restore his life, but it continued to ebb despite them, and in a few moments Dr. de Laxmann was a corpse.

—Some one writes for extra numbers of the JOURNAL, from Quincy, Ill., and sends fifty cents, but gives no name. We will attend to the order as soon as the writer gives his name. Another, Cary H. C. B., as near as we can decipher his name from the writing, speaks of sending to S. B. Jones by draft, \$3.50, but fails to give his post office address. As soon as we write and inform us of his post office address, we will write his name plainly, we will try and look it up.

—Dr. J. K. Bailey speaks in Corning, N. Y., on the 25th, 26th, and 27th of October.

—David Dillon, of San Jose, Ill., writes to us speaking in high terms of the labors of Mrs. F. A. Logan. He says that healing is one phase of her mediumship. She also writes under spirit influence. Her poetic effusions he regards as very fine.

—Mrs. Rogers, late of Maine, a fine trance medium, gave us a fraternal call on her return from Iowa to her home. We hope she may be fully appreciated in her labors wherever she may go.

—D. W. Hall in a newspaper article, humorously "takes off" the quarrel between Satan and God. "There has been an everlasting quarrel going on between the Almighty and his favorite Medley. Not only have they quarreled, but we know that they have frequently undertaken to settle their

