





HELEN HARLOW'S VOW

BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

AT THE INTEREST OF THE SUBJECT TREATED IN IT... HELEN HARLOW'S VOW... BY LOIS WAINBROOKER.

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

THE WOMAN WHO DARED. BY EPIPHANY. "Woman who Dared" is the greatest of the dramatic romances.

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John the Revelator, what he called, an angel, but who avowed himself to be "his fellow servant, and one of his brethren the prophets," and who, therefore, must have been a departed spirit.

The truth is, the leading minds of M-ronism are precisely where they were thirty to forty years ago, so far as their knowledge of the philosophy of spiritual phenomena is concerned.

The gifts once thought to be confined to the Charlemagne class, are now more or less amongst all creeds and denominations wherever a proper physical organization, and proper conduct, are brought about to receive them.

The announcement that certain members of the Movement had visited a spirit medium, was intended to still further prejudice the people against it, based, as it was, on the knowledge that they were already tutored by the priesthood to believe that Spiritualism and mediums were the work of the devil.

Instead, then, of taking the extreme view of such a man as Joseph Smith, and even Joseph H. and denouncing them as impostors, or as the mouthpieces of representatives of God, we reconcile the whole matter, and sit out the truth by saying they were simply spirit mediums of different degrees of development.

What man—World of modern—Omniscience—Duty of man—Baptism—What is faith, but not self only but the presence of Spiritual Forces. The Bible word, the rustic notions, Halcyon, by spirit, Spirit Painting, The mysterious hand-writing as a woman, How the Spirit World is to be seen, The book number nearly one hundred pages, with illustrations and plates.

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When it was announced that certain of our immediate relatives, and others well acquainted with Pres. Young, desired to communicate with us in the form of spirit messages, we were startled, in the first place, at the names given; then (our skepticism came into) play in order to have them identify themselves, so we might be sure we were not imposed upon.

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

After an Absence of Forty Years. BY H. WINCHESTER.

I wandered by the brook side, I wandered by the hill, I sought to find Hope's sunlight, That once my heart had thrill.

WHY WE VISITED A SPIRIT MEDIUM.

Spiritualism at Salt Lake City. From the Salt Lake Tribune.

Opportunities are not always afforded, nor are the times always favorable for the discussion of certain subjects—circumstances rendering it proper, sometimes, to withhold that which otherwise might be of service and interest to one's friends and acquaintances.

Singularly enough, the members of the Movement have had, and still continue to have, these propitious times forced on them without an effort on their part. Geo. Q. is considered enough to furnish a text; then Orson Hyde affords excellent arguments for demolition; so that any doctrinal display on the part of our orthodox brethren is sure to be met with a reply that keeps the minds of the people in a condition which all must yield to their disengagement from priestcraft, and places them in a position to think and reason freely for themselves.

The present article is a fair illustration of this line, and could not have been written without some act on the part of President Young to call it forth. Because, although we have been anxious to do as much as ourselves and members of his family were referred to in a very startling way in the experience to which we are about to draw attention, we felt bound to be reticent of the whole subject, and should never have made public that portion which has now opened the door for us. We can, however, assure them that, whatever he may say of us, we shall still hold sacred the portion that concerns himself and family.

President Young, on his recent trip South, while preaching at Provo, entertained the audience with a fact, not, however, told correctly, when he stated that Fred T. Parley and John S. Lindsay, as soon as they arrived in the States, visited a spirit medium, and, drawing largely upon inference, endeavored to show that, as they were members of the Movement, it was a body of Spiritualists, and being Spiritualists were, of course, of the Devil—one of those assumed conclusions the Priesthood so frequently jump to.

Bro. John Lindsay and myself started on our trip to England in a thoroughly disinterested frame of mind; not tied to special articles of belief for salvation, and thoroughly freed from fanaticism, and were, consequently, not afraid to investigate anything in the form of theology. Of spirit mediums we knew nothing practically. We had been taught by our orthodox friends that everything of the kind was of the Devil. This mere say-so was not conclusive evidence to our minds, and our knowledge of phenomena existing throughout the entire world, and also described in history, both Biblical and profane, made us anxious to exchange belief for facts that could be demonstrated to our physical senses and understandings. The proof of immortality—of individual identity after death—was the problem, and its solution our object, seeking to witness reliable testimony. To be sure, our belief was as strong as belief will ever be, as we argued with ourselves, that as all nature had progressed and witnessed its culmination in man, and he a progressive being, then the inference was a fair one that he would still continue to progress in still further developed forms of life and usefulness, and immortality could be no greater mystery, could we only understand it than mortality. We had often contemplated man in his physical, social and mental nature, and asked the question: what his origin; the object of a life of care and vicissitude, and his ultimate position? We could neither accept the Biblical account of his creation, nor the extreme doctrine of Atheists—that of total annihilation at death. Neither could we see consistency in Brigham's theory of an Adam-God, and a physical body resurrection. We, therefore, were determined to seek our own way.

The opportunity was soon afforded us—so, as President Young represented, "as soon as they got to the States they visited a spirit medium"—but quite the reverse. We were invited by a New York friend to visit a gentleman of his acquaintance and went without even knowing who or of what character or profession he was; so that in the particular occasion to which Bro. John T. Caine referred, when he communicated the important piece of information, the interview and its results were quite unthought by us.

The mere fact that we had visited such a person was the sum total of John T.'s information, for, had he or the President known what was communicated to us, we are morally certain we would have kept silent.

It is not our present purpose to give a lengthy description of the nature and quality of the manifestations and evidence that the dead do return and communicate with the living, which were given to us, but just sufficient to show that, to our minds, it was conclusively proved to be a fact.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

H. H. JONES, EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 29, 1870.

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A Search After God. NUMBER TWELVE. The Warfare Between Man and God.

"Man loads his revolver and shoots his fellow-man, and is regarded as a criminal-murderer. The Orthodox God charges a cloud with electricity as systematically as one would load a gun, and discharges the same as one would a gun, and kills him."

Continued from last week. Once more at our desk, holding communion with our spirit friends. It is a beautiful Sunday morning; the air is cool and bracing, the sky is clear, and the sun's rays come like little messengers, to kiss away the sadness of our heart.

Who traverses the mists of Atona, and winds his way among the chasms and labyrinths of the land of the Montezumas, or travels amid the cliffs and gorges of Oahu, to search for diamonds or precious stones, does not stop for a moment to inquire the nature of that which he is seeking,—he understands that already. How different is our Search.

We have traversed the fields of the past, wandered among ancient traditions, stood by the side of the colossal grandeur of cities, followed the index-fingers of ancient landmarks, searching for the Divine Architect of the universe, not knowing anything really of his character or attributes.

We are no Kane seeking for Sir John Franklin; no Alonso O'Djala, searching for the spring elixir; yet, if the statement of the various Orthodox Churches be true, "God is not lost"—then why "search for him"? Will a sane man search for that which is not lost?

Hudson Tuttle says that the rock, the tree, the insect, are, as sacred as God, being a part of him, or a portion of his works. Really, then, he glazes in the eye, circulates in the blood, gives to the features the glow of health, and is not lost at all.

The insect a part of God? The miserable, loathsome reptile, that lives in its own filth, eats its own Young, and whose tongue is poisonous, and the effluvia of whose breath is pestilential, is a God on a small scale! If God has intelligence, so has the tree, the rock, the insect, and they even are small Gods, while man with in himself, is quite a God,—almost equal, perhaps, to his Father.

But then it is best to dismiss this theory of Hudson Tuttle, for the God we are searching for, does not stand—at least, does not appear to, now—in such relation to the material world.

But we will let that question pass at present. The sayings of prominent men—those who have searched after God with an ardor worthy of all respect—are only calculated to confuse us.

