

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

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Original Poetry.

A LYRIC.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

We're on our way across the land
To fairer climes than this,
Led by an ever guiding hand
On to more perfect bliss.

Though mountains in our pathway stand
And trials oft arise,
We're trav'ling to that shining strand
Beyond the vaulted skies.

So let us think and feel and know
That as we pass along,
We draw the chord upon our bow
To dirge or cheerful song.

For this is so, forever so,
Whatever step we take
The harpstrings of our beating hearts
Do lasting echoes make.

Then let us strike that glorious chord
That shall forever tell,
That we upon life's sounding board
Have left a joyous swell!

FACTS FOR THINKERS.

Necessity for an Investigator to Have Correct Views to be Successful—Can We Have More Conclusive Scientific Evidence Than This?—If so, How?—Dr. Slade's Wonderful Slate-Writing.

Two years ago I commenced to investigate the truths and phenomena of what is popularly called Spiritualism. I had no data whatever to commence with, having never been fortunate enough to have witnessed anything like a manifestation of spirit presence or spirit power. Among the social and religious circles in which I had moved, everything that was in the least tinged with the name of Spiritualism was utterly excluded and even anathematized; and our beautiful soul-inspiring and heart-cheering philosophy, which is now so comforting and satisfying to thousands of thirsty souls, had ever been denounced as diabolical in its origin and infernal in its nature—ruinous to its possessor and damnable to the full extent of priestly invective.

Having been carefully instructed in the truths (?) of the Bible both by my parents and teachers, and having been for many years connected with the Methodist and Presbyterian churches as an active member at their prayer meetings and revivals, as well as Superintendent in Sunday School, you can easily judge what obstacles and difficulties I had to encounter in my search after Light and Truth. The pernicious teachings of long years had completely distorted my ideas of what Truth really was; and as a specimen of how much my mind had been vitiated, I had always regarded the contents of the

"HOLY BIBLE" AND ETERNAL TRUTH as synonymous.

After some two years of study and investigation of the contents of the Bible I became completely convinced that it nowhere claimed for itself what priestcraft claims for it, and having once become satisfied that it was no more infallible than any other book and gave no evidence of superhuman origin, I was prepared to investigate in a rational manner. Without the least stain on my moral character or rectitude, I was cited for trial before the Session of the Presbyterian church, where, while no argument I advanced could be answered,

SENTENCE OF EXCOMMUNICATION was passed upon me, and I was declared unfit for communion and fellowship. I was thus fortunately released from delusion and superstitious imposition, and felt that I was then

A FREE MAN,

the happiest feeling I have ever experienced. Your readers can at their leisure examine the arguments which thus changed my convictions in the pamphlet advertised in your columns. "Why I was excommunicated." But while I became convinced, I would urge every one who may read this, never to urge his or her views till conviction comes to the mind, for only unhappiness will follow if a person is not fully persuaded. While a man feels that he is somehow doing wrong in questioning the truths of the widely conflicting statements of the Bible, he cannot but be unhappy, and will, while he adheres to the commonly received opinions of the book, be altogether as much

UNPREPARED FOR INQUIRY into the truths of spirit communion as a man who believes the earth to be flat and stationary would be to study Astronomy.

In indulging in the above remarks I have somewhat digressed. My chief object in this communication is to give you some of the evidences which I have received, which have established in my mind the truth of spirit intercourse. Belief is too serious a matter to rest on an uncertainty. Evidence we must have, and when that evidence changes, it is far from being unmanly to likewise change our opinions. Every one reveres the name of Horace Greeley for his candor and honesty in this respect. And once upon a time

THE WHOLE WORLD SO CHANGED.
All had believed upon the evidence of the sense

of sight that the SUN ROSE and SET; yet when science produced evidence that it did not do so, the said world was not ashamed to change its mind.

Having listened to a dispassionate and logical lecture by Prof. Denton, and knowing many men of good sound judgment and undoubted integrity who, like him, had considered it worth their while to thoroughly investigate this matter of spirit intercourse, I determined to devote my attention at every available opportunity to its investigation. My surprise was somewhat excited and my curiosity aroused by having several

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED

without being opened. In answer to one addressed to my mother through the mediumship of Mr. Flint, New York, whom I had never seen, several names were given which were fully identified and the communication, while not conclusive, gave evidence of some remarkable power by which, at least, the contents of a sealed letter could become known without being opened or interfered with in the least, and a coherent and intelligent answer returned to its contents. This result, while it did not contain such evidence as I wanted, encouraged me to pursue the matter further. This I soon had an excellent opportunity to do.

During last summer I spent some ten weeks in New York City, and had ample time for investigation. I confined my attention to the wonderful manifestations at the rooms of Doctor Henry Slade, as I obtained there at numerous interviews the most

CONCLUSIVE AND UNDOUBTED EVIDENCE,

which left in my mind no doubt of the truth of the glorious fact that dear departed loved ones were still able to communicate with earth friends, and furnishing much more conclusive proof than even the old records of past ages of different countries, or any testimony derived from some other person could give, of the fact of

IMMORTALITY,

of which I had begun to have some serious doubts, without better proof than Paul's illogical illustrations. He tells us that we are fools for thinking that what we sow can live without first dying; while the fact is that it

IS NOT POSSIBLE

for seeds to germinate if they do die. His illustration at best only represents the successive generations of animal life, but are weak arguments for a belief in a future life. Seeds, such as wheat often die, and therefore fail to grow. The metamorphoses of certain animals, such as insects, furnish us with much better illustrations. But none of these could be called

POSITIVE SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE,

such as may be obtained in the presence of Dr. Slade. For I consider the phenomena which can be witnessed in his presence much better and stronger evidence of spirit life and power than science can furnish even of the present existence of remote stars, the light of which was emitted ages ago, and which although apparently visible to the eye, may not now have any existence. Indeed the world is full of examples of matters of the most steadfast and undoubted belief which are not half so well sustained by positive evidences. The chief feature of the Doctor's mediumship and the overwhelming and convincing evidence is contained in the

MYSTERIOUS SLATE WRITING.

To describe this feature of Dr. Slade's mediumship I will simply relate my own experience, assuring your readers that the truthfulness of my statements can be verified by similar experiences on the part of anyone who desires to investigate.

On the occasion of my first visit early in July last, I was then and had been totally unacquainted with Dr. Slade, having never seen him or held correspondence with him. On announcing the object of my visit, we repaired together to his private room. It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the room was perfectly lighted, same as any ordinary room. He first gave me the privilege of minutely examining the small table in the centre of the room as well as all its contents. I was satisfied that

NO OTHER PERSON WAS PRESENT,

and also that there was no possibility of deception. I was also reassured by the Doctor's very kind and indulgent treatment, and convinced of his honesty. We sat down, he at the side, and I at the end of the table. During some fifteen minutes I witnessed nearly all his other physical manifestations. Among other things, my chair with me in it holding my feet clear of the floor, was drawn all about the room by some

which also caused, at the verbal request of the Doctor, all the chairs in the room to approach the table as though each one was to accommodate some person with a seat at the table, and afterwards in like manner to remove them. Objects were picked up and transported in plain daylight, visibly, unsupported, through the air, and handed to me! An accordion which I held firmly by one side upon the top of the table in my right hand, my left being under both the Doctor's hands in the centre of the table, played two stanzas of "Home sweet Home," although I cannot play any musical instrument. But now for the

WONDERFUL SLATE WRITING.

The Doctor asked audibly, "Will the spirits present write some for us?" Immediately a tapping was heard upon the slate and it moved unaided toward me! I took it up and could

very distinctly feel the slight vibrations of the taps as they were applied. Dr. Slade then placed a very small fragment of slate pencil on the surface of the slate which we had cleaned with a sponge, and instructed me to hold it tightly with the fingers of my left hand, pressing it up against the under side of the table, which I first examined. You will understand that the fragment of pencil was small enough to move between the surfaces of the slate and the table-leaf. I did so. I then placed my right hand in the centre of the table and the Doctor placed both his hands, in plain sight, on my right. As soon as the contact was complete between our hands, I could distinctly hear the little piece of pencil moving over the slate as if writing. We exchanged mutual expressions of surprise at so very wonderful and unaccountable an occurrence. Thus far I had given him no information at all of a personal nature. When the noise of the pencil ceased it began tapping briskly and the slate was forcibly moved from under the table as I held it. On removing it, I found to my surprise the words legibly written, "We will try to do so," and signed with my mother's signature, "Jane Barnard." Now, even if Dr. Slade had ever heard the name, which is improbable, as she had never lived in the United States,

WHO DID THE WRITING?

After I had made some statements describing results I had obtained in my private sittings which I commenced in response to instructions in answer to a sealed letter, a rapid tapping came on the slate and I held it again as before, having first erased the former writing. This time the message,

WRITTEN BY UNSEEN HANDS,

was as follows: "Go on, go on, we will soon be able to show you all," and signed as before, "Jane Barnard." I may here state that my mother had been in spirit life for nine years. Some three days afterward, by special invitation from Dr. Slade I visited him again. This time I received the following communication in the same manner. "My Dear Son Henry, you are blessing your loving mother by coming to this city, and you will bless the dear one you are now on your way to see. Tell her the loving angels stand ready to receive her home. Give my love to all. I often go and make William feel my presence; also Annie and Emily. My dear son, do all you can for this truth, and bless your loving mother, Jane Barnard." Subsequent communications were equally satisfactory and convincing. I received some of them on new slates purchased for the purpose, which

NEVER WENT OUT OF MY SIGHT,

and were continually in my grasp! I at length bought a double folding slate with wooden frame, closing like the covers of a book, and fastened together with brass hinges. It was obtained at A. S. Barnes & Co., on William street, and my name written on it to identify it, so that substitution were it possible, could be detected. On this occasion, I put the little grain of pencil inside the slate and both sides were written full while we held both our hands together on the table, neither of us touching the slate, which lay before me in plain sight on the table. The writing continued audibly for about two minutes and when completed

THE RAPS WERE REPEATED

as before. I opened the slate and found the following message which was written while the Doctor and I conversed on other subjects: "My Dear Son Henry—How noble you are in the course you have taken with your brother and sister and friends. Oh, be kind to them and never, never say of them as they say of you. They do not know the beauties of this beautiful truth as yourself. Oh, how can they talk against you as they do. My dear son, your loving mother will never forsake you, for your soul is noble and true to the Laws of God and man. Live pure and true as you have in the past, and as you receive the Light, let it shine for all. Fear not; angels will bless all souls like yours. The day is coming, dear son, when all will see you are in the right. Give them all my warmest love, and tell them I am often with them and know all they say. I am, your loving mother, Jane Barnard." This communication, with the little piece of pencil, I still have in my possession, and take pleasure in showing it to my friends. But most people refuse to believe my most direct and unqualified statements, on the principle of Tom Paine's argument against revelation, that after being revealed to one man, it must be a matter of

TESTIMONY AND VERACITY

to all others. To me it is most convincing. I received tests that left not a shadow of doubt, and which gave me the blessed assurance of Immortality and Future Life. I now have as good evidence of my mother's existence and presence with me as I have of that of my brothers and sisters whose letters I receive by mail. Here is

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE

of the most substantial kind; and until scientific men can demonstrate some other more reasonable and obvious cause, I shall continue to believe in the sense before alluded to that I was in direct and immediate communication with my spirit friends. When another cause is distinctly demonstrated, I am ready to change my belief.

Hoping that I have not already wearied your readers, and monopolized too much of your valuable space, I remain, Fraternally and Truly,
H. BARNARD.

Lock Box 1702, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Twenty-fifth of December the Birth-day of the Saviors.

BY K. GRAVES.

[From "The World's Crucified Saviors," Chapter 9.]

Divested of all explanations, the announcement of the fact that the time or date of the birth of nearly all of the incarnated Gods or Saviors of antiquity, were fixed at the same period; and this period the noted and venerated 25th of December, celebrated all over the christian world as the birthday of Jesus Christ, would sound marvelously strange to every reader. The fact that they should generally occur or be said to occur on the same day, and this day the inauguration of the winter solstice (an important astronomical period), is a circumstance fraught with very important and significant inferences, which will be pointed out and elucidated in the course of this chapter. It is well known the 25th of December is celebrated throughout Christendom as the birth day of the Christian Savior, and when we learn that the same date is assigned as the birth day of many or most of the previously born incarnated Saviors of the Pagans, and was in some instances celebrated in a similar manner, we are at once driven to admit that something more than mere accident must be adduced to account for the coincidence.

It is a circumstance deserving notice that even some Christian writers have admitted this coincidence virtually, as for example: Dr. Lightfoot complained that "the temple of Bethlehem was profaned with the worship of Adonis on the very day the Savior Jesus Christ was born." Now it turned out, as since learned, that that day (the 25th of December) was the anniversary of the birth-day real or traditional, of this Grecian Savior. One author states relative to this matter that, "They kept his birthday with many rejoicings on the 25th of December when the sun begins to return northward after his long winter journey, and they had another festival at the vernal equinox" (Prog. of Rel. Ideas, I. Vol. 272) This latter festival was in honor of his resurrection—the death and resurrection of several of the Saviors dating near the vernal equinox at the time of the resurrection or opening of spring, in other words the period of the sun's rising or resurrecting out of a dreary dark and death-like winter into the universal life and cheerfulness of spring, by which it entered into the Zodiacal sign of the Lamb—the lamb being marked in our almanacs as the sign of spring, when the ravages of winter are arrested and banished from certain portions of the earth, and that it is virtually or figuratively, "the lamb of God taking away the sins of the (or evils) world" (see John 1:29th).

The Hindoo sacred books tell us that their Lord and Savior Sakia was born towards the last of the month Savana, which is found to be our month of December. In the case of Christna, the eighth divine Savior of India, however, the matter is not left so indefinite, but it is calculated with the greatest minuteness to have taken place at midnight on the fourth day of the week, the 25th of December, and this statement is corroborated by a Christian writer who tells us that "on the 25th of December the people of India decorated their houses with garlands and gilt paper and universally made presents to friends and relations." The time of the birth of several of the Saviors being represented as occurring about midnight, is, of course, owing to its being based on the solstitial epoch which always commences about midnight. We are told that Caesar with the aid of a Chaldean astronomer (Sasinger), a native of Egypt, calculated the exact time of the commencement of the winter solstice to be the 25th of December, half past one o'clock A. M., and here we may state that Mr. Sharon Turner in his "History of the Anglo Saxons" (Vol. 2, Chap. 4) tells us that the Anglo Saxon year began on the 25th of December, and in all Europe up to the 10th century the year began at that time, and that the night previous was called Modreneh, which means Mother-night, it being the virgin mother of the new year, and was celebrated with religious ceremonies as Christians now celebrate it as being the birth day of their Savior.

The ancient Druids kept the night previous to the 25th of December with a great festival, and called the day following Christmas, Nollagh or Noel (Day of Regeneration), and Noels is a French term or name for Christmas. The place chosen by the Druids for celebrating this sacred day was the tops of the highest mountains. ("Mountains of the Lord," as all nations claimed to have such lofty abodes for Deity including the Jews and Christians). The festival or celebration was repeated on the 12th night, which would be the eighth of January marked in our almanacs as the Epiphany, and Druidical monuments of these events may now be seen in ancient Britain. Here we may mention that Jao Wapaul, the Savior or crucified God of that country, is declared in the sacred history of that country to have been born on the 25th of December, and we are told that Osiris of Egypt was born "five days before the end of his countrymen's year," which, it will be seen at once, was the venerated 25th of December. Other writers, however, fix his birth at the vernal equinox, and that of the God Horus at the winter solstice; hence we are informed that the 25th of December was a festival in honor of the birth-day of the Chinese Savior. Chang-ti, we also find associated with the world renowned time-hallowed 25th of December, and Confucius, we are told, established a solemn offering at the winter solstice in honor of the birth-day of this widely worshipped, sin-atoning Savior, on which occasion animals which had been fattened for the purpose were brought out and sacrificed, and all the shops and work-houses and the courts

by virtue of a royal decree, were closed, and all persons were interdicted from commencing a long journey during these hallowed periods; and several kind of animals previously kept in the park and fattened for the purpose, were offered as sacrifice on these solemn occasions. Moreover, one of their first Emperors (Foh) we learn from the same source, established festivals at both solstices and both equinoctial periods—the 25th of December was regarded, if not celebrated, as the natal period of "our Lord and Savior," (Chris. of Chaldea, also M. Higgins remarks, "Chris was the being to whom astrologers came on the 25th of December to make their solemn offerings at the temple of Ceres where Adonis or Adonai was worshipped. The Egyptian Savior, son of the virgin Isis, who according to Brutusthones represented the God of Day, while Ceres or Isis was symbolical of the year.

It appears that this Savior—son of this "Holy Virgin" (as Ceres was called), known as Osiris, had more than usual honors shown him on his birth-day which some writers set down as the 25th of December. Plutarch reports a voice as being heard on this occasion singing, "On this day is born the Supreme Lord of the Universe." In Greece as noted by several historians, the birth of a Savior was anciently celebrated on the 25th of December in pantomime, and in the mysteries of ancient Persia we are told the winter solstice was celebrated in honor of a God or Savior in solemn pantomime at a very ancient period of time. It is a significant fact that the Persian's Mithra or "Mithras the Mediator," as he was commonly called by his disciples, who was reputedly born on the 25th of December, was looked upon as a symbol or an image of the Sun. He was born as one writer expresses it, "At the winter solstice at midnight, as may be seen represented in the ancient calendars which fixed it the same day and date." Another author remarks, "On this day, (the 25th of Dec.) at the moment of its commencement the followers of Mithra began to celebrate the birth of this God, who was born in a grotto or cave (as the uncanonical gospels declare Jesus was); and this statement relative to Jesus does not disagree with the canonical gospel which tell us he was born in a stable or manger, for caves were frequently used for stables and dwellings also, and in many cases families and their domestic animals dwelt promiscuously in these subterranean abodes." That popular modern Christian writer, Mr. Fleetwood, whose work is a standard authority in every Christian library, tells us "the Greek authors generally agree that the place of Christ's birth was in a cavern," (see "Fleetwoods Life of Christ" 568), and with this verdict, Mr. Fleetwood, seems to concur, so the matter may be considered as settled that Christian tradition assigns Christ's birth to a cave; and the same writer remarks with respect to the time of Christ's birth that it was commonly believed that the virgin brought forth Jesus the night after her arrival at Bethlehem, on the 25th of December,—(Ibid 568), so it may be set down as a Christian tenet that Christ was born in a cave on the 25th of December. Now Jerome and Tertullian both inform us that "The Gentile world" were in the habit of meeting in a cave on the 25th of December to "glorify" the birth of the God-Sol, the God of Day (the Sun). Another writer tells us that the old Romans never failed to meet on this day (25th of December) to celebrate the feast of Brumalia, given and gotten up in honor of the solar Deity (God of Day). "Dies natalis invicti solis." (The birth-day of the invincible Sun.) Here it will be observed that the birth-day of the "Son of God" (Christ Jesus), and the birth-day of the natural Sun—the imaginary solar God of the idolaters are the same. Will the Christian reader here explain this coincidence in a way that will ward off all suspicion that the Christian world has drawn pretty largely from the fountains of tradition and idolatry when making up their religious system as we must—bearing in mind the tradition appertaining to the natural sun forms much the older chapter in history.

We have other cases similar to the above. Both Bacchus, of Egypt, and Bacchus of Greece, according to the record of several historians, made their earthly advent or ingress into the world at the winter solstice, and were both symbols, types or representatives of the Sun. Of the former it is remarked that "Bacchus as 'twice-born' was represented at the winter solstice as a little child born five days before the end of the year." At his birth a blaze of light shone round his cradle. Speaking of the Grecian Bacchus, a writer uses the following language, "On the 25th of December a festival in honor of Bacchus was held to commemorate the return of the Sun from the winter solstice, to revivify the vineyards and give flavor to the wines." In later times when many ceremonies were introduced into Rome, the day was held as a festival in honor of Mithras, their spirit of the Sun. (Prog. of Rel. Ideas I. Vol. 313.) "The birth-day of Bacchus of Greece, says Mr. Higgins, 'was called Sabazius or Saboth.' We read of the Lord of Saboth in James 5:4, he was born of a virgin on the 25th of December. He performed great miracles for the good of mankind, particularly that of changing water into wine" (see Anacal 2 vol. 102) as Christ is represented to have done, (see John 4:46) and somewhat similar histories are furnished of other sin atoning Saviors who figured in both these countries many ages before the birth of a Savior was announced in Bethlehem. The Rev. Mr. Barret tells us that "It was once common for the women in Rome to perambulate the streets singing on every recurrence of the consecrated 25th of December, 'unto us a child is born.' The astronomical solstitial 25th of December, it will then be observed, was a favorite birth-day for the incarnated Gods, Saviors, Sons of God etc., of all

[Continued on fifth page.]

New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received, and papers and leading Spiritual publications furnished, at the New York Magnetic Cure, No. 5, Clinton Place, New York.

HELL.

On Sunday evening Mr. Forster's lecture was eloquent, and his array of facts overwhelming to show that the words in the Bible, such as *Sheol, Gehenna, Hades and Tartarus* were twisted from their true meaning by the Creedists to mean Hell, or a place of eternal torture. He showed how the orthodox people had translated these words Hell except when they were actually forced to translate them *grace*, and that they seemed to be determined to have somebody damned, fearing that religion would sink if they did not. The space of the JOURNAL being crowded, I will quote only a portion of the brilliant effort.

My text is Psalm 9: 17. "The wicked shall be turned into Hell with all the nations that forget God."

The doctrine of a future state, according to the orthodox interpretation, is so intensely horrible that every good man should revolt at it. It darkens the otherwise beautiful world; is black as a midnight sky; horrible as the hiss of monstrous serpents; desolating as the burning lava; the foulest perversion of the character of God and man that is possible to the human mind, making the one a Devil and the other a fiend. It should be blotted from humanity. Has nature that formed this earth so beautiful, gave to the birds their happy home and to the beasts their freedom, inflicted upon man slavery and misery?

In the Old Testament, containing 39 books, 929 chapters, and over 23,000 verses, the word translated Hell is used only 32 times while Jehovah is used 7,000 times and heaven 500 times. Some of our modern preachers would use the word Hell forty times, while they used the word Jehovah once. The 13 epistles of St. Paul and several other books of the New Testament, do not use the word Hell once.

* * * * *

Spiritualism more than any other system, holds man responsible for all acts, teaches that there is no forgiveness for sin, and no placing it upon any one else. Man is under a law as inflexible as God himself, the law of cause and effect. All wrong doing punishes itself. If you place your hand in the fire it will burn, because you have violated a physical law. If you violate moral laws, you suffer the penalties but not in Hell fire, or through a Devil. All evil is relative. There is no such thing as absolute evil. What room is there for a Devil or a Hell in a universe filled with God's loving presence? Is it not much better for man to seek good and heaven for their own sake and not try to drive men by fear? The grand idea that God is love, and nothing else, will crush the ecclesiastical establishments. Spiritualists are better able to stand above than anybody else, if true to their grand principles. We take it with all its defects. All systems have their drawbacks. Christianity has had great drawbacks. Shall Spiritualism be put down because there are Peters and Judases? Did you ever know a cause grand enough to make a martyr that did not have fanatics? Love and individual kindness is one of the most pointed injunctions of the angels. Heaven itself rejoices when human love blesses humanity. Spiritualists one and all remember your duties and your high and glorious destiny!

DR. SLADE,

a few days since I called upon Dr. Slade, 210 W. 43d st., N. Y., accompanied by a very skeptical physician. When he saw a chair come dashing up to the table *alone*, and the accordion play of itself, and hands make their appearance that belonged to no mortal body, and the table lifted up and held firmly by an unseen power, he opened his eyes and admitted that it was the most wonderful thing he ever saw. What capped the climax, however, was the fact that the little pencil lying on the table under the slate two feet from any of us, was heard writing, and would stop the instant Dr. Slade broke the circle by lifting his finger and commence immediately as his finger came down again. When we lifted up the slate which we had laid down perfectly blank, we found it full of writing, excellently done and very appropriate. At the bottom, a French sentence was written in another hand writing as follows:

"C'est une maladie d'esprit que de souhaiter des choses impossibles."—L. V. L.

Dr. Slade who is unacquainted with French, received and gave by inspiration a correct translation of the passage as follows:

"It is a disease of the mind to sigh for impossible things."

My skeptical friend saw that it was a skillfully aimed rebuke of himself, and accepted the justice of it. Dr. Slade is giving a good deal of time and money for the benefit of the Lyceum and other benevolent objects, a good example for other eminent and prosperous mediums. A Rev. Mr. Lamb has written a letter to the *Herald* stating that *these wonderful things can not be really done in Dr. Slade's presence, as they would be miracles, and miracles are impossible now-a-days!* Innocent Lamb! Like too many ecclesiastics that persecute Spiritualism, he is innocent of all knowledge of the subject, or of the logical acumen to digest the knowledge even if he had it.

THE MATERIALIZATION OF SPIRIT.

A Mr. A. A. Thurbee, has handed me an account of a public circle held by H. C. Gordon, 406, 4th Ave., N. Y., in which some spirits materialized themselves, and showed themselves separate from the medium, and then vanished. Others affirm the same thing. Not having seen this done, I of course can not vouch for it of my own personal knowledge.

A HINT TO MAGNETIC PHYSICIANS.

In our magnetic cure, we adopt the plan, in all difficult cases especially, of having both the male and female physician manipulate the same person at the same time. When two that can harmonize thus work together, it affords the following great advantage:

1st. It gives a far more powerful battery of vital magnetism than one person can give, and makes the cure more rapid. Thus Mrs. Towne being the negative principle, takes the upper and more positive portion of the system, while I having the warm positive principle, take the feet and more negative portions.

2nd. Where one magnetizer can not communicate to the patient the elements wanted, the other generally can, so that thus far we have found no case which we can not cure or relieve.

3rd. It prevents scandal, which is too common among progressive as well as the old school physicians.

4th. A treatment can be given in a shorter time, and the case cured much sooner. If any one should be so selfish as to wish to have his patients on hand a long time before a cure is effected, so as to get more pay, he should remember that it injures the cause, and he will not be nearly so apt to get other patients in their place.

I trust many brother physicians of Chicago

and other cities will try the experiment. I shall be happy to receive any descriptions of new and improved methods of healing from magnetic physicians. We are inaugurating a great movement for the relief of suffering humanity. That wonderful power over chemical forces possessed by the invisible agencies by which they can disintegrate solid rings of steel, as in the case of Reed and others, or enable persons to walk barefooted among live coals of fire unhurt, as proved by several well-established instances, also enables them to control through healing mediums some of the most inveterate diseases hitherto supposed to be entirely incurable.

On the Connection of Christianity with Solar Worship.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. DUPUIS.]

[CONTINUED FROM NUMBER 12 OF THE JOURNAL.]

[The series of articles we are now publishing under this head are taken from the *Medium and Daybreak*, an English publication. They are of especial interest, and should be preserved by every student of the Harmonical Philosophy.]

Now this symbolic sign is the Ram, which the Persians call the Lamb. Then the principle of Light, the repaire, must be designed by the Lamb of the constellations, as the principle of darkness and evil has been by the Serpent of the constellations, and that for the same mystical and allegorical reasons. Thus the Sun of Spring must have been indicated by the Ram or the Lamb, as the genius of Autumn was by the Serpent. Consequently, he was so. To represent the vivifying heat which warms the universe, according to Abneph, the ancients depicted the ram. Then the Egyptian god Ammon, or the Jupiter with ram's horns, is but the Sun of Spring; this accords with the testimony of Marianus Capella, in his hymn to the Sun, who pretends that the God Lamb or Ram is but the Sun. Then, if Christ is, as we have proved him to be, the God Sun, Christ at the moment of his triumph and of the reparation would be, as the Sun, designed by the symbolic Lamb. This mystical form is necessary to his triumph over the Prince of Darkness and the works of the Serpent. Now, this form he really has. He is only designated in the Scriptures by the mystic name of the restoring Lamb. His mysteries are those of the Lamb without spot; nature is restored by the blood of the Lamb. Everywhere we are presented with the blood of the Lamb which takes away the sins of the world. When the mystic bread is presented to the people which is said to contain Christ, the priest says to the communicant, "Behold the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world." *Eccce Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi.* He is called the Lamb who has been slain from the beginning of the world: *Agnus occisus ab origine mundi.* The faithful are called in the Apocalypse the companions of the Lamb.

In the Apocalypse we find the representation of the slain Lamb placed on his throne with four animals placed before it—a lion, a bull, a man and an eagle—who act as his attendants, and who are placed in the same celestial vault at the four cardinal points of the sphere. The twenty-four elders prostrate themselves before the Lamb.

It is the slain Lamb that is worthy to receive all power, divinity, wisdom, strength, honor, glory, and blessing.

All creatures unite to bless him who sits on the throne of the Lamb, to whom are due blessing, honor, glory and power for ever and ever.

All the nations of the world are represented before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and having palm branches in their hands; and they sing with a loud voice, "Glory to our God who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb." All who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb are before the throne of God, and shall be day and night in his temple; they shall have no wants thereafter. The Lamb who is on the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall lead them to fountains of living water. We are presented with the spectacle of the Lamb standing on Mount Zion, and twelve times twelve thousand persons who have his name and the name of his father written upon their foreheads. They are destined to follow the Lamb wherever he goes; they are consecrated to God and the Lamb as first fruits.

The conquerors of the Dragon sing the song of the Lamb. The enemies of the Lamb are struck to the ground. He triumphs over them because he is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. We find elsewhere a crowd of the initiated celebrating the festival of Hilaria; they sing Hallelujah in honor of the Lamb, the time of whose nuptials is come; happy are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Lastly, we see the enemy of the Lamb—the great Serpent, cast down into hell, and all the hosts whom he led against the Celestial City destroyed. Nature renews herself, and there is shown to the initiated the spectacle of the Lamb and of the blessed city into which initiation transports his friends. It is divided like the physical heaven into twelve stations, of which the chief is, as in the zodiac, the Lamb, under the sign of which the principle light re-establishes the harmony of the universe. It is divided into groups of three, as are the signs and seasons. The twelve tutelary Genii of the signs preside there under the name of the Apostles of the Lamb. The foundations of the wall formed of the same precious stones as those which were to be seen on the breastplate of the High Priest, and which, according to the explanation which Josephus, Philo, and Clement of Alexandria, give of them, denote the twelve signs of the zodiac. They are the same, and are arranged in the same order as the precious stones by which the Arab astrologers indicate the twelve houses of the Sun, as may be seen in Kirker.

The Lamb is the temple and the light which enlightens this city. Only they are admitted into it whose names are written in the book of life of the Lamb; they only who are initiated in the mysteries of Light victorious under the Lamb.

Again, we see the river of time, which, as a river of transparent water, flows from the throne of the Lamb, and on the banks of which is planted the tree of life, which bears twelve kinds of fruit, one for each month of the year. There will be no more curse, because the throne of God and of the Lamb will be there, and his servants will bear his name written on their foreheads. Happy they who wash their garments in the blood of the Lamb, in order that they may claim the tree of life.

We see how many times in this work on initiation the name of the Lamb is repeated; we see that he is the head of the whole initiation, the symbol under which is revered the governor of the universe, the conqueror of the Dragon, he whose coming for the renewing of all things was waited for on Easter night, and he who was to transport into the world of light his faithful chosen. For this Lamb has, with reason, always been regarded as the symbolic image of the Restorer, whose birth was celebrated on the 25th of December, at the Winter solstice, the day of the birth of the Sun.

It is to be observed that the symbolic type of

the Sun, as Restorer, or of the first sign, in which the Sun had his exaltation and gained the victory over the darkness, has been carefully preserved in the religion of Christians, and that to name Christ or the Lamb is the same thing, when it is wished to denote the Restorer. It follows, then, that the mysteries of Christ are the mysteries of the Lamb, and that the mysteries of the Lamb are mysteries of the same nature as those of the Mithriatic Bull, to which they succeeded in consequence of the precession of the equinoxes, which substituted for the slain Bull the slain Lamb. We refer these mysteries to the Mithriatic initiation, because it is by the Persians only that this sign is called the Lamb; other nations call it the Ram. Thus the same Religion of Zoroaster which has given us the key of Genesis and the explanation of the enigma of the destroying Serpent, that which has explained to us the symbolic figure of the Virgin and her child, is also that which gives us the explanation of the mysteries of the Lamb or the Sun triumphant over the darkness at the Vernal equinox under *Aries*. This accordance confirms all our explanations, since in all particulars we derive our information from the theology of Zoroaster, from which the Jewish and Christian religions are an emanation. Care was taken to perpetuate among the Christians the type and symbolic name of the Lamb, because it was the watchword, the character and the zeal of this initiation society, who called themselves the disciples of the Lamb and the associates of the initiation of the Lamb; therefore, this was the sign or seal with which all the initiated were marked. It was the symbolic attribute by which they recognized their fraternity, as the Freemasons have their characteristic attributes and the common symbols of their association. From hence arose the usage which prevailed in the primitive church of giving to the newly initiated or newly baptized the seal of the Lamb, or an impression on wax representing the Lamb. The Christians of this period caused their children to wear round their neck, in the manner of a medal, the symbolic image of the Lamb.

No other representation of Christ was then known than the figure of the Lamb; sometimes united to a vase into which the blood of the slain Lamb flowed, sometimes at the foot of a cross, as may be seen in an ancient monument printed in Casalius.

This custom of exposing the symbolic Lamb to the veneration of the people subsisted until the year 1680, under the pontificate of Pope Agathon, and under the Emperor Constantine Pogonat.

It was ordained at the sixth Synod of Constantinople that in places of the figure of the Lamb, the only symbol which had been used until, then a representation of a man attached to a cross should be substituted, which was confirmed by Adrian the First.

The Pope Adrian the First, at the seventh Council, in his Epistle to Tarasius, Bishop of Constantinople, approves of the representation of Christ under the form of a man attached to a cross, and adopts it.

All our churches still picture Christ under this image. It cannot be doubted, therefore, that the form of the Lamb, or of the sign of the exaltation of the Sun and his passage to the empire of light, have been intended, by a usage as ancient as universal, to designate Christ in his exaltation and his triumph over the powers of darkness, at the moment in which he repairs all the evil which the old Serpent had introduced at Autumn into nature. It is not difficult to perceive that this symbol is not arbitrary; that it proceeds from the very nature of the religion of the Sun, and that Christians were not at liberty to take any other. Christ or the Sun, designated at the moment of his birth by the name of Son of the Celestial Virgin, would be known in his triumph by the name and form of the same sign in which he happened to be at the moment of this triumph, that is to say, by the equinoctial Lamb, which contrasts, by its position in the heavens and by its influences, perpetually with the Serpent of darkness, placed at the opposite part of the sky and at the boundary of darkness and of the evils of nature, as the Lamb is at the commencement of the reign of good and of light. It was at these two points, *Aries* and *Libra*—the Lamb and the Balance—that astrologers fixed the exaltation of light and its degradation. "The Sun," say they, "arrives at his exaltation in *Aries*, and falls to his degradation or depression under the Balance." All ancient astrologers had fixed at these points the beginning of the empire of day over night, and of night over day. Likewise the worshippers of the Sun and the other planets, who had fixed the holding of the celebrations which were consecrated to them under the sign in which each of these stars was in its exaltation, had fixed the grand solemnity of the God Sun at the sign *Aries*, the place of his exaltation.

This word exaltation employed in ancient astrology by the worshippers of the Sun has been preserved by the fathers of the Church, who have called the resurrection of Christ by its true name and by the original expression—that is to say, have called it his exaltation. Saint Athanasius has made use of it, and he explains by the word resurrection the expression of Saint Paul, *exaltavit illum Deus*. He regards these two words, resurrection and exaltation, as synonymous in Scripture, and pretends that they apply to the resurrection of Christ from the dead and his issue from the tomb.

The exaltation of the Sun was only placed by the astrologers in *Aries*, and his depression in *Libra*, because he elevates himself in the one above the reign of darkness and the inferior signs, and in the other descends towards the pole, low and invisible, near which was placed the inferior part of the world. At these two periods of the year the celebration of all the ancient mysteries was fixed. The Emperor Julian gives us the reason for this; it is, he says, because the approach of the Sun (the God Savior who raises us towards him) was then welcomed; and that, subsequently, people lamented his absence, and prayed to the Divinity to preserve man from the malignity of darkness. It was particularly on the occasion of the famous festival of Spring, the Hilaries in honor of the exaltation of the God Atys, that Julian tells us that the Sun of Spring has the power of attracting virtuous souls towards himself. This gives us the explanation of the following passage of the Gospel:—*Cum exaltatus fuero a terra, omnia traham mecum* (When I shall be lifted up from the earth I will draw all things with me). These words present to us a sense clear and precise when we know that the mystics of the solar religion attributed to the Sun in the Lamb, the power of attracting to himself the souls of the initiated and of transporting them to the abode of light. This mystic idea is the foundation of the whole Apocalypse. The Brahmins say that the just pass into the paradise of Brahma, attracted by the rays of the Sun when this star directs its course towards the North. The grand celebration of the Persians still at the present day is that of the Neuros, or New Year, in which the entry of the Sun into the Lamb is celebrated. The commencement of the year was fixed, it is said, at this moment by Giemschid, because it was on this day that light and movement were given to the universe. The sense of this tradition may be easily understood, as it is nothing but the expression of the phenomena, which are re-

newed every year when the Sun repasses into our hemisphere to put in play all the restoratives of life in the sublunary world, and the empire of his empire over night. The Persians celebrate the return of the Sun to the equinoctial point formerly the Lamb with the greatest pomp. In their ceremonial they sing of the famous Lamb that gives to nature a new life. They represent the august messenger, the blessed of God, and who comes to bring the new year, and with it renew all nature. Proclus, in his commentary on Timæus, says the same thing. He regards the Ram as the principle and the commencement of generation, and he adds that from thence arose the worship that the Egyptians paid to it, and consequently other people with whom this effect was much more sensible. The Emperor Julian in his hymn to the Sun affirms that this star, at his annual return to the Lamb, calls all beings to generation. Further on he examines the reasons which have caused the commencement of the year to be fixed at the Vernal equinox, at which period it was fixed by the Persians, and also by the French; and he remarks that they were invited to do so by nature herself, who then causes to develop themselves all the most precious gifts of her fruitful bosom. The sea becomes navigable; the severe cold of winter is driven away; the earth covers herself with verdure; the meadows are enameled with flowers. Hence are derived in our religious traditions the ideas of primitive creation, of reparation, of second coming, in which there is to be established a new order of things, of which the epoch is fixed at the famous celebration of the passage into the Lamb, or the entry of the Sun into *Aries*, as we have already seen in Cadrenus, St. Cyrille, Abulfarage, in the Chronicle of Alexandria, by the testimony of the Rabbis and the Persians, etc. Everything commenced from the Vernal equinox, or *Aries*; everything became renewed under *Aries*; the new order of things was re-established under it; in a word, the Sun in this sign was the head of all the celestial harmony, the repaire of all things, and the great God of nature. Such also is the Lamb in the Apocalypse; such is Christ the Lamb, the repaire of the evil of the world, in the religious system of Christians. The Lamb, otherwise called Christ, performs in this absolutely the same character as the sign of the exaltation of the Sun—that which causes him to re-enter into his luminous empire.

Christ has then, as we have seen, all the characters of the Lamb, and the Lamb itself is only employed as the principal symbol of his divinity, on account of the imposing part which he acts in the heavens and on earth; in the heavens, by his position; on the earth, by his influence. Behold, then, Christ absolutely identified with the Sun by the form under which he triumphs, as he is by the very epoch of time when this triumph commences, and also by the form and nature of the enemy over whom Christ, or the Sun, is considered to triumph. It now remains for us to consider him in his death, which precedes this triumph; in his descent into hell; and lastly, to show that nothing has been said of him that has not been said of the Sun in all the old religions; and that again, under this point of view, Christ is only treated like the Sun.

The ancient nations of the East have worshipped the Sun under different names, such as those of Adonis, Osiris, Bacchus, Atys, Mithra, &c., as we see in the hymn of Marianus Capella to the Sun, who pretends that under these different names the Sun was the sole god whom these different nations worshipped. "The inhabitants of Latium call thee Sun," says the author of this superb hymn; "the Greeks name thee Phebus, others Bacchus; the inhabitants of the banks of the Nile name thee Serapis; those of Memphis call thee Osiris; the Persians call thee Mithra. Thou art Atys in Phrygia, Ammon in Lybia, Adonis in Phenicia; thus the whole world adores thee under a great number of different names." Macrobius, in his learned work on Saturnalia, makes it clear that all these names of Apollo, Bacchus, Adonis, Atys, Osiris, Hurus, &c., are but different denominations of the Sun used by different nations, and reduces all the ancient theology to the worship of the Sun. Our preceding explanations have placed the reader in a position to judge of the truth of his assertion. The hymns attributed to Orpheus, and the verses of the oracle of Claros, equally agree in recognizing the Sun under this diversity of names and forms which this single god takes in the old religions. The superb discourse which the Emperor Julian addresses to the Sun is absolutely founded on the same theological principles; he also sees in him Osiris, Bacchus, Atys, etc. Not only theologians, but even historians, who have transmitted to us fables about the Sun under title of the adventures of a prince, a hero, a conqueror, acknowledge that under these names the Sun was worshiped, which is admitting indirectly that they are but fictitious histories and allegorical adventures of the star of day, for he can experience no others. Eusebius in his evangelic preparation, Plutarch in his treatise on Isis and Osiris, Diodorus of Sicily, Diogenes Laertius, Suidas, Cheremon, Abnephis, an Arabian author, and, in general, all the Greek and Latin historians or others who have spoken of the Osiris of the Egyptians, agree in saying that it was the Sun whom the Egyptians worshipped under this name, and we have had no difficulty in proving it by the adventures of this god or pretended prince; but the universal avowal of all the ancients is sufficient for us here. Nevertheless, these same men who tell us that Egypt honored the Sun in Osiris, do not scruple to relate to us the history of Osiris as if he had been a man who had reigned over Egypt. They describe to us his benefits, the misfortunes and contradictions which he experienced; his death even; and lastly, his resurrection. We see at a single glance that a history of the Sun, whatever descriptions he may be characterized, can only be a fiction and a sacred allegory imagined by the priests of the Sun, who caused their god to be born and to die in order then to sing his return to life. We have seen that these histories, sufficiently different in their details by reason of the different legends from which they were drawn, whether from Diodorus, Plutarch, or Synesius, who is the author of his story, all equally agree in one principal point—that is to say, in the obstacles Osiris met with in doing the good he wished to effect. These obstacles were Typhon, his rival and brother, and the death which he received at the hand of his enemy, who cut him to pieces and shut him up in a dark box, from whence, subsequently, Osiris issues forth living and victorious. Isis, his wife, seeks after him, re-assembles the scattered remains of his body, and from the tomb in which she has placed them together she sees her husband issue forth all radiant. This fact can not be real; it is then a fiction; and as this husband is the Sun, it must be an allegory on his pretended death and resurrection. We will now consider the chief features of this fiction, of which we are about to give our readers an explanation.

Osiris was painted with the horns of the Mithriatic Bull, as Bacchus, with whom Herodotus and all the ancients confound him; then he is the same divinity as the Mithriatic Bull, to which the Sun is always united. Now, the Mithriatic Bull has for an enemy the celestial Scorpion, or the opposite sign answering to Autumn at the ancient epoch. The Osiris ought to have the same enemy, which he real-

ly has. The Egyptian planisphere printed by Kirker painted Typhon with serpent-shaped feet and hands, in the sign of the Scorpion, in which the serpents of Autumn ascend above the horizon. This is said to be his domain—that is to say, the sign under which the Sun passed when he entered into the domain of darkness figured by Ahirman in Persia and by Typhon in Egypt, or descended to the inferior signs, leaving the universe abandoned the assaults of the dark power, to use the expression of Julian. It must be observed that reference is here made to the epoch in which the Scorpion and the Bull occupied the two equinoxes, as in the Mithriatic monument, which goes back to more than two thousand four hundred years before the Christian era. It was then not under the Balance but under the Scorpion that the God Light fell to an inferior condition, as he regained his empire not under the form of the Lamb but with that of the Bull, which Osiris and Bacchus both had. Therefore Plutarch, in his treatise on Isis and Osiris, fixes the death of Osiris and the triumph of the dark Typhon at the passage of the Sun into the stars of the Scorpion. He depicts to us the ceremonies of mourning to which this death gave occasion, and tell us clearly that they had for their cause the degradation of nature at this period of the year, the despoiling of the earth of all her ornament, and particularly the defeat of the God Light, who succumbed then to the empire of night. He adds, that there might be found in Greece similar lugubrious ceremonials fixed at the same annual epoch and instituted for the same object—that is to say, to express the mourning of nature at the departure of the Sun when he sank down towards the southern regions, the abode of hell, or the inferior hemisphere of the world. They then conducted in ceremony the equinoctial Bull, of which Osiris took the form at Spring; but he was then, like nature, covered with a dark veil and in mournful apparel. Macrobius indicates the same reason for these ceremonies of mourning, which must be the true one, as it is founded in nature. Isis gives burial to the fragments of her husband, whose body had been divided into fourteen parts; tombs are built for him in different cities of Egypt; around each tomb are placed three hundred and sixty urns, as many as there are days in the year, without reckoning the intercalary ones, or the same number of degrees as there are in the zodiac, which Osiris passes through. Isis makes an image of him in wax, the worship of which is confided to priests. But subsequently Osiris returns from hell to the assistance of Light, or of Horus, his son; he teaches him how to triumph over Typhon, their enemy, and assures him the victory over the Serpent who fought for Typhon. Osiris himself had not been a long time lost. After having lamented him as dead, the priests chanted his return. They celebrated Osiris reformed with as much pomp as they celebrated his birth, which they announced to be that of the Lord of the world.

We have given only a summary of the life of Osiris, and have put together only the characters which he has in common with Bacchus, Adonis, Christ, etc.—in short, the characters which pertain to the death and resurrection of the God Sun. We have no need here of more than this summary, the mystic history of Osiris having been developed in its details elsewhere much more at length. Several fathers of the church and Christian writers often speak of these ceremonies established in honor of Osiris, dead and brought back to life, and make a parallel of him with their Christ. St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, Theophilus, Athanasior, Minutius Felix, Lactantius, Julius Firmicus, all the Pagan and Christian authors who have spoken of Osiris or of the God Sun, adorned under this name in Egypt, agree in representing to us the mourning of Egypt at his death, a mourning which was renewed year by year. They describe to us the ceremonies which were practiced at his burial, the tombs which were consecrated to him in different places, the tears which were shed during several days, and subsequently the joyful festivities which succeeded to this sadness at the moment at which it was announced that Osiris had been reformed and had arisen from the dead. Herodotus and Athenagoras speak of the representation of the Passion of Osiris, which the Egyptians called the mysteries of night.

In our notes are to be found an abridgment of these different passages, of which we present here only the result. This result is, that the Sun was adored in Egypt from the most remote antiquity under the name of Osiris, and that his birth was celebrated, his life was written, his benefits were chanted, his death lamented during several days over his tomb, and that then was celebrated his return to life. Now, nothing of all this is applicable to the Sun, strictly speaking; to the Sun, which neither is born nor dies; which proves that all this history is allegorical. This death, this tomb, this resurrection, are but mystic fictions common to all religions, such as that of Christ, having for their object the worship of the Sun. The same story will have to be told of Bacchus, whom Herodotus, Plutarch, Macrobius, and all the ancient writers confound with Osiris, and consequently with the Sun. Bacchus, then, is born, dies, descends into hell, and comes to life again like Christ. Bacchus dies like Osiris; he is like him cut to pieces by the Giants, and afterwards is restored to life. Such was the doctrine that was taught in the mysteries of the Sun under the name of Bacchus; in whom theologians recognize the intelligence or the Word of Divinity, in so far as it is united with matter, and so to say, incorporated with it, until it is subsequently returned to the one and eternal principle from the bosom of whom it descended; an idea which goes almost as far as that of the incarnate Word of Christians, which is put to death, comes to life again, and returns to the bosom of the Father. Plutarch himself recognizes that what is practiced in Greece in the celebrations of Bacchus, called *Titanis*, and *celebrations of perfect night*, agrees entirely with the tearing to pieces of Osiris, and with his return to life. Amobius and Pausanias also speak of the death of Bacchus, cut to pieces by the Titans. The first says that people confounded him with the Sun or with Apollo; and we have proved in our article on Bacchus, that this god was really the Sun. Some authors have stated that the Bacchus son of Ceres, or of the goddess whose name had been given to the Celestial Virgin, was cut to pieces by the Giants, who had caused his limbs to be cooked in a boiler, but that his mother had put them together again, and that he rose out of the boiler alive and in full vigor. These stories show how the genius of mystagogs has varied the adventures of the God Light, whose some way was cooked in a boiler, others attached to a cross, and others shut up in a box, and whom all make to come back to life. In other mysteries he was supposed to be lost only. The women, in tears sought after him and after a time ended their researches in singing the return of the god to the society of the Muses, or the Intelligences who presided over the harmony of the spheres. Plutarch, in his treatise on the inscription of Delphi, discusses these theological questions on the death and dismemberment of the Divinity, who nevertheless, by his essence, is indivisible and immortal. He cites as an example the

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Arts and Sciences.

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The Divine Pyramider, Zoroaster, Confucius, Christ and other Religious Teachers.

As to Hermes, Mercurius, Trismagistus, who probably led among the illustrious Kings of Egypt, and to whom is attributed the authorship of the divine Pyramider, little is known, save that which comes to us through his suggestive writings, to which reference has already been made. Zoroaster is said to have lived near 700 years before Christ. Dollinger, Rupp and others place Zoroaster from 1200 to 1300 years before Christ. Some indeed suppose there were two Zoroasters, or more, about the time and similar to the Boodhis—the chief or specific Zoroaster alluded to, was a prince of high birth. And the Zendavesta of the Parsee (Fire worshippers) is supposed to be compiled from the sayings and teachings of the wisest of the instructors of those ages and generations of Persian ultimatum. Dr. Hang dates the Zendavesta back to 1480, B. C., the time of Moses. The Zend language is supposed to be a dialect of the Sanscrit.

Confucius was born near Shangping of Tsueu, in the small Kingdom of Lu, called Kong-fu-tse by his disciples, and latinized Confucius by the Jesuits. Kong signifies the master teacher. He was left an orphan by his father's death at the age of three years, and was carefully reared by his mother Yan-she. He taught pure ethics, was a Theist, aimed at perfect virtue, and believed in immortality. We have already alluded to his teachings. He passed away at the age of 73, loved and lamented.

Mencius was born 371 years B. C.—was learned, noble and pure. He, too, was the offspring of a remarkable mother, and grew up through the purifying effects of early orphanage into utilitarian maturity.

Christ, a household name and idealization of the Christian world, pre-eminently the "son of God," over and above the most of mankind, is too well known in point of accredited character and mission to require further mention of us in this connection.

All these teachers from the original Brahmin intuitions, down through Christa Zens, Boodh, Zoroaster, Hermes, Confucius, Christ and others, were of the light that "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Aside from these wise harbors and anchorages, the soul is a craft wisely constructed for sailing o'er the high seas of time, hence let us while temporarily anchored in our present harbor, remember and wisely prepare for the eternity through which we have got to sail.

There is a sympathy between all things religious as well as men. As we advance and learn we shall imagine less and see more. Looking at these points of unity in diversity, we will soon see and realize there is but one religion underlying our almost infinite diversity of Theological forms, whose essential aim is "the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man." Though disguised by corruptions, symbolized by mythologies, ennobled by virtues, degraded by vices, yet, still all tending the same; all assenting to the fact that there is one God, the universal Father and Ruler of all. It may seem that different races in their worship, are warmed by different suns; yet all, however diversified in form, are warmed by the same sun, and suborn to the same aim.

Humboldt says that all positive religion contains three different parts—first a code of morals; second, a geological dream, and third a myth, or historical novelette. The original of all creeds require but these primitive points, and such suggestive fillings as the special aims of designing priestcraft, may fill in as their respective purposes demand.

To believe in one God, and in a future existence—to do as you would be done by, and to believe in your special teacher or prophet, are the four cardinal points of all enlightened Religions. Either of these blanks may be filled in with Christa Zens, Boodh, Zoroaster, Confucius, Christ, Mohammed or others, and you have the essential system of the name inserted in the blank. These religious measures of condition, are as diversified on the subject of their degeneration, regeneration, predestination, redemption, judgments, rewards and punishments, as the diversified aims they subserve—these are all as the mosses and grasses of the same season and soil, which the microscope of time alone can virtually distinguish. As T. W. Higginson has aptly observed, "Each divine man is a copy of the other." As in the dim robing-rooms of foreign churches, are kept rich stores of sacred vestments, ready to be thrown over each successive generation of Priests, so the world has kept in memory the same stately traditions to decorate each new Messiah—each Messiah being according to the Christa Zens model, "predicted by prophecy, hailed by sages, born of a virgin, attended by miracle, borne to Heaven without tasting death, with a promise of return, and rule in the future."

Though the illustrious successors of Christa Zens made no such professions themselves, still their enthused disciples who wrote them up after they had passed on, represented them, as they had learned to esteem their original model, Christa Zens. Boodh, Zoroaster, Confucius, Christ and others are represented as born of virgins without a human father, "Osiris of Egypt as the Son of God, the Revealer of Life and Light, conquers the world by peace, is slain by evil powers, descends to Hell, rises again and presides in judgment of mankind, redeeming all who call upon his name."

Such are the seemingly essential characteristics of all religious sources and teachers. The soul is older than prophecy, and the only legitimate servant of the All-wise is Reason! It has been pungently asked, "If the truths of Christianity are intuitive and self-evident, how is it they formed no part of a man's consciousness till the advent of Christ?" All religions of whatever measure or cast, may in accordance with the All-wise economy of fundamental purpose, claim its position and grade, as embodying a religious aim, until it assumes to be exclusively divine and good, at which moment, it becomes perverse bigotry, devoted to hypocritical ends. Of all the measures and forms devoted to perverse ends, "Exclusive Religion" is the worst.

Where is the justice and truth in plucking the best fruit from one tree and the worst from another, and saying a tree, or these trees are known by their fruit.

The Christianity of Christ is but a continuation of the pure intuitional stream, flowing down from the inspirational heights of primal Boodh, Zoroaster, Confucius and others, and never has, nor will lose its claim to rational exclusivity better than it did, or does claim to be exclusively divine and good, and self-righteousness exclaims, "Stand aside, Hechen, I am better than thou." Even the "Damned Jews" (so

called and so denounced) lead modern "Immaculacy," "Infallibility," and "Vicarious atonement" in their width, breadth, and depth of reform.

"The happiness of man," says Rabbi Wise, of Cincinnati, "depends on no creed and no book; it depends on the dominion of truth, which is the redeemer and savior, the Messiah and the King of glory!" They (the liberal Jews of Baltimore, were the first to contribute to the building of a Boodhist temple in San Francisco and the education of freedmen. And the Parsees of the East, among the first to send contributions to the Sanitary Commission of the West in answer to the demands of our late war—such are the "Damned Jews," and Eastern Pagans, at which self-righteous exclusiveness, misnamed Christianity, turns up her fashionable nose.

It were futile to trace the difference of these outer religious forms further. We have culled, condensed and presented the primitive incarnation and teachings of Christa Zens, Boodh, Zoroaster, Pyramider or Hermes, of Confucius, Christ and others, from which the observant reader can see and deduce from the premises for himself. And to this brief parity of the leading religions, we have also appended the period and characteristics of the leading teachers to be judged of by their teachings.

As to the source of the general system of judicial rule, in this and other countries, no well-informed mind, free from educational predilections, doubts, that it is derived from Manou of the Hindoo age of primal inspiration! indeed it is conceded that Menes of the Egyptians, Minos of the Greeks, and Moses of the Hebrews, drew their systems from Manou of India. Those who have any doubt on the subject, will find the original Hindoo, and plagiarized Moses published in comparative columns in the "Bible in India," enough at least to satisfy any curious mind, as to the facts in point. They who love their creeds more than truth, love themselves better than all, and scarce ever command the respect of any.

[Continued from second page.]

death and resurrection of Bacchus, who was the subject of the ancient mysteries and Dithyrambic songs. The festivals in honor of Bacchus were celebrated at the Vernal equinox, at the setting of the Scorpion, domicile of Typhon and of the Giants his companions. He was called upon as the Holy Bull, and prayed to descend from heaven. Such were the prayers of the Elean women. Now Christians invoke the Lamb that has replaced the Bull at the equinoctial point. In these celebrations the assistants put to death the Bull, which they then tore to pieces, in order to initiate the mystery of the Passion of Bacchus, or of what the God Bull had suffered at the hands of the evil Genii, or the Giants having serpents' feet. It was not the representation of the slain Lamb; it was that of the Bull torn to pieces that was given to the people. Julius Firmicus, who gives us this account of Bacchus, insists upon making him a prince, as he believed also that Christ was a man who had really lived, died, and come back to life; he could not, nevertheless, refuse to admit that the Pagans explained all this fiction by Nature, and regarded the story as a mystic fiction upon the Sun. It is true also that he rejects these reasons, and that he even puts a discourse in the mouth of the Sun, in which this god reproaches men with seeking to dishonor him by ridiculous fables; sometimes submerging him in the Nile, under the names of Osiris and Horus; sometimes in mutilating him, under that of Atys; sometimes in cooking him in a boiler or roasting him on a spit as Bacchus; sometimes in representing him as a charioteer. "Lament for Bacchus, and Atys, and Osiris, but do so without dishonoring me by your fables." Thus Firmicus makes the Sun speak. According to what Firmicus says, it is clear that the tradition was preserved among the Pagans that all these tragic and incredible adventures, these deaths and resurrections, were but mystic fictions on the Sun. This is what we are proving here in the fictitious person of Christ, now that science has given us the power of following out the physical explanations of ancient theology, and of comparing the singular forms of these religions with the sky and nature. Like Christ, Bacchus took the epithet of *Savior*, or *Savior*, like him he performed miracles, cured the sick, and predicted the future. Not only were taught in the mysteries the death and resurrection of Bacchus, but also his descent into hell was spoken of; so that, like Christ, Bacchus died, descended into hell, and came back to life. Osiris also dies, descends into and returns from hell. We conclude, then, notwithstanding the difference of legends and names, that there is nothing belonging to Christ that does not belong equally to Bacchus and Osiris, or, in other words, to the Sun honored under those names. Bacchus in his infancy was threatened with the loss of life. People sought privately to kill him, as Herod sought to kill Christ. Bacchus, like Christ, established initiations, and only admitted virtuous people. The initiated expected his last coming, as Christians look for that of Christ; they hoped that he would then repossess the government of the universe, and re-establish the felicity that anciently prevailed. The miracle of the three pitchers filled with wine, of which that at the marriage of Cana in Galilee was in imitation, was performed in the temples of Bacchus, as may be seen in Pausanias towards the end of the Helices.

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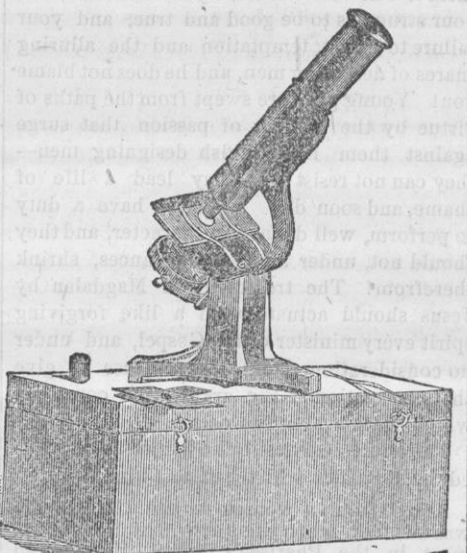
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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

Prostitutes and Holy Ministers--Maud Merrill.

Magdalens, the confirmed inebriate, those who are steeped in sins of all grades mentioned in the calendar of crime, when death summons them away, leave behind them a worn-out, worthless casket,—it is then that it is necessary to summon a ministerial functionary to officiate at the funeral services. Ministers of the Gospel, who are receiving high salaries varying from \$5,000, to \$20,000 per annum, feel somewhat important, and they will not willingly officiate at the funeral of a disreputable character. At the time George Holland died, the Rev. Mr. Sabine would not consent to offer even a prayer over his remains, but referred the surviving mourners to "A little Church 'round the Corner," where the Rev. Mr. Houghton consented to perform the last sacred rites over the "body of a dead play-actor." George Holland was in the estimation of the church a confirmed sinner and his soul had, of course, been consigned to endless torture in hell, and prayers in his behalf, could, under these unfortunate circumstances, avail nothing. A man dies from the effects of delirium tremens. His face presents a ghastly appearance, reminding one of the manifestations of licentiousness in its various degrees of development. If the Christian religion is true, his soul is in hell—then what good results can possibly emanate to him from religious services?

