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RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth Meets no Ash, bows at no Human Shrine, seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

VOL. XXI. CHICAGO, JANUARY 6, 1877. NO. 17.

SPIRITUAL ASPIRATION

BY FRANCES HARRIET M'DONALL

Could I dip my pen in rose-light,
Fresh from fountains of the sun,
I would paint the upward soaring,
That is ever just begun.
Ages cannot waste its morning;
Cycles but announce its dawning.

Track the never-ending spiral,
Forward; upward; on, forever;
From the great law of its being,
Nothing can the spirit sever.
Moving in progressive stages,
Through the silent lapse of ages.

Though it bear a wounded patient
As it gazes on the stars,
And with every upward impulse,
Throbs against its prison bars,
Struggling captive, weep no longer,
Even this shall make thee stronger.

Stretch out, O thou human spirit!
Over the waves of Sense and Time,
And with Angels claim thine heritage,
To a destiny sublime.
Ages cannot waste its morning,
Cycles but announce its dawning.

THE LAWS AFFECTING PUBLIC MEDIUMSHIP IN ENGLAND.

BY "M. A. JONON."

(Extracted from an article entitled "Notes on the Present Crisis," which appears in *Human Nature* for December, 1876.)

It may be well to set forward in a popular form the state of these misty old laws that have been raked out for the purposes of the prosecution, and to define their bearing on the practice of mediumship in public. The curiosities of the statute-book are known to few, and it may be new to many of my readers that public mediums, under certain statutes, framed for far other purposes, may find themselves prosecuted in any of the following ways:

I. An indictment may be preferred against a public medium for obtaining money under false pretences. He may be tried at Assizes, Central Criminal Court, or Quarter Sessions, but his case does not come under the summary jurisdiction of a Police Magistrate as did the case of Dr. Slade.

The difficulty of proving what the Act requires will stop enthusiastic medium-hunters from having frequent recourse to it. In order to ensure a conviction it is necessary to prove:

- (1) A pretence or representation made by the accused or with his knowledge and authority.
- (2) That such representation was false, and false to his knowledge.
- (3) That it was made with intent to defraud.
- (4) That money, or its equivalent, were, in fact, obtained in consequence and by means of that representation—i. e., that the person that parts with his money believed the representation, and was induced by it to part with his money.

These devious and tortuous by-paths afford ample cover for the "elusive wild beast" to find shelter. It would be very hard to bring him to bay, and manifestly none but a Spiritualist, who believed the representation that the phenomena are due to spiritual agency, could use it.

II. On the trial of any indictable offence, the accused may be convicted of an attempt only, so that, failing proof that the fraud was successfully accomplished, it is possible that the proof of an intent to defraud, and of the false pretences used for the purpose, would support a conviction for the minor offence (*vid. 14 and 15 Viet. cap. 100 sec. 2*). Or the accused may be indicted for the attempt only, as every attempt to commit a misdemeanor is itself a misdemeanor. Observe attempt not intention; the act is sufficient without the motive being proven.

The punishment for obtaining money under false pretence is, at the discretion of the Court, five years penal servitude, or imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for any term not exceeding two years.

III. If this be considered by the medium-hunter too risky a proceeding, or if the "elusive wild beast" escapes the meshes of the net, he may be proceeded against as a rogue and vagabond, under the provisions of "The Vagrant Act," 5 George IV., cap. 83, sec. 4. This is the Act under which Slade was summarily convicted, and sentenced to three months imprisonment, with hard labor. It provides that "any person pretending or professing to tell fortunes, or using any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive or impose on any of Her Majesty's subjects, may be dealt with summarily." The general words "or otherwise" are governed by the preceding specification of the class of offenders intended to be dealt with and so will be confined to devices (*quodam generis*) of the class as fortune-telling and palmistry.

For instance, it was held by the Court of Queen's Bench that a mere trick of sleight of hand, whereby halfpence were substituted for half-crowns, apparently placed in small paper parcels, which were then offered for sale to a crowd of persons, did not come within the Act. Yet, according to Mr. Flowers, slate-writing does. This is the ground of appeal in Slade's case. If palmistry or halfpence for half-crowns is not within the Act, it is hard to see how slate-

writing is. This, however, is still to be tried.

IV. There remains one more engine, if all these devices fail. The unfortunate medium is liable to prosecution under the 9 George II., cap. 5, which after repealing the old Act of James I against witchcraft, proceeds thus: "And for the more effectual preventing and punishing any pretences to such arts or powers as are before mentioned, whereby ignorant persons are frequently deluded and defrauded, it is further enacted that if any person shall pretend to exercise, or use, any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration, or undertake to tell fortunes, or pretend, by his or her skill or knowledge in any occult or crafty science, to discover where or in what manner any goods or chattels supposed to have been stolen or lost, may be found, every person so offending, being thereof lawfully convicted on indictment or information in that part of Great Britain called England, or on indictment or bill in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, shall for each such offence suffer imprisonment in the space of one whole year, without bail. Furthermore, he is to stand in the pillory, and find sureties for good behavior."

It will be observed that England and Scotland only are specified. Is Ireland then the happy hunting-ground of mediums? At any rate one crumb of comfort is to be found in the fact that the punishment of the pillory is abolished by 1 Will. IV., and 1 Viet. c. 21.

Such are the provisions which the wisdom of our forefathers enacted to deliver themselves from having their fortunes told or from witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration. What they were afraid of, or how far the provisions of their Acts were meant to apply, I do not venture to guess. Whether Maskelyne is a "conjurator" or not, I dare not even wonder. I should not wonder if he was. But that opens out too wide a question. Would sauce for the Spiritualist goose be sauce also for the conjuring gander? That is a nice point. How far the first young lady who trifles with Planchette may be indicted under this Act is a problem as yet unsolved. But, at any rate, I shall not be wrong if I brand, within the parliamentary use of words, the application of these obsolete statutes to the stopping of unwelcome investigation, by the strongest terms of reprobation. It may be temporarily successful—may, I will not believe, so badly of English common-sense and fair-play, as to credit even so much as that—but the time is not far distant when by the consent of opinion of educated men, those who have wielded such weapons to crush that which they detest and fear, will be held to have gone beyond the rules of fair warfare. The unwelcome truth cannot be met and must be crushed. No means are ready in these enlightened days except the obvious ones of scientific investigation and study. This is not to be thought of, and accordingly the "subtle devices" of Spiritualism are countermined and sought to be exploded by the no less "subtle devices" of an antiquated and barbarous legal enactment. Instead of fighting with the weapons which modern research and civilized usage alone sanction, viz., experiment and investigation, we are met with wholesale ridicule and supercilious scorn, by men who laugh at what they do not understand, and affect to scorn that which inspires them with a vulgar fear. When these weapons fail they have resort to obsolete and rusty lances dragged from the armory where they have long hung unused, and rapidly furnished up to meet exigencies for which they were never constructed. These they will use—the High Priests of Science—to crush out, so far as in them lies, the noblest science of all, man's knowledge of his own soul and its eternal destiny. These they will use with such vigor as inspires a man when he feels "his craft in danger." These they will use, and will not even blush that they are belching their profession and turning science into a by-word, by fathering on it practices which are born of jealousy and fear—their whose *raison d'être* is the search of all truth, but whose practice is the arrogant denial of all save that section which they honor with their own patronage. These they will use until they break in their hands, and leave them foolish and malignant, still, but helpless in their mad crusade: men who have tried to revive, in the 19th century, the bigotry and inquisitorial tactics of mediævalism, and who have, in most righteous retribution, met with an ignominious failure.

This must be the result of the present attempt in the end. There is an alternative, which I will state, but will not entertain. It is that the present persecution, bitterly persisted in, should succeed. The result in this case may be shortly stated. Investigation will become esoteric, and the truth will flourish all the more in secrecy and seclusion. But meantime a heavy blow will have been dealt to freedom and liberty of action, and the dogmatism of science will be in a fair way to replace, with its even more offensive rule, the iron reign of theological bigotry, which not three centuries of persistent struggle have yet entirely obliterated. The Lankesters of science will replace the inquisitors church history; and it will be again proven for the hundredth time that in the opinion of such unyielding bigots, liberty of thought means liberty to think as I do, or to take the consequences.

I say I will not entertain this alternative as a serious possibility. I will not think so poorly of the intelligence and fair-mindedness of men who are, at least, civilized and

cultured, as to believe that any considerable number of them will fight under the banner of Lankester, and wage a war against investigation of any subject, however distasteful it may be to their own notions and opinions. I prefer to believe, till I am forced to think otherwise, that this is a passing craze, of which, when it is past, its victims will be thoroughly and deservedly ashamed.—*Human Nature, England.*

A ROYAL SIBYL.

The Retired Prophetess Who Warned Napoleon III. in New York—Mme. Lenormand's Story—Omens, Visions, and Perilous.

A reporter of the *New York Mercury*, having learnt that Mlle. Louise Lenormand, the French fortune-teller, and only daughter of her still more famous mother, Adele Lenormand, was in the city, called upon her at the residence of her cousin on Blawieck Street, and gives the following:

He was ushered into the presence of a little woman of 45, dressed in the most tasteful style, of the polished manner of a true Parisienne, and speaking the most elegant French.

"You ask if I have come to America to practice my profession?" she said. "Mon Dieu, no, I shall never attempt to predict the future any more. My experiences in France since 1870 have been most galling. Prior to the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, I was frequently consulted by both the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. I implored them not to precipitate such a war. I told the Emperor that it would be disastrous; that he would lose by it his crown and his life. He seemed deeply impressed, and asked me: 'Shall I fall on the field of battle?' 'Ah, no, sire,' I replied; 'you will die in exile.' He buried his face in his hands and, for a long time, remained absorbed in thought, at last he raised his head. His face was livid. His eyes seemed even more sunken and leaden than usual. 'Has my star set?' he asked in a husky voice. 'I could not help bursting into tears, for he looked the very picture of utter despair and mental prostration. He did not say another word, but with unsteady gait left my room."