In previous articles, we considered the question of Hell, and in this we desire to further discuss our position. This is the great ques-

tion of the present age; one calculated to baffles the most skillful logicians, and confound the most learned scholar.

That there is misery, suffering, licentiousness and crime of all shades existing in the world, no one for a moment will deny. Why instituted—why this arrangement—why misery and suffering allowed? Is the cry of poverty, as it proceeds from the low, damp cellar, or the dark attic, or the miserable hovel, a harmonious sound in that volume of music which all humanity and nature is chanting?—Is it one note in the chromatic scale of God, which he is sounding for his own gratification? Are the groans of the wounded and the dying on the field of battle, their agonizing cry, their heart rending appeals for assistance, a note, too, in that grand song which God is constantly singing through his manifold works? Is the belching cannon, the loud noise of the mortar and colombiad, or the dimly beating of the drum, just as much a part of the music of creation as the roaring thunder, the belching volcano, the shock of the earthquake, or the surging billows of the ocean?

The cannon, the mortar, the colombiad, led by its man, charged by his hand, by his skill, through his instrumentality, send forth messages of death, to lay their tongues in the life blood of mortals. That volcano, charged with fire and gas, sends forth its streams of lava, like long, slimy, disgusting, loathsome serpents, and other ancient cities, and thousands of earth's mortals are crushed to death. Poor Pilgrimage the naturalist saw them approaching, heard the awful roar of earth's artillery, felt the effluvia of those serpents' breath, and died in the embrace of one—a noble man, a profound scholar, and useful citizen.

Look at that dark cloud, moving, snake-like, near the earth. It is not loaded by man, is not charged with powder and balls, but a higher power, somewhere, has charged it with electricity, and as it moves along, it frisks its tail with glee, and its dark features seem to be lit up with a smile, and as it approaches a crowd playing on the green, a terrific crash is heard, and a dozen human beings are prostrated in the arms of death!

Look at the firmament overhead. Gaze at the mist that seems to be driven to a certain part of the heavens. See the lightning's flash, hear the thunder's roar, and observe the agile movement of the elements. All at once a tornado, a wild tornado, an insane messenger of the skies, is started forth to destroy the fairest works of man. You can hear it approaching, sounding more fearful in its onward march than the tread of a hundred soldiers. It grows as it mad, sheds tears of rain, as if its anger could only express itself in that way. It comes, a messenger of the Orthodox God; it moves along in mathematical order and regularity, describing a parabolic curve, like a planet in its orbit. It does not proceed at haphazard, but moves forward steadily, grandly, majestically, caring nothing for the puny prayers of the children of earth. An old, venerable minister, whose locks have been silvered over in the "service of the Lord," whose presence is dignified and commanding, and who bends the knee, and with lifted hand and upturned eyes, prays to have this wild tornado evade his house. But on it moves. All tornadoes describe a parabolic curve,—no one similar to a planet in its orbit,—and it would not change its course for puny mortals. It destroyed little children, cruelly murdered this venerable minister, devastated the finest works of man! It blasted the fields of golden wheat just ripening for the sickle, cut down acres of corn, stripped the trees of their bark and foliage,—ah, it was an awful tornado! The house that we were in was carried off its foundation and rocked like a cradle, while those around us were uttering fervent prayers. An army in its march could not have been more destructive or cruel. This was a powerful engine of war.

Who started it on its mad career, destroying the fairest works of man? Did God? Ah, there was no chance about it. There is as much system in charging a cloud with electricity as in filling a Lyden jar; in arranging a tornado as in organizing an army of vandal soldiers! Yes, even more!

That tornado was organized, its forces arranged, its power computed before let loose upon the inhabitants of earth. Its strength was measured, its course marked out.

We tell you, readers, that all tornadoes follow a parabolic path,—seem to be guided by unseen forces. Well, if there are engines of destruction organized by intelligent beings that are constructed to destroy the fairest works of man, to devastate portions of country smiling under the hand of industry and care, so there are engines of death more powerful than puny man on earth can compute, that are organized in the regions of space, which, as they move forth on their errands of death, many times leave behind the a soldier tells that that caused by contending armies. Poor puny children of earth, your engines of death are mere playthings compared with those within the control, it is said, of an Orthodox God, in the spirit world.

At one look at the heavens—how fearfully black they are! The Indian then thinks the Great Spirit mad, with frowns on his countenance, anger in his heart and intense hatred beaming on every feature, and as the lightning's flash, they think that he is firing some big gun, for the thunder immediately follows. Yes, glance at the heavens covered with dark portentous clouds,—see the lurid light that darts from cloud to cloud, like angry flames from building to building, and see the "windows of the heavens" opened to admit the mad dashing waters! The rain pours down in torrents. It beats against the windows and on the roof as if angry, as if to avenge some wrong. The winds blow and sing a mournful melody, while the streams, rivers and lakes lash themselves, and sweep along as if seeking for some one to destroy. The streams rise like a serpent lifting

its slimy head, and creep from their beds where they have laid for years, perhaps centuries, as quiet as a babe on its mother's bosom,—and destroy the fairest works of man. See that little rivulet swollen until it moves over the valleys and lawns, and in its mad career destroying the fairest works of man. Prayers are heard, the shrieks of the terror-stricken sound forth, but they do not close the "windows of heaven." Talk of the destructive colombiad and the death messengers that man has organized; talk of the destruction caused by armies—ah! they will not kill equal in destructive effects those messengers of death that are said to be organized by an Orthodox God in the regions of space. Look at this storm alone, one out of a million, and see the work of devastation. Man on earth can not control the clouds, the lightning's flash, or the "windows of heaven." The water will pour in torrents, and messengers of death are continually sent against the inhabitants of earth.

One might well conclude, that supposing God controls the element, that there is a ceaseless war between him and his children, and that he is a murderer! He sends forth the lightning, and to protect ourselves from this, we erect lightning rods. He organizes the tornado and sends it forth, and who can with a d'st destructive effect that chilling blast of winter great his command, and thenceforth the life blood of many of the children of earth. It causes the volcano to burst forth all busy cities and their inhabitants in ruins of lava. Is this war? Has the orthodox God declared war against his own children? Does the canon and its fire-mengiers of death? Do opposing armies spread destruction in their pathway? Do not the torrents of rain, the lightning, the earth quake, the volcano, over which the children of earth have no control, also carry out a work of destruction? and when death occurs, who buries the dead? Who binds their wounds are made, who binds them up, and nurses the sick one until well? War on earth—might better say, war between the hellish Orthodox God and man!

Amidst this din, discord, wild confusion where life is destroyed, hopes blasted, and order prevails, can we discern one ray of intelligence that points significantly toward an all-wise God? On all sides we behold the wrecks of nations, cities laid in ruins, and rivers of blood are constantly flowing. "Is carnage God's daughter?" Is lightning a death agent? The earthquake an engine of death that "God sets in motion? Where is the love that should be manifested? Are the agonies of the dying music to Deity's ear? Was Pompeii and Herculaneum buried beneath the volcano's lava, and ancient cities in Central America swallowed up, did the shrieks of the perishing ones sound a harmonious strain in his ears? Is death, life; disorder, peace; discord, harmony, and carnage the legitimate fruits of an omniscient being?