This question is exciting unusual interest in Europe at the present time, also in this country. American Clergymen, as a general thing, reluctantly perform the last sad rites over the remains of those who have led a licentious life. In New York City it is particularly the case that ministers manifest the utmost aversion to offering remarks and prayer over the body of the evil doer. This feeling has been exhibited, not only in the case of George Holland, who was a respectable theatrical performer, but many other cases have arisen to show the popular feeling that exists among ministers of the Gospel. Lately the death of Maud Merrill, one of the lowest and vilest of courtesans, has revived the feeling which existed at the time of the death of Holland, and now the secular papers are freely discussing the propriety of ministers refusing under any circumstances to perform those sacred rites over the dead that are held in such high repute among civilized people. Maud Merrill was intelligent, quite handsome, and possessed that keen sensitive nature which, when properly disciplined, makes a woman worthy of tender regard and affection. Organized thus, when she contemplated the fearful condition of her own life, she was animated to commit those reckless deeds that soon resulted in ending her earthly career. Her life-lines seem to have been tinged with the most sombre sadness, and she continued to tread the downward road until she was finally shot in a house of prostitution.

There was evidence at the Coroner's inquest indicating that her uncle, who was her murderer, was also her seducer. She had been engaged as a servant at private houses, and it was intimated that this uncle had not only seduced her, but had taken from her all the money which she could earn. This treatment finally drove her out of service, and she took refuge in a house of ill-fame. After her uncle had found her whereabouts, he continued to visit her there, and to demand the money which she received, going so far as to question the other inmates in regard to the sums she had earned. The murder took place in Maud's room, and it is supposed that it was the result of her refusal, or of her inability, to furnish him with any more funds. The story has some significance in connection with the circumstance that search was long made in vain to find a clergyman who would consent to give the deceased a Christian burial. Her life of shame was notorious; the more notorious on account of the tragic manner in which it terminated. But it is an important question or Christian churches to determine, whether

their ministers are acting in consonance with the spirit of their calling when they refuse to extend the formal decencies which friends of the dead usually desire to observe in consigning the body to dust. Shall the minister of the Lord undertake to determine the extent of the Lord's mercy; how far the sinner may have been sinned against; how much or little the misfortunes of life shall mitigate vice; where Christian charity shall begin and where it shall end? Is the refusal to give the traditional consolation of a minister's presence at the grave of a courtesan in keeping with the Savior's treatment of Magdalen? Or is the Magdalen story an interpolation and a myth?

It would be well to inquire who are ministers of the Gospel, that they should scorn those who die with the fruits of crime clustering around their person? Maud Merrill is dead. Licentious in habit, impure in thought, rude and obscene in expression, she was cut down in the height of her folly and crime, and ministers of the Gospel could not recognize in the mass of lifeless corruption a fit subject for prayer and intercession. Well, Maud Merrill, there is One who can trace your life-lines, see your struggles to be good and true, and your failure to resist temptation and the alluring snares of designing men, and he does not blame you! Young girls are swept from the paths of virtue by the torrents of passion that surge against them from selfish designing men—they can not resist it,—they lead a life of shame, and soon die! Ministers have a duty to perform, well defined in character, and they should not, under any circumstances, shrink therefrom! The treatment of Magdalen by Jesus should actuate with a like forgiving spirit every minister of the Gospel, and under no consideration should they refuse to give that consolation at the grave of a courtesan which the lowest in life desire.

The Bible declares (Luke 7) that Jesus treated the Magdalen with the utmost kindness:

And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment,

And stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

And Jesus answering said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.

There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.

And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most?

Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged.

And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head.

Thou gavest me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet.

My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.

Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much: but whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.

Actuated by the purest of motives, his soul illuminated with a divine light that shed a lustre freely over sinners, Jesus exhibited the grandeur of his mission most beautifully when he, in a calm dignified manner, admitted to his presence a vile woman, and by magnanimous actions encouraged her to do right! Those ministers of the gospel who refused to officiate at the funeral of Maud Merrill, when weighed in the balance with her, possess less virtue, less integrity of character, less of that noble spirit that animated Jesus, and less honesty of purpose—in fact, Maud Merrill could approach nearer to God than they, and would be held in far higher repute by him.

There is a beauty and grandeur in that man's character, who recognizes the hand of God in every human creature, and who would clasp in the arms of affection all humanity, recognizing the sublime fact that the courtesan, though steeped in sin, originated from the same divine source, and will yet ascend to the highest sphere to enjoy its pleasures, and whose presence will finally shed a hallowed influence over all. We pity that man or woman from our inmost soul, who will scorn the outcast, spit upon her or deride her—we would as soon spurn an angel!

Feeling the benign presence of the high and holy ones of spirit-life, whose souls are animated with a broad philanthropic spirit and who would encircle within their hallowed arms all humanity, we would spurn no one! Those who are the lowest will yet be ranked with the highest! There is a diamond in their nature, an off-shoot of divinity, and though covered with licentiousness, though surrounded with a mass of putrid sores or enveloped with the vilest of poison, it will arise therefrom like the sun from a dark cloud, and its divine radiance will yet gladden the children of earth, and shed a benign influence over them.

DR. FRANKLIN, of Los Angeles, California, has our thanks for his Photograph. He is a fine looking gentleman and promises to become a regular correspondent for Southern California. Our readers will soon hear from him.

THANKS.—Our thanks are due to Mrs. N. J. Kling, of Seymour, Indiana, for successful exertions in behalf of the JOURNAL. If all would work like she has to extend our circulation, Spiritualists would have an abundance of neighbors of their own faith in a short time. How about making the effort friends?

H. A. Streight, the Spirit Artist--Correspondence with a Patron.

BRO. STREIGHT—DEAR SIR:—Then I must relinquish the idea and pleasure of receiving a portrait of my spirit friends from you. I was quite in hopes I might, as I have said and done so much in this skeptical section of three or four towns, and have undergone so much ridicule and opposition—besides there are several anxious for spirit pictures, hearing what I have said. They are waiting to see my success. A man told me the other day he would give \$100 for a portrait of his son who accidentally killed himself in the woods last winter. He is well able to pay; others also are waiting to see the result of my efforts.

I have already paid mediums over \$100 for sittings, doctoring, paintings, etc., and offered \$100 toward purchasing a large tent that could be put up anywhere. Then again I offered \$500 toward erecting a good hall in Rochester. I am only an outsider—probably I should not get in the hall more than three times a year, but I want to see the enterprise go ahead here.

If I can not procure a portrait for less than \$50* and must send a likeness, as you said to me in your letter, I will give it up, as that kills Spiritualism at once, for I can get them painted here from another picture for less than half that money—that would be no test. Fayette does not pretend to charge but \$10. People call that extravagant for one or two hours work. He painted me a splendid portrait of my mother, but as she was never in this part of the State, and had been dead 63 years, they say, "Oh! he has painted you a portrait, and called it your mother," but when you charge \$50 to \$100 for one, two or three days' work, it does look a little too much like paying a priest \$50 or \$100 for talking an hour the very day he tells us we shall do no manner of labor.

Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y., Dec. 13th, 1872.
S. HAYFORD.

OUR REPLY:

S. HAYFORD, ESQ., DEAR BROTHER:—Your letter to Bro. Streight of the 13th inst. is before me. He has authorized me to open and read all letters that came to my care, and to answer all that contain words of unkindness. You can't appreciate how a word of suspicion of a lack of integrity will upset a good medium. Think of it a moment. A good medium is so near the spiritual plane, that spirits even control them as you control your hands or feet. Now you say an unkind thing and they are so sensitive to it that, like a child who is innocent, they will grieve over it for days. While so suffering with grief they are entirely beyond and out of the reach of spirits. Bro. Streight, by unkind words, is rendered, unfit for spirit control for days. Hence he has requested me to examine all letters, and answer those which upbraid him for a lack of speed or for unreasonable charges. He knows all such intimations are unreasonable, and feeling thus, he grieves when he reads them. He has already, as our readers know, pledged himself that all money advanced on paintings shall be placed in bank by me, and the responsibility I have assumed, and guaranteed that the money shall be held sacred until the paintings are completed and handed over to me ready to be sent forward to the person ordering the same, so you, my brother, nor any other one need fear that you or they will lose their money. He will execute the paintings, as soon as possible so as to realize pay for his labor; but he can't control the matter. It rests entirely with conditions beyond his control. And allow me to say just here that unkind words not only procrastinate the time at which you otherwise would receive your own most desired painting, but they unfit him for control to paint for others.

Now about the price. The works that come from his hand are by the "old masters," whether you realize it or not, and for beauty of execution are not excelled by those who charge from \$300, to \$1,000, for a single portrait. Now you talk about ten dollars for such a work! At his price of from \$50 to \$75, with a guarantee of two spirit likenesses in connection with your own or some friend of yours from a photograph of yourself, is simply starvation prices.

Your talk about his doing it in a few hours or a day. You are mistaken. Science admits of no such speed in interblending colors in portraiture, either by spirits or mortals. Time has to be given for colors to dry, and then another coat, and so on for many days, and then spirits have to present themselves and the old masters have to choose their time, etc., etc. The thoughtful Spiritualist will hardly be willing to make ungenerous complaints against an honest medium of this kind when he once considers all of those things, especially when he knows from the start that he is sure of not losing his money, no matter how much time elapses before he gets the painting. If you could but once see some specimens of the work executed through Bro. Streights hand, you would no longer talk about high prices. He barely lives by the strictest economy, and supports his family. The rapid work done in landscape painting, is while under the control of a French spirit who never does the fine, beautiful work he sends to fill orders. His is remarkable from the rapidity with which it is done with the mediums eyes closed, but not for wonderful beauty like the work done by the spirits of Michael Angelo, Claude Lorian and other eminent old masters long in spirit-life. Can it be possible, my Brother, that you fully realize what kind of work you are to get from Bro. Streights hand when you talk about \$10, for a nice portrait of yourself and a guarantee of at least two portraits on the same canvas, of spirit friends, and with a further guarantee that the painting shall please you!

When I read your letter and see the generous offers you make in regard to a meeting-house, tent, etc., I can't believe you have fully appreciated the mediumship of Bro. Streight. I beg of you to further consider the matter, and may your good and loving spirit friends deeply inspire you with the truth of what we are impelled to say in behalf of one of the most

remarkable mediums the world has ever produced,

Fraternally Thine

S. S. JONES.

At this moment, contrary to our own expectation, when penning the above, we are impelled to publish your letter and our reply.—ED. JOURNAL.

* The price alluded to is under Bro. Streights' proposition to paint a nice portrait of any person yet in this life from a photograph, and a guarantee that there should be at least two spirit likenesses on the same canvas for from \$50 to \$75, according to size and number of spirit likenesses, and that the painting shall give satisfaction.

Letter from Thomas Stanley.

DEAR FRIEND JONES:—Your appeal frightened me—I had to read it over again! "We must have money or shut up shop!" My subscription according to the tag runs to 24th January, 1873. Inclosed you should find \$3.00. You will please change the date to January, 1874; that is, you should find \$3.00 for subscription for 1873, canceling the balance of time due me on RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

I would be obliged if you would sometime or other state the number and page where the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, either the *Banner of Light* had any forewarning from their very dear friends on the other side, of such impending and overwhelming calamity as each have met with. If it has not been given, can or will you let the public know the dear kind and loving spirit's reasons for not communicating such important intelligence soon enough to get out of the way. I wonder if we are to sit down contented with the cant, "all is right."

Yours very respectfully,

THOMAS STANLEY.

Highland, Iowa Co. Wisconsin, Dec. 10th 1872.

REMARKS.—My very dear brother, we have obeyed the order given under the impulse of your generous nature, and have credited the Widows and Orphans' fund, with six dollars, and you are now at liberty to name the persons to whom you would like to have the JOURNAL sent free during the time that the money will pay for; you will thus make us happy, the widows and orphans to whom you sends the JOURNAL will rejoice, and you, Brother, will now, and for a long time to come, feel the consciousness of having done a noble act.

It is possible—aye, probable that your generosity will prompt a certain man we find on our books, and who is a long ways in arrears, to be an honest man; if so, another point is gained. We trust that man will not think us personal—we have not yet mentioned his name, but we have often thought of it.

In regard to the two great calamities, the burning of Chicago and Boston, in which the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, and the *Banner of Light* office were consumed, we can say only this: The conflagrations were fixed facts in nature, or they could not have been foreseen. If they were fixed facts in nature, and as certain to transpire as the sun to rise in the east, then no human power could prevent it.

Premonitions of coming events are frequent. The event while yet in the distance, cast its shadow (if we may be permitted so to speak) before it. The sensitive mind in spirit-life feels it, and transmits it through media to children of earth, in such manner and with more or less distinctness, as wisdom shall dictate.

While we never published the particulars of a *symbolic vision* that was given to us at the time we were forced by spirit power to inaugurate the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, we did have such a vision and communicated it to others. Well do we remember that Brother Seth Stowel remarked at the time, that it portended a breaking up of the whole institution sooner or later, but a glorious future was equally vividly represented. But for the sequel we should have been intimidated, and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL would never have had an existence.

At that time we had no conception of the nature of the calamity from the symbols so vividly impressed upon our vision. It was well that we did not. But now we see that not only the first change when the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL gave place to the *Spiritual Republic*, but the resumption of the publication of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and the destruction of the Publishing House by fire was most vividly depicted by the most appropriate symbols, and yet when the vision was being actualized, we were not permitted to realize the fact.

The wisdom of all this we most fully appreciate, if we were to know the day and the hour that great calamities are to transpire in which our earthly treasures are to be engulfed or destroyed, beyond the power of God or man to prevent, we should be most miserable. We fully realize that if a calamity like the Chicago and Boston fires, were fixed facts in nature, all things incident thereto—for instance the destruction of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE and the *Banner of Light Publishing House*—were alike fixed facts.

Hence in all ages of the world, coming events have been foreshadowed so dimly that men have possessed their reason up to the time and while encountering the same, while on the other hand, were we to be absolutely and so certainly forewarned of coming calamities, which despite of all exertions to prevent, were to lay waste cities, and to render thousands homeless and reduce them in an hour to beggary, such a calamity as in the nature of things could not be avoided, a state of demoralization and insanity would ensue so overwhelming as to beggar description! You may inquire if spirits know of such impending danger, why they do not reveal it; we reply and inquire in turn, if God knew of it why he should not only reveal it to man, but having the power, should he not prevent it? But we do not doubt, that all calamities are founded in wisdom and produce results full of ample compensations.

The mind that supposes that a forewarning of the precise time and very nature and extent of a calamity would enable one to escape it, does not fully comprehend the fact that if

calamities could be escaped, they could be prevented altogether. If prevented altogether it would have no existence—how could such a nonentity cast a shadow before it? In such a case there could be no premonition of it.

It is a fact that the burning of Chicago was foretold by spirits through mediums, but the day and hour was not revealed—probably very few, if any spirits *en rapport* with the earth sphere, could have told with that certainty—while those of greater wisdom and far removed from the earthsphere, might have known the very day, hour and nature of the same.

"THE NEW CHURCH."

A Schism among Swedenborgians.

A very large per cent of Swedenborgians are as bigoted as the devotees of the Romish and Protestant churches.

By them Swedenborg's writings are construed into authority for *Theological dogmas*, little less absurd than "the immaculate conception and the infallibility of the Pope."

But Swedenborg having broken loose from church trammels, it is not to be supposed that all "New Churchmen" will be bound by the creeds and traditions of their sect, especially when it is evident to the scholar that many of the traditions of the "New Church" have been brought by the converts from the old churches from which they have emerged, rather than being a legitimate *corollary* from the great Seer's writings.

The independence of a few teachers among Swedenborgians, is commendable, and will make its impress upon the great mass of professed followers of their recognized *Shepherd*,—Swedenborg.

It is a cardinal doctrine of the *bigots* of that school, that the wicked (and who is not more or less wicked in their sense of the phrase?) "put off for consistency or harmony's sake what little good they have of a superficial or external nature, and thus to eternity."

Poor devils we must all be, as there is no one that doeth good, no not one—Paul. "Consequently to all eternity, we put off our little good, and take up our abode in the lowest hell."

These are the legitimate teachings of the Orthodox portion of the New Church. But a Luther has sprung up among them. The Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald beards the lions in their lair, and we find a sermon of his published in the *New Church Independent*, in which he expresses himself as follows:

And now, in reference to this idea of eternal selfishness, and disobedience from such a motive, let us ask again—What is the highest ideal of God, and how is God situated and conditioned in this matter? God is all in all—in the inmost of every human soul in his *purity and sweetness*; and that is the nature which must be ultimately. Otherwise, the Divinity is closed up in hell to eternity. The idea is repulsive and horrible. According to Swedenborg, and according to all true theology, the inmost of every human being, and the inmost of every devil in hell, is nothing less than the divine nature. "The internal man is of the Lord and is the Lord." (A. C. 1594.) It is this which enables any of us to live. This inmost divine is never conscious in man; his consciousness is confined to the human degrees; but it is the divinity within which gives life and quality to all the human, and without which man is not man. The animals have not this inmost degree.

Now consider, if this is not unlimited in anything but filth and corruption, which is no ultimatum at all; or if it only comes finally to a good devil—to a respectable gentleman—to states of polished and refined selfishness, what an absurdity are we here presented with! God is closed up in hell to all eternity, desiring and willing, but never being able to effect, the deliverance and salvation of the creature! No, this is not the highest ideal of God. This last idea is only the resort of some Swedenborgians who must have an eternal hell of some kind, to save, as they think, Swedenborg's consistency, and so they have resorted to this most lame and impotent conclusion. Think of it! An eternal world of polished and refined selfishness;—eternal societies of gentlemanly, accomplished, and obedient devils, as a *finality* in the divine government! The best result of the creative power! The last triumph of the Divine Providence, running co-eternal with the existence of God! It is monstrous. It is sheer folly. It is shocking to all reverence and all faith. There is nothing in the Deity that sustains it for a moment. And we take the position boldly and decidedly, that whatever there is in God must eventually be eliminated in all men in its finite degree. Now, is there anything in God that corresponds to this eternal selfishness? There is that, be it observed, which corresponds to different degrees of *genuine goodness*, making different grades of angels necessary; but what is there that corresponds to this eternal selfishness? Make it ever so good, ever so harmless, is it Godlike?—is it the highest divine will?—is it the heaven to which he wills all his human creatures, and, according to Swedenborg, to which he predestinates all? No, not only angelhood can answer to that; and as sure as God exists, all souls shall become angels at last, for Christ shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

We would remark here also, that those who take this view of the eternal improvement and exaltation of the hells, still preserving their distinct existence as hells in opposition to the heavens, find no evidence of it in the writings of Swedenborg. It is not *progression* which he speaks of for the confirmed wicked. They go downward instead of upward, although there is a general law recognized of non-increase in wickedness, and every evil is said to have its limit. Wickedness, it would seem, can not increase in the spiritual world beyond a limit, but it may, after that, tend to less and less. Accordingly he saw multitudes of spirits, he says, of various characters, reduced almost to the state of death, sitting like dead stocks, with scarcely any life left, having been in that way for two thousand years. Surely this does not look much like progression; and so there have been those in the "New Church", who, from these representations, have proclaimed openly that the wicked would run lower and lower, and increase in wickedness to all eternity. But that can not be; rather, when the end of this inverse movement is attained, then there is progression; then the remains of goodness and truth begin to operate, and operate successfully. Any other theory surely does not comport with the highest reason.

Inner-Life Department.

CIRCLE OF LIGHT.

W. L. Jack, M. D., Medium;

JOHN BROWN SMITH Reporter and Correspondent. Papers can be obtained and subscriptions received by him at 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Circle of Light.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who art our Father in heaven, and that heaven within ourselves, if we will only have it so, wrap around each one a mantle and cloak for protection; and may each fold have written upon it, thou art mine, and I am thine. Oh, let the mantle of truth and knowledge, fall upon each one of this little but mighty circle; let it be a perfect covering for each heart and soul; may it keep each one warm so that there may be no coldness; and let it be fastened by the loved ones alone, Oh Lord God of Israel.

Rev. Noah X. Kingsford.

I was a wanderer all the while, and I might have been one still, and when at night I sought that repose for the soul, I was disturbed by doubts and fears. Yes, I preached doctrines that did not bring me nearer to that God, but these little hallowed associations have brought me nearer to him. Oh, I grasped to reach something beyond what I preached. I was brought by a power beyond myself to be one of the little band of five, who formed the ministers' circle which increased to nineteen, but it is only eighteen now. How glad I am to be one of these old five.

How glorious it is to die to the dead past, that knows no waking. I was brought by those gentle spirit influences here, and I want this given to the world and the churches, that they may know that I am living and can come back. My dear friends, we build our own houses, and if we make them weak they will only injure ourselves. Go on, little band, to work and to do; each one of you has your representative in that bright land above. It is God's will for you to do your work as well as every passing breeze. The medium does not know yet that I have passed away, and how thankful I am that he did not go to the cemetery to-day to visit his father's grave as he would not now be in a proper condition for me to come near him. I am so glad that I can come back and use another organism to push forward this glorious work. Oh! that I had known more of this before passing away, so that I could have embodied in my preaching in the city and out of it, more of these glorious truths! That little band is mourning for me, but I will tell them, as well as you, to work and give forth these truths of God to the world!

How I love that song just sung, "Nearer my God to thee," and no one has a right to sing that, but those who are near him; but he is not a mighty personal God, he is a God of humility; every passing breeze, the buds and tiny leaves in the valley give forth his praise. He is no longer a God sitting on an exalted throne above all, but that God who is not any other God besides the one within your own souls. May the blessings of that bright sun that shines at noonday and causes the sweet flowers to grow forever in your path, only to make you more perfect, be showered upon you all.

Rev. W. Kingsford.

Only in the footsteps, in the path of my boy who has just been here, do I come. I bless the day when that little meeting of five was organized, because [the ministers circle] it brought him nearer to me. I always told him that there was something more to preach to than fashion; something that would reach the soul, but where there are so many divisions as you have in your churches, how can there be any unity? Thank God for this division, because through it will come the purest light. I have been looking for a peculiar kind of person to come through. I have been trying a medium in New York, and one or two others at other places, but could not come on account of their conditions. I come back, an old man when in the flesh, but indeed not so old but I can speak of eternal youth. I was a Baptist minister, and father of Rev. Noah X. Kingsford who has just been here.

Israel W. T. Jones.

There are laws by which we can come into a house, and spirits have laws to govern in coming into the bodies of mediums. My name is W. T. Jones, and I don't know any person round here. I saw a fellow come in here from New Jersey, so that I thought I would slip in, too. I was a blacksmith and worked for a big man in the church for five dollars per week. He was a deacon in the church and sat in a front seat and I sat away back. I had six children to care for, and paid four dollars a year to the church, but I don't pay any more now, and don't have to set away back because truth don't cost anything here. I used to listen to all about those rubies and precious stones we read of, but I did not find them here. God's angels are pumping the bellows now, the flame is rising in the churches. I was a northern man by birth, from near Portland, Maine, and I went down South. This is life eternal. I come back just like a boy going to school, who stopped at the blacksmith shop to look on and see the iron brought out, as well as the sparks fly. I stopped to help draw out the iron of the soul, as well as to receive some of the sparks of truth to help brighten me up. I will go on and when I pass to school again I will just look in.

Francis Lantmon.

I come back here from out of the ocean, from a big boat that brought me from the Fatherland. One of my countrymen pointed out the way for me to come here. I never had much respect for the church, because I could never see much sense in it. They would tell me to take off my coat, and give it to the church for God's sake, but I said if that is the kingdom of God, I will leave, and I just got aboard of the boat for America. We had a big storm during our voyage which made me think of an angry God. I come back to speak of the kingdom of truth, as well as to represent myself. I want no one, neither a cow or a pig killed to save me, because I built my own house. I never could understand why one man should be killed to save another. There is no sense in it, and no wonder that the boat went down with such a load aboard. I came from Amsterdam.

Phillis Harris.

I would like to come here if there is no objection to my color. I was black, and my name was Old Phillis Harris. I was a slave and have been sent here. I was a Methodist, and died one, too. I am a Methodist now, and a shouting one. My old man Moses was kind of cross sometimes. When I saw light coming, he would say, "Shut up there." Many men are like Paul, but the time is coming when they can not shut up the river of truth any longer. The best of it is, that the old religions are melting away like old tallow

candles that have a bad smell; but I say all should have your lamps trimmed with that wick that can not be snuffed out. I lived down in Delaware near the capital of the State.

Letter from Lois Waisbrooker.

BRO. JONES:—I have just read Bro. Halleck's letter in reference to the Barnes' Will case. I am sorry, but must say that it is just what I expected when I witnessed the course taken at their State Convention at Anderson. There are two branches in the Army of Reform, as well as in the opposing forces—one visible here in the material world, and one invisible. The church and those in sympathy with her, have this invisible aid as well as ourselves. Those upon the same plane of development work together, whether here or there; and when the young and growing tree leans toward the shadow of the old, instead of standing erect, and sending its roots down still deeper into Mother Earth, it is very apt to be overshadowed.

What if the sun does shine with a fierce heat? Better endure it than be dwarfed. When we are true to the new, act in unison with the powers in the (to the great world) unseen realm, who are in the front ranks, then one can chase a thousand. But when there is a veering from the straightforward, or ordinary course, then the connection between ourselves and our anchor on the other shore is weakened, while that of the opposition is strengthened.

What do I mean, you will ask? Simply this: had there been no Barnes' Will to be considered, delegates would have been received at the Second State Convention, from all liberal societies who chose to act with them, instead of insisting, as they did, upon representation from strictly Spiritualistic Societies only, lest they should lose their name as an organization of Spiritualists, and thus lose the \$700,000. This rejection of delegates, together with active opposition to what is called the Infidel element, weakened and divided the magnetic forces both in the seen and in the unseen, which otherwise might have been brought to bear in our favor.

Those who do not recognize such forces, might be inclined to scout the above idea, but Spiritualists ought to be wise enough to be careful on this point. They well know that unseen forces are the most potent; and further than this, when the venerable President of the State Association (made such at that time) declared from the platform that he could not see anything in Spiritualism, to conflict with Christianity proper, and his statement passed unchallenged, except in a private way by your humble correspondent. The statement took the backbone out of those who saw the falseness of the position, and however hard they might work to the end desired, the warmhearted magnetism which does so much toward ensuring success, was lost from being chilled at the fountain.

Christians claim Christianity proper to be the esse of all good,—that charity, love, forgiveness, self-denial, etc., etc., are peculiar Christian virtues—that a good man (they have come to claim this) is a Christian whether he acknowledges the name or not. It is a false claim, and whenever we concede it, we concede an injustice.

There is no good thing in Christianity, but it is there because it cannot be separated from humanity. We should be content with being human; let those be Christians who wish to, but let us never stoop to make concessions to such as though we would honor ourselves by so doing.

All concessions made for the sake of popularity, for the sake of gaining strength either in numbers or in pocket, is so much labor lost, so much time thrown away. I mean concessions made in the name of Theology. There is no concord between us; nor indeed, can there be, and the sooner we learn it the better.

Keeler, Mich., Dec. 8th, 1872.

Letter from Hudson Tuttle.

BRO. JONES:—In the JOURNAL for Dec. 21st, I noticed your kind words in regard to my loss by the Boston fire, and a request that the friends come to my assistance. Deeply do I appreciate the motives of fraternal regard which actuated you in this appeal, the more as it was entirely unthought, and coming as I know it did from your goodness of heart. But my loss is so small compared to that of others, and my capabilities to retrieve it so much better than theirs, that it would be the height of selfishness for me to ask or receive the slightest aid. I may not be able to republish my works at once. I shall take this opportunity to revise the "Arcana of Nature" and probably issue both volumes in one, enlarged and exemplified, with better and more numerous illustrations, and thus the loss may prove a gain.

It is true with the exception of "Arcana of Spiritualism," the works on "God" and "Christ," which you keep on sale, all are swept away, but I most sincerely pray the friends to transfer the sympathy your notice may excite, to the greatest sufferers of all, the noble *Banner of Light*, the maintenance of which is of infinitely more value to the cause of Spiritualism and Reform, than the resurrection of the perished books from their ashes.

The self-sacrificing men who after years of labor and trial had brought the *Banner* to an enviable eminence, exciting a world-wide influence in the highest value of human nature, have seen all perish in an hour, and nothing left but the proud name of their great JOURNAL.

If I should ask for assistance, it would be unspeakably selfish in me to do so until they are again strengthened by all assistance the friends can give, and even then I should shrink from accepting aid when so many others need it far more.

If my works now out of print are again demanded, they will be re-issued, I do not fear; and if they are not, new ones will take their place.

With many thanks to you for your kindness, and to the friends for their sympathy, and the prayer that it may be transferred to those far more necessitous, I am fraternally,

HUDSON TUTTLE.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Lexington, Kentucky.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—We have had Charles H. Foster with us a few days, and so rare an opportunity of investigating the truth of spirit communion has seldom fell to the lot of this small city. His many tests startled some and confounded many of the wise ones—shocked the overpious with feelings of horror at the thought of having his Satanic Majesty playing tricks of Legerdemain in the sight of the Sanctuary of a crucified Redeemer—in fact, so great a sensation has Foster produced here that a special discourse from a leading Presbyterian minister on *Spiritualism*, is to be repeated by request on Sunday evening next.

Old Theology is still playing the same old game of battling with science. She is now putting the Spiritual Philosophy through the same ordeal that she imposed on the science of geology only a few years since. The result will be the more glorious, as the conflict is the

more fierce. So I can but feel thankful to the orthodox divine, Mr. G. W. F. Birch, for the high compliment he pays his Satanic Majesty in acknowledging that he has turned his attention to furnishing proofs of immortality, so much needed in this age of sectarian bigotry. Oh! for an E. V. Wilson just for a few days in Lexington, to create a shaking up of the dry bones of fossilized superstition.

"The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," consequently we have a right to expect some good results from Foster's visit to Lexington. The few earnest Spiritualists will use their best endeavors to induce a speaker to come to this city, and lay before the people the beauties of the Harmonical Philosophy. I for one will ask you to say through your glorious JOURNAL, that there is a bright prospect for good yet to come out of this Nazareth of the *Blue Grass* region.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Crown Point, Indiana.

BROTHER JONES:—The cold weather having driven me to a cozy sitting by the fire, and while musing the spirit said, "Write to the JOURNAL," and I obey. Your editorial on "funerals" in the JOURNAL of Nov. 30th, is just what I have talked and thought about for years and I want to congratulate you for your independence in daring to attack so ridiculous and gross an evil as the "average funerals of to-day." It perhaps would be well enough for the rich to enrobe, coffin and entomb their dead as expensively as they chose, if it did not influence poorer people who in the tenderness of their hearts, desire to keep up appearances, very often much embarrass or bankrupt themselves, all for no utilitarian purpose. And does not the same objections hold good, and the same result follow excess or extravagance in dress, houses, churches, livery and even table luxuries? I am a disciple of Franklin. He said "other peoples eyes cost us more than our necessities," hence I hold that all excesses are evil or sin, and that nothing demanded by our nature, properly indulged in, is sin whether the world approves or disapproves; therefore we should indulge only in such things, and to such an extent, as would be beneficial and pleasant to ourselves, harmless to others, and within the reach of common human capacity—the development of the mental faculties of course excepted from restriction.

Spiritualism is occasionally agitated here. Last year we were visited by the Gentle Wilson and Mrs. A. H. Colby, and again this fall by the latter, who came here to visit her old friends, among whom she was developed in her mediumship. Mrs. C. lectured at Lowell, Merrillville and this place, and no speaker creates more interest and enthusiasm than she does here where she is best and longest known. She gave two political lectures here—her control being in favor of Grant, and were admired and applauded by both parties because of their strictly argumentative character.

J. H. LUTHER.

Crown Point, Ind., Nov. 30th, 1872.

Complimentary.

Whereas it has been the good fortune of this Association to be favored with the labors of our sister, Annie C. Torrey, who has just completed an engagement of one month in which she has given entire satisfaction to the members of the First Association of Spiritualists of Atlanta, Ga., Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That in sister Annie C. Torrey we have found a kind and genial friend, an amiable sister and a faithful worker in God's Vineyard of Progression,—one whose flow of eloquence is rarely surpassed, and who is controlled by a high order of intelligences from the Spirit World, discoursing sound doctrine and startling truths.

RESOLVED: That we cheerfully recommend our sister, Annie C. Torrey to any Association of Spiritualists needing the services of a good lecturer.

Sister Torrey leaves us to fill a short engagement in Mobile, leaving there the 8th of Dec., for New Orleans—remaining in the latter city a few days, she will then return to her home in Houston, Texas, where she will receive calls to lecture through the State during the winter.

A. C. LADD, President.

F. F. TABOR, M. D. Sec.

Atlanta, Ga.

Chatfield, Minn.

BROTHER JONES:—Our young brother L. F. Cummings, has just closed a course of five lectures in our place. He is a first-class speaker, and called out the largest and most appreciative audiences ever assembled here upon any occasion. With noble earnestness and true zeal he is devoting his life to the cause of human progress. Spiritualists give him plenty of work and pay him with the just liberality he so richly deserves. About the first of January we expect another rich feast through the instrumentality of Capt. R. H. Winslow. During the winter we hope to again greet our very worthy state agent, J. L. Potter. The world moves, and we feel its vibrations even here in our priest-ridden town where one year ago there was but one copy of the JOURNAL taken, and there is now seven. Spiritualism was only spoken then in whispers by two persons. Do not the angels listen even to the whispering of earnest souls?

I am on the watch for new subscribers to our beloved JOURNAL, the bold fearless champion for truth and freedom.

Mrs. E. C. NICHOLS.

Michigan City, Indiana.

This evening E. V. Wilson delivered a course of three lectures at Union Hall in this city, a full description of which would be more of a task than my pen is able to give. Our large hall was completely crowded jammed full every vacant place, sitting and standing, with the intelligent thinking portion of the people. Many were turned away in consequence of there not being room inside of the building to contain them.

We have had many very eloquent speakers here during the last political campaign, among whom were our honored statesmen, O. P. Morton and Schuyler Colfax, and I believe that everybody will agree with me that neither one of them have excelled Bro. Wilson in eloquence and logic. He is nature's own orator, and his subject was "Modern Spiritualism." The effect of the grand truths delivered, and the tremendous power with which they were driven home, will last until many generations shall have passed away. We could hardly restrain our tears when we took Bro. Wilson by the hand to bid him good-by, remembering his words of truth and love, and that we should perhaps never meet him again on this side of the river.

He gave upwards of one hundred tests, all but a very few of which were correct beyond a doubt. We can say truly, that in Michigan City, never before did "man speak as this man spoke."

L. S. HART.

Michigan City, Ind., Dec. 11, 1872.

Voices from the People.

The *Banner of Light* is kept for sale at the office of this paper.

REMEMBER that this paper is sent one year to new subscribers at half price—\$1.50, provided the subscriptions are made before the first day of January next.

ANGOLA, IND.—Dr. Moore writes.—The JOURNAL has become a necessity to me. I feel as though I could not do without it. I have taken it ever since it had a being, and I expect to take it while I live.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Mary Parkhurst writes.—As I am always pleased to help extend the circulation of the much prized JOURNAL, I think it best to send you one subscriber at a time, if I can't procure more.

Thanks, sister. Your kind acts are duly appreciated.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

KORONIS, MINN.—C. A. Staples writes.—We are located in the midst of opposition and people that are blind to the truth, but there are a few that stand up manfully and battle for the cause, who will in time free all mankind from the shackles that priests have bound upon them.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—D. A. Eddy writes.—There is no mistake but Foster is the best medium for tests and convincing people that we have in this country. He is a gentleman, affable, easy, courteous and liberal; don't charge unless investigators are satisfied. You will be perfectly safe in setting him up stump.

RICHLAND, MICH.—Levi Wood writes.—A few days ago I sent you one new subscriber for the JOURNAL, and now I forward you two more. I shall still continue trying to assist the JOURNAL.

Many thanks, dear brother. Your effort to circulate the JOURNAL is highly commendable, and angels will bless you for your kindness.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

PIEDMONT, MO.—Geo. Bates writes.—I will just say to you that my brother-in-law, N. W. Koons (a son of Jonathan Koons, the first founder of Spiritualism in Ohio), is a splendid medium for physical manifestations. The presiding spirit's name is King. Beautiful music was played upon a French harmonica, bell and tambourine, and the spirits talked distinctly so they could be understood by all present. We are all well pleased with the JOURNAL.

MARIETTA, OHIO.—D. Atkinson writes.—I admire the bold stand you have taken in defending the right against Woodhullism. I believe just as you do. All Spiritualists believe in purity of life, and in doing unto others as we would have others do unto us. Go on, dear brother, and keep the banner of truth unfurled until its holy teachings are spread all over the globe and millions of hearts are made to rejoice in perusing its precious columns.

WALTHAM, IOWA.—A. H. Loveland writes.—I will comply with your earnest request by enclosing three dollars to you for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. This pays for the paper until April, 1873, if I am not mistaken. You may rest assured that I will pay an honest debt. If I can not do it at the time required, I will as soon as I can. I have lost my horses; but so long as I have my health I can pay for the JOURNAL, and hope to be able soon to pay in advance.

Perfectly satisfactory, my brother. We do not complain of those who fail to pay in advance, but it does grieve us to be so badly pinched for the want of money as we have been of late, when we know that thousands who are indebted to us, could, by simply paying *arreages*, relieve us from the present pressure. It would require but little exertion on the part of each one, to raise the few dollars due us, which would in the aggregate amount to several thousand dollars. Who is there that won't heed this call?—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

ATKINSON, ILL.—John M. Follett writes.—The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Henry County Association of Spiritualists was held in the Court House, in the city of Cambridge, on the 14th and 15th of December. The meeting was well attended, and the members of the association were favored with four lectures by D. W. Hull, who gave perfect satisfaction to all by the easy manner in which he handled his subject. The conference meetings were interesting, and all listened with interest to remarks from Dr. Raymond, of Cambridge, Mr. Perier, of Sheffield, D. W. Hull and others. Their quarterly meetings seem to increase in interest.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Mrs. E. M. Welch writes.—Please send the Messenger of Life and Light—the dear JOURNAL—to my father, G. J. Olcott, Durhamville, Oneida Co. N. Y., for one year. I think by the end of that time, he, too, will have learned to regard it as one of the necessities of life. I am in receipt of many of the best dailies and weeklies published, yet the JOURNAL is the most cherished, most eagerly conned. I see by your paper that you know all about our Convention, so I will only add, that it was glorious. Everybody was delighted except a few who sympathized with the down-trodden and oppressed Von Vleck, who still lingers within the hallowed precincts of our saintly city, giving spiritual seances.

BRENNHAM, TEXAS.—Mrs. I. M. Stamps writes.—We have some things to contend with here. The ministers, ignorant of what they are doing, give us a blast every little while from the pulpit, warning their flock of the danger of listening to "this Spiritualism." I hold circles at my house whenever I can get a medium, and there is one, a very good writing medium, and will be a good physical medium when she is developed. When she stays with me a few days, I close the room wherein I hold my circles, lock it up all night, and when I go in the next morning I find long communications written directly by the spirits, for no human being can get in the room to write them. Some of the last communications they wrote were quite encouraging, telling us that the time is not far off when skeptics will be as scarce with us as Spiritualists are now.

NORWALK, OHIO.—Geo. H. Muchmore writes.—I earnestly hope that your call for assistance in the way of payment of subscriptions will be responded to in such a manner that your valuable paper may be well sustained. There is a very "interesting" revival now going on here in Norwalk. Converts are being made by the dozen. As a class they are the standard subjects for conversions, having been converted some two or three times before. It has been a union meeting, and when the division of "spells" comes off, Spiritualists and Infidels anticipate some rare sport! The Davenport Brothers were here one night last week, and left foot for thought by their excellent manifestations, though there was the usual outcry against them by the "religious" portion of the community.

RICHLAND, MICH.—Levi Wood writes.—I noticed your appeal in the last issue of the JOURNAL for "Aid in the Way of Renewals, New Subscribers, and Arreages." I see by the little monitor on the margin of my paper that my time will be out about the middle of next June, but I enclose one dollar to extend that time a little further in the future. I have also obtained one new subscriber. It is possible that any person claiming to be a Spiritualist, who, after having the benefit of reading so excellent a paper as the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, will neglect or refuse to pay for value received? Spiritualists, we must sustain the JOURNAL and all other worthy Spiritualistic publications. I am aware there are many individuals who are firm believers, that are fully convinced of the glorious truths of angel communion, and after having obtained that knowledge, they fold their arms and say, "I believe it all," and in one sense become drones—inactive and indifferent as regards the advancement and promulgation of the *Philosophy of Life*, which is destined to redeem the world, and unloose the shackles that have so long held the minds of the people in bondage, fear and ignorance. I once more say to Spiritualists, sustain the JOURNAL and all the worthy Spiritual publications.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—B. F. Reed writes.—I wish to say my little say about the JOURNAL and some of its contributors and how much I feel to realize benefit by perusing its columns. First, there is Bro. Francis (in fact who among the contributors don't stand first?) who has watched the chase after God, or rather the chase after gods which men worship—I will venture to say that he has outdistanced all who have preceded him, and if he did not quite capture the whole army of gods, he has given all the little gods such a scare that most of them will never venture to put in their appearance again. Then there are Prof. Carr's papers on Science and Theology, and then comes our much beloved H. T. Child, whose contributions are like unto himself, very serviceable and valuable, and last but by no means least, comes our little brother, E. V. Wilson. If he is she who serves most and best their fellow-men are greatest among us, then who among the many who are evangelists can stand beside Bro. Wilson? We know something of what we say, when we speak of Bro. Wilson, for we saw and heard him—were witness to the many marvelous tests given in Philadelphia last winter, and read in the JOURNAL his account of the same, and with a multitude of others, know that his statements in the JOURNAL come short at least fifty per cent of the thousands that were done through and by him. We have a goodly number of noble women and men—workers for humanity, but where is there one that can match him for spiritual gifts, with such a noble and generous physical endowment to carry forward the great and glorious work of evangelizing the masses—in short, he is wondrously endowed by nature to minister to the millions. I will not further weary your patience at this time, but at some future day I will state to you what I have witnessed in the presence of W. L. Jack, of 812 North 10th Street, Philadelphia, who is another wonderful medium, and will yet be known by the multitude, as he is a truly good and noble man.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—"Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and the pebble go attended by their own shadows. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its bed in the soil; the animal leaves its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of man inscribes its memories on its followers and his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda, signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent."

The Little Bouquet.

The above entitled work will be a monthly magazine, (usual magazine size, 32 pages of reading matter) with an illuminated cover of uncommon beauty. The whole work will be richly embellished with illustrative cuts, and replete with well written articles based upon the philosophy of life, and spiritual facts adapted to the taste, capacity, mental and moral culture of the children and youth of the present age, both in an out of the sphere of Progressive Lyceums.

This rare work, first of its kind ever brought before the public, will be put before the Spiritualists of the world at its actual cost—\$1 50 a year.

The proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE is impelled to look to other means for sustaining his House than profits from this work. The object is to place the magazine in the hands of the children of all Spiritualists at least, in a form so attractive as to banish the prejudice that so generally prevails among the youth, against the truth of spirit communion.

The well-known ability of the proprietor of this house to execute whatever his angelic friends impose upon him, is a guarantee that THE LITTLE BOUQUET will be a permanent institution of the country and a credit to Spiritualism.

A general invitation is given to friends of the enterprise everywhere not only to write for its columns, but to secure subscribers for the work.

The work is a fixed fact, and we earnestly appeal to our friends to forward their subscriptions. Address LITTLE BOUQUET, corner of Fifth Avenue and Adams street, Chicago.

Attention Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

Mrs. Robinson will furnish the remedy, and send it by mail or express to all who may apply for the same within the next sixty days, on the receipt of five dollars (the simple cost of the ingredients), and guarantee a most perfect cure or refund the money, if directions accompanying each package are strictly followed.

The remedy is harmless, and not unpalatable.

She makes this generous offer for the double purpose of introducing the remedy, and for bringing the cure within the reach of the poorest people who use the pernicious drug. The expense of a perfect remedy will not exceed the cost of the drug for continuing the deleterious habit one month!

Address Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Adams St., and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

We have so much confidence in the ability of the Board of Chemists and Doctors who control Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, that we unhesitatingly guarantee a faithful execution of the above proposition.—[Ed. JOURNAL.]

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On receipt of seventy cents we will send by mail, and prepay postage, one dozen of the Howe Machine Needles (very best). These needles are used by various other kinds of machines. In writing state the numbers wanted. Those most commonly used, are No. 0 and No. 1. Such we have.

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Leave. Arrive.

7:30 a.m. Mail and Express. 4:15 p.m.

10:15 a.m. Pacific Fast Line. 8:15 p.m.

10:15 a.m. Rock Island Express. 8:15 p.m.

8:15 p.m. Forrester Passenger. 8:15 p.m.

8:15 p.m. Cassburg Passenger. 8:10 p.m.

8:30 p.m. Mendota and Ottawa Pass. 9:55 a.m.

5:30 p.m. Aurora Passenger. 8:30 a.m.

1:00 p.m. Aurora Passenger, Sunday. 9:55 a.m.

10:00 p.m. Pacific Night Express. 7:00 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION.

11:00 a.m. Downer's Grove. 1:45 p.m.

1:45 p.m. Downer's Grove. 6:15 p.m.

6:15 p.m. Downer's Grove and Elgin Acc'n. 7:15 a.m.

6:30 a.m. Mendota and Hillside. 6:30 a.m.

Ex. Saturdays. Ex. Sundays. Ex. Mondays.

Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie streets.

Leave. Arrive.

9:15 a.m. Freeport and Dubuque Pass. 8:40 p.m.

8:30 p.m. Junction Passenger. 8:15 a.m.

12:00 p.m. Maywood Passenger. 1:45 p.m.

4:15 p.m. Rockford Passenger. 10:45 a.m.

8:30 p.m. Aurora Passenger. 8:10 p.m.

9:15 p.m. Freeport and Dubuque Pass. 7:00 a.m.

A Sunday passenger train will leave Junction at 8:45 a.m., arriving at Chicago at 10:15 a.m. Returning, will leave Chicago at 1:15 p.m.

DEPOT, CORNER CANAL AND KINZIE STREETS.

Leave. Arrive.

8:00 a.m. Milwaukee Mail. 10:10 a.m.

9:45 a.m. Day Express. 4:00 p.m.

11:45 a.m. Junction Passenger. 1:25 p.m.

1:00 p.m. Highland Park Acc'n. 8:40 p.m.

4:10 p.m. Kenosha Acc'n. 9:00 a.m.

5:30 p.m. Afternoon Express. 7:40 p.m.

8:30 p.m. Junction Passenger. 8:10 p.m.

9:15 p.m. Freeport and Dubuque Pass. 7:55 a.m.

11:00 p.m. Highland Park Passenger. 6:30 a.m.

11:00 p.m. Milwaukee Night Pass. 6:30 a.m.

Depot, corner Canal and Kinzie streets.

Leave. Arrive.

9:00 a.m. Barringer Passenger. 5:10 p.m.

10:00 a.m. St. Paul and Green Bay Ex. 7:15 p.m.

9:30 p.m. Junction Passenger. 8:30 a.m.

9:00 p.m. St. Paul and Green Bay Ex. 5:30 a.m.

4:45 p.m. Woodstock Accommodation. 10:30 a.m.

6:15 p.m. Barringer Accommodation. 7:45 a.m.

Ex. Saturdays. Ex. Sundays. Ex. Mondays.

M. H. HUGHES, Superintendent.

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Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Through Line and Louisville, Mo., New Short Route from Chicago to Kansas City.

Depot and Ticket Office—Canal street, near Madison.

Leave. Arrive.

9:15 a.m. (St. Louis and Springfield) Ex. via Main Line. 8:00 p.m.

9:15 a.m. (St. Louis and Springfield) Ex. via Main Line. 8:00 p.m.

9:15 a.m. (St. Louis and Springfield) Ex. via Main Line. 8:00 p.m.

4:50 p.m. (St. Louis and Springfield) Ex. via Main Line. 8:00 p.m.

9:00 p.m. (St. Louis and Springfield) Ex. via Main Line. 8:00 p.m.

9:00 p.m. (St. Louis and Springfield) Ex. via Main Line. 8:00 p.m.

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9:00 p.m. (St. Louis and Springfield) Ex. via Main Line. 8:00 p.m.

New Advertisements.

The New Wonder!

Frontier Department.

BY.....E. V. WILSON.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Give name of town, county and State where you are when you write. Direct all letters to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage County, Illinois. Never direct letters to us in different country places, when we are speaking under short engagements, unless we so direct. Write short letters, and to the point, in "plain talk," stating just what you mean and want, and always date your letters.

Our Second Tour to Michigan.

Friday evening, Nov. 1st, 1872, we left the home of Farmer Mary and our little ones, for a tour of forty-two days' work in the fruitful State of Michigan, Farmer Mary accompanying us on our way as far as Chicago. Ah! my Mary, long years we have stood side by side amid the storms and sunshines of life. Sometimes the wolf has placed his huge paws on the threshold, showing his fangs in hunger to us, and yet we have had our daily bread. Thanks be to the All-Father and the dear old Mother God, whose children we are, we live, are well, and are prospered. We have a home, and darling boys and girls to comfort and cheer us as we walk down the hill of life toward the vale of the Summerland. At eight o'clock we bid each other good-by—Farmer Mary to our home returned—we to the work of the gods.

At half-past nine, P. M., we were in our berth in the sleeping car, thinking of one who, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine years ago, was shivering in the cold, going on foot from one town of Judea to another, at the rate of twenty or thirty miles in twenty-four hours, teaching the Infidel Jews Spiritualism. And then we thought of the cruel murder of this man by the priests of the age, and of the fearful death of his disciples; and then we thought of our own work and the disciples and apostles of Spiritualism as it is in our time, and the enmity of all the priests of our day. And thus comparing we wondered if Jesus had ever dreamed of a time in the future, when the medium could lie down at night in a comfortable bed, and the next morning find himself two or three hundred miles from his starting place, or that he could send his word around the world in forty minutes. While we were thus communing, we heard a voice in prayer, and thus it said: "O God, I pray Thee, to watch over this trail of cars, and these precious souls in their swift flight over the iron rail to night, and I pray Thee, oh! my Saviour, to accompany Thy servant on his journey, and at its end to bless him by seeing him safely there. Strengthen me, O God, to do my duty and to do it well—all of which favors we ask for Christ's sake. Amen."

Well, my Gentle Wilson, where are your prayers? we asked. Then we prayed. "Oh! Pullman, we thank thee for this magnificent sleeping car. Oh! Michigan Central Railroad Company, we thank thee for this well-ordered and well-balanced railway, trusting our precious body in the hands of—first, the engineer; second, the conductor, third, the brakemen, and lastly we commit ourselves into thy hands, oh! Michigan Central Railroad Company, for the next forty-two days, and beseech thee to employ only such servants as will keep a sharp lookout, remain sober, and land us safely at last in our home. One favor more we ask, oh! Michigan Central Railroad, that you may be moved to send the Gentle Wilson a half-fare ticket over all the railways you own or control—all of which favors we ask for Farmer Mary's sake. Amen!" And as we finished our praying, a friend inquired, "I say stranger, are you a Christian?"

"No, sir!"

"Christian or no Christian," said a woman in the berth opposite us, "we on this side second that prayer."

"All those in favor of the prayer for Farmer Mary's sake, will manifest it by saying—"I!" exclaimed a voice in the berth next to us, and "I, I!"—came down the aisle of the car. "The 'I's' have it!" exclaimed our burly friend, and we went to sleep.

Saturday, Nov. 2d, found us at Jackson at 4:30 A. M., waiting for the train for Bay City via Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw Railroad. While sitting in the depot, we heard the following conversation:

"Who was that fellow who prayed to Pullman and the Michigan Central Railroad Company last night?" asked one man of another.

"I don't know; but one thing is certain, he ought to be prosecuted for blasphemy."

"What did he say?" we asked.

"Oh, he thanked Pullman and the Michigan Central Railroad Company for good sleeping cars, and then asked for half-fare tickets—all for Farmer Mary's sake."

"Well, my friend, had he not a right to ask such favors? and does not the Bible teach us that whatsoever we desire believing, we shall receive?"

"All aboard for Lansing, Saginaw and Bay City!" shouted the conductor; and in a few moments we were once more rolling on our way over the iron rail to our point of destination, arriving at twelve o'clock M., at Winona, opposite Bay City on the west side of the Saginaw River. We had to shoulder our satchels and pack them a mile—at least it seemed so to us—to the store of M. A. Root, our correspondent in Bay City.

We delivered eight lectures there,—held three afternoon meetings on Sundays, and four Monday evening seances, and attended one social. Our meetings were well attended, the audience giving marked attention, and for the first time the society has not had to draw on private funds to any extent to pay their speaker, the collections and benefits reaching \$112.00 all told. This well, and as it should be. We gave many fine tests of spirit-life while in Bay City, as well as readings of character, among which we thing the following worthy a place in our "Advertising Corner":

NUMBER ONE.—To a lady, a Mrs. H.—: "There is with you a spirit girl who died as a child, and she is your Sister Mary." This statement was corroborated to the letter.

NUMBER TWO.—Turning to a man we said: "Sir, we see you at fourteen years of age stepping forth into life, your own master. At twenty, we find you taking upon yourself responsibilities of an onerous character. At twenty-seven we see you in a storm of excitement—your life is in danger and you barely escape. What say you?"

"You are right, sir. At fourteen years of age I ran away from home and became my own master. At twenty-seven I was in the army, and in that year I was in several battle storms."

NUMBER THREE.—To a lady: "We see you in sorrow and grief eleven years ago. This is in July. In September a light goes out from you. It is the spirit life of a woman—your mother and child."

"Yes, eleven years ago, I buried my mother and child."

NUMBER FOUR.—To a man who sat in the rear of the house: "We see with this man a woman. She is his sister, and she gives me the following fact: 'We see him in a struggle with a horse—he is thrown and severely hurt. He is eleven years old.'" We fully described

the horse. "At fifteen years of age we see him struggling in the water with another whom he rescues from drowning. At twenty years, he cuts loose from all control and changes every surrounding in life. At twenty-four he takes upon him new relations that effect him socially, locally and pecuniarily. At thirty-two, sickness, sorrow and grief are with him. At thirty-eight we see a change locally that culminates in what and where he now is." We then read his character as a man, described his father and mother. "What say you, sir, to this reading, are we right or wrong?"

Slowly the man rose up, asking, "Do you mean me, sir?"

"Yes; and we do not want you to favor us."

"Well, sir, I shall not. I don't know how you do these things, for I am not a Spiritualist, nor have I ever seen you before, and yet every word you have spoken is true. The incident as being with the horse is remarkably true. The scar is here on my head to-night; in fact, it is wonderfully true!"

"How about the sister?"

"That is true."

The people were very much surprised at these verifications.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Notice of Lectures.

Mrs. J. H. Severance, of Milwaukee, will lecture in the Universalist Church at Wheaton, Ill., on Sunday, Jan. 12, 1873, at 2½ o'clock and 7 o'clock, P. M.

This lady is one of those able and true women workers in the field of reform, who loves the truth and dares to tell it to the friends of civil and religious liberty. Come out and hear this speaker. The lectures will be free.

The friends of religious freedom and Spiritualism in Downer's Grove, Naperville, Turner's Junction, Bloomingdale, Danby and Lombard, as well as the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in DuPage and Kane counties, will make a note of these lectures and spread the news, for they can rely on a rich mental treat. There will be a collection taken up at the close of each lecture.

Mrs. Fletcher, of Naperville, J. S. Barber, of Turner's Junction, and Milo Porter, Esq., of Lombard, publish these lectures in their local papers.

Let all come and hear the truth. Y. Z., of Wheaton, will do well to be on hand.

\$5 to \$20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Strimmon & Co., Portland, Maine.

FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M., at 99 West Randolph St. LYMAN C. HOWE speaker. Children's Progressive Lyceum 11:30 A. M. Sea's free.

Spiritualists Visiting

the city, will find a comfortable home at 154 Warren Avenue. Terms reasonable. BENJ. JOHNSON.

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Patients from abroad accommodated with good board and lodging at reasonable rates.

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THE

LAND

DEBATABLE

THE DEBATABLE LAND

BETWEEN

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NARRATIONS

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN

Author of Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World, "Beyond the Breakers," etc.

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Prefatory address to the Protestant clergy.

Book I Touching Communication of Religious Knowledge to Man.

Book II Some Characteristics of the Phenomena.

Book III Physical Manifestations.

Book IV Identity of Spirits.

Book V The Crowning Proof of Immortality.

Book VI The Spiritual Gifts of the first Century appearing in our times.

CONTENTS:

The world-wide reputation of the author as a Statesman, Diplomatist, and writer, his earnest and varied life in connection with the rise of the manufacturing interest in England, the Socialistic Movement in this country, the political affairs of thirty years ago, the career of a Diplomatist at the Neapolitan court but last and greatest of all the Growth of MODERN SPIRITUALISM affords an absolute guarantee that any work from his pen must be of the highest order and absorbing interest. The large sale and extended interest manifested in all quarters upon the publication of Debatable Land is sufficient evidence of the author's reputation and its continually increasing sale proves it to be a work of great ability and one eagerly demanded by the public and meeting the highest expectations. Mr. Owen's "Foot-falls" has reached a sale of over TWENTY THOUSAND copies and is still selling well. Debatable Land bids fair to exceed it in popularity. It is a large handsome twelve mo book of FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO PAGES handsomely bound. PRICE \$2.00. Postage free.

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Will diagnose and prescribe for the sick at her residence 636 Wabash Ave.

Invalids residing in or visiting the city may rely upon her skill inspirational and educational.

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It will be gratifying to millions of sufferers throughout the world to learn that in their behalf a Materializing Circle has been formed consisting of more than a score of chemists and physicians from the invisible world in which diseases of every kind or name will be successfully treated and many of them instantly cured by the magic touch of spirit hands or by medicines gathered from a distance unable to visit the institution by enclosing \$5.00 will have medicine sent to them. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case or money refunded. Address, Spiritual and Magnetic Healing Institute. Care of Ray Calkins, Springfield, Ills. [131n10]

Drs. Brown & Carroway,

Who are now making a successful tour through the Northwestern States, will make examinations and prescribe for diseases, for those who may be unable to visit them personally, by means of a lock of hair. Give name and address plainly. Enclose fee and stamp. If we are unable to get into sympathy with the patient will return money.

Examination, ————— \$ 2.00

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The Progressive Community!

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For particulars Address Wm. FREY.

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Dr. Samuel Maxwell

Makes Clairvoyant Examinations, gives Magnetic and Electrical treatment and medicines indicated. Treats all forms of disease with great success. Cures Catarrh, Incipient Consumption and Cancer, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Paralysis; Piles and Fistula without the knife; private diseases of men and women.

Examinations and prescriptions \$3.00; with medicine for one month's treatment, \$5.00 to \$10.00.

Acute cure, warranted, by mail, \$1.00. Constipation cure warranted, \$1.00. Sitzings for healing at a distance each, \$1.00. Send lock of hair, name, age, sex and location. Come to or address SAMUEL MAXWELL, M. D., 72 South Sixth St., Richmond, Ind.

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TO THE SICK

EVERYWHERE!!

After having been frequently importuned, both by MORTALS and IMMORTALS, to let my light shine, I have finally consented to use my powers for the benefit of humanity.

INVALIDS sending age, sex, lock of hair with leading symptoms of disease will get DIAGNOSIS and PRESCRIPTION, for \$3. All medicines sent at cost.

BUSINESS EXAMINATIONS and DIRECTIONS \$3. Will always use my best endeavors to benefit all.

Address, MARY C. MORRELL, P. O. Box 5694, New York city

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THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE

BEING A FULL ACCOUNT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM, ITS PHENOMENA, AND THE VARIOUS THEORIES REGARDING IT WITH A SURVEY OF FRENCH SPIRITISM

—X—

"Search where thou wilt, and let thy reason go To ransom Truth, even to the abyss below."

This interesting work by one of America's foremost writers in other fields of literature is written in the authors best style, there is not a dull page in the book. 400 pp., \$1.25, postage 15 cents.

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THE MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

SEND TEN CENTS TO DR. ANDREW STONE,

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131n161r

VOICES!

THE VOICES!

THE VOICES!

THREE VOICES!

—O—

WITH SPLENDID PORTRAIT ON STEEL OF THE AUTHOR

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

—O—

The fact that this work has rapidly passed through Five Large Editions is sufficient evidence that the book possesses merit. It would be difficult for us to speak too highly of these poems. We have ever since their first publication constantly endeavored 'with one of the very best and most effective means' 'with which to BATTLE ERROR, that can be used. We have sold many hundred copies but we shall not rest satisfied until every family where our JOURNAL goes has a copy. We never fail to sell a copy to our friends when they have once seen the book and read a page from it. The work contains food for all. The Philosopher peruses page after page with increasing zest and wonderment, finding therein new ideas, sound logic, and the most elevated reason, dressed in elegant and beautiful or sharp and pungent language, as the theme requires. The devout Religionist can here find new and sublime ideas of his "Heavenly Father," while the fabulous God of Old Theology is held up in all his hideous deformity.

The work clearly shows MAN has ever made a God in His image, and has conceived him to be in harmony with his (man's) own development. Hence, when man saw only through his own nature, his God was bloodthirsty and combative.