"Mlle. Lenormand," asked the reporter, "do you believe that the ill-fated Emperor had full faith in your powers of foreseeing the future?" "Had he?" she replied, with a smile of conscious pride. "He had good reason to believe in our wonderful powers. Why, had the Bonapartes followed my grandmother, my mother, and poor me, they might still be the rulers of France. My grandmother implored Napoleon the First not to go to Russia in 1812. But he did go, believing in his star. Previously she had foretold to the Empress Josephine her impending divorce. Again, in 1815, my grandmother predicted the disaster of Waterloo. He saw her in Paris after his flight from that dreadful field of battle, and in a voice broken with sobs, he expressed his regrets at not having followed her advice. The Bourbons, after their restoration, persecuted my grandmother. My grandmother died in 1823. My mother had inherited her powers. When King Charles X., in 1824, was crowned at Rheims he was so elated that he sent a state-carriage to Paris for my mother. 'Mme. Lenormand,' he said to her, 'they tell me that you are a clever soothsayer. Now, can you tell me how long I shall remain King of France?' My mother replied, 'Sire, you will lose your crown in 1830.' 'Do you mean to say,' asked the King, visibly disconcerted by her answer, 'that I shall die in 1830?' 'No, sire,' she rejoined, 'in that year you will be driven from France into exile.' He put no other questions, but pledged my mother to the most rigorous secrecy in regard to the matter. The royal family of Louis Philippe patronized her, and that monarch frequently turned my mother's predictions to account. But Guizot pooh-poohed my mother's prophecies and used his whole influence to ruin her. He caused several abandoned women to assume my mother's name, and to set up as fortune-tellers. He also hired a scribbler to get up a book, published annually, and entitled, 'The Prophecies of Mme. Lenormand.' My mother applied to the courts for relief, but, through the influence of the Government, she lost her suit. The mortification in consequence of all this affected her so deeply that she died early in 1842, having previously predicted the death of the Duke of Orleans. I succeeded her. Months before Louis Philippe fell, I knew it. When Louis Napoleon came to Paris he came to me. I told him he would be Emperor. He acknowledged that he thought I was right. He sent all his adherents, especially the female relatives, of the latter, to me for advice."

"How do you have these visions of the future, Mlle. Lenormand?" "Ah, monsieur, would to God I had never had one!" she replied, in a sombre tone. "Sometimes it seems to me to lie in the air, it begins to oppress me; I sink into a sort of lethargy, and then the strange visions rise up before me. I see the carnage of hostile armies on the battle-fields, I see death-beds of illustrious persons, councils of state engaged in the solution of momentous diplomatic problems, I see crowned ladies clasped in the arms of their guilty paramours, and everything impresses itself so vividly upon my mind that when I awake I can write down the most insignificant details of what I saw. But I remain otherwise prostrated for days, and often for weeks. You must bear in mind

that it is no trifling thing for a poor, weak woman like me to witness the horrible scenes of a field of battle. I shall never forget the death of poor Espinasse at Solferino. His wife had frequently consulted me. She was one of the ladies of honor of the Empress Eugenie. While the battle of Solferino was in progress, Mme. Espinasse, accompanied by a deeply veiled lady, came to my house. I was in a state of lethargy. I witnessed the whole battle in my train. Suddenly I saw a general fall from his horse, and writhe in indescribable agony on the ground. I had seen that man before. I recognized Gen. Espinasse! Two minutes afterwards he was dead. Shocked beyond measure I awoke. My maid fetched in Mme. Espinasse and her veiled companion. I could not help uttering a cry of horror as I caught sight of the former lady. She became at once dreadfully alarmed. 'What do you know about the war?' she asked anxiously. 'Is my husband, the general, safe?' I shook my head. 'Heavens, she shrieked, 'is he dead?' 'I am afraid he is,' I replied. With a cry of despair she threw herself into the arms of the veiled lady. 'Ah, you Majesty she moaned, 'I thought so.' The veiled lady was the Empress. I had seen her before, but never met her face to face. She drew her veil back, and wanted to know more about the battle. I told her all I knew. In her excitement she fainted away. Next day the telegraph fully confirmed my vision. I often met the Empress afterward. She seemed to be eager to hear my prophecies, but she hardly ever heeded them. Had she done so, she would be in a different position now. It was she who forestalled the Emperor into that dreadful war with Prussia. I warned her, but she seemed to be 'crazy on the subject.'"

"But you think that your country is now entirely out of her troubles, do you not?" "No," she said, "no! Her history will soon enough be more heartrending than ever. The politicians there hate me, because I have expressed my gloomy forebodings as to the fate of poor France. All they care for is to lead the people to believe that France is now on the high road of power, happiness and prosperity. But they will see, they will see."—*Detroit Post.*

MRS. L. M. KERNS.

Particulars in Reference to a Seance.

Mrs. L. M. Kerns, of San Francisco, gave a public test seance in Harvard Rooms, Sixth avenue and 42nd street, New York City, Sunday evening, December 17th, before a large audience, considering the stinging weather, the gratification of believers, and the confusion of skeptics. I will simply state the exercises and facts as they occurred.

First—A song—"We are Waiting and Watching for Thee," by Mrs. Adams, Mr. Farnsworth, and Mr. Wilson, the pianist, rendered expressively; after which the audience was requested to write the name or names of spirit friends with a question, on paper, and fold up same securely from sight. A large collection of these ballots were placed on the platform table in view of the audience. The medium took up each paper in turn, and if an influence followed, inquired if the spirit called for was present, and if so, reply was made by gentle raps about the table. The gas of the hall remained untouched and in full blaze; the medium, the ballots, and the plain table in full view. If a spirit is seen the medium describes, or if heard, repeats the words. A committee of two gentlemen was selected by the audience as judges or close observers—Mr. Knight, a skeptic, and Mr. Washburn, reporter of the *New York World*, also an unbeliever, who took seats immediately on the right and left of the medium. Mrs. Adams next sang an Ave Maria, during which Mrs. Kerns touched each ballot, and said:

1. "I hear the name of Richard Collier. Did any one write that name?" inquired the medium. A gentleman rose and said he knew such a man, but had not written his name.

2. Medium wrote very rapidly and nervously, eyes shut, a message signed Emma, selected a ballot, handed it to one of the judges, who opened it and found written the name of Emma Eames. The writer of the ballot said he did not see how the lady could know. The message read: "I am present with you to-night. Will select the paper on which my name is written. I wish to talk with you in private." Mrs. Kerns does not give private sittings.

3. Another message; name illegible; asked to rewrite it; did no better. Medium said she felt the name on her arm; bared her left arm; the judges saw nothing, but while watching, a name appeared upon the outline in red letters; medium wrote the name again, more distinctly, same on the arm—J. Farnsworth Jonathan in full in the message. Medium requested any physician of scientist present to examine and explain the development; none appeared. The name acknowledged by the son, who stated he never spoke to the lady in his life outside of the hall, and did not think she knows any member of his family, and could not account for the test on any theory but the spiritual.

4. Said the medium; "I see, standing between the lady and gentleman sitting next to the two first on the front seat a young man [describing him in detail] and he calls the gentleman father. He puts his hand on the lady's shoulder, does not speak, but I see in letters in front of him the word sister."

The lady and gentleman said they were not Spiritualists, but that they acknowledge the description and relationship of a son and brother deceased.

5. "I hear the name of E. C. Graham. No response. Writer perhaps timid.

6. "I hear a spirit say, 'I cannot answer the question addressed to Emily Stone.' Ballot selected, and found by judges to contain a question to said name. Writer said he was a Spiritualist, but never spoke to the lady.

7. "I hear the name of Martha Young. Anybody recognize it?" A gentleman replied, "I wrote that name, folded the paper well. You are a stranger to me. Never saw you except in this hall. I have seen that same spirit materialized as plain as life."

8. Wrote the name of Gus Harny. Not acknowledged.

9. Turning to the platform the medium said she saw a spirit, and the letters A. S. Resolved.

10. Wrote Henry Fairchild. No response.

11. Wrote after selecting a ballot, and learning by raps it was the spirit already recognized in case No. 9 the name of A. S. Willson; also another name beneath it. The medium complained of dizziness, and symptoms of "drowning." The gentleman arose and said he must acknowledge the names just unaccountably written, the first name with the uncommon // was correct; the party was drowned, but in connection with the second name he desired to say nothing; that he was not a Spiritualist, and wouldn't be.

12. Spirit reported name of Mary Jane, as medium understood it. A gentleman first stated he addressed that name, but canceled the acknowledgment because of a slight difference in the name as written and as heard by the medium.

13. The above named spirit, Henry Fairchild, next wrote impatiently, "Why the devil don't you say you know me." No confession.

Going through the ballots again, and obtaining no influence, the medium announced the close. The people flocked about the platform, earnestly inquiring as to the philosophy and the facts.

Early in January, Mrs. Kerns will give a public test seance in Brooklyn, for the benefit of the sufferers of the fire.

Respectfully,
J. F. SKIPES,
No. 270 West 42nd st., New York.

HOAG'S VISION.

Letter from P. T. Smith.

EDITOR JOURNAL—I see in your issue of December 23rd, a copy of Joseph Hoag's vision, following which there are editorial expressions of doubt indulged in, as to its genuineness; seemingly well founded, too, since its near parallel prophesy, ascribed to Mother Shipton, of long ago, and in a foreign country, was acknowledged to have been written by some over imaginative, justly impregnated mind here in our country.

While I have little or no faith in the value or fulfillment of the Hoag prophesy, I am willing to hear testimony as to its authorship.

Joseph Hoag lived in Columbiana County, Ohio, and died at about the same time indicated; according to his own statement, he experienced some sensations and revelations, as set forth in the vision alluded to.

He was a Quaker, and a strict adherent to the Friends' observance; a farmer by occupation, and regarded by all who knew him as strictly honest, and in every way above reproach; but without, by some considered "a little singular."

Most of my relations have lived in that county, some of whom were personally acquainted with Joseph, and knew of him writing this vision, as well as many other of seeming less import. I have seen many persons who were acquainted with him, all bearing corroborative descriptions of him, which leads me to believe that he was simply very mediumistic, and under the influence of "spirits," had this vision, less understood than than now, which subjected him to the derisive appellation of "singular."

I have seen a true copy of the original vision as early as 1842, which is now somewhere among the papers in the archives of our old family records.

The publication of it in your excellent paper, of date as above alluded to, is correct as near as my memory served me.

Burlington, Iowa. P. T. SMITH, D. D. G.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Give us beautiful thoughts, said the poet of old—
More to be prized than jewels or gold;
They will leave a bright spot on eternity's page,
And a record will make from youth to old age.

So let us live that our thoughts will illumine
And brighten our lives while we dwell in earth's form.
Then, when we pass to the beautiful shore,
Angels will guide our bark passing o'er.

Thus mirrored, we'll find reflected over there,
Beautiful thoughts, which the angels will share.
And as gems they will form a bright crown above,
Thereon will be written the Jewels of Love.

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From the great law of its being,
Nothing can the spirit sever—
Moving in progressive stages,
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Though it bear a wounded pinion
As it gazes on the stars,
And with every upward impulse,
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Struggling captive, weep no longer!
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Stretch out, O thou human spirit!
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IV. There remains one more engine, if all these devices fail. The unfortunate medium is liable to prosecution under the 9 George II., cap. 5, which after repealing the old Act of James I against witchcraft, proceeds thus:—"And for the more effectual preventing and punishing any pretences to such arts or powers as are before mentioned, whereby ignorant persons are frequently deluded and defrauded, it is further enacted that if any person shall pretend to exercise, or use, any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, enchantment, or conjuration, or undertake to tell fortunes, or pretend, by his or her skill or knowledge in any occult or crafty science, to discover where or in what manner any goods or chattels supposed to have been stolen or lost, may be found, every person so offending, being thereof lawfully convicted on indictment or information in that part of Great Britain called England, or on indictment or bill in that part of Great Britain called Scotland, shall for each such offense suffer imprisonment by the space of one whole year, without bail. Furthermore, he is to stand in the pillory, and find sureties for good behavior."