Horrible peals of thunder strike upon the ear! The lightning sends forth its errands of destruction, and man is swept away like a leaf blade of grass before the night's frost! Kneel in prayer if you wish, puny mortal, and the shrill blast of winter, that pinches your poor starving woman until her life's blood is frozen in her veins, will laugh at you. Pray! you old hoary headed minister, when the windows of heaven are open, to stop the flowing torrents, and all the wilds will mock and deride you. Pray! you poor fragile creature, you in whom innocence nestles like a fairy queen, resting on a pillow of straw, in a damp cellar—pray to the Orthodox God! To Jesus, to the angel Michael, to the good and pure of the Spirit World. Pray with your eyes; visualize with tears—pray standing until too weak, then kneel, and when weaker still, prostrate yourself on your miserable pallet of straw, and continue to pray—pray to the God of Becher, whom he said in a sermon, "Though not present, he dwells in heaven," pray to the God of Brooklyn church, the church of the aristocratic nabobs, who bend the knee on soft carpets, worship out of golden-bound books, and look with reverence from their rented pew,—yes, pray to their God, to any God, to all Gods—still the hunger increases, the pulse quickens, the hectic flush comes over the features, and finally the crimson hue of death passes over the praying one, and she dies!

Really, this is a curious world. No wonder we desire to find a God. The animals kill each other. Man kills each other. Animals fight and mistreat each other. Men engage in furious conflicts, and spread devastation in their paths. Does God achieve harmony through discord? Is war a part of the scheme of creation, and wild disorder a good picture for God to dwell upon? Is there no bliss in God's? Finally, to add to the confusion, the cloud loaded by hands other than the children of earth, starts the world by its destructive career. Well, shall we pause to catch breath, in gazing at the scenes that prevail around us?—

Shall we kneel in prayer? Pray—shall we pray—and will our prayers find response in the corridors of heaven? Pray, as the hoary-headed minister prayed, when he tried to avert the impending calamity; as Pity prayed as he heard the dashing lava wearing a web of death around him? Pray to whom? To the Great Spirit, to Brahm, to the Egyptian Sphynx, to the Golden Calf; or shall we pray to him who, it is said, made the Garden of Eden with his winking birds, its murmuring streams, its flowers and fruits, and then cursed them? Pray to him who would not protect his own son; who sent forth a lying spirit; who made the subtle serpent, and finally became a tailor? Pray to him who sent a famine over Egypt; who fought with Michael in heaven; who allowed the devil to maltreat Job; who sent forth deicides; who never did answer a prayer, and who never will? Hercules defied the lightning, and laughed at the huge thunder-bolt—shall we defy the God of Moses, of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; or shall we kneel to Pagan Apollo, an image

of whom the sturdy old Greek carved out of parian marble? To whom shall we pray? To whose God shall we bend the knee? Amidst this clash of arms; this contention; this strife of ideas, we will seek for some green oasis, where the name of God has never been breathed; where the air is pure, the breeze fragrant, and nature all glow with love—there amidst the grandeur around us, we will survey the works of creation, and from that standpoint, we will start forth again, endeavoring to unravel the real God.

The Journal.

Our paper this week contains the usual amount of interesting reading-matter. The address of D. W. Hull, on page 6, is a masterly production, and will be read with interest.

On the 81 page, the article taken from the Salt Lake Tribune, will pay perusal. Fred T. Lewis and John S. Lindsey cannot be intimidated.

The article from Brother Fahnestock, on "Obession," contains many facts that should be generally known.

Brother Haskell's article on "Education," is progressive in character, and aims in the right direction.

Dr. J. K. Bailey makes many good suggestions, in his communication, "On the Onions."

The address of Mr. Adelle L. Bill, on the first page, is full of good practical suggestions, and cannot fail to interest the reader.

P. B. Randolph nobly defends himself from the base attacks of Geo. C. Haddock, and he, in turn, attacks the position of Brother Wilson, and Spiritualists in general.

Brother Child's article on "Simplants," contains words of advice that are well worthy of consideration.

On the 4th page will be found the usual editorial articles and items of interest.

The article of Mr. J. Tinney, on page 8, advances on disputed domain, and contains many new thoughts. The poem by Miss Pittainger is a gem. Many other items of interest.

Another Selfish Movement.

Our readers in Illinois will be surprised to learn, by a notice in this week's JOURNAL, that the Second State Association has been formed for them, without their knowledge or consent, and that they are now called on to ratify it.

Do not these people know that they cannot impose upon the great mass of Spiritualists in this State by any such coup d'etat. The Spiritualists of Illinois are not slaves, nor will they allow a half-dozen of individuals to get up a second State Organization for them. When the people move in this matter, it will not be done in a corner, nor will it be done for the purpose of subverting selfish ends.

No notice of this pretended organization was ever published in this paper or the BANNER OF LIGHT—the only Spiritualist papers that have any considerable circulation in this State.

The movement is a sham, as well as impudence unbounded. It will fall, still-born, like all similar movements heretofore inaugurated by the same parties, and the mourners will be few.

Marriage of Mrs. Emma Hardinge.

It will be seen by the accompanying notice, that the distinguished lecturer and expounder of the Harmonical Philosophy, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, who lectured here during two months last summer, has been married to William G. P. Britten, one of her own countrymen. It is with pleasure that we congratulate them, believing that their wedded life will cast over the pathway of each other a holy influence, that will result in greater happiness and enjoyment for both.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th, 1870, married, at Grace Church Rectory, Jersey City, by the Rev. J. Ross, Emma Hardinge to William G. P. Britten, both of London, England.

The happy pair will sail for England, Nov. 8. We hope that their sojourn there may be brief, and that they will soon return to this country again. It will be seen by a note from Emma to her friends, that she does not purpose to withdraw from the field in which she has been so long successfully laboring.

Agricultural.

The Rock Lake Raspberry. This remarkable berry is an accidental seedling which came up on the grounds of Mr. Am. Fawell, near Lake Mills, where it grew until its bearing habits were fully tested.

For the past six years, we have had the entire control of all the stock on our own grounds, where we have tested the same in a great variety of ways and found it fully sustaining the following qualifications:

1. It is as prolific as any Raspberry with which we are acquainted.

2. In quality and size of fruit, it cannot be surpassed.

3. The vines are perfectly hardy and it is a rapid and vigorous grower.

4. The great advantage of this Raspberry over all others is its Fall Crop of Fine, Large Berries which it produces at a time when all other small fruits, except grapes are out of season. The last crop begins to ripen the latter part of August or the first of September, and continues to blossom and ripen fruit up to hard freezing weather—a slight frost does not interfere with its productiveness.

Personal and Local.

—A correspondent writes to the Lawrence Guard-ian, a paper published at New Castle, Pa., as follows, in reference to Mrs. Wilcox's lectures: "Mrs. M. J. Wilcox, an eminent Western spirit medium, lectured in the brick school house, at Lowellville, Ohio, on 8th inst. on the subject, 'Modern Spiritualism—speaking in the trance state. It is a singular fact that Spiritualists always invoke God's mercy and blessing upon us, as they may wish to obey his laws, while our modern orthodox ministry pray God to step on the neck of established law, upon which the very existence of the universe depends. The subject, at all events, was handled in a masterly manner, closing with an original poem. Mrs. Wilcox may speak in New Castle, should she do so, I would advise all who read this to go and hear her. Should you take exception to what you hear, don't show your anger by snore and suppressed merriment. A few lessons on politeness, would not be amiss in Lowellville." Mrs. Wilcox is doing a good work, and meets with a warm reception wherever she goes. She soon goes to Wheeling, Bell's Falls and Pittsburgh.

—At the second annual meeting of the Delaware State Society of Spiritualists, held October 7th, in the city of Wilmington, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. N. Fogg; Vice President, George W. Wood; Second Vice, Robert L. Smith; Treasurer, H. E. L. Forbes; Secretary, Miss Lou Brooks. Board of Managers: Samuel Marshall, George Bangs, S. D. Foster, M. S. Amundson, Miss Ellen Palmer.