High authorities assert that some of the most difficult questions have been rendered plain in this remarkable book. For instance, the sovereignty of God and the free agency of man are for the first time reconciled.

No person, whatever may be their religious belief can read these poems without benefit.

THE VOICES is printed from large clear type on heavy tinted paper artistically bound, and sold for \$1.25. Full gilt \$1.50; postage 16 cents.

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LECTURES.

MARCENUS R. K. WRIGHT

—X—

the author of "Confucius," and the "Masterson," will speak before SPIRITUALIST and LITERARY SOCIETIES during the present winter upon application. He will deliver his great lecture entitled

"The Progress of Discovery in Africa."

with map illustrations, or will speak upon any of the following subjects:

"SPIRITUALISM IN HISTORY."

"LIFE IN THE AERIAL REALM."

"NATURE AND HER FAME."

"THE IMMENSE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT."

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Perfect satisfaction guaranteed, in style and fit, of every garment made to order.

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made in my own shops at Elgin, Ills., with the greatest care, is worthy the attention of close buyers.

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SECOND SERIES.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

BY D. D. HOME.

"Instead of being a superstition itself, as they may be disposed to think it, they would find it the explanation and the extinguisher of all superstition."—Dr. R. Chambers.

All Spiritualists and Investigators will hail with delight, another volume from Mr. HOME. Although a continuation of the first series issued some years since it is complete in itself. In his Preface he says:

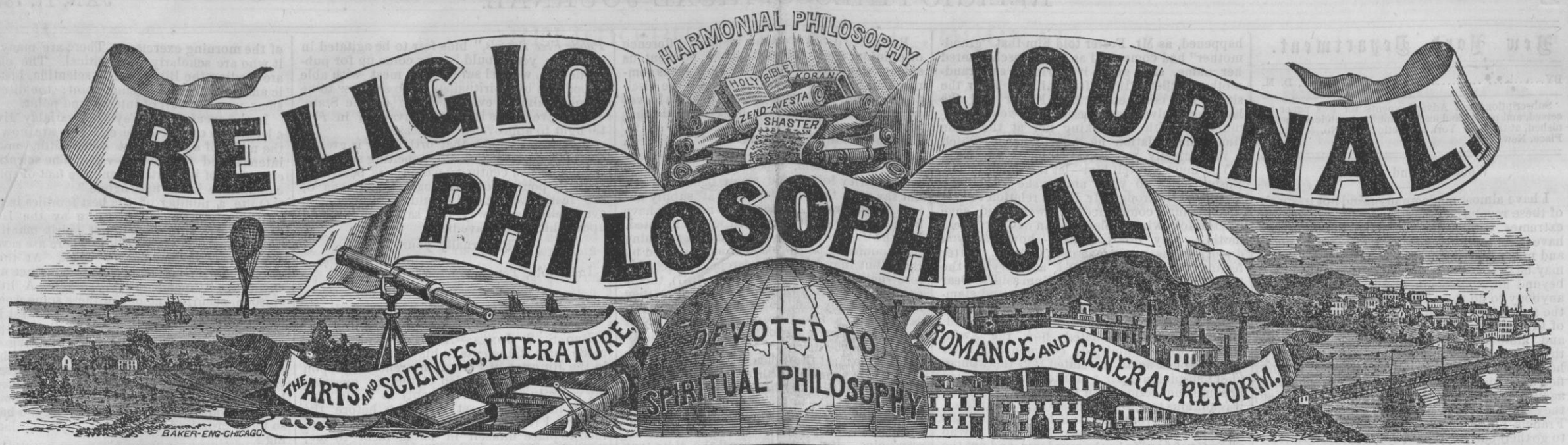
"About nine years since I presented to the public a volume entitled 'Incidents in My Life,' the first edition of which was speedily exhausted, and a second was issued in 1863. During the years that have since elapsed, although many attacks have been made upon me, and upon the truths of Spiritualism, its opponents have not succeeded in producing one word of evidence to discredit the truth of my statements, which have remained uncontradicted. Meantime the truths of Spiritualism have become more widely known, and the subject has been forced upon public attention in a remarkable manner. This was especially the case in the years 1867 and 1868, in consequence of the suit 'Lyon vs. Home,' which most probably was the indirect cause of the examination into Spiritualism by the Committee of the Diocesan Society, whose report has recently been published. Coincident with and subsequent to their examination, a series of investigations was carried on in my presence, by Lord Adair, now Earl of Dunraven, an account of which has been privately printed, an examination, especially scientific in its character, was also conducted by Prof. Crookes, who has published his conclusions in the 'Journal of Science.'

I now present the public with the second volume of 'Incidents in My Life,' which continues my narrative to the period of the commencement of the Chancery suit."

CONTENTS.

Preface.

Introduction.



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

VOL. XIII.

S. S. JONES, EDITOR,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 11, 1873.

\$3.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE;
SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.

NO. 17.

Original Poetry.

THE OLD YEAR.

L. A. LINDER.

The Old Year with freight of past pleasures and pains,
Its joys and sorrows, its losses and gains,
Is bidding adieu to the things of time,
To live again only in memory's shrine.

Before we shake hands and bid it adieu,
Let us take a glance back to the time it was new;
And pause for reflection, our life-lines to see!
And treasure the lessons it has taught you and me.

Perhaps it was fraught with trials severe
That wrung from our hearts many a sigh and tear,
And caused us to doubt the goodness of God,
Who called us to pass 'neath his chastening rod.

But as we turn over the leaves of the past,
And glance at the shadows the storm-cloud has cast;
We see they were needed—the light and the shade
Must mingle and blend e'er the picture is made.

We see that the night is as needful as day—
The rain, sleet and hail as the sun's bright ray;
The products of earth to call forth and unfold
And yield her rich treasures more precious than gold.

So with the storms, as they pass o'er the soul,
The dross is removed and revealed is the goal,
That lies hidden beneath awaiting the time,
When it shall be called to a mission sublime.

Or pleasures perchance with bright sunshine and flowers
Our pathway has strewn, and in her green bowers
Mid music and song we lightly have past,
And Time o'er our heart scarce a shadow hath cast.

Or blended perhaps both pleasure and pain
Alternately mingled our hearts to enchain,
With joy in its gladness swelling the gay strain,
Or sorrow in sadness wailing forth its refrain.

But, as we glance backward, to us is revealed
Each experience unfolded a lesson concealed,
Each added its might, each proved but a word
In the ladder of Time which Eternity crowns.

Now, thou art dying, we bid thee adieu,
Soon must we welcome thy sister, the New,
But thy teachings of wisdom and love we enshrine
To aid and direct us through all coming Time.

THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

BY DR. HENRY C. PIERCE.

Drew tells us in his Essay on the Soul, that the soul of man, the immortal part of our being, is immaterial, having neither length, breadth nor thickness; occupies no space, and has neither interior nor exterior surface! What more complete idea of nobility or nothing could he have given us? We are free to assert that the bodiless spirit of man, according to this school, is wholly intangible to our intellectual perceptions, perfectly incomprehensible to our reason. No wonder the church under such instructions, was fast sailing into Materialism, or a total denial of the soul's separate existence.

With us the spirit or inward man, commonly called the soul, is a real, substantial personality. Paul says it "knows the things of a man," and Job says it is "inspired with understanding." Here, then, we learn that knowledge and understanding are its properties or attributes. Daniel says he was grieved in his spirit in the midst of his body. Here grief is an attribute. Thus we can learn that the spirit (Gr. *pneuma*) is the moral, intellectual and affectional part of our nature, which will survive the dissolving of our earthly organizations. When we speak of the material or substantial nature of the spirit, we would be understood to be no Materialist in the common acceptance of that term, since he holds the spirit to be nothing but the result of physical organization, which must perish with it. With them the brain secretes thought, as the liver does its bile, or the stomach its gastric juice. Life and spirit is all one with them. On the contrary, we maintain that the individual spirit is an element—if you please—a simple, substantial, material nature, whose properties are distinctively thought and feeling; that it has an organization (spirit) within our physical organization, and upon the decay of the latter the former will escape and pass into another state, condition or sphere of existence.

Of the thirteen elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, iron, calcium, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, chlorine, sodium, potassium, magnesium and fluorine, found in our food, not one has the property of thought and feeling, neither alone nor in combination, so far as we can now know.

Thinking, as well as loving and hating, are powers granted to that other element,—spirit. We have seen that Paul and Job attribute knowledge and understanding to the spirit in man. Daniel says he was "grieved in his spirit in the midst of his body." The spirit, then, has the property of feeling, and love is said to belong to the heart, which in the Bible means not simply the affectional soul, but the whole spirit; hence we read of a "knowing heart," an "understanding heart," as well as a "loving heart." The word heart occurs in the Bible some 970 times; four times it refers to the literal flesh; eleven times it is used figuratively as the heart of the earth or sea, and 955 times it signifies the internal, thinking, willing, affectional element of man. *Pneuma* occurs in the Greek New Testament 386 times, and is rendered spirit, ghost, or its equivalent, in every passage except one, and there it should undoubtedly read *spirit* instead of *wind*. The Greek *Psyche* is rendered *soul* and *life*, but it confessedly has reference to this natural

life in most instances, though in some cases it refers to the spirit-life, and is then equivalent to *pneuma*. This is the case in the following: "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul" (Matt. 10:28). The attempt to make out the *pneuma* of man nothing but *wind*, is too gaseous to require further notice. Whatever the *pneuma* may be in its original essence, it has, as we have seen, the properties of thought and feeling.

Now, carbon has its peculiar properties, and so has hydrogen and the other elements; but that element within our composition, whose essential property is thought and feeling, is neither carbon, hydrogen or iron, but *pneuma*,—spirit! Now, the dissolution of our present organism, can not in the nature of things deprive any element of its essential and inherent properties. The oxygen when disengaged from its present affinities, is still possessed of all its original properties. It is as invisible as electricity, or magnetism, or spirit. Spirit when disengaged from the carbon and other elements, is still *spirit*, and still possessed of all its essential characteristics. Here is the doctrine of Immortality placed upon a demonstrable basis. The separate entity and immortality of our thinking self, becomes a necessity in our logic, which revelation can scarcely make more evident. But why stop to prove that which the common sense of all nations and ages admits? That man shall rise from the dead body of mortality and corruption, to incorruptible and endless life, is the universal creed of sages, philosophers and inspired men. And the Orthodox world, notwithstanding their absurd notion of a resurrection of flesh and bones, still instinctively cling to the idea of an immediate entrance into spiritual consciousness beyond the grave. They will not then object to our views of such an entrance into the Spirit-land, but will tell us there is to be another resurrection of the body. We aver that the resurrection is of a spiritual, and not of a corporeal character; it is of a spirit body soon after death, and not of this flesh and bones a thousand or two thousand years hence. If the spirit man enters into the realities of the other world at death, of what possible use can there be in uniting him again to a fleshy organization? The idea is Jewish, Pharisaic and Egyptian, and grew out of the notion of the metempsychosis or the transmigration of the soul. The Egyptians perceiving the difficulties of a resurrection of the scattered particles of our bodies, had recourse to the art of embalming, by which the bodies were preserved for the future incarnation of the spirit. The Jews, also perceiving the doctrine contrary to sound philosophy, invented the fable of the immortal bone, the *os co-endicis*, the lower joint of the backbone, which they tell us is carefully watched and preserved by the Almighty, who, in the resurrection creates a body out of this sacred piece!

The body evidently dissolves into its original elements, and becomes food for plants and worms, so that a collection of all of the old identical particles of matter would be an impossibility. They would have become scattered, and have again entered into other bodies and other men, and as all men could not have the same identical particles, the resurrection of the body becomes a physical impossibility. Indeed, there is no such language in the New Testament as the resurrection of the body, or this body, or the same body; but the very opposite position is maintained with great clearness. But before we proceed in the argument we will examine the words translated *resurrection*. They do not signify mean to raise up, to arouse. They are—1st, *Anastasis*, from *ana* up and *histemi* to raise; 2nd, *egressis*, from *egreio* to arouse, to awaken.

These nouns, our Greek instructor, a Baptist clergyman told us, may be made from the perfect middle, second person, and denotes a rising up. Nouns in *sis* denote the doing of what is indicated by the verb. Hence the first definition given by Griesbach is a rising up.

Anastasis occurs 42 times in the Greek New Testament; *egressis*, once; *exanastasis*, a rising up indeed—a noble resurrection occurs once in Philippians (3:11). There is to be a future *anastasis* of all both good and bad (Acts 24:15). Let us now inquire of the nature and character of this resurrection, and secondly when it takes place.

Our reasons for believing it spiritual and not physical, have in part been given, but we shall now present the argument as advanced by the Apostle Paul in the 15th chapter of his first letter to the congregation at Corinth. After proving the fact of a resurrection in the case of Jesus, by citing several witnesses, he anticipates the usual objection of the Sadducees who ask "with what body do they come?" Paul was of the Pharisees, who believed in a resurrection, but it will be seen, as to the nature of that *anastasis*, Paul with Jesus differed widely from his Jewish brethren; but the Sadducees not understanding the "new Theology" on this point, supposed Paul held to all the Pharisaic absurdities of a physical resurrection, i. e. of the same body, but Paul shows by a well selected figure, that it need not be the same body, only that it be the same germ or spirit. He compares the resurrection and future life to the sowing of bare or naked grain—say wheat: "And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be." Every seed will develop its proper body according to God's plans but that which is sown decays, the internal germ only surviving the dissolution of the outward part. This grows up to a future life. This is the *anastasis* or rising up from the dead. Literally, then, it is not the dead body which rises, but something rises from the dead. This is Nature and this is Revelation.

The resurrection from the dead is the lan-

guage of true inspiration. The dead are sometimes said to rise, and the graves open; all this is figurative, and can only apply to the germ or spirit which rises from the dead body. We have examined the 37th verse; we will now look at the 44th. "It is sown a natural—*psychikon*—physical body—it is raised a spiritual body. There is a physical body, and there is a spiritual body." Both bodies are in fact natural and real, yet they are not the same in any sense. The spiritual body is ordinarily invisible and intangible, yet under some circumstances has often appeared to mortals. The angels, Moses and Elias, and Jesus, came the second time to the earth in spiritual—spiritualized—celestial bodies. Indeed, a resurrection of flesh and bones would shut the raised out of Heaven for the Apostle goes on to say: "Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption—" 50th. This can not refer to the Jewish church, because it mentions the "flesh and blood," for we must bear in mind that Paul is not discoursing upon the subject of Jewish relationship, but upon the nature of the *anastasis*. What kind of a body would they have? That is the question. He answers that it is not the same one sown, but a spiritual body, and that flesh and blood has no part in the matter. He takes up the case of Adam when on earth, who had the physical body, but in Heaven the spiritual body. Adam the first was on earth; Adam the second is from, or of Heaven. The word *Lord* is spurious, no doubt, and Griesbach says it should "probably be omitted." It is rejected by several ancient manuscripts and versions including the Vulgate. Dr. Clarke also rejects it, and reads the 47th verse thus: "The first man Adam is of the earth, earthy; the second man Adam is of Heaven, heavenly," i. e., on earth he was physical; in the resurrection he became spiritual. "As we have borne the image of the earth, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Thus far it is evident that a resurrection of this, our physical body, is positively set aside by the Apostle.

There is one difficulty which weighs equally against us and our opponents—that is how was Jesus' body disposed of, if he did not rise with it, and how was it disposed of at his ascension, if he did rise with it? For, if he took on his body at his *anastasis* or rising up, he must needs change it before he could ascend into the Heavens, or spirit spheres, for Paul reasons thus, "flesh and blood can not inherit the kingdom of God." The difficulty is not touched by those who tell us that as his blood was spilled, "flesh and bones" might enter into Paradise. The flesh must be disposed of as well as the blood; besides it is plain enough that the phrase, "flesh and blood," is equivalent to a "physical body," which is the one sown according to Paul. The "physical body" does not ascend to the Spirit World by any known law. Theologians perceive this difficulty, and generally tell us that Jesus changed his body at his ascension. We now ask what can be the necessity of such a supposition? Why take on a body which is soon to be thrown away? But admitting it, we ask them to explain how the body was made to disappear in the air. What became of the earthly matter, the flesh and bones? Here there is as much difficulty as on the other hypothesis, that it was dissolved and rendered invisible at the tomb. They are obliged at last to confess that the body must have been miraculously disposed of, which we assert might as well have been done at the tomb as elsewhere.

But Jesus ate with his disciples after his resurrection; so did the three angels eat with Abraham; so do spirits eat now-a-days. This does not prove them, however, physical beings of flesh and blood. But it will be further objected, that Luke tells us in the 24th chapter, 39th verse, to handle him and see his hands and feet. This does not show, however, that he had a physical body, for all angels or spirits have hands, feet, etc., as well as ourselves. He wished them to see the print and holes in his hands and feet, as Thomas had done, that they might not be affrightened, but know who it was. He could appear in the spirit-body to have the same holes in his hands as he had in his physical body; he therefore wished them to examine and see that it was Jesus, "for" says he, showing his hands, "a pure spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." They suppose he was some spirit or ghost, but he shows his hands and says, they would not have such marks in them as I have. He did not mean that he had flesh and bones in the literal sense. It was only in appearance, and it further appeared that his hands were marked with the print of the nails: "And when he had thus spoken, he showed them his hands and his feet." They then believed as Thomas had before them, for another spirit whom they mistook him to be, would not have these marks of identification. If, however, any one prefers to take this passage of flesh and blood in its literal sense, it would not yet prove that Jesus rose with his flesh and bones—only that he had assumed it for that occasion. But whenever we give Jesus a body of flesh and bones, we must see it disposed of before he ascended into Heaven. We, therefore, prefer to believe he never took it on; but that his resurrection like that of other men was spiritual and not physical. "It is sown a physical body—it is raised a spiritual body." There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; that is, "there are also heavenly bodies, and earthly bodies," Paul informs us in 2d Cor., 5th chapter, that he expected to have a house from heaven. Here we again behold that the distinction is kept up between this "earthly house" or "tabernacle," which is to be dissolved in death, and that "house not made with hands," destined to abide eternally in the heavens or spheres of glory. The "earthly

house" is not the same as the "house which is from heaven"; one is earthly or physical, the other is heavenly or spiritual. Look at the contrast:

First man—second man; earthly—heavenly; terrestrial—celestial; natural—animal; physical—spiritual; that tabernacle—house from heaven; mortal—immortal; corruptible—incorruptible; vile body—glorious body.

But, disregarding this clear contrast, some one will urge, that, at the crucifixion, "many bodies of the saints which slept, arose." This we hold is only the language of appearance, and not of fact. Many appeared in their *spiritual bodies* to such as were impressible in the Holy City, and rumor and report would say their bodies were actually seen. We know, however, that their spiritual bodies might most easily have been mistaken for their physical ones; and further, it is not certain that Matthew, had as clear an idea of the nature of the *anastasis* as had Paul. Matthew is a very unreliable writer. There is only one other passage which has any weight on the Jewish notion of a physical resurrection—that is found in Romans, (8:33): "The redemption of our body." Lightfoot says, "mystical body" or true church of Jews and Gentiles in Christ. Not only the Jews, but the whole (Gentile) world or creation were in bondage to corruption and waited for the adoption or manifestation of the sons (children) of God—to wit, the redemption from corruption, error and darkness, of our mystical body.

Jesus teaches us that the uprising of the spirit-man occurs soon after the death of the physical body, when he proves that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are already in the resurrection state. We have an account of his confuting the Sadducees on this point, in the 22nd of Matt., and the 20th of Luke. The case so evidently refers to the patriarchs being then in that state, that Dwight, Campbell and others substitute "future life" for the word "resurrection" in the text. They tell us that in this place the word *anastasis* does mean an uprising already past with respect to those mentioned in these chapters. The Sadducees had thought to present a puzzling question to Jesus, so they asked him, if there be a resurrection, "Whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her." Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God. For in the resurrection they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven. But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.—Matt. 22:28–33. Luke adds, "for all live unto him"—20:38. The Sadducees believe in neither the resurrection, angels or spirits, and Jesus proves the resurrection, and consequently the existence of angels or spirits. And how does he manage the argument? God is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. This the Sadducees knew to be written in their own laws. Moses showed this after their death. Jacob had been dead 400 years, and Abraham and Isaac still longer, when Moses called God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. But God could not be the God of the dead or of those who had no existence. God is a God of the living, ergo Abraham Isaac and Jacob must have been living in some sense when Moses made this declaration. Luke adds, "for all live unto him"—God. The Sadducees could not escape such logic. It proved too much for them, it showed them that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were "alive unto God four hundred years after their physical dissolution, for Moses showed that God was then the God of these men, yet he was a God only of the living; these men were then living in the resurrection state. And further "all" those who have left the earth, as well as those now on it, "live unto him"—God. And in such a state those spirit men are like the Angels and can die no more.—Luke 20:36. This was so overwhelming in its force upon the Sadducean mind, no marvel that they were astonished and durst ask no more questions!

We have presented to our minds now the teachings of Jesus upon this subject, and see how he regarded the patriarchs as already in their resurrection or future state of spirit life. We see the sense which he attaches to the word *anastasis*, which Campbell here translates "future life." It is proof indeed that without an *anastasis*—resurrection—uprising, there could be no "future life," hence the reason why all the primitive Christians attached so great importance to this doctrine. Moses and Elias with other angels who have appeared from time to time, are all in the state *anastasis*, having arisen from the dead. The demons or the spirits of dead men according to Josephus and Philo, must also be in the resurrection state, for there is an *anastasis* of both the good and the bad,—"all live unto God,"—all have changed a physical for a spiritual body.

Tatian denied the resurrection of the body. St. Gregory denies that there is anything more corporeal (physical) about Jesus Christ. Origen admitted the resurrection of the bodies, but not that of the flesh—so much in the first century. It is admitted by Bergier, Feller and Fleury, Catholic authors, that most of the early sects believed only in the spirit resurrection, which Rome regarded as a heresy. St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom and Tertullian believed in a resurrection of flesh and bones. The sum of their arguments, according to Pitrat, amounts to this: that as the body has been a great instrument in the work of sin, therefore the justice of God demands that there be a resurrection of the body; that it be united with the soul, and both punished for the crimes committed.

But we reply, since the body is merely the instrument of the soul in the commission of sin, and is possessed of no rationality, it is not

capable of either merit or demerit, and therefore subject neither to reward or punishment in another world.

It is probable that Josephus and the Pharisees, learned the dogma in question from the Babylonians during the seventy years of captivity, for it is certain that several of the Pagan nations held the belief. Democritus says, "It is impious to disperse the remains of man, for the ashes and the bones of the dead will come again to light, and will become similar to the gods." Virgil has an obscure reference to this doctrine in the sixth book of his *Eneid*. The doctrine is evidently Pagan or Jewish, and was not believed by most of the early churches. The Basilidians, Valentinians; Marcionites, Marcosians, Theodotians, Apelles, Montanists, Tatianists; Carpocratians, Docetes, Artotyrites, Ascites, Ascodrates, Ophites, Cainites, Hermogenicas, all denied the resurrection of the body and the one general judgment, though some of them held to the metempsychosis or transmigration of the soul. None of these sects are, however, any authority for us, but are quoted as matters of historical interest, and to correct the impression of a few that the spiritual resurrection is a new or modern development of thought. The true doctrine of the resurrection is nothing more or less than that of immortality, which is now demonstrated through the spirits return.

Is Spiritualism Insanity?

(London Correspondence of the Boston Post.)

A queer case has just been tried in the court of Queen's Bench bearing upon the question whether a lady is liable to be shut up in an insane asylum on account of Spiritualist eccentricities. The lady in question, one Mrs. Lowe, was put into Brislington House, near by Bristol, about two years ago, as a lunatic by her husband, with whom she had lived on ill-terms for a long time. She was "constantly placed in contact with incurable maniacs;" and accordingly wrote a pathetic letter of appeal to the principal of the institution. This letter served as an excuse for her continued detention; for in it she spoke of a "deliverer" whom God would raise up for her, and of her belief in Spiritualism, and her hand being guided in writing by the spirits. She was removed to a more remote asylum, where, on making her protest, she was told that "we always advise ladies under these circumstances to keep quiet." She wrote repeatedly in vain to the Commissioners of Lunacy, and, in fact, the present prosecution is against them. She was at last brought before the Commissioners, who seem to have narrowly questioned her as to her belief in Spiritualism, thus apparently deciding, as far as they were concerned, that Spiritualism is insanity. It looks very like an incarceration by the husband for his own ends; but my Lord Chief Justice evidently does not lend a favorable countenance to the sect to which Mrs. Lowe belongs, for he refused a rule for a criminal trial of the Commissioners. Her letters certainly show a mind of more than common capacity, and she argues her faith with the authorities with a frankness and vigor which may be, but is probably not, an impulse of insanity.

This is but another case where extremes right themselves. The laws of Illinois and several other states have been essentially modified at the instance of Mrs. Packard, a Spiritualist, who was incarcerated in the insane asylum for three years at the instigation of her husband, an Orthodox preacher. Packard and his church followers went into court and swore that she was insane because she avowed her disbelief in infant damnation. That to them was an evidence of insanity. A belief in Spiritualism is evidence of insanity to certain officials in England. Their ruling will agitate thought upon the subject, and the result will be an inquiry into the policy of allowing the power to remain in the hands of husbands to rid themselves of wives under any such pretext of insanity.

Many of the leading minds in England, including Queen Victoria, are Spiritualists. Once let the ball of agitation be put in motion, and like a wild-fire upon the prairies, it will sweep over the land and eradicate the opposition, founded in ignorance of demonstrated truths of spirit communion, even as the fire consumes the wild grasses upon our western plains.

Appreciative Letter.

BROTHER H. A. STREIGHT:—The beautiful painting executed for me by your spirit guides, has just arrived, and I can truly say that it far exceeds what I expected. I am proud to be the possessor of such a work of art. Each time I look at it I discover some new beauty. Every rock, tree, shrub and flower is true to nature.

Let me assure you that I shall take pride and pleasure in showing it to my friends as the work of the angels through your mediumship, and shall certainly recommend all in want of such a work of art to you. I thank you and your spirit guides for the beautiful painting.

T. M. CHURCH.

Fulton, Ill.

New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received, and papers and religious publications furnished, at the New York Magnetic Cure, No. 5, Clinton Place, New York.

Woodhull and Claflin.

I have almost made up my mind not to speak of these revolutionists, as they have gone to extremes with reference to others and others have gone to extremes with reference to them, and many will misunderstand them whatever may be said. They are either hated or loved beyond all moderation, and it seems hard for anybody to do them exact justice. In view of the fact that they are in prison, at the writing of this, and that the judge and the newspapers and almost the whole public cast stones at them, it must excite the sympathy of every heart and every fair mind, especially as the fierce enthusiasm of these ladies in warring against society as it is, leads them to feel that they are martyrs in a just cause. When Geo. Francis Train on their first committal offered to go their bail for \$8,000, and wrote the following startling words, "the Christian world is rotten and is striving to hide its own short comings by persecuting you," they doubtless felt all the more the righteousness of what they had done.

Their intense and violent ways of seeing and doing things can find some excuse in the fact that these qualities were inherited from their ancestry, and also in the fact that there are many extreme and abominable things in the social condition against which they war. Mrs. Woodhull had no true home, no softening influences of love in her childhood and having felt the despotism of a false marriage in her own experience, and having seen the terrific corruption and infidelities and untold miseries that come from a false system of marriage too common everywhere, she has rushed fiercely against both high and low, *pugnax et calidus*.

Having done her this justice, it is but fair to the interests of society to speak somewhat of the dangers of her course. Like all extremists she seems to have turned the magnifying end of her microscope toward one side of her subject, and the diminishing end toward the opposite side. She condemns marriage in all its legal relations, and in her last terrific onslaught upon high and revered names, has thrown aside all masks and come out for free love and promiscuity. Under such a system, where is the sacredness of the family circle, where the loving influences of home, the protection of woman, the rights and education of children? Libertines in their lust and love of novelty might rush from one woman to another in the pursuit of false gratification, until scores of children had been born with nearly as many different mothers. Is it not baser than to commit murder, to leave these poor mothers to suffer and struggle alone in their weakness, in all the sorrows and burdens of bearing and rearing these children, while the father is rioting in dissipation? What could be a greater curse to father, mother, or children than such a course. If this is to be done in the name of liberty, then should we have liberty to murder and seal or do anything else without any legal restrictions to hinder. Mrs. Woodhull has at times shown with beauty and power the importance of a true soul union between man and woman. What is the harm then of having the law step in—not to hamper this love in the least, but simply to say that in cases where the parties feel that they must separate the weakness and selfishness of human nature shall not rule, but that protection and justice shall be granted to both parties in this separation, and the children, if any, be provided for. Until the world shall have improved for several thousand years longer, it is my opinion that we had better not attempt to abolish marriage but to abolish merely the despotic features of our present marriage system.

As to the terrific charges which Mrs. Woodhull makes against eminent persons, whether true or false, I scarcely know how to speak. She may consider it frankness, but it seems quite like fury. Her plea is very ingenious, she justifying herself by the assertion that in war all things are allowable, and she considers herself as engaged in war against the hypocrisy and rottenness of society. The individual she says must succumb to the general good. But war is not the natural condition of things, and the sooner it is done away with the better. The sunshine and the gentle shower are mightier for good than the tornado. Love is more powerful than hatred and politeness wins vastly more hearts than scolding ever drives. Gentleness is the modern idea; the arbitrary and vindictive style belongs more to the past. These ladies in their *Weekly* admit that one reason why they come out so fiercely against prominent members of society, is because society comes out against them, showing that revenge is one of their motives. Most reformers be all briars, pricking everybody they touch? Must all the privacies of the family be rudely thrown open to the vulgar gaze on the plea of reform? Must so much evil be done that good may come? Must the great good thing called society be made still more uncharitable until it loses all confidence in humanity by this terrible system of gossip? I think it all a mistake. I can see some good that may come from their course, but much more harm. I am willing to face the world in defense of the grand doctrines of true Spiritualism, but it grieves me to think how the public shrink in alarm before it, as from something very wild and licentious, because they suppose that Woodhull and Claflin are representative characters in its ranks. While Mrs. Woodhull is a lady of intellect and possessed, I presume, of admirable traits of character, it is unfair to consider her idiosyncracies as representative of Spiritualism.

Note from Hudson Tuttle.

BROTHER JONES:—The enclosed note is from a German friend of Cleveland, who desired me to send it to you. If what it says prove true, it is a wonderful instance of spirit identity. The writer is a man of long experience in Spiritualism, and worthy of implicit confidence. I hope you will think it worth while to examine into the matter.

Berlin Heights, November 20th, 1872.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Mr. Charles H. Foster, the New York test-medium, Mr. Hugo Hensch, Chemist, an elderly lady (not known to me), and myself, agreed to have at the same time a sitting with Mr. Foster, for spirit manifestations. Mr. Hensch wrote by request (it was his second visit) of Mr. Foster, the names of four departed friends on slips of paper and folded them. The lady took from her satchel a large number of well-folded slips of paper, stating that she wanted to be convinced of spiritual power, etc. Mr. Foster mixed on the table the lady's and Mr. Hensch's tickets together, and left them in front and between them both on the table—not meddling with them at all, except while mixing them in one heap. Mr. Hensch wanted at this second sitting, that somebody else, whose name was not written on one of the four slips, should come and report, and so it

happened, as Mr. Foster told him that "grandmother" had come, and as Mr. Hensch wanted her name, she gave it correct, as Grandmother Miller. In a few minutes after the sitting had commenced, Mr. Foster told the lady that Culvert was present and would communicate with her, asking her at the same time what relation he was to her, to which I immediately replied, saying to the lady, "You must not tell him—let the spirit or Mr. Foster tell it to you," and as she wished the spirit to tell through Mr. F. the relation to her, the medium commenced to write, and gave her the following explanation in writing: Dear mother, why do you ask?—how can you doubt?—it is your own dear Culvert. After feeling very much affected, and drying the tears from her cheeks, the medium said, "Dear mother, I was murdered—(stopping and stammering)—at Chicago." Mr. F. requested us by signs, to lead him to the bed, and so we did, and then he personated how the awful murder was committed; commencing after this, to speak again, he stated that the woman under suspicion did not murder him, but a man in some connection with her, and as the lady was anxious to know the name of the murderer, I had to point out the alphabet (lying on the table) and so I wrote down—"M o r t o n"—who was pronounced to be the murderer, and not the woman herself. F. also stated to the lady that there were only two bruises found on the body of her son—one on the breast and one on the neck—and that the necktie which was pulled off of him had such a shape (making a diagram or draft of it) and that the piece of cloth was a part of her son's woollen undershirt. The lady acknowledged that the family found only two bruises, and also that they had received a necktie and a piece of cloth. The medium also stated that money was the cause of the murder, and gave many other particulars.

As this "Culvert A. Johnson murder case" is just now in the courts of Chicago, it came to my mind that the Editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL may take some interest in this case, and find out by the Superintendent of Police about a man named "Morton."

J. A. HEINSON.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Memoirs of Jesus.

BY THOMAS DIDYMUS.

When Jesus left the house of Jairus after "raising" Miss Jairus, behold two blind men hailed the divine Master. They implored mercy, which might have meant alms; but the son of David intuitively perceived that they desired to have their sight restored. The great and good physician went into "the house"—that was a convenient, if not an ubiquitous house—it is frequently mentioned by that comprehensive name. The blind men were not led, but followed him thither. He inquired whether they possessed the requisite allowance of faith. Immediately they replied, "Yea, Lord," in concert! Then he touched their eyes, and they were opened. Their eyes were closed previously. We are not informed how the bystanders knew that eyes they could not see or examine were blind or diseased at all. But after opening the blind eyes our Lord held a private interview with the blind men in which he charged them not to divulge the circumstance of their recovery. But after they had departed to where they were unknown, they took especial pains to violate the positive command of the son of Mary, and spread the fame of the meek and lowly broadcast throughout all the country. Doubtless this conduct, though disinterested, was exceedingly distasteful to him. That he did not re-afflict them with closed eyes for their disobedience is a proof of his mercy (Matt. 9:27-31).

And as they went out of "the house" a mute possessed of one devil, was brought to Jesus. This Satan had recently come from the stately chambers of Pandemonium, hot and panting from the sulphur and smoke of Hell, bent on mischief. He was a huge, infernal being, which may account for him coming alone. He was morose Sooty, and would not let his victim articulate. After it was excoriated the mute spake glibly enough. In our days a genuine mute could require to have his hearing restored, and then apply himself to acquire language. What a change in the nature of things since then! Of course the wretched Pharisees objected to the *corp de main* of Jesus. It is presumed they wished to monopolize all the talk, and were in league with that Nick to effect such purpose (Matt. 22:32-35).

The gospel inventors invest the Baptist with eccentricities of style and deportment consistent with his role in the character of madman, clown or fool. He recognized Jesus before he was born, wanted to unbuckle the lachets of the Master's sandals on Jordan, and when he was cast into prison he sent to inquire of Jesus who he was. Jesus satirized him playfully, "What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind?" A prophet? Verily, I say unto you that this show in the wilderness, this quaking reed on the muddy banks of the sluggish Jordan, this fellow dressed softly in camel's hair was a prophet. This enemy of the locust family, supposed to be lineal descendants of trained locusts of Moses, this babbling, this merchant of slang epithets, was a prophet, who went denude of clothing for three years? A prophet who took two lewd women to himself at the express command of God; a prophet who reflects credit on an abominable repast; who put modesty to the blush by indecent deceptions; who wept that his head was not waters; who tossed a third part of his hair to the wind for Omnipotence to pursue with a sound. Prophets all! tell it not in Gath, whisper it not in Askelon that the Baptist, too, was a prophet. (Is. 3:17 and 57:2; Jer. 9:1, Ezek. 4:9-15 and 5:2. Hosea 1:2, 3, 6 and 2:1-3. The ravings of this Timon were of no importance to any one, much less to the fair Herodias. He may have had a head, but it was not worth half Herod's Kingdom.

One day—I may not say what day, or whether it was fair or murky weather, because I am narrating facts—one day Jesus extended a hearty invitation to his devoted disciples to accompany him to a retired place to rest awhile and recuperate their energies, because they were so pressed with company that they were tired and had not leisure even to eat. They accepted the well meant and timely invitation, and they departed privately thither by ship; but a modest crowd of about 5,000 men, women and children witnessed this very private departure, and starting on foot by land arrived at the resting place aforesaid before the hungry and weary master and his pupils. Hence this retirement was a miserable failure. Now the resting place thus selected was "a desert." "It belonged to the city of Bethsaida" (Luke 9:10), hence it must have been in the limits of that classic city or contiguous thereto. Now, when the day was far spent the tender-hearted disciples waited upon their Shepherd and remarked that there was nothing to eat in that arid waste and implored him in mercy to send the multitude away that it might obtain the bread which perisheth (v-12). Bro. John, of Patmos notoriety, says that Jesus first mentioned this pressing urgency in a confidential manner to Philip (John 6:5).

But not to dwell upon this inspired difference of opinion, let it suffice that the momentous subject was duly mentioned. Now Jesus commanded, "give ye them to eat, and the disciples replied, "we have no more than five loaves and two fishes." (Luke 9:13) Peter said that a boy owned the provisions, (John 6:9). Here is a seeming variation; but the earth is the Lords and the fullness thereof, Hence they had a right to them, especially as they were only "barley loaves and small fishes. I can not say what that boy carried that supply out into the desert for. Certainly he need not have been sent away to obtain food while it lasted. But the disciples did not reply at once touching the amount of their provender as intimated by Luke, but they went and searched closely before venturing an answer, (Math. 6:37), this is confusing. When they found out that they had, or the boy had, no more than was necessary to feed a few, the question arose what should the remaining number do for bread to eat. Then the disciples began to make suggestions to meet the difficulty. One suggested buying 200 pennies worth of bread, and intimates nothing as to the insufficiency of the purchase. (Luke 9:13) But Philip hooted at the idea of it being enough, (John 6:7). Perhaps P. was a vigorous consumer of viands or edibles. But Jesus knew all the time that his followers were in painful suspense as to what he would do. He began to make preparations to manifest his power. One of his Fathers had fed a famishing multitude in the wilderness on a miracle—why not do likewise? He commanded his disciples to make the multitude sit down by fifties in a company. (Luke 9:14) In the excitement incident to the occasion, the disciples made a portion of the multitude sit down in hundreds. (Mark 6:40) But the pardonable blunder did not interfere with the miracle about to be wrought, or, possibly, some of the 50's in being counted were doubled in numbers; but that would interfere with the reliability of the miracle to some extent; hence it should not be entertained by any who would not imperil his eternal happiness. But really the disciples did as they were commanded, hence the multitude all sat down in fifties. (Luke 9:14-15). This is confusing. But I proceed. "There was much grass in the place." (John 6:10) Nebuchadnezzar ate grass like an ox. But what has that to do with the subject? But the whole crowd sat down, every one of them. 5,000 people in 50's—two companies sitting down in the grass. But the day was far spent when the disciples or Jesus first mentioned the subject of relieving their hunger. The men, women and children had to be counted or lumped. Lumping the number would interfere with the accuracy of the figures. I presume this was done as the word "about" creeps into the narrative before the 5,000. How many "about" would include or cover, we have no means of knowing. It may be fairly presumed that the outside figures were guessed. But at last, no matter who owned them, the Lord had the five barley loaves and two small fishes, I can't say what species of fishes, by his invisible hands rendered visible by flesh. But wait he must ask a blessing! This done in due form—he brake the loaves and gave to his disciples to distribute among the multitude. The distribution of the puny fishes he took under his own sole charge. Theirs were the hands that carried the bread; his were the gracious fingers that circulated the fish. Hands were the dumb waiters. How long it took the disciples to hand around fragments of bread to 5,000, or whether they helped themselves first, or on the run, we can not say. But Jesus bore the brunt in breaking fish bones, distributing and so on. Who is this that cometh from Bethrah with dried garments, that treadeth much grass, circulating small fish—fragments alone? Whether he picked the fish for the children is not recorded. But the disciples had been worried all day, had tugged at the oars in hot weather, were despatched with dust and dirt. Did they or the masters wash previous to serving? If Jesus was so unclean in his personal habits that one man should refuse to eat with him, what would they think who were to eat what he handled? Were his disciples any better than their master? What has the quality of provisions or their mode of serving to do with the vigor of one's appetite? But it was now dark, and the crowd being regaled, what happens? Twelve baskets were filled with the remaining fragments. What were twelve baskets doing out in the desert? Were they brought empty purposely to carry away the fragments of the miracle? It did not require twelve baskets to carry the boys' loaves and fishes. The disciples did not consider this a miracle. (Mark 6:52). What was brought in the other boats that came after Jesus had given thanks? (John 6:23) That a miracle? It was only a picnic.

The Bible in the Public Schools.

M. A. Johnson, chairman of the Board of Trustees for the "Johnson Point High School," situated in Kaufman county, addressed, on the 31st of August, a communication to Capt. J. K. Brantley, School Inspector, asking if, under the free school regulations, permission would be given for the use of the Bible at the opening exercises of the session of that school, to which Brantley replied that such permission would not be given, saying: "Amended Rule 26 adopts the books to be used in the public schools, and forbids the use of any others."

The Austin Statesman takes up the gauntlet and disapproves of the decision. The Statesman says: "The use of the Bible upon such occasions has been a custom from time immemorial, and it is nothing more than a respect shown for the Divine Word which is exceedingly right and proper, but here we have it in a free school decision, that the custom must be stopped even in high schools under the bearing of the rules imposed by Governor Davis, Attorney General Alexander and Superintendent DeGrees, that trio who have respectively prostituted every branch of the government, together with the free school system, to the basest ends of Radicalism, and whose radical feelings would induce them, for no other purpose than to gratify a desire to tyrannize over the people, to strike a blow at not only constitutional and civil rights, but even at the Christian religion."

We deny it has been a custom from time immemorial. It has been a firebrand in the success of public schools, and has been violently opposed by Catholics who are good tax-paying citizens, because the lecture is generally from King James' version and not the Douay version, recorded by the Catholics as orthodox. Religion should be taught at home and not connected with the State.

We can see no reason, however, for placing the blame, if any, as yet upon the illustrious triumvirate who govern our public schools at Austin, for they have not approved or reversed the decision of Mr. Brantley.

We can not see why the State officials should be charged as striking a blow at the Christian religion unless they are elected at the head of the Church as well as of the State.

DEAR BROTHER:—The above clipping is from *Flake's Bulletin*, a Texas paper of extensive circulation.

The question, "Shall the Bible be used in our

Public Free Schools," bids fair to be agitated in our State, yet, should it ever come up for public debate, we feel sure it will meet with able opposition by Spiritualists, who are now to be found in almost every portion of the State. We believe Texas is too far advanced in *Free* thought to approve such a measure.

Really it seems that orthodoxy is greatly troubled, fearing lest these pelting storms of the nineteenth century, which are being repeatedly poured forth through the columns of the fearless JOURNAL, should undermine, and eventually wash away the sandy foundation upon which they have built.

Fraternally yours

SUSAN J. FINCK.

Indianola, Texas.

Reply to O. H. P. Kinney.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—As Bro. Kinney has made some statements in his letter published in the JOURNAL of 10. 18th, reflecting upon me as a lecturer, and also calling in question my veracity as a writer, a reply is made necessary in order to set me right before the public. I regret that Bro. Kinney has determined to place himself in antagonism to me, "whether right or wrong," as such a determination must necessarily blind his sense of justice.

With reference to the society being somewhat divided, Bro. N. Kinney, in the presence of Bro. O. H. P. Kinney, asked me if I had ever found "the Spiritualists in any place all united?" I replied, "Perhaps not altogether so." Said he, "No, they are not so here, and I do not think you will find them so anywhere," or words to that effect, to which Bro. Kinney at the time took no exception.

A gentleman who went toward Elmira, on the train with me, acquainted with the place, inquired if I had witnessed the cabinet scenes of a home medium whose name I have forgotten, and I told him I had not heard of him. Said he, "The Spiritualists here are somewhat divided, and I believe there is some difficulty between him and some of the others." Besides, the gentleman just referred to and others told me they thought the morning lecture was just the thing they needed in Waverly, while Bro. Kinney and some others thought more honeyed words would have done better. What other inference could I draw from these different premises?

Had Bro. Kinney or the "Society" outgrown the "idea which represents God as a consuming fire," he would not then, nor would he now, condemn me for showing the picture in its true light: for, at the time, I stated that there had been two pictures which had come down along the track of the ages; one dark, gloomy and forbidding, the other the Light of Truth from the Angel World, and that I should present them the Dark Picture as those who wrote the Bible had painted it. Now Bro. Kinney and some others have decided to be displeased because I did not present both pictures as belonging to the same scene, or because I did not proceed to erect the beautiful Temple of Spiritualism upon the debris and ruins which Orthodoxy has strewn along the track of the ages without first "clearing away the rubbish" of past error.

He says,—"That lecture not only grated harshly upon 'such,' but upon every one who heard it." Again, "those portions which he thinks grated harshly were utterly repudiated by all present."

Now Bro. Kinney is certainly mistaken. He placed himself in antagonism to me magnetically during my lecture, disturbed my thoughts by opposing remarks during the afternoon, and is now determined to make a personal war upon me notwithstanding he says he does not write "in a spirit of unkindness."

Just to show him how easy it is to be mistaken and that others do not bear him out in his conclusion, I quote the following from a letter received from Bro. Jas. A. Graves, of Deposit, N. Y., who was present and heard my lectures and also heard the expression of Bro. K. with regard to them. The letter is dated Nov. 16th, 1872—six days after the lectures in Waverly. He says:—

"I have represented you very favorably here as a speaker, giving them my impressions of your two lectures in Waverly, which I am candid to say I considered able, as much so as any I have listened to—notwithstanding Bro. Kinney's unfavorable criticism. I do think his criticism of your morning lecture unjust. You gave a truthful representation of one of the Gods of the Bible—the one of hate and vengeance—and spared not."

"I live in hopes we may be able to get you here another year should you make a tour through this way again."

"Hope you may be better appreciated at Horseheads."

Bro. Kinney might find a good many more of the same opinion if he would take the trouble to inquire.

Now, it seems to me, if our good Bro. Kinney had a more abiding faith in the Angel World and understood the conditions of mediumship a little more thoroughly, instead of placing himself in antagonism to the work they were endeavoring to accomplish, thus tending to prevent (unconsciously though it may be) the very best results, he could do himself and the society much more good by making the most favorable conditions possible for mediums and their spirit control to work in to advantage.

Whenever an audience jumps at conclusions, or that part of it to whom the speaker would naturally look for approval, condemning the medium and the control, it not only makes hard work for the medium, placed between the two opposing influences, but may even cause unpleasant remarks in the turn of affairs to be forced upon the audience through the medium, as the reflex action of their own minds or conditions. Besides mediums are injured and shattered by such uncongenial magnetism more than those who are not mediums are possibly aware of.

Now, Bro. Kinney, please try to understand this law in the future, and help and strengthen the *sensitives* who minister to you in spiritual things, and before you accuse them of trying to "drive people into Spiritualism at the point of the bayonet," take care that you do not by opposing magnetism first thrust the bayonet of your prejudices into them.

Ever thine for the Right,

D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

Items from Kansas and Missouri.

DEAR BROTHER:—You write me that "Articles from this section are always acceptable," so I am encouraged to send greeting to the thousands of readers to whom your paper goes on its weekly visits.

Spiritualism in the Capital of this great State is felt as a power. From a little handful we have grown to be a "great congregation." Every Sunday morning from 10 o'clock to 12 M., the Lyceum is conducted by Brother Peck, who is the "right man in the right place." After the calisthenic exercises are over recitations are had, in groups, from E. A. Newton's book for the young, and a Bible class of from thirty to fifty adults, conducted by Dr. Taylor. This class is now the feature

of the morning exercises. There are many in it who are scholarly and critical. The class are reading the Bible from a scientific, historic and common-sense standpoint; the discussions are often full of interest and point.

In the evening Dr. Taylor invariably gives a lecture to crowded houses. We are now in the midst of a series that are exciting much interest and comments—viz: "The scientific evidences of immortality and the fact of spirit communion in the ages ago."

Quite a number of the best families in the city have been won to the cause by the Doctor's lectures and some quiet spirit manifestations in their own families. There are several private circles held every week. At these circles there is more or less to convince and encourage its members every night. A little episode occurred at one of these some weeks ago that is worthy of note: They had sat for many weeks with no greater results than "raps" and the movement of the table, writing by spirit control, etc., but from time to time they were promised "greater things than these." But getting tired of waiting, one of the members asked: "Well, Bluejacket, what is the matter that you can't give us lights, as you have so long promised? Is there anything lacking?"

"Yes."

"What is it! Do we lack in our circle an element that is needed?"

"Yes."

"Can it be supplied in this city?"

"Yes."

"Will you spell the name of the person you want if we will call the alphabet?"

"Yes."

"Well, now we will begin;" and slowly was spelled out the word "preacher"; when they all exclaimed,—Oh! that's Dr. Taylor—that's Dr. Taylor! "Whack!" went the table with one loud, sudden crash on the floor—for "No!"

"Why, Bluejacket, isn't it our preacher, Dr. Taylor, that you want?"

"No."

"Well, shall we call the alphabet further?"

"Yes." Then the word "girl" was spelled out. Then they said, "It's Dr. Taylor's girl."

"Yes!" was signaled with three strong movements of the table.

"Well, Bluejacket, Dr. Taylor has three girls—will you tell us which one?"

"Yes."

The "oldest," was spelled out in the usual way. So on the next evening Mr. Peck called at the Doctor's and took Miss Dacie along to the residence of Mrs. G. on the corner of 3d. and Harrison streets; an interesting family of four daughters and their mother, formerly members of the Congregational Church, and Mr. G. while in the form, was superintendent of Public Instruction for the State.

On the very first evening of this new acquisition to the circle, large, white, fleecy looking clouds were distinctly seen floating about the room, and on the second evening very bright and beautiful spirit lights were seen by all present, and this is the usual result.

The spirits promise to give by and by spirit-forms and faces as in the presence of Mrs. Hollis.

By the way, I have just received a letter from Dr. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., author of "The Clock Struck One and Christian Spiritualism," who writes me thus: "The telegram is untrue. Rather than recant I would die, and they (the conference) know it."

"Mrs. Hollis, of Louisville, is here, and I have enjoyed my last great desire, that of seeing my departed loved ones in materialized form."

"My wife saw her father three times and was so overpowered with emotion that she could scarcely speak. Many of our very best citizens are visiting her *seances* with the highest results."

But to return to Topeka: The Lyceum is to give an entertainment in a fortnight, and the city will be surprised, no doubt, at the talent that will appear on the stage. The long celebrated drama called "The Toodles," will be rendered at the close of the entertainment, played by the members of the society.

Last Sunday, Dr. Taylor visited Leavenworth by invitation of the society there, and he reports "all things lovely" in the metropolis of our State. An immense audience greeted him last Sunday night, composed chiefly of the best citizens of the city, to whom he spoke nearly an hour and a half, on "The Three upright regular Steps taken by myself to reach the Sanctum Sanctorum in which I now stand and rejoice in the hope of the Glory yet to be Revealed." At the close, he sold a large number of "Old Theology turned Upside Down," and also of his lecture on the "Woodhull-Beecher Imbrolio," which by the way is selling immensely in this state.

I am sorry to say that we have recently been visited by two professional mediums in this city, that have done our beloved cause no good, but possibly some harm.

There is now a movement on foot that I trust will be a grand success. I refer to the effort that is about to be made by that noble woman and worker, Mrs. Mary Phelps, of Springfield, Mo., to resurrect the School for Ladies at that place. Now, will not every Spiritualist in the land respond to this effort as far as they can, by donations, bequests, contributions and *patronage* by sending their female friends *there* for a thorough education in that which is really useful and substantial in this state of being. I understand from Mrs. Phelps' letter to the JOURNAL, that she proposes to open her school for young married women, widows and such persons, as well as for young single ladies—that they may be taught some useful profession, such as teaching, the practice of medicine, telegraphing, etc. Such a school in this great West, conducted without the bias of sectarian theology, ought to be sustained, and I hope will be, in a manner worthy of the cause.

I am yours for the truth and

PROGRESS.

Topeka, Kansas.

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D. W. HULL speaks in Memphis, Tenn., during January. He wants to make engagements for evening lectures within one hundred miles of the above place during the same month. Address as above.

BENJ. TODD and J. O. BARRITT of the State Missionary Board of Spiritualists, accompanied by Mrs. Benj. Todd, will hold a Mass Meeting in Luce's Hall, Grand Rapids, on the second Saturday and Sunday in January, commencing Saturday forenoon, at 10 o'clock. Let there be a grand rally from every quarter. All are welcome.

Arts and Sciences.

BY Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and Subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

Obsession, or Spirit Control.

In entering upon the consideration of this "profound problem," it becomes necessary to seek for the clearest possible understanding of the idea conveyed by the word "Obsession." The Latin preposition "ob" primarily signifies before or in front, and as we understand its use in this connection, it means to lead in front of ("sedere"—to sit) the siter or impressible subject.

To make the definition more plain and unequivocal, however, we render it as we understand it, to be the arbitrary control by the lower grade of earth-impassioned spirits, who use their unfortunate victims or mediums for the grosser gratification of their insatiable passions, and often for the consummation of their own revengeful ends.

Webster says that Obsession means this: "To be besieged by an evil spirit." The idea of Obsession or the direct influence, and partial if not absolute control of evil as well as good spirits, is as old as human thought and observation. It pervades and is recognized in nearly all grades and measures of religious conditions, and comes down as a rivulet of thought condition from the remotest Aryan, Sanscrit, Pali, Zend, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, etc., to all phases of modern language. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty (through men) given understanding (Job 32:8). The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord (Job 20:27). But he turned and rebuked them saying, Ye know not what manner of spirits ye are of (Luke 9:38). It is the spirit that quickeneth (John 6:58). And they were not able to resist the spirit (Acts 6:10). Paul was pressed in spirit (Acts 18:5). But if ye be led of the spirit, ye are not under the law (Gal. 3:18). Christ preached to the spirits in prison (Peter 5:9). The spiritual man is made (Hosea 9:7). And they did eat of the same spiritual meat (1 Cor. 10:3). We wrestle against the dark spirits of the world (Eph. 6:12). They say he hath a Devil (Matt. 11:18-19:33). Jesus answered them have I not chosen you twelve, and one of you is a Devil (John 6:70). Thou hast a devil who goeth about to kill thee (John 7:20). The Devil having now put in the heart of Judas (John 13:2). Who are taken captive by the Devil, his will (3 Tim. 2:26). If the Devil who sinneth from the beginning (1 John 3:8). Michael disputed with the Devil about the body of Moses (Jude 9). Behold the Devil shall cast some of you into prison (Rev. 2:10). Ordained Priests for Devils (2 Chron. 11:15). And those which were possessed with Devils, and those which were possessed with Devils and those that had the palsy and he healed them (Matt. 4:24). They brought unto him many that were possessed of devils and he cast out the spirits with his word and healed all that were sick (Matt. 8:16). There met him two possessed with devils coming out of the Tombs exceeding fierce, so that no man might pass that way (Matt. 8:28-33). And devils also came out of many crying out (Luke 4:41). They told by what means he was possessed by a Devil (Luke 8:36). Magdalen of seven Devils (Mark 16:9). Lord, even the Devils are subject to us through thy name; ye can not drink of the cup of the Lord and Devils (1 Cor. 10:22).

We have thus quoted to show that the idea of Spirit Control (which term we prefer to "Obsession") has prevailed throughout Hebrew and Essene renderings as well as those of India, Persia, China, Egypt, Greece, Rome and other nations of the past, and has been accepted by all, as almost coeval with human sensation and thought. Though Obsession and possession have been used as synonyms as applied to Spirit Control, there is a difference in the derivation of the words, *ob* in the former meaning from, and *pos* in the latter being inseparable preposition, indicating and giving strength to the action of the verb *Sedere*, to sit, Obsession meaning according to Webster "to besiege," and possession or "to possess," under the philological latitude of Webster's fifth definition, means to enter into and influence; to control the will of said evil spirits, passions, etc.—those which were possessed with devils, etc., etc.

It is inferred from all the facts in the premises, that Obsession is the manifestation of the controlling spirit. A strict philological analysis in rejecting the words Obsession and possession as synonymous, would, it seems, select the former and reject the latter; yet under the extreme latitude of Webster's fifth definition of possession, it is now in common use, notwithstanding the strict philological loss of its derivative force.

We have been thus particular in the analysis of the definition, because the probable misapprehension of the two terms, Obsession and possession of Spirit Control, has already produced seeming confusion.

It would seem that all our best minds would at once admit the actual communion of spirits, with this and other spheres, which communion necessarily pre-supposes spirit impresses and controls, yet some of our high priests of liberalism generally accepted as teachers of penetration and judgment on most other points, doubtfully treat the subject of *Obsession* as a "profound mystery." It occurs to us that the law of Obsession is as plain and self-evident as that of full trance control—in principle the same—the Polar Law underlying and forming the constitutional balance or basis of the grain of sand, underlies and forms the constitutional balance, or basis of infinitude, in an unlimited degree. The motion of internal balances produced by the external disturbances, furnishes a moving relation of supreme magnetic control, whether confined to the individualized grain of sand or the universe.

That which so-called philosophy, calls "material," "stationary" and most fixed, is precisely the reverse in every particular. If we touch a coal of fire to a ton of gunpowder, where is its "material, stationary, or most fixed substance." Where is its attraction of gravitation, its cohesive, its attractive, its repulsive and its chemical affinities. Ah, says one, it has returned to its original carbon, nitrogen, sulphur, hydrogen, etc. Who has proved it?

There is, however, an interchange of electric condition, which manifests itself to the senses in the form of light, heat, sound, etc. All changes of condition give a new electrical constitutional basis and individuality; for instance, if we explode a ton of gunpowder, it passes up into a super strata of air, so called; if, on the contrary, we explode as much super strata hydrogen, as would have raised a ton of gunpowder above the Earth, it instantaneously condenses, passes down and forms enough water in this condensing with the sub strata oxygen, to have floated the ton of gunpowder. Thus we see that gravity is but a magnetic interrelation, precisely the reverse of its seeming. Though the copper plate in

battery action, resists chemical decomposition and is for this reason called positive, still zinc, the opposite plate, contains ten degrees more electricity than copper, and in yielding to acid action gives off this excess of electricity, which in the form of an electrical circuit, becomes and operates as an imperial force, suspending and supervising all other chemical forces and which continues to operate thus, until the zinc has been consumed, or given up all its electricity—the copper resisting chemical or acid action—remaining almost unaffected. Hence we see it is the substance containing the most electricity, or positive force that is the most easily decomposed, that gives off the imperial or controlling force in question. It is true the noble metals, gold, silver, platinum, etc., are so called because they are central electrical balances, compounded of the surrounding extremes of polar conditions; yet any of the baser electro-negative metals may act as reverse plates, and call forth an imperial power from the zinc plate, that can fuse, transmute and control all the nobler metals beyond the reach of acid action, just as the white center in a dark background gives off a surrounding solar spectrum, of red, yellow, white and blue, whereas the black center in the white background gives off a surrounding solar spectrum, of blue, red, yellow and white. Let it be remembered under these circumstances there is always a white ray or space between the blue and yellow, or the chemical and solar ray, the white ray or space being the field of their action and the red ray the magnetic result.

Thus we see the same law ruling through the grosser material as well as through more sublimated realms of light, and it now remains for us to see in what manner it applies to the still more sublimated ranges of mind.

As remarked on former occasions, the universally diffused force we call electricity, underlies and constitutes the balance basis upon which all constitutional individualization rests. This permeative power and its polar balance constituting every individuality, renders it a relational polar entity to all the relational entities of its polar surroundings, and when it, as an entity, is disturbed by external influences, its inherent life derived from the infinite entity diffused through it, is given out as the power in the zinc plate referred to. This source of motion, and this motion, and the inherent law of polar rule, in the polar source of motion, and the motion, is the genius of the elaborative centre, from whence all the laws and grand kingdoms of nature spring.

The utero-gestation of the grain of corn, and of the human germ is essentially the same, the chemism of their birth, the one into the atmosphere above the soil of the earth and the other into the atmosphere from the human soil is also the same.

Turning more especially to mind, however, —no metaphysician nor ethical philosopher contends, or ever contended the mind has or had any power within itself to produce its own thoughts, and to deny that thoughts come through the mind from some positive source beyond, by which Spirit Control is effected, is just as ridiculous as the Orthodox idea, that God gives them specially outside of any fundamental law. Since the days of Kant and Leibnitz, the empire of mental philosophy has undergone a wonderful change. It is now known that the mind is not a mere machine, nor a petty pent-up Utopia packed up for "infallibilities."