It will be observed that England and Scotland only are specified. Is Ireland then the happy hunting-ground of mediums? At any rate one crumb of comfort is to be found in the fact that the punishment of the pillory is abolished by 1 Will. IV., and 1 Viet., c. 23.

Such are the provisions which the wisdom of our forefathers enacted to deliver themselves from having their fortunes told or from witchcraft, sorcery, or conjuration. What they were afraid of, or how far the provisions of their Acts were meant to apply, I do not venture to guess. Whether Maskelyne is a "conjurator" or not, I dare not even wonder. I should not wonder if he was. But that opens out too wide a question. Would sauce for the Spiritualist be sauce also for the conjuring gander? That is a nice point. How far the first young lady who trifles with Planchette may be indicted under this Act is a problem as yet unsolved. But, at any rate, I shall not be wrong if I brand, within the parliamentary use of words, the application of these obsolete statutes to the stopping of unwelcome investigation, by the strongest terms of reprobation. It may be temporarily successful—may, I will not believe so badly of English common-sense and fair-play, as to credit even so much as that—but the time is not far distant when by the consent of opinion of educated men, those who have wielded such weapons to crush that which they detest and fear, will be held to have gone beyond the rules of fair warfare. The unwelcome path cannot be met and must be crushed. No means are ready in these enlightened days except the obvious ones of scientific investigation and study. This is not to be thought of, and accordingly the "subtle devices" of Spiritualism are countermined and sought to be exploded by the no less "subtle devices" of an antiquated and barbarous legal enactment. Instead of fighting with the weapons which modern research and civilized usage alone sanction, viz., experiment and investigation, we are met with wholesale ridicule and supercilious scorn, by men who laugh at what they do not understand, and affect to scorn that which inspires them with a vulgar fear. When these weapons fail they have resort to obsolete and rusty lances dragged from the armory where they have long hung unused, and rapidly furnished up to meet exigencies for which they were never constructed. These they will use—the High Priests of Science—to crush out, so far as in them lies, the poorest science of all, man's knowledge of his own soul and its eternal destiny. These they will use with such vigor as inspires a man when he feels "his craft in danger." These they will use, and will not even blush that they are using their profession and turning science into a by-word, by fathering on it practices, which are born of jealousy and fear—they whose *raison d'être* is the search of all truth, but whose practice is the arrogant denial of all save that section which they honor with their own patronage. These they will use until they break in their hands, and leave them foolish and malignant still, but helpless in their mad crusade: men who have tried to revive, in the 19th century, the bigotry and inquisitorial tactics of mediævalism, and who have, in most righteous retribution, met with an ignominious failure.

This must be the result of the present attempt in the end. There is an alternative, which I will state, but will not entertain. It is that the present persecution, bitterly persisted in, should succeed. The result in this case may be shortly stated. Investigation will become esoteric, and the truth will flourish all the more in secrecy and seclusion. But meantime a heavy blow will have been dealt to freedom and liberty of action, and the dogmatism of science will be in a fair way to replace, with its even more offensive rule, the iron reign of theological bigotry, which not three centuries of persistent struggle have yet entirely obliterated. The Lankesters of science will replace the inquisitors of church history; and it will be again proven for the hundredth time that in the opinion of such unyielding bigots, liberty of thought means liberty to think as I do, or to take the consequences.

I say I will not entertain this alternative as a serious possibility. I will not think so poorly of the intelligence and fair-mindedness of men who are, at least, civilized and

cultured, as to believe that any considerable number of them will fight under the banner of Lankester, and wage a war against investigation of any subject, however distasteful it may be to their own notions and opinions. I prefer to believe, till I am forced to think otherwise, that this is a passing craze, of which, when it is past, its victims will be thoroughly and deservedly ashamed.—*Human Nature, England.*

A ROYAL SIBYL.
The Retired Prophetess Who Warned Napoleon III, in New York—Mme. Lenormand's Story—Omens, Visions and Predictions.

A reporter of the *New York Mercury*, having learnt that Mlle. Louise Lenormand, the French fortune-teller, and only daughter of her still more famous mother, Adele Lenormand, was in the city, called upon her at the residence of her cousin on Bleeker Street, and gives the following:

He was ushered into the presence of a little woman of 45, dressed in the most tasteful style, of the polished manner of a true Parisienne, and speaking the most elegant French.

"You ask if I have come to America to practice my profession?" she said. "Mon Dieu, no, I shall never attempt to predict the future any more. My experiences in France since 1870 have been most galling. Prior to the declaration of war against Prussia in 1870, I was frequently consulted by both the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie. I implored them not to precipitate such a war. I told the Emperor that it would be disastrous; that he would lose by it his crown and his life. He seemed deeply impressed, and asked me: 'Shall I fall on the field of battle?' 'Ah, no, sire,' I replied; 'you will die in exile.' He buried his face in his hands and, for a long time, remained absorbed in thought, at last he raised his head. His face was livid. His eyes seemed even more sunken and leaden than usual. 'Has my star set?' he asked in a husky voice. 'I could not help bursting into tears, for he looked the very picture of utter despair and mental prostration. He did not say another word, but with unsteady gait left my room.'

"Mlle. Lenormand," asked the reporter, "do you believe that the ill-fated Emperor had full faith in your powers of foreseeing the future?" "Had he?" she replied, with a smile of conscious pride. "He had good reason to believe in our wonderful powers. Why, had the Bonapartes followed my grandmother, my mother, and poor me, they might still be the rulers of France. My grandmother implored Napoleon the First not to go to Russia in 1812. But he did go, believing in his star. Previously she had foretold to the Empress Josephine her impending divorce. Again, in 1815, my grandmother predicted the disaster of Waterloo. He saw her in Paris after his flight from that dreadful field of battle, and in a voice broken with sobs, he expressed his regrets at not having followed her advice. The Bourbons, after their restoration, persecuted my grandmother. My grandmother died in 1823. My mother had inherited her powers. When King Charles X, in 1824, was crowned at Rheims he was so clad that he sent a state-carriage to Paris for my mother. 'Mme. Lenormand,' he said to her, 'tell me that you are a clever soothsayer. Now, can you tell me how long I shall remain King of France?' My mother replied, 'Sire, you will lose your crown in 1830.' 'Do you mean to say,' asked the King, visibly disconcerted by her answer, 'that I shall die in 1830?' 'No, sire,' she rejoined, 'in that year you will be driven from France into exile.' He put no other questions, but pledged my mother to the most rigorous secrecy in regard to the matter. The royal family of Louis Philippe patronized her, and that monarch frequently turned my mother's predictions to account. But Guizot pook-pooked my mother's prophecies and used his whole influence to ruin her. He caused several abandoned women to assume my mother's name, and to set up as fortune-tellers. He also hired a scribbler to get up a book, published annually, and entitled, 'The Prophecies of Mme. Lenormand.' My mother applied to the courts for relief, but, through the influence of the Government, she lost her suit. The mortification in consequence of all this affected her so deeply that she died early in 1842, having previously predicted the death of the Duke of Orleans. I succeeded her. Months before Louis Philippe fell, I knew it. When Louis Napoleon came to Paris he came to me. I told him he would be Emperor. He acknowledged that he thought I was right. He sent all his adherents, especially the female relatives of the latter, to me for advice."

"How do you have these visions of the future, Mlle. Lenormand?" "Ah, monsieur, would to God I had never had one!" she replied, in a sombre tone. "Sometimes it seems to me to lie in the air, it begins to oppress me; I sink into a sort of lethargy, and then the strangest visions rise up before me. I see the carnage of hostile armies on the battle-fields. I see death-beds of illustrious persons, councils of state engaged in the solution of momentous diplomatic problems. I see crowned ladies clasped in the arms of their guilty paramours, and everything impresses itself so vividly upon my mind that when I awake I can write down the most insignificant details of what I saw. But I remain otherwise prostrated for days, and often for weeks. You must bear in mind

that it is no trifling thing for a poor, weak woman like me to witness the horrible scenes of a field of battle. I shall never forget the death of poor Esparasse at Solferino. His wife had frequently consulted me. She was one of the ladies of honor of the Empress Eugenie. While the battle of Solferino was in progress, Mme. Esparasse, accompanied by a deeply veiled lady, came to my house. I was in a state of lethargy. I witnessed the whole battle in my trance. Suddenly I saw a general fall from his horse, and writhe in indescribable agony on the ground. I had seen that man before. I recognized Gen. Esparasse! Two minutes afterwards he was dead. Shocked beyond measure I awoke. My maid ushered in Mme. Esparasse and her veiled companion. I could not help uttering a cry of horror as I caught sight of the former lady. She became at once dreadfully alarmed. 'What do you know about the war?' she asked anxiously. 'Is my husband, the general, safe?' I shook my head. 'Heavens, she shrieked, 'is he dead?' 'I am afraid he is,' I replied. With a cry of despair she threw herself into the arms of the veiled lady. 'Ah, your Majesty,' she moaned, 'I thought so.' The veiled lady was the Empress. I had seen her before, but never met her face to face. She drew her veil back, and wanted to know more about the battle. I told her all I knew. In her excitement she fainted away. Next day the telegraph fully confirmed my vision. I often met the Empress afterward. She seemed to be eager to hear my prophecies, but she hardly ever heeded them. Had she done so, she would be in a different position now. It was she who forced the Emperor into that dreadful war with Prussia. I warned her, but she seemed to be crazy on the subject."

"But you think that your country is now entirely out of her troubles, do you not?" "No," she said, "no! Her history will soon enough be more heartrending than ever. The politicians there hate me, because I have expressed my gloomy forebodings as to the fate of poor France. All they care for is to lead the people to believe that France is now on the high road of power, happiness and prosperity. But they will see, they will see."—*Detroit Post.*

MRS. L. M. KERNS.

Particulars in Reference to a Seance?

Mrs. L. M. Kerns, of San Francisco, gave a public test seance in Harvard Rooms, Sixth Avenue, and 42nd Street, New York City, Sunday evening, December 17th, before a large audience, considering the stinging weather, and the gratification of believers, and the confusion of skeptics. I will simply state the exercises and facts as they occurred.