—Jacob B. Hulse writes to us that Mrs. Jenny Currier, in regard to whom we have published two communications, "has become developed as a first-class medium. Since she had unfortunately happened here, the spirit's materialized hands, make spirit lights, take the medium up to the ceiling while sitting in her chair, and also speak in clear audible voice."

—Several names, handed in for our Medium's Register, will appear in our next.

—A. E. Vornum writes to us, speaking in high terms of Dr. S. L. McFadden, stating that he cured a little boy in one hour's treatment who had not been able to walk since June.

—Dr. Newton has opened an office in Boston, at Harrison Avenue, where he will exercise his remarkable gift. He lately returned from England.

—The San Francisco Pioneer, of October 1st, says that "the talented Laura Cuppy Smith will shortly give in San Francisco a series of lectures. The public will no doubt, greet most cordially Mrs. Cuppy Smith's return to the lecture field, although but for a brief period, as we regret to learn that Mrs. Smith will after these lectures leave us for sojourn in the Atlantic States."

—Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance will commence a course of lectures in Bowman's Hall, Milwaukee, the first Sunday night in November, to be continued each Sunday night, until further notice.

—Rev. A. J. Fishback has been lecturing at Fort Hancock, Michigan. He is one of our most eloquent lecturers. He officiated the funeral of Miss Jennie Lee, who died at De Quoin, Ill. His remarks will be published next week.

—The BANNER OF LIGHT says that "Dr. F. B. Bessinger was recently engaged by the city of New York to Dr. Smith, having completed the writing of his two new works, as soon prevailed on by his patrons to resume his practice, and he has accordingly re-visited the city of New York, and will be found at his office, 63 Court street, at per address: in another column. He is also ready to lecture within a reasonable distance of Boston."

—Mrs. J. A. Drake, of Cleveland, Ohio, magnetic healer and clairvoyant, has opened an office.

—The American Spiritualist says: "We learn that Brother O. L. Smith, one of Ohio's most earnest pioneer workers in the cause of Spiritualism, is about spending the winter season with his wife and children at Boston. For years a zealous worker in the cause of Spiritualism, he has become familiar with the Bible, which he now uses with telling effect in proving the truth of Spiritualism. His explanation of the phenomena of that famous book, especially the prophecies and the prophecies, are original and highly interesting; and if there is to be a revival of the dim and dimmy pages, we hope that Brother Smith will be employed to do the work. By his own 'plain mode of his rider' helped us no more; the 'plain picture of an angry God, the terrors of death and hell, melt away in a quiet smile before the spiritual power of a true and true prophet. His name and address Mrs. Smith's secretary can address him at Waukegan, Ohio."

—Mrs. S. A. Rogers, recently in the West, has arrived in her journey East, at Haverhill, Massachusetts.

—"MODERN AMERICAN SPIRITUALISM." The success of this great work of our highly gifted Sister Hardinge, must be exceedingly gratifying to her, and we know it to be her heart's desire. We are in receipt of a large share of the latest edition, and are prepared to supply all demands of our readers and to furnish the trade.

—C. Fannie Allen has been lecturing at Fort Scott, Kansas, and creating there considerable excitement. F. Gramcock, M. D., writes to us that "the angels have poured out; upon us a perfect flood of beauty and eloquence, through the organism of our gifted sister. Yes, we have heard the angels speak, and our hearts have been made glad. Her lectures are very fine, and appeal to the reason, but her improvisations are sublime, consisting of beautiful and classical poetry."

—W. F. J. Amos, Spiritualist, and O. A. Yergers, Christian, have a debate at La Fort, Indiana, commencing November 1st, and continuing eight evenings. The following is the proposition:

1. The great advantage of this Raspberry over all others is its Fall Crop of Fine, Large Berries which it produces at a time when all other small fruits, except grapes are out of season. The last crop begins to ripen the latter part of August or the first of September, and continues to blossom and ripen fruit up to hard freezing weather—a slight frost does not interfere with its productiveness.

A more extended explanation is unnecessary, as all lovers of good fruit will appreciate a full supply of fine, luscious fruit at this season. All who have had experience in canning fruit during the hotter part of the season will readily see that fruit will keep better if put up in the Fall.

We have a small stock of these plants, to offer, which we propose to sell, not at fancy, but at remunerative prices. The market will never be overstocked with plants, as they are difficult to propagate—the bearing season extending through the time when the canes shall be put down for rooting.

Orders for Plants will be filled, in rotation as received, at the following prices:

Single Plants 15¢ \$ 1.50 per doz. " Bearing 25¢ " 2.00 "

Davidson's Thornless, 75¢ per doz. \$ 7.50 per hundred Little Black Cap, 50¢ " \$ 5.00 "

With a general assortment of Apple, Pear, Cherry and Ornamental stock at the lowest cash prices.

ISAAC ATWOOD, Proprietor of the Rock Lake Vineyard and Nurseries, Lake Mills, Wis.

—Saml. Osgood, of Dodgeville, Wisconsin, thinks a lecturer would do well to visit his locality.

We are glad to announce that Mrs. Adelle L. Salo, who has been quite unwell some time, has recovered sufficiently to again take the field of active labor. We hope our friends in the West will bear this fact in mind, when making out their list of speakers for the winter. Her permanent address is in care of the JOURNAL.

Dr. Duke, the healer, of Rochester, was again in town last week, on his way to Beloit, Wisconsin, where he will heal for a few weeks. Our last issue contained a fine tribute from the orthodox press in reference to him. The doctor is earnest in his work, a genuine Spiritualist and a noted medium.

Send twenty five cents to Austin Keat, and procure his pamphlet, thereby aiding a worthy brother, and benefiting yourself.

The celebrated French healing medium, known as the Zouave Jacob, has recently arrived in London from Paris, and was entertained at a meeting of welcome, at the Progressive Library, on Thursday evening, the 11th ult. He has taken up his residence at 80 Sussex Place, Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, where he receives patients from two till six o'clock daily.

"Harm's Nature" says: "Our readers will remember the case of the haunted house at Kuchelberg, near Tübingen, which we had so much to say about a year ago. We have since made inquiries as to the result of the disturbances, and learn that the mid-summer moon left the house, when the disturbances entirely ceased. She seems to have been a medium, and that her powers were developed in association with other influences centered in that place. Such an explanation will account for similar phenomena not occurring to the girl in other places where the proper requisites do not exist."

Leibnitz said he recommended himself to the various kinds of mind. He believed that Ezekiel had learned architecture, or was a court engineer, hence his visions of the buildings, etc.; while the rural prophets, as Hosea or Amos, only saw rural scenes and landscapes, and Daniel, who was a statesman, thus ruled the monarchies of the world. Leibnitz was opposed to all ecstasies, both in religion and philosophy. His own genius was universal. He only wished to embrace truth in its full integrity, yet how tolerant was he of all. The only subject to be regretted was the unhappy controversy between him and our great Newton on the "Differential Calculus."

Dr. Samuel Underhill, who has arranged a debate with Professor Phelps, is now after the Rev. S. B. Paulding, of Ohio. He says in writing to him: "Like you for your boldness, and will oblige you by giving you an opportunity to be heard. I have no objections to your question, as first stated. I love truth and am its fearless advocate. I have debated with Alexander Campbell, in Cleveland, Ohio; with Graham, of your church, in Mantua, Ohio, and was a professor in the Willoughby Medical College, Ohio, and later to General E. P. Buckland, of Fremont, Sandusky County, Ohio, as to my character and ability. I could give many references. I am the author of a work on Mesmerism, published two years ago. I was converted from Materialism to a belief in immortality, by the proofs afforded by clairvoyance and Spiritualism. But I have to debate with Professor Phelps, of Missouri, November 1st, of near that time, on the question, "Is modern Spiritualism worthy of reception by an enlightened community?" When that is over, I will meet you at Hohart, Indiana, where resides Moses and D. W. Hull, and many Spiritualists. Please write me immediately, so that I may get ready before I go to New Boston, to meet Professor Phelps. We are to speak 45 minutes each, each session—once at 11 o'clock, and once from six to nine, with the usual Parliamentary rules, with no calling of names for personalities. Even for them, I will call to order. I promise the most urbane and courteous treatment. I was educated a Quaker, and am too much of a Quaker to give up my trifles. Besides, the principal motive for debating with you, I expect you to be converted to Spiritualism. You can answer me through the paper, or direct to me at Toxica, La Salle, Ill., U. S."