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For the benefit of those who have good sense enough to wish to rid themselves of the filthy and pernicious habit of using tobacco, we publish the following letter:

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON—Dear Sister:—I sit down to throw in my testimony with the rest. I have used tobacco twenty-five years. The appetite for it was hereditary, and I felt lost without it. I found that it was destroying my health, and driving me blind, and as heretofore I could not stop its use without longing for it, especially when I saw anybody using it, I sent you two dollars, procured a box of your Tobacco Antidote, and am now, after using one box, entirely free from its use. I can sit down in a room where the pipe and tobacco-box are passed around, and all partaking of it, and not feel moved to want a chew, or to smoke a pipe. I am thankful I have got rid of the obnoxious weed, for my health is better, my eyes are now well, and I begin to feel like a new man. I shall try to persuade others to do as I have done, and thus I may act as an agent in the case.

Very respectfully, yours, &c., W. W. PORTER.

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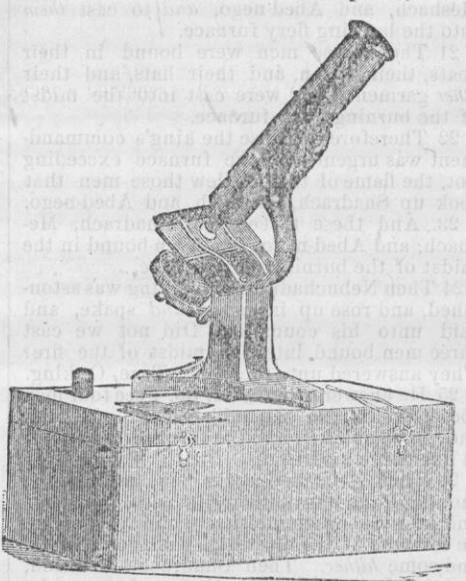
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Flashes of Light

From the Spirit-Land,

Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant,

Compiled and arranged by Allen Putnam,

from. At about ten o'clock, p. m., we resumed the object of our errand. Mrs. P. went first into the room, but did not take her seat till all were assembled. The room was again examined and the door locked. Mrs. P. having cheerfully acceded to a proposal that she would change the position of her seat, the light was blown out. This time all hands were touching each other. Beyond occasional taps and flutterings of the table, the candlestick being once or twice pushed about, there was no apparent result for fifteen minutes, when the missing ear-rings were thrown on the table. We sat for a short time afterward, and upon re-lighting, preparatory to our leaving for home, our attention was called to the fact that by some means a vessel containing a small quantity of liquid had found its way under the table from the adjoining bedroom. I have now narrated as fully as I can what had come under the notice of myself and friends on the evening in question. The cause of these extraordinary manifestations I am altogether unable to comprehend, much less to explain. But in common with every one who has witnessed them I am firmly persuaded that if freedom from deception or imposture on the part of Mr. and Mrs. P. can make them so, these manifestations are perfectly genuine.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.

A lady writing to the *Harbinger of Light*, from Melbourne, New Zealand says:

"The night I received your letter, my candle was blown out (by some invisible agent) four times, and on my attempting to light it the fourth time, the match was taken out of my hand and applied to the candle. I tried to sleep, and after a while did so, but awake finding the clothes pulled off me, and placed away on the floor, I replaced them and they were a second time removed. One evening since when returning from M. — I was shaken violently by the shoulder three times, no person being near me. On my arrival home, your portrait was taken. All the portraits were taken down and torn in pieces, and then put together again. All the portraits in the Album were taken out, and placed in five different parcels, all our relations in one, Mr. and Mrs. in another, B. and E. in a fourth, F. being thrown on the floor. I went to bed leaving them as they were, but in the morning they disappeared, and could not be found. A few nights after while walking in the middle of the road, the photographs were all placed in my hand, by some invisible agency. What do you think of it?"

Doctor Samuel Underhill.

Almost every Spiritualist in America is familiar with the name, and hundreds of thousands are personally acquainted with Dr Samuel Underhill.

For many years before the advent of "Modern Spiritualism," Dr. Underhill was a fearless advocate and exponent of Mesmerism. Indeed, he has from youth to old age, stood in the front ranks of modern reformers.

The fear of hell-torments never scared him very much. He was early educated into the Quaker belief of inspiration, and in that direction he was remarkably gifted—the spirit of inspiration was almost invariably upon him, and he was ready for any emergency which demanded a reason for the faith professed.

The Doctor in early manhood gravitated toward so-called *Infidelity*;—in other words, he denied many of the so-called essentials and foundation stones of the various creeds of the many Christian sects. Notwithstanding the often repeated cry of *Infidelity*, from the lips of bigots, he never failed to have full houses and devoted adherents wherever he lectured upon his favorite themes.

We have been personally acquainted with him for over thirty years. At the time of the commencement of our acquaintance he was forming classes, experimenting and lecturing to them in all of the principal towns through Northern Illinois.

He soon afterward became deeply interested in Spiritualism. He often related incidents of his early experience in Spiritualism. While he was devoted to the cause of Mesmerism, and the leading professor in that, then unpopular system of Mental Philosophy, he was astonished at times by the fact of his mesmeric subjects becoming entirely independent of his mental control. While his system of Mesmeric Philosophy only admitted of the subjects becoming subservient to his will, he found that they were subjects to another and invisible power, entirely independent of, and above himself.

This new phase of mental control the Doctor at once perceived, and deeming it worthy of his attention, with all of the fervency and ardor of his nature, he set himself at work to determine the cause. The means of demonstration were at the very threshold, and his powerful and then vigorous mind at once saw and publicly proclaimed to the world that man is immortal, and that under favorable conditions, can, after passing the boundary of this rudimentary sphere, by mesmeric control, commune with loved ones yet in mortal form.

This discovery was a *new one* in the Doctor's life. It did not in the least conflict with his Mesmeric theory, but it confirmed it, and demonstrated that his favorite *hobby* was a truism—that a Mesmerist in this life would have equal power in the next, and that through that power he could commune with friends after he had passed the "portals of death."

For many years, even to second childhood, the Doctor has been a most devoted advocate of Spiritualism. And now is privileged to realize a verification of his demonstrated faith in his own person. That we shall hear from him from the other shore in the vigor of his rejuvenated mind, and as an angel of light, we doubt not.

The following little notice from the Chicago *Tribune* tells the tale—the simple tale, that the venerable Dr. Samuel Underhill has passed to a higher life:

"Dr. Samuel Underhill, a well-known lecturer on Temperance, etc., died at Tonica, Illinois, December 14th, in his 78th year. He leaves a wife, to whom he was recently married."

The Proposed Mass Meeting.

BROTHER JONES:—I am being encouraged by receiving signers to the call that has been suggested for a National Mass Meeting of the

Spiritualist. I wish to urge upon all who sympathize with the movement to forward their names at once. The sooner the time and place are determined upon, the better it will be. Each of the spring months of 1873 have been suggested as the time, Cincinnati or Chicago have been suggested as the place. I hope that Chicago, Cleveland and Springfield, O.; Indianapolis and Richmond, Ind.; Louisville, Ky., or some other central city will send me their propositions for securing the holding of the meeting. Cincinnati will doubtless be the most accessible place to hold the meeting, and I think it possible to get the friends here to provide liberally for those who may attend, and pay the rent of a hall. I have received promises from all the railroads approaching here to make liberal deductions for transportation over their respective roads. If any of the cities I have mentioned will forward me propositions as requested, they will please include those of railroads for transportation. The names of signers to the call I have already received, with the interest they manifest in the movement, make fair prospects for the call positively being made. We want signers to the call from every city in the Union, if possible to procure them. The cause of Spiritualism demands the voice of the people, and the only way to get that is by as large a popular gathering, or as large a delegated representation as can be gotten together. I do not expect this meeting will bring the order we need out of the chaos that exists in our present organic condition. The meeting is desired to stimulate, to invigorate, to plan for future action. I hope those who take an interest in the meeting proposed, as well as those who oppose it, will discuss the business likely to come before it for action, so that there will be a better understanding of, and a readiness to meet the propositions when laid before it. Suggestions for its management will, of course, be thankfully received. The present indications being that the meeting will be called, it behooves societies of Spiritualists and individuals throughout the country, to take an interest in it, so as to secure an attendance that will represent all localities. The voice of the Spiritualists as complete as possible to receive, should be had before any organic measure is determined upon to rally under. This meeting may, or it may not, be found ready and competent to solve the problem of organization. It will, at least, prepare the way for an early consummation of the best methods to unite and utilize the masses of Spiritualists in prospering and perfecting our cause. It is my opinion that the result of the meeting that is now suggested, will be to determine upon or appoint a committee to perfect a plan of organization, to be submitted, so that the following year a delegated power can be had to adopt or reject.

I will forward in a few days the names I have received to the call, and will from time to time give those I shall receive. The following declaration to sign the call has been received, and I think it well to publish it:

BRO KATES:—I have never been in favor of a Mass Meeting of the Nation, as it gives to those who live in the locality power over those who may spend hundreds of dollars to attend it. Then again you will have the fanatical Spiritualists without number. I do not, therefore, feel like entering into this measure. I have resigned from the American Society, and feel that I am willing to rest for awhile.

Yours Truly
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
634 Race St.

Philadelphia, Dec. 23d. 1872.

Bro. Child makes a good objection in relation to the power given the city where the meeting will be held, over others. I wish to suggest an amendment to the call, and shall submit the same to signers for their approval or rejection, the majority shall rule, any one objecting being privileged to withdraw his or her name from the call providing the amendment shall be adopted. Those who may forward me their names will please specify whether they favor the amendment proposed, so also with other amendments to the call being desired and suggested. I can submit them for approval. I think it well to hold to the Mass Meeting idea for this gathering, and if desired the call can also be amended so as to make it binding not to effect an organization of the Spiritualists of America or any system of National Conventions, until the same shall be submitted to a succeeding delegated Convention. The opinions, however, of every mind possible to procure, should be had in framing the measures to be submitted for approval. It is expected, of course, the proposed Mass Meeting will be difficult to manage. But it will be easy enough if the meeting will adopt rules of government that shall simplify and systematize all voting and manner of procedure, and if those who attend will come together desiring to promote our cause by the will of the whole rather than to enforce pet opinions and theories. If we shall have fanatics there, it is to be hoped we will also have men and women of cool heads and good practical common sense. If the fanatical Spiritualists take more interest in our cause than those who may think they are outside that van, let us by all means transfer the management of Spiritualism into their hands. We want harmony of purpose in our fundamental structure before we can make progress. Let us then have strenuous endeavors to perfect our purposes according to the popular will and then as individuals, accede to the demand and at the same time be personal advocates of whatever additional or different opinions we may entertain, so that if we are really in advance, all will some day recognize the same, for we are heirs to growth in knowledge and wisdom, then we will have the basis upon which we all are united so that the superstructure can in safety loom up. But enough for once. I think every one will recognize the necessity for popular action and will see that liberality, charity and due respect for the weight of the measures to be discussed will pervade all the proceedings of the meeting. Those who have signed or who may sign the call will please state whether they favor or not the following amendments to said call.

1st. The Spiritualists of the city that shall be selected as the place for holding the meeting, shall be entitled to a representation of not exceeding ten persons other than those who have signed the call, as members of the Mass Meeting—said persons to be selected by the society of said city, or if more than one society shall exist in that city they shall jointly agree who shall be said representatives.

2nd. No positive National organization shall be effected at this meeting. If it shall be desired to effect such an organization, the meeting shall not do more than agree upon the conditions of said organization or appoint a committee to prepare and submit the same for the general information of the Spiritualists within the period of six months after their appointment, and call a delegated meeting to assemble within one year after this present meeting, to take action upon said proposition or plan of organization. Desiring that the Mass-meeting may be generally and properly discussed, and that all our friends may know that it is intended, I have presumed to again trespass upon your columns. The propositions embodied in the above amendments, under the present call could come up for adoption by the meeting after being assembled without conflicting with the spirit of the call.

Cincinnati Ohio. G. W. KATES.

Philadelphia Department

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

The New Year.

How natural it seems to greet each other with the compliments of the season on the coming of the New Year! In the retrospect of the past year, what mingled feelings come to us in view of the many changes that have taken place! How many thousands who stood, one year ago, in their places upon the chess-board of this life, have been moved by the silent but busy hand of death and placed in the beyond? Some kings and queens, some dukes, knights and bishops, and many common men. At the commencement of the year that fearful and loathsome scourge, the small-pox, was raging in many portions of our country.

In the autumn a very singular disease hitherto unknown attacked our most valuable domestic animal, the horse. Starting in Canada, an epidemic influence spread over the continent and the island with as unerring certainty as any disease that man is subject to. It has often been asserted that the published reports of diseases in the human system, have a tendency to spread them, but no one will suppose, however intelligent that noble animal the horse is, that the newspaper reports would cause the extension of such a disease among them. It was pitiful to see these animals everywhere suffering, and sometimes compelled to work, when they should have been resting. We believe humanity generally, and self-interest sometimes, prevented much suffering among these tried and faithful animals, whose value and importance in so many relations was never before so fully understood and appreciated, as when the patient ox or man himself, was called to act as a substitute. We rejoice that during the past year the red hand of war has been stayed, and peace with her manifold blessings has brooded over the nations. Prosperity has marked the history of mankind more generally than ever before, and so the race has moved upward and onward with better speed. More light has been diffused over the human family, and with it greater happiness, higher aspirations, and nobler desires for the good time coming that has already dawned upon the world.

Among the grand events of the past year that should be recorded in letters of living light, is the Geneva Arbitration, in which two of the great nations of the earth have met by their representatives, and like reasonable beings, agreed upon a settlement of their difficulties, without that which has so often disfigured humanity, a resort to arms and the shedding of each other's blood.

The year 1872, will be memorable for this grand international triumph of peace and good will, establishing a precedent for all the governments of the world. It is a cheering thought to know that reason is rising in the scale while brute force and passion are falling into disuse.

May we not hope that, with the New Year, the Godlike powers of love and reason will gain still more ascendancy in human actions, that nations as well as individuals will learn to look upon each other with those kindly feelings which are a blessing to all. We know that Spiritualism has been spreading silently but most effectively during the past year, widening and deepening its influence and reaching millions who had hitherto stood aloof. It is operating through thousands of channels which the world knows very little about, but like the sunshine and the dew, which are beautiful representatives of Spiritualism, it is causing the seeds of truth which lie in the soil of every human soul, to germinate and grow, and ever and anon we see the results in deeds of kindness and love, giving forth the fragrance of spiritual life. Never before was the world prepared to receive so much of spiritual truth as at this hour. The iron gates of bigotry and the icy bars of prejudice are being opened and melted away by unseen hands, and the fire of love. Men stand nearer to each other, not only in the nations, but in different countries. China and Japan, so lately isolated from the rest of the world, are opening their doors to it now, and coming out among the people. The other nations of the earth are learning to know each other better, and with this knowledge, and the increasing intercourse, the ties that bind us in a common brotherhood will be strengthened. Spirits tell us that the year upon which we are entering is to be still more grand and fruitful in good works than any former year, because the race is moving onward and upward, and the spirits are gaining more power from day to day. The mighty works that they have done in the past, are but the harbinger of still grander works, and we who are called to labor with them understandingly, will find many opportunities to do greater good.

The signs of the times are very hopeful. Delegates from the angel world walk in our midst to-day with a power unknown in the past. All the old manifestations are with us and new ones are coming—the grandest of all the materialization of our friends who have passed beyond the veil, so that they can be seen and heard of men, is no longer to be doubted; thousands have already witnessed these wonderful phenomena, and the coming year will extend the evidence of these till millions shall enroll their names as satisfied witnesses of the presence and reality of the loved ones who are not lost but gone before. Now is the time, friends, to renew our allegiance to the right and the true, and give evidence to the world that we know that the angels are with us from day to day and that their loving presence is a grand benediction to us and to all humanity.

The dark shade that a false theology has thrown over the future as an impenetrable veil are melting away as the mists of the morning before the rising sun. The two worlds blend and intermingle in all the relations of life so clearly that he who runs may read. The truths that were dimly unfolded in the past, stand out in bold relief, and the doubts that filled our minds with uncertainty, are passing away before the sunlight of truth, and we must speak out more boldly. We see that the spirits who have entered the other life always wear the garments they have prepared in this earth sphere, and these are those which fit them for the work they must do there. If course and unseemly the work, the garment is adapted to it. If pure and celestial the labor, then, too, is the garment most beautifully adapted to it.

The lesson of the hour to us is, that if we would be engaged in the highest and holiest work, either of this life or of the life beyond, we must prepare our garments, and have our spirits clothed for the work. If we would know of the highest forms of truth which spirits can give to mortals, we must place ourselves in such harmonious conditions as will enable them to communicate under the most favorable circumstances. We may learn something of the truths of Spiritualism without purity and harmony within ourselves, but we

can never appreciate the depth and beauty of spiritual truth, until our natures are attuned to the divinest harmonies, then will all the discord that is around us fade away, and music sweet and melodious fall upon our ears.

The dawn of this bright and glorious day is with us. Will we help its coming to us by opening the windows of our souls and letting the light flow in freely—then shall we realize how our Father would have his angels pour out upon us their light and love with continued and unceasing benedictions.

We need not consult others very much in this work, for if each one will do their part in the best manner they know the millennium, the glorious era of peace on earth and good will to all mankind, will come. Let us then resolve to have no enemies; to bury all animosity, hatred and ill will with the Old Year, and remember them no more forever, and herald the New Year with all that is pure and true and noble and loving—then will the knell of the Old Year leave no pang upon our souls, but the chiming bells of the new will mingle with the anthems of the angels.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring in the love of God and man,
Ring in the light that is to be."

TENNYSO

Magnificent Spirit Paintings.

Bro. N. B. Starr, Spirit Artist, residing at Port Huron, Mich., has sent us, for the adornment of our new and superbly arranged *seance and spirit room*, five oil paintings. We shall speak of them hereafter more in detail. For want of space we can only say in the present issue of the JOURNAL, that one is a Landscape painting called the "Land of Beauty, or the Isle of the blessed"—one is the portrait of a spirit child—one represents an angelic being on a mission of mercy to the undeveloped immortals in the land of darkness—one the spirit of a murderer who was executed in Kentucky in 1862; and one is "Our (the artist's) home in the skies."

L. D. SMITH, Secretary, sends the following: The Central New York Association of Spiritualists will hold their first quarterly meeting for 1873, at Sumner Hall, Norwich, New York, on the 18th, and 19th, of January, opening at 12 o'clock M. Messrs. Warren Woolson, J. H. Harter and Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball are expected to be the speakers. Mrs. Kimball will give public tests on each day of the meeting, and her great success in this line will make it a prominent feature of the occasion. The friends in the vicinity will entertain visitors as far as possible. Accommodations can be had at the Spaulding House, at one dollar per diem. All are cordially invited to be present.

A. J. REED, Secretary and Ira Smith, President, send the following notice:—"The next Quarterly meeting of the Eaton County Circle, Mich., will be held in Mineral Hall, Grand Ledge, on the Third Saturday and Sunday, 18th and 19th, of January, 1873. Mrs. L. A. Pearsall and other speakers will be present. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Test mediums would meet with a warm reception here."

LYMAN C. HOWE, the distinguished trance medium, will lecture in Clyde, Ohio, during February and March. He will answer calls to lecture week day evenings within one hundred miles of that place.

BLACK RIVER FALLS.—A friend at this place orders books, but fails to give name or State. Sixty cents is received for books with no name or address.

City Entertainments.

[For the week ending, Jan. 4, 1873.]

MCVICKER'S THEATRE.—Madison street, between State and Dearborn streets. Miss Charlotte Cushman will appear on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights as Lady Macbeth. Wednesday, New Year's matinee—Miss Cushman will appear in the comic character of "Susan Simpson" in the Comedy of Simpson & Co., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and Saturday, Matinee, Shakespeare's Historical play of King Henry VIII.

AIKEN'S THEATRE.—Corner Wabash Avenue and Congress street, Aiken & Lawler, Managers; W. H. Harrison, Business Manager. Every evening, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, Dion Boucault's Great Drama, the Long Strike! with a full and powerful cast. Grand matinee New Year's afternoon.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.—Randolph street, opposite the Court House, R. M. Hooley, sole proprietor and manager. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 30th and 31st, ninth and tenth performances of the Lancashire Lass, which has proved such an immense hit, that the management has been induced to present it for two more nights. Grand New Year's matinee. A superb double bill. An elegant comedy and a roaring farce. New Year's evening, Peep O'Day, with John Dillon in a great part.

MYER'S OPERA HOUSE.—Monroe street, between State and Dearborn streets. Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstrels. A Happy New Year to all. A monster bill for the Holidays. The great song and dance artists, Mackin and Wilson. Chicago in 1873. The 3 o'clock Train. Tricks and Trials. An entire change of programme. The regular matinee this week will be given on Wednesday instead of Saturday.

Married.

Married, Nov. 28th, 1872, at North Rush, N. Y., by Rev. D. Morse, Mr. J. N. DOWNER, to Miss CELINDA M. BANING.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

MANERVA NORTHWAY, wife of Herman Northway, died August 5th, 1872, in the triumphs of spiritual faith.
H. N.

Passed to spirit-life, Detroit, Mich., Dec., 4th, 1872, from the residence of Mrs. L. J. Mollere, DORAH P. MOSHER, wife of C. L. Mosher, aged 23 years.

Died at his residence, Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday night, the 9th inst. Mr. FREDERICK T. QUIRK, aged 54 years, for many years a resident of Brooklyn, an son of the late Edward Quirk, of the city of New York.

EVALINE BANKS, wife of Willis Banks, departed this life on the 8th day of Oct., 1872, in full belief of life in the Spirit World, with a host of friends gone before. Age 58 years.
She was a constant reader of your valuable paper.
W. B.

Passed to the higher life from Brookside, Oconto Co., Wis., Dec. 12th, LEORA, daughter of Frank L. and Mary Whitney, aged 2 years.

Blest is the infant of our love,
With angel friends she rests above
Free from earthly sorrow and pain—
Leora we shall meet again!
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W. L. Jack, M. D., Medium;

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Philadelphia Circle of Light.

Invocation.

Oh! thou Sweet Spirit, who dost gently fall in the pure little snowflake around our door, let the flake of truth and purity fall around us, and protect us during the dark and dreary nights. After the cold bleak Winter with all its storms, at last comes Spring, with its buds and beautiful blossoms, which ripen in due time into a golden harvest for the husbandman. Autumn soon follows with its golden tinges of foliage, hazy atmosphere and rustling sounds of the falling leaves. Oh! give us in each flake a ray of light, a crystal of purity, a gem of truth and a star of hope, thou who dost not forget us! Although they are little flakes, we wish to have them showered over and around us, so that we may ever be covered with them. Oh! may the mountains be ever covered perpetually with the pure snows of heaven, so that the Summer sun may melt the waters, to swell the pure rivulets that flow down into the ocean of love. Be with each one through each day and night, and let the streams roll on through the ocean of love forever and ever.

Dr. David Jayne.

Had I my way I would change the marriage bells into bells of joy, and instead of having what the world calls marriage, I would have a true marriage of soul to soul, and no longer have the moss grow over the "Changed Cross." [A book called the "Changed Cross" with a piece of moss over it was upon the stand in the room.] I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies, and I come back to say that I am farther advanced now than at any time since I left my mansion here in Philadelphia. The giving of thousands to build churches, did not save me, because I found that I had something else to do. I would go to the stagnant pools and drink what I considered gems from them, but I must come back, however unpleasant it may be to do so, as I find I can not rise until I return and give the truth.

With all the wealth that I once possessed, or of the whole world, I would not come back to live here again. I must work out my own soul's salvation. Never did I think that I would come back and speak through one of my own sex. I have been waiting and trying to find a suitable opportunity to come to that communion that knows no price, but is free to all. I am in no Baptist or Presbyterian church, thank God, but I can, in a sweet path of peace, return to speak as I please. Oh! how many looked upon that mass of marble that was consumed by fire, but not a sparrow can fall without it shall be known. There is something else to do beside vending medicines and nostrums. I come with that grandest of all sorceries to heal souls, which alone comes from the grand laboratory of nature.

They preached me into the highest of all heavens in the church, because I gave them money lavishly, but I would give them less were I back again. I am not any longer in that old building, it has been consumed with fire, and I am far above such things now, and I would not come back for all the money that my "Expectorants, Pills and Alteratives" ever brought me. The church is dying of consumption of the lungs, and needs a powerful Cathartic to purge it of its excrements, and it is getting it just now, and now may you still continue to read my "almanac" in the future as in the past.

Horace Greeley.

I am not lost! I want to tell you what I know about my Redeemer. My Redeemer lives, and who is this Redeemer? I redeemed myself. It is done! Look at the great infinite farm that you must all till. Plough it well and look out that the ploughshare does not run against the stumps. When you cultivate the soil of the soul, it must be watered with the clear waters from the river of truth, and I want you to be particular that the buckets are made as clean as possible.

My sayings have been buffeted by many, but I care nothing for that. I knew a great deal about the truths of Spiritualism, but I did not tell it because I sought a position. I wanted to bring things to a focus in my own way. I am happy to inform you that the position I now occupy is far above any President, King, or Monarch. I am clothed in the robes of peace. I worked as much as I could for the good of humanity, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that there is a register within the soul, which the town clerk can not change, because each hour new editions of the "Tribune" of life are sent out by us. See how many weeds there are that retard our progress by the wayside. Is there not something that we can do to accelerate our movements on the glorious farm? Yes, in the shop of nature, we can find the proper implements to clear all impediments.

I don't want my children to weep for me, because I can look out of those windows and see how the sun shines brightly upon hundreds and thousands of homes, and even the desert places have an oasis in their midst, where we can drink the sweet nectar and waters of life and be satisfied. My friends did all they could for me. Yes, it is true that "I died when I was born, and I was born when I died." I want to strew the flowers over those who strewed them over me, but I desire to strew them also outside of the church, as the church is too negligent of the poor desolate children out on the plains. Give them plenty of sunshine, and they will become members of that church which knows no priest or bishop, but peace, truth and justice. Oh! how many worlds revolve around the sun—how many revolve and travel around this vast country within you—then see if you can not find something worthy of tilling. God can not do all things of himself, but he must have others to help him do the work. How many of my friends are here whom I did not expect to meet—and how many are absent whom I did expect to meet. Why is it so? It is because some of them have been hugging their pet orthodox doctrines and the world. I have been told that this is the reason. The spirit world is a world full of reason, and we have a grand associated press above, which gives only light as God has said, "let there be light." The churches in New York and Philadelphia are going to receive some of this light.

Bless you all, and the woman particularly. This is my third edition.

Michigan State Association.

Agreeable to appointment the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists convened in Empire Hall in the city of Allegan, on the 13th ult. The Convention was called to order at two o'clock, P. M., by the President, and a

Committee on the Order of Business was appointed, consisting of Benj. Todd, Mrs. Henry Loomis, Mrs. Penoyer, John Farlin and Elihu Young. The afternoon was spent chiefly in conference, in which quite a number took part. Previous to adjournment the Committee on the Order of Business announced that Benj. Todd would speak in the evening at seven o'clock, and Bro. Stewart, of Indiana, at eight o'clock.

Saturday morning at 9 o'clock the Convention was called to order by the President. An hour was spent in conference, at the expiration of which the Convention proceeded to business.

On motion of Benj. Todd the election of officers was made the order of business for two o'clock, P. M. On motion of Bro. Stewart a committee of three were appointed to prepare a memorial for the late Secretary of the Association, J. P. Averill, who passed to the higher life in May last. Bro. Stewart, Bro. Barrett and Sister Baily were appointed as said Committee. Much time was spent in discussing the condition of membership of the Convention. The Constitution required that all those that had not credentials from a regular organized society, must pay one dollar in order to be entitled to the right to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and exercise the right of suffrage therein. There is a certain class that are determined to *deadhead* it through the world, if possible, and care not who has to pay the bills, provided it does not come out of them. They are the persons who invariably raise a tremendous hue and cry in behalf of the worthy poor, being fearful that they shall be deprived of certain privileges on account of this poverty. I do not believe that there is a Spiritualist in the State of Michigan that would attend the Convention, who does not spend every year more than four times the amount necessary to make them a member, in a useless manner. Should there happen to be one such individual, there are plenty that would help them to the means. One great reason why the cause apparently languishes in many places, is because the people are too stingy to support it, hence it starves to death. Many people think Spiritualism is the nicest thing out. They say that the medium should not charge for their services because it is not them that does the work, but the spirit, and that does not need any money. Thus they reason and pull their purse strings tighter and tighter, all the while chuckling over the idea that they were stealing their spiritual food. Well, if they only steal in proportion to the size of their souls, they never could be convicted of anything but petty larceny.

The Convention determined to let the constitution stand as it was, and those who wished to take part in the business thereof, were obliged to hand forth their dollar. This matter disposed of, the convention adjourned until 3 o'clock, P. M., at which time the convention was again called to order by the president and immediately proceeded to election of officers for the ensuing year. E. C. Manchester, of Bedford, was re-elected President, Mrs. Drake, of Plainwell, was elected Secretary. After the election of officers was disposed of, Bro. Barrett offered a resolution that a board consisting of three members shall be elected by the convention, to be known as the Missionary Board, who shall be empowered to go out and hold meetings, also to sell certificates of membership and solicit subscriptions and donations to the State Treasury, one half of which shall be paid into the Treasury, the other half to go to the Missionaries to assist in their support; also that the board be governed by their own policy so far as holding meetings are concerned. The resolutions were adopted. Benj. Todd, J. O. Barrett and Cephas B. Lynn were elected as that Missionary Board.

The committee on the Order of Business announced that G. W. Lusk would speak at 7 o'clock, and Cephas B. Lynn at eight. The convention then adjourned until half past six. The Saturday evening session was called to order promptly on time by the president, and a half hour spent in conference of a very interesting character, when Dr. Lusk took the stand and spoke under a strong inspiration for some party principles, and was followed by Brother Lynn in a discourse that needs no praise from me. The convention then adjourned until Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

SUNDAY SESSIONS. Promptly at 9 o'clock, A. M., the convention was called to order. Something like an hour and a half were spent in conference and hearing the report of the committee on the spiritual press. Brother Lynn spoke in behalf of the *Banner*; Benj. Todd spoke in behalf of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, and Sister Baily, of *Battle Creek*, worked for Lois Walsbrook's contemplated *Age*. A little after ten o'clock, Brother Stegman took the platform and gave us an excellent talk on health reform. At the close of his discourse, Sister Augusta Whiting came forward and made some excellent remarks on praying. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock, Bro. Lynn gave us another of his excellent discourses, and was followed by the writer with his old breaking plow. In the evening session, Bro. J. O. Barrett entertained the audience with one of the finest writer discourses on the social relations that it has ever fallen to my lot to listen to. Brother Stewart of Indiana, followed and closed the convention with a discourse wherein he gave a synopsis of the Barnes' will case. The convention throughout was the best considered in all respects that I ever attended.

BENJ. TODD.

Spirit Pictures.

Elijah Woodworth writes from Leslie, Michigan, giving an account of Spirit Photographs. He sends the following from the *Leslie (Mich.) Herald*.

In last week's issue of the *Herald*, I noticed a brief article on "McQueen and Spirit Pictures," in which investigation is declared to be in "order." Of McQueen I know or care but little; but it is my opinion that he is a man willing to stoop to deception of any character that will insure him popularity in any community in which he happens to be. This I gather from a brief interview with him on the street.

In regard to "spirit pictures," I have a more definite knowledge. I have made myself acquainted with the "mechanical" operation of making them. And I do know and can testify that while taking them, nothing perceptible to the human vision was in range of the "cameras" but the sitters. Therefore, I am led to the conclusion that the theory is reasonable; at least that the "spirits" of our departed friends are ever near us, taking cognizance of our actions; and when we become harmonized with them, they are willing and ever anxious to become visible to us, and do so to the extent of our perceptive faculties, and to the quick sight of the "cameras" for, if there was no substance there, how came the shadow?

I have also come to the conclusion that a greater revelation is about to be made to man than has ever yet been. Inasmuch as the Jewish ministrations undermined and superseded the apostate Pagan ministrations, and the Christian ministrations in its term undermined and superseded the Jewish, so it is determined that the Spiritual ministrations shall undermine and supersede the apostate Christian ministrations of the Nineteenth Century.

INVESTIGATOR

Voices from the People.

The *Banner of Light* is kept for sale at the office of this paper.

REMEMBER that this paper is sent one year to new subscribers at half price—\$1.50, provided the subscriptions are made before the first day of January next.

ARA, III.—Mrs. W. Brownfield writes.—No other paper can feed our hungry souls as the dear *JOURNAL*.

ROCHELLE, ILL.—A. S. Hoadley writes.—I am doing all I can to assist in the destruction of old Theology, and I consider the *JOURNAL* the most efficient means to that end.

PULTNEYVILLE, N. Y.—M. Northern writes. I can not do without the *JOURNAL*. Its thoughts are much better than those of old Theology with its angry smoking hell.

QUINCY, KAN.—W. C. Hurd writes.—A friend in Wisconsin sent me a few copies of the *JOURNAL*. The reading of them has induced me to subscribe for one year. They contain just such food as we are starving for.

KINDERHOOK, MICH.—A. C. Lyon writes.—The Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* dares to proclaim life, light and truth, and the right to serve God according to the dictates of one's own conscience.

WICHITA, KAN.—S. U. L. writes.—We have had sister M. Woodson here for November and December. We have a good deal of opposition, but her soul-inspiring lectures are doing good. We are about organizing a liberal society here, when complete I will write you again.

ATLANTA, GA.—F. F. Tabor, M. D., writes.—I am doing all I can for your good paper, and never let an opportunity pass to get you a subscriber when I can. My heart is in this cause, and I am willing to work unceasingly for its promulgation.

NEW YORK CITY.—C. M. Osbourn writes.—Haunted houses are on the increase. There are two in Brooklyn, where all sorts of performances take place—every thing movable in the house is thrown about, up stairs and down.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.—D. P. Greeley writes.—Your paper has been a most welcome messenger ever since it was first published. Please accept my warmest thanks for your untiring zeal, and may the good angels bless and prosper you and the *JOURNAL*.

SHINOCTON, WIS.—L. G. Walker writes.—I want to be a reader of your valuable paper. It is in my opinion the best paper in our nation. I think so for the reason it advocates the true religion. It speaks boldly, regardless of opinion. God speed the good work you have begun.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.—B. F. Tucker writes.—Mrs. P. W. Stephens, (sister of E. V. Wilson) of Sacramento, has been with us two weeks. She gave three trance lectures, and some very fine able. She gave better test in private circles than at public meetings. Mrs. Stephens is an excellent medium, and gave the people something to think about. I am a constant reader of the *JOURNAL*, and it is always a welcome visitor in my family.

TURNER'S STATION, OREGON.—Mattie Bleakley writes.—We look forward to the coming of your paper with great anxiety each week. And if there were more here that would step from behind the curtain, and read it in the true light, Oregon would soon pass above the Baptist age in which she now labors.

Thanks, dear sister for your encouraging words. You shall not regret your labors to circulate the *JOURNAL*.—ED. *JOURNAL*.

BUCK INN, ILL.—J. H. Hand writes.—Please find inclosed three dollars, which you may place to my credit for the *JOURNAL*. You ought to have had it before, and I can assure you that if I was able, I should have never languished for want of funds. Hope you will be able to keep a "sharp stick" just behind old Orthodoxy, for some time to come yet.

Thanks brother. That is the true spirit of reform. Knowledge will save mankind. Ignorance is the mother of old Theology.—ED. *JOURNAL*.

LYLE, MINN.—R. Spinner writes.—The cause of Spiritualism needs the earnest efforts of every true Spiritualist to instruct the people in the light of modern science and progress, and the most brilliant flame of light is the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*. Then let me say to my Spiritualist friends, "Keep up before the people," and you will bless the angels who are its guide. Feed it and it will continue to serve you with ability.

AUBURN, CAL.—W. Hastings writes.—"Whom having not seen yet I love," for your bold unflinching advocacy of our beautiful philosophy, and for showing up error whether found in our ranks, or in old Orthodoxy. Spiritualism in Auburn is, or it will be, a great point to live. On reading your urgent appeal in December 7th of the *JOURNAL*, to my brother who has been an investigator for a few months only, he exclaimed "I would rather pay three times the amount a year than do without the *JOURNAL*, as it seems an indispensable thing to us."

You and your brother will please accept our thanks. It is just such Spiritualists that would send the *JOURNAL* broadcast throughout the world. Will others go and do likewise.—ED. *JOURNAL*.

SOUTH BEND, IND.—John F. Kirby writes.—Our citizens were treated to a rare literary and scientific feast on last Sabbath morning and evening by Prof. A. B. Spincy, of Detroit, Michigan, on these subjects: In the morning, "The Philosophy of Religion," and in the evening, "Man and Immortality." The audiences were held in almost breathless attention during the hours of the lecture. Societies and all others desiring a lecturer combining the beauties of elocution and vast scientific research can not do better than engage Prof. Spincy.

CHARDON, OHIO.—H. Chapman writes.—I have been a reader of your paper ever since its first publication, and prize it highly far above old Orthodox reading matter. It is two years since my husband left the earth-form. I had an only child, a son, just merging into manhood—the 3d day of last July he was drowned by accident, which leaves me alone, to battle with earthly cares and toils, and take care of my aged parents, both of whom are over eighty-two years of age. I have but small means, but I feel as if I must have your *JOURNAL* another year.

PROSPECT HILL, WIS.—Thomas Boyd writes. I see by your appeal in the *JOURNAL* that you are in want of assistance. I hope it will be heeded by every one, especially by those who are owing you. It seems a very hard time for both of our leading papers to battle with the fire-brand and so many other enemies, but the Spirit is certainly able, and I have no doubt are willing, to furnish material to keep them afloat. I would not like to see either of them fail. I have been a subscriber to both papers for quite a number of years. I would not like to be without either of them. Enclosed you will find remittance for another year.

OGDEN, UTAH.—G. F. B. writes.—It may be interesting to your many readers to know that our philosophy is spreading among the people of these mountains. The Spiritualist Society of Ogden is in a flourishing condition. We have recently employed Doctor E. W. Stevens, of Wisconsin, to labor with us. Our meetings are well attended and the cause is well sustained. Under his administration we are confident of doing much good. We have established a Progressive Lyceum, which promises to be lasting, and of great benefit. We intend to have our society legally incorporated before long, and we are talking of building a hall of our own.

FEDERSBURG, MD.—S. B. Cook writes.—Through the kindness of the friends and subscribers for the *JOURNAL*, I have been receiving your paper some time without cost—the pay as I understand it, coming from the Widow's and Orphan's fund. I have noticed in the paper that you are much in want of money; and though I have no widow's

mite to contribute, and can not even pay for a subscription, and though I find the *JOURNAL* full of interest and like it very much, still I can not longer consent to embarrass the publisher by the weekly sending of a paper to my address gratis, and therefore would request that it be henceforth discontinued.

We do not feel like taking bread from the Widow's and Orphan's mouths—hence can not discontinue the paper. It is probable some person may be inspired to furnish a year's subscription money to continue the paper. We shall see and report whatever the result may be.—ED. *JOURNAL*.

PAOLA, KAN.—J. F. Haughey writes.—We have been favored here with a series of lectures from our worthy brother and earnest and efficient worker in the cause of truth, Dr. J. H. Randall, of Clyde, Ohio, who gave our cause a new impetus, and with all this, and the unflinching and unyielding determination of the few who have espoused the new-found philosophy, and with the aid of the few copies of the beloved *JOURNAL*, that are taken at this office, which are read carefully, and then scattered broadcast to be read by the public, we will yet make our influence felt among the sects, and force them to respect us and the truths we adhere to. Our little folks have been promised the *LITTLE BOUQUET*, and they are in great haste to see the first number.

EAGLE, WIS.—Anna Barton writes.—Through the influence of a kind friend and brother, you have sent me the *JOURNAL* without compensation. It has made its weekly visits for over eight months. It is the only spiritual food I get. It cheers me in my lonely condition. My husband has taken up his abode in the Summer-land. I have just received a shining message from him through the mediumship of Mrs. Mary Barber, of Milwaukee, O., how consoling it is to hold communion with our departed friends. It seems like shaking hands over the river of death. How can I express my thanks and gratitude to you for sending me the *JOURNAL* without pay to a poor widow woman of seventy-six summers. Long may you live to promulgate the truths of our beautiful philosophy.

We are glad to be appreciated. We mean to do our duty to the best of our ability. There is probably no paper published that does more to assuage the grief of poor, heart-sick mortals than the *JOURNAL*.—ED. *JOURNAL*.

PATTERSON, N. J.—D. Wells writes.—The Spiritualist here have been organized a little over two months, holding meetings every Sunday for free discussion and hearing lectures. Their numbers are still small, but are steadily increasing. They are exceedingly fortunate in having the services for the last two Sundays of Bryan Grant, Esq., of New York, who has commenced a course of lectures on the "Science of Spiritualism," which evince a degree of scientific investigation, learning and eloquence rarely equaled, while his elegantly polished language is easily comprehended by the comparatively unlearned, the best scholarship is delighted with the beauty and force of his graphic periods. The increase of numbers has attracted to hear his terse and logical discourses, assure us of a large addition to the number of avowed Spiritualists in this city, and we hope soon to be able to award a liberal compensation to speakers who may visit us. We heartily commend Mr. Grant to any society that needs vigorous stirring up and new additions to their numbers.

COLLINSVILLE, CAL.—S. H. Deputy writes.—I have fulfilled my promise to you by working one day (after harvest) to see what I could do toward sustaining you. In the *JOURNAL* we find spiritual bread that is true food for the soul. It strengthens us daily as we have power to digest the truths contained in its columns. May it, together with all its co-workers, be abundantly blessed and prosperous here and in the hereafter. As a result of my day's labor, you find ten dollars inclosed. Credit as directed. There is a great inquiry here about the beautiful Harmonical Philosophy. A good speaker could get a good audience and plenty to eat here, but the "filthy lucre" might not be quite so abundant. What a pity Collinsville loves it so well. I live in sight of Collinsville. It is half-way from Sacramento to San Francisco, on the river. If any lecturer of good test medium should happen this way, and can put up with very humble fare, we would like for them to call for a week or a month, and when they tire of us we will take our team and introduce them in another neighborhood about forty miles distant, where they will find other friends and inquiring minds. I wish our speakers would be more free to adopt the superior sovereign doctrine, and locate in the moral vineyard of the country, and call it home.

WESTON, OHIO.—Jane N. VanTassel writing, says.—Your paper is my Bible. I know you publish no unreliable advertisements. I have tried two of the advertisements in your paper, and found them reliable. The first one was Mrs. Robinson's. Last spring my health was very poor, and I thought I would consult a German doctor of good repute, and had the time set to do so, but before the time arrived I told my husband I would not go; that your paper recommended Mrs. Robinson so highly that I would try her, and I did so, and I was helped the most I ever was. I only had to send for one prescription. If I need O. T. I wish some good medium would come here. We have not had a speaker here for some years. There is but a few of us in this place that believe in Spiritualism. I do not see why it is that E. V. Wilson can not come here and lecture. We have spirit pictures on the window-panes in several houses in this town, which are making the people open their eyes. We have some on the glass in our house, but they are not fully developed yet; but two panes in one window of twelve lights are all but speaking in trances. So you see if we can not have speaking in trances, we have the good spirits to work for us trying to open the eyes of the people. We hope speakers will come this way when they can. We are but twenty miles south of Toledo, on the Dayton and Michigan railroad.

HOLLAND, N. Y.—L. P. Wheelock writes.—Perhaps some of the readers of the *JOURNAL* are not aware that there is such a place in "God's moral vineyard" as Holland; but if they will examine the railroad map closely, they will find it on the line of the B. N. Y. and Philadelphia road, about twenty-eight miles east of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a pleasant little town of about three hundred inhabitants, situated in the valley of Cazenovia creek, and contains two churches,—one built by the Baptist society upwards of twenty years ago, and a new Methodist church not yet fully completed. But in spite of all these good and holy things, "His Satanic Majesty" in the name of Spiritualism, has found his way amongst us. The good old *JOURNAL* first opened the way (although the minds of the three takers in town) and stirred up all in with the teachings of old Orthodoxy. A short time ago we organized a circle for investigation and development; have been rather irregular in our sittings, only holding them once or twice a week and continuing one hour each time. We sit around a table or large stand, and rest upon it, with a dim light in the room sufficiently strong to enable us to see every object plainly. At the sitting some of the members of the circle shook quite forcibly, and the table was violently shaken. At subsequent sittings that it was quite difficult to retain our hands firmly balanced on two legs, when the idea occurred to us that we might get some information by three tips of the table meant yes, and one no. Spirit-land, so we asked questions in relation to their condition there, and received satisfactory answers—often quite different from what we expected. At our last sitting we repeated the alphabet with the understanding that the table would tip one when the proper letter was called, when it spelled the sentence correctly, "God is love." The table was so forcibly brought down in answering questions that three of the legs were forced from the standard to which they were attached. So it seems, brother Jones, that even in this out-of-the-way place our spirit-friends are watching over us, and anxiously waiting for an opportunity to prove to us that they are not dead, but still alive and interested in our welfare. We would be very glad to have a good lecturer and test medium come this way and speak to the people, and give them the required proof of spirit presence.

The Little Bouquet.

The above entitled work will be a monthly magazine, (usual magazine size, 32 pages of reading matter) with an illuminated cover of uncommon beauty. The whole work will be richly embellished with illustrative cuts, and replete with well written articles based upon the philosophy of life, and spiritual facts adapted to the taste, capacity, mental and moral culture of the children and youth of the present age, both in an out of the sphere of Progressive Lyceums.

This rare work, first of its kind ever brought before the public, will be put before the Spiritualists of the world at its actual cost—\$1 50 a year.

The proprietor of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE* is impelled to look to other means for sustaining his House than profits from this work. The object is to place the magazine in the hands of the children of all Spiritualists at least, in a form so attractive as to banish the prejudice that so generally prevails among the youth, against the truth of spirit communion.

The well-known ability of the proprietor of this house to execute whatever his angelic friends impose upon him, is a guarantee that *THE LITTLE BOUQUET* will be a permanent institution of the country and a credit to Spiritualism.

A general invitation is given to friends of the enterprise everywhere not only to write for its columns, but to secure subscribers for the work.

The work is a fixed fact, and we earnestly appeal to our friends to forward their subscriptions. Address *LITTLE BOUQUET*, corner of Fifth Avenue and Adams street, Chicago.

Attention Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

Mrs. Robinson will furnish the remedy, and send it by mail or express to all who may apply for the same within the next sixty days, on the receipt of five dollars (the simple cost of the ingredients), and guarantee a most perfect cure or refund the money, if directions accompanying each package are strictly followed.

The remedy is harmless, and not unpalatable.

She makes this generous offer for the double purpose of introducing the remedy, and for bringing the cure within the reach of the poorest people who use the pernicious drug. The expense of a perfect remedy will not exceed the cost of the drug for continuing the deleterious habit one month!

Address Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Adams St., and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

We have so much confidence in the ability of the Board of Chemists and Doctors who control Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, that we unhesitatingly guarantee a faithful execution of the above proposition.—[ED. *JOURNAL*.

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKE.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.

For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address *Religio-Philosophical Publishing House*, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

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NOT THE SABBATH—ALL DAYS ALIKE HOLY.—A controversy between Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington, D. C., and Wm. H. Burdett, with additions, making this the best work on the Sunday Question. Price 25 cents each. For sale at this office. v12n3-6m

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On the Phenomenon of

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

PROPOSITION: Resolved, That man lives after the death of the body in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of earth.

Affirmative. Dr. J. G. Fish.

Negative. T. H. Dunn.

This debate is rich in historical and scientific research, containing a vast fund of information in a compact style, and to originally and cogently set forth the perusal of the same fascinates and instructs the reader. Every investigator should have it; every student of the Harmonical Philosophy should carefully examine its pages, and scrutinize critically the position of each of the disputants. Both of them are educated men, well versed in historic and scientific lore, and the knowledge that each one possessed on this subject, has been brought to light.

PRICE: 50 cents. Postage 2 cents. For sale wholesale and retail at the office of this paper.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY.

Depot—Foot of Lake street, Indiana avenue and Sixteenth street, and Canal and Sixteenth streets. Ticket office in Briggs House, and at depots.

Leave.	Arrive.
7:30 a.m. Mail and Express.	4:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m. Pacific Fast Line.	8:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m. Rock Island Express.	8:15 p.m.
3:15 p.m. Forrester Passenger.	4:15 p.m.
3:15 p.m. Gasburg Passenger.	8:10 p.m.
4:30 p.m. Waukegan Passenger.	8:15 p.m.
5:30 p.m. Aurora Passenger.	9:55 a.m.
1:00 p.m. Aurora Passenger, Sunday.	8:50 a.m.
10:00 p.m. Pacific Night Express.	7:00 a.m.

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN.

Ticket office, 31 West Madison street.

Leave.	Arrive.
10:30 a.m. Pacific Express.	8:45 p.m.
4:00 a.m. Sterling Accommodation.	11:00 a.m.
5:15 p.m. St. Charles and Elgin Acc'n.	11:45 a.m.
10:30 p.m. Omaha Night Mail.	7:30 a.m.

Depot, corner Wells and Kinzie streets.

Leave.	Arrive.
9:15 a.m. Freeport and Dubuque Pass.	8:20 p.m.
5:30 p.m. Junction Passenger.	8:15 a.m.
1:30 p.m. Highland Park Ave.	8:45 a.m.
12:00 p.m. Maywood Passenger.	8:45 a.m.
4:15 p.m. Rockford Passenger.	10:45 a.m.
6:30 p.m. Lombard Accommodation.	8:50 a.m.
9:15 p.m. Freeport and Dubuque Pass.	7:00 a.m.

A Sunday passenger train will leave Junction at 8:45 a.m., arriving at Chicago at 10:15 a.m. Returning, will leave Chicago at 1:15.

MILWAUKEE DIVISION.

Depot, corner Canal and Kinzie streets.

Leave.	Arrive.
8:00 a.m. Milwaukee Mail.	10:10 a.m.
9:45 a.m. Day Express.	4:00 p.m.
11:45 a.m. Evansville Passenger.	1:55 p.m.
1:30 p.m. Woodstock Passenger.	3:40 p.m.
4:15 p.m. Kenosha Acc'n.	8:40 a.m.
5:00 p.m. Afternoon Express.	7:40 p.m.
5:30 p.m. Waukegan Passenger.	8:25 a.m.
9:00 p.m. Highland Park Passenger.	7:55 a.m.
11:00 p.m. Milwaukee Night Pass.	6:30 a.m.

CHICAGO & ALTON.

Chicago, Alton and St. Louis through Line and Louisiana, Mo., New Short Route from Chicago to Kansas City.

Depot and Ticket Office—Canal street, near Madison.

Leave.	Arrive.
9:15 a.m. St. Louis and Springfield Ex. via M. in Line.	8:00 p.m.
9:15 a.m. Kansas City Fast Ex. via Jacksonville, Ill., and	8:00 p.m.
9:15 a.m. St. Paul and Green Bay Ex.	5:20 a.m.
9:15 a.m. Watertown and Beloit Ex.	11:30 a.m.
9:15 a.m. St. Paul and Green Bay Ex.	5:20 a.m.
9:15 a.m. Watertown and Beloit Ex.	11:30 a.m.
9:15 a.m. St. Paul and Green Bay Ex.	5:20 a.m.
9:15 a.m. Watertown and Beloit Ex.	11:30 a.m.

*Ex. Saturdays. *Ex. Sundays. *Ex. Mondays.

H. P. STANWOOD, Superintendent. Office, 140 North Union street.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL & GREAT WESTERN.

Depot, foot of Lake street. Ticket Office, 75 Canal street, corner Madison.

All trains stop at Twenty-second Street Station.

Leave.	Arrive.
6:00 a.m. Mail (via Main and Air Line).	8:45 a.m.
9:00 a.m. Day Express.	7:30 p.m.
3:35 p.m. Jackson Acc'n (daily).	10:20 a.m.
9:00 p.m. Atlantic Express (daily).	7:30 a.m.
9:00 p.m. Night Express.	6:30 a.m.
6:30 a.m. Mail.	8:45 a.m.
8:30 p.m. Night Express.	7:30 a.m.
9:30 a.m. Mail.	8:45 a.m.
9:30 p.m. Night Express.	7:30 a.m.
9:30 p.m. St. Joe Accommodation.	10:20 a.m.
9:30 p.m. Night Express.	7:30 a.m.

*Ex. Saturdays. *Ex. Sundays. *Ex. Mondays.

HENRY C. WESTWORTH, Superintendent. Office, 75 Canal street.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC.

Depot, corner Harrison and Sherman streets. Ticket Office, 35 West Madison street.

10:00 p.m. Night Express.	4:30 a.m.
5:00 p.m. Leavenworth Express.	4:00 p.m.
		4:00 a.m.
BLUE ISLAND AND WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.		
8:30 a.m. Accommodation.	8:45 a.m.
5:00 a.m.* do	1:25 p.m.

Frontier Department.

BY E. V. WILSON.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Give name of town, county and State where you are when you write. *Direct all letters to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage County, Illinois.* Never direct letters to us in different country places, when we are speaking under short engagements, unless we so direct. Write short letters, and to the point, in plain talk, stating just what you mean and want, and always date your letters.

Our Second Tour to Michigan.

(Continued from No. 16.)

Turning to a man, Mr. H., we said: "We see by you a young woman," fully describing her, giving the time of her death, her age then, and the age she would be if living. "This woman is your daughter."

"That is true, Sir; you are right in every particular."

Again we said, "We wish to try an experiment on this old man. You see, ladies and gentlemen, that he is as positive as a burnt brick." "Will you (addressing the man) step out from between the men? Take this chair. There, that will do. Now please observe—do not help nor resist us. Sit still; be as passive as possible. Think of anything you like, the man in the moon or green cheese—only do not think of yourself. Place your right hand on our left; be careful not to touch our hand with your thumb. Now lay your left hand on our knee, so. Look off from us. Do not think of us nor yourself." We then put the fingers of our right hand on to his left and watched for a minute or so, then lifted our hand, asking our Spirit-helper to move out the index-finger of his right hand, and the finger reposed at once, moving directly out. We then arose and turning to the audience we said, "The finger moved, exhibiting intelligence, we asked a third party to move the finger, and one of two facts is self-evident—this man did move his finger or he did not. Will you answer?"

"Yes! I did not move my finger—it did move."

"Who moved it?"

"I do not know."

"Did we touch it?"

"Not to move it with your right hand."

We then said, "On first taking this man's hand, we felt the sharp effect of dead matter, such as we always feel on handling leather or hides, always feeling this influence when handling harness, boots or shoes, hence we say this man is a harnessmaker or shoemaker—we think the latter." We then took up his history, beginning at a very early age, and gave many incidental records and dates. We then took up his habits, beliefs, character as a man and neighbor. We then spoke of his father and mother, and then described three spirits with him; one, an apprentice who said his name was Bobby. The old man replied, I am a shoemaker, and work at my trade. This man has given as correct a reading of the incidents and traits of character of myself and parentage as I could give myself, save in the case of this spirit Bobby. I do not remember any such name at present. In all else he is very correct."

On the evening of Monday, November 25th, we gave our last seance and meeting in Bay City. On this occasion the following incidents and facts took place. We went through the audience to the centre of the house, and touched the hand of one who had the appearance of being a well-to-do man, about fifty years of age or older. He was strongly built, had round dark features, a broad receding forehead, iron-gray hair and somewhat bald on the top of his head. We took his hand a few moments—then walking to the platform, we said, "We feel the effect of some chemical property which he had been handling. We also smell carbolic acid. We then named three dates of historic incidents in his life, spoke of him as a man and a citizen. We then described his sister, mother, father and a young child in long clothes, held out to him in the arms of a woman. We called on him to respond."

Slowly rising up he said, "I do not recognize one single thing you have said. At the dates referred to, nothing occurred to me whatever. There is no truth in your statement."

We then questioned him about his 13th, 15th, 16th, and 20th years, he only affirming his former statements.

"Have you buried a sister?"

"Yes, two of them."

"Will you describe the younger of them?"

"He did so."

"Will you now describe your mother? Is she dead?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Will you describe her?"

He did so; then he described the father.

"Now as to your habits, beliefs and religious views."

He gave them.

"The child in arms, have you buried such a one within the time we named, either your own or one you had a father's love for?"

"No, I have not."

A voice—Mr. Miller, did you not bury a grand-child at such a time, and within the time mentioned?"

"Yes, I did not think of her."

"Now, friends, I have proved every statement made to this man, save those dates. The father, mother, sister and grand-child, the habits, religious views and peculiarities, are fully sustained. I leave the matter in your hands, for you are to decide it for yourselves."

The man then arose asking, "May I have a few moments' time?"

"Yes, Sir; and we will stay just so long as the audience will listen to you."

He then said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I am going to upset this whole affair, and show it up as a miserable failure and humbug, a farce and delusion. The whole thing is mind-reading, and nothing else. This man is a humbug, and has done nothing but read our minds this evening, has not seen a spirit, or given a date or incident from spirit-communication this evening, or at any other time, and everything he has said of you or me, you or I was thinking of it at the time he spoke it. I admit mind-reading, but not spirit communication. There is not a spirit on earth or heaven that can influence me, or direct me, or control me. I defy them. You know they can do it. I defy all the mediums, devils and spirits of time or eternity to influence or control me. Now I am going to prove what I told that lady sitting there, that I would expose the whole matter, and I have done it. Did I not tell you I would?"

"Yes, you told me before the meeting began what you could and would do."

"Yes, I did."

All this was spoken in a loud voice, pitched in the highest key of a combined alto, bass, soprano voice. When through, Brother Stockman and others were on their feet ready to pitch in. Hold on, friends, this is our fight, and we intend to fight it out on this line, if it takes all night. Take your seats, all of you. Then turning to the man, "Are you through, Mr. Miller?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Now, Sir, be on your guard, for we are

going to hit you, and we are going to hurt you too, and we mean it. Did you not deny every thing we said of you?"

"Yes! and you did not hit me in a single statement."

"Did you not own up as to the father, mother sister, and deny the child?"

"Yes; but I was thinking of them."

"Did you not own up to the third date we made?"

"Yes; I was thinking of it, when you spoke of it."

"How about the three dates we gave that you denied—were you then thinking a lie and got caught at it?"

"No, I was not thinking of those dates, or the grand child."

"How came you to say in your hot reply that we read your mind?"

(In considerable confusion,) "I did not say so."

(Many voices) "Yes! You did."

"Now, Sir, are you a Methodist?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How came you to defy us, the devil and every spirit of Heaven, Hell or Earth?"

"I did not. I defied them or you to read my mind or control me."

"Very well. How, then, could we read your mind, or the mind of any one else?"

"I meant evil spirits or devils, or spirits of men."

"Then you do believe in them."

"No, I don't."

"Why did you defy them?"

(Sullenly,) "Because I did."

"That is hardly a reason, Sir. Well, what is mind, will you tell us?"

"It is that part of man that acts and controls the body and its members—the intelligent part or power in man."

"Will your mind or ours continue after death?"

"Yes, I believe it will."

"Do you believe that which you stated just now, that one can read the minds of other men?"

"Yes, Sir; I do."

"Do you believe you will live again after death?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, do you believe you can do there all you did or could do here in this life?"

"Yes, I do not see why I can't."

"Well, then, if A. can read your mind when thinking the truth or a falsehood, when in this world, and tell it, can he not do it when an immortal man?" For instance, you tell me what took place with this man in September, when he was fifteen years old."

"I can't do it."

"Well, my man, can you tell us of any marked instance of your life in September; when fifteen, and not yet sixteen years old?"

"No, Sir, I can not."

"Well, Sir; there was a very important circumstance took place with you when fifteen years of age." Stepping to him, we put our hand on the left side of his head, just above the ear, saying, "Between the tenth and twentieth of September, when you were fifteen years old, we see a billet of wood strike you right here, producing an ugly wound, the scar is there now, and the blow knocked you down, leaving you senseless on the ground, and we believe it was weeks before you were able to be about; and here, Sir, I close the door against retreat, affirming this statement to be true."

The man somewhat startled, said, "You are right, Sir. I did receive a blow in the manner you have described, and I lay senseless from its effects for several days. It was in September. I was fifteen years old. The scar is there now, and I have not thought of it in twenty years, and I am now forty-five years old."

"Now, where is your mind-reading? And, Sir, I shall now close with you. You stand before this audience self-convicted of several square contradictions and false statements. You have insulted every man and woman here, and made yourself a ass, proving that you know nothing about the dynamics of the human mind, less about immortality and nothing about Spiritualism, and it is sometime since I met such a bundle of absurdities, and contradictions as you possess. You are nothing but a bundle of gas, able to make a noise and great swell. You stand exposed here in a most ludicrous light. I am done with you, you can go." The man then apologized to the audience and to me, actually eating humble pie.

One other incident and I close with Bay City for the present. We met William White, of the *Banner of Light* there, and had a most delightful visit with him. Brother White is a true man, and won the hearts of all whom he met. Ah, my Brother, long shall we remember the pleasant dinner-party at the Campbell House in Bay City, and when we meet up yonder in the Summer-land, we shall find that dinner party was a benefit to us, for it opened the way for a closer walk between us and those of our friends who were there. The Brothers and Sisters of Bay City are all good and faithful workers, men and women, who know the work before them and are ready to do it. All blessings attend them, and may their work live after them.