First.—A song—"We are Waiting and Watching for Thee," by Mrs. Adams, Mr. Farnsworth, and Mr. Wilson, the pianist, rendered expressively; after which the audience was requested to write the name or names of spirit friends with a question, on paper, and fold up same securely from sight. A large collection of these ballots were placed on the platform table in view of the audience. The medium took up each paper in turn, and if an influence followed, inquired if the spirit called for was present, and if so, reply was made by gentle raps about the table. The gas of the hall remained untouched and in full blaze; the medium, the ballots, and the plain table in full view. If a spirit is seen the medium describes, or if heard, repeats the words. A committee of two gentlemen was selected by the audience as judges or close observers—Mr. Knight, a skeptic, and Mr. Washburn, reporter of the *New York World*, also an unbeliever, who took seats immediately on the right and left of the medium. Mrs. Adams next sang an Ave Maria, during which Mrs. Kerns touched each ballot, and said:

"I hear the name of Richard Collier. Did any one write that name?" inquired the medium. A gentleman rose and said he knew such a man, but had not written his name.

2. Medium wrote very rapidly and nervously, eyes shut, a message signed Emma, selected a ballot, handed it to one of the judges, who opened it and found written the name of Eytania Eames. The writer of the ballot said he did not see how the lady could know. The message read: "I am present with you to-night. Will select the paper on which my name is written. I wish to talk with you in private." Mrs. Kerns does not give private sittings.

3. Another message; name illegible; asked to rewrite it; did no better. Medium said she felt the name on her arm; bared her left arm; the judges saw nothing, but while watching, a name appeared upon the cuticle in red letters; medium wrote the name again, more distinctly, same on the arm—J. Farnsworth Jonathan in full in the message. Medium requested any physician or scientist present to examine and explain the development; none appeared. The name acknowledged by the son, who stated he never spoke to the lady in his life outside of the hall; and did not think she knows any member of his family, and could not account for the test on any theory but the spiritual.

4. Said the medium: "I see, standing between the lady and gentleman sitting next to the first on the front seat, a young man (describing him in detail) and he calls the gentleman father. He puts his hand on the lady's shoulder, does not speak, but I see in letters in front of him the word sister."

The lady and gentleman said they were not Spiritualists, but that they acknowledged the description and relationship of a son and brother deceased.

5. "I hear the name of E. C. Graham." No response. Writer perhaps timid.

6. "I hear a spirit say, 'I cannot answer the question addressed to Emily Stone.'" Ballot selected, and found by judges to contain a question to said name. Writer said he was a Spiritualist, but never spoke to the lady.

7. "I hear the name of Martha Young. Anybody recognize it?" A gentleman replied, "I wrote that name, folded the paper well. You are a stranger to me. Never saw you except in this hall. I have seen that same spirit materialized as plain as life."

8. Wrote the name of Gus Harney. Not acknowledged.

9. Turning to the pianist the medium said she saw a spirit beside her, and the letters A. S. Recognized.

10. Wrote Henry Fairchild. No response, and learning by taps it was the spirit already reported in case No. 9 the name of A. S. Willson; also another name beneath it. The medium complained of dizziness, and symptoms of drowsiness. The gentleman arose and said he must acknowledge the names just unaccountably written, the first name with the uncommon H was correct; the party was drowned, but in connection with the second name he desired to say nothing; that he was not a Spiritualist, and wouldn't be."

12. Spirit reported name of Mary Jane, as medium understood it. A gentleman first stated he addressed that name, but cannot the acknowledgment because of a slight difference in the name as written and as heard by the medium.

13. The above named spirit, Henry Fairchild, next wrote impatiently: "Why the devil don't you say you know me." No confession.

Going through the ballots again, and obtaining no influence the medium announced the close. The people flocked about the platform, earnestly inquiring as to the philosophy and the facts.

Early in January, Mrs. Kerns will give a public test seance in Brooklyn, for the benefit of the sufferers of the fire.

Respectfully,
J. F. SMITH,
No. 270 West 42nd St., New York.

HOAG'S VISIONS.

Letter from P. T. Smith.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—"I send you issue of December 23rd, a copy of Joseph Hoag's vision, following which there are editorial expressions of doubt indulged in, as to its genuineness; seemingly well founded, too, since its near parallel prophecy, ascribed to Mother Shipton, of long ago, and in a foreign country, was acknowledged to have been written by some over-imaginative, poetically impregnated mind here in our country.

While I have little or no faith in the value or fulfillment of the Hoag prophecy, I am willing to hear testimony as to its authorship.

Joseph Hoag lived in Columbiana County, Ohio, and died at about the same time indicated; according to his own statement, he experienced some sensations and revelations, as set forth in the vision alluded to.

He was a Quaker, and a strict adherent to the Friends' observance; a farmer by occupation, and regarded by all who knew him as strictly honest, and in every way above reproach; but without, by some considered "a little singular."

Most of my relations have lived in that county, some of whom were personally acquainted with Joseph, and knew of him writing this vision, as well as many other of seeming less import. I have seen many persons who were acquainted with him, all bearing corroborative descriptions of him, which leads me to believe that he was simply very mediumistic, and under the influence of "spirits"; had this vision, less understood than than now, which subjected him to the derisive appellation of "singular."

I have seen a true copy of the original vision as early as 1842, which is now somewhere among the papers in the archives of our old family records.

The publication of it in your excellent paper, of date as above alluded to, is correct as near as my memory serves me.

Burlington, Iowa. P. T. SMITH, D. D. G.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Give us beautiful thoughts, said the poet of old—
More to be prized than jewels or gold;
They will leave a bright spot on eternity's page,
And a record will make from youth to old age.

So let us live that our thoughts will illumine
And brighten our lives while we dwell in earth's form.
Then, when we pass to the beautiful shore,
Angels will guide our bark passing o'er.

Thus mirrored, we'll find reflected over there,
Beautiful thoughts, which the angels will share.
And as gems they will form a bright crown above,
Thereon will be written the Jewels of Love.

Organization.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is a general feeling among Spiritualists that there should be some form of Organization whereby their scattered forces can be brought together, and rendered available as a means of mutual culture and defense.

The times are ominous of change. The black cloud of Catholicism has become much larger than a man's hand, and we are threatened with a pope, to set up the throne of the Papal world on our shores. Rome is ever the same, and her bloody hand never has released its clutch at the throat of free thought, and she would now subvert the grand bulwark of our liberties by destroying our system of popular education. Nor can Protestantism say one word in its own defense. In this crusade it is an enemy masked as a friend, a wolf in sheep's clothing. In the coming struggle it will gravitate to its true place, and be found on the side of bigotry, intolerance, in short of Catholicism.

Spiritualists and Reformers have grown out of the despotism of priestly rule; they have felt the fangs of the adder of dogmatism; the rankling poison of creeds and stand aloof with abhorrence from every thing which in any wise threatens their liberty. This feeling has gained strength with every inadequate attempt at organization. No true Spiritualist regretted the death of the American Association, because all saw that it was a gigantic puff-ball, without root, or branch, or power, and a sham in as much as it elevated a mass meeting into a delegated body, whose self-constituted members represented no one but themselves. It was an incoherent rope of sand, arrogating to represent the Spiritualists of America—and it is true it did well represent the cohesive force of Spiritualists at that time.

Now comes the "Philadelphia Movement," which leans strongly to the church, and looks to "Jesus" as the overshadowing medium, and "Leader of Mankind."

It will give a place of meeting on Sunday, a Lyceum for the children, social recreation, amusement, and spiritual life, and will become a potent power for good, in exact ratio as the members work in their individual spheres.

Great numbers are not necessary. Once started the ball will roll and accumulate. The only danger will be a too rapid growth by the acceptance of unassimilable material.

Then let each society become fully imbued with the cardinal truth of Spiritualism as the "Science and Philosophy of Life," that all true development is from within and not from without, and instead of placing their whole dependence on foreign speakers and mediums, look in the greatest measure to themselves, and they need not fear of failure. The attempt to keep alive popular curiosity, and "draw" the crowd, is the rock on which many local societies have gone down. There was nothing but sand for their foundation. Societies must look to home effort, for the greater culture. They must have the current literature, a library, with occasional lectures, and their means will allow, without pressing on any one. We have societies, many of them in mind now, that flourished ten years ago like green bay trees, that expended from one to two thousand dollars a year for lectures, now absolutely dead. We hear it said in lamenting tones that Spiritualism has perished with them. Not so. They all died of the effects of the system they adopted. They resolved themselves into mere lecture committees. They built up no social life, no organized self-improvement, nothing but a platform on which itinerant speakers might air their pet hobbies, and in some instances the society was killed by the mephitic breath of such airings.

This is the result of clinging to the old idea that redemption must come from without, while the constitution of the mind tells us unequivocally that it must come from within by growth. The members did not rely on themselves; they must have some speaker to think and speak for them.

Organization on this plan, at once makes everything possible. All works of charity, of education, and resistance to oppression, should it come.

It will give a place of meeting on Sunday, a Lyceum for the children, social recreation, amusement, and spiritual life, and will become a potent power for good, in exact ratio as the members work in their individual spheres.

THE SPIRITUAL CRISIS.

Communication from a Christian Spiritualist.

"READ, AND HOLD FAST ONLY TO THAT WHICH YOU CONSIDER RIGHT."

BRO. JONES.—The cause of "Spiritualism" has evidently reached a crisis, rendering important modifications, if not an entirely "New Departure," necessary, in order to vindicate its claims to public credence, and secure for it an impartial hearing in the future. The recent "exposures" of the frauds of popular mediums, and the concessions found in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and other spiritual papers, that in these fraudulent materializations many persons recognized, or thought they recognized their departed friends, has enveloped the whole subject of physical manifestations in doubt and uncertainty. And it is useless to talk about "test conditions," so long as secret cabinets and dark rooms are claimed as essential to the production of physical phenomena.

It is well known to the readers of the JOURNAL, that I am a believer in the spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible, and especially in the prodigies connected with the life of Jesus of Nazareth and his disciples. It is also known to your readers that I recognize an absolute distinction between the "angels of God" and the "familiar" and "evil spirits" of the Bible. I not only believe in the extensive frauds practiced by mercenary mediums, who "divine for money," but I also believe that many of vulgar and useless phenomena of modern dark seances are the products of evil spirits [Dikkas]. Be that as it may, it is clear to my mind that if physical phenomena are to have any influence with intelligent people in the future, in changing their views on the subject of angelic ministrations, they must differ in their character, and the circumstances under which they are produced, from those of the last decade. The utter insignificance and inutility of the bell-ringing, horn-blowing, rope-tying, and other similes of modern dark seances, so much resembling, and so easily duplicated by the tricks of jugglers, must now give place to such prodigies as attended the lives and labors of Jesus and his disciples, to meet the demands of enlightened scientists, as well as believers in the history of Primitive Christianity. The prodigies of Jesus and his disciples all had for their object humanity and benevolence. None were ever performed to gratify the curiosity of the multitude; much less for the purpose of making money, as now. The sick were healed; the lame were made to walk; the blind received their sight; the deaf their hearing; evil spirits were cast out, and lunatics restored to their right mind. The hungry, who followed Jesus into the desert, were fed by thousands with a few loaves and fishes. And these things were done indifferently, by day or night; in the dark or in the light; in the private chamber or the public assembly, as time or occasion required. Nor were those who witnessed these prodigies left in doubt as to their real occurrence. Their worst enemies admitted that a notable miracle had been done by Jesus, as is manifest to all that dwell in Jerusalem. (See Acts 4:14.) This had reference to the public healing of a man who had been lame from his birth, by Peter and John, at the temple of Jerusalem, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in the open assembly of spectators.