Don't fall to read Isaac Atwood's circular. His nursery is worthy of patronage.

Mrs. A. H. Horton lectured at Crosby's Music Hall on Sunday last.

Charles Darwin promises another successor to his "Origin of Species." The forthcoming book is to appear this autumn, and is to be entitled, "The Descent of Man."

Restoration and Reform.

F. B. Dowd in the Field as a Lecturer.

Engagements may be made with this distinguished writer and speaker, to lecture by addressing him at Davenport, Iowa.

His subjects are: "The Resurrection Philosophy," "Buddhism," "Magic," "Magnetism," "Clairvoyance," "Fire-Worship," "Government," "The Issues of the Times," "Mediumship," "Development," "Demology," and all the great subjects of the day.

We take great pleasure in recommending Bro. Dowd 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 fine man in every sense of the word. We hope he will be kept constantly employed.

Be Just:—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, not merely as a means of meaning that payment is expected from subscribers now in arrears, without delay. If any accounts are found upon examination of the accounts, inform us of the fact, so that it may 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 may know what to expect, and time will be cheerfully given in such cases. If time is wanted, it is certainly worth writing for, and we can know what to depend upon.

We are weekly breaking the very bones of life to our numerous subscribers, most of whom pay promptly, but to a few who owe us large sums, do us great injustice, by neglecting to allow the time to run on your month to your month every year, without doing anything to relieve us from the heavy burden we are constantly carrying for their benefit. A remittance of a part of what is our due, is better than no notice, 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 for your benefit every year, since you became indebted 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 you do it.

We want to give no offense to any one. It is a matter of business, and common justice, which all Spiritualists most appreciate, dictated that all who take the Journal, should pay for it, even as they should pay for the best of any paper.

Philadelphia Department.

Subscription will be received, and papers may be obtained at wholesale or retail, at 404 Race street, Philadelphia.

On the Cure of Intemperance.

We have spoken of stimulants and their influence on mankind. A grave question follows. How shall we cure this enormous evil? Various means have been suggested, most of which may be useful, but none have as yet been an effectual. The pledge has been an important means of saving many, and its moral influence has been much increased by the co-operation of those who have no need of this restraint. We have taken the pledge several times with persons who were thereby induced to take it. Two prohibitions of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, would be a very certain and effective measure, but this seems something like the fable of the mice putting a bill upon the cat—it might be well enough if it could be done.

General prohibitory laws have not been as successful as could be desired. We believe local prohibitory laws would be more effectual. We urge these, and think there should be a law requiring the people of each district to vote every year whether they will allow the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and whenever a majority of the people are opposed to it, it should be positively suppressed. Such laws, having the sanction of a majority of the people, would have a greater moral force than the one which are not sustained by the masses.

The experiment has been successfully tried in our State, and it is now proposed that a majority of the people be required to vote to be passed permitting such a vote to be taken. We should have a general act, requiring the people to vote annually. In those counties where it has been tried, it has succeeded, and been maintained, and we hope to see it extended all over the country, and have bright spots in our State; and throughout the land, where its blessings may be exhibited in a better, happier and more prosperous condition of the community, with much less burdensome taxation, and far less crime.

We are aware that all political measures, all reforms in the moral field, are necessarily upon a low plane. The man who soberly mope because he is unable to be otherwise, is not morally much better for this; physically he is, and his influence upon society will not be so pernicious.

In order to build up humanity to the highest condition which is capable of attaining, we need moral principles everywhere; and in this temperance movement, as in all other reforms, education is the grand lever which is to elevate the world, and moral influence under this, to enable mankind to do what education teaches is right.

The whole community needs education upon those great principles which underlie true temperance. We must all know that a sound mind in a healthy body, can only be realized by proper and healthy food and drink, and the observance of the physical laws.

One of the great evils that leads on to intemperance, is the use of stimulants, which violate physical laws, and by the use of stimulants under the name of medicines, erode the vitality of these violations. Quacks advertise that you may violate laws with perfect impunity, and by taking their nostrums, escape the suffering.

The true physician is always a teacher, and well knows that the attempt to escape the penalty of one violation by committing another only leads up to the suffering.

Total abstinence, from a conscientious feeling that these things are injurious both to ourselves and to others, will give the individual great peace.

Example and association are among the most potent means of spreading intemperance, and the opposite kind of example and association will be still more powerful for the prevention of it.

Some convictions of principles are the most efficient means for the cure of the giant evil. Every individual has an influence for or against it, and it may be well said, that they who are not against it, are for it. Hence the necessity of active, persistent and conscientious labor in this great work. While, therefore, we would not advise any to aside any important subject brought to bear upon this important subject; while we would help physically to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and would use force to restrain the drunkard, just as we would any other insane person,—still we perceive that the real cure lies in the introduction of the great moral principle which is to be exhibited, and lived out faithfully,—that by the Apostles of Temperance, and then through their influence extending all around. Not denunciations, but kind and loving entreaties, are required to bring back the erring and fallen one, to the path of virtue and rectitude. Let us all therefore, be earnest, but not impatient in our advocacy of this great cause; consistent in our protests against the evil; hopeful for the good time coming, when those which now cause so many of our fellow beings shall cease, and peace and prosperity abound in many places, where now discord and war are felt.

We know the great moral principle which is to be exhibited, and lived out faithfully,—that by the Apostles of Temperance, and then through their influence extending all around. Not denunciations, but kind and loving entreaties, are required to bring back the erring and fallen one, to the path of virtue and rectitude. Let us all therefore, be earnest, but not impatient in our advocacy of this great cause; consistent in our protests against the evil; hopeful for the good time coming, when those which now cause so many of our fellow beings shall cease, and peace and prosperity abound in many places, where now discord and war are felt.

Let us do our parts to swell the grand tidal wave of temperance,—that, with its clear crystal waters, shall wash away all the filth and corruption of cold water, and when the waves of the corrupt currents from whence flow intemperance, and in its beautiful train shall follow health, peace and competence, such as the world has never known before.

Here is a grand field of labor for a man who will work, nobly, earnestly and truly, and the reward is certain for yourself and for all mankind.

Then let us join the army of temperance as it goes marching on, and rally round its standard ever, till the dark demon of intemperance shall be swept away, and known no more forever.

Richardson the blind Medium.

We have had a glimpse of the quiet surface of Philadelphia, by the announcement that this wonderful personage, who was at one time laid out as being dead, and was strangely restored to activity, would lecture here. He is a medium through whom spirits communicate very freely.

There is a great diversity in the manifestations of the spirit world, and we have seen many of the various spirits who have spoken to us, a spirit announced himself as Samuel Starnard of Dorset, Bennington County, Vermont, and desired us to print a message on the JOURNAL. He said, "I left a wife and daughter when I went away from earth, but, thank God, they are both well and happy. Knowing that I have a great many friends in Dorset,—especially among the marble quarries, who do not believe in Spiritualism, therefore I would like to tell them that I am not dead, but that I am still with them. I have got two good legs now, and I don't have to use a wooden one."