THE MAN SOMEWHAT STARTLED, SAID, "YOU ARE RIGHT, SIR. I DID RECEIVE A BLOW IN THE MANNER YOU HAVE DESCRIBED, AND I LAY SENSELESS FROM ITS EFFECTS FOR SEVERAL DAYS. IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER. I WAS FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. THE SCAR IS THERE NOW, AND I HAVE NOT THOUGHT OF IT IN TWENTY YEARS, AND I AM NOW FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD."

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New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received, and papers and leading Spiritual publications furnished, at the New York Magnetic Cure, No. 5, Clinton Place, New York.

New York and Vicinity.

A little talk about the progressive people of New York and vicinity, may not be uninteresting.

A few months ago I gave, Andrew Jackson Davis and his "angel of the household," Mary, a visit at Orange, New Jersey. I found them an admirable argument for Spiritualism. They still keep up their honeymoonism, and illustrate the beauties of wedded life. Mr. Davis is handsomer than any of his pictures, as indeed any spiritually minded person is apt to be.

I often meet Mr. Warren Sumner Barlow, the poet, author of "The Voices," etc., which poems, as you know, have gained quite a reputation. About fifteen years ago, I used to war with him in Cincinnati, on the subject of Spiritualism. I feeling quite sure that it would tear down true religion, while he feeling quite sure he had discovered a great truth which would tear down false religion. I have fought Spiritualism until about three years since, when I was brought down by a shower from Heaven almost as suddenly as Paul was when he fell from his horse. My old theological fabric, that I supposed to be eternal, has dissolved into mist and a far brighter light has dawned upon me. Give us your hand, friend Barlow; I give up beat time, but will endeavor to give you a good race up the mountain of truth in the future.

A Mr. Slocum, formerly President of the Vermont Association of Spiritualists, has come to New York, and settled down at 442 East Tenth street. His wife is an old maid as well as true woman, and he himself though he has as yet scarcely consented to sit in public as a medium, is certainly a remarkable psychometrist, being able to discover stolen property, search out criminals, read character from an autograph or diagnose disease. He should at once put out his shingle and be pressed into the ranks as a public medium.

Dr. Holbrook, editor of that admirable journal, "Herald of Health," lately gave me a call. He is decidedly a progressive man and appreciates the subtle and magnetic laws of life as well as the other natural means of health.

I have lately become acquainted with Dr. Louis Schlesinger, who has sacrificed hundreds of thousands of dollars, to become a healing medium and to help the sick and the poor. That's the way true Spiritualism opens up the heavenly fountains of love in a man's soul, making him forget self. God bless him. There! my sheet is full, and I was going to speak of such earnest workers as Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Flint, who answer sealed letters, and others, but must stop.

A Lecture by Thomas Gales Forster, on Sunday Evening, December 15th, 1872, at Apollo Hall, New York.

My text may be found in the 15th chapter and 50th verse of First Corinthians: "Now this I say brethren that Flesh and Blood can not inherit the Kingdom of God." Most persons in Christendom think Jesus Christ ascended in his material body, a supposition founded on the opinions of a people unscientific and credulous, and having a superstitious feeling about the unknown and obscure. Even now, notwithstanding the enlightenment of the age, it exists to a great extent. To this doctrine of a material resurrection, Spiritualism is diametrically opposed, as it is constantly contradicted by natural and scientific phenomena. The law of the Universe is one of perpetual creation. Science says that decay and death are immediate agents of the constructive nature of which man is the apex of all. He holds magnetic relations to both worlds. Man absorbs an impalpable substance from trees, animals, minerals and human beings. He retains the same character in Spirit-life as here. The Spirit World is as much a condition as a place. All thought and sentiments come from the Spirit World, while the material substance comes from the earth. The elements are ever changing and man changes. Eighty per cent. of the human system is water, a small amount more is of a mineral substance, a small amount of nitrogen, oxygen, etc. An eccentric Frenchman, it is said, succeeded in reducing and concentrating the remains of his wife so as to wear them in his finger ring. Martyrs have been burned at the stake and the bodies of many men have been changed a thousand times. How absurd is the materialistic idea that the brain is the mind of man. There are three questions that may be put on this subject.

1st. Is the thinking principle a conscious entity?

2d. Is it an intangible something?

3d. Is it the spiritual man with an identity of its own?

If the latter, then the grand old earth must be esteemed much more noble, and this problem of the resurrection is answered. Spiritual phenomena entirely overthrow our preconceived ideas of immortality, and prove that "Flesh and blood can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." It comes so clear and beautiful that earth's children can almost realize the Spirit World. On the other hand theological teachings have been so exceedingly indefinite and dark, that doubts and gloom have been spread over mankind. The Orthodox dogmas on the subject are but little else than a splendid failure. Spiritualism proves that the same law regulates both worlds, and that the spirit life is but a continuation of this, not a death. High aspiration, noble duties and love are beautiful influences for his future exaltation. Flesh and blood were formed for the uses of this world and hence would prove an encumbrance in the next. This real intangible being at death carries life, sensation and love. It has been said, that if Jesus did not rise with his body, how was it? I may ask, how did he appear among them when the doors were closed? John says that Jesus rose to Heaven with his body. Paul says, "flesh and blood can not enter the Kingdom of Heaven," an evident contradiction. Paul was a more logical writer than John. Spiritualism explains many points of the New Testament, such as the opening of the doors of Peter's prison and many other things. When clergymen contend that Spiritualism is false, they prove too much, for it is the only proof of many of the Bible facts. Spiritualism teaches that the spirit holds subordinate all conditions through which it has passed. The spirit in an infant can scarcely command a single muscle, in childhood it gains an active control, in adolescence and manhood is still more powerful, while in spirit-life it can do all it could before and still more. Through this law of ascension comes a bright and beautiful philosophy. Death is but a new sphere of life. Spirit communion, which is as natural as the air you breathe, must overthrow all theological dogmas. If you move your right hand you

say it obeys your will-power, and will is of the spirit. Matter is inertia without the spirit. The will of man controls the hand, foot, etc. Now suppose the body decompose, the spirit having arisen can control what it could before, and more. Christ being an advanced spirit understood these laws of control. When he passed out of his form he could come back and materialize himself so that his disciples and others could see him just as bodies are now materialized at Dr. Slade's, at Moravia and other places. He could materialize his form, his scars and his face. His disciples knew little of science and could not comprehend how the spirit could thus draw a material body around it, and simply stated matters as they appeared to them.

It would be a sad reflection if all these aching and sick bodies were to go to the next world. It would make Heaven worse than earth from contrast with the glories there. The spirit is the man in every essential sense. If true to this life, man can render every step an advance toward holier and higher joys there. While Spiritualism presents the future as being so beautiful, at the same time it does not ignore the fact that man must carry with him the actual condition he has formed in this world. God has so linked humanity together that all must act and react on each other. Every kind act will have its influence upon others, as well as its reflex action upon one's self. Man is taught that he can become happy by making others happy.

I rarely tell a story, but will relate a plain homely occurrence as illustrating a principle. Fifteen years ago when my medium was living in the West, an old farmer of Illinois was converted from Orthodoxy to Spiritualism. His minister pleaded with him to win him back. "I have learned through Spiritualism how to milk my cow," said the old man. "How so?" said the surprised clergyman. "When I was a member of the church under its stern teachings I would thrash my cow when she proved a little unruly, and she got worse and worse, but since I have been a Spiritualist I have learned that kindness is the law by which God governs the world, and now I have no trouble with her."

Under all circumstances, true Spiritualism is the religion of humanity. So may each one of you make this system your friend.

Our Correspondence.

A Fatal Accident.*

Stephen C. Pierce, of Lottsville, Warren Co., Pa., passed to the higher life from Bear Lake, Pa., on the 10th day of Nov., 1872. The painful circumstances of the abrupt termination of this Brother's earthly career, were as follows:

Bro. Pierce and his noble wife, after generously entertaining the writer hereof and his wife, accompanied them to the residence of Brother and Sister Meriam, at Bear Lake, some five miles distant from the home of the Pierces where they tarried all night. While attending to his team, on the evening of the 9th of Nov. last, Brother Pierce received a kick from one of his own horses, which caused his translation to spirit-life, in just twenty-six hours from the moment of the fatal blow.

Thus, after upward of a half century of a noble, industrious and prosperous life, was this good and faithful husband, father, son and citizen cut off from further loving duties and generous offices, as a visible and tangibly embodied helper, counselor and staff to the benefit of that desolated household.

This sudden and unlooked for change—a startling reminder of the complete uncertainty of any condition of life, whether as to the relations of the individual to the grosser earthly body, or to any society position of wealth or "vain glory," was a source of deep sorrow to relatives, friends and the recipients of his generous offices of kindness. Especially to his good (now widowed) wife was the "trial great and the burden hard to bear."

But she and each have the consolation of Spiritualistic knowledge; of the assurance of his power to still cherish, soothe, gently chide, if erring, and to guide, by the laws of the spirit. Also that he suffered but little pain "in the throes of the New Birth."

[A previously prepared notice of this case was lost in transmission by mail; else an earlier appearance would have obtained.]

J. K. BAILEY.

Prof. N. B. Starr, the Spirit Artist.

MY DEAR BRO. JONES—I have neglected, yes, sadly neglected you, and must now make amends. Your paintings are all done, and have been for some time, but press of other matters has prevented me from sending them to you until now. I will in a few days box and ship them to you so that you will have them for Christmas at least. There are four in all—perhaps five, though I can not say surely as to sending the last; however, I will see when the time comes to ship them. Number one and two resemble those you lost by the fire. The first is the mission of a bright and loving spirit to the undeveloped of our earth sphere. Number two is my home in the skies. Number three is a portrait of an angry and vengeful spirit, enveloped in darkness and who is still plotting mischief. He was hung for murder, and is intended as a lesson to our law makers—the very worst thing they can do with a murderer is to hang him—his psychological power for mischief is increased ten or a hundred fold. Number four is a specimen of the style of art in which I have, for the last ten years, been engaged in producing—the likenesses of those who have gone before us to the "happy land." Those four paintings I give to you, Bro. S. S. Jones, the only conditions that I shall impose on you, are that you will in no case have them or suffer them to be photographed, and that you will exhibit them or hang them in such a manner that they will not be confounded with Bro. Streight's or any other spirit artist's productions; lastly, that you will give a kind invitation from time to time to all Spiritualists who come to Chicago to visit your Art Gallery, and thus by bringing you in contact with the Spiritualists of the North-west, you gain subscribers and increase the influence of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

Now, my good brother, should you have an opportunity, you may sell any one of these pictures, and I will compensate you by giving larger and finer ones. Nevertheless, as they are yours, do as you please about it.

Spiritualism is flourishing here. The whole end of it back of the rostrum is covered with large spirit paintings—near one hundred feet of canvas is hung here. First, we have the Indian's "Happy hunting-ground," a large landscape. Next, "Evening in the Isle of the Blessed." Then immediately behind the speaker's desk, we have the "Spirit of Inspiration," representing a beautiful spirit holding her outstretched hands over the speaker's head and directing the inspiration on to him—surely a most appropriate painting for the rostrum. I feel quite flattered that these paintings are becoming somewhat famous, as people come miles out of the way of travel to see them and our

hall. Frank White is ministering to us at present. He is an able speaker. We are well pleased with him. Truly, he gives us the "bread of life."

Port Huron, Mich., Dec. 8th, 1872.

That Call.

BRO. JONES—I observe a "call for assistance" in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, signed officially by the Secretary of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago. As it was written and published without my consent or knowledge, and as I deem it liable to impress the public mind with erroneous ideas of our condition and prosperity, thereby weakening instead of strengthening our cause, I desire to correct and explain. It is stated that "our lectures are not sustained, and unless a united effort is made, they will have to be suspended for want of means." The unwarranted assumption that our lectures are likely to be discontinued, has been circulated for the past two months, and we have the proof that it has done its share in reducing our audiences. Nevertheless, in spite of this and other unfavorable influences and circumstances, our meetings have kept up with unprecedented regularity, not even seriously falling off during the epidemic when it was impossible to get any conveyance to and from the Hall, and which, of course, kept ladies living at a distance from attending. Besides weakening our cause, the publication of such a "call" leaves the public to infer that our speaker is not equal to the demand. Nothing could be further from the truth than that. During the seven years of my association with the First Society of Spiritualists, it has never before equalled the prosperity that has attended it during the ministrations of Bro. Lyman C. Howe, in evidence of which we have for the last three months been paying \$10 each Sunday for music.

Bro. Howe commenced his labors here last April, 1872, for one year's service, with the mutual agreement that we should change for other speakers occasionally for a month or more at a time. But as no such change has been made, only for two Sundays with Prof. Whipple in April last, we have at his own request granted him a release for February and March, to allow him to respond to an urgent call from Ohio, hence we shall only have services till the first of Feb., 1873. Of course, I do not question the intentions of our Secretary in publishing the article in question, but it must be plain to all that the influence and effects will be against us. If our receipts have diminished, it can not be due to lack of interest, else why do our audiences continue so full?

We shall cordially welcome any and all assistance that comes voluntarily and spontaneously to urge on the progressive work, but I can not concede that we have failed, or are likely to fail, or to discontinue our lectures; on the contrary our meetings are a success. Our society is on a firm legal basis. We have the countenance and sympathy of some of the best minds in the city. Our lyceum is in a prosperous condition, and we confidently expect to make our cause a power that shall be felt and respected throughout this great city and the world.

S. J. AVERY, M. D.
Pres. F. S. S.

Chicago, Ill.

That Christmas Festival.

Agreeable to announcement, the children and their larger peers met at Grow's Hall, Tuesday, P. M., to enjoy the spontaneous interchange, and greet that honored holiday Saint Santa Claus. The day was intensely cold and artificial heat was hardly sufficient to keep the thermometer in harmony with live blood. This doubtless diminished the number in attendance. But the warm hearts and quickened lives of our precious little prophecies of the future, bright with joy and blazing with promise, soon tempered the room to the unshorn lambs, and at 5 o'clock, P. M., a supper was served for the little men and women of the next decade, and the scene was one that angels might—and doubtless did—enjoy, while hopeful parents drank the inspiration of love and pure thanksgiving from the sweet sphere of buoyant earnest and happy childhood. Oh, what jewels hang from the walls of memory, and mirror forth in these young lives the years that tremble in the locked embrace of the eternal past! How our lives are enriched by the tender breath of these young buds, whose immortal bloom wakes into new fragrance and prur blushes at the touch of hope's white finger, in the baptism of social feeling. Those who do not love and live in the sphere of children and cultivate their confidence and learn of their trusting simplicity and spontaneous frankness, must carry a solemn desert in their soul.

At 6 o'clock, P. M., supper was served for "children of larger growth," and a bountiful feast warmed and supplied the inner man. About 7 o'clock order was called, and Dr. Avery announced that the scene was about to change—we had come there to enjoy ourselves and welcome Santa Claus, who had promised to come at the appointed hour. The curtain lifted, revealing the Christmas Tree, beautifully adorned and lighted, and laden with mystic treasures about to be revealed. Presently a shrill whistle in the distance thrilled the audience and the hundreds of flashing eyes were fixed on the magical spot. The noise of the reindeer's hoofs and the voice of the venerable driver grew nearer, till his majesty appeared and commented the generous distribution of gifts. It was a joy that amply repaid all costs, to witness the delight and satisfaction pictured on those shining faces. The memory of that night's enjoyment and the tokens and treasures it brought, will be a tonic and incentive that will brace the lyceum cause during the entire year. The bright spots in the past, and the golden dawns of the hidden future, fold their light over the throbbing heart of the eternal present, and with the former to buoy and brace with deathless mementoes, and the latter to invite and lead with the magnet of infinite love, we work and win our way toward the unattained. Among the many valuable tokens distributed, all precious for the dear association and secret significance they hold, as added to Dr. S. J. Avery deserves a special mention, as it has a public significance.

It is well known that Dr. Avery has for years been a devoted and earnest worker—often against the powerful opposition of untoward circumstances, and has done much to keep alive the interest in public meetings, and maintain the natural harmony and mutual interest between the Spiritual society and the Children's Progressive Lyceum. To this effort, supported by many other true and faithful workers, the First Society of Spiritualists owes its present, unprecedented prosperity. Such effort for the cause, of course involves much time, and to one of Dr. Avery's profession, considerable pecuniary loss. The friends and his work, made this an occasion to express their opinion of the Doctor's merits, by the presentation of a splendid St. Mihiel watch, and he feelingly breathed upon the mementoes of the by-gone, briefly rehearsing the struggles and triumphs which they had shared together, and acknowledging the re-

newed sense of Union and strength foretold in this beautiful present. I think all who love the cause and appreciate worth, were gratified to witness this timely and significant token. The writer was not less generously remembered. A new and very rich overcoat attests the kindly spirit of the giver, and, while it warms the body, it covers a heart gushing with gratitude and strong with love. St. Santa Claus must have known my needs, for he could not have blessed me with a more acceptable offering.

This valuable present is so full of brotherly significance to me and so full of comfort for the body and blessing for the soul, that I trust I shall be pardoned if I name the pure Brother that gave it. It was sent in by Bro. D. Ambrose Davis. He does not need the expression of my deep and earnest thankfulness. Had he taken my measure he could scarcely have fitted me better.

Long shall we remember this profitable pastime, and cherish the spirit of friendship and mutual good feeling that made the occasion a success, and I trust drew kindred hearts nearer to each other, deeper into the spirit of divine brotherhood and nearer to Heaven and God.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Chicago, Ill.

Insanity, "Obsession," False Communication, False Doctrines and Kindred Subjects.

BY G. D. MOSHER.

As the time seems to have drawn near at hand for more light upon the above subjects, I propose to offer through the JOURNAL my views in relation thereto, giving facts and experiences of my own, and inferences drawn therefrom, mostly independent of books and teachings of men in earth-life. I feel that as a benefactor of the race I should present to others what seems to be of value in unfolding some of the mysteries connected with those subjects. It is admitted that insanity is in some, and perhaps most cases, accompanied by "Obsession," and that, in such condition it is not unreasonable to conclude that with the false ideas popularized by the Spiritualistic fraternity in relation to the character, motive and object of the obsessing spirit, that such spirit takes advantage of the insane tendencies of his subject, to gratify his (the spirit's) natural desires. Now I behoove all who may desire to be enlightened upon these subjects, to give attention to what I may relate in regard to experiences of my own and facts in relation to cases that have come within my own observation of individuals of my own acquaintance, including an own brother who was "obsessed," and was induced by the obsessing spirit to pass to spirit-life by suicidal hanging as evidenced by a note written by himself just before committing the act. Though many years have passed since the occurrence, the account will be none the less instructive, and I trust that progressives will be better prepared now than then to grapple the unfoldings. I shall endeavor to prepare an article for each week's JOURNAL until I am relieved of a duty I owe to my fellow-men. I will first present an account of my brother's death and incidents connected with his aberration of mind, and the inquest which I have clipped from the *Janesville Independent* of Jan., 1860. Let the readers ponder well all the important points presented, and suspend verdict until the evidences are all in.

I shall in a future article state some facts in relation to insanity, the subject being a married lady with whom I have been acquainted for many years, and she is a devout Methodist, and of high respectability in society. This lady was a raving maniac, it is said, for a few days. Her husband failing to get her admitted into the Insane Asylum at Kalamazoo, placed her in the care of two lady physicians at Ypsilanti. She was accompanied thither by her sister, who remains with her, and from her I shall endeavor to obtain all necessary information. This is an interesting case of religious insanity, by or with "obsession." She talks of the "spirits" and seems to yield to their bidding.

In my next, I shall present some facts and incidents in relation to my own case, that transpired while passing the ordeal of religious, or spiritualistic insanity, by or with "obsession," however unpopular it may be for maniacs to report their own cases.

SUICIDE OF MR. GILES MOSHER.

[From the *Janesville Independent*.]

Mosherville was thrown into deep consternation about midday of Tuesday of this week, by the startling fact that Mr. Giles Mosher of that place had committed suicide by hanging himself. His body was found suspended by a rope from a low-branched tree, standing amid some thick undergrowth near his "Spring House," a place prepared for storing butter a little distance from his store. He was about 37 years of age, of good abilities, and very highly esteemed by all who knew him, comfortably situated for this world's goods, and was living happily with his second wife, having been married to her on the 24th of October last.

The immediate cause of the strange act, as decided by the inquisition of six intelligent men of that vicinity, was—that personages, influences, or appearances from—or supposed to be from—the unseen world, beckoned or summoned him to come to them, in a manner which was irresistible. Mr. Mosher became a Spiritualist in 1854; was such about a year, when he renounced the belief, and continued opposition to it a year, and then returned to his former faith in the system, and became a speaking medium. In January, '58, his wife died. Prior to her death she promised him if Spiritualism was true she would appear to him, and prove to him that such was the fact. He bore himself at her funeral with great cheerfulness, showing implicit trust that she had only gone to a brighter and a happier home, far from earth's corroding cares.

His wife left a child, which he placed in the safe keeping of her sister, Mrs. Van Aikin of the town of Hillsdale. Some three weeks after her death, there was suspicion that his mind was not clear, and a few days subsequently, after a visit to his child, he returned to Mosherville, to the house of Geo. Mosher, where he was boarding, an absolute maniac, alleging that he expected to find "Mary Ann" (his departed wife) there to receive him. He subsequently stated that he had attempted suicide, near Harvey Luce's late place, being summoned so to do by his wife's spirit, but the "handkerchief" gave way. The spirit again urged him to the act before he arrived home, but his courage failed him. She then promised to meet him, "in the form," when he arrived home.

He became much better soon, and in May his friends proposed to him to visit the State of New York, hoping a change of scene and air might prove beneficial to him. He grew so much better that it was thought he could go unaccompanied, and soon started. He had debts to settle in N. Y. City (he was in trade at the time), and proposed to make a small purchase of goods. He was intrusted, too, with other business matters in N. Y. State. The documents were returned to his friends a

few days after he left, without the business being done and with no explanation. In a succeeding mail a letter was received from him, stating that he had purchased a ticket for California. Parties were telegraphed immediately at New York to take him in charge,—one hour too late: The vessel sailed June 5th, 1859.

He was soon heard from in California, destitute of means, and finding no employment. His friends proposed to send him money to return, and he signified his willingness to accept. It was accordingly sent, and he arrived home in May, 1859, a little more than a year ago. He has since told George (one of his brothers) that he attempted suicide while in California, with arsenic.

He re-engaged in trade at his former place, and in October last married Miss Hulda Pratt an intelligent and respected lady, and the union has been, as the facts show, in all respects a happy one. The kindest sympathies of the community are with the widow in her sad bereavement.

Mr. Mosher was a determined opposer of Spiritualism, publicly, during the year past. He sent us an article adverse to it during the winter, which, for several reasons, was not published. But, it appears, there has been other mental influences at work in his mind. Said he to his brother Charles:—"I am troubled with the subject yet. When the cursed influence comes upon me, I have all I can do to guard against it." A letter left by him shows that he was most happy, nevertheless, when he yielded to that influence.

From his course for the few months past, the friends thought his mental troubles were dispersing gradually, and none of them were fearing a melancholy termination. But so it was not, in the mysterious orderings of fate, to be!

On Tuesday morning he opened his store as usual. About 9 o'clock he visited his strawberry patch—went into the house, and said to his wife, "You can have a strawberry Johnny-cake for tea, Hulda," gave her an affectionate kiss, (as was not unusual, however,) and as he departed, turned in the door and cast a hesitating look upon her, a look which proved to be the last.

For two hours subsequent to this, customers could not get into the store, nor could Mr. M. be found in town or about his premises. A search revealed his body as before mentioned. He had taken a new rope from his store, selected a tree obscurely situated, and as is quite evident, climbed into the branches, adjusted the rope about his neck, one end to a stout limb, and then walked outward on a small limb beneath till it broke, and launched him beyond "Earth's life!"

Written partly with ink and finished with a pencil, and affording a clue to the proximate cause of the act, Mr. Mosher left the following enclosed in a sealed envelope, superscribed "Hulda."

The Letter.

Mysterious are thy ways, O God!

Why do I take my own life? will be the question of the masses. I will answer. My race is run. I have no more to do. I have not fought what would be called the good fight, but I have done the best I could. My thoughts were once pure and holy, but alas they are changed! I have drunk to the dregs the spirit of the world. My thoughts have been evil and my desires unholy. Kind angels once hovered around me, and requested of me perfect goodness.

Now, as true as there is a God, I led that life awhile. I had no unholy thoughts. What was I then called? (A Spiritualist?) Now what has changed me? Answer—I was unwilling to do the bidding of angels.

Then let me say one word to those who are called. Appear a perfect pattern of goodness to the world; for that call is from holy angels. Shrink not from your duty, for, if you do, misery must be your portion.

Kind angels have come back to me, again to bid me leave Earth's life; for I am but a stumbling block in the great cause of Spiritualism. So I am going; they bid me come! I dare not shrink from their requirements.

I have no fears but all will be well. Eternity will satisfy all my mourning friends. So be of good cheer!

TO MY WIFE, HULDAH.—To you I have a few words to say. Your kindness, your affection, and your devotedness to me, to make me happy, is more than I could pay you in Earth's life. We shall soon meet to part no more and I will pay you for all your devotedness to me. So be of good cheer!

TO DAVID.—I want you to settle all my business, pay all my debts to the last farthing, and in closing up the business, secure to Hulda the house and lot.

Signed, GILES MOSHER.

[On the margin was written the following request:]

Hulda, please correct mistakes.

The following is the verdict of the jury, summoned to determine the cause of the suicide according to law:

The Verdict.

An Inquisition taken at Scipio, in said county, on the 19th day of June, before me, D. W. Finch, one of the Justices of the Peace for said county, upon the view of the body of Giles Mosher there lying dead; by the oath of the jurors whose names are hereunto subscribed, who being sworn to inquire in behalf of the people of the State when, in what manner and by what means the said Giles Mosher came to his death, upon their oaths do say that he came to his death by hanging himself with a rope, on a limb of a tree near the Spring-house, near the village of Mosherville, in the township of Scipio, in said county of Hillsdale, on the 19th day of June, and that said act was performed in a state of high mental excitability from impressions that angels had imperatively called for him, and that he must obey.

In testimony whereof the said Justice of the Peace and the jurors of this inquest have hereunto set their hands the day and year afore-said.

D. W. FINCH, J. P.

JURORS:—Ira Tripp, L. E. Worden, H. Case, S. E. Smith, J. Heath, Wm. Carr, Jas. Sturges, W. L. Smith.

Mr. Mosher was buried yesterday afternoon, the exercises attended by a large concourse of friends, who deeply sympathize with the large circle of relations plunged into grief too deep to be described, at this untimely and sad death of one so much respected and beloved.

Mosherville Mich.

Sewing Machine Needles by Mail.

On receipt of seventy cents we will send by mail, and prepay postage, one dozen of the Howe Machine Needles (very best). These needles are used by various other kinds of machines. In writing state the numbers wanted. Those most commonly used, are No. 0 and No. 1. Such we have.

Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Corner Fifth Avenue and Adams street, Chicago.

Arts and Sciences.

BY.....Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

A Walk and Talk with Spirit Friends.

PREFATORY.

A few explanatory words may not prove amiss to the curious reader who contemplates these sphere-driftings upon the dreamland reefs of memory. Depressed by long sickness, the writer has often found solace attending sequent sadness in the beautiful visions of conscious sleep wherein he has observed all within the purveys of inspired meditation here reported of the hoped-for beyond.

During his dream sojourn "over the river," he saw and communed with spirit friends as certain as he ever saw and communed with kindred friends in their earth form. Living thus in a reverie that almost cherished his hopeless broodings over the rayless gloom of recurrent memories; his afflictions seemed the passive-passion of mental lassitude rather than bodily pain. Conditioned thus receptively, he often passed into trance slumbers, wherein he communed with the Spirit Bloom of Spring "air" and others from whence comes this walk and talk with spirit friends.

With due deference to all unbelief, the writer knows and reports from the life side of sleep, whence comes our sweetest, purest and most self-ennobling dreams. While bodily reposing through the silent watches of the night—the intervening veil being withdrawn—the spirit rising from its reposing tenement of clay, walks the upward hills of Time, lingering and communing here and there with spirit friends amid the soul-bowers and ever-blooming vales of empyrean space—

All thought nature bears,
A soul-sense commune
And from blending spheres,
Comes all sense attune;—
And though strange it seems,
Yet tis true as strange
All thought-blending dreams
Are soul-sphere exchange—

A WALK AND TALK WITH SPIRIT FRIENDS.

Strangest of all scenes are earth-life's alloys, Shadelets and sunsheds of sorrows and joys; I've watched life's stream course, its windings admired,

From outlet to source, and childlike inquired,
"Tell me, sweet streamlet, murmuring at my feet,

Com'st thou as dreamlet my spirit to greet,—
Whispering in turn; kissing as you pass,
Germ, pebble and fern, in fragrant morass,
Feeding all forms, born throughout the night,
Till with joyous morn, you take your day-flight—

Have ye not sadness, nor cares of your own?
Are ye all gladness, where shade never shown?
Say as you pass on, from whence your form flows,
And when it is gone, say whither it goes?

You come, serve and pass, and yet in your course
As sunbeams thro' space, retain your life force.
Is all-changing life measured entity?
Of conflict and strife by passing decree?

Oh! why do we sigh o'er lost loves of youth?
Alas! can they die in spirit and truth?
Why this overflowing of living sorrow?
Is there no knowing of the to-morrow?

Our youth's choice treasures, and dreamings are changed
And its past pleasures are seeming estranged,
While I, sad and lone, but dreamed of despair,
Beside me stood one, the Bloom of Spring Air,
Whispering I'm here from bright spheres above—

I bring you good cheer from those you most love,
I bear unto you all Promise can say;
We join to renew your hopes by the way—
Through us your desires and feelings refined,
May speak as through lyres to all spirit mind.

Progress is the steep of conflict and strife,
"Inertia's" the sleep of all dormant life—
We come to show you, soils, seasons and space,
Whence all springs anew into spirit embrace,
Show you thought centers, round which sorrow clings

'Till by-gone Winters bring prospective Springs,
Let Reason inspire Impulse in her flight,
And give each desire the soul-sense of right.
A conscious soul-sense o'er all the within,
One guiding us hence by all that has been—

Go let not your care, as freezing winds sweep,
As blighting despair, o'er heart-waters deep,
Leave the chance shiftings amid which you ride,
And the chance driftings around you "entide,"
Think not though engloomed by the course you've run—

You are sorrow-doomed and cared for by none;
This gloom and dismay that renders you sad,
May yet clear away and render you glad,
Pure love never fails, but is called again,
To retreat the trails of desire again.

When humble, earnest, and hopefully true,
The pure and honest, will commune with you,
Relieve you of fears and grosser alloys,
And turn your soul's cares to self-attuned joys
And teach you nought's wrong where all that is good

Lives in the soul stream of Infinitude."
As thus she spoke, a spirit bright
Wreathed in soul-hues of spectrum light,
Appeared. She said, he comes this way;
Let's hear and heed what he may say—
Saluting us with orient bow,

We seemed almost entranced somehow.
"Good morn," said he, "my spirit Page,"
"Good morn," said she, "good father sage—
This is my friend here in a dream,
Please speak with him as best may seem."

"He," said the sage, "oft climbs this steep
Through the trance-light of magnet sleep"—
Like and dislike in each creature,
Is all ruled by magnet nature.

As blending world's thought-regions span,
Vast realms of sense 'twixt God and man.
So time spans all entity,
Unity in diversity!

'Tis plain earth's sweep of modern thought,
Inspired at times, hath often caught,
Bright soul-lit sheens from spirit skies,
As diamond speaks from mystic eyes;
'Spirituelle' of all that's drawn,
Or courses of all that's past and gone,
'Spirituelle' of each state and clime,
Sublimations of the sublime.

Thought revolutions now "enroute,"
Shall turn all nations inside out;
And cast in fires of free debate,
Self's money-mongering Church and State,
Self-righteousness, Earth's harlot queen,
Intolerant most of all that's been,
In turn shall cringe beneath the frown
That scowled her wayward sister down,
And rot of chronic sores within,
Worse than her fallen sister's sin.

Hath none condemned, said one of yore,
Nor do I, go and sin no more.
Self-righteousness shall feel her shame
And more than want of home and name—
Hypocrites shall die by the stone
They cast at crimes less than their own.
The changing wind said to the leaf
Your fickleness, beyond belief,
Is equal to the turning Fane,
That turns, and turns, and turns again!
'For shame!' replies the leaf, 'you know,
'Tis you that turns me to and fro,
'Tis your own fault to which you're blind
You so quick in others find.

Self knowledge, that is true and meek,
Dries tears from pallid sorrow's cheek,
Yet true wisdom is the meekest,
First forgiving all the weakest.
Both, soothing all, with greetings warm,
While teaching all mankind reform,
And bravely daring opinions frown,
While striking social error down;
Life's sweetest thoughts, and ties should be
The spirit links of sympathy,
Marking well the gone before
As surf-tides mark the ocean's shore.

Behold those birds of armor'd crest,
Fitting across the dappled west,
List to those sounding main bells,
Vibrating o'er the ocean swells,
Behold the myrtle, orange, lime,
In all their bloom of tropic clime—
Behold those plains, far off below,
Mid mountains capped in clouds and snow,
Behold those worlds from centers thrown
By thought force from the great unknown,—
All rolling through the realms of space,
Each in their proper sphere and place.
But let Spring Bloom proceed to state,
What she's observed, and learned of late."

"I crossed," said she, "Death's shrouded stream,
As in a sweet angelic dream—
New soul-life seemed anon to spring,
Through each self-sustaining thing.
Being conducted by my guide,
We passed down thence thro' selfish pride,
And downward still, until we came,
To realms of passion all aflame,
Where a leader was speaking loud;
Of morals to an obtuse crowd.

'Sistren,' said he, 'less sing this song,
And sing out on de main pints strong—
And to make it sound de greater,
Less sing it to de shouting metre—
Sister Highstrikes, please raise de hime,
Old brudder "Bones," please keep de time,
High Hebben's gates are all unbarred,
Walk in "gemmen," jess pass de guard—
Dis am Mount Hilltop—up higher,
Am Farder Ham—Jack Mariah,—
Shout hail-calulah by "God's grace"
De colored am de coming race,
Shout hail-calulah happy land,
Pile in de chorus, sistren grand.'—
These words were read and sung aloud,
By this perverse insensate crowd,
While many panting 'sistren' fell,
Amid this senseless, deafening yell—
Yet when the 'sistren' had come to,
The speaker his "bandanna" drew,
Blowed his nose, and went on to say
'Bress God! dis am a happy day.

On earf, I used to preach de text,
From de good Bible circumflexed,
Bout whar, no whar, and nothin was gone,
Way long time fore de earf was known
Bout whar time was, fore time begun,
When oceans in de spring branch run—
Bout darkness, and de sunny height,
Whar de moon used to roost at night,
Bout when, de debil got so drunk,
He rolled out from his heab'nly bunk,
And fell down in de brimstone deep,
And waked his wife up from her sleep,
Who called de Lord out to de gate,
And went on all de facts to state,
Says she, "Your son got drunk and fell,
From out de skies, down into hell."
De Lord, he looked a little sad,
And said de circumstance was bad.
"Good Lord," said she, "don't stand in doubt
Please send a flood and put hell out."
De Lord took her at her word,
And Time and Tide together stirred—
Put hell most out and to de good,
He planted Eden where Hell stood,
But nowbar and notbin was so thick,
It made de debil spewing sick—
De heat and cold, de wet and dry,
Made brimstone, steam and embers fly;
Den de earf in de air was whirled,
Dats how come de rollin world—
Outside ob which, all round de verge,
Rolls all de oceans wid a surge."

Progress is the steep of conflict and strife,
"Inertia's" the sleep of all dormant life—
We come to show you, soils, seasons and space,
Whence all springs anew into spirit embrace,
Show you thought centers, round which sorrow clings
'Till by-gone Winters bring prospective Springs,
Let Reason inspire Impulse in her flight,
And give each desire the soul-sense of right.
A conscious soul-sense o'er all the within,
One guiding us hence by all that has been—
Go let not your care, as freezing winds sweep,
As blighting despair, o'er heart-waters deep,
Leave the chance shiftings amid which you ride,
And the chance driftings around you "entide,"
Think not though engloomed by the course you've run—
You are sorrow-doomed and cared for by none;
This gloom and dismay that renders you sad,
May yet clear away and render you glad,
Pure love never fails, but is called again,
To retreat the trails of desire again.

When humble, earnest, and hopefully true,
The pure and honest, will commune with you,
Relieve you of fears and grosser alloys,
And turn your soul's cares to self-attuned joys
And teach you nought's wrong where all that is good

Lives in the soul stream of Infinitude."
As thus she spoke, a spirit bright
Wreathed in soul-hues of spectrum light,
Appeared. She said, he comes this way;
Let's hear and heed what he may say—
Saluting us with orient bow,

We seemed almost entranced somehow.
"Good morn," said he, "my spirit Page,"
"Good morn," said she, "good father sage—
This is my friend here in a dream,
Please speak with him as best may seem."

"He," said the sage, "oft climbs this steep
Through the trance-light of magnet sleep"—
Like and dislike in each creature,
Is all ruled by magnet nature.

As blending world's thought-regions span,
Vast realms of sense 'twixt God and man.
So time spans all entity,
Unity in diversity!

'Tis plain earth's sweep of modern thought,
Inspired at times, hath often caught,
Bright soul-lit sheens from spirit skies,
As diamond speaks from mystic eyes;
'Spirituelle' of all that's drawn,
Or courses of all that's past and gone,
'Spirituelle' of each state and clime,
Sublimations of the sublime.

Thought revolutions now "enroute,"
Shall turn all nations inside out;
And cast in fires of free debate,
Self's money-mongering Church and State,
Self-righteousness, Earth's harlot queen,
Intolerant most of all that's been,
In turn shall cringe beneath the frown
That scowled her wayward sister down,
And rot of chronic sores within,
Worse than her fallen sister's sin.

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Very respectfully, yours, etc.,
W. W. POSTER.

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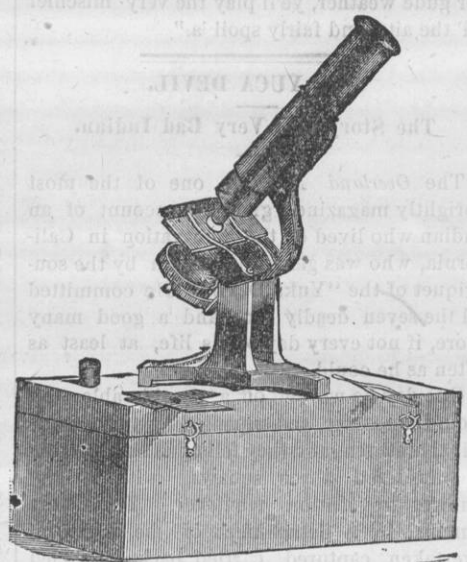
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Dr. Fahnestock is a thorough believer in spirit communion, and teaches in this work the modus operandi to a demonstration.
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(Continued from First Page.)

verify their statement she changed her seat to face the window; and by and by the face appeared—the Jack Frost upon the window pane. Not doubting that it was really a boy, she took her “ruler”—the emblem of her authority—and made for the entry, and there she found him standing quietly in the corner—one of the prettiest faces she had ever seen, with a sweet smile on his beautiful lips, and needing a kiss more than a blow. His body, dressed in neat white clothes, bore the appearance of one just passed his first decade of years. His hair was almost white—a little tow-head; his face was as pale as death, and his eyes a sweet blue. His face was older than his years and he had the appearance of wisdom beyond his age. She advanced and then he dodged to the attic stairs. She followed—is now near enough to take hold of him—reaches for him, but he is not there. He seemed to sink through the stair, and where she would grasp his person her hand struck the solid wood. He was gone.

Now we have a veritable ghost—what is to be done? The police thought they could capture him. They arrested a lad as the author of all this great commotion—motion—otion, the town through; and he had his choice to confess or take his chance for the Reform School. It was not only the old witchcraft, but the old test “Throw her into the river,” said they of olden times, “and we shall find out whether or not she be a witch.” If she is innocent, she will drown; if she swims, we’ll hang her.” The boy partially confessed; but he was not punished, because the teacher and all the pupils and his parents knew that he was not the strange boy that looked in at the window; and the face continued to re-appear when he was away.

Next a carpenter was sent to nail up the passage to the attic, but if “love laughs at locks” much more do ghosts. The little tow-head even made more noise than before. He turned the attic into a carpenter’s shop, where he too, sawed and pounded and nailed; and as if to demonstrate the futility of human force to shut him out, he put his head down through the ventilator and took a survey of the school. Some of the scholars have been frightened, and one day one of them fainted; but few of them are excited about it. The teacher has spoken to him; and he only laughed from his happy face. The children look at him, whom not one of them ever saw before, and he returns their glances with love in his soft mild eyes; but as yet he has not told us who he is, whence he came, or what his mission. If he would only do something, if it were no more than build the fire in the morning or sweep the aisles, he would prove his usefulness; but at present the attic door is barred, the window is curtained, and public notice given—“no visitors admitted,” while he only dances about more a thing of beauty than use. This comes nearest to a real ghost—a day-light ghost—of anything we have had in this city for years.

A Remarkable Dream.

BY JOHN WILCOX.

During the year 1849, while recovering from a protracted illness caused by bilious intermittent fever, I had a remarkable dream, the remembrance of which sends, even now, a thrill of indescribable joyous anticipation through the soul, lighting up as with the touch of inspiration its inmost sanctuary, dispelling all doubts of immortality.

THE DREAM.

Sick and forlorn, I descended into the low valley of the cold mystic river, denominated Death, where the intervening shadows closing over me like a pall, all was dark and silent as the grave. A period of unconscious slumber ensued, from which on awakening to another state, I found myself an individualized spirit, standing in the room near the bed on which lay my inanimate physical body—a corpse. Not another spirit in or out of the form seemed to be near, leaving me to my own reflections while gazing upon the ruins of my late tabernacle, when, lo! as sudden as the lightning’s flash, two spirits (as of young men) with radiant countenances and shining garments, stood before me, and with smiling benignity beckoned me to follow them.

Taking leave of the tenement that had so well and faithfully served me during my sojourn in earth-life, I “followed my guides and feared no danger.” Journeying upward, earth with its late enchantments, receded in the dim ethereal distance, until it altogether disappeared, when new and transcendently beautiful scenes and entities began to unfold to my delighted view. Those sublimities became more and more Paradisaical as we ascended from sphere to sphere, until we had reached the fourth, where, star-gemmed and rainbow-arched, with glittering spires and waving palms, a city magnificently grand burst in heavenly splendor on my enraptured gaze—simultaneous with which, I was filled with transports of ineffable joy—with shouts of “victory over death, hell and the grave!” I was about to enter in and be forever with the blessed immortals, when lo! a band of angels, radiant with glory, came forth to meet and greet me as a wanderer from earth, and inform me that I was not dead, but dreaming; that I could not yet be admitted as an inhabitant of the spheres—to the abode of angels in the “Beautiful Summer-land;” but must return to my mortal habitation in the world of effects, where there was yet a work for me to perform, after which, I should be transported to scenes elysian.

“Where beauty and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternally fair”— where friends and loved ones meet on “the beautiful shore,” and never, never part again; but together dwell in cities and palaces “not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.”

Oh! the disappointment, the indescribable anguish that filled my soul with sorrow—the thought that I must return to earth, to again mingle with its strifes, participate in its conflicts, and partake of its cares and disappointments! But my angel guides beckoning me to follow them, I resignedly obeyed. Passing through the same scenes as before, I entered the room in which lay my corpse, looking as when I took my leave at departure. Weeping from disappointed sorrow, and dripping with cold perspiration, with a shudder and startling effort, as from a night-mare, I awoke to realize that all had been a dream; the strangest part of which since then, has been its periodical recurrence every four years—to wit, in 1853, 1857, 1861, 1865, and 1869, and always identical with the first so far as allowed to dream, for after passing through the death scene, beholding the corpse, seeing and starting heavenward with the same angel escort, the soul in anticipation, remembering the former dream as such, and believing the present real, becomes so inexpressibly happy that by involuntary outbursts of “Glory! Glory! Glory!” it awakens the supposed dead body, and all that happens to be near.

This periodical dreaming will doubtless continue till the form of the dreamer shall “sleep the sleep that knows no waking”—when the ideal shall become real and the dreams a blessed reality.

Eddyville, Iowa, Dec. 1872.

J. L. Potter’s Report.

BRO. JONES.—The old year 1872 has closed its labors among us and gone to its long home—not so with many an editor, spiritual lecturer, and medium. 1873 comes to us with imperative demands that are not in the power of man to resist. My last report for ’72 is as follows: Places visited, Medford, Aurora, Blooming Prairie, Wilton, Janesville, New Ulm, Mankato and Garden City; number of lectures given, 23; number joining association 6, amount received in collections and yearly dues, \$42.00; expenses \$7.40. Thus closes the month of December. The cause is prospering all over the State. I have never had so large audiences in this part of the State as come out to hear me on this my fourth visit among them. We are reaching the best minds in the various places—the representative men and women. At New Ulm the work has been going on silently but surely. One medium has been developed since I was there in ’71 that bids fair to become one of our best test mediums. She writes with both hands at the same time, and in every conceivable manner,—backward, bottom side up, crossways etc., thus convincing the investigator that it is an intelligence outside of herself. Bros. Sibbetts and Marden are the leading minds there. At Mankato I was told that they never saw so large audiences out to hear Spiritualism expounded as greeted me this my fourth effort with them. So the good work is advancing. At Janesville we had the pleasure of having a Baptist preacher come in and make sport for the people, and a right lively time it was too. Every one was satisfied that he had got hold of the wrong end of the subject. I hope Bro. Richards will extend my New Year’s greeting to Bro. Allen. Hoping to hear of his conversion to the truth as taught in Spiritualism. One of our faith, though not one of us organically, at Wilton gave me some good advice the morning I left, to wit:

“I had not better come to Wilton again,” “Why not?”

“Because some medium had said or done something that the Orthodox laughed at, and he thought the people were not ready for Spiritualism there.”

We had the house full at every lecture, and he claiming to be a Spiritualist, was the only fault-finder among them all: With due deference to the man, and respect for his fatherly advice, I have concluded to go to Wilton again. Happy in the work of angel guidance, doing all the good I can while here below I stay. The above is respectfully submitted to the Spiritualists of Minnesota. A Happy New Year to all!

J. L. POTTER.

Address Northfield, Rice Co., Minn.

A Rapture Cured by Spirit Power.

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Chicago, Illinois. —DEAR MADAM: Enclosed I send you a lock of our baby’s hair. He is one year old, and has had a breach or rupture about three months. We have confidence that you can cure it. Please tell us how it was brought on. Find enclosed three dollars, in post-office order.

W. L. P. ELMER.

Saginaw City, Michigan, Dec. 26th, 1872.

On the twelfth of December, Mrs. Robinson under Spirit control diagnosed the cause of the rupture, and the following letter shows the result:

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON.—DEAR MADAM: We received your prescription, and have used it as near as possible according to direction. The rupture has not made any show the past ten days, but we do not know whether it is healed or not. We send you another lock of his hair. Please see his condition again, and if he needs fresh papers, please send them and I will pay for them.

W. L. P. ELMER.

Saginaw City, Michigan, Dec. 26th, 1872.

MRS. L. H. PERKINS, an able trance speaker and test medium is lecturing and holding seances at Wellsville, Montgomery county, Missouri. Address her at that place.

New Publications.

SCIENTIFIC and INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION, a lecture by G. B. Stebbins, at Toledo, Ohio. It contains many thoughts that are worthy of consideration.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for January is a most excellent number, containing many articles of especial interest, and which are calculated to do a great deal of good.

THE EVANGELIST is an Orthodox Magazine published at Dunedin, New Zealand. It manifests an intensely wicked spirit toward Spiritualists, and if its editors had the power, they would suppress the freedom of speech.

HALF HOUR RECREATIONS IN POPULAR SCIENCE, No. 5 of the series has just been issued. It treats of Nebule, Comet, Meteoric Showers, and the revelations of the spectroscopic regarding them. This, indeed, is an interesting number, containing valuable facts in relation to the above subjects that should be in the possession of every thinking mind. Science is doing more to elevate the masses than Religion, and should be regarded as the Savior of the world. These Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science are far more interesting and instructive than nine-tenths of the sermons delivered from orthodox pulpits.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY, the Great South Shore Route.—John H. Robinson is the editor of this miniature illustrated guide between Chicago and N. Y., giving the lowest count-time table. This work is published by the above named Railway company expressly for the benefit of travelers. The managers have manifested their usual sagacity, not only in furnishing guides free to their patrons, but in selecting so able and enterprising man to conduct its editorial department. Of the numerous routes leading from Chicago eastward none surpass that of the Great Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Route. Passengers desiring speed and comfort will do well to secure tickets over that route.

CITY OF DES MOINES, Business Opportunity and Desirable Location, Des Moines, Iowa. Published by the Citizens Association.—This little pamphlet is written in the interest of the young and thriving capital of one of the most promising and rapid growing States in the Union, and contains information needed by all classes who are seeking a change of location whereby to increase their already comfortable fortunes or an opportunity to acquire a reasonable competence. When we state that we have thousands of readers in the State of Iowa, a godly number of whom have the pleasure of living in the capital city, Des Moines, it is sufficient evidence that the people of that section are a wide-awake progressive class, among whom it is desirable to cast one’s lot. Mr. Robert S. Jones, Des Moines, Iowa, chairman of the publishing committee, will undoubtedly take pleasure in forwarding a copy of this pamphlet to all our friends who may send him their address.

Philadelphia Department

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

The Free Religious Association

Recently held a Convention in Philadelphia and we copy the following report from the *Public Ledger* of this city. It is a cheering sign of the times that a paper having a circulation of nearly ninety thousand, will give such a fair report as this:

The Secretary of the Association, Mr. William J. Potter, gave a brief history of the Free Religious movement in the United States. The inception of the movement took place six years ago, in the Unitarian Church. In 1866 a general effort was made for a more effective working of the churches, and a Convention was called for this purpose in New York city. The result of that meeting was the establishment of what is now known as the National Convention. It was believed by those who formed it that a broader religious plan would be reached, but when the constitution was drawn up there were those who objected to certain phrases, such, for instance, as “the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ.” The constitution, however, was adopted by an overwhelming vote, and from that hour many who had advocated a broader platform felt themselves excluded from the conference. The next meeting was held in Syracuse, where a vigorous effort was made to strike out the objectionable portions of the constitution, in order to expunge from it every vestige of sectarianism. The movement failed again, however, yet an amendment was adopted of no importance. Still a larger number now felt themselves excluded from the body. Those who were thus driven out at Syracuse formed the nucleus of the Free Religious Association; after this, Conferences were frequently held among a number of earnest men and women who thoroughly understood the subject and the needs of mankind for a broader and more liberal religious association; finally in anniversary week of the spring of 1867, a public meeting was held in Horticultural Hall, in Boston, to which were invited Ralph Waldo Emerson, Dr. Furness, Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Robert Dale Owen, Lucretia Mott, and other well known thoughtful people. The hall was crowded almost to suffocation. The speakers were the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, John Weiss, Unitarian, Henry Blanchard, Universalist, Lucretia Mott, friend Oliver Johnson, Robert Dale Owen, Spiritualist, Francis E. Abbott, David A. Wasson, Thomas W. Higginson and Ralph Waldo Emerson. A plan of organization was presented from a committee who had carefully considered the matter and prepared a constitution. This was adopted, and the Free Religious Association was thus organized. The organization has not yet done a great deal of work; it has been feeling its way, and is to be left open to whatever results might come from its fundamental principles. The President, Rev. Mr. Frothingham, made a few remarks calling attention to the fact that this association represents no new ideas but the old, old story of Spiritual Freedom. He compared it to the Quaker doctrine of the “Inner Light,” which he said was a magnificent doctrine, and comprises everything which this association calls freedom in religion. The association is an Anti-Slavery Society, a Spiritual Emancipation Society, a Spiritualism, Dogmatism, Ritualism, Ecclesiasticism—all these vast evils, which prevent men from conspiring in faith, in conscience and in action, are banished, and the society wishes to persuade all men and women in America of the enormity of these evils.

Mr. J. S. Thompson, of New Milford, Pa., was the next introduced, and addressed the meeting on the development of the free religious idea inside the orthodox denominations. He said that he had been educated a Scotch Presbyterian, and was educated for a minister of that “terrible faith.” He had, however, refused to enter that ministry, but had gone into the Methodist Church, because it gave to him a larger liberty, but soon found himself, with many others, far beyond the credal limits of Christian churches, and since that time he had been a preacher of Free Religion. A society had been formed in the town where he lived; they have taken all the good grain of the other religions and left the chaff behind them for those who chose to live upon it. All believe in living for truth and according to the dictates of their own conscientious natures. They were a relentless war against those unreasonable religious principles which have humanized mankind. They read all Bibles—of India, of Turkey, of Asia, of Europe, and of America, and they read the newspapers, the best read Bibles of modern times. These books are read and analyzed as the chemist does his compounds, by the light of reason. They do not pray to any personal or located Deity. They believe that every man is able to work out his own humanity in the world where nature has placed him. Their idea is, that outside of themselves there is a power over which they have no control, which is sometimes called the “shaping influence.” Their prayers are “meditative utterances,” and are very iconoclastic. The sermons are chosen on every subject, philosophy, sciences, arts, and the Bible. Sometimes there is a text, and sometimes there is not. They do not believe Christ to be a God, but still consider him to have been a good man, a noble man and a reformer.

Thomas W. Higginson was next called upon. He said that those who have been brought up under the mild influences of Unitarianism or Hicksite Quakerism, can look back with satisfaction at the absence of such dreadful religious experiences in early life as those related by the last speaker. The doctrines of eternal damnation, of original sin and of total depravity had never troubled the speaker, “he related an anecdote of a robber who caught two boy’s seizing the largest one he demanded his money. The boy, terribly alarmed, said, “Why I haven’t got any money.” After feeling in his pockets he gave it up. He then took hold of the little fellow who was still more scared, and with a tremulous voice said, “Why I haven’t got any pocket!” The robber was satisfied that it was a hopeless case. Neither H. nor these Quakers had so much as a pocket in their spiritual garment into which they could be put. They are dogmas of imagination or less, of mere words. People don’t believe them at all. The preachers of these doctrines do not believe them themselves, if they did, they could have no appetite for their dinners and no happiness in their lives. This association teaches us to recognize men as human beings and not as depraved monsters. There never was a religion so good that it had the monopoly of virtue, and never religion so bad that it had not some germ of virtue and nobility in it.

We are rapidly passing beyond the time when this monopoly can be granted to any religion. The day of monopoly is gone, and we need in this day of sin and sorrow all the good that can be got from all religions. The time will come that there will be nothing in the world except the brotherhood of man, with the fatherhood of man to sustain it.

In the afternoon several addresses were made. Lucretia Mott was present, and though feeble in health she spoke in eloquent terms in favor of the broadest freedom in regard to religion. Dr. H. T. Child said that the only true religion he could realize was that which embraced the whole human family, as a Spiritualist, he believed in such a religion. Man could speak to his fellow-man on the physical plane, alone—they could reach out to each other and hold communion intellectually, and it might be as cold as an ice-berg. There is a language of the soul in which man holds communion with his fellow-man—soul speaking to soul, and when this language was properly understood the others would be influenced by it, and we should by our intercourse outwork and develop a religion broad enough and free enough to take in all humanity—God’s children. Our brothers and sisters, let us cultivate this soul language, and we shall not neglect the other forms of expression, but all shall be refined and purified thereby. The meeting was largely attended, and considerable interest was manifested.

We met Mr. Thompson after this meeting, and took him to see Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, through whom he received a very interesting test communication. He is a man who will doubtless make his mark in the world. He is a thinker, and in earnest, and we could see in his past career the evidences that spirits had much to do in directing him.

Mrs. R. predicted that he would realize much more of this influence, and be called to labor for the Spirit World, and we shall be happy to aid him in his direction for it is much more satisfactory to know of the influences which lead us in the grand work of life. We know that the fields are already white unto harvest, and that there is a demand for earnest and faithful laborers, and we rejoice that many are being called.

The cry is going up from mankind everywhere, “Give us the bread of life,” and they who have only the stones of old traditions, can not feed these. The fountains of inspiration are opened more freely to-day than ever before, and they who deny this are “blind leaders of the blind,” whom the people will not follow much longer.

City Entertainments.

[For the week ending, Jan. 11, 1873.]

McVICKER’S THEATRE.—Madison street, between State and Dearborn streets. Crowded houses have been the unvarying rule at McVicker’s Theatre during the past week. For this week, the last of Miss Cushman’s engagements, and probably the last time she will ever be seen on the stage in Chicago. She is to appear as *Meg Merrilies* in “Guy Mannering” on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights. Dion Boucicault, the world-famed author-actor, and his talented wife, known on the stage as Miss Agnes Robertson, commence an engagement at McVicker’s on Monday evening, January 13th, together with Mr. Shiel Berry.

AIKEN’S THEATRE.—Corner Wabash Avenue and Congress street, Aiken & Lawler, Managers; W. H. Harrison, Business Manager. Mr. Joseph Proctor, a tragedian of considerable celebrity in the sensational drama, commences engagement at Aiken’s Theatre on Monday evening, appearing in the thrilling play of the “Red Pocket-Book,” in which, judging from the synopsis of scenery and incidents, there will be no lack of novel and startling features. Among other extraordinary effects, there will be introduced on the stage a full-sized working ship, with masts, sails, and rigging complete.

HOOLEY’S OPERA HOUSE.—Randolph street, opposite the Court House, R. M. Hooley, sole proprietor and manager. Comedy of the richest and most enjoyable type is to hold the boards at Hooley’s Opera House this week, affording a most agreeable diversion from the tragedy and sensational drama which will be served up elsewhere. Tom Taylor’s beautiful comedy, “Babes in the Wood,” is to be produced with a strong cast, including Messrs. Dillon, Blaisdell, Padget, Woodfield, Soggs, Wilson, Miss Meek, Mrs. Rogers, etc. Also the capital afterpiece, “Mr. and Mrs. Peter White,” introducing Dillon and Miss Emma Cline to a roaring advantage.

MYER’S OPERA HOUSE.—Monroe street, between State and Dearborn streets. Arlington, Cotton & Kemble’s Minstrels. A minstrel programme of rare excellence is announced at this tasty little temple of fun. It includes a first part full of good things, by Arlington, Cotton, Surridge, Tyrrell and Kayne, with the rollicking finale of “The Collegians;” while the second part introduces the boy phenomenon Clarence Burton, in new songs and dances, and many other novelties too numerous to mention.

NIXON’S AMPHITHEATRE.—Clinton street, between Washington and Randolph. Will be occupied this week by a dramatic combination, at the head of which are Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Miller, who will appear, respectively, as *Wool* and *Capitola* in the “Hidden Hand,” the former with banjo solos and the latter with characteristic songs.

We received a call this week from W. H. Bancroft, a healer of considerable merit. He thinks of locating in Milwaukee, Wis.

BRO. S. HAYFORD, of Greece, N. Y., has our thanks for extraordinary efforts in circulating the JOURNAL.

THANKS to the many friends who have in the past, and now are making sacrifices, and in some cases sending money to circulate this paper. Every effort made in that direction is duly appreciated—angels will bless all who exert themselves to promulgate the truth.

J. H. RANDALL, who has been lecturing with great success in Kansas City, Missouri, and Paola, Kansas, gave us a call last week on his way to Clyde, Ohio, where he can be addressed for future engagements.

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GRAMMAR

BY PROF. D. P. HOWE.

The author was induced to publish this little work by the urgent and repeated request of persons of all shades of education in every State in the Union from Maine to California.

It is designed to meet the requirements of a class of persons, immersed in business pursuits entirely cut off from the advantages and influence of the school room and whose opportunities of an educational development in this particular are seemingly at an end. He is satisfied that one of the greatest obstacles to the understanding of Grammar is the scattered arrangement of thought as exhibited in the Text Books in use. His arrangement is entirely original; what he has retained must be carefully read and digested, what he has omitted is not worth the looking after. Any one can speak or write correctly after giving this little work one week’s careful study. The sale of over twelve thousand copies in two years without any special effort is proof that the work meets the necessities of the adult population of America and is the right-hand friend of the Self Student.

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By DR. C. S. LOZIER, Dean of the N. Y., MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, ETC.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

MRS. J. H. CONANT,

ONE OF THE

Greatest Medium’s

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THE LAND DEBATABLE

THE DEBATABLE LAND

BETWEEN

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NARRATIONS

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN

Author of Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World, “Beyond the Breakers,” etc.

—O—

CONTENTS:

Prefatory address to the Protestant clergy.
Book I Touching Communication of Religious Knowledge to Man.
Book II Some Characteristics of the Phenomena.
Book III Physical Manifestations.
Book IV Identity of Spirits.
Book V The Crowning Proof of Immortality.
Book VI The Spiritual Gifts of the first Century appearing in our times.