It will be seen that neither darkness, or any "test conditions" were necessary to demonstrate the reality of this manifestation of spirit power. Whenever humanity, truth or justice, required angelic ministrations, or the exercise of spiritual power, whether by day or night, in public or private, it was always present with the faithful followers of the Nazarene. And we are warned not to invoke it on any other occasion, or for any other purpose, by the remarkable allegory of the devil bidding Jesus to cast himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, because it is written, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Had Jesus voluntarily thrown himself down to gratify the curiosity of the devil, then mediums would be justified by his example in voluntarily submitting to be tied, sewed up in bags, nailed up in boxes, etc., merely to show that spirits would come to their relief. I can not refrain from expressing my doubts whether ever any class of spirits took any part in this species of jugglery, except those called "familiar spirits" in the Bible. And the worshipers of the true God are forbidden to consult these.

Permit me here to present a few cases of spirit manifestations recorded in the Bible, illustrative of their utilitarian and benevolent character; and of their indifference as to time, place, circumstances or conditions. I hope the reader will be able to make an intelligent and rational comparison between these and the useless, if not senseless jugglery of modern dark seances.

I will commence with the case of Balaam, recorded in the 22nd, 23rd and 24th chapters of the book of Numbers. When Balaam, king of the Moabites, sent messengers to Balaam, offering him large rewards to come and curse the Israelites, he was warned by the good angels not to go; but, like many modern priests and prophets, he was controlled by the love of money and fame, and made the attempt to go. But an angel met him on his way, and stood before him in a narrow pass between the rocks, with a drawn sword. The wages of sin covered the spiritual eyes of Balaam so that he could not at first see the angel; but the ass he rode saw him, and refused to progress. Balaam cruelly beat the ass until she fell down under him, when the angel entranced him and opened his spiritual vision. Balaam now saw the angel, who, being a ventriloquist, threw his voice into the ass's mouth, and uttered the rebuke which Peter refers to in the second chapter of his second epistle.

Now in this remarkable case of spirit manifestation, it will be seen that the angel materialized in day-light, out of doors by the public highway, and for the ostensible purpose of preventing this avaricious old sinner from perpetrating the crime he intended for the sake of gain. When the angel appeared to Hager in the wilderness, when she had fled from her home, it was to save her from destruction by ordering her to return to the family of Abraham. He also named her unborn child, Ishmael. When the two angels appeared to Lot, it was to save him and his family from the impending fire which destroyed Sodom. When the angel called to Abraham to stay his hand, it was to save the life of Isaac from the uplifted knife of his father. When the angel appeared to Moses in the burning bush, it was to send him to Egypt, to deliver the people of Israel from Egyptian bondage.

We will now turn to the New Testament. When the angel appeared to Zacharias, it was to apprise him that his barren wife, Elizabeth, should bear him a son, and that he should be the forerunner of the expected Messiah. The angel also named the promised son before he was conceived or born. When the angel appeared to Elizabeth, it was to let her know that she should be the mother of the promised Messiah. He also named her child before it was conceived. When the angels appeared to the shepherds it was to announce the birth of Jesus the Christ, and to furnish the means of his identification. When Moses and Elias appeared to Peter, John and James, on the Mount of Transfiguration, it was to confirm the claims of Jesus to the Sonship and authority of God. When the angels appeared at the tomb of Jesus, it was to announce the resurrection of Jesus, and give direction to his disciples where to meet and see him. When the angels appeared to the disciples on Mount Olive, at the ascension of Jesus, it was to announce the second coming of Jesus in power and great glory. When the angel of the Lord opened the prison doors at Jerusalem, it was to release Peter and John from the involuntary bonds of their enemies, and order them to go on preaching. When the angel appeared upon Phillip, it was to direct him where to come in contact with the Ethiopian Grandee, and convert him to Christ, so that the gospel might be carried to Ethiopia. So of the angel that came after Paul from Macedonia. The angel appeared to Cornelius to tell him to send for Peter to preach the gospel to him; and the same angel appeared to Peter, and by means of the vision of unclean beasts, removed his prejudice against the Gentiles, and caused him to obey the summons of Cornelius. Thus, by the instrumentality of this angel, the new and beautiful truth, that "God is no respecter of persons," was revealed to the scattered Jews. When the angel came to Peter in the prison at Jerusalem, it was to loose the chains with which he was bound, and to open the prison doors and set him at liberty. (See Acts 12.) The angel came to Phillip, where Paul and Silas were in prison for casting out the familiar spirit of the woman who brought her masters much gain by sooth-saying, shook the prison as by an earthquake, and delivered the prisoners. This resulted in the conversion of the jailor and his family. It will be seen that the foregoing prominent phenomena, occurring under many different circumstances, and ostensibly for many different objects, yet in every case it is evident they were designed to accomplish some important or benevolent object. And so far as we can see, no special conditions, or previous preparations were necessary.

Now, as we are constantly referring to these ancient phenomena as confirmatory and illustrative of modern spiritual phenomena, is it not important that we should appreciate the difference between those ancient prodigies and the phenomena of modern times, and be able to explain the reason for this difference?

At this point in writing this essay, the last number (No. 13), of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was handed to me. I was much interested in your editorial on page 100. I like the motto at the head of that article:—"Think for yourself, and express that thought." And I am very sure that every brother who participated in the Philadelphia movement, will indorse that sentiment of free thought and speech, so far as such freedom is consistent with social rights and privileges. And that Bro. Jones is limited by the same rule, in relation to the liberty of speech, is demonstrated by the history of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in its relation to the heresies of some Modern Spiritualists. The readers of the JOURNAL will appreciate this. You say "Spiritualists should organize on a basis that will recognize the right of every member to think for himself and express that thought." This is precisely the basis on which the Philadelphia Convention proposed to organize, and in the exercise of that right, in their collective capacity, they expressed, by a vote of the majority, the sentiments found in the preamble and resolutions, for which you censure them so severely. Why do you ignore your beautiful motto—"Think for yourself, and express that thought." What more have they done? You freely express your convictions, in almost every number of the JOURNAL, adversely to all the claims of Jesus of Nazareth; have they not an equal right to publicly express a different opinion, without incurring the charge of "Sectarianism"? Or are we to understand that every sentiment not in harmony with the views of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is to be counted heretical and sectarian?

In accordance with your motto, I have thought for myself, and expressed that thought, and hope you will give it to your many readers.

Thought for myself, and expressed that thought, and hope you will give it to your many readers.

Oxford, O.

The Border Land.

An article in "Appleton's Journal" relates a number of surprising and beautiful incidents at the hour of death. I quote the first. "A family in the village where the writer lives recently lost two daughters. The elder, named Clara, died in the winter or early spring. The younger named Anna, died in the summer. Anna was spending her last moments in talking about her teachers and companions, when, suddenly looking upward, with an expression of joy and surprise, she exclaimed: 'Clara! Clara! Clara!' and after a few moments of silence, in which she seemed to behold her departed sister, she died."

Among my memoranda as a pastor, several instances of a similar character are recorded. In a family of my congregation two sons died—the younger in the morning, the older in the evening of the same day. A short time before his departure, looking instantly towards a corner of the room, he said: "I see Willie." He was a child of four years, and had not been told of his brother's death. His father always believed he saw his brother.

In a family connected with my church a little girl of seven years, an only child, died. Her mother, worse than widowed, had returned to her parents. They were oppressed with infirmities and toils. The only bright and joyous thing in the house was the grandchild; and their hearts were almost broken by her death. Some time after the mother was seized with fatal sickness at the house of her married and only sister, a few miles away. A short time before the end, an expression of indescribable intelligence and rapture came upon her face, her lips moved, and the nurse bending over was confident she pronounced the name of Effie, her lost darling. Her mother was unable to see her during her sickness or in her shroud; but after the funeral services I was present when the surviving daughter entered her room, and rushed into her arms, weeping for a moment, then suddenly rising herself exclaimed: "But mother, don't cry for Cornelia; I said when I saw that look, I will never weep for you, my sister." The scene was affecting in the extreme.

A pious gentleman related to me the following concerning his own brother, who died when about eight years of age: Two days before his end he raised his eyes to the ceiling, as if seeing something which strongly interested him. After contemplating it awhile, he said: "How beautiful you are! how good you are!" then stretching out his arms: "Come and take me!"

Recently a lady, a member of the church in my care, gave me the following account: Some years ago her brother, Russell C., an active business man and Christian, was killed in a railroad disaster. Their aged mother, living in another state, was in such a low and feeble state of body and mind, that it was not thought best to inform her of the decease of her son. After some weeks the time of her departure drew near, preceded by two or three days of mental restoration and activity. During those days, at one time having apparently perfect use of her faculties on all subjects, the daughter named above being present, she suddenly said: "Russell is here!" "Why, no, mother, he is not," replied the daughter. But he is, she persisted, and expressed her pleasure at seeing him.

The article in "Appleton's Journal" closes with the beautiful experience which heralded the death of Eberhard Stilling, grandfather of the author, Judge Stilling. Concisely stated, it is as follows: He went one day with his children into a wood. Leaving them he passed on. Soon a light brighter than the sun appeared before him. A plain extended beyond his vision, white with the light. There were brooks and gardens, and silvery castles. Near him rose a glorious mansion, and from the door came a beautiful angel; but when close by him he saw it was his beloved departed daughter Dora. "Father," she said, "yonder is our eternal habitation; you will come too, soon." From that hour he seemed as one enchanted, and serene and happy, soon passed away from earth.

There are some points of resemblance to this in the narrative given to me by the grandparents of two little girls who died. A lady who watched with the youngest the last night of her life, said she should always believe the child saw angels. On the Sabbath morning following the funeral the older sister went into her grandmother's room, and said: "I have been dreaming. I want you to tell me what it means." "What did you dream, my child?" "I thought I was walking in a wood, and my little sister met me and said: 'Come with me and I will show you where I live now. So she led me along till we came to a gate, and beyond the gate was the most beautiful place I ever saw. There was a great many people there, and little children, and all perfectly happy.' The grandmother told her that thinking much about her little sister had caused her to dream; but when the girl had left the room she said to her daughter: 'That child will die.' Before the second Sabbath following she was seized with the same malady, a prevailing epidemic, which had been fatal to the first. From the beginning she told her parents she should die; she was going to be with her sister, and live in that beautiful place. They should not mourn for her, but prepare to meet her there. In that happy expectation she continued to her last moments. She was nine years of age; the younger was six.