I am much better off here than in earth life. I think I might have held a little longer in the form than I did, had I been at home like that hot weather. I was partially unconscious when I got home to Dorset, after my peddling trip, but I don't feel to regret the change provided that I can reach any one in Dorset, and let them show it to the fishermen on the ledge, don't want them to believe in Catholicism.

Return Underhill: that I am with him a great deal while he is on the ledge. You may send this to Return Underhill or Noah London. His daughter is in the Post Office.

Another Spirit said: Mr. Chairman, I don't want to know you, but a minute. My name is old Joe Cannon, I used to hunt foxes for living, I got tired of that and cut my throat. I came from the same place this other fellow did. We were always at sword's points when in the form, but we are not now. I started to come in but he got in before me, or you would have got my story first. Tell them that I did not use to believe in the immortality of the soul. I got only to believe it now, but I know it. Tell everybody that I would advise them not to do as I did; but live more honest with everybody. God by. From Jos. Cannon. Tell them never to shoot themselves, nor cut their throats as I did.

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Over three hundred colored eggs are already preserved this season by persons who tested Dr. W. P. Croston's method.

Richard Butter, which can be bought for less than one-half the price of good butter, may be restored to a perfectly sweet condition. White and streaked butter made to imitate the good Java butter; and an Improved Butter Preserver, for keeping new butter in a sweet state.

Kerosene Oil! Marryat's rendered clean and suitable for all purposes. This book also contains many other rare and valuable formulas, with full directions, so that any one can prepare and use them, being the result of fifteen years' research and experience by a practical chemist. This valuable work should be in the hands of every grocer, produce dealer, dairyman, farmer, meat merchant, and others who may wish to save money.

For further particulars, send for Descriptive Circular. Sent free. Address: Dr. W. P. Croston, Author and Publisher, 145 LaSalle St. Chicago.

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

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Be sure and remember agents. Harris & P. Poppe, Sec'y.

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The Zostrum.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM OF ATONE MENT.

A LECTURE, BY REV. D. W. HULL, Delivered at Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., on Sunday Evening, Oct. 3rd, 1870.

Reported expressly for the JOURNAL.

"I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10:11.

I have chosen this text, because in all the gospels I can not find a stronger one in favor of the popular idea of the vicarious atonement. I know that some of the epistles of Paul favor that idea; but this morning we found that Paul spoke on both sides of that subject. This may be accounted for in two ways.

1. By his intense zeal for proselyting; he tells us:

"Unto the Jews I became as a Jew; to them that are under the law as under the law, that I might gain them that are under the law; to them that are without the law, as without the law."—1st Cor. 9:20, 23.

Thus when Paul was with the Jews, he becomes a Jew, has Timothy circumcised (Acts 16:3); purifies himself by four men who have a vow (Acts 21:23); and conforms to the customs of the Jews by having his head shorn (Acts 18:18); but when he gets among his Gentile brethren, he as vehemently denounces all these customs (Gal. 3:2; 5:1-4), and finally he becomes a politician, and hits upon the plan of harmonizing Christianity and Judaism by substituting Jesus as the ultimatum of Jewish sacrifices, making one typical of the other.

This course was condemned by the more radical brethren, whom Paul calls "false apostles" (2 Cor. 10:13); and finally Paul comes out with the following justification: "For if the truth of God hath more abounded through my lie unto his glory; why yet am I also judged as a sinner?" (Rom. 3:7).

Some of the brethren were very conscientious on this point, and would not compromise their views for the sake of popularity or position, and they went over the Bible, and searched in interblending truth and error. Paul did not profess it was right to tell a falsehood only under certain circumstances, where the interests of theology were enhanced by so doing.

2. It is somewhat doubtful that Paul said all that is attributed to him. History tells us that Origin was the first who introduced the interblending truth and error. Paul did not profess it was right to tell a falsehood only under certain circumstances, where the interests of theology were enhanced by so doing. It is somewhat doubtful that Paul said all that is attributed to him. History tells us that Origin was the first who introduced the interblending truth and error. Paul did not profess it was right to tell a falsehood only under certain circumstances, where the interests of theology were enhanced by so doing.

"Oh, no!" says one, "I have never been but one shepherd, and that was Jesus. He died for the sins of the world!" I can't tell what one poor sheep ever did that they should need one to die for their sins. Dr. Adam Clarke, I believe, tells us that this passage should have been rendered: "The good shepherd hazards his life for the sheep;—that is, places himself between his sheep and danger, so that the adversary cannot reach the sheep until he has first removed the shepherd, which can only be done, if he is a faithful shepherd, by killing him."

It was thus that Jesus and Peter proved that they were good shepherds. They were both credited, and one was as much a savior in accordance with the good he had done as the other. The clergy have an accommodating mode of interpreting this shepherd idea. Frequently when I find my way into a neighborhood, they raise the cry of "wolf!" and they run off and hide behind their pulpit, and leave their sheep at the mercy of the wolf. They call themselves shepherds then.

Says Jesus: "But he that is a hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep." (John 10:12).

"Gentle shepherds" they are certainly—"dumb dogs that will not bark," till after the wolf is gone, when they become very brave. It proves that they care little for the sheep if they do not yield a good fleece and plenty of mutton. The clergy of the 19th century are very much like Ezekiel's foxes. Said he:

"O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes (jacks) in the deserts. Ye have not gone up into the ramp, neither made up the hedge for the house of Israel to stand in the day of battle, in the day of the Lord." (Ezek. 13:4, 5).

Jacks depend entirely on plunder for their support, but when the trapper comes around, they always sneak into their holes in the side of a hill. If the trapper acts a trap at the entrance of their den, they always find another mode of egress, and should the trapper set traps at all the avenues to his den, he remains in there, having laid up provisions enough to last him awhile. Need I say that spiritual leaders have had some experience with the clergy of the 19th century. They are always denouncing us as wolves, and arrogating to themselves the title of shepherds, whilst they are ever ready to hide when the wolf comes too near the flock. Jesus says such are hirelings. So much for the text. We now pursue our investigations of the subject.

The idea of a vicarious atonement was not new at the introduction of Christianity. The world had many saviors, numbers of whom had the same historical characteristics as Jesus of Nazareth. I have not time to give you in this discourse the consecutive evidence upon this point. Suffice it to say, that I have examined as commanded the Ezeas, or Therapsites had the same prophecies now have long before the time of Jesus Christ. Of course I conclude one was copied from the other.

More than two thousand years ago the Hindoo and other Christian, who had many of the same prophecies, have been attributed to Jesus of Nazareth. I might refer you to George Burdett's work on the Hindoo religion, which was published in London.

1. He was born at the same time of year, Dec. 25, midnight.
2. There is scarcely any difference between the pronunciation of the name Yes Oshihau and Jesus Christ.
3. He was a savior of the people.
4. There is no difference between his mother, Mary, and Mary, the name of the mother of Jesus.
5. Both mothers were virgins.
6. One conceived by the Holy Ghost, and the other by a ray of light (Progress of R. Ideas, Vol. 1, page 84); and what is the difference in the signification of the two words? The God who comes to reveal the sun, and who signifies spirit or emanation, so both mothers conceived by a ray of light.
7. Both washed the feet of their disciples, and
8. Both were taken to heaven after their death.

But I hasten on to tell you of Esculapian, who was also a savior of mankind. I shall detail you by giving the peculiarities of this personage, but before I leave the subject, I wish to read you a poem, and I want you to tell me what it was written about:

Once as the aged infant he surveyed,  
And saw the aged her prophetic tale:  
Hail! Great Physician of the world, all hail!  
Hail! Mighty Infant, who in years to come  
Shalt heal the nations and defraud the tomb.  
Swill be thy growth, thy triumphs uncounted.  
Make kings dumb, and increase mankind.  
Thy darts shall animate the dead,  
And thou shalt lead us to heaven, and there  
Thou shalt die, but from the dark shade  
Shalt thou the victorious be twice a God.