—O—

The world-wide reputation of the author as a Statesman, Diplomatist, and writer, his earnest and varied life in connection with the rise of the manufacturing interest in England, the Socialistic Movement in this country, the political affairs of thirty years ago, the career of a Diplomatist at the Neapolitan court, but last and greatest of all the Growth of MODERN SPIRITUALISM affords an absolute guarantee that any work from his pen must be of the highest order and absorbing interest. The large sale and extended interest manifested in all quarters upon the publication of *Debatable Land* is sufficient evidence of the author’s reputation and its continually increasing sale proves it to be a work of great ability and one eagerly demanded by the public and meeting the highest expectations. Mr. Owen’s “Foot-falls” has reached a sale of over TWENTY THOUSAND copies and is still selling daily. *Debatable Land* bids fair to exceed it in popularity. It is a large handsome twelve mo book of FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO PAGES handsomely bound. Price \$2.00. Postage free.

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Inner-Life Department.

CIRCLE OF LIGHT.

W. L. Jack, M. D., Medium;

JOHN BROWN SMITH Reporter and Correspondent. Papers can be obtained and subscriptions received by him at 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Circle of Light.

Mrs. Horace Greeley.

Love is the holiest of all teachers. Sorrow is the next, and when love and sorrow go hand in hand, what a beautiful picture they make. When framed together they impart such lustre to the colors. Let us with love and sorrow try to elevate the human race. I come here in the footsteps of Horace. It has been generally said that woman must have her postscript, but I come without it. Man needs reformation more than woman. The Bible spoke the truth when it said, "Man has fallen,"—indeed he has fallen, and the Bible speaks the truth in more places than one. What a grand place it is in the editorial rooms of the "Tribune" of life. The state of society is corrupt and stagnant on all sides to-day—not among the poor classes, but in the so-called first classes. I am pleased to know and see that society is being stirred up in the churches. Why do not some who are accused of being so bad, speak out for themselves. I do not wish to indulge in personalities, you shall see. The church is not only crumbling and crumbling, but the government is being shaken from its very foundations. What does this all mean?

The Spirit World is in earnest to overturn the greatest of all broker's offices, the churches. Arouse from your slumbers, you who live in palaces richly furnished with damask and tapestry, and descend into the lowest depths of society. Go with me into that small upper room, with only a little window eight by ten—no curtains and no tapestry. Look upon that pile of straw—scarcely a pile—and there you shall see a widow starving to death in a city where there are millions of golds, and within a stone's throw are blocks of marble and spires towering upward, but she, poor creature, is freezing and dying.

Thousands are passing robed in fine purple and gold, while loved spirits come and clothe her in robes of purity, and bear her spirit from the bed of straw to an angel's home. Would you not rather be that poor creature upon the bed of straw, than a worshiper in your temple, solemnly standing with your book that is bound in velvet and gold, and clasped in your hand, worshipping there in that church with the stained glass windows that please the eye and keep out the light? Oh! build me no such building! Give me rags and a pile of straw, rather than this. Speed the day when woman shall be the Redeemer of the race, for not only woman, but man is fallen, and needs redeeming.

Mr. Roberts.

Oh! if I could break from that fearful tomb that not only contains me, but many others. I have come here all the way from the Woodland cemetery. Gold can not save you! It never saved me. How much of it went through my hands. [This spirit was recognized by a person present, as one who had amassed a princely fortune in the city of Philadelphia.]

Mr. Drexel.

I have been down to Third street to look at the old place, and I have been to New York also! What a magnificent building is going up in New York. It is a little like the one here in Philadelphia. Brokers can do anything. Here I go again down to Wall street to see the bulls and bears. How many there are in life. I will go down Third street, and see how gold is, but I don't care for it now. I don't know how I came back, but since coming, things look much clearer to me. I want to tell you that there is going to be a change in gold. I see a cross here, but you are not Catholics. I was a Catholic. Gold, gold! what will one give in exchange for his soul?

Ogarett.

Oh! what will you give in exchange for your soul? Will you give silver, diamonds, rubies, lands and gold? How many that look upon these things, fear to make this great change, and then over the Great Spirit's creation they roam, crying as loud as they can for just one peep at the Summer land. Oh! what would you give in exchange for your soul?

Kit Carson.

Halloo! who are you? I am still riding on, but I'm not killing buffalos. There are not so many now as there used to be, but I see a good many of them, as well as bulls and bears. I am very much disappointed since coming over here, for I haven't found Hell yet. Kit was rather a rough fellow, but he had some good qualities after all.

Prof. Hare.

I wish to have a few more boxes put in this post-office, so that more people can find a letter for themselves. I have not been idle during all this silence. What to do, how to do, and when to do it, is a subject that requires considerable analyzing. What to do all over the land? Be wide awake. Go not through the world with your eyes, ears, and mouth closed, yet journey onward with your eyes, ears and mouth closed. How contradictory you exclaim! Yet I say keep your ears closed to reports from every quarter. Keep your eyes closed to the spots on others, that you will utter no words that like a dagger may thrust them in the heart. Keep your eyes ever open to see the beauties of the world, and take all with you into the grand lecture room of nature to be quizzed. Keep your mouth open to speak the truth and the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and always to elevate down-trodden man and woman. Go not in the straight path, but turn each way, for the time has come when the cold, straight path is broken. How many beautiful paths there are gemmed with flowers, which you may pluck by pursuing this course, and how much more good you can do by deviating from the straight path.

When the Sun shines brightly for you, go out and pluck some poor little sorrow-stricken bud, and fold it to your bosom. Then journey on, faithful little band, to that land where there is truth, peace, light and joy. Take the sun and analyze it; take each ray carefully, and see what you can find therein. You boast that you are far in advance of the past ages. You know more now than you will know in the hereafter, and you will know more in the hereafter than you know now. A contradiction again, you exclaim; but have your books always at hand; have no corners turned down, have every page clean, and you will be able to see your title clear.

From an Unknown Spirit.

We faint by the way. Oh! Lord our God! We travel in darkness and see no day! The day is long, and the night drawing near. Our souls are faint and weary. Oh! Lord our God, send the angels to help us along! Save us, ere we eternally die! The day is not dark, my child, for I lead you. Not dark, indeed, shall be thy day. Come, let me hold thee

fast. I'll place a light for thee at the mast, and safely land thee over Jordan's peaceful river. I'll take thy load, and make thy burden light. Truth is thy Lord, and will ever lead thee aright.

James Jack.

It is time, young man, that you were up and stirring, and giving forth to the world what we are giving you. Think not that you are always to remain in this little room. It is time that you go forth, and give to hundreds and thousands of others. Go to other cities, and countries, over mountains, rivers and oceans, and you shall find hearts open to receive you. We shall take you to places you know not of. But for you, and what we have done through your organism, thousands would have remained in darkness. You must not resist us. If you do, we will take you where your spirit shall through others perform what we desire you to do here. We have got you where you can not resist us. Think not, my boy, that you shall always be here in Philadelphia. The East, West, North and South are calling for you to go forth. You shall never go poor, as plenty of wealth is always found at God's door. You shall never go ragged, my boy, plenty of clothing for you in God's fields of peace, but ragged indeed you shall be if you do not do the work that I and the angels give you to do. It is the morning of your life. Then go forth and do this work, and when the evening of life comes you will be satisfied. Heaven bless you all for what you have done.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

A Put-up Job--Auxiliary means of Promoting the Interest of Priestcraft--A Catholic Hell located--Virginia City the Centre.

BRO. S. S. JONES.—As I am only an occasional correspondent to your invaluable JOURNAL, which comes to us weekly, laden with heavenly manna fresh from the great storehouse of nature, unlocked by the spirit key, and given unto you to dispense the same to thousands of hungry, thirsty souls—then allow me to present for your consideration "A Nevada-Catholic Priest Ghost Story" of the first water, and his auxiliary of promoting their lying, selfish interests, manifestly intended as a dead clincher on their ignorant, superstitious followers and supporters in belief and fear of a "Square Old Catholic Hell." Purgatory, Infernus, Tophet, Holo, or any other place hideous enough to secure a firm iron grasp upon their bread-and-butter supporters for ages yet to come. Bro. Jones, will you please, therefore, analyze and expose to the world the "McDonough Ghost Story," invented by that shrewd old Priest, Monogue, of the State of Nevada, who, for the culpable negligence of mass and prayers, allowed this poor McDonough to roast in Hell for six long years, and then—Oh! Shades of St. Patrick, what a pretty "crackling" to go to glory, and pick harp-strings through endless eternity. Here let me ask Bro. Francis how he would like such an associate, a *crisp* of a six year's roast? Wonder if Priest Monogue would recognize his victim? You will perceive that it was a put-up job—this young girl Agnes, thoroughly catechized asking and answering questions according to this Monogue's dictations. "Where is purgatory?" "Next to heaven." "Let us see. Now as time is nothing in spirit flight, we can safely estimate that it required only a very few minutes for this spirit to come from "Monogue's Purgatory" to Virginia City, consequently they have proved two very important points: first, that spirits can and do return to earth, and converse with mortals; second, that Virginia City is the nearest point, and within about five minutes' flight of Hell. We think Priest Monogue, as well as some more of his ilk, are in immediate danger. Better leave there, Monogue, but don't come to Los Angeles for mercy sake! "Another question is, "Have the angels wings?" "Yes." "Did they fly?" "No; but they kept them in motion." Now, we suppose that fluttering was necessary to create a breeze for the purpose of cooling the "crackling," who had just emerged from that torrid country, Monogue's favorite! So wings are really necessary appendages. Will Monogue please inform us as to what was McDonough's propelling, or motive power from Purgatory to the Elysian fields of Paradise, as the question was asked, "What is punishment in Purgatory?" "Fire." Let us see about those things. Now fire will burn feathers, and the smell thereof is not very savory to the olfactory; however, they may be composed of Asbestos or some other indestructible compound. Another question to McDonough's spirit was, "Who judged?" "Almighty God and Jesus Christ." "What did Jesus say?" "Come to me, my blessed." "Did he say anything else?" "Yes; 'descend into Purgatory.'"

Now this was *bleeding with a vengeance*—sending him into Monogue's purgatory for six years. Honest reader, thinker, investigator, look the lie square in the face of contradictions. Oh! you vile scoundrel, the whole thing is too flagrant. Sorry indeed are we that there is not a Purgatory of Priest Monogue's description, just large enough to accommodate those deserving professional clerical thieves and deceivers until the majesty of retributive law be satisfied. But here comes the clincher of the black clerical wolf unmasked, the last question of Monogue lays bare the most flagrant deception, and it is this: "Did you know how long you had to remain in Purgatory?" "Until prayers and masses were offered up for me." There you have it all, *multum in parvo*, the real object of this spiritual training of the child Agnes, for the sole purpose of establishing in the minds of the ignorant and superstitious masses a certainty of a Purgatory or Hell. Hence God the day is fast dawning when some 40,000 priests of different sects will be brought down from their clerical stilt upon which they have for ages past, over-riden the great masses. And now, Brother Jones, we have a word or two to say regarding our good Brother Joselyn, who is still with us and lecturing regularly, doing a good work in the noblest cause known to man; also, Mr. Lohmueller, a young and energetic lecturer, who promises to do a good work in the cause of emancipating humanity. I will close by adding that I am not going to Virginia City.

More anon,

DR. D. W. C. FRANKLIN,
Los Angeles, Cal., December 2d, 1872.

"A MINER" writing from Stockton, Utah, asks for an explanation of Prof. Boseo's performances which are said to be very like Wm. Fay's coat feats. We are unable to give any explanation of a performance that we know no more about than we do of his. "The Salt Lake Tribune's" report is very meagre. Boseo may be an illusionist of skill—admit he is—it by no means demonstrates the fact that all spiritual demonstrations are illusions and unreal.

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Voices from the People.

The Banner of Light is kept for sale at the office of this paper.

AMBOY, MICH.—S. Fowler writes.—Without the JOURNAL, the people would be left in comparative darkness, and without a welcome visitor.

FLUSHING, MICH.—M. J. Cronk writes.—"A Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year." Enclosed please find the names of three new subscribers to your highly prized paper.

JANESVILLE, IOWA.—J. Purdy writes.—Your paper is as good a preacher as I want. I have read it more or less since it was started, but I feel now that I can't afford to lose a number.

VERDI, KAN.—A. M. Bean writes.—The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is second to none as a power in the land. We hope to see you well paid for your radical stand, and great may be your reward hereafter, is my prayer.

WENTWORTH, ILL.—T. V. Samson writes.—Mrs. Sada Bailey lectured here and all she got was a few crumbs from our table, larder, orchard etc. Poor, dear sympathetic soul with three little children, and not much assistance to rear them.

FULTON, ILL.—Z. M. Church writes.—Please excuse me for not writing you in relation to my painting. It came to hand all right, and I must say that it is truly beautiful. All who have seen it admire it. If money was not quite so scarce I would send to Brother Straight and have another one.

LADOGA, IND.—Z. Peffley writes.—You may consider me a subscriber to THE LITTLE BOUQUET as soon as it is published. I have been hunting for some time to find something for the children, for there's where we will have to accomplish the greatest ends in this benighted Orthodox community.

FRANKTOWN, NEVADA.—A. Bowers writes. I can not do without the JOURNAL. It is food for me. We have many good manifestations here, which are very interesting to the people living in the back-woods of Washoe. I chronicle the JOURNAL freely among those who wish to read it.

BELOIT, WIS.—C. W. Stewart writes.—I wish to state to the JOURNAL readers that I have just witnessed two exhibitions of spirit power through Charles H. Read, physical medium, and am willing to stake my existence on the genuineness of his mediumship. The ring test and all other feats were fairly performed, and two prominent citizens of Beloit offered him a thousand dollars each for the "secret."

BASWELL, OHIO.—T. Ware writes.—There are but few Spiritualists in this neighborhood; yet we are anxious to get the news from other quarters, and esteem the common sense principles enunciated in your paper very highly, and trust you will be enabled to maintain its present standard of publication for long time to come, and that an increased success may attend the circulation of the same.

MOBILE, ALA.—W. Persons writes.—This is a most-ridiculous city. Quite a number of first-class Spiritualists here and they are doing good work. My medium is a success, and many are inquiring as to these new doctrines. I intended leaving for Savannah, Ga., two weeks since, but owing to increased practice and an urgent wish to remain, I have deferred the time.

LAGRANGE, IOWA.—Dr. J. Hays writes.—The light of truth is beginning to shine here—even the long-haired friends and those that live in the deep hollows, are beginning to think for themselves. Old Orthodoxy is growing extremely feeble, hell is played out, so that it falls to scare sinners to God. They say God is love, but the acts of Jehovah are so cruel and unlovely that they fail to attract the thinker, so a protracted effort has proved a failure at this place.

PENNSYLVANIA, IND.—S. A. Thomas writes.—It was my great pleasure to be in Richmond in November, and I attended the yearly conference. The meeting was not overly large, but it has never been my pleasure to witness one more harmonious. The speakers, Bro. Cooper, and others who were expected, failed to come, therefore it fell to the lot of brother Doherty, who, when waked up, is a full hand at talking. K. Graves with his sharp, keen logic was present.

NEW YORK.—Helen Grover writes.—The newly-elected James Fisk, jr., has been my business controller for the past three months. I hope we shall be able to carry out his wishes, as he seems to have something pretty rich in store for us, if we are able to do so. Old friends of Fisk's who have seen me under his control say that the personation is wonderfully accurate and genuine. May the good angels speed you on in your noble work.

RUTLAND, OHIO.—A. G. Gardner writes.—Can you give any information as to one Chancy Barnes, claiming to be a Spiritualist endowed with all the mediumistic powers ever possessed by mortal. He has been holding forth in this vicinity claiming to be a Spiritualist, but doing nothing. Is he an impostor of the Woodhull stripe? He is in trouble and in the Pomeroy jail. He claims some connection with the purchase of the Koun property in Athens county.

CHADWICK, MILLS, N. Y.—A. B. Phillips writes.—I had made up my mind to ask you to discontinue sending the JOURNAL, as I had not the money to renew my subscription, and I had not the heart to ask you to send it without your pay in advance; but the more I thought of it the more it seemed that I would not live without it. It is hard to be poor, but I had rather be poor and be honest, than rich and cheat the printer out of his honest dues.

The best you can do, is good enough. We say so to everybody. The trouble is, many *entirely forget to pay the printer*, when they can pay as well as not. Such people do not appreciate the first principle of Spiritualism. To do unto others as you would they should do unto you, is a maxim entirely disregarded by those who neglect to pay for their newspaper.

BURLINGTON, IOWA.—F. A. Blackmar writes. I have become somewhat interested in your paper, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, having obtained a few numbers from our news dealer here. Our city seems to be existing in the eighteenth century as regards the great truths and positive certainties of Spiritualism. However, there are a few true souls yet among us who will never give up trying to push forward the grand principles given us by our departed ones, whom we know to a certainty are with us constantly.

OTTAWA, KAN.—W. L. Deland writes.—I have been a peruser of the JOURNAL a short time, and although connected with a church organization, I have a liberal god—the thought of spirit communion and freedom of thought. My soul is lightened around me by an angel mother and children, and so long as it is elevating and pure, leading to that which is noble and good with its tendency to develop the finer sensibilities of my being, I feel that I would be unwise to say other than amen.

MARSHFIELD, VT.—L. B. Averill writes.—That spirit light has been received by every nation, I am well aware. The American Indian is more instinctive to the Fount of All Spirits than the American Yankee. The Yankee, however, is more inclined to learn the whys and wherefores than the Indian. The woman of Endor was a medium. Immortality was proved by Samuel medium. During the Mosaic dispensation there were healers and preachers, witches and wizards. Samuel talked to his brother Saul, and through a test medium foretold what afterward did happen.

EASTMAN, GA.—P. C. Mills writes.—I write these lines to add my testimony to the truthfulness and reliability of the medium powers of Sister Mary C. Morrell, wife of James A. Morrell, M. D., of New York City. I have known them for a long time, and can most truthfully assert by experience that her mediumship is good and reliable, both in business affairs and examination of diseases, and communion of spirit friends. Hundreds of strong tests have been given me through her organism. Those visiting her will find her a

lady in every sense of the term, and a pleasant and agreeable woman. They reside at No. 732 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

WAUKESHA, ILL.—C. C. Price writes.—I do not claim to be a Spiritualist, I make no profession. I would work for the good of humanity without fear of punishment or hope of reward. I have no hope of immortality or an existence beyond the grave, but perchance by reading your paper for a year I may get more light.

Rest assured my brother the time is not far distant that you will rejoice not in a faith alone, but in a knowledge of the immortality of all souls.—ED. JOURNAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—E. Terry writes.—Inclosed find post-office order for thirteen dollars and fifty cents. One dollar and fifty cents for the JOURNAL for six months, and twelve dollars for brother Austin Kent, of Stockholm, N. Y.

This is a noble act of charity. Hope many others may open their purse-strings and deal generously toward Brothers Kent and Baker. Remember remittances made direct to Joseph Baker, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Austin Kent, Stockholm, N. Y., is the best way. A single dime helps to carry those invalids along the rough journey of life.

SALT LAKE CITY.—W. Mansfield writes.—Wishing you the compliments of the season, I feel sorrow for the terrible disaster that has happened to our dear old Banner, but I console myself by reflecting that the equally dear RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL became strengthened so as to breathe freely before the Banner's fiery baptism; what a blessing to the world of progress that both of them were not destroyed at the same time. In every trial there is something left us to encourage hope and to be thankful for. I hope soon to again receive the welcome appearance of the dear Banner. I wish you would soon publish the volume you promised a few months ago, viz: A Search After God—there are many in this territory who would gladly avail themselves of the privilege of purchasing it.

WOODHULL, ILL.—J. Baden writes.—Yours of the 6th inst. was received last night, which gives full satisfaction. It does my soul good to deal with an honest man, and all such should not only be encouraged but patronized. Your course, of course, has been truly honest in dollars and cents, and your course as an Editor and publisher of a paper in general, and the same time showing no disposition to cover up and hide deception, and your columns are open for all who may be charged with deception wrongfully. This is just as it should be, and to think of my living without reading your JOURNAL, would be like losing a beloved relative. I thank you for placing my name in your list of speakers; it has caused Spiritualists to passing this way to call and see me, which gives me great pleasure. I hope they may continue to do so.

BELOIT, WIS.—Mrs. M. B. Gourlay writes.—On the 23d of last month, at Moravia, a little town in the State of New York, it was my happiness to meet at Mrs. Andrew's circle a dearly-loved son, who had departed this sphere of life without bidding me farewell, for his exit was sudden—without a moment's warning. The veil was lifted and he passed in through the gate that will admit us all when we are bid to "Come." He gave me the most convincing proofs of his presence in the manner of removal from earth. Oh, it was glorious that he could come to me, and that he was happy. He sent loving messages to his brothers and sisters—spoke of family matters, gave his own name in full, as well as the names of other dear ones present. Then came another friend who passed away under a cloud from which he assured me he was emerging, that he regretted his course, but with the help of God he was retracing his misguided steps—all of this and even more was said in a clear, distinct voice, eight persons being present. Can any one imagine what feelings I listened to those voices that I thought forever stilled?

DES MOINES, IOWA.—Laura Y. Nellson writes.—I am an orphan and in the greatest trouble. Because I expressed a wish to become a Spiritualist I have been deserted by all my so-called friends and relations. I now turn to the Spiritualists, I do not ask charity, but I do beg for assistance in procuring me a class of pupils in vocal and instrumental music, also in dancing, wax work and all kinds of fancy embroideries. I thoroughly understand the cultivation of the voice; also everything I profess to teach. I will aid you all I can—will sing in your concerts and play in your halls. Won't some of the kind ladies take this in hand and aid me. My terms will be very reasonable. I will give lessons in vocal and instrumental music, dancing and wax work, also all fancy needle work for \$10 per term of three months—two lessons in each week. I am no impostor. Do not lay this aside without giving it a thought, for I must have assistance from some one at once. I will go anywhere, but would prefer Chicago. I can prove to any one that I am a lady of the first circle. Hope and beg that I may hear from some of you at once.

CAMBRIDGE, MAINE.—S. F. Rogers writes.—I sit down to write a few lines, and how it pains my very soul to be obliged to say that I am still unable to enter the lecture field again. Here I am in the old Pine Tree State with the pure, white sand all around sparkling like thousands of diamonds. I love all those grand changes in nature. When I wrote a few lines before, the wild-wood bird was singing in its leafy bower, flowers were blooming over hill and dale, and the busy farmers were thrashing in the sickle, to reap the golden grain. Oh! then my heart beat higher with the hopes that ere the snow fell I should again "buckle on the armor" and out to work for hungry humanity, to help build the grand spiritual temple of truth. But here I am, a part of the time not able to sit up—perfectly prostrated. Ah, how my soul beats her prison bars, and tears fill my eyes, as I think that perhaps months may pass ere I can again enter the field as a worker. I know that I am needed, as many are calling for me. Yes, dear friends, I long to be with you, standing on the rostrum, to let the use of the higher life speak through my organism to give evidence to all of a future existence. There are many I would love to write to, but can not in my exhausted condition, but want all to write to me that can. Dear mediums, pray for me with your will-power—your magnetism.

SANTA CRUZ.—R. E. Wood writes.—I have been traveling a little and found by mere chance a couple of parties who wish your paper, and I took the liberty of acting as agent, which I presume you will not object to.

The liberty you take is very acceptable. We wish everybody would take like liberties. After this you and all others may take the liberty of sending us new trial subscribers at the rate of fifty cents for three months. The trial for yearly subscribers at \$1.50 a year terminated on the first day of January, 1873. All that were taken by that time can be forwarded and the same will be duly honored. After that time fifty cents will ensure the JOURNAL to new subscribers on trial for three months. Come, friends, let us send the JOURNAL to a majority of your neighbors. The few Spiritualists in any neighborhood by a continued effort, can have a large number of readers and investigators to sympathize with them by the simple determination to do so, accompanied with an effort suitable for the result. The phenomena of Modern Spiritualism is now fourfold more convincing than it was one year ago. The best minds of the civilized world are investigating. The man who does not do so is simply behind the times—an old fogy.—ED. JOURNAL.

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This rare work, first of its kind ever brought before the public, will be put before the Spiritualists of the world at its actual cost—\$1.50 a year.

The proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE is impelled to look to other means for sustaining his House than profits from this work. The object is to place the magazine in the hands of the children of all Spiritualists at least, in a form so attractive as to banish the prejudice that so generally prevails among the youth, against the truth of spirit communion.

The well-known ability of the proprietor of this house to execute whatever his angelic friends impose upon him, is a guarantee that THE LITTLE BOUQUET will be a permanent institution of the country and a credit to Spiritualism.

A general invitation is given to friends of the enterprise everywhere not only to write for its columns, but to secure subscribers for the work.

The work is a fixed fact, and we earnestly appeal to our friends to forward their subscriptions. Address LITTLE BOUQUET, corner of Fifth Avenue and Adams street, Chicago.

Attention Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

Mrs. Robinson will furnish the remedy, and send it by mail or express to all who may apply for the same within the next sixty days, on the receipt of *five dollars* (the simple cost of the ingredients), and guarantee a most perfect cure or refund the money, if directions accompanying each package are strictly followed.

The remedy is harmless, and not unpalatable.

She makes this generous offer for the double purpose of introducing the remedy, and for bringing the cure within the reach of the poorest people who use the pernicious drug. The expense of a perfect remedy will not exceed the cost of the drug for continuing the deleterious habit one month!

Address Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Adams St., and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

We have so much confidence in the ability of the Board of Chemists and Doctors who control Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, that we unhesitatingly guarantee a faithful execution of the above proposition.—(ED. JOURNAL.)

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEERER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box.

D. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.
For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, 150 Fourth Avenue, Chicago.

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Arrival and Departure of Trains.

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Depots—Foot of Lake street, Indiana avenue and Sixteenth street, and Canal and Sixteenth streets. Ticket office in Briggs House, and at depots.

Leave.	Arrive.
7:30 a.m. Mail and Express.	4:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m. Pacific Fast Line.	3:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m. Rock Island Express.	4:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m. Forrester Passenger.	3:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m. Galesburg Passenger.	3:15 p.m.
10:15 a.m. Mendota and Ottawa Pass.	9:55 a.m.
10:15 p.m. Aurora Passenger.	3:30 a.m.
10:15 p.m. Aurora Passenger, Sunday.	9:55 a.m.
10:00 p.m. Pacific Northwest.	7:00 a.m.
accommodation.	
11:00 a.m. Downer's Grove.	1:45 p.m.
1:15 p.m. Downer's Grove.	4:15 p.m.
6:15 p.m. Downer's Grove.	7:15 a.m.
6:35 a.m. Riverside and Hillsdale.	9:30 a.m.
Ex. Saturdays. Ex. Sundays. Ex. Mondays.	

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Depot, corner of Wells and Kinzie streets.

Leave.	Arrive.
10:30 a.m. Pacific Express.	3:45 p.m.
10:30 a.m. Sterling Accommodation.	11:00 a.m.
5:15 p.m. St. Charles and Elgin Acc'n.	8:45 a.m.
10:30 p.m. Omaha Night Pass.	7:30 a.m.

DEPOT, CORNER OF WELLS AND KINZIE STREETS.

Leave.	Arrive.
9:15 a.m. Freeport and Dubuque Pass.	3:10 p.m.
9:15 a.m. Junction Passenger.	3:10 p.m.
9:15 a.m. Junction Passenger.	3:10 p.m.
12:00 p.m. Maywood Passenger.	1:45 p.m.
4:15 p.m. Rockford Passenger.	10:45 a.m.
6:10 p.m. Rockford Passenger.	9:30 a.m.
9:15 p.m. Freeport and Dubuque Pass.	7:00 a.m.
A Sunday passenger train will leave Junction at 8:45 a.m., arriving at Chicago at 10:15 a.m. Returning, will leave Chicago at 1:15.	

MILWAUKEE DIVISION.

Depot, corner of Canal and Kinzie streets.

Leave.	Arrive.
8:00 a.m. Milwaukee Mail.	10:10 a.m.
9:45 a.m. Day Express.	4:40 p.m.
11:45 a.m. Milwaukee Mail.	3:40 p.m.
4:10 p.m. Kenosha Acc'n.	9:00 a.m.
5:00 p.m. Aurora Express.	1:40 p.m.
5:30 p.m. Waukegan Passenger.	7:55 a.m.
9:00 p.m. Milwaukee Night Pass.	6:30 a.m.
11:00 p.m. Milwaukee Night Pass.	6:30 a.m.

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DEPOT AND TICKET OFFICE—CANAL STREET, NEAR MADISON.

Leave.	Arrive.
9:15 a.m. St. Louis and Springfield.	3:30 p.m.
9:15 a.m. Ex. via Main Line.	3:30 p.m.
9:15 a.m. Kansas City Fast Ex.	3:30 p.m.
9:15 a.m. Alton and St. Louis.	3:30 p.m.
9:15 a.m. Wagon, Lacon and Washington Ex. (Western Division).	3:30 p.m.
4:50 p.m. Alton and St. Louis.	9:30 a.m.
4:50 p.m. St. Louis and Springfield.	9:30 a.m.
9:00 p.m. Alton and St. Louis.	7:15 a.m.
9:00 p.m. Kansas City Fast Ex.	7:15 a.m.

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ALL TRAINS STOP AT TWENTY-SECOND STREET STATION.

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3:35 p m.	Jackson Acc'n (daily).	10:30 a m
5:15 p m.	Atlantic Express (daily).	7:30 a m
9:00 p m†.	Night Express.	*16:30 a m
FOR INDIANAPOLIS, VIA PERU ROAD.		
6:30 a m*.	Mail.	*8:20 p m
9:30 p m†.	Night Express.	4:30 a m
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9:30 a m*.	Mail.	*8:20 p m
8:30 p m†.	Night Express.	*6:00 a m
3:35 p m*.	St. Joe Accommodation.	*10:20 a m
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BY E. V. WILSON.

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THE THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING

Of the Northern Illinois Conference of Spiritualists, held in Union Hall, Belvidere, Illinois, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, December 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1872.

Friday morning (10:15 o'clock) found us in company with Farmer Mary and others on the rail, wending our way to Belvidere, Illinois, reaching it at 1 o'clock P. M., and were met at the depot by Bro. Hiram Bidwell, who conducted us to his comfortable home, where we were made welcome by his companion and partner in life.

The Convention was called to order at 2 o'clock, P. M., Dr. Kayner, President, in the chair. E. V. Wilson called the attention of the convention to the fact that our Secretary, J. K. H. Howard, of Wheaton, was not in his place, and would not be during the session, he being sick at his home in Wheaton, and that we were here without the records of our former meetings, and that it was necessary to elect a secretary for the present session of the convention. It was then resolved that E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Illinois, act as secretary during the session of the conference.

E. V. Wilson then called the attention of the President to the wants of the convention, and moved that the President appoint a Business Committee of five, consisting of three men and two women to take charge of the business of the convention. Carried.

The President then appointed E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, H. Bidwell, of Belvidere, Milo Porter, of Lombard, Mrs. E. A. Blair and Fanny Williams, of Belvidere, as Business Committee. Moved by E. V. Wilson, that the convention now resolve itself into a conference meeting of the whole for one hour. Speakers confined to ten minutes speeches, and no one speaking twice during the sitting of the session. Carried.

The Business Committee reported the following programme of business:

First.—That the Convention resolve itself into a mass meeting, and that our platform be a free one, and all parties irrespective of sects, creeds, casts, color or sex, may take part with us during the third session of our conference.

Second.—That hereafter the convention will be called to order at 8 o'clock, A. M., 1 o'clock, P. M., and 7 o'clock, P. M., each day during the session, adjourning at 12 M., 4 o'clock, P. M., and each night at the conclusion of the appointed speaker's lecture.

Third.—The convention will open with music, then notice of appointments, and reading of minutes—then conference for one hour each session of the convention. The balance of each session to be occupied by such speakers as may be appointed from time to time by the Business Committee.

Fourth.—Taking into consideration the fact that our sisters are as much entitled to enjoy these meetings as the men, and that in every place where these conventions are held, certain members of Spiritualist's families, are prohibited from enjoying our councils, through the drudgery of the work required of them in providing food and making beds for the comforts of their guests, we have thought proper to establish a table well supplied with the wholesome necessities of life, having assistance for the occasion, and now notify all concerned that commencing with to-morrow noon, our table will be ready at 12 o'clock, M. and 4 o'clock, P. M., for dinner and tea, and all who wish are at liberty to eat and drink therefrom. There will be no price set upon the meals. There will be a collection taken at each meal, under the direction of Brother H. Bidwell, who will have charge of this department.

Fifth.—We now offer to the public a free platform to all comers, and invite courteous discussion on all subjects pertaining to the welfare of the human family—all of which your Business Committee respectfully submit.

By order of the Business Committee.

E. V. Wilson, Chairman.

It was moved that the Convention adopt the report of the Business Committee. Carried. Some further remarks were made by various speakers on sundry subjects, when the conference adjourned, to meet at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Friday evening, 7 o'clock, the Convention was called to order, Dr. Kayner in the chair. Mrs. M. J. Porter, of Lombard, favored us with singing under spirit-influence. Then followed an hour in conference, speakers occupying ten minutes each, among whom were E. V. Wilson, Dr. Kayner, Mrs. Tompkins (Universalist), Jacket, Dodge and Stewart (Nevada), Lois Waisbrooker, Mrs. Dr. J. H. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and others. At the conclusion of the evening session, it was announced that on Saturday evening at the conclusion of the conference, Mrs. Blair would paint under spirit-control one of her beautiful, floral, spiritual pictures. Convention then adjourned.

Saturday, 8 o'clock, A. M., December 14th, the Convention was called to order, Dr. Kayner in the chair. Music and singing by Mrs. Porter. Then followed reading of the Scriptures with comments by E. V. Wilson, drawing contrast between that which was false and true, even in the teachings of Jesus, whom they call God.

The conference was now open for one hour—Mr. Smith, of Aurora, Illinois, greeted the convention with words of cheer, spoke of the good results of the St. Charles' convention, and trusted that this one would end equally well.

Brother Jacket said, "While looking around over the Congregation, I see a multitude of immortals. I am satisfied that I see them. I know that these witnesses are with us. If all could and would realize these things, there would be less sin than there is in the world."

Sister A. E. Bagger testified to the laws and truths of Spiritualism, with great fervor and interest. Dr. Sprague of Schenectady, New York, wanted to be here, hence came to have a good time. Wanted to hear what he could of the truth—his opportunities have been fair. It was singular how varied were the expressions of Spiritualists. Can we not reach some form of action that will give us a clearer understanding of the truth lifting us up into a higher and more practical life.

Sister J. H. Severance, M. D., of Milwaukee, considered that a true knowledge of the laws of communion of immortals, of the greatest importance to humanity. How shall we de-

velop this law to our advantage? We want the best men and women—how shall we develop them? How shall we develop the culture of ourselves? We have physical bodies—how shall we improve them? These are the questions! We the Spiritualists must accomplish these things? When I hear Spiritualists speak in glowing terms of the beauties of the Spirit World, and then see them expectorate a pint of tobacco juice onto the floor, the carpet or the grass, I pity them. We make our spiritual bodies, homes, and heavens, and our future life is formed here. If we live low, gross lives here in this sphere, our lives in the future will correspond with the life below, and so long as we continue to send liars, thieves, murderers and criminals into a future life, so long will they continue to return, reflecting their evil natures upon us.

Dr. D. P. Kayner, of St. Charles, said that the subject of spirit control was one of gradual growth, and commands careful attention, and while our Sister Severance has told us great truths, yet to some of her remarks I must take exception. We are projecting soul-life and bodies into time and eternity every day. We must change our natures here to be free and pure hereafter. We must begin to unstrap our burden here, and like Bunyan's Pilgrim leave our pack of follies and errors here in this sphere, if we wish to live pure and good lives hereafter. The foundation of all growth is here—right here. What are we here for? We are here to develop true lives, and if we fail here, we are a failure in the spirit-life.

Bro. Hoges asked Dr. Kayner, if there was any way for spirits to throw off their vile influences except to come here for such purposes!

Dr. Kayner replied, there may be. I do not know all these things. This I know, if you or I live the true life here we shall live a true life in the future.

E. S. Woodworth, Oak Grove, Wis., said I have been deeply interested in these remarks. I am being educated to-day in the laws of spirit-life, and when I think how different it might have been with me, if I could have heard these thoughts in early life, instead of now, I am sad.

E. V. Wilson, said I have a cure for every sin that man is heir too, and can give a receipt for drunkenness, tobacco, and profanity.

A voice—What is it?

Let it alone, turn your back upon the evil—go away from it and it will flee from you. Man must save himself; must be his own redeemer. Progression is an eternal law, governing our lives here and hereafter. A good intention entered upon him, develops truths hereafter.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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"About nine years since I presented to the public a volume entitled 'Incidents in My Life,' the first edition of which was speedily exhausted, and a second was issued in 1863. During the years that have since elapsed, although many attacks have been made upon me, and upon the truths of Spiritualism, its opponents have not succeeded in producing one word of evidence to discredit the truth of my statements, which have remained uncontradicted. Meantime the truths of Spiritualism have become more widely known, and the subject has been forced upon public attention in a remarkable manner. This was especially the case in the years 1867 and 1868, in consequence of the suit 'Lyon vs. Home,' which most probably was the indirect cause of the examination into Spiritualism by the Committee of the Diocesan Society, whose report has recently been published. Coincident with and subsequent to their examination, a series of investigations was carried on in my presence, by Lord Adair, now Earl of Dunraven, an account of which has been privately printed; an examination, especially scientific in its character, was also conducted by Prof. Crookes, who has published his conclusions in the 'Journal of Science.'

I now present the public with the second volume of 'Incidents in My Life,' which continues my narrative to the period of the commencement of the Chancery suit."

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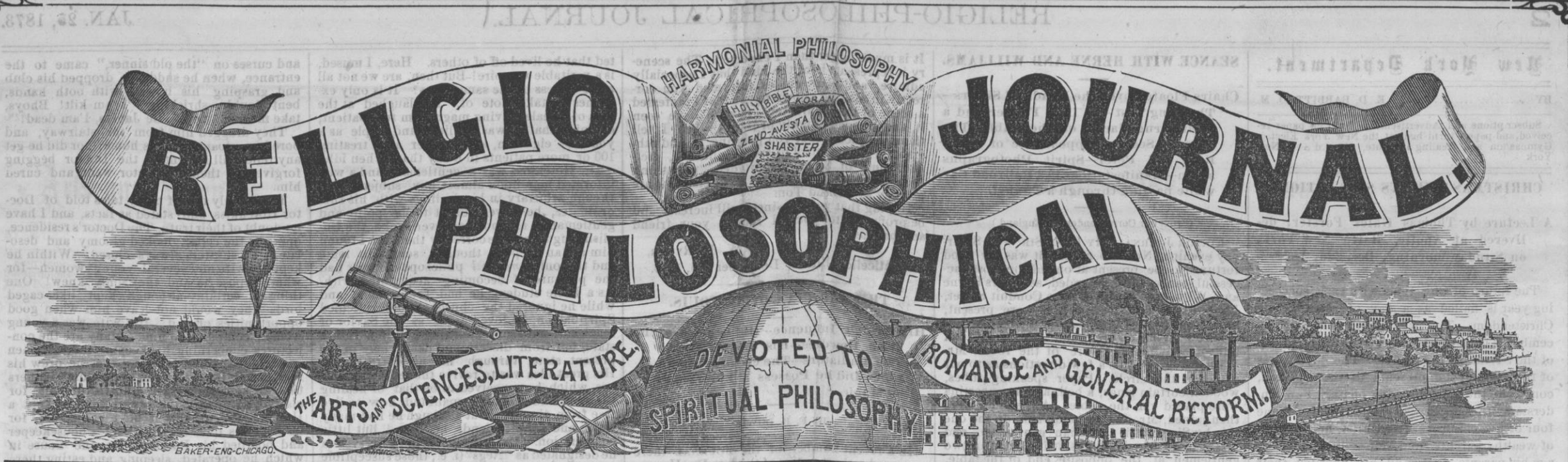
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VOL. XIII.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 25, 1873.

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NO. 19

Original Poetry.

ALL IS WELL.

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

Father of love and light,
My heart with sweet delight
Looks up to Thee:
Thy attributes I trace
In every form and place,—
In all I see.

Through every clime and age
Is written on each page,
Thy changeless plan;
Thy purposes divine
I read in every line,
"Good will to man."

What though my bark of life
Is borne on waves of strife
I have no fears;
They nerve my dormant powers,
To brave the darkest hours,
'Till light appears.

Though bitter dregs I sup
From deep affliction's cup
Thy face I see;
Though earth is dark and drear,
I come through sorrow's tear
Nearer to Thee.

Thy stern chastising hand
In love was kindly planned
For my best good;
It ever points the way
When'er I go astray,
If understood.

Then I will not repine,
But feel thy love doth shine
Through good and ill;
And see in every tear,
As in the sunlit cheer,
Thy holy will.

When time's last embers burn,
And from the broken urn,
I upward soar;
New scenes will charm the soul,
As tireless ages roll,
Forevermore.

"THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE."

The Rev. Samuel Watson.

A full History of the Remarkable Case.

He did Recant, Not at all.—He is True to Principle.

The Methodist Church South lost its most Efficient Member.

Spiritualism Triumphant.

He attends a Seance.—Finale, His Letter to The Memphis Appeal.

[From the Western Methodist of Nov. 30th, 1872.]

For some months we, with many others, have been much concerned about the course to be pursued by the Memphis Conference in the case of the Rev. Sam'l Watson, one of our best known brethren, highly esteemed and dearly beloved through a long term of years. The publication of his book, "The Clock Struck One," we are very sure would not be overlooked by the body of which he is a member—we were very sure its teachings would be condemned as in contravention of the standards of the Church, and of the word of God. Indeed, we never had the least fear that an intelligent, evangelical body of men, Christians, Methodists, would fail to meet the issue made in this case, i. e. upon the question whether Christianity—whether Methodism—approves the Spiritualism taught in the book under notice. But while it was not only probable, but morally certain in our judgment that the Memphis Conference would condemn the teachings of the book, and arraign the author, we were exceedingly solicitous, that while the faith of the Church should be vindicated, and the purity of her doctrines maintained, a brother beloved should be saved to the Church. These ends were all attained and in the result we rejoice and will rejoice. The case was reached in the examination of character. A committee of investigation was appointed, and in due time that committee reported a trial necessary, brought forward a bill of charges, both of heresy and violation of ordination vow, and nominated one of their number to prosecute the case. The action of the committee was approved by the Conference, which referred the case for trial to a committee of thirteen, with a chairman appointed by the Bishop. This committee met, and proceeded to the work before them in due form. Then occurred an event which will long be remembered by all who witnessed it. The accused, and it was the noblest, best act of his life, presented a paper—given elsewhere, in connection with the proceedings—in which he expressed his deep regret that he had put himself in opposition to the judgment of the Church as to the teaching of her standards, and cordially engaged to teach no more the views and doctrines specified in the charges against him, and not to circulate, and to withdraw from sale, as far

as within his control, the book entitled, "The Clock Struck One, and Christian Spiritualism." "For my brethren," says he in that paper, "with whom I have long been associated, and for the Church which I have long loved and served, I yield what they ask of me, and in old and happy relations with them I would live and die—purposing to seek and walk in the 'old paths' of Methodism, which I hold to be the truest and best exponent of Christianity." This paper when read to the committee of trial was electrical in its effect—every member was satisfied with it, so was the chairman, and so was the prosecutor; and just then there was a feast of love, joy and praise, such as perhaps was never before seen in the midst of a church trial. The committee proceeded with the forms of a trial, and resolved that they were altogether satisfied with the paper presented by the accused. So most happily ended the case, the law giving full power to the committee, and their decision being final, except as to the right of appeal. Their action was reported to the Conference, and with it all were delighted, the presiding Bishop as much so as any member. And the character of Samuel Watson was passed unanimously.

The inference is that the Memphis Conference—and her voice doubtless expresses the conviction of the M. E. Church, South—will not tolerate Spiritualism, even in a modified form, and under the prestige of a preacher loved and esteemed by his brethren, and intending no evil to the Church, Spiritualism, in whatever form, is utterly condemned as a heresy which no minister can continue to teach, and remain within the M. E. Church, South—which no member can continue to teach, without liability to the solemn and extreme discipline of the Church.

We are grateful to God that the Memphis Conference has given this unequivocal testimony—grateful too, that a noble brother, our friend, whom we love, has yielded to the judgment of his brethren and is saved to the Church.

ACCOUNT OF A SEANCE.

[From the Memphis, (Tenn.) Appeal, of Dec., 1872.]

We were told only two would be admitted—we found fourteen, all well-known, respectable and solid citizens of Memphis, except two. One of the two was the medium herself, and the other a gentleman of Clarksville, Tennessee, a member of the Legislature. The fourteen ranged themselves in a circle, the medium taking a seat just as the others did. She placed a tin trumpet in the center of the table—it was two feet long. The medium explained that spirits could make themselves more audible through a trumpet. Rev. Sam. Watson, B. B. Waddell, Mr. and Mrs. Minor Meriwether, Mr. Butts, Mr. and Mrs. Jones and others were present. After the circle was formed the gas was turned off and dense darkness prevailed.

Mr. Jones played the violin, and a dozen voices were raised in song. We were told music greatly aided the spirits in materializing themselves. The music went on about twenty minutes, when a distinct rap on the floor was heard. The music stopped, and Mr. Butts called out, "What spirit is that?" A cheerful, manly voice, seemingly in the center of the circle, answered, "How do you do, Mr. Butts? I'm glad to see you." "Why, Jimmy, I'm glad to meet you," said Mr. Butts. "Jimmy, let me introduce you to Mrs. Meriwether." "How do you do, Mrs. Meriwether? I'm happy to see you," said the spirit Jimmy. "I'm sure, Jimmy, I'm very glad to meet you," answered the lady.

In this off-hand, earthly way the spirit was introduced to all around the circle, to each member separately.

Various questions and answers were made by different persons, until rather a metaphysical sort of conversation was begun and carried on by Colonel Meriwether and the spirit, to which the rest listened in silence. It began thus:

Colonel M.—Jimmy, are any of my spirit friends here to-night?

Spirit—They don't tell me, Mr. Meriwether. Here the medium from her seat across the room spoke up in her gentle feminine voice, and told Colonel M. the controlling spirit would let him know as soon as any of his spirit friends should desire to communicate.

Colonel M.—You say, Jimmy, my soul is to live forever?

Spirit—Most assuredly; Mr. Meriwether, you can not believe this poor earth life you have to be all?

Colonel M.—Well, Jimmy, if my soul is immortal, and is to go on living for all future time, how about the past? Has it always lived? If it has always lived, how was it, and what did it do before it became lodged in this mortal body, which men call Minor Meriwether?

Spirit—I can't tell you; I'm not forbidden; I'm no slave, but there are some things we think it better not to tell.

Colonel M.—Can you tell if there ever was such a man as Jesus Christ?

Spirit—Certainly, Mr. Meriwether, Jesus Christ once lived on earth.

Colonel M.—Was he the son of God?

Spirit—Yes; as you are, as I am, as all life is a part of God.

Colonel M.—Had he a human father?

Spirit—Why, surely, Mr. Meriwether, as every man has a human father. Jesus Christ was a great and good reformer.

[Mr. Watson was heard to remark that in the course of his twenty years of spiritual investigation, this was the first time he had come square up to anything opposed to the teachings of his church.]

Colonel M.—Jimmy, can you tell me about God? Has he a personality?

Spirit—No, sir. All life is a part of God.

The creative principle is God—it is diffused through the universe—it is in all things. God has no individuality.

[This was a matter square up against Mr. Watson's church.]

Colonel M.—Jimmy, what were you on earth, and where did you die?

Spirit—I belonged to the Federal army, and died in the Maxwell House, Nashville, Tennessee.

Mrs. M.—Do you now think it was right for you Yankees to come down here and kill our people?

Spirit, with the evasion natural to the true Yankee—Oh! I never killed many; I was only a drummer.

The spirit then went on to relate the manner of his death, and how he felt on first entering the Spirit World. He said he had been a Materialist—did not believe in a life after death. Four hours after his death, he followed his own body to the grave, not at all realizing his position, until a comrade he had known on earth, and who had been killed in battle, said to him, as he stood with folded arms looking on his own grave being filled up: "Why, hello Jimmy! have you come over?"

He then, for the first time, realized his position; he exclaimed, "My God! am I dead?" Then and there he resolved to devote his whole spirit energies to the task of convincing people of the truth of spirit life.

I may say there was no hell of fire and torment, but there were many very unhappy spirits.

The question was asked what made them unhappy?

If a man dies devoted to drink or tobacco, he carries those bare cravings into the spirit land. Not being able to satisfy such appetites, he suffers; in all the spirit land, is not a pint of whiskey, or a plug of tobacco, so with the baser animal desires. But even the spirits in this somewhat mitigated sort of hell, are not hopeless, they are encouraged to improve. Progress in purity is the law of the universe, the lower spirits are instructed and led on by the higher. Jimmy informed us the moon was inhabited by a poor scrubby set, of a bluish color. In some of the planets, however, are beings far superior to earth's. The spirit land is a real place, about one hundred and seven miles above the earth. It circles the earth like a zone. Each planet has its spirit land, like a zone belting it about. This zone is comprised of seven spheres. The seventh is the abode of the highest and purest spirits. Jimmy, himself, lived in the fourth, was happy and contented, but expected to grow up to the seventh some day. In the spirit land is an instrument by which thought can be instantaneously photographed on paper. It is to be introduced on earth before very long. In the spirit land every one is perfectly transparent, no one attempts deception and lies would be utterly useless. All this and much more was related by the spirit Jimmy in the most natural and mortal sort of way. Meanwhile the medium ever and anon would make comments and remarks. It was ventriloquism it was a most masterly performance.

At this stage of the seance Jimmy said he would retire and give place to other spirits who were anxious to speak to their friends. He asked if any one present knew Q. L. Atkinson?

Several had known him in life.

Jimmy said Mr. Atkinson was present and anxious to communicate with his wife. Test messages were sent her. Then Jimmy courteously bade the circle good night, and for a moment silence and darkness reigned. The medium said Jimmy had not left the room; he remained standing, with his arms folded, by her side. She described him as a young man, dressed in the Union soldier's uniform, his blue blouse jacket fastened with one brass button, always one button. Jimmy had been silent, but a few minutes before a voice, that seemed to be about a foot in front of Mr. Watson, called, "Father."

"Who is it?" asked Mr. Watson.

"I am your son Allen. Father, I am happy to have this opportunity of speaking to you."

Mr. Watson, his voice full of emotion—My son, I am deeply rejoiced to hear from you.

Spirit—Father, the spirit of your old friend, Mr. Parsons, is here and wants to speak to you.

Mr. Watson—My dear son, tell Brother Parsons I shall rejoice to get a message from him. What does he wish to say?

Spirit—Father, Mr. Parsons says you must stand firm to the truth; you must not deny it.

Mr. Watson, with great zeal—Tell Brother Parsons, my dear son, I will stand firm for the truth. I will die for it, if need be, and esteem it a privilege to do so.

Spirit—Father, Mr. Parsons says twenty years hence, whether you are in a body, or out of it, you will rejoice and be proud that you have been a pioneer in the great truth of Spiritualism. Stand firm for it, father.

Mr. Watson, with increased zeal—I will never falter. If need be I will die for the truth, my dear son.

Mr. Watson had not a doubt but that he was conversing with the disembodied spirit of his son.

The next spirit that spoke said she was the daughter of Mr. Butts. A soft, childlike voice, seemingly close to him, said, "papa."

Everybody heard it. "Who is it?" asked Mr. B. "I am your little girl Anna, papa," said the voice. Mr. Butts' voice was full of tenderness and tears as he replied, "God bless you, my darling! I would give a thousand dollars to kiss you once."

"Papa, perhaps you will come some time," said the little voice. Then it sent loving messages to its mother, and bade its father good-by.

The message received by the Legislative member was one of the most noticeable. A

voice close to him whispered, "Robert."

"Who is it?" asked the member. The name of a friend loved and lost, thirty-six years ago, was given by the voice; emotions and feelings of that long-ago time were reverted to, even the pet name by which the spirit in life had been called was given. The member was deeply affected. The most if not the only skeptics in the circle were Mr. and Mrs. Meriwether. Unfortunately for their conversion, none of these spirit friends made themselves known to them. The next day a spirit face seance was held at Mr. Baldwin's, on Jefferson street, the same medium, Mrs. Hollis, being present and only six permitted to look in.

On this occasion, in attendance were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Watson, Mr. Waddell, John Overton, Jr., Colonel Meriwether and wife, and Mrs. Holmes. The medium retired into a closet and sat himself comfortably in a rocking-chair. The closet door was shut. In the door was an aperture—about as large as an ordinary pane of glass. The seekers after spiritual light sat on a sofa in front of the closet, and fixed their eyes on the aperture. The room was in a pleasant and dreamy twilight state. The medium called for music. Unfortunately none of the sex were gifted in that way, except Mr. and Mrs. Watson, who sang good old religious hymns for some twenty minutes before any sights were seen in the aperture. Then they came—shadowy faces, pale and wan, one after another, none recognizing any friend, until an elderly man's face appeared. In an instant Mrs. Watson burst into a flood of tears. She said without a doubt it was her father's face. This face appeared several times, and every time Mrs. Watson was firm in the belief she was looking on her departed father. Then came a delicate female face. Both Mr. and Mrs. Watson at once exclaimed, "That is Mollie."

Mollie was the first wife of Mr. Watson. This face also was seen several times, and every time both Mr. and Mrs. Watson were positive they were gazing on the face of Mr. Watson's first wife.

The Meriwethers had their usual bad luck when it comes to spiritual affairs. No face appeared which they could recognize. Mr. Overton was equally unfortunate. This is only to be accounted for on the supposition that some beings are of too solid matter; they have little, if any, spiritual affinities.

INTERVIEW WITH DR. WATSON.

The extensive range that the religio-spiritualistic discussion has taken recently led our city editor to look up as many facts upon the matter as he could possibly find out. There being also a general discussion all over town upon the attitude of Dr. Watson in reference to the Memphis Conference and to his book, "The Clock Struck One," lent the subject a popular interest which could not be overlooked by those whose duty it is to not only give, but to ferret out, the news. It was this consideration that led the city editor of the Appeal to seek an interview with Dr. Watson. He went out to 229 Union street, the residence of the Doctor, at five o'clock yesterday evening. The Doctor was out at the time, so the editor left his card and subsequently sent the following note:

DR. WATSON, DEAR SIR:—I would be glad to have a communication from you in relation to your views on Spiritualism, particularly with reference to the subject-matter of the discussions that have appeared in the papers. I called at your house this afternoon for the purpose of interviewing, but found you were out. Yours, respectfully,

JOHN MULROY,

City Editor, Appeal.

Memphis, Tenn., December 5th, 1872.

To this the Doctor replied in this language: "It has not been my intention to publish anything upon the subject, but I find the public mind has received a wrong impression in regard to what has occurred, and now I think I will review the reviewers, notice the action of the Conference (which I heartily approve), and set myself right before this community."

This was not deemed satisfactory, and an interview was obtained anyhow, and a long conversation had with the Doctor. He was quite pleasant and very agreeable and communicative, expressing his cheerful willingness to impart any information that he possessed with regard to Methodism or Spiritualism. His Spiritualism, in justice to him we are bound to state, is not what is commonly denominated Spiritualism, but a Christian belief in spirits, which he holds to be in accordance with the views of Wesley and Clarke, the great exponents of the teachings of the Methodist church. We called his attention to the Associated Press dispatch sent from Memphis in reference to his alleged recantation; it is as follows:

"Memphis, November 30th, 1872.

"The Rev. Samuel Watson having been found guilty of writing a heretical book, entitled 'The Clock Struck One,' by the Methodist Conference of the Methodist Church, said book being in defence of Spiritualism, and containing numerous letters purporting to be from former residents of this city long since deceased. Dr. Watson made a full apology, and agreed to withdraw the book from sale as far as possible."

He said that done him great injustice. It was not true. He was not found guilty. He was not tried by the Conference. He believed the Conference held the views that he did in reference to the doctrine of spirits. It was the same doctrine that Wesley taught. He, in fact, drew largely from Wesley's writing when getting up his book—'The Clock Struck One'—and gave them, and not speculations, of his own.

MISREPRESENTATION.

He was misrepresented, he said, in the published account of the proceedings had at Somerville. In the headings of that account as copied from the *Western Methodist*, there is a "trial" mentioned, whereas, there was no trial. His book is also called "obnoxious." The Conference gave no expression of views upon the nature or merits of that book at all. The question arose in Conference, by the Presiding Elder of the district, Rev. Mr. Thomas, saying, that he presumed, Dr. Watson had nothing to say in reference to his book. Dr. Watson in Conference stated, that he was brought up a Methodist, and taught Methodism for many years. He taught the teachings of Wesley and Clarke as far as he understood them. The phenomena of Spiritualism agreed with their doctrine that spirits could return to earth and communicate with mortals. He said he had nothing but contempt for the common mediumistic and rapping Spiritism.*

THE PROCEEDINGS.

Rev. John Morse, Presiding Elder of Somerville, remarked that certain resolutions adopted at previous district conferences rendered it necessary to appoint a committee to investigate such matters; that they could not that way be brought into the conference, and that the gentleman himself should be interrogated by that committee.

READY FOR THE SACRIFICE.

The committee of three thus called for consisted of Revs. R. L. Boswell, John Morse, and R. V. Taylor. They met at Dr. Boswell's room that night, and with them Dr. Watson had a full and free conversation. He told them that if the Memphis Conference or the Methodist Episcopal Church South desired a sacrifice on that subject he was most willing to be the victim. They remarked to him they had no idea of any such thing, or words to that effect. After a pleasant meeting they all retired. The next morning the bill of charges was brought in. They were drawn up by Boswell.

The following are the charges: Charges—First, Heresy, and second, Violation of Ordination Vow.

Charge First—Heresy in holding and dissemination doctrines contrary to the fifth, sixth and fourteenth articles of religion.

Specification First—In teaching, contrary to articles five and six, that there is a necessity for a more tangible proof of the doctrine of immortality than is contained in the Holy Scriptures—pp. 77-134, also 175 and 176.

Specification Second—In teaching, contrary to article five, that the spirits of the departed make intercession for us before the throne of God—p. 167. This communication endorsed on p. 164.

Specification Third—In teaching, contrary to article fourteen, that the spirits of the wicked can, in the future state, progress to purity, and become fitted for heaven—pages 139 and 146. Mystery indorsed on page 138, also 142, with indorsement on page 133, and greater indorsement on page 179.

Charge Second—Violation of ordination vow as contained in the Discipline, page 255.

Specification First—In teaching, instead of banishing, the erroneous and strange doctrine that the modern spirit phenomena so-called, are equal in authority to the Bible miracles—pages 134, 135.

Specification Second.—Teaching, instead of banishing, the erroneous and strange doctrine, that through the intervention of spirits, a new interpretation is to be put upon the holy Word of God, in which revelation is to be seen as a perfected whole—pp. 177, 178.

Specification Third.—Teaching, instead of banishing, the erroneous and strange doctrine of necromancy. See the whole book, *The Clock Struck One*.

Boswell was prosecutor. These charges were presented in Conference, but that was the end of it. There was no investigation of any one of them. A trial would involve the heaviest sort of work in the way of theological investigation and argument. It would take at least a month's hard work to go into the merits of the case.

Dr. Watson sent in a communication, in which he took back nothing and recanted nothing, but merely promised to abstain from forcing the sale of his book (the book is nearly all sold) and said:

"I deeply regret that I have, though with no evil intent, put myself in opposition to what I now believe to be the judgment of the Church as to the teachings of her standards, when really I had nothing at heart but her interest."

Dr. Watson does not believe he taught any error in his book, and as far as the facts are concerned detailed in the book, he never will deny them.

OTHERS HAULED OVER THE COALS.

He said there were other ministers there, too, who were called up to answer and to explain; Dr. Slater among them, but there was no such thing as trial and condemnation, nor even investigation. Such a thing was not thought of. If trials were to be had on matters taught and preached there would be no end of them. They all held views that might be questioned by cautious people, and he believed that there are folks in every Conference, who think that in some parts of his sermon, the preacher is uttering heresy. The Conference was just as glad to get out of it as he was. He would take his time to set the people right in regard to his views and in regard to the actual condition of things at the Conference. He felt himself misrepresented, and would reply seriatim to all the falsehoods that had been circulated, and also, show that no one of the charges made could be sustained.

(Continued on fifth page.)

New York Department.

BY.....E. D. BABBITT, D. M.

Subscriptions and Advertisements for this paper received, and papers furnished, at the New York Electro-Gymnasium and Healing Institute, 350 3rd ave. New York.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS SUGGESTIONS.

A Lecture by Thomas Gales Forster, delivered at Apollo Hall, New York, on Sunday morning, Dec. 22d, 1872.