My story of incidents is not exhausted, but let me turn in another direction. The writer in "Appleton's Journal" asks: "Were these visions the effect of a delirious mind—agri somnia vano—or were they realities? Is there some expansion of the faculties at the hour of death, that enables the spiritual eye to discover the celestial world and its mysteries? Is there truth as well as poetry in Waller's famous stanza? 'The soul's dark cottage battered and decayed; Lets in new light through clinks that time hath made; Stronger by weakness, wiser men become As they draw near to their eternal home; Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view.'"

It is easy to raise these questions; it is impossible to answer them. But it is possible if not to answer them, to contemplate them in relations of great interest. First, incidents of the character of those related above constitute a numerous class. Let five or six persons meet casually and converse frankly on such subjects, it will probably be found that one or two of them at least know of similar occurrences in the circle of their own relatives or intimate friends. If but one in a hundred years was

alleged, it would stand alone, a strange story; but a continual succession, it would seem, must have a ground, or law, worthy of attention.

Secondly, The testimony concerning such incidents is of the highest character. It is given by persons of intelligence and piety, who have no interest in publicity or fraud, but speak of what they have known with reserve and awe. The case is world-wide from the "modern Spiritualism," so-called. It has nothing to do with the necromancy and imposture of those who seek by their own volitions and arts to call forth "manifestations" of spirits. It is entirely in an other realm. It is the observation of facts which are presented to us in the courses of nature and providence.

Thirdly, For Christians there are presumptive evidence of reality in such incidents. On other grounds we believe there is a spiritual world to which our souls are kindred, and in which we shall soon be constituent members. It is then a philosophical possibility, or even probability, that peculiar phenomena shall occur along the line where two worlds meet, that in occasional, stimulated, exalted states, our faculties may discern gleamings of spiritual realities; or, in other words, such realities may come within the range of our perceptions in their keenest condition. Such phenomena would be supernatural in reference to this limited nature with which we are familiar, being above our ordinary experience; but also natural in reference to that border nature which is comprehended in the creation and government of God. Do they not, as truly as anything in physics and metaphysics, open a field for legitimate observation, and perhaps induction?

Fourthly, Incidents of the class we have contemplated have a very interesting relation to the biblical narratives. Many wonderful events of sacred history, such as the appearances of angels, the vision of Stephen, and others, may have a normal as well as supernatural character. They may not be altogether exceptional, but typical facts of a succession intended for the instruction and comfort for believers. It is a fair question whether much of our modern Christianity has not been quite too Sadducean, believing neither in angel nor spirit; that is to say, anxious to avoid materialism and superstition in religion, and so go to an extreme which leaves little or no spiritual substance on which the soul can lay hold with definiteness of thought and joy of anticipation. This may partly account for some of the "isms" of the times. If it sees not the true, human nature will yearn for a false Spiritualism. A little more of the Pharisee's faith, or rather Christ's vindication of it would help us. The logical effects of such incidents as have been cited, regarded on due evidence as having a foundation in reality, would be to confirm the spiritual testimonies of life; and that effect has been experienced.

Further, that effect is consolation in sorrow. It adds richness, definiteness, and if I may so say, a spiritual solidity to the Apostle's delightful conception of the family of God in heaven and earth, named after Christ; and Paul, it will be remembered, had seen "visions." It brings closer to our hearts, it seems to unfold, in some degree, Christ's precious and wonderful word: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

THE CLERGY IN FRANCE.

They Will Stick to All Their Money.

THEY WANT THE EMPIRE.

France is professedly a Republic. The people rule.

They are Catholics, and therefore do not have any very clear idea of liberty.

They shoot and murder women for rebellion and communism.

They persecute the press for any severe criticism of either Church or State.

The Catholic Church is established, and its bishops and priests well paid.

Recently an act was proposed in the Assembly to reduce the salaries paid the Church.

It was resisted bitterly. The priests do not mind how much the people have to pay. They do not care for hard times. They do not want to abate a jot of their demands.

The debate ran high. One champion of the Church bawled out, "Live the Emperor," which means, "Down with the Republic!"

Thus it is with the Church of Rome. Perish all but Popery.

But it seems the reform will be made, and the Church will have to submit to it. France has suffered enough from the fanaticism of Eugene and the empire.

But see how tolerant Republicans are, as compared with those who call themselves monarchists.

Is there a royal parliament in the world in which a member would dare cry out "Long live the Republic?" What would become of him if he did?

How long will freemen tolerate this impertinence? What right has any man to propose a king for me, to do my business for me, without my consent? For himself, he may, if he chooses! But for me, for any man to propose a king for me, is to insult my reason, and to menace my liberty.

He deserves to be flogged, and among a free people he would soon get his deserts! What are the French made of?—Thistleton's Illustrated Jolly Giant.

A Buddhist Island.

The Island of Pooto, off the China Coast, is entirely inhabited by Buddhists. As it is a law of Buddhism that animal life shall in no case be destroyed, neither flesh nor fish is consumed upon the island, nor are they suffered to be landed on its shores. Everywhere within its precincts temples occupy the most beautiful sites, and shrines are built by the wayside, while images of Buddha are cut upon the face of the rocks. A traveler who has recently visited the spot states that few graves are to be seen, and that the dead are probably subjected to cremation. Near the largest temple is a furnace, arched above, and with an excavation in the rocky floor for the fuel, or to create a draught. The process of cremation was thus described by a priest: "Three days after death, the body, seated cross-legged, and inclosed in a box, is taken to the furnace. Fuel is placed around it, and, after a suitable religious ceremony, the torch is applied, and the whole pile is soon wrapped in flames. It requires several hours and four hundred pounds of wood to complete the process."

DR. HERMANN KLEIN, remembering Haeckel's remarks that in matters of development we have "unlimited time to draw upon," has written a pamphlet on the age of the earth, in which he asserts it is about 2,000,000,000 of years since the old mother of us all began to cover herself with a crust.—Common Sense.

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CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY 6, 1877.

New Year's Greeting.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL goes forth, in its new and tidy costume, to greet its many readers—scattered abroad, here and there, in every clime, and to the scholars of almost all nationalities who read the English language, and love the cause of spiritualism—with its editor's heartfelt greetings—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Many happy, and many sad and despondent hearts will it greet—the despondent mourners it will cheer; while the already happy will be none the less so from looking upon its smiling face, while it greets them with the annual salutation, and interrogates them—"How do you like my new dress?"

Life, like the ever-changing kaleidoscope, is continually presenting new scenes and themes of thought. We, dear readers, are entering upon a new year, and with it comes new responsibilities for each and every soul. The scenes, the successes and failures of the last year are like milestones passed—they mark the way that has been traveled; while the future is a road to be trodden, yet the indications of pitfalls, quicksands and cesspools that beset it, are indicated by the same surroundings as those which beset the pathways already passed.

Life is fitful and changeable in appearance only—the fault is in ourselves; ignorance is the bane of life, and yet it contains the germ of knowledge, and in its extreme action it rights itself, by pointing to the pathway that avoids footfalls and dangers. In other words, the suffering resulting from ignorance is an experience that prompts mortals to inquire into the cause.

The little child, by its falls and its lumps, learns to walk erect, and avoids the household dangers which it so often encounters—Even so, we are all children of larger growth, continually encountering obstructions that we seldom see until we, with them, are in collision.

Oh! how happy mankind will be in the far off future, when the moral and intellectual faculties hold supreme control over the blind passions; when the Saviour—knowledge—insistively reads every sign that indicates danger! That will be when the Harmonical Philosophy, in all of its loveliness, is fully appreciated; when the Philosophy of Life is as familiar to the mortal as it now is to the savans of long centuries in the supernal spheres.

"But has mortal man," says the reader, "to wait so long as that to gain so great a boon? We were in hopes you were going to cheer us, this new year's morn, with something within our present reach." And so we are, dear reader; there is pure unalloyed happiness in the anticipation of something that is sure and certain, however remote it may be in the future.

We come to you this morning with a happy greeting, and with the assurance that immortality is the birthright of every soul that is conceived upon the mortal plane of life. That every such soul contains "the germ of infinite possibilities;" that as you conceive of the infinite wisdom, goodness and powers of God, so you, in the future eternities, will possess all that you can conceive that the Supreme possesses—a thought fraught with a power to arouse the grandest emotions of the human soul!

Let each reader take the thought home to him or herself; ponder it well; deny it not; but try to give it a resting-place in your own emotional nature. Its truths will sooner or later develop an appreciation of its reality.

Then your soul will glow with gratitude to the infinite whole, that you are a constituent individualized part thereof!

If you are already happy you will be none the less so, from the contemplation of the grand truth here presented. If you are a

despondent mourner—a sin-sick soul—on the verge of despair, this grand truth will dispel the sorrow, and the mental darkness now overshadowing the future.

Let this New Year's morning open up to you, each and all, the grand truths developed by the Philosophy of Life.

The cheerful and happy, thank infinite wisdom that they live, that they are always to live, and that they know enough to enjoy life and be happy!

The mourner, whose most beloved has passed within the veil, by thinking of the great truth, that that friend—that most beloved, is only separated from the dear ones left behind, by the thinnest veil—that he or she still loves with the same warm heart, and knows of, and tries to assuage every pang of mourning friends—this hope, ripened into a knowledge, that they will soon meet face to face to be parted no more, will bring a consolation that will dry every tear.

On this New Year's morning let every mourner realize the great truth that the windows of heaven are open; the doors are ajar; that the mortal spheres are interblended with the immortal, and loved ones, whom they mourn as dead, are not only alive but near, and will communicate with the sorrowful, left upon the mortal shores, whenever conditions are made favorable—even, as favorable conditions are required for telegraphic communications upon earth—no more mysterious, and require no greater efforts from those who would be benefited thereby!

Take these thoughts home to yourselves, dear mourning friends, treasure them up as you would pearls of great price, and wipe away your tears and be joyful.

To the sad and despondent, who find the earth cold and cheerless—even as if made of iron, and the heavens of brass—we implore you to hear the words of wisdom and be cheerful. Remember that the darkest cloud has a silver lining. The dark-side is ever towards us. The sun in all his glory sheds his golden rays upon the opposite side of the most terrific cyclone! So, even with you, beloved, despondent friends—the terrible cyclone of your own soul will soon pass away, leaving a calm, and you will not only be wiser, but happier for the conflict!

Pre-natal conditions and external surroundings, have kept those holy and lofty thoughts, and appreciations of your exalted destiny—the infinite possibilities which lie undeveloped in your soul—shrouded in darkness. Yet they exist in your nature as much and as truly as the sun exists, though concealed from view by interposing clouds.

Let it be deeply impressed upon your mind this New Year's morning, that the deep despondency of your soul, (though it may be inherited from a like despondent mother) is really as fleeting and transitory as the evanescent clouds that often, for a day, overcast the horizon.

Let these fundamental truths in the Philosophy of Life, awaken a new train of thought in your mind. Do so, and from this very day the clouds of despair will become less opaque, and their silver-lining will begin to appear.