"Why," says one, "That's one of Watt's Christian hymns." Not a bit of it. It's a poem written by Ovid with reference to Esculapian, long before the Christian Era.

Another one of the world's crucifixion saviors is found in the character and history of Prometheus, who also died for the sins of the world.

1. He was born of a virgin.
2. He died for the sins of the world.
3. He was raised again the third day.
4. He ascended into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.
5. Five hundred years before the Christian Era, the city of Athens, annually celebrated the life, sufferings and death of Prometheus in their theaters. It was raised upon a cross upon Mt. Caucasus, and there, as he groined his head away, the angels were to be heard that they were actors in the play; that it was on account of their sins that he thus suffered, whilst near the foot of the cross, were the weeping mothers and Mary. Some the sky blacking, and the jarring thunder shake the whole building. In the midst of his cries, he cries out: "I am the savior of the world, the Holy of Holies, where God is supposed to dwell, is rent asunder, and the impurities of the sanctuary are revealed to the vulgar gaze of the public, who now are too much absorbed in the play to notice; but the curtain falls, and when it is next raised, the cross with the dead body of Prometheus on it, is revealed. A female is standing near the foot of it, and as she sings the following piece, which somehow has crept into the Christian hymns, a soldier pierces his side, and blood and water gush forth:

"In, streaming from the fatal tree  
His all-bleeding blood,  
He is the Father, He is the Son,  
Prometheus and a God!  
Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When God, the great Promethian died  
For man, the creature's sin."

"Dear friends, how came all this about? Was Paganism copied from Christianity 600 years before it was born, or were these characteristics taken from Egyptian mythology, and added to Jesus of Nazareth?"

Another idea claimed to be peculiar to Christianity, was the cross. I am sorry that I have not time to speak upon this at length. I will only content myself by giving you a few extracts, and let the subject go.

"How it came to pass, that the Egyptians, Arabians and Indians, before Christ came among us, paid a remarkable veneration to the sign of the cross is to be wondered; but the fact itself is known."

"In Egypt it stood for the signification of eternal life."—Skellon's Ap. Common sense p. 45.

"The Christian reader may start when he beholds the sacred emblem of his faith used as a symbol of heathen devotion; and it is even so."

"It is found engraven on their monuments, and even the erection of many of their temples was conducted on the same plan as that of the great pagodas of Benares and Mathura are erected in the form of vast crosses of which each wing is equal in extent."—Oliv. Hist. Int. p. 43. Maur. Ind. Antiq. Vol. iii. pp. 360, 377.

"The Spaniards conquerors were surprised beyond measure at beholding the cross, the symbol of their own worship, unusually adored in Mexico. It was sculptured on the walls of their temples."—Bar. Pop. of Mex.

"Another tribe of the Americans filled the Spaniards with amazement, the forming of an idea of such a sign of worship, and after pronouncing over it certain mysterious words, distributing it to the people, who eating it in sorrow and humiliation, proclaimed that they were partaking of the blood of the Deity."—ib.

So far as I have been enabled to judge, there is little difference between the religion of Pagans and Christians. They are not alike in every particular, but enough so to be brothers, and so much so that their own votaries can scarcely point out the difference.

"Very respectable natives," says the pious Sir Wm. Jones, "have assured me that one or two missionaries have been absurd enough in their zeal for the conversion of the gentiles, to urge that the Hindoos were even now almost Christians, because their Brahmins, Vishnu, and Mahon (Siva) were no other than the Christian Trinity, a sentiment in which we can only doubt whether, folly, ignorance, or impy predisposes."—[A. Res. Vol. 1, p. 272.]

to the statement, but never once to the existing systems of sacrifice, or types of an atonement to be made by the vicarious sufferings of one man. For the period of 1,500 years, the Jew was accustomed to offer a sacrifice for the sins of the people, and never once, during all this time had he a hint that he was only playing a part, in offering a lamb, or a bullock, or a heifer, instead of a human. He supposed that the Hebrew system was perfect, and was not aware, after he had gone through all this ceremony, that it was of no kind of use—that it was a huge joke played off on his credulity.

Indeed, the Old Testament contemplated no such idea, and no delusion was better planned than was that. I have not time to show that, as a type, the atonement does not fit the ceremonial systems of the Jews at all. Suffice it to say it would be necessary, in case one was typical of the other, that Jesus should have been slain upon the tenth day of the seventh month, the holy should have been burnt on the fire, and the oil should have been carried without the city.—Num. 8:7-11; Lev. 15:20; 23:27.

But allow me here to say that they were not expelling an atoner, but a deliverer. Their prophet spoke and their poets had sung of deliverer who should help them to burst the shackles of servitude to other nations. In Is. 7:14-16, is frequently referred to; but there is nothing in the passage to sustain the idea of a human sacrifice. A child was to be born during the time of the present siege; but Jesus was not born till seven hundred years after, and hence could not have had reference to him. In Is. 6:9, a passage is spoken of, who was expected to deliver them from political thralldom, but never is mentioned as a sacrifice. Indeed, it is doubtful that this has reference to Jesus; as 'yous was emphatically a deliverer of the Jews, and not a sacrifice to them. 48. Even the term 'anointed' was used, which means anointed.

We are told that Adam by transgression lost the right to live; and he inherits his delinquency, therefore it is necessary that 'yous should die to redeem us from the nation we had by birth. 'I fall.' If this be the case, then there will be a universal salvation, for 'yous restores all that Adam has lost by disobedience. But we are told, in answer to this, that we are in our God's displeasure by our own disobedience, and we must pay the penalty of our disobedience, unless our sins are atoned for. If that be the case, there will be a universal damnation, for we have twice forfeited the right to life; once in Adam's and once in our own crimes, and as Jesus has only died once: we are all the subjects of a universal damnation!

But now that Constantine has become a Christian, he finds no other a license to butcher, but an actual premium paid for murder; and if, as we are told, the greatest sinner makes the best martyr, then Constantine, who has been crowned with many laurels, is the blood of which he has been guilty being 'washed out by the blood of Jesus.'"

We next find him in a council, and his zeal manifested in propagating Christianity by the sword (and without the sword we should not have had Christianity outside his empire, as an emperor, and we have him exhorting the venerable bishops as follows:

"Having, by God's assistance, rotten the victory over mine enemies, I entreat you, therefore, beloved ministers of God, and servants of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to cut off the head of every man who shall say 'yous' only, but God and I live, even in heaven, with such comrades."

What a heinous condition we are in, exposed to the case of a sinner of a never-ending eternity, so long as Jesus shall be paying the penalty—a universal damnation from which eternity is too short a space of time for Jesus to pay our penalties in, and from which we cannot hope to be extricated until the 'utmost farthing' is paid.

We will next call your attention to the passage found in 2d Cor. 5: 18, 19. "And all things are of God, who hath been reconciled unto us by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation."

"There," says one, "you need not read any farther, but you may be saved by the blood of Christ."

Yes, yes, I know; but then I read the passage wrong on purpose; because we have, somewhere, derived the idea from our theological teachings that God has become angry with the world, and actually gone off to one corner of the upper world, and refused to be reconciled. And after all the flattery, petting and coaxing, his son hit upon the plan of killing himself to appease his wrath. Of all the toys of heaven, there was nothing could alter the caprice of his Almightyness except that.

Talk not of blasphemy while the Orthodox Deity is angry with the world, and will not be reconciled to the world. It is necessary that this passage should read so, in order to bear out the accepted idea; but I will now read the passage as it is, that you may see the difference between the teachings of the Church and your own.