The return of Christmas with each succeeding year is hailed as a day of rejoicing by Christendom. The twenty-fifth day of December is celebrated as the reputed birth-day of the Saviour of the world. The joyousness of the day and the presents to the children, constitute the most cheering phase. Few understand the history of Santa Claus. Some four or five centuries after Christ, he was born of wealthy parents, and before he became of age his parents died, and he inherited their wealth, which he gave away to the poor. He became a Bishop, but still retained humility and love. He became a patron saint. Strange legends are circulated about him. On the first day of his life he is said to have stood up in the bath, and thanked God that he was born, and it is also said, that at another time this baby saint was so very scrupulous that he abstained from milk on fast-day. The Italian saints called him Santa Nicolaus, now called Santa Claus.

The basis of the Spiritualist's belief is that there is an all-pervading Infinite Spirit, one who is inexplicable to the finite mind. He sees this infinite principle of Good in everything around him. He feels that God has made a wilderness of worlds that roll in beauty throughout infinitude. He believes he has formed the milky-way, and evoked the music of the North star, of the Pleiades, of Orion and the other constellations. Thus from his own intuition and the majesty of the Universe, he considers that no teacher is needed to tell him of a God. The history of all races demonstrates an innate conception of a God. The Hindoos and the higher classes of Egyptians all recognized a God. The early Spanish conquerors in Peru found an abiding faith in Deity. So did the Roman Catholic missionaries in China, Tibet, etc. The North American Indian talks of the Great Spirit and the happy hunting grounds of the next life. Livingston says these ideas are universally admitted. This belief forms a natural religion, universal and independent of books.

There have been men in all ages who have fanatically thought themselves to be God. Some have endowed their imaginations with numerous gods. Some have worshiped beasts, some have worshiped God as a spirit and have been called Heathen. Some teach that there are two, and others three Gods. Thus all Trinitarians believe in an Almighty Father, an Almighty Son, and an Almighty Holy Ghost, and that the three Almighties are only one Almighty. These theorists have created astounding falsehoods and notions and called them the eternal will of God. The Spiritualists generally believe that most of these systems have been a drag upon the world. The Christian world claims that the founder of their religion was God himself. Moses who lived 1,554 years before Christ, Zoroaster 1,200, Confucius 551, Buddha about 500, Godama about the same period, Jesus Christ declared to be the very God, Mohammed in the seventh century after Christ, and Christians who antedate the all by many centuries received divine honors. All these legends and fables about miraculous conceptions, etc., were founded on what has taken place before Christ's day. Jesus himself repudiated his own deification. "Why callest thou me good," he says; "there are none good save God only." For centuries but little progress was made. In the middle of the 15th century the greatest of inventions, that of the printing press was made. The microscope and telescope were unknown, science was in its infancy. The world was supposed to be a plane, and the stars but lamps hung out to light this earth. Jesus could not teach science to the ignorant, but he taught a God of love. Under the influence of the dogma of his day, he was put to death as a martyr. He is now being crucified between two thieves, popular prejudice on the one hand, and ecclesiastical bigotry on the other. (Applause) The early conception of religion was subjective, but from the age it took a more objective form, hence the deification of the man Jesus was perhaps a natural step which leads to all kinds of dogmatism and persecution. Mosheim, a high church authority, says "it is difficult to determine whether Christianity was most heathenized or Heathenism most civilized." Constantine had believed in the God Apollo and worshiped him. Said he in his proclamation, "Let all the people rest on the day of the sun." As many of the early Christians were accustomed to meet on the first day of the week, and as Constantine enjoin it, it became a fixed institution. [The speaker here went on to show how Easter-Day, All saint's day, All soul's day, etc., had a heathen origin, and were sanctioned by the Catholic Church.] It was a universal custom amongst the Heathen nations, to celebrate the Winter solstice of the sun on the 25th of December. The Christian world perpetuated this custom and hence are celebrating this day as Christmas, although different dates of Christ's birth are given by different writers. If all the superstitious rites of to day were celebrated by the early Christians, is it not reasonable to suppose that they would have known the day of the birth of their God?

The Spiritualists, while believing in the joys and the social character of Christmas, leave out the absurdities concerning it. When talking of a God, let us talk of him with respect. Spiritualists recognize the immortality and divinity of the whole human race. Another corollary is, that if the Spiritual school rejects the deification of Christ, it rejects Total Depravity, Vicarious Atonement, Original Sin, Eternal Punishment, etc. No man can die for you any more than he can eat or sleep for you. It is a beautiful carrying out of the law of cause and effect. Man is a part of God's majestic plan. There is a design in the making and developing of man. The Spiritualist looking through his own nature, finds aspirations for the higher and more blessed life, where all the nobler purposes of the soul will be accomplished, and where angels will help it onward and upward. They see the certainty to all of God's children of a higher happiness without a vicarious atonement. Hence then you can rejoice on Christmas day, remembering that you are your own Savior, blessed with the knowledge of a universal salvation. (Applause.)

SEANCE WITH HERNE AND WILLIAMS.

Chairs Floated over the Heads of Sitters—The Ring Test—An Iron Fender and a Hearth-rug placed on the Table—The Cabinet Seance—Appearance of Katie King and Peter—Spirit Photographs again—Manifestations in a Railroad Car while passing through a Tunnel.

(From our Correspondent in England.)

EDITOR JOURNAL, MY DEAR SIR:—On Saturday evening, November 30th, it was my good fortune to be present at one of the most successful seances I ever attended, at Messrs Herne and Williams, No. 61 Lambs Conduit Street, London. Some fifteen persons were present, including the mediums. After a friendly chat we drew up our chairs round the heavy oak table occupying the centre of the room, Mr. Williams giving us a few directions as to our places in the circle. Paper speaking tubes, wooden curtain rings, a bell, and a concertina were placed on the table. All hands were then joined, Mr. Herne being held on the one side by Sig Ranti, an Italian gentleman, and Mrs. Childs, Mr. Williams sitting between two gentlemen at the opposite end of the table, full six feet from Mr. Herne. I sat next Mrs. Childs, next but one to Mr. Herne, who I am confident could not have moved without attracting my attention.

On the gas being extinguished, we were in complete darkness, and we sang, "Shall we Gather at the River." When the hymn was finished, John King came and saluted each in turn, shouting out to me, "Halloo," "Brum-amagum!" (Birmingham is the nearest town of importance to where I now reside) Peter next made known his presence by speaking in his peculiar shrill voice, and playing the concertina over our heads, occasionally by way of variation, thumping it on the floor. Then a heavy mahogany arm-chair, which we had seen previously standing about four feet from Mr. Herne, came floating over Mrs. Child's head, nearly touching my shoulder in passing and grazing my hand in its descent to the table. Sig Ranti's chair was then forcibly taken from under him and placed on the table along side the arm-chair. A light was then called for, by Peter, who promised to "show himself" later in the evening, and we found an overcoat placed on Mr. Herne's head, and one of the wooden rings on his arm next Sig Ranti, who declared he had held his hand all the time. This ring was so small that it could only be passed over the hand with the greatest difficulty.

We then took our places as before and awaited in the dark for further manifestations. A noise was heard in the fender behind Mr. Herne. Presently it came over Mrs. Child's head, and on to the chairs which were still on the table. A fire-shovel was placed in my lap, and an accompaniment to the singing beaten on the fender with the tongs and poker. While this was going on, John King and Peter kept chattering incessantly and repeatedly touched several of us.

A light having been procured we found the furniture piled upon the table, nearly to the ceiling, the fender was resting on the chairs, on it the hearth-rug which we had heard rolled up, and another chair nicely balanced on Mr. Herne's head. We then entered the other room, where a cabinet (which I carefully examined) similar to the Davenport had been erected. When the doors are closed and bolted on the outside, it is impossible for the mediums to get out as they can not reach the apertures at the top of the cabinet, without having something to stand upon. They entered the cabinet, the doors were bolted and the outside bolts further secured with twine by Mr. Childs, and in addition the heavy table used in the seances was placed against the doors, thus effectually securing the mediums within the cabinet. We arranged ourselves round the cabinet, again joining hands, and turning out the gas. Peter began his chattering, and appeared to be having rare fun with John King—then came Katie, who saluted us with a "God bless you," in a whispering voice. All three voices were heard at one and the same time, and were occasionally joined by that of the Boatswain and Charley. Katie came and touched us on the head. I distinctly felt her fingers, and also her sleeve which felt as if made of fine soft muslin. A light became visible near the ceiling, and gradually the beautiful face of Katie emerged from the surrounding darkness. The face glowed with a feeble, phosphorescent light, a bright light being held in her hands and shaded so as to fall upon her face. She vanished, apparently dissolving before our eyes, and then re-appearing several times.

Mr. N. L. Dowd, who sat on my right, asked Katie to come close to him, which she did, distinctly showing her features. After she disappeared, sparks kept flying about the room, Peter creating great amusement by his drolleries. He said he could not get far away from the cabinet as he had to keep "pumping up the power" to enable Katie and John to give the manifestations. He, however, made an attempt to show himself, and succeeded so far as to enable us to see the dim outline of his face which seemed to be that of a young man with rather long hair, sharply cut features and bright twinkling eyes. While visible he spoke to us, and we saw his lip moving. John King said he should soon show himself in full light. A pink ribbon bow was taken from Mrs. Owen's head, carried to the other end of the room and stuck on Mr. Randall's head, who sat by me. John King said that Mr. Hudson, who happened to be one of the sitters, was the greatest medium in England for spirit-photographs, remarking that as it was dark we should not see him blush!

At the close of the seance all the spirits came and bade us good night, repeating many times the words, "God bless you." I was shown two extremely beautiful portraits of Mrs. Andrews. In the first she appears seated, and beside her the forms of John and Katie King—John appearing in the act of drawing a magnetic influence from her body. In the other picture, Mrs. Andrews is in a standing posture, and at her side a full length portrait of her spirit daughter, aged seventeen. The young lady in spirit-life bears a striking resemblance to her mother, and her robes appear in great beauty and distinctness.

A gentleman told a good story of Peter's performance in a railway train. The mediums were traveling from Holloway to the city, and happened to get into a car in which the gas had gone out. While passing through one of the long tunnels beneath the streets of London, spirit lights flitted about the car, and Peter pulled a gentleman's leg about who was quite bewildered when assured that none of his traveling companions had left their seats during the passage through the tunnel.

I remain truly yours,

ERNEST J. WITHEFORD.

Broomsgrove, Worcestershire, Eng.

Testimonial.

H. A. STREIGHT, DEAR SIR:—Last week the Painting came, about ten days after the receipt of your letter stating that it was boxed for shipping. I am very well pleased with it.

It is much larger than I expected. The scenery it represents is of the kind that I especially admire, and your guides informed you correctly, making known to you that I preferred a scene of that character. I have seen it, and all speak highly of it, but when I tell them the facts about you painting it and others under the control of spirit influence, etc., and some of them, blindfolded, they think there is some mistake about it, or else you are a prodigy or a Blind Tom.

Hoping that your business will increase and be profitable to you, I remain your friend and brother.

W. L. RYDER.

Monticello, Illinois, December 23d, 1872.

THE MAGICIAN OF ST. LOUIS.

His strange Influence—His rebuke of the Irish Rowdies—His dirty Cellar—The Radiators—The crooked Stove Pipe—Did he Possess a knowledge of Magic—

BY F. B. DOWD.

In a recent number of the JOURNAL there appeared a short notice of the late Dr. Hotchkiss, alias "the Snapping Doctor," alias "the Dirty Doctor," alias "the Magic Doctor" of St. Louis, which was so full of erroneous statements that I am surprised that some of his intimate friends have not corrected them ere this. Although somewhat acquainted with Dr. Hotchkiss, I cannot claim to have been intimately so, and yet I am no stranger to him nor to his system, having had a brother, Dr. R. R. Dowd, several months with him lecturing for him, and learning his mode of practice. Being in St. Louis in the winter of 1870 and being desirous of seeing my brother and of an interview with Hotchkiss, I called at his "cellar" on the corner of 13th and Jay Streets, which was his operating room, and opposite that his residence. In a dingy dark hole under a stairway—entered by three or four stone steps—I found the object of my search in full blast, having a class of ladies under treatment, with my brother and five or six "Radiators" sitting on a bench against the wall. Seeing me, my brother sprang to meet me, and as I entered, the Doctor left off snapping to turn me around three times, and politely showing me a seat, bade me leave my hat and coat on, saying "Some things here may seem eccentric to you, but where there is a reason there is no eccentricity." The Doctor resumed his snapping and smoking an old clay pipe, I remarked, "With your permission, Doctor, I'll take a smoke with you."

"Not now, Sir! Not now!" Thus rebuked, I took a survey. No one was permitted to utter a word except when spoken to by the Doctor, who seemed to know when one of his class was relieved, for he would say, "You are well now! You can go now, and return on such a day, at such an hour and minute without fail, for another treatment. If you fail one minute stay away altogether." As his patients walked out, they kept turning around to the left, while he politely bowed them out, up the stairs, on to the street. The Doctor was a man of medium height, not large built, but well formed and "straight as an Indian"—of uncertain age, appearing about 70, with long white, uncombed hair and whiskers, high square broad brow, very heavy over the eyes, which were of a mild blue color, but which glistened beneath his shaggy eye brows like stars. He wore a black coat buttoned to the chin with a string tied around his waist. I learned from one of his RADIATORS, subsequently, that he never changed his clothes except when he tore them off in some frenzy during his treatment—never wore shirt or other under clothing—and one would think from his looks that he never washed in his life, but such I learned was not the fact, as he has been known to wash several times, but then only when some great change came over him in life or prospects, or friends—then, indeed, he had to stop treating the sick for a season. His room was a model of simplicity and dirt. An old rusty stove stood in a pile of ashes at one side of the room, long board benches stood against the walls, while one in the middle accommodated his class of patients, behind which mute and motionless sat his "Radiators," all young men. Dirt and cobwebs on the windows, on the walls, under the branches, on the ceiling, in the dark and gloomy corners, and the rags of many colors which, cut in strips, hung from strings stretched across the room as if for ornament—dirt and filth everywhere! Strangely in contrast with the surroundings was the "class" of gaily attired ladies, who, coming there to be relieved of diseases, sat before me that winter morning.

Back of the stove lay sections of crooked stove pipe which excited my curiosity more than the Doctor, the dirt or the rags. It must have been made to order, as it crooked and wound in every conceivable manner. Knowing that the Doctor revealed no secrets—although always ready to give his reasons, which, indeed, were as various as his questions or his moods. I sought no explanations of him, but took steps to learn the use of the crooked pipe, as well as other secrets (which he never revealed directly to mortal man) wherein his power lay, of which I shall not speak. The Doctor had no particular mode of dress. On the occasion of which I speak he had an old felt hat on his head with a straw hat, minus the crown, drawn over it, which I learned he had snatched from the head of one of his patients and drawn over his own in a frenzy while treating a difficult case, afterwards giving the man money wherewith to purchase another. Indeed, I have been assured by his Radiators, that he frequently gave the last dime he had to poor patients, after treating them gratis, he not knowing where the next money would come from.

In treating disease he never laid hands on his patients, but standing at a distance, he kept snapping his right hand in such a manner as to strike the thumb and one finger together, making a sharp ringing sound. Indeed, he claimed that the laying on of hands was an evidence of weakness, that Jesus in his best moods healed the sick at a great distance by word of mouth. He claimed that there are three modes of healing with magnetism, viz: The first or lowest order being by contact, such as laying on of hands, beating the patient, etc. The second (that which he practiced) that of motions of the healer. Third, that of words spoken or commands given.

A lady came suffering with sore throat. The Doctor caressed his own throat with his left hand, snapping with his right for a few moments, and the lady declared herself cured when questioned by the writer. Having dismissed his class and conducted them to the street, he returned with a skip, hop and a jump, and like a restive school boy, took a double shuffle among the ashes on the floor, shook hands with me, lighted his pipe and bade me do the same, expressing himself ready for a chat. For only a few moments was he quiet when automatically his hand commenced snapping while he carried on conversation. In answer to my questions, he assured me that the hand snapped of itself—that it was his way of throwing off surplus magnetism which he took on from his patients. Indeed, he admitted that he lived off of others. Here, I mused, is a veritable vampire! But then, are we not all more or less of the same class? It is only extremes we take note of. He laughed at the idea of a healer giving magnetism to a patient, claiming that he was as lithe and supple as a youth of eighteen, and fresher after treating 100 or more patients in a day than when idle.

Dr. Hotchkiss was a gentleman, and a well informed man upon almost any subject. Although arbitrary in his dealings with his subordinates, he never forgot to be polite and gentlemanly, and no man ever spoke the English language more correctly than he. I found him a man deep in thought, sound in logic and the only practical philosopher I ever had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with. As a Bible student he had few equals; and while he ignored the churches and ridiculed Spiritualism, he loved Jesus as the Savior of mankind, not from a burning hell in a future state, but from disease and death here in the present state, through magnetic treatment. His great idea was to revive the religion of Jesus, which he conceived to be that of healing the sick, and teaching mankind how to live free from disease. But although he had many warm and ardent friends, he found but little co-operation. Even those whom in his system he designated as "Regs" (i. e., those susceptible of becoming practitioners) when taught turned away from the genius who had made them, and prostituted the power he gave them to money making—the very thing he himself despised, and warned them against as destructive to the little power they had. Prominent among those apostates was one DAVIS, who being sent out on a mission by the Doctor (in 1867, I think) never reported or returned to the Doctor, but as I have been informed amassed a fortune ere the power wholly left him. Such baseness caused the Doctor to wash himself and close up the cellar for a season, tying a black rag on the door handle.

Understanding the virtue of the union of diverse magnetisms, he sought to surround himself with twelve apostles, which he called "Radiators," but he rarely ever had more than six at any one time, who tiring of his arbitrary rule often left him before they became sufficiently harmonized to render him very material service. As an illustration of what he meant by harmony, I will relate one instance of many which was told me by a young man by the name of Smith who had been a long time with Dr. Hotchkiss as a Radiator. Smith had been a man of dissipated habits previous to his association with Hotchkiss, of which habits the Doctor cured him. One night while Smith, with several other Radiators, were down town for a little recreation, the fit came upon Smith to indulge in a little "Old Rye." Now, one of the Doctor's chief rules was to "follow your impulses." So Smith took "a smile," but the others refused. Feeling no effects from the liquor, Smith drank again and again, still without any effect. Judge of his surprise, when he returned from the counter to go home, to find his mate who had drunk nothing whatever, in a state of helpless intoxication. This sympathy existed between the Doctor and his Radiators to a great extent, but not so perfectly as he desired, for reasons which must be obvious to all intelligent readers. Imperfect as were those conditions, he undoubtedly performed as great cures, if not greater, than any man claiming to be a healer. I cannot, however, speak of my own knowledge concerning his cures, but from reliable information, I am satisfied that he performed wonders in magnetism. A lady (whose name I will not mention) now residing in St. Louis, told me that she with others visited the Doctor out of curiosity, and that during his treatment of a peculiar case the patient and Radiators were rolling in the dirt on the floor, and so powerful was the impulse that the ladies, one and all, rolled in the ashes with the rest. This lady assured me that, although perfectly conscious of the ridiculousness of what she was doing, yet it was absolutely impossible for her to resist the impulse; in fact, the Doctor had such power over her that he could call her by an effort of will at any time he wished, to his "cellar." She accidentally discovered that he abhorred anything of a blue color, and immediately dressed in blue and made him a call, whereupon the Doctor fell into a fearful rage, shut up shop, and tied the black rag on the door. Ever after the spell was broken.

It was no uncommon thing for the Radiators to perform strange feats of rolling like hoops, or of crawling like serpents, or otherwise, during his treatments and often times the patients and Hotchkiss's joined in. My brother relates a case of insanity cured by him at his "section" at St. Charles, Mo., which surpasses anything I ever heard. Dr. Hotchkiss's said the man was possessed of a Devil. I cannot for want of space describe this truly terrific scene, but Hotchkiss's was master and the demon cast out. What though the old man must suffer through all the long night, lying in the backyard with his body doubled up, with his knees and face on the ground in coldest winter—had he not restored a human being to normal health? Indeed, he had done more with his simple magic than all the M. D.'s of civilization could do, assisted by all the drugs and books that were ever compounded and compiled. The morning sun found him as supple and buoyant as ever, his hand as ready to snap, and no trace of the fearful struggle, save a few more rags hanging to his form.

In treating some cases, the Doctor seemed to pass into a peculiar condition, in which he appeared to be obsessed, or in a kind of phrenzy, during which he seemed possessed of superhuman powers. One instance must suffice in this already too lengthy article. Snatching a handkerchief from some one, he drew it around his neck, tying it in front in one knot as snugly as he possibly could with both hands. Indeed, the handkerchief was drawn so snugly that those who witnessed it, say it was impossible for an ordinary man to have breathed or uttered a single word; and yet he kept on treating and talking, his voice in no way effected thereby. During this phrenzy remarkable cures were effected.

The Doctor offended some Catholic Irish at one time, and several sturdy fellows came to his cellar, armed with "Shelalahs" early one morning, to clean out "the dirty nuisance," as they called him. It was too early for patients, and the Doctor was purifying the atmosphere of the cellar by the use of as thick coal smoke as he could manufacture by the aid of his crooked stove pipe, previously spoken of. The smoke was so thick that no man could live in it longer than he could hold his breath, and yet the Doctor stood in the midst like a fiend in Hell. The door stood open, out of which smoke issued as out of a chimney. The Irishmen came in front of the door, and stooping, called out to the Doctor to come out. The Doctor came to the doorway and asked what they wanted.

"We are after the likes o' ye," they replied, "and if ye'll come out it'll save us the trouble o' comin' in after ye! ye ould spalpeen ye!"

The Doctor saw the warlike aspect of things and warned them not to come inside his doorway. But the Irishmen were not to be bluffed so easily, and started down the stairway in single file, the largest one, who seemed to be the leader, ahead. The Doctor with folded arms stood in the midst of the room looking carelessly on. The Irishman uttered oaths

and curses on "the old sinner," came to the entrance, when he suddenly dropped his club and grasping his bowels with both hands, bent double, shrieking "I am ill! Boys, take me out! Och! Be Jabers, I am dead!"

They dragged him from the stairway, and bore him groaning to his home; nor did he get any relief 'till he sent to the Doctor begging forgiveness, then the Doctor went and cured him.

This is only one of many tales told of Doctor Hotchkiss and stated as facts, and I have no doubt of their truth. The Doctor's residence, opposite the cellar, looked gloomy and desolate, with shutters always closed. Within he kept his wife and several young women—for what purpose he and they only knew! One thing is certain—although kept like caged birds—they would not leave him when good opportunities offered. His wife was a young woman compared to him. Many are the conjectures concerning his keeping those women so secluded, some fancying that he drew his real power through them as mediums—others that he kept them as Cagliostro did his, for clairvoyant purposes; others said he kept a Harem. But all this is mere conjecture, for he kept his own secrets—kept a housekeeper and boarded his Radiators at the house in which he operated, sleeping and eating there himself.

While in St. Louis at one time, I had a letter to deliver to the Doctor, and called at the cellar, but finding the black rag on the door, I crossed over and rang the bell at his residence, thinking the Doctor might possibly be there. After ringing several times a youngish looking woman of medium size, black hair cut short in the neck, with keen black eyes and intelligent looking countenance, opened the door. I asked for the Doctor. He was out of town. I told her my errand, and requested her to deliver the letter to him on his return, offering her the letter as I did so. She stepped back as if in fear, and raising her hand, said: "I never take his letters, Sir! Please slip it under the door at his operating room!" So saying, she shut the door upon me and the world, and the house was as silent and gloomy as ever. I have questioned its dull walls as I have passed, many a time, for the secrets they contain, but they are as silent as he who now sleeps his last sleep.

The Doctor established "Sections" in several places to which he sent his "Radiators" at stated times (or went himself) to heal the sick. Those Radiators had to return to the Doctor at stated periods to have their power renewed. But I must close this, already too lengthy, article. Volumes would fail to do the noble, old man justice. Strange man with strange ways, your mission is done! Ignoring the follies and vanities of lesser beings called men, he bowed his head before mighty principles, and in his quiet inoffensive way lived true to his God and humanity—not warring, but persuading men to the truth by stern stubborn facts which will live long after him. Thank God his secrets and strange weird powers were not buried with him in the grave. They live in the form of R. R. Dowd, of Davis Station, Illinois, and partly in some others with whom I am unacquainted. No wonder the Doctor sickened of the thankless struggle with, not only the monster diseases that afflict humanity, but with the demon of a civilization he could not do otherwise than despise. No wonder that his soul grew weary at the buseness of those he had been a friend to in direst need, and at the bigotry, avarice and greed he met at every turn of a long and active life, and sought death as a real friend, which he might have warded off had he so desired.

That the Doctor practiced magic, both white and black, I know. Indeed, he made no secret of the fact to me, and had he not found "the Serpent's trail" in the ashes, in the gloomy old cellar one morning in 1871, and knew thereby that a greater power than "Hoo Doo" magic had crossed his path, he still would be snapping his fingers at fate and mankind, in the gloom, amid the dirt and rags of that old cellar on the corner of 13th and Jay streets, in St. Louis, Mo.

Wellsville, Missouri.

Letter from Dr. H. P. Fairfield.

BRO. S. S. JONES:—Here among the hills and mountains of snow and ice, I find the habitations of the blest on earth, a people all alive and active in the interest of spiritual things. My lectures here this month have created quite an interest among those who have heretofore treated Spiritualism with indifference. There is a good society here, and they might prosper more abundantly if they were more harmonious and co-operative in the great work of reform. But as in many other places, I find individuals here who like to have it their own way, right or wrong, who will rule or ruin, but a change of things are taking place among the inhabitants of earth. It is evident that the spirits have them in hand, and will correct many of their habits. The spiritual look-out was never more encouraging. The faith and love of the people has been tried by persecution, fire and death, but thanks be to the God in humanity, they have not been found wanting.

Through the smoke and fire the beloved JOURNAL rises with its guardian angel-editor to bless the world anew; the Banner of Light also appears again in like manner, demonstrating the truths and principles of life and the resurrection of the dead and continued existence. We hail it anew, as we did the immortal JOURNAL. They are the organs of the spirits, and must and will be sustained by the progressive people. We have encouragement from heaven and earth. The old spiritual societies are re organizing and preparing for more earnest and effectual work, while new ones are being formed to co-operate with them in the East, West, North and South.

I commenced my fall and winter labor in Philadelphia and Wilmington last September. In October I spoke for the Salem society in Massachusetts, where Ancient Spiritualism has been revived with life and power. November found me speaking for the largest religious society in the City of Lynn. This society is harmonious to every man and woman, hence prosperous and all-powerful to convert its citizens to the truth of soul communion. And now with the coming cold and snows of winter, I am up among the inhabitants of the mountains and valleys of New Hampshire. Manchester is a goodly city, nestling on the banks of the old Merimack river, whose waters drive millions of spindles and furnish work for as many men, women and children. The cause of Spiritualism has been up-hill work here in Manchester—conflict after conflict with alternations of victory and rest. The society feels stronger to-day than ever before. Meetings are held every Sunday at City Hall, and many circles during the week evenings. During January I am engaged to speak for the spiritual society in Waverly, New York, and will make engagements to lecture week evenings in that vicinity; also would like to make arrangements for a western tour. Address for January, in care of N. Kinney, Waverly, New York; permanent address Ancora, New Jersey.

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 17th, 1872.

Arts and Sciences.

BY THE REV. Y. A. CARR, M. D.

SOUTHERN DEPARTMENT.—Papers can be obtained and subscriptions will be received by Dr. Y. A. Carr. Address Lock Box 330, Mobile, Alabama.

A Walk and Talk with Spirit Friends.

(CONTINUED.)

"We passed back thence to whence we came,
When my guide, called "Cosmos" by name,
Saying to him as he came near,
'Be this your pupil and her sphere.
Show her all here in each extreme,
In fact, in fancy, or in dream;
Mark well her moods, respond in kind,
Turn streams of wisdom through her mind,
Teach her in this thought-breathing zone,
To think, to act and stand alone.
Teach her wherein she may direct,
And yet obey in each respect,
Teach her alike, to keep her word,
With humblest self as noblest lord.
Then bowing low he waved adieu,
And vanished in ethereal blue!

But let's here note the river Styx,
Whereat all wayward travelers mix.
Let's pass it o'er on "Charon's" boat—
You see there is an extra float
On which the "free list" "dead-heads" pass,
Who've learned to live on "lunch and gas."
Unmolested it floats on o'er the stream,
As dark as crime in turbid dream,
There goes a monster diving by—
Bang! sounds a gun, fly, monster, fly!
You see Ambition plunges in
This Stygian stream of blood and sin,
And brings up from the rolling deep
A fossil fish he found asleep—
Queen of "Infallibilities,"
Queens, only found in Stygian seas—

"Look out—trim ship!" old Charon cries,
"Confusion seize your bloody eyes!"
But Charon's warning came too late,
The multitude without a pate,
All crowded on one end to see
This Queen Infallibility!
Swamped Charon's temper and his boat,
Yet through his life-preserving float,
He swam across to the main shore,
And swore he'd never ferry more!
Guided by the "dead heads" drifted on,
Quarrelled among themselves anon,
About their circumvented rights,
And perished in their senseless fights.

But to be brief and circumspect,
Let's pass to incidents direct;
Cosmos speaking of the fears,
Brought from the earth to upper spheres,
Said let us have some "Devilish" fun,
Disguised as such its easy done.
'I'll prove a pleasant incog walk.
Among the new come Chees and Chalk.
You screened behind a sooty veil,
And I with cloven foot and tail,
With rattling bones and breeches blue,
Filled in with fire and brimstone, too,
Will cause the so-called brave to faint,
And "play the Devil" with each saint—
'Twill prove amusing, somewhat droll,
I assented—we took the stroll.

Off we walked with stately tread,
My incog friend somewhat ahead.
At first we met a "city swell,"
'Good morn," said he, "I'm just from Hell;
Sir Swell passed it out through his tights,
In a blue haze of glim ring lights.

The next was Madam "Grecian Bend,"
'Good morning, Mam," said he, my friend,
She passed out through her camel hump,
And sank behind a faw ring stump.

We next met Leechy Lollypop
Coming from a "fair" gospel shop.
She was on a "fair-mission" tour,
Least thinking of the Devil, I'm sure.
'Good morn," said he, as she looked up,
'Here's our fair-gift—we'll call and sup.
Leechy did not accept the gift,
But vanished as a shadow swift.

The next we met was "Mother Goose,"
'Hey-day," said she, "the Devil's loose."

Next came old "Big-bug" in his gills,
And "High-position" on his stilts;
Old "Bluff," old "Blow," the great and cute,
Senator Sampson and his suit;
Toady "dead heads," "funky writers,"
'Buffs," "bummers," "diger fighters,"
The great, great I and little u,
And Major Gen'l "Humbug," too—
All listening to a grand discourse,
On the "tom foeries" of remorse.
'No use no use," proclaimed their speaker,
Who was an anti-devil shrieker.
'It's no use preaching any more,
There is no Devil, I'm doubly sure.
Cosmos incog stepped up behind
Where "sliding-scale" was carving wind
And straightening up screamed in his ear,
'Go slow old Blow, the Devil's here.
A flash, a sound, and all was still,
That crowd condensed to common swill!

Cosmos gave his false tail a switch,
And said things open rather rich,
I thought so, too, but on we went,
To where a Gypsy in her tent,
Sat beside her stock in trade,
Who looking at us paused and said,
You're a pretty pair of Devils,
Twin cherries, in Brandy revels.

Thence on we went until we met
A preacher and his deacon pet,
Cosmos winked and then turned his head,
As they passed on the parson said,
'Deacon we'll prove cowards I fear,
Since we've no Devil to war on here.

On Earth that old ideal of us
Was the religious life of cuss,
But 'twas no job to whip him out—
'Indeed," said he turning about,
'When and how, sir, came you so bold,
Behold the Devil, parson, behold!
They spied a hole, where ants had been,
Dashed quickly through and pulled it in.

Next came old Gold-muck of estate,
Whose suave assume, marked pride and hate,
Who took no note of suffering near—
Seemed dead alike to hope and fear,
Until he seized him by the throat,
And shook the buttons from his coat,
Fiercely hissing in his ear,
'Did you expect the Devil here?
He dropped his cheeks without a word,
And vanished in the grunt, 'oh! Lord.

Up came one of scarlet degree,
Saying, "is this the Devil I see?
If so, sir, think not I'm afraid,
I'm but what misfortune made.
You can not scourge me I am sure,
Worse than the world has scourged before.
'No," said Cosmos, "go on your way,
This sad penance is what you pay."

We next came to an eager crowd,
Round some strange center talking loud,
Cosmos screened both tail and face,
Until he reached the centre place,
There stood the Fathers and sages all,
Kings, Queens, Princes, and nobles tall,
Father of jests, Father of shows,
Father of verse, Father of prose,
Father of peace, Father of sighs,
Father of wit, humor and lies;
Mother of all the good and great,
Mother of pride, envy and hate—
'Mother Hubbard," "and Mother Bunch,"
'Darby," "Joan," "Judy" and "Punch"
Mother Cary and Mother Goose,
And mother of the Devils loose.
The King of Kings, men and preachers—
The King of states, humbugs, teachers
The King of all the wise and jolly,
The King of knaves, fools and folly,
The Queen of hearts, Queen of ditties,
The Queen of states, Queen of cities—
The Queen of tears and Queen of song,
Queen mothers of the princely throng,
The Prince of day, the Prince of night,
The Prince of love, the Prince of light—
The Prince of humor, the Prince of jokes,
The Prince of sneaks, the Prince of croaks,
All talked of wars of other years,
'Battles of frogs," "Kegs," "Books" and spurs.
Battles of church, battles of state,
Battles of pride, battles of hate,
Battles of princes, fathers, kings—
Of wars, crusades and other things.
Anon a warrior rose and cried,
He'd for his country blood and died,
And now dared, defied all evil,
And if required could whip the Devil.
Cosmos incog let drop his tail,
With brimstone snort removed his veil,
Assumed a thousand gargon frights,
Flashed forth a thousand bengali lights
And thundered in the warriors ear,
'Pitch in braggart, the Devil's here."
This thunder clap in a clear sky
Left not a vestige for the eye.

As we passed, said Cosmos to me,
'Whence went those gas braves, did you see?
Though brave enough to cry when born,
They're cowards now I can but scorn,
Dupes of a Hell and Devil scare,
Manacled in their senses year by year.
False teachings did this in the main,
That class must all be born again.
Of hopeless fools, there's none so great,
As pompous fools of church and state;
Of heartless fools there's none so base
As Toady Flukys by "God's" grace,
And yet the greatest of all fools,
Are "learned men" filled at funnel schools,
But none stupid, brave or low,
As usual fools in Fashion's show."

He paused, I could but think and muse,
'Behold said ne these passing views,"
I saw as from a mountain height,
Unnumbered shadelet clouds of light,
O'er spreading mountains, valleys, plains,
Whence came the din of strifes refrains;
I felt confused and scarce could tell,
What impress from these cloudlets fell,
But I could hear tumult and strife,
And see the flames of war-like life,
Shooting up as through scorching air,
As fragments of explosive war.

Anon came one, looked round and said
'I'll go to grass if I ain't dead,
Though its strange, I don't seem worsted,
I am glad the thing has bud."'
'What's bursted, friend?" inquired we?
'Just wait awhile, I guess you'll see,
You don't look scared, guess all's right here.
Have you a small quid you could spare?
'Don't c'iew' oh, what's bursted you say,
Why, everything, and Hell's to pay!
Bursted—"practical piety!"
Bursted—blowed up society.
The pope and priest, "I" "spose" you know
Were putting on an air or so,
And the preachers and their crowd
Put on still more, a little loud,
I'm glad I left, just when I did,
They'll let Hell through on a roke skid
And fire their fuse of moral hate,
And thus blow up their church and state.

Well, well, here comes old Jenkins Joe,
He, too, is just from ear below,
Still still they come from far and near,
Jehu! there's Ben Bluff from the rear.
'How are you Joe?" continued Dick,
Its best to die where one ain't sick,
But Joe, said Ben, there wouldn't fight,
Was't cause that war went got up right?
Come Joe, said Ben, jest stop them airs,
Damnation sieze fanatic wars."

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Very respectfully, yours, &c.,
W. W. PORTER.

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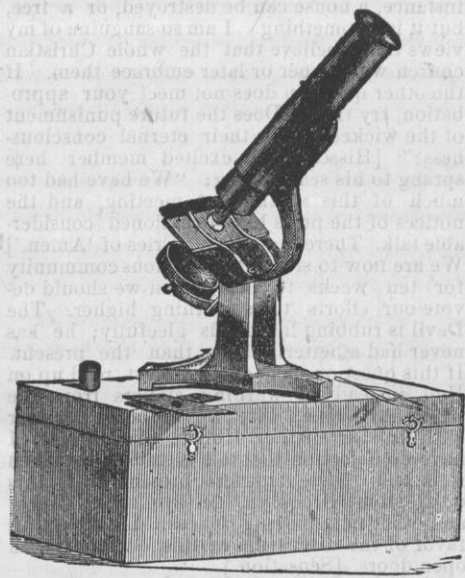
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CHICAGO SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1873.

"A few Groans from Hell"—"A Nut for Damned Sinners to Crack."

For some years past there has been a growing conflict among the Orthodox theologians of many sects in reference to the future state. There are probably very few among the educated class of Christians who believe in a literal lake of fire and brimstone, and not many who believe in that personal devil at whom Luther hurled his inkstand, and who held converse with the witches of Salem. He has been gradually fading out of popular sight, from a personal entity into an idea. It is not long since Henry Ward Beecher banished him from the realms of his theology, and, as Mr. Beecher is an oracle of Congregationalism, we may reasonably presume that that sect is coming to take the same view, especially as Mr. Beecher's declaration has provoked no hostile criticism—certainly no church discipline. One or two of the more rigid sects, however, have clung to the old-time views very tenaciously, but there are signs that even these are beginning to divide. On Monday last there was a discussion on the subject at a meeting of the New York Methodist Preachers' Society, and an excitement arose which came near breaking out into an open tumult. At the meeting, the question for discussion was the "Annihilation of the Wicked." The opening prayer was read by Rev. Mr. Terry, of Poughkeepsie, who took the commonly-accepted Methodist view of the subject, and developed it at some length. He was followed by Rev. Dr. True, one of the best educated and most highly-cultivated men in the Church, and for many years a Professor in the Wesleyan University. Considering the nature of the views which Dr. True thereupon proceeded to declare, it is remarkable that he was called upon to speak by many of the preachers in attendance. The Doctor at once sent a bomb-shell into the meeting by declaring his belief "that the penalty of the incorrigibly wicked will be the destruction of his conscious existence; a total cessation of all his functions. Man was designed to live forever. He was naturally immortal; the penalty of the law was the destruction of this immortality." The Doctor then proceeded to declare that he could not be objected to thus far in his theology; when the following scene occurred, which we print from the report of the meeting.

Corbett (interrupting)—Yes, you can be objected to wonderfully. No one here will allow such ecclesiastical humbug.

The Chairman called Mr. Corbett to order, and said the speaker should not be interrupted, and certainly not in such a manner.

Dr. Curry arose, and protested against the assumption on the part of Dr. True that either the Church or the meeting agreed with the sentiments he had uttered.

Corbett (again rising excitedly, and gesticulating like a windmill)—I say I am in order, and understand what I am about. The doctrine just enunciated by Dr. True originated in hell, and ought to be crammed back there again, and the preacher who would give utterance to such heresy ought to be turned neck and heels out of the Church. I will protest against it here and everywhere, and if I have to stand alone I will stand firmly for the truth, like Luther at Worms.

Dr. Curry again protested against Dr. True's last assumption.

The Chairman—The proper time will come to answer, and that time is not now.

A voice—And we'll answer like gentlemen when it does come.

The Chairman—Enough of this. I don't want to be misunderstood.

Dr. Curry—I don't think you are misunderstood, and perhaps you will have to have more of it. I think you are wrong.

The Chairman again decided that it was out of order to raise an argument at that point, and Dr. True was allowed to proceed.

Dr. True continued with his argument on annihilation, and concluded without further interruption, declaring, in the course of his remarks that other Methodist preachers were in accord with him, among them Dr. Warren, of the Boston Theological Seminary. The discussion has caused great excitement among the Methodists of New York, and it will probably spread and provoke a fierce conflict upon the question of endless punishment.—Chicago Tribune.

SHALL THE WICKED BE DESTROYED?

The Methodist preachers of New York and vicinity held their regular meeting in the Mission rooms of the Methodist Book Concern, Broadway and Eleventh street.

The following questions were proposed for discussion at the next regular meeting: Shall the wicked be destroyed? Will the wicked in Hell finally become extinct? Are the future punishments of the wicked permanent? Are the conscious punishments of the wicked endless, or are the punishments of the wicked in Hell parallel to the eternal bliss of the righteous in Heaven?

An elderly gentleman said that there was a disposition to ignore this subject of Hell. The

foundation of the church stands upon this question. If there is danger let the people see it. Why shut out the light? During the past week I have been approached by the members of my congregation, saying, "I see that the Methodists are dropping their eternal damnation." If the punishment of the wicked is not endless, then the joy of the righteous is not. One doctrine stands with the other. If the views promulgated by Dr. True be allowed to go unanswerd it will make me desperate. My very soul is absorbed. It's an awful thing with me. I propose the following: Do the Scriptures give hope that the wicked shall finally cease to exist? [Cries of "Put him out!"]

Dr. True said that it was without any intervention on his part that he was called upon to speak. He had been patient to present his views to the public. For seven years he had taught them to his flock with good results. I did not think that when I spoke I endangered the souls of those present. If you want to reach the point, I propose that the following proposition be discussed: "That the eternal future of the wicked is not the eternal consciousness of sin and misery," or, "Is death eternal death eternal punishment?"

Mr. Corbett asked how punishment could be eternal, if the soul ceases to exist.

Dr. True—There must be a difference between latter nothingness and destruction. For instance, a house can be destroyed, or a tree, but it is a something. I am so sanguine of my views that I believe that the whole Christian church will sooner or later embrace them. If the other question does not meet your approbation, try this: "Does the future punishment of the wicked imply their eternal consciousness?" [Hisses.] An excited member here sprang to his seat, saying: "We have had too much of this at the last meeting, and the notices of the press have occasioned considerable talk. There is danger. [Cries of 'Amen!'] We are now to startle the religious community for ten weeks to come, when we should devote our efforts to something higher. The Devil is rubbing his hands gleefully; he has never had a better chance than the present. If this question be adopted I must read up on Hell instead of warning sinners from the wrath to come. Are we to begin the year with this Devilish or Hellish excitement? I have no objection that this theme be discussed in March. I see reporters present from this city, from Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and other neighboring places. I am not in favor of the discussion of this question with open doors. [Sensation.]

Mr. Corbett said there was no use ignoring the subject. It will not interfere with the salvation of souls. Mr. Wesley did not hesitate to speak of Hell and damnation; why should we? Perhaps there may be greater ones here than he. I think this question should be discussed for the salvation of souls. If the doctrine of destruction be accepted I go about carelessly; but make punishment eternal and I go along carefully. I do not pretend to be an angel—[laughter]—I am liable to err, but when the doctrines of the church are assailed, I rise to arms for its defence. You tell me to be calm. I can not when that which is so dear to me is wronged. I know that the discussion will do good. The reason why we do not get along faster is because we do not have enough Hell in our religion.

A vote was then taken on Mr. McAllister's motion to lay the question on the table, which was lost.

A tall gentleman addressed the assemblage. He was sorry that it was said that the church was ambiguous. I would be unfortunate, if a question of such moment be not discussed. He was not in favor of having the reporters admitted. The press to-morrow would have the proceedings of this meeting, and the world at large would see that we are afraid to touch this subject of Hell. If a brother is so low as to be afraid of altering his views by a discussion, I recommend that he stay at home and pray. In Wesley's time they preached sermons on subjects like these: "A few groans from Hell." "A nut for damned sinners to crack." I hope we will act like sensible men, and not as children, we should not shrink from this question. I go in for fair play. [A voice, "Hallelujah!"]

The next speaker said that if a little intellectual investigation be denied they would go where it would not be denied. One of the greatest hindrances in the cause of God is that the people are not impressed enough with Hell. This preachers' meeting should speak with no uncertain sound. We want truth. [Cries of "Glory!"] I want this question discussed next Monday, and to be continued until finally disposed of. [A voice, "Put him out!"] I shall not be frowned down.

Another reverend doctor did not think that this question was one of the doctrines of the Methodist Church, neither did he know that he was in a manufactory of Methodist doctrines and creeds. The house built by those shining lights of our church, he said, was built. Shall we take out the foundation stone and show it to the world? [Cries of "No!"] We owe something to our people. They have their convictions fixed. Are we authorized to alter them? [Cries of "Yes!"]

The motion to postpone the debate until the first Monday in March was lost—21 to 19.

A gentleman moved that when they do adjourn it be to meet the first Monday in March. [Laughter.]

Rev. Dr. Roach asked, Why do we propose to discuss the question at this time. Is it proper to doubt that the future happiness of the pure be everlasting? I have no doubt that Mr. Corbett will do the subject full justice. Hell was preached three or four hundred years ago, and discussed with avidity. It is now settled. The wicked shall be turned to Hell. I believe that nothing but evil will come by the discussion of this theme. Have we the authority to discuss questions like these in public? [A voice, "Sit down."] These meetings have been reported and sent broadcast. We are not justified in these open proceedings.

The motion to lay the whole subject on the table was lost by a vote of 27 to 28.

Rev. Mr. Mervin, the Chairman, said that he could not afford to allow so much waste of precious time.

Rev. Dr. Curry said that he wanted to waste a little. [Laughter.] I express myself decidedly against the discussion. That a representative body of Methodists should gather together and act so unwisely was to be deprecated. It is humiliating to view this question in the light of the profane. That a body of ministers unknown as to their ecclesiastical polity should here discuss the very foundation of Methodism is horrible. If this discussion be allowed, I desire to have my name stricken from the rolls. It should most certainly not be in public, but should be done in private, logically and learnedly. I confess that people have been educated by these meetings through the press. But we do ourselves a serious harm by crudely discussing such a momentous question without due deliberation. I believe the reports as given by the press of these meetings are substantially correct. But this question will damage ourselves and those who look to us for influence.

Mr. Buckley said he did not attach any importance to any member who says he would be influenced by these questions, which are some-

times spoken of gravely, other times in ribaldry. We are not afraid to grapple with this question. I hail this glorious time. Many things have been said against me. I fall back on my reputation to save me from the false reports circulated against me. [Laughter.] Several years ago a question of similar import was discussed in Boston. It lasted three or four months and was very exciting. But when completed it was found that but two members dissented from the Orthodox views.

Dr. True said that he appeared before them by accident—providentially, perhaps. [Jeers.] At the last meeting there was but one who stood by me. [A voice—"You brought him in."] I have not advanced a principle contrary to Methodism, but only a modification. We are not stereotyped in the principles of John Wesley. We live in an age of reform—in a progressive age. I, too, doubt whether this is the proper place to discuss. I want no angry controversy. During the seven years that I have accepted this theory of destruction I have converted 450 souls. I have not lost an iota of my interest for the salvation of mankind.

A motion was here made that the whole subject be postponed, and cries of "We want no gag-law here."

The motion was lost by a vote of 39 to 12.

The question will therefore be taken up for discussion next Monday.—E.

This discussion on the part of the "Preachers' Society" augurs well, and shows conclusively that a generous liberal feeling is invading the minds of even those heretofore considered invulnerable. This discussion is only one step in advance, and yet when once fairly made, it will be instrumental in opening the churches to a perfect flood of light that will dissipate all the false notions that have taken such deep root there.

Robert Collyer was once a pious bellicose blacksmith, an exhorter in the Methodist church, and finally he was taken into full fellowship, becoming a minister of the Gospel. As such he believed in a literal hell of fire and brimstone, where the wicked would be punished forever and ever, often presenting to his enthusiastic congregation a characteristic picture of his Satanic Majesty with his cloven foot and projecting horns, who, he said, was constantly traversing the earth like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour! These were the opinions of that venerable personage, Robert Collyer, now a distinguished and much admired Unitarian minister of this city. As a Methodist he was terrifying—terrible—terrible—tremendous in his denunciations of sin, consigning Infidels and the unconverted to a pandemonium as much hotter than that described by Milton, than the fire at Peshigo, Chicago or Boston was hotter than one of the coldest days of this winter! While preaching that doctrine, he was poorly paid, poorly clad, and was not even considered first-class in his vituperous denunciations of the sin and folly of the world! Finally he came to the conclusion that a sulphurous, iridescent, hell, with a cloven-footed, head-horned Devil, was a myth without any more of a substratum for a foundation, than the fictitious legend of Hercules cleaning the Augean Stables! Finally, he reorganized himself—banished his hell, destroyed his Devil, erased his infant damnation theory, expunged all his Methodist ideas, and thus reorganized and rejuvenated, he presented himself as a full fledged Unitarian to a society in this city. Whew! what a change. As a Methodist he was poor, of diminutive talent, and at times poorly clad; as a Unitarian, he is wealthy, possesses a profound mind, receives a large salary for his preaching, and about \$24 per minute for his lectures. It paid him to be liberal! No doubt he was honest in his conversion—we will consider him so! While he receives about \$24 per minute for his lectures, Henry Ward Beecher will receive \$25 per minute for a one hour's lecture, to be delivered in this city during February.

Isolated cases of rapid advancement in liberal thought is common, but it is rarely the case that an organized body of Orthodox preachers, present themselves to the world as anxious to obliterate from their long established creed an obnoxious feature. Occasionally there is a dissenter therefrom—one who boldly advances and assumes a position on a liberal platform, but when the whole body is agitated, thrown into spasmodic convulsions by the encroachment of liberal ideas among its members, it portends some great change—then look out for a storm that will rend into fragments the errors of the past! While they are discussing the question, "Annihilation of the Wicked," would it not be well for them to consider whether the "serpent" that deceived Eve was a man or a beast; whether Luther ever threw an inkstand at the Devil, and whether he was such a foolish real estate agent as to promise the whole world to Jesus, when the poor adventurer did not own any of it; whether Abraham would be arrested for his treatment of Hagar, should he suddenly appear in Chicago; whether Elijah actually went up in a chariot of fire, or went down in the river and was drowned; whether Saul found his father's asses through the mediumship of Samuel; whether the Witch of Endor resembled those that were persecuted by Cotten Mather; whether the angels that rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre resemble those that manifest themselves at spiritual circle; whether Eve believed in women's rights as presented by Anna E. Dickinson; whether the magnificent display by the various churches is in harmony with the teachings and life of Jesus; whether Hager would not have been justifiable in giving Abraham a good cow-hiding for seducing her, then cruelly driving her away from his home; whether the jealousy of Sarah, Abraham's wife, resembled that of him who said, "I am a jealous God;" whether Jesus showed proper respect to the ladies of his time by not getting married; whether John the Baptist was insane, a fool or a fanatic; whether Job's boils could not have been cured through the instrumentality of protoxide of iron and sulphur baths; whether the Bible Devil has not a better character than the Bible God; whether the lying spirits God sent forth

resembles those in the flesh that lie politically; whether Balaam's ass actually spoke; whether Paul was right when he said, "Wives, always obey your husbands;" whether Solomon is better than Brigham Young; whether Nasby's lectures are not more pointed than the sermon on the Mount; whether the statement of the whale swallowing Jonah is not a remarkable fish story; whether Jesus should not have been arrested for cruelty to animals for riding that diminutive ass into Jerusalem; whether Samson ever slew a thousand Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass; whether Jacob lied or not when he stated, "I have seen God face to face" (Gen. 32: 30); whether John told the truth when he said, no man hath seen God at any time (John 1: 18); whether God was slightly inebriated when he said I am the Lord, I change not (Mal. 3: 6); whether he did not forget the preceding statement when he declared, "I said, indeed, that thy house, and the house of thy father should walk before me forever; but now the Lord saith, Be it far from me, for them that honor me, I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed"; whether a man would not be called untruthful should he make statements similar to the two preceding; whether Samson was not somewhat weary when he had slain 1,000 Philistines, allowing that it took him a half a minute to slay each one; whether any of those he was slaying were not panic stricken the same as our army at the Bull Run fight; whether God looks sullen when he is angry; whether he looks weary when resting; whether he would not make a better tailor to day since swallow-tailed coats and Dolly Vardens came in fashion than he did when he was making garments for Adam and Eve; whether the garments he made for them were as fashionable as those advertised in the *Christian Union*; whether Elijah found his horses of fire as easy to manage as Bonner does Dexter; whether his carriage had the celebrated oscillating spring attached thereto; whether that carriage and those horses are still in existence; whether the Psalms of David resulted from dyspepsia and gout, or inspiration of God; whether the seven Devils actually entered the swine—if so at what point did they find ingress; whether Christ would feel at home in entering a fashionable church with a Sister dressed in the latest fashion; whether more good could not be accomplished by making all Bibles into paper to print the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL on; whether modern Christians can not serve God better by converting their churches into homes for the indigent; whether the blood of Christ has as many saving qualities as Holloway's Pills; whether Peter and Paul when they admonished wives to be subject to their husbands, had not lived with scolding women; whether Paul knew anything of that woman in Wisconsin, who was obedient to her husband, worked yoked up with an ox, and after assisting in dragging the plow for two days, laid down and died from the effects of the injury received; whether David, a man after God's own heart was a human being or an insatiable monster when he gave expression to the following diabolical "Let"—"Let his children be fatherless and his wife a widow—let his children be continual vagabonds and beg—let them seek their bread out of desolate places—let there be none to extend mercy to him, neither let there be any to favor his fatherless children" (119 Psalm); whether God approved of his hideous revengeful prayer; whether (if David was a man after God's own heart) God is not equally as disreputable a character as David; whether that enormous shower of quails actually took place, or whether a story equally as absurd as the one stating that Sinbad the sailor rode an eagle through the air; whether J. G. Fish's calculation is right that, according to the Bible statement there were, at least 5,000,000,000 of cubic yards of quails, sufficient to have bred by putrefaction a pestilence that would have swept off the entire nation in a single week; whether Samson caught 300 hundred foxes and tied their tails together, and then sent them forth with burning brands to destroy the corn of the Philistines; whether by reorganizing Eve, the same as Artemus Ward did his wife once, she could thereby be retained in the Garden of Eden; whether, if the Garden of Eden had been under the jurisdiction of the municipal authorities of New York, Adam and Eve would not have been arrested for improperly exposing their person, after partaking of the forbidden fruit; whether the Bible should not be revised so as to exclude all that portion between Genesis and Revelation, merely retaining the cover and blank pages, and inserting in the places thereof Prof. Tyndall's essay on prayer, Hudson Tuttle's Arcana of Nature, Andrew Jackson Davis' Nature's Divine Revelation, and J. R. Francis' Search after God.

In fact, there is no end to the perplexing quotations that might engage the attention of this Preacher's Society. Organized on a correct basis, we hope to see it make rapid progress in the dissipation of its erroneous doctrines; hope to see it emerge from the night of superstitious darkness that envelopes it into the broad daylight of truth.

Post-office Stealing.

Post-office thieves are too numerous to be longer tolerated. It is time for the people to arouse themselves, and demand a redress from the hands of Congress.

A penny wise policy has been persisted in to the detriment of the people long enough. Millions of dollars are paid annually by the people to transmit car loads of public documents to scullion politicians, who never read ten pages in them, to say nothing of the immense cost of paper and printing the same. All of this is done to furnish stealings out of the contracts for printing and mail transportation.

Officials must have a nibble at the public treasury, and these are some of the means adapted to that end.

But when grievances are required to be redressed, such as low rates of postage and safe means of transmitting money in letters through the mails, we are told that the expense will be great, and that the Postmasters cannot be trusted with the money.

How does this argument comport with honesty? Let us see. All post-offices are register offices. By paying fifteen cents extra we can get a letter registered; but no responsibility rests upon Government to make up the money if the registered letter and its contents are stolen. This is a mere dodge on the part of Government to obtain money for registering a letter without any guarantee of safety. Now, let us see how the post-office money order system works:

A person wishes to send the money for his newspaper, to a child at school, or for some small light article of merchandise (not exceeding twelve ounces), by mail—he can do so with perfect safety at a cost of ten cents extra for any sum not exceeding twenty dollars, provided there is a money order post-office within reasonable distance. These orders, if stolen, are not available to the thief, hence they are a safe means of sending small sums of money.

Then why not make money order offices universal? Why not make every post-office a money order office? There is no reason whatever except the fact that some Postmasters are so dishonest that they might squander the money paid into their hands before they were required to pay the same over to Government. To provide against that evil act, let none but honest men be appointed to the office of Postmasters, and let such security be required for the faithful performance of the duties thereof, that will be a guarantee of safety to the public.

Let the rates be so reduced that money orders will not cost more than double postage, and an amount of business would be transacted the first year that would more than defray all expenses incident thereto. Let business be so prosecuted by Government as to render the greatest facilities to the people, with the least possible temptation to officials to be dishonest. The reverse of that is now the case. The dishonesty of knaves is now covered up, and redress from Government to the suffering people goes unprovided for. Occasionally a knave is convicted, but seldom.

A few months ago a subscriber sent us a registered letter with some ten dollars in it. A rascal who had the handling of the registered letters, opened it and took out more than half of the money, and then sent the letter and remaining money to us. About that time other thefts were committed and he was arrested. Yesterday his trial resulted in a conviction, but none of us, whose letters he pillored, will be pecuniarily any better off for it. A revenue of fifteen cents was paid into the post-office department for the safe delivery of the letter, but instead of Government being liable for a faithful performance of that duty, like other common carriers, it goes scott free.

The whole system is wrong. No particular political party is responsible for it. It exists because our Postmaster Generals and post-office committees in Congress are politicians who never move in advance of the people. They are timid souls who are always watching the chances of re-election—fearing a new movement would be looked upon with disfavor, and conclude it is well enough to move when the people demand it.

The postal rates on everything should be greatly reduced. The increase of business would soon more than make up for the difference.

Government is paying as much to railroads for transporting mail matter as it would need to, if it were double its present weight. Postmasters' compensations are as much as would be required if they had double the work that they now have to do.

But the great evil that we are now anxious to eradicate, is the letter snatchers! Let us all through the land, make a movement to that end. There is not a man or woman of ordinary sense, that will hesitate to sign the petition to Congress, found in this issue of this paper.

We hope every subscriber will cut out that petition, and attach it to half a sheet of cap paper, and get it signed by every man and woman in his or her neighborhood, and then forward it to their United States Senator or Representative in Congress; and don't fail to go to the editors of your home papers, and induce them to work for the same end. We are all alike interested. We have all been annoyed by the class of thieves alluded to. Let us follow this matter up until we at least obtain this one reform in the post-office department of our country. Remember if a post-office money order is stolen or lost, it can be duplicated at any time. To make all post-offices money order offices at not exceeding five cents for a twenty dollar order, is the object we should all have in view.

We have, since we moved to our new office (the middle of October up to this writing, January 10th—less than three months), had stolen from us seventy-six letters, containing about one hundred and sixty dollars that we have heard from. About one fourth of these letters contained post-office money orders, on which we shall get the money as soon as duplicate orders can be obtained. Probably other publishers had similar experience. These losses have to be borne by subscribers, many of whom are illy able to lose the money—an evil that comes home to every person who subscribes for a newspaper, orders a book or sends a few dollars to a child or friend through the mail! Let us eradicate the evil. Let us all operate together, and the work will be speedily accomplished.

DR. A. B. SEVERANCE, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is certainly a most excellent psychometrist. We have seen his abilities as a psychometrist tested, and perfect satisfaction was given.

(Continued from First Page.)

This is a very brief outline of the interview, which, owing to the lateness of the hour, it was impossible to "get up" in full.

CARD FROM DR. JONES.

EDITORS APPEAL.—My attention has been called to an article in the *Atlanta* of this morning (December 5th), over the name "Sufferer." A sufferer I presume he is, and such he ought to be until he learns not to make false statements in print, whether he does so through ignorance or otherwise. He who rides behind a *nom de plume* of course needs no serious reply; but I would suggest that it might tend to alleviate the sorrows of that "sufferer" if he would attend church and hear some of the preaching of the Watson or the Jones about whom he writes.

GUILFORD JONES.

*We are informed by Mr. Watson that he did not give expression to such a statement. He said that the Free Love, that some people had associated in their minds as Spiritualism, he had nothing but contempt for.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Suicide of a Dog.

[From the New Haven Register.]

About one week ago, Mr. William Galligan, the faithful night watchman of the Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Britannia Works, of Wallingford, died. Mr. G. was the owner of a valuable bull mastiff dog, which would receive caresses from those whom he saw almost daily, but would not form any friendship for any one but his master. The brute seldom, if ever, wandered from his home, but the day after his master's death he deliberately walked a mile, and laid himself on the track of the Hartford & New Haven Railroad, as a train was advancing, and was consequently crushed to death. Men who were in the immediate vicinity used their utmost exertions to call the dog away, but their cries were useless, and the poor beast appeared determined to follow his master. His remains were interred near by.

The foregoing narration of facts furnishes food for thought.

Can it be doubted that the dog fully realized the situation in all of its bearings? He loved his master with the intensity of the love of a noble woman for her soul's companion. Would a doting wife do more than to sacrifice her life for the companionship of him who had passed to the higher life? Such things sometimes, but seldom, occur. It is called suicide, and is attributed to insanity.