Oh! that we could, this cold wintry morning, speak words of cheer to the whole world; that we could elevate every soul to the supernal sphere, where winters blasts are unknown, but winter is succeeded by the loveliness of May, and the soul feasts upon the enchanting scenes more real than aught of earth, and yet more delightful than the fabled elysian fields.

But of the dark side of life.—What shall we do right here and now to bring the reality of the fairy-land home to the poverty-stricken of earth; to these whose shelters are cold and dreary; whose apparel is thin and scanty; whose tables are destitute, even of the most homely viands; whose forms are palsied and withered with disease? What shall we do for the children that are growing up in ignorance and crime? What shall we do for the drunkard; his wife and children; the criminal; the frail and the fallen?

To all such, we greet you, this morning, with "A Happy New Year," and will do our best to ignite into a flame the latent embers of your own souls, that you may be happy. If you can appreciate the truth of what we tell you, the little blaze may be fanned into a flame—may, by your exertions and the combined effort of all to whom we this morning speak, be supplied with the necessary combustibles (everything that will animate and make one's self and others happy) and sooner or later enkindle the latent fires, warm the frigid soul, and develop self-sustaining energies.

But let all remember that acts of kindness towards the unfortunate are the keys that unlock the inner chambers of the supernal spheres—that bring us en rapport with the harmonies of the elysian fields. Acts of kindness are the artistic touches upon our own life pictures, that round out and make brilliant with beauty, the dark background of the passion's daubs, so abhorrent to behold, when unrelieved by brighter colors, artistically interblended.

To our Spiritualist brethren, wherever scattered abroad over the face of the earth, we give you words of cheer, in this our New Year's greeting.

A new era is dawning upon the inhabitants of earth. The terrible political strife and commotion, indicates that old forms—religious and political—(they are twin sisters, and both equally corrupt) are rapidly disintegrating, and must soon give place to that which is more ennobling to the soul.

Rapid progress is being made in the diffusion of knowledge in every department of life. We are in possession of the key that unlocks the mystery. We know of a truth, that the supernal spheres are en rap-

port with that of earth; and that the good and the wise philanthropists—of long experience in Spirit-life—yet have and feel an interest in the welfare of mortals, and lend them their guardian care.

In view of these truths, what resolves ought to be made by Spiritualists this New Year's day—to be kept and put in practical operation during the twelve months ensuing? Let every one's conscience and sense of propriety answer for him or herself.

In conclusion we again salute you all, with a "Happy New Year!"

THE KEY! THE KEY!!

Give us the Key that Opens the Doors to the Temple of Nature.

NUMBER II.

The telescope is a magnificent key that opens, as it were, the doors of the heavens and discloses to our enraptured vision, worlds and systems of worlds that otherwise would have remained in perpetual darkness. Galileo, animated with a desire to hear the massive doors of mysterious Nature "swing on their hinges," and disclose her inner shrines, made an "infant" telescope, whose powers could only magnify three times, but persevering, he succeeded in making one with a magnifying power of thirty, and with that he disclosed to his delighted gaze fields in the regions of space heretofore unobserved. Venus, scintillating in the heavens, was revealed in plain view with her moon-like phases; the attendants on the planet Jupiter, her satellites, and the oblong shape of Saturn, were distinctly seen; the lunar mountains were measured, spots were found on the sun's disk, and the Milky Way was resolved into stars.

Did not he, the grand old sage, present a key to humanity that opened one of the doors of the Temple of Nature, revealing the grandeur of creation? Noble man, eyes beaming with the inward fire of inspiration, countenance illuminated with the torch that angels only carry, and his whole form aglow with the grandeur of a divine mission, he stood forth bold and defiant, conscious of the magnificent work he had accomplished. He held the key in his hand, and night after night, the astonished people flocked to his side to see one of Nature's doors swing on its hinges, and then behold her treasures heretofore hidden from mortal vision. Had he concealed the key, hid it among the rubbish of bigotry and superstition, and when he allowed a person to look through his telescope, accompanied the performance with incantations, invocations, and the burning of incense, he would probably have become as great a magician as Agrippa, as skilled in mystic law as the hidden author of Art Magic, as learned in the principles of creation as Baron De Palm, whose body was lately cremated at Washington, Pa., and as profound in the workings of elementary spirits, as any of the members of the Theosophical Society of New York.

Galileo, however, was not the man to build himself up through the instrumentality of superstition and ignorance. Supposing that when his telescope was first constructed and the wonders of the heavens revealed to his astonished vision, he had resolved to enshroud the same in mystery, and allow no one to gaze in it without first repeating this conjuration:

"I conjure and confirm upon you, ye strong and holy angels of God, in the name of Adonay, Eya, Eye, Eya, which is he who was, and is, and is to come; Eye Abray, and in the name Saday, Cados, Cados, setting on high upon the Cherubin, and by the great name of God himself, strong and powerful, who is exalted above all heavens, and by the name of the holy Angels, who rules in the fourth heaven, and by the name of his star, which is Sol; and by his sign; and by all the names aforesaid, I conjure thee Michael, oh, great Angel who art chief ruler of the Lord's day; that thou labor for me and fulfill all my petitions, according to my will and desire in my course and business, and now open the door of the heavens to the one who looks through this telescope."

This conjuration would have had a potential effect on the almost impenetrable ignorance of his age, and Galileo would have been regarded then as one of the most wonderful magicians that ever lived, and he could have amassed a fortune through the sharp exercise of his mechanical knowledge and skill. He, the wise old sage, did not for a moment entertain any such thought. His soul was pregnant with the spirit of honesty, and it sent forth its tendrils around him until he stood forth in the grandeur of his manhood, only aspiring to benefit humanity and enlarge the scope of his understanding. His knowledge, had he seen fit to ingeniously conceal it, would have been, of course occult, and had his wonderful discovery never been revealed to the world by others, the same would have perished with him, and the brightest chapter in the world's history would not have been written, while he would have been referred to by the Theosophist, would have been admired by Baron De Palm, and received a lengthy notice, perhaps in Ghost Land, (Mrs. Emma Hardinge Brittan, editor) and been almost worshiped by those who hold communion with Elementary Spirits, and who carefully conceal the key to their boasted knowledge from the world.

Thank the good angels, thank the Spirit of Progress, and above all thank the honest, magnanimous Spirit of Galileo, the grand discovery was revealed to the world, superstition was deprived of an advocate, and occultism of what would have been its most interesting chapter, and Ghost-Land, of incidents that would have rendered its narration far more charming and interesting.

Superstition has in all ages reared a temple with massive walls and towering dome, with magnificent paintings and sculptured busts of Gods, to control the minds of the ignorant, and hold in subjection that ever-throbbing spirit that aspires to become acquainted with the workings of nature. In this temple, the Orthodox divines say their prayers; there the sacred candles burn; there the holy water stands; there the images of saints confront you; and there the occultist burns his incense, repeats his incantation, invokes the assistance of elementaries, and the presence of the Gods. It is then, that in the name of Adonay, El, Elohim, Elohe, Lebaoth, Eloih, Escerchie, Jah, Tetragrammaton, Saday, wonderful things are expected, while the key is carefully concealed, and the cloak of mystery thrown over all the exercises.

While, however, Galileo was anxious to present the key he had discovered to the world, and reveal a panorama of the heavens, as presented by Deity himself, the religious bigots of his day feared the result. According to a Rome correspondent, Galileo, after the publication of his first book, the "Nunzio Sidereo," in 1610, went to Rome, as he desired to have for his studies the sanction of the priests and especially of the Collegio Romano. He was then 47 years old, full of vigor, with a noble face, a fine person, elegant manners, and a clear method of expressing his thoughts. His recent discovery of the telescope and the satellites of Jupiter made his society sought for by the most learned and eminent men of the period. Contemporary writers speak with admiration of the sumptuous dinner given him by Frederick Cesi, the youthful president of the Academy of the Lincei, a society founded at that time which still exists. After the dinner at Cesi's villa on Mount Janiculum, Galileo pointed the telescope toward San Giovanni, in Laterano, and the company was able to read at three miles' distance the inscription on its portico. He then showed them the satellites of Jupiter and other celestial objects, and allowed them to examine the instrument and the construction of its lenses. These discoveries were so much talked of that they at last attracted the attention of the Inquisition, and especially of Cardinal Bellarmine.

Oh! what a dark day and age of the world! The sunlight of inspiration could only barely succeed in penetrating the dismal clouds of ignorance and superstition that enveloped the world, giving it, indeed, a sombre hue. The key that the angels handed down must be broken in fragments, the one who carried it must close the door that led into the grand Temple of Nature, and the world be enshrouded in still greater gloom.

Galileo, whose nature was animated with the scintillating thoughts of angels, was threatened with torture, and the decree of the Inquisition for its execution still exists, the darkest cloud that ever presented itself on the fair firmament of human progress, and the echoes of the ominous mutterings of its thunderbolts, can still be heard in this the 19th century. The key, however, to the Temple of Nature was not destroyed, nor did master minds make the knowledge that it revealed, of an occult character, to be handed down to the theosophists or magicians of this day and age of the world, to still be enshrouded in greater mystery, or enveloped in a mass of words and ingeniously constructed sentences, that could only make the obscurity still greater. We say, then, to all, if you have a key that leads into the Temple of Nature, hand it forth, and the world will bless you; keep it—conceal it, and humanity will deride you.

CHRISTENING EXERCISES.

Dr. Priestley at Grow's Opera Hall, Inspiring Mrs. Richmond.

Sunday evening, November 24th, Dr. Joseph Priestley, an eminent English philosopher, now in Spirit-life, controlled Mrs. Richmond, and gave a lecture on this subject—"A Century in the Spheres." We expected to hear him, judging from the character of the subject, give a description of the Spheres in Spirit-life, but instead of doing so he devoted his attention to a wide range of subjects connected almost exclusively with mundane affairs, and in so doing disappointed many who congregated to hear him. The lecture, however, was well received, exhibiting the fallacies of the present religions of the day, and showing the necessity of a system of moral ethics, that would elevate the masses, and prepare them for an advanced position in Spirit-life.

Dr. Priestley's name stands enshrined in the hearts of all progressive people, while to the scientific world he was its brightest ornament. He discovered oxygen gas, which he named dephlogisticated air; showed that the red color of the arterial blood is due to its combination with oxygen from the atmosphere; proved the abstraction of oxygen from the atmosphere in the processes of combustion and putrefaction; and recognized the property of vegetables to restore this constituent. He adhered to the phlogistic theory after Lavoisier had overthrown it. He discovered also nitrogen oxide gas, sulphurous oxide gas, which he called alkaline air, and hydrochloric acid gas; and he was the principal inventor of the pneumatic trough. Our readers will perceive that Mrs. Richmond is controlled by a high order of intelligencies from Spirit-life, and the views presented are of a character well calculated to command the respect of a thoughtful audience.