"And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation: 'To wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.'"

Quite a difference, you see. Instead of God being angry with the world, the world must become reconciled to God. I will explain this soon.

"But," says one, "we are saved by the death of Jesus." Well, I don't know about that. I will read a passage on that subject. Please turn to Romans 5: 10.

Our hero so arranged his belief  
That even the rage, provided he gains  
Both faith and grace, should stand the better chance,  
As all his previous sins would but enhance  
His worth in heaven; at least we're often told  
That our contentment is by the salute we need.  
There is more joy by near an hundred fold  
Than our virtuous souls of whom complaints  
Had never reach'd the gods. This was a bribe—  
A bribe to induce the sinner to be good.

I believe there is no form of religion in all the world, which offers such a premium on sin as the Christian. To illustrate: there is Constantine, a frightful example of Christian sin, who held his life for death, beheaded his eldest son, Crispus; murdered two of his sisters' husbands, his father-in-law and his own stepson. After committing this six-fold murder, he found there was nothing more enough in paganism to blot out these crimes. The pagan priest informed him that a historical fact could never be recalled, unless it were referred to the Christian priests, who said that he could not act so wicked or malicious, but the offence could be blotted out, or covered up with the blood of Christ. This was the very religion of his choice. He wanted a system of religion upon whose bank stock he could draw for whatever morals he might need. After furnishing his own morals suited his royal palace, but little better than it does the modern churchman. So the Church, with one touch of the blood of Jesus, forever blotted out the grease-spots of his character, and forever removed the historical fact that the bloody brother Constantine ever committed a crime, and boldly strapped all his sins upon the broad back of his very essential prerogative—the devil, here, friends, is one of your Orthodox Christians, without whom you would have had no Christianity, and he carries out the legitimate result of the atonement doctrine.

Even but, than whom none have been more fervent in manufacturing evidences for Christianity, says:

"I am annoyed when I contemplate such singular goivances and plots; and well he might be: 'Moreover, when I look up to heaven, and behold his blessed soul living in God's presence, and there invested with a blessed and un fading wreath of immortality,—contemplating this, I am oppressed with silent awe, and my weak knees tremble, and my heart is constrained to Almighty God, who alone can give to Constantine the prize he merits.'"

Great heavens! and is heaven to be filled with murderers, horse thieves and villains? If so, I beg of Almighty God to let me have any kind of a life in the other world, any where, only let God and I live, even in heaven, with such comrades.

But now that Constantine has become a Christian, he finds no other a license to butcher, but an actual premium paid for murder; and if, as we are told, the greatest sinner makes the best martyr, then Constantine, who has been crowned with many laurels, is the blood of which he has been guilty being 'washed out by the blood of Jesus.'"

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preach, and he had told us the moral man out of the church was the worst man that could be, because, I suppose that he proved to the world that a man can be moral without belonging to the church. That discourse proved to me, sir, that the church ought to monopolize all the morals of the world, and the man who would live moral outside of the church, was really robbing it of that which peculiarly belonged to it; as I felt that after all I was denounced as such a wicked man; I was not so much the enemy of God as the moral sinner.

I went that night, and with one sure stroke I plunged the dagger in his breast, and got what little plunder I could; but the next morning it was soon found out, and as I was the worst man in the community, everybody suspected me, and finally, I dropped a word that betrayed me.

"You can infer the rest. I was tried and sentenced to be hung, but Noworks visited me, and told me it was useless for me to expect a reprieve of the Governor, and if he should reprieve me, the outraged community would hang me, etc. I should pass the coil door; that I had better look to the interest of my soul. He then told me about the all cleansing blood of Jesus, and that if my sins were forgiven, I could go to heaven, as pure as the purest angel. Of course, I accepted it, and as a result, I am safe. Had I not committed that murder, I should have been in hell with Squire A. But I sent him to hell in a hurry, that I might be called by virtue of my crime. Glory to God for the plan of salvation!"

But suddenly, as we are talking, Squire A. bids up from the depths of the boot-miss pit, and points his finger at Mr. B, and says:

"Ah, sir, had it not been for you, I should have had an opportunity of standing in your place. But you deprived me of that opportunity and sent me to hell. But so; I had rather be in hell with a clear conscience than to enjoy a heaven which I never earned. Mr. Hull, there's your little girl!"

I look; and Great God! I do see my little girl; she is at the top of the live side of hell, and as she looks up and her eye meets mine, she raises her little hand, dripping with the white-hot flames of hell, she cries in that same pitiable tone I last heard rise from her fever-punctured lips, on earth:

"O my pa! just give me one little drink of water!"

Can I stay in heaven—I who have stoned every day I lived more than my child did in all her life? No, sir; if I can, I am a martyr to suffering. I will sear over the barrier between the two countries, and if my child suffers eternally, it shall be with the consciousness that her father commiserates her sufferings, and that he is a Vicarious Atonement!

Tell you, friends, if you thus enjoy that which your children are deprived of, without staining out hell with your tears, it is because every noble quality has left your soul; and if heaven is to be filled with such demons, I ask to be excluded from their company. Talk about blasphemy! Who ever heard of worse blasphemy against the God of the universe than this idea of a Vicarious Atonement!

Young friends, one word before closing. You are just starting in life; but oh, do not suffer the clergy to persuade you that you have no responsibility. I tell you there is a tribunal in your own hearts, before whom you shall be tried for every act of your lives; and though you had an interest in the blood of a thousand saviors, you cannot escape the penalties of your own crimes. You may run away from earthly tribunals, but you cannot run away from the tribunal of God. You may run away from a Vicarious Atonement!

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A SAD ALTERNATIVE.

In one of the border fens of the Scottish lairds, during the reign of James VI, a young gentleman had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by his hereditary enemy. He was brought into the castle, when the lady of his conqueror inquired of her husband what he intended to do with his captive. "Hang him, dame," said the laird, "as a robber." His lady, who was more considerate, though less humane, advised him to compel the prisoner to marry their youngest daughter, "with the matlie (large) mouth, without any tocher (i. e., without any portion). The laird consented, as the daughter was blessed with so unpropitious an exterior that there was not the least chance of her finding a husband under any other circumstances; and, in fact, when the alternative of such a marriage or death by the gallows was proposed to the prisoner, he was for some time disposed to choose the latter. But when he was strongly to exclaim, in the words of the old song:

"Oh, no," said he, "I'd rather give  
Than to be tied to a woman's crib  
Drive on the cart, bold fellow."

He yielded, at last, to the instinct of self-preservation, and married the daughter of his conqueror; and it is said that she proved to be an excellent and affectionate wife, though the unusual size of the mouth, for which she was distinguished, was supposed to be discernible in her descendants through several generations.

MR. HOME AND THE EMPEROR.

The following evidence given by Mr. Home before the Dialectical Society is of interest:— "He had seen a pencil lifted by a spirit hand write on paper in the presence of the Emperor Napoleon. The took place in a large room, the Balcon Louis Quinze. There is a table in the present. The hand, after writing, went to the Emperor, who knifed it; it then went to the Emperor; she withdrew from the table, and the hand followed her. The Emperor said: 'Do not be frightened, knifed it? She then knifed it.' The Emperor said: 'The writing was an autograph of the Emperor Napoleon I. The Emperor of Russia had also possessed knifed spirit hands, which afterwards would to melt away into thin air.' The Emperor Napoleon has been at a great many of Mr. Home's lectures, and Mr. Home has been at many of the Dialectical Society to state other things which had been observed on those occasions."

Mr. Home said that he did not feel at liberty to state any more than the Emperor was in the habit of telling himself.

To make the entrance easy for request or trial, As well as him who lives by honest means,