The noble dog instinctively knew of a hereafter,—a higher life, and that his only true companion—his kind master had gone there. He not only instinctively knew those facts, but it is more than probable that he clairvoyantly saw his master in, and heard his voice from, the land of spirits.

Dogs in some particulars manifest more sense than men, but generally much less. Is the latter fact evidence that they are not possessors of immortal souls?

Dogs often have premonitions of death in their master's families, and manifest it by howling, to the alarm of the people. They often save helpless men, women and children, and snatch them from the very gates of death.

The Spirit World would be a "Summerland" as desolate as the sandy desert of Sahara, without animal life! But let it be understood that all life, however repulsive it may be in millions of phases upon the earth-plane, when viewed from the spiritual plane of life, is beautiful beyond conception, and its mission as far above what it is here as the archangel's is above what it was when a *Digger Indian*, and an inhabitant of the North American forest.

But per chance *pious theologians* will deny the fact that a billion, more or less, of years of perpetual progression in the heavenly spheres (among the good and the wise missionaries—the saints whose mission it has been for *eons of ages* to teach the untutored child of the forest) can ever raise the *Root Digger* to the estate of an archangel. Well, if such be their opinions, so be it with them until long years of unfoldment of their mental faculties shall carry them forward to a more perfect appreciation of the *Philosophy of Life*.

Harry Bastian, the Medium.

Harry Bastian, one of the most celebrated physical and mental mediums the world affords, will be in Chicago January 15th instant, and will hold a series of *seances* at the spirit *seance* rooms of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, for several days at least.

Mr. Bastian, when conditions are made favorable, as they are at our *seance* room, is in no respect a less powerful medium than the celebrated Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia notoriety.

In his *seances*, most marvelous feats are performed, such as are contrary to any law known to the wisest *Scientists* on this plane of life. Spirits materialize themselves, and hold conversations in clear and distinctly audible voices. They show themselves so as to be fully recognized by their relatives and acquaintances.

Mr. Bastian is accompanied by a remarkably fine test medium, who can also be found at the *seance* room above named.

Mr. Bastian will hold *seances* as above stated, every night until further notice.

Friends from abroad visiting Chicago, should make it convenient to remain in the city, and visit the *seance* rooms.

Spirit Paintings.

Two weeks ago we announced the receipt of five large beautifully executed Spirit Paintings through the mediumship of our venerable Bro. N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Michigan, donated to us to ornament our *seance* room.

Brother Starr requests us to sell those paintings to any one who may desire to purchase one or more of them for his benefit, with the assurance that he will replace them with others.

They are very expressive—very beautiful, large symbolic paintings. They are such as the *connoisseur* would not be ashamed to place in his or her parlor or picture gallery.

We invite friends to call and see them. We solicit your patronage for Bro. Starr's works. He is far advanced in life, and has a wife to

support and no other means by which to do it than by the sale of the beautiful paintings that the angels guide his hand to execute.

They are all in nice frames, and will be sent to any address required, by express, in suitable boxes to preserve them from harm. We shall hereafter describe from time to time, giving prices of each. We will now only say that the prices range from forty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Come, friends, give us a call and see them, and you who are able to buy, do so and thereby help an excellent brother to a comfortable living during his few remaining years—help one whom the angels are using to make us all wiser and happier.

Mrs. ADDIE L. BALLOU is lecturing at Atlanta, Georgia.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH, one of the most eloquent advocates of our cause, will answer calls to lecture anywhere in the West. Address him in care of this office.

Mrs. BELLE A. CHAMBERLAIN will soon visit Sonoma County, California. She is doing a most excellent work on the Pacific slope. She will return East in the Spring.

W. PERSONS, M. D., will heal the sick at Savannah, Ga., during the next thirty days. The Doctor is authorized to receive subscriptions for this paper.

A. A. JACKSON, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes to us that at a meeting there, Captain Winslow described nineteen spirits—all of which were recognized but one.

CHARLES W. STEWART is now lecturing at Janesville, Wis. He would like to make engagements for week evening lectures within one hundred miles of that place. Address him at once at Janesville, Wis.

J. WM. FLETCHER, of Westford, the popular and eloquent trance speaker, lectures in Natick, the 3d of January; South Easton, the 4th; Lunenburg, the first Sabbath in February; New Bedford, 3d; North Scituate, 4th; Lunenburg, March 2d; South Easton, March 30.

D. W. HULL continues to speak another month in Memphis, and would be glad to make engagements for evening lectures while there. He would also be glad to remain in the South through March and April. Address him 344 Jefferson street, Memphis, Tenn.

DR. T. B. TAYLOR, of Topeka, Kansas, would be glad to open a correspondence with societies in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, or Michigan, desiring to keep up regular and well conducted meetings, where a highly successful homeopathic and electro-magnetic physician might find business. The Doctor's wife and daughter are fine musicians, and would contribute largely to the interest of the meetings.

Our thanks are due to our Brooklyn friends for a polite and artistically executed note of invitation. We sincerely regret that physical conditions renders it impossible for us to accept the generous invitation, while we attend to our duties in connection with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The invitation is in the following words:

Investigations en et Culture de la Philosophie Spirituelle.

MR. S. S. JONES.—You are cordially invited to join a select party for the purpose of investigating the above-named subject, at No. 65 St. Felix street, Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, January 15th, 1873.

City Entertainments.

[For the week ending, Jan. 18, 1873.]

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—Madison street, between State and Dearborn streets. Dion Bouccicault and his wife (Agnes Robertson) commenced an engagement on Monday evening, in "Arrah-na-Pogue." Mr. Bouccicault is extensively known and admired as a writer of plays and as an actor. In the part of "Shaun the Post," in his own play, he is better than any other representative of that character who has hitherto appeared in Chicago.

AIKEN'S THEATRE.—Corner Wabash Avenue and Congress street, Aiken & Lawler, Managers; W. H. Harrison, Business Manager. The "Red Pocketbook," with all its attendant mysteries and new scenic splendors, has received marked attention from fair audiences for several nights. As a highly colored series of pictures, it may be regarded as eminently successful, and indeed it is mainly its excellence in this regard that makes it so interesting. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, Mr. Proctor will present his well-known specialty, the Jibbenalosay, in "Nick of the Woods." The sale of seats for the Aimee season has commenced at the box office.

MYER'S OPERA HOUSE.—Monroe street, between State and Dearborn streets. The minstrels produce a capital bill of entertainment each evening. The lovers of refined fun can find enough of it at this favorite place of resort.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE.—Randolph street, opposite the Court House, R. M. Hooley, sole proprietor and manager. Monday, January 13, 1873, during the week, and Wednesday and Saturday matinees, Great Society Drama. The management takes great pleasure in announcing, after weeks of careful preparation, Bartley Campbell's entirely new drama of contemporary society, "Fate!" written expressly for this elegant theatre. Act 1.—Rose Cottage. Act 2.—A Blighted Heart. Act 3.—Divorce. Act 4.—In the Web. Act 5.—"Fate." All the favorites in the case, including Messrs. Dillon, Blaisdell, Padgett, Soggs and Wilson, and Miss Kate Meek, Miss Emma Cline, Mrs. Alice Britton, and Mrs. Howard Rogers.

Dr. Vescelius.

The numerous friends of the Doctor will be pleased to hear of the success attending his practice, and will read the following extracts with interest and pleasure.

(From the Watertown, N. Y., Despatch.)

Dr. Vescelius, the great Magnetic Healer, is at Parlor No. 6, American Hotel, where his numerous friends and patients may call upon him and receive untold benefit. The Doctor is one of the most successful physicians of the age, and time only adds to his reputation and popularity.

(From the Watertown, N. Y., Post.)

Dr. Vescelius is still at the American Hotel. The remarkable cures he performs cause his time to be completely occupied. He will remain only a short time longer.

(From the Watertown, N. Y., Times.)

The success and popularity of Dr. Vescelius, the Great Healer, increase rapidly. His many friends will be interested to learn that he will remain for a while longer at the American Hotel, where his parlors are the resort of many seeking relief from the many ills which flesh is heir to. The Doctor performs astonishing cures, and confers untold blessings upon the afflicted. His kind and genial nature is well calculated to inspire his patients with hope and confidence.

A Spiritual Remedy for Bald Heads.

Read the following certificate upon the subject:

Mrs. ROBINSON: I see by your advertisement you have found a remedy to make hair grow on bald heads.

I have been bald about 12 years, and if I can secure a natural head of hair again, I shall be very glad. I am 54 years old. I enclose herewith a five dollar post-office order.

Yours Respectfully

JOSEPH PAYNE.

Manhattan, Kansas, Feb. 18th, 1873.

Mrs. Robinson diagnosed his case, prepared and sent the restorative by mail and the following letter shows the effect of a four months trial upon a smooth bald head.

Mrs. ROBINSON: Please send me another bottle of your hair restorative. My hair is beginning to grow. It is now about half an inch long. I want to make a sure thing of it. You will find inclosed five dollar post-office money order to pay for the second bottle.

Yours Truly,

JOSEPH PAYNE.

Manhattan, Kansas, January 7th, 1873.

Wigs and Toupes at a Discount.

Bald headed people who understand the fact that their heads can in less than one year's time be covered with a *new growth of fine soft hair*, by the use of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's *real HAIR RESTORATIVE*, will no longer resort to wigs and toupes, but will at once inclose *five dollars for the certain and harmless Hair Restorative*, which will be *promptly sent* by return mail.

This preparation is compounded by Mrs. Robinson's own hands while under the control of a *band of chemists*, long in spirit-life, and who are devoted to the great work of showing the *power of knowledge in saving mankind* from the ills of mortal life.

Address, Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Illinois.

Sensational Religion.

HOW IT LOOKS TO A LADY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—During Miss Sarah Smiley's late visit to our city, it was my privilege to listen to her from the so-called sacred desk on divers occasions, and I would like, through the columns of your paper to say a few words in regard to the manner in which her last evening meeting was closed, in the lecture-room of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal church, and the effect which it had upon myself. I hold the lady in high regard, yet I think that she, like all others, may be a little mistaken as to the best method of reaching the hearts of the people. During the last singing on the evening in question, a request was made that those who felt the need of Christ in their hearts should come forward for prayers. As no one responded to the invitation, Miss Smiley arose and said she presumed that most of those present were already professing Christians; but to test the matter, she requested all such to arise. Whereupon a goodly number arose. She then requested those who felt the need of a Savior to raise their hands. A meagre number responded to this request. A third request was then made that all those should arise who felt that they wanted Christ *some time* in the course of their lives. A few more joined the number already on their feet. Finally came the clincher. She asked all those to arise who felt that they wanted Jesus in the hour of death, when there was quite a general getting up. Miss Smiley resumed: "Oh, yes; you all, or at least most of you, want a Savior then;" and, casting her eye upon one of the little party sitting upon one of the front seats, said: "Can it be possible that there are any present who do not want the Savior in the hour of death?"

Now, Mr. Editor, I must say that this was the keenest stab, the deepest wound I ever experienced in public or private, for it stirred to indignation the deepest feelings of my soul. Probably there was no one present who had a greater reverence for the Infinite, or who more keenly felt the need of His protecting care than myself. I contend that no one has any right to ask me to make a public exhibition of my feelings, and then, because I do not choose to comply, set me down as one so hardened that even in the hour of death I am content with the warp and woof of my own righteousness. What right has any one thus to trifle with the most sacred relations existing between the soul and its Maker? When will those who assume to be our teachers, learn that the world is full of noble souls who cannot be led or controlled in this great matter of salvation, but claim the right to settle it between themselves and their God.

Yours, for progress in religious ideas.

LENORE.

Chicago, Jan. 15th, 1873.

Mrs. R. L. MOORE, late of St. Louis, has located in Lawrence, Kansas, where she will continue to answer letters containing a lock of hair, and will also give clairvoyant examinations, communications and tests. Mrs. Moore has long been one of our most reliable mediums.

Philadelphia Department

BY.....HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

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

OVER THE RIVER.

On the banks beyond the stream,
Where the trees are always green,
There's no night, but endless day,
There is where the angels stray,
There's no sorrow, pain, nor fear,
There's no parting farewell tear,
There's a crown of red-robin's song,
All is bright, and clear, and fair.

Flowers of fadeless beauty there,
Trees of life with foliage rare,
Fruits the most invigorating grow,
There is where I want to go.
Hark! I hear an angel sing,
Heavenly harpers on the wing,
Through the air and bid me rise
To the music of the skies.

Soon from earth I'll roam away
To the realms of endless day;
Soon I'll join the ransomed throng,
Sing with them the angelic song,
Pearly gates stand open wide,
Just beyond death's chilling tide,
There my mansion, bright I see,
There the angel waits for me.

Earthly home, adieu, adieu,
Early friends, farewell to you,
Softly breathe your last good-by,
Angels call me, let me die.
Hallelujah! they have come—
Hallelujah! I'm most home
Friend and loved ones weep no more,
Meet me on the other shore.

Mrs. Booth.

We clip the following from the Moravia *Weekly News*. In our recent visit to that place, we saw Mrs. Booth, and witnessed some manifestations—enough to satisfy us that there would be more and better ones, and we are glad to learn that they have come so clearly and well defined as Brother Paxson describes.

EDITOR NEWS:—Having read and heard of the manifestations at Moravia, I concluded to travel from Philadelphia and see for myself.

I was one of a private circle engaged at Mrs. Booth's for four evenings, and we received remarkable tests, among which the face of my mother appeared at two different times very plain, so that I fully recognized her. An aunt of one of our number was also recognized. The features were natural, clear, and well defined. Four faces greeted us on each of two following evenings, and we were glad that among them came Crow-foot (Mrs. Booth's Indian control) with black flowing locks over his back and face. Hannah More, a well-known English writer, is a member of the band of a lady present, and she manifested at the aperture very distinctly, smiling joyously at her medium. Her lips moved, and the sound of her voice heard, though the words were not plain.

We saw various sized hands, from the smallest infants to a very large man's hand. Through graceful motions they talked with us, answering many questions, and when much pleased clapped their hands.

Persons who in themselves are in a harmonious condition, I think will find ample satisfaction in visiting Mrs. Booth's and joining her circles.

I take this opportunity of returning sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Booth for their kindness.

JACOB L. PAXSON.

As ye Sow so Shall ye Reap.

Looking over the world of humanity from a spiritual standpoint, we see the deep interior meaning of this ancient saying. As we turn toward the dens of vice, crime, of infamy and pollution, we see everywhere that the seed which has been sown, is bringing forth its fruits. Causes always produce their legitimate effects; and there is no effect without a cause. Children conceived in lust and sensuality surely crop out in that which makes earth a scene of sorrow and unhappiness. The fruit extends farther in its line than the seed, and parents who occupy high positions in society, laymen and ministers, are sowing seeds that bring down sorrow upon their whitened heads. Ignorance of the laws of life and transmission has often brought this weight upon those who were hoping for better things.

It is a painful picture, but one that should be presented to the world if we would rise into higher conditions, and escape these direful results which, of course, must run through generations. The church is sadly at fault in regard to these things, in making no distinction between gross sensuality and a pure marriage, by placing woman under the control of man. When woman's right to herself and to the control of the functions of maternity are fully guaranteed, there will be a very great improvement in these things, but this is not all that is needed—a more perfect knowledge of the laws of physical life must become general, and a strong effort must be made to overcome the long line of sensuality which has cast its blighting influence over the race. "The father's have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

There is another side to this question. The same beautiful and divine law that visits the penalties upon the transgressor, shows us everywhere that the fruits of righteousness are peace and happiness, and so from the spiritual plane, we see how the earnest soul aspirations are sown, often in weakness, but never in vain. Their seed blossoms and ripens and brings forth its glorious fruit in the generations of men. These are eternal, while the former, though blighting, are always temporal—not in the sense that they do not extend beyond this world, for the seeds of crime blight and wither the buds that go into the land of the beautiful—not with the destroyer's hand can they come, but only marring the present beauty, and keeping earth's children from the enjoyment of the glorious realities that would be theirs, were conditions such as they should be.

Regrets, however, are of but little avail. "We have all sinned and fallen short of the glory of God," but his right hand is underneath us and ever will be, and the sin that doth so easily beset us may be overcome, and in the triumph of the right we may sow those seeds that shall bring forth everlasting fruits of righteousness and thus bless ourselves and the world.

"High and holy aspirations, are the wings that lift the soul out of the mire, and enable it to soar into the pure atmosphere of the celestial world."

Mrs. M. J. WILCOXSON has been lecturing at Emporia, Kansas.

SEE advertisement of G. W. Gore, "The Progressive Harmonical Community," at La-moille, Kansas.

Married.

By Rev. D. Morse, J. N. DOWERS of Elmira, to BRINDA M. BANNING of West Henrietta, N. Y., on the 28th day of Nov., 1872.

Passed to Spirit Life.

[Notices for this Department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notice not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

Left this transitory life, Nov., 13th, 1872, ASA BLOOD, Sen, in the 72nd year of his age, after a painful illness of many months.

He was a firm believer in the Harmonical Philosophy. Mrs. S. W. B.

CATARRH. Disease of the Skin, Blood, Heart, Throat, Lungs, or Nervous System, successfully treated by **DR. H. C. CAKE M. D.**, 15 Ellis Park, Chicago. Medicine sent to any address. v13n19f

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Station B. New York. Terms, \$1.00 and four stamps. v13n15

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THE NATIONAL UNION CLUB, will furnish any Paper or Magazine you want, at the lowest living club rates. LARGEST CATALOGUE AND BEST CLUB LIST in the country sent free. Address S. ALDRICH, Fort Madison, Iowa. v13n134t

DRUNKARD STOP! Dr. Beers has cured over ten thousand with a remedy given him through Spirit aid. Send for our eight-page circular of testimonials and conclusive evidence. Address G. Granville Mead, General Agent, Zumbrota, Goodhue County, Minnesota. v13n1514

DR. C. L. BELCHER**MAGNETIC HEALER.**

Cures all kinds of Chronic diseases by laying on of hands. Will cure the sick, the lame, etc., this Winter at No. 42 Jackson St., Susquehanna depot, Susquehanna, Co., Pa. *The poor are healed without price.* v13n19m3

Misses Helen Grover & Lizzie L. Crosby

HEALING, BUSINESS, AND TEST MEDIUMS. Magnetic treatment given. Examination and treatment given from lock of hair or photograph, to patients at a distance.

James Fisk Jr. Business Control of Miss Grover. will advise on business by letter as well as personally. Terms from \$2.00 to \$3.00, No. 316 4th Ave., New York City. v13n1914

Cleveland National Convention.

TO ATTENDANTS:—All persons, who wish to be provided for during their attendance at the meeting at Cleveland, to take place Feb. 19th, proximo, will please address Mrs. Carrie Lewis, 288 Euclid Ave., to that effect, immediately. Notice of place and time of meeting will be announced in the daily papers of that city, on the day previous to the meeting.

JOHN W. EVARTS.

Centralia, Ill., Jan., 7th, 1873.

W. H. MUMLER

DESIRES TO ESTABLISH AN AGENCY IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SALE OF HIS

WONDERFUL**Spirit Photographs.**

FOR TERMS ADDRESS WITH STAMP, STATING NUMBER OF INHABITANTS.

W. H. MUMLER,

170 W. Springfield-st., Boston, Mass. v13n134t

N. Y. Electro-Gymnasium and Healing Institute.

Baths, Electricity & Vital Magnetism! A new, beautiful and vitalizing system of Electric, Magnetic and Musical Gymnastics for maintaining health and curing disease! Popular lectures given on Physiology and Hygiene by the principal and by several eminent physicians in connection with the gymnastics. Intemperance, opium-eating and other Chronic diseases radically cured. Mrs. Robinson's celebrated tobacco antidote kept. Dr. E. D. BABBITT, Principal, 350 3rd Ave., (near 26th street, New York, v13n1514

BOARDING IN NEW YORK CITY.

Pleasant rooms and good board in a first-class location at reasonable rates, at

DR. MILLER'S HOME OF HEALTH,

41 West Twenty-sixth Street, NEW YORK.

Turkish baths, Electric baths, Movement cure and Lifting cure in the establishment for those requiring them. Address MILLER, HAYNES & CO., v13n14 PROPRIETORS.

THE LAND**DEBATABLE****THE DEBATABLE LAND**

BETWEEN

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NARRATIONS

BY ROBERT DALE OWEN

Author of "Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World," "Beyond the Breakers," etc.

CONTENTS:

Prefatory address to the Protestant clergy.

Book I Touching Communication of Religious Knowledge to Man.

Book II Some Characteristics of the Phenomena.

Book III Physical Manifestations.

Book IV Identity of Spirits.

Book V The Crowning Proof of Immortality.

Book VI The Spiritual Gifts of the first Century appearing in our times.

-O-

The world-wide reputation of the author as a Statesman, Diplomatist, and writer, his earnest and varied life in connection with the rise of the manufacturing interest in England, the Socialistic Movement in this country, the political affairs of thirty years ago, the career of a Diplomatist at the Neapolitan court but last and greatest of all the Growth of MODERN SPIRITUALISM affords an absolute guarantee that any work from his pen must be of well Debated Land bids fair to exceed it in popularity. It is a large handsome twelve mo book of FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO PAGES handsomely bound. PRICE \$2.00. Postage free.

*For sale wholesale and retail by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House Adams street & 5th Avenue Chicago.

Inner-Life Department.

CIRCLE OF LIGHT.

W. L. Jack, M. D., Medium;

JOHN BROWN SMITH Reporter and Correspondent. Papers can be obtained and subscriptions received by him at 812 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia Circle of Light.

Invocation.

There is rest for the weary, and that rest is found over on the opposite side, where, indeed, the pearly gates are wide open—there we hear the sweetest of melodies! Thou great Almighty Spirit of love, who dost give succor to the little violet as it pushes forth its delicate face, telling us that our loved ones in that building not made with hands, are sweet little violets that the angels cherish. Oh, Lord, we thank thee for Winter with its snow and hail that falls at our very feet; in these things we behold pearls of great price; and also in the rain that descends from the blackest of clouds, although they come thick and fast, the Spring-time comes at last, when thou dost speak to us through the avenues of the little leaf and flower—thy ways are past finding out indeed! I thank thee that the time has come when the obstacles are being removed by the loved ones just over the river. Shower down upon the path of the loved ones here, those dew drops that fall from the Fathers' hand; those drops that need no polishing, because they are showers of the most eternal truths, given for the sake of suffering mortals, and may we be ever led by these bright stars of truth, wherever we go through life. Oh, may each one of us bring some little violet, and place it upon the altar of the soul, because every flower placed there will bloom for the loved ones gone before, and give forth a sweet fragrance, in the sweetest of all tabernacles.

The following question was given and discussed by a spirit who withheld the name: "Of what profit is Spiritualism as it now exists to the so-called scientific world, and of what profit is the so-called scientific world to the spiritual world?"

Let us for a moment inquire if there is nothing spiritual in the so-called scientific world. What have we in the scientific world, that did not come direct from the Spirit World, and in a spiritual way? We now live in an age of wonders, and on every hand the question is asked, how can such things be, unless they have a counterpart somewhere. Look at what has been recently enacted in Boston, the great Athens of America. Look at the fruits of that great fire in the single incident recited by a member this morning. [A member alluded to the published statement that a person placed a silver pitcher with water in it in a safe in Boston. The safe was afterward subjected to fire by the burning of the building, and upon opening it the contents in the apartment containing the water, were found to be preserved through the evaporation of the water. The idea was acted upon by the manufacturers of safes at once, and now they are advertised with apartments.] There, indeed, is some good coming from a silver pitcher filled with water, and may every drop of water yet be productive of new results. If those things were not brought around, how could the age of improvement proceed? What has the scientific world gained from this single incident of the great fire? What proof has the scientific world that the Spirit World does not aid in the production of these results? Let us inquire into the method of creation or production of new ideas. In your world of light, where the soul of intelligence exists, who alone has the power to impress new thoughts and ideas, and after all what is impression but creation? Impression and creation are the same, only one may be painted in a little more glowing colors than the other. Those intelligences act on men's and women's minds, so as to produce such results as the telegraph and printing press, in order that thought may be transmitted from this world to your world; and after a thought has been deposited in that vessel or channel of communication, it is operated by loved ones, who have just stepped over. It is only the twinkling of an eye between us.

Let us consider the printing press. Just think how it conveys thought over the worlds and universes. Let me carry your minds back into the time you first considered the age of darkness, but it was the age of light; perhaps some one had a sensation in their brain that they never experienced before. Where did this new thought come from? Go to the trees in the forest, and they will teach you in relation to God's printing press upon which he prints and writes throughout the world! You say that there must be some cause, some intelligence somewhere, to produce such beautiful works of nature.

Oh, that I could carry you bodily to this side, and show you the *somehow*! The angels themselves can not fathom it. No man, no scientific school or professor gave the impression to the untutored brain—it came in the winds, and was whispered to him by the Spirit World. Then bring the so-called scientific world, and let them prove that there is not a somewhere beyond this life; another world, a little farther advanced than their own, where intelligences are found more progressed than they are.

Still seek, and you will find things you can not fathom at present. Your wonderful scientific world is yet in infancy, and is not ready to receive its diploma from Nature! These processes are as active to-day as ever before, and you will yet behold far greater and more wonderful things than the printing press. Those who are the strongest amongst the scientific world, claim all the honors, but they fail in some cases to give the credit to the rock of truth where it belongs.

What have scientific men done for the great truths of Spiritualism? They are always endeavoring to prove the great error of Spiritualism, but it only results in proving the great error of science; that is what the scientific world has done for Spiritualism?

Have they done anything else? Yes, they have placed science in the courts of justice—lightly will I speak these words because seldom does justice dwell in these places. What a wonderful animal is a Spiritualist before a scientific judge. Has he any friends, or has woman any friends when standing in the same place? No! There are few who will come and plead their case—only a Spiritualist will come and plead for them, unless remunerated in a tangible way. The great science of law is thus stripped of justice. The cry of infidelity is made when he refuses to kiss the Holy Book, but nothing is said about that greatest of all books, charity. The judge is, perhaps, a ruling elder in the church, but he is a moving sepulchre. You need not go to the sepulchre to find a Golgotha of bones!

What has the scientific world done in another point of view? If from its lack of charity and love to its fellow-man, it has been the very means of taking from him that most beautiful carved stone charity, then Samson-

like pull down the temple upon themselves—what can we say of its justice and humanity? There is many a donkey aboard of the scientific ship that will get crushed, Samson-like, by their own works. The scientific world has done much good. Look at it in the magnificent halls of eternity, yet it is naught but spirit—call it what you please, or call it what you may. Let the ocean exist, let the little stream have its course; call it "psychic force" but how mighty indeed it will prove. The rivers of truth shall forever gleam as its waters flow steadily down the clear stream. The truths of "psychic force" shall forever stand, and the scientific world shall yet be obliged to acknowledge the truths of Spiritualism.

Insanity, "Obsession," False Communication, False Doctrines and Kindred Subjects.

BY G. D. MOSHER.

I shall now say something of a clear case of "Obsession," being myself the subject. As it is not customary for maniacs to report their own cases, I hope the reader will be interested for this reason if for no other. My Brother, some three years previous to his death, was subject to the control of a high order of spirits, and through him they delivered at times highly interesting and instructive discourses. One evening at my mother's house, located a short distance from my residence, quite a number of neighbors and friends were present, among whom were several Methodists. A spirit claiming to be John Wesley took control of my Brother and delivered a discourse on progressive Methodism. During the discourse a pause was made, and the controlling spirit made the declaration that very great trouble would very soon come upon our family. I was not present on this occasion, but was at home under control of different spirits, who pretended to give me advice and instruction relative to rules by which I might know what spirit was controlling me that I might be able to resist those of a "low order," and thereby enabling me to become one of the best mediums living. But notwithstanding this counsel, I was seized by the "tempter" (Devil of the Orthodox) about 4 o'clock next morning, and for 14 days and 4 nights (not 40 days and 40 nights), I was not able to get clear of his presence, and a more loquacious gentleman I never met with before. During all this time I was clairaudient, and wonderfully impressionable. "The impressionable language of the spheres" was here made known to me by which I received knowledge that our language could not convey. I conversed, apparently, with many spirits of different degrees or orders, during which time the loquacious gentleman (which I shall hereafter designate as tempter) kept up a continual harangue to myself. He seemed to be familiar with all the transactions of my life from a child up. At times he would remind me of all the wrong doings of my life, and at other times he would reiterate my good qualities, and thus conducted me through a kind of purgatory, a preparation of the mind to become an independent thinker, elevating and strengthening my individuality. Some months previous to this ordeal I was refred by the spirit to the fourth chapter of Matthew, the account of "Jesus being led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the Devil," and was informed that a similar ordeal would be necessary for me to pass through in order that I might understand "the philosophy of the second spiritual dispensation," and "the philosophy of celestial spheres." I learned by this ordeal that "Jesus was led or controlled by an angel and tempted of the evil," instead of being "led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the (Orthodox) Devil. Whether there was ever such a personage as Jesus or not, matters but little to me, as a legend sometimes leaves important truths that are equivalent to real occurrences. During the ordeal I saw by impression the heavenly kingdom with its transcendent beauties unfolded. An imaginary hell was also depicted in a hyperbolic degree, accompanied by the impression that I was a subject thereof unless I immediately set about preaching Jesus Christ, and submitted to the requirements of the Orthodox religion in every particular. A repetition of these impressions convinced me that they were false, and that they were intended as a test of belief as regards the Orthodox Hell. During the intervals of false impressions, "angels administered to me" and gave encouragement that if I "overcome," I "should be given to eat of the hidden manna, and should receive a white stone" in which there is a new name written that no man knoweth, saving him that receiveth it" (see Rev. 2d, 17h). The false impressions were repeated with some variation until I was able to "overcome" or resist their influence, and victory was mine, and the "Devil" (?) "left me for a season." I did not say "get behind me Satan," but, good angel, I thank thee for passing me so successfully through this terrible ordeal, and the presentment of a passport to the platform of the philosophy of the celestial spheres. I thank thee for teaching me the true science of overcoming temptation and the fundamental principles of spirit communion.

Mosherville, Mich.

Appreciative.

BROTHER JONES:—The following resolutions were unanimously adopted last evening at Minerva Hall:

WHEREAS, this lecture closes Miss Johnson's labors with us, and she goes from our midst to other fields of service, and we, her co-workers in a common cause, deem it our privilege to express in a practical form our appreciation of her ability as a lecturer, and our respect and sympathy for her as a lady of native refinement and of noble and generous impulses, therefore, be it

Resolved: That the lectures delivered by Miss Susie M. Johnson before the Central Association of Spiritualists of New Orleans, have been highly instructive and entertaining, and we hereby tender to her and her controlling spirits a vote of thanks for their logical, succinct and kindly utterances of truth.

Resolved: That we cordially and unqualifiedly recommend her to all Spiritualist societies, who desire to enjoy and promote spiritual instruction and to promote among men and women a proper understanding of their surroundings, both spiritual and corporeal in the present and future.

Resolved: That as a lady of purity, nobility and devotion to the cause of truth, and as a logical, forcible and eloquent speaker, she has among our acquaintances few equals and no superiors.

Resolved: That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Banner of Light, with request to publish.

DR. U. R. MILNER, President.

DR. J. R. WALKER, Chairman.

E. H. STILLMAN, Secretary, New Orleans, La., December 27th, 1872.

Why don't you use NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE? It is perfectly free from poisons and will restore gray or faded hair to its original color.

Voices from the People.

The Banner of Light is kept for sale at the office of this paper.

MORRISON, ILL.—F. F. Fay writes.—After reading your paper, I feel as though I must have it. It is food for the soul.

ETHEL, CANADA.—Conrad Bernath writes. I wish to express my appreciation of your JOURNAL. I can not sufficiently praise it for its spiritual philosophy.

GREENWOOD, NEB.—D. Dayton writes.—J. H. Randall has just closed a course of ten lectures here. He gave entire satisfaction and woke up an interest here that will not soon be forgotten.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Mrs. M. J. Coffin writes. I like the teachings of the JOURNAL very much, and I fully realize that it advocates many grand truths.

ROCHESTER, IND.—Mrs. A. Chamberlin writes. We would like to have you send us a medium to this place. There are about two thousand inhabitants here, and we think a good medium would do well.

WINONA, MINN.—Eliza G. Cummings writes. I often wonder why some lecturers does not come this way, as this place is quite large, containing some ten thousand inhabitants.

FREDRICKSBURG, IOWA.—T. C. Moore writes. We want some good lecturers to come out here and enlighten the heathens in this part of the country.

ST. ANSGER, IOWA.—Geo. W. Wood writes.—Well, the JOURNAL is so much better than I thought a Spiritualist paper could be, I now see I am a life subscriber.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mrs. J. Mde. Thornars writes.—Spiritualism is making itself known to many in Washington through the teachings of Mrs. O. F. Hyzer, a most remarkable lady, who is doing a glorious work in our much loved cause.

MORAVIA, N. Y.—Terrisa Sears writes.—Spiritualism is making its way to all of our homes, and physical manifestations of spirit power is greatly felt in the churches at Summerhill and Moravia.

MANKATO, MINN.—J. L. Potter writes.—The people of Mankato are desirous of engaging the services of Harry Bastian to come and give seances. Will he please address me to that effect.—Orlando D. Spalding, Mankato, Minn.

PROVIDENCE, UTAH.—David Hug writes.—The JOURNAL is always a welcome visitor. At first when I read it I thought it dangerous, but it was the means of driving a heavy, thick, superstitious cloud from my mind, and has made of me a free and fearless man.

MANKATO, MINN.—C. H. Andrus writes.—The JOURNAL has been a grand solace to me. Bro. J. L. Potter is here, and is going to lecture to-morrow night and Saturday and Sunday, and I am expecting a good time, as he is a splendid man.

SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, PA.—O. L. Belcher writes.—Inclosed find remittance for another year. Why, just that article on "God-Houses" is well worth the subscription, without saying a word about that article entitled, "Does God Keep a Cat?"

SHREVEPORT, LA.—Mrs. M. J. Blackwell writes.—I have been in this city two months, making some excellent cures. I am in the midst of a course of lectures, which have been exceedingly well received, and I will conclude the course this week and next. Subjects: "Phrenology, Somnambulism, Psychology, Spiritology and Spiritualism."

RENICK, MO.—R. L. Thompson writes.—I am an old man; can not do without the JOURNAL. My wife has been in the Summerland sixteen years. We have no speakers or test mediums here, but there is an undercurrent among the masses—when it does break out, it will be like an avalanche. There are but few outspoken Spiritualists here.

GALVESTON, TEX.—Grandison Rubey writes. The Spiritualists of this city have organized an association by electing Dr. E. Stone, President; T. O. Mills, Secretary; J. S. Sullivan, Treasurer. They have rented a hall. They will meet regularly every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. We have been waiting years for E. V. Wilson's spiritual guides to impress him to come South—without any prospect (yet) of his coming.

MARSHALL, WIS.—S. H. Adsit writes.—I am an old man, almost seventy-nine years of age, quite infirm and deaf, yet I can not do much for you in this benighted region, for superstition and bigotry reign supreme. I send you one new subscriber.

Thanks, dear brother. If others would do what you have done our subscription list would be doubled at once.—ED. JOURNAL.

FOREST CITY, IOWA.—J. C. Bonar writes.—Oh! that the exponents of the Harmonical Philosophy were as the sands of the sea-shore, in numbers. We scarcely ever enjoy the presence of a lecturer this way, but the bread of life is broken to us weekly by the dear RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Were I able I would subscribe for fifty numbers, and make it a free gift to my neighbors, thereby sowing their paths with such flowers and gems as it contains.

MONROE, NEB.—R. S. Cook writes.—Now, Bro. Jones, as I have had the reading of the JOURNAL for the last two years at my expense—having no other reading matter—you will permit me to say that I would not exchange my present file of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for all the Holy Bibles ever published. Being an old man I feel that I am near the banks of the river and may soon be enabled to read your manuscript previous to publication.

TOPEKA, KAN.—T. B. Taylor writes.—We had a beautiful Christmas tree, on Tuesday evening. But it is not time that we had changed the day of celebration, from the 25th of December to the 29th of March? We know that angel communications became systematic on that day—but we don't know, nor does the church claim to know, that their Savior was born on the 25th of December. There is a variance of opinion that amounts to four years, to say nothing of days.

PEORIA, ILL.—R. Bolton writes.—I appreciate the teachings of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL more and more. The world needs more free thought, therefore find your paper to the breeze, and may it be the standard-bearer of truth and freedom of thought. Prof. Grimes, of Evanston, Ill., lectured against Spiritualism, at Chandlerville a short time ago, but he scared no Spiritualist. The opposers of Spiritualism swallowed all he said as true gospel.

MADISON, IND.—A. F. Baker writes.—Regarding the phenomena of Spiritualism I have had very little experience, but I do not realize anything unreasonable in the manifestations. They agree with the teachings of the great Socrates, and they especially agree with the teachings of the society called New Platonists which, according to Gibbon, were numerous in all civilized countries in the early ages of Christianity. These manifestations agree also with the traditions and fireside tales of every locality on the surface of the earth.

FARMERS STATION, OHIO.—S. Garner writes. There are a few Spiritualists in this vicinity who know why they are such, and who prefer knowledge to blind faith. We want a good physical medium here. Such an one would be a cordial reception, an interested community and a moderate compensation.

The above brother has our thanks for his efforts to extend the circulation of the JOURNAL.

BALTIMORE, Md.—J. Ames writes.—Please continue to send the JOURNAL another year, as its teaching is the only doctrine that satisfies my soul. I have been trying to digest Old Theology of all denominations for almost sixty years. It's a long time to feed on dry husks that will not keep swine alive. I will be seventy-four years old in a few days—still hope to read the JOURNAL one year longer.

LADOGA, IND.—Z. Piffley writes.—You may consider me a subscriber to the LITTLE BOUQUET as soon as it is published. I have been hunting over papers for some time to find something for the children, for there's where we will have to accomplish the greatest ends in this benighted Orthodox community.

VICKSBURG, MICH.—W. Williams writes.—Perhaps it would be becoming in me as an honest seeker after truth, to briefly state my standing in reference to Christianity. From early youth I was raised by pious parents and taught strictly to observe the discipline and the Bible. I joined the church at twelve years of age and was reared in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have fought and strongly contested every inch of the spiritual philosophy, and inch by inch have I been compelled to yield.

OMAHA, NEB.—H. E. Paine writes.—In looking over your paper, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, I found an editorial headed, "Pious Filth, Esq.," and it attracted my attention not a little. I wish, sir, (if it is possible to do so) you would send me one of the pamphlets referred to, with the full cost of the same. You will readily understand my object, when I tell you I endorse the philosophy of Spiritualism.

None of the pamphlets referred to on hand.

BUCK INN, ILL.—J. H. Hand writes.—This is a hard place for Spiritualism. The Catholics here nearly got full control, but there are a few who are determined to keep things stirred up as much as possible. We continue our little circles and get many good communications. Mrs. C. C. Jones, of Centralia, Ill., a fine trance and personation medium, and Mrs. Colver, of Salem, a splendid musical medium, were here a short time ago and gave us some excellent tests.

PORT JEFFERSON, L. I., N. Y.—J. C. Darling writes.—With a heart full of sorrow and regret, I inform you that I am no longer able to read your valuable paper, from which I have gleaned so many beautiful truths, helping me to smooth the asperities of life, and prepare me for that change which awaits us all. I have nearly lost the sight of one eye, and am too debilitated to hope for anything this side of the Summerland. I thank you for making me so long an object of your consideration, and, hoping your life may glide sweetly on in happiness and peace, I am your afflicted friend and brother.

Could not take the bread of life from you no more than we could a cup of cold water from your parched lips. Some one will send the JOURNAL to you. Will continue it on the free list for your benefit.—[ED. JOURNAL.]

WINDSOR, MICH.—M. B. Kible writes.—The society of friends of eternal progression held their Second Annual Meeting at the Prag school-house in Windsor, on the 7th and 8th ult. Meeting called to order by the President, and in a brief, sympathizing manner, he gave his experience as a Spiritualist. M. B. Kible spoke briefly of his being blessed with a belief in the immortality by the evidences of spirits. Ira Smith gave a few interesting remarks. Dr. G. W. Lusk and L. A. Pearsall were the principal speakers, and they spoke to the satisfaction of the meeting. Father E. Woodworth in a brief manner gave us some grand ideas of the past and present history of man. The music, by Alice Ashley, was no small part of the harmonizing influence.

FIVE CORNERS, N. Y.—John Corwin writes.—We are now having very good physical manifestations through the mediumship of a young man—William H. Keeler—who is well known to the inhabitants of this town. The tying and untying with a rope, the playing on musical instruments, and passing them about the room when he is securely tied, the putting of a solid iron ring on his arm, or the arm of the person who sits with him when they have fast hold of hands, the putting off and on his coat when his hands are tied together and fastened to his legs, the ballot test, the patting of persons with invisible hands when such persons are in the room with him and holding his hands in short, nearly all the demonstrations of which we have read or heard, are well done in the presence of Mr. Keeler. On one occasion I witnessed a reputed sailor tie up twelve feet of good sized clothes line around the young man's wrists lapped together, the fingers pointing outward—every time he wound the rope he opened the strands, splicing the rope three times through and tied a knot with it. He spent eighteen minutes in tying. In one minute after the rope began to move it was thrown out of the cabinet the young man following with his hands free.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Dr. Thomas J. Lewis writes. My wife, who has never failed as a business and medical medium, will at times prophesy concerning other matters, one of which she recently clairvoyantly received from the angels—"That in fifteen years from the present year our planet will change its orbit, and another take its place." The book-learned astronomer often makes mistakes, while the honest and true seer never does. Astronomers tell us that the cause of our winter weather is because the sun's rays strike our earth obliquely in winter; yet, in spite of that unproved theory, I recollect some twelve years ago in Portland, Me., we had summer weather up to January 1st, without any snow. January thaws are a too well-known fact to disprove the astronomer's guessed-at theory. I will give the real cause of the winter months: There is a larger amount of moisture intervening between the sun and our planet, thereby modifying the extreme heat of the sun's rays. When exceptions occur, it is owing to such moisture in the air being moved away by the wind. This is the opinion of your humble servant, who, as a one-horse natural physician, claims to draw more disease out of the human family than a regiment of the twelve-horse Harvard College professors, whose brains are so full of Latin there is no room left for the exercise of their common sense.

LIBERTY, CONN.—A. G. Doubleday writes.—Your truth-telling paper is greeted by me from week to week with joy, but I frequently see a notice in it which sends a sensation through the system almost like that of a galvanic battery—I allude to the request for those indebted for the paper to forward the same, in justice to you, its editor. I feel that that means me, and I suppose it does others also. I have been more unfortunate during the past year than usual. One year ago last November, I had a terrible fall on my right hand, which compelled me to use the left one to support my family, and the 2d day of April, following, I struck my ankle joint a full blow with an ax, which compelled me to go on the left foot with crutches, and last November I fell from a load of corn-fodder, dislocating my wrist, splitting one bone and otherwise injuring me, having only recovered now so as to write with any degree of comfort. So you see I have been in rather a helpless condition for supporting a family; but, notwithstanding all of the adverse winds, I have done what I could for the spread of the truth and temperance. Now, brother, I wish to ask a favor of you, not to charge me but three dollars per year, though I have not paid in advance. Please find inclosed five dollars.

Dear brother, your case is one that demands our attention. We would not take the other half dollar on account of delinquency. We never do so in cases like yours. And we take occasion to say to all who are in arrears in paying for the JOURNAL, if you pay up promptly before the first day of March, next, and forward therewith advance pay for another year, the extra half dollar for each year's delinquency will be remitted. We do not make this proposition because the extra half dollar is not justly our due, but because we absolutely need the money.

It will be seen in this case if we had cut off his name from the mail-list when the time was out that he had paid for, the poor unfortunate man would have been deprived of the reading of a paper so necessary for him in his hours of trial. The same is true of thousands who are delinquent. But we can not carry such heavy burthens from year to year without limit; we must have our pay. We have a means of knowing when people are able to pay—and there are very few who are not able. We do not like to call names of delinquents. Please pass up your dues under this proposition.

—[ED. JOURNAL.]

The Little Bouquet.

The above entitled work will be a monthly magazine, (usual magazine size, 32 pages of reading matter) with an illuminated cover of uncommon beauty. The whole work will be richly embellished with illustrative cuts, and replete with well written articles based upon the philosophy of life, and spiritual facts adapted to the taste, capacity, mental and moral culture of the children and youth of the present age, both in an out of the sphere of Progressive Lyceums.

This rare work, first of its kind ever brought before the public, will be put before the Spiritualists of the world at its actual cost—\$1 50 a year.

The proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE is impelled to look to other means for sustaining his House than profits from this work. The object is to place the magazine in the hands of the children of all Spiritualists at least, in a form so attractive as to banish the prejudice that so generally prevails among the youth, against the truth of spirit communion.

The well-known ability of the proprietor of this house to execute whatever his angelic friends impose upon him, is a guarantee that THE LITTLE BOUQUET will be a permanent institution of the country and a credit to Spiritualism.

A general invitation is given to friends of the enterprise everywhere not only to write for its columns, but to secure subscribers for the work.

The work is a fixed fact, and we earnestly appeal to our friends to forward their subscriptions. Address LITTLE BOUQUET, corner of Fifth Avenue and Adams street, Chicago.

Attention Opium Eaters!

Mrs. A. H. Robinson has just been furnished with a sure and harmless specific for curing the appetite for opium and all other narcotics, by the Board of Chemists, in spirit-life, who have heretofore given her the necessary antidote for curing the appetite for tobacco, and the proper ingredients for restoring hair to all bald heads, no matter of how long standing.

Mrs. Robinson will furnish the remedy, and send it by mail or express to all who may apply for the same within the next sixty days, on the receipt of five dollars (the simple cost of the ingredients), and guarantee a most perfect cure or refund the money, if directions accompanying each package are strictly followed.

The remedy is harmless, and not unpalatable.

She makes this generous offer for the double purpose of introducing the remedy, and for bringing the cure within the reach of the poorest people who use the pernicious drug. The expense of a perfect remedy will not exceed the cost of the drug for continuing the deleterious habit one month!

Address Mrs. A. H. Robinson, Adams St., and Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

We have so much confidence in the ability of the Board of Chemists and Doctors who control Mrs. Robinson's mediumship, that we unhesitatingly guarantee a faithful execution of the above proposition.—[ED. JOURNAL.]

TESTIMONIALS.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote cured me from the use of tobacco, and I heartily recommend it to any and all who desire to be cured. Thank God I am now free after using the weed over thirty years.

LORENZO MEEKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

I hereby certify that I have used tobacco over twenty years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has effectually destroyed my appetite or desire for tobacco.

DAVID O'HARRA.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 15th, 1871.

I have used tobacco between fourteen and fifteen years. About two months since, I procured a box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. It has cured me, and I feel perfectly free from its use. Have no desire for it.

F. H. SPARKS.

Oswego, N. Y., Sept. 25th, 1871.

I have used tobacco, both chewing and smoking, about twelve years. One box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote has cured me and left me free, with no desire or hankering for it.

GEORGE A. BARKER.

Oswego, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1871.

Mr. R. T. Wyman, of Waukau, informs me that he has used one box of Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote. Inclosed find two dollars. Please send me a box,

Dr. H. FORBES.

Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 19, 1871.
For sale at this office. \$2.00 per box. Sent free of postage by mail. Address Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Corner Adams and Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

Agents wanted.

NITRO-GLYCERINE MAGAZINES; THREE BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

SELF CONTRADICTIONS OF THE BIBLE. 144 propositions proved pro, and con., without comment. N. B.—In a pamphlet entitled "THE SUNDAY QUESTION," &c., many of these contradictions are pointed out.

ABSTRACT OF COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH. The substance of five volumes, proving that the five books of Moses were composed by later writers, and are historically false. With an essay on the Nation and Country of the Jews, by W. H. B., considered by competent critics the most valuable part of the pamphlet.

SUNDAY NOT THE SABBATH—ALL DAYS ALIKE HOLY. A controversy between Rev. Dr. Sunderland, of Washington, D. C., and Wm. H. Burr, with additions, making this the best work on the Sunday Question.

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Frontier Department.

BY.....E. V. WILSON.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Give name of town, county and State where you are when you write. Direct all letters to E. V. WILSON, Lombard, DuPage County, Illinois. Never direct letters to us in different country places, when we are speaking under short engagements, unless we so direct. Write short letters, and to the point, in "plain talk," stating just what you mean and want, and always date your letters.

THE THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING

Of the Northern Illinois Conference of Spiritualists, held in Union Hall, Belvidere, Illinois, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, December 13th, 14th, and 15th, 1872.

[Continued from No. 18 of the Journal.]

Bro. Stewart, of Mo., entertained the Convention for thirty minutes with thoughts on reform and law. Jesus said, "Blessed are the pure in spirit." Some one should add blessed are the pure in body. In order to see God a good God, he must be pure in body and spirit, and then we shall be true and good and full of life. This Brother is an able reasoner, and an interesting speaker and will give satisfaction to those who may wish to employ him.

Then Dr. Kayner gave the closing lecture, on The Work for Spiritualists to Do. The lecture was an able review of the truths and errors of Spiritualism.

Saturday, P. M., 1 1/2 o'clock. Convention called to order after the singing and music by Mrs. Porter.

E. V. Wilson read from Math 10: 5 15, Mark 16: 12 15, drawing a vivid word picture of the contrast in the two quotations.

Bro. Jackett gave spirit experience of his early life, that was exceedingly interesting, as well as very remarkable indeed.

Lois Waisbrooker said the Brother has stated experience of a remarkable character, and then related her experience in early life—the toil and trouble she had passed through in reaching her present position.

Bro. Stewart, of Mo., made some sharp and well defined points on his work and the approval as well as disapproval that he had met with.

Dr. J. H. Severance thought if we the Spiritualists would leave off fighting the churches and attend to Spiritualism a little closer, it would be better for us. Let us do right and we shall succeed.

Mr. Barber, of Turner Junction, Ill., commented sharply on the fact that the churches would not let us alone, hence we had no alternative but to return them the compliment with interest.

E. V. Wilson followed with pungent criticisms on the remarks of Mrs. Severance, taking the position that Spiritualism had not made the attack on the churches, but that the churches opened the war, and they must run up to the white flag. We shall never surrender—then turning to Dr. Severance, he pointed out to her the warfare she had passed through.

Mrs. Severance arose offering full explanation to her remarks, conceding the necessity of reprisals.

Lois Waisbrooker, of Battle Creek, Mich., occupied the floor for twenty minutes, affirming that the revival meeting rested upon the flame of material passion—then entering into a pungent argument sustaining her position in every feature.

Dr. Sprague then entertained us on the law of inherent forces, going back to Ante-natal conditions, through gestative life, and thence into Post-natal conditions, ultimating into results.

Mrs. A. Colson, Medium, of Rockford, gave a very interesting experience of spiritual influence through which she was raised up out of the very jaws of death into health and renewed life.

Dr. J. H. Severance closed the afternoon session in an able argument on organization.

The Convention adjourned at 4 o'clock, P. M., to the dining-hall, where all were entertained with supper, and for two hours all enjoyed one of those reunions of mind and soul thoughts, that ever brings the blessing, thus opening up the way for a higher and truer social acquaintance of all at the Convention. It was a treat, indeed, to look around upon hundreds who were holding sweet converse—some with the immortals, others with mortals.

Saturday evening, Dec. 14th, the Convention was called to order at 6 o'clock, P. M., Dr. Kayner in the chair. Music and singing under spirit influence by Mrs. Porter, medium. Conference for one hour, many taking part, the house continually filling up until every seat on the floor was filled, and many in the gallery. At 8 o'clock, P. M., Mrs. Blair called the attention of the Convention to the fact that Mrs. Blair was now ready to carry out proposition to paint a floral picture under spirit influence when blind-folded by a committee of ladies chosen by the audience.

A voice—Why not choose a committee of men?

Mrs. Blair.—When the medium is a man, then let the committee be men, and when a woman, then let the committee be women. Will you now appoint a committee of two women, to blind fold Mrs. Blair? After several nominations and objections, Mrs. Wilber and Mrs. Ricks, both of Belvidere, were chosen, and came forward onto the platform. The committee then proceeded to blind-fold Mrs. Blair, by placing linen pads, seventeen folds thick, over each eye, completely filling up the cavity of the eye—then a linen handkerchief, eight-folds thick, bound her eyes, closely pressing these pads onto the eye-ball.

The lady committee pronounced her completely blinded. The ladies then changed the paint dishes, placing them promiscuously on the table. Mr. Blair then placed a shaded lamp on the left of Mrs. Blair, so that the light fell squarely on what the artist was doing, giving all in the house a fine chance to see every motion of the hand. At a given signal Mrs. Blair began painting, and in 15 minutes executed two beautiful floral pictures, that were sold on the spot—one for \$2.50, the other \$1.25. These drawings were executed in fine artistic order, the colors blending admirably in fine harmony. The committee reported that these pictures were painted by this woman blind-folded in the time and manner stated.

E. V. Wilson—Ladies, do you believe that this woman could see what she was doing?

"No."

"Will you state to the audience that these drawings were executed with one hand only, and one of them with the stem toward the audience, the other reversed?"

"You are right—it is as you state."

An incident occurred worthy of notice during the Convention. A Mr. Phillips had declared that he could do all that any medium could do, and when shown one of Mrs. Blair's pictures painted when blind-folded said, "When that woman will paint such a picture on cardboard furnished by me, with my mark on it, I will give it up."

"He was at once invited to procure the card-

board, which he did, and on which Mrs. Blair painted. During all the time Mrs. Blair was painting, Charley Loup, one of the officers of the city or county (as we were credibly informed) kept up a captious and bitter interference, and behaved in a very ungentlemanly manner, and continued it until citizens of a better type of manhood, went to him and compelled this ardent lover of Jesus to be still. We could account for his course only in the fact that he had lately experienced religion, or had imbibed too much whiskey and was under a bad influence.

Dr. J. H. Severance followed Mrs. Blair with an able lecture that interested all. Our meeting concluded in triumph and success, the people lingering some time after the speaking had closed.

Sunday, Dec. 15th, The Convention was called to order at 9 1/2 o'clock, A. M., full over a hundred delegates present. All were in earnest. The speakers, mediums and officers were at their places, every moment of the time being occupied in Conference, in speaking and teaching, each brother and sister being intent on making their words tell—all done well! At 9 1/2 o'clock, A. M., E. V. Wilson came forward, holding in his hand a card on which he looked, saying, "Friends, I have here a matter of vital importance. It is finance. We have \$60 to pay for hall and provisions, \$10 for help, and we want to pay the traveling expenses of our speakers who have come from a distance—in all about \$100, and we have here in hand over \$40. We want to raise the balance, and have got to do it to day, for every cent of expense must be paid before we close this Convention, and now, friends, I am ready to pay my share, and the way money came in would convince the most skeptical adventist, that Spiritualism has a soul and Spiritualists are a paying institution. In 20 minutes every expense of the Convention was met and paid, and we had \$15 towards paying the expenses of our speakers, which amounted to \$34. The balance of this was raised by collection in the evening.

At 10:15, A. M., E. V. Wilson came forward with a paper in his hand, saying: Mr. President, Men and Women—Last Spring Milo Porter and myself resolved to call a Spiritual Convention at Wheaton, DuPage Co., Ill., to continue over Friday, Saturday and Sunday, May 17th, 18th, and 19th. We organized and named our organization, The Northern Illinois Conference of Spiritualists. We met again in August, holding a three days' Convention, which proved a complete success. We are now holding our third Convention—it is a triumph, and in the face and eyes of these successes, we feel warranted in presenting you the following preamble and resolutions, and will call on you to co-operate with us in this our undertaking.

WHEREAS, we the undersigned, seeing and feeling the necessity of unity in action, as well as promptness and earnestness in carrying on the work of reform in Northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, and recognizing the importance of sustaining these Quarterly meetings, and the officers presiding over them; Therefore,

RESOLVED, That we the undersigned will sustain the officers of the Convention in their efforts to carry out the work thus nobly begun.

RESOLVED, That we will sustain by our presence and means, the support and continuance of these meetings hereafter, according to our ability and pecuniary circumstances.

RESOLVED, That the officers of the Northern Illinois Conference of Spiritualists, be, and are hereby requested to get up, and carry out a practical Spiritual Camp Meeting at such place and time, between the 1st. of June and the 1st. of September, as in their judgment may seem good. Therefore request them to advertise for calls, offers and propositions for holding a Camp Meeting in such place as shall hold out the best inducements for such a meeting. And that the Secretary of this meeting now in session, be and is hereby authorized to copy these resolutions and proceedings together with our names in a Journal of Record to be kept for the use of this Convention and Camp Meeting, and that their resolutions and call be published in the report of the proceedings of this Convention. The speakers and mediums then came forward and gave their names.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

E. V. Wilson's Appointments.

We speak in Manestee, Mich., on Wednesday and Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday evening, and on Sunday morning, Jan. 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th—six lectures; in Lexington, N. Y., on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th—five lectures; in Holland, N. Y., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th—four lectures; in Westfield, Pa., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th; and in Philadelphia, the Sundays and Monday evenings of February, 1873.

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CITIZENS' PETITION

To the Honorable United States Senate and House of Representatives in Congress Assembled:

The undersigned citizens of the United States deeply realizing the importance of improving the facilities and safety in transmitting small sums of money through the mails, do respectfully but most urgently solicit your attention and action in the premises.

From our experience and information upon the subject we do verily believe that many hundreds of thousands of dollars are annually purloined from letters by officials who have the handling of the United States mails. It has become a burthen and a source of annoyance which we are unwilling longer to endure. We know that the remedy for the evil is simple, and justice demands a prompt adoption of a measure which will remedy it in every post-office throughout the United States.

Millions of dollars are transmitted in small sums every year by people in moderate circumstances for newspaper subscriptions, books, small articles of merchandise, and other purposes too numerous to mention; a considerable per cent. of which never reaches its legitimate destination. A revenue in these cases is paid to the Government, and yet there is no equivalent rendered.

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The Registry System is expensive and unsafe. It is not what the people require.

We most urgently ask your honorable body to speedily take this subject under consideration, and to extend the Money Order System to every post-office in the United States, with such a low rate of expense as shall be equitable and just toward the people, and as in duty bound, etc.

Cut the Foregoing Petition Out, and get every person over the age of twenty-one years, to sign the same and forward it to your Senator or Representative in Congress.

This is a matter that interests every newspaper publisher, as well as every citizen in the United States. Will all newspaper editors publish this, or something similar, at once, and request their readers everywhere, to cut out and circulate the same and forward to their respective members of Congress and Senators? Let us move together and secure a redress for the wrongs we are all suffering.

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All Spiritualists and Investigators will hail with delight, another volume from Mr. HOME. Although a continuation of the first series issued some years since it is complete in itself. In his Preface he says:

"About nine years since I presented to the public a volume entitled 'Incidents in My Life,' the first edition of which was speedily exhausted, and a second was issued in 1863. During the years that have since elapsed, although many attacks have been made upon me, and upon the truths of Spiritualism, its opponents have not succeeded in producing one word of evidence to discredit the truth of my statements, which have remained uncontradicted. Meantime the truths of Spiritualism have become more widely known, and the subject has been forced upon public attention in a remarkable manner. This was especially the case in the years 1867 and 1868, in consequence of the success of the examination into the truth of Spiritualism by the Committee of the Dialectical Society, whose report has recently been published. (Coincident with and subsequent to their examination, a series of investigations was carried on in my presence, by Lord Adair, now Earl of Dunfermline, an account of which has been privately printed; an examination, especially scientific in its character, was also conducted by Prof. Crookes, who has published his conclusions in the 'Journal of Science.' I now present the public with the second volume of 'Incidents in My Life,' which continues my narrative to the period of the commencement of the Chancery suit."

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EDITOR JOURNAL.—For the benefit of my friends and the world, I desire to make this brief statement. I have been almost entirely bald for about six years. Had tried almost everything that I could hear recommended, and firmly believed that nothing could restore my hair.

One year ago this month I wrote Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the healing medium, 148 Fourth Avenue, Chicago, as a last resort—or, rather, to please my wife.

Mrs. R. immediately prescribed for me. I did not get all the ingredients for the Restorative until some time in June, 1871. I then commenced using it as directed, and was encouraged, because it was the first application that had been felt upon the scalp.—It caused a smarting sensation. I continued the use of this preparation about three months, when I could see the hair starting in spots all over my head, and I now have a very comfortable head of hair, which money cannot buy. I am asked almost every day how it is, and what I had used to bring my hair back, all agreeing that it is unaccountably strange, etc., etc. And here let me state, that not one of all the eminent physicians I had consulted had given any encouragement, but, on the contrary, had told me that I never would get a head of hair.

I can fully substantiate the foregoing by 10,000 witnesses, if necessary, and will answer correspondents if desired. Springfield, Mo. M. K. SMITH.

Mr. Smith inclosed a lock of his hair along with the above letter. It is about one inch in length, and of a dark brown color, soft and lively as that of a young man of twenty.

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