The most interesting feature of the evening, however, was the christening of two children: by Mrs. Richmond while under the

influence of her spirit guide. It was, indeed, a most beautiful and imposing ceremony. When Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken's two little boys were christened, they were taken to an Orthodox church, and the ceremony was not of a character wholly in accordance with the spirit of the Harmonical Philosophy, and during the exercise the spirits did not "rap" assents to all that was uttered by the priest. They made their presence felt, however, in a variety of ways.

The two children at Grow's Hall, recipients of the angels' blessings and attention, were Mortimer George Nichols, aged 4 years, and Maideen Glenora Nichols, age 15 months, two as beautiful and sprightly children as one could wish to see. The beauty of the exercises consisted in their simplicity, and the spirit of love breathed forth from the lips of Mrs. Richmond by her controlling influence, which fell upon the audience like incense from heaven, making each one feel as if nearer the Spirit-world. She said:—

"At a fount of baptism in the Spirit-world, when souls are born there through what you call death, angels clothe them with flowers and receive them into their heavenly homes. When souls enter your world they are too often received with coldness and gloom, but since Jesus, the gentle Nazarene, said 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven,' shall we not also receive them into the world of outward life with flowers and songs of gladness?"

Flowers, emblems of purity, innocence and love, bore an important part in the ceremony. Flora was the Roman Goddess of flowers and spring. She was worshiped in Rome from the earliest times, and her festivals were celebrated annually on the last three days of April, showing that the ancient Romans had a high appreciation of Nature's choicest jewels. There is something enchantingly beautiful about flowers; some thing that draws one near to the angel side of life. Even in the superstition about flowers, there are legends that inspire the better nature. The Chrysanthemum is the Christ flower, because it bloomed on the birth of Jesus.

"And it is told in stories old, That this fair blossom first On that blest morn when Christ was born Into white beauty burst. Perhaps—ah! well, we cannot tell If truly it be so; I but repeat the legends sweet, And only this I know— That in the prime of Christmas-time 'The sweet Christ flowers blow.'"

In all ages of the world, flowers have attracted the attention of mankind. The ancient Gods had each his appropriate flower or tree; the olive for Minerva, the marigold and myrtle for Venus, and the poplar for Hercules.

There is always something beautiful associated with flowers, plants and trees—even savages have their legends that have a mystic charm; and the wisest sage will tell you of their language. The North American Indians give as the origin of their maize, that a beautiful maiden of the forest, chased by a River God, sought a place of concealment among the thick woven reeds, and twining them about her person, her slender body was instantaneously changed into a graceful stalk, her teeth into milk white kernels, and her waving curls into silk, and in place of the real and agile girl, there stood only a stalk of Indian corn!

There is rarely anything bad expressed by Nature's flowers, and it is proper that they should be combined with christening ceremonies.

In commencing the christening services Mrs. Richmond took some flowers, and gracefully twining them about the sweet little child, said:

Thus do we welcome thee, thou child, With angel messengers and fairest flowers; And thus we twine them 'round thy brow, Even as Angels in their Heavenly bowers.

Let all thy life of gentleness and peace, Speak but the words that angels whisper near.

Show that from earth's thralldom, there is release, And joy in Heaven o'er every earthly tear.

Oh, let these, as thy tokens here, Show that thy life of spotless purity Shall be the type of heavenly life, And link thee unto its futurity.

Behold the name which on earth she bears, Behold the name which she in Heaven will bear,

Both are the symbols of her lofty thought, And both with flowers and Heaven are fraught.

Maideen Glenora Nichols is her earthly name, But in the spirit she shall be a Silver Star, With its bright flame.

Then the spirit assigned to Master George, the spirit-name of Sunbeam—the name he should be distinguished by in Spirit-life, thus ending the impressive ceremony which was witnessed by a very large audience.

The predictions current among devout Catholics in London run something like this: Immediately after the death of Pius IX a formidable schism in the Roman Church is to occur; there will succeed to him a true Pope and an anti-Pope; they will both die very soon; to them will succeed another true Pope and anti-Pope; they will live but a short time; and at their death the schism will end; the whole church will recognize the new and true Pope and the triumphs of the church over the world will begin afresh.—Common Sense.

Philadelphia Department.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M.D. Subscriptions will be received and papers may be obtained...

The New Year.

How many precious memories cluster around the festive season, when the dying year, laid upon the altar of the past gives place to a new one...

The past year has been one of the most important that this country has ever witnessed in some things, especially in the relationships which have been established between it and almost all other nations.

Our nation invited the world to a banquet, a feast of reason and a flow of soul, and the people came from all the continents, and from the islands of the sea, and they brought their gifts and offerings and laid them upon the shrine of humanity.

Most of those who have visited us have gone to their homes, carrying with them clearer conceptions of our country, and a higher appreciation of us and of our institutions, and thus has the better nature of all been cultivated.

It seems to be especially proper at the beginning of the year to take an account of stock, physically, intellectually and spiritually, and to see exactly what we have on hand, whether we have gained or lost on any of these planes?

But the most important field is the spiritual; what have we done here in the year that has past. Have we broken up old habits that were wrong, and entirely uprooted the tendencies thereto, or have we only cut off the tops of the trees that have born their pernicious fruits, and tried to cover the stumps and roots in the hope that they will die out and not trouble us any more?

Let us no longer be satisfied with cutting off the leaves and branches of any of the evil trees that have found a place in our souls, but with earnestness of purpose let us go to work and do all we can to eradicate the causes of evil which have baffled us in the past because we did not go deep enough to take out the roots.

Every one knows that light they do to better than they do, but who is willing to enter into the work with full purpose of heart so as to reap the blessed reward that belongs to the righteous.

This, then, is our New Year's greeting to all; let us work faithfully in the gardens of our own souls, and remove all the stones of hardness and the roots of bitterness, and so cultivate the soil that love and peace shall ever abide therein, and the rich fragrance of the flowers of our life shall send forth a sweet aroma which will be known to all who mingle with us.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! 'tis but the higher birth, The stepping out from clay, away from earth. A spirit disenthralled—forever free, 'Tis but renewing life, not death to me.

There is no death! The Father calls us home, In tender, loving tone, He bids us come Away from earth, away from weary care To higher, better life, to scenes more fair.

THE FINE ARTS.

You will receive by express a chromo type, made from the photo you sent me. There is a very slight defect in one of the eyes which was unavoidable in consequence of having to unseal it from the card backing. I will very justly say that I originated this style of likeness thirteen years ago in Cincinnati, at Bro. Davis' gallery on West Fourth street.

Business Notices.

MRS. HYDE, THE MEDIUM, has returned to the city, and will receive calls at 925 Wabash Ave., Chicago. MRS. JENNIE POTTER, TEST MEDIUM, Boston is a fine trance medium for tests, business, and also in curing disease.

DR. W. J. ATKINSON, M.D., V.D., of Pisgah, Mo., desires to found a Health Institute in some enterprising city. He wishes to correspond with those having money to put in such an enterprise, and believes he can make an entire success of the undertaking.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR. Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure.

THE MARGINAL INDEXED DIARY, or Daily Record Book, published by the Erie Publishing Co., Erie, Pa., is the best thing of the kind yet issued.

USEFUL PRESENTS—Among the many articles that are offered during the holidays for gifts, there is nothing so useful, practical and beautiful as the Official Printing Press.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT—MRS. C. M. MORRISON. Thousands acknowledge Mrs. Morrison's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis of disease by lock of hair.

TESTIMONIAL. MRS. ROBINSON, DEAR FRIENDS—I wish to offer you my good thanks for the benefit I have received from your treatment.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS IN HEALING THE SICK. The cures performed in all parts of the country through the mediumship of Mrs. A. H. Robinson, are no less remarkable than those recorded in the Bible.

OPIMUM REMEDY. M. LOVETT, who has just begun to use Mrs. A. H. Robinson's Opium Remedy, says: "The first night I wore the magnetized paper you sent me, I felt the dear spirit friends with me."

1877. SEND THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for a year to your friend, as a New Year's Present.

Spirits do Visit and Nurse the Sick. Do the Spirits of Mortals Leave the Body while the latter Sleep? Read the Following and then Judge. It is a well verified fact that spirits do treat the sick in person, and that when they through a healing medium succeed in magnetizing papers, so as to form a battery of such papers, the latter may be sent to a sick person by mail, and when properly applied to the person of such patient, the spirits who magnetized the papers can follow the same, and get a rapport with such sick person, and infuse their life elements into them, as a means of cure.

Spirit Materialization. MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, Medium, 304 Dearborn St., Chicago: I thought I would let you know that my health is improving faster than ever thought it would.

Spirit Visitants. MRS. A. H. ROBINSON, 304 Dearborn St., Chicago—Dear Madam—I have been taking your medicine, as prescribed, for the first four or five days the medicine made me a little sick, and I had a great deal of headache.

Spirits Materialize and Cure the Patient—Two Witnesses of the Transfiguration—Mrs. Blair, the Spirit Artist, was the Subject Treated.

DEAR MRS. ROBINSON, 304 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.: I truly commend, and thank you for a much better, I must tell you a strange fact in regard to my treatment by the spirit friends.

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JEHOVAH AND SATAN COMPARED. This pamphlet and other tracts (8 pages) sent post-paid to those enclosing ten cents to the author, M. R. Craven, Richboro, Bucks Co., Pa.

Snyder's Curative Pads. Worn over Parts Affected, Absorb all Malaria from the System. They positively cure the worst cases of Liver, Lung, Heart, Kidney, Spine, Bladder and Womb ailments.

BUY THE BEST. MARSH'S Cumulative Health-Lift. Its Points of Superiority are Safety, Accuracy, Versatility, Pleasantness, and Economy.

Dr. WAGNER'S HEALTH CORSET. With Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads. Secure Health and Comfort of Body, with Grace and Beauty of Form.

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WARREN COCHRAN. "VEGETINE," The great Blood Purifier. Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

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LOTTE POWELL. The World-Renowned Clairvoyant Medium. THE FIRST PSYCHIC TEACHER IN AMERICA.

THE NURSERY. A Monthly Magazine for Youngsters. JOHN L. SHOREY, 36 Broomfield St., Boston.

CHILDREN'S FRIEND. An illustrated monthly, now entering its 20th year, devoted to the best interests of the youth of all ages.

Dr. WAGNER'S HEALTH CORSET. With Skirt Supporter and Self-Adjusting Pads. Secure Health and Comfort of Body, with Grace and Beauty of Form.

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WARREN COCHRAN. "VEGETINE," The great Blood Purifier. Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

FURS! GREAT REDUCTIONS!! Field, Leiter & Co. STATE & WASHINGTON STS. Having marked down prices on their elegant and extensive stock of Ladies' ALASKA, SHETLAND, AND MINK. Seal Sacques, Muffs and Boas, and other "Furs," to very close figures, they wish to call particular notice of buyers to them; as they are of the best skins! and made up in latest and most recherche styles.

Voices from the People.

THE BIBLE.—Mr. H. Craven, of Richboro, Pa., writes.—For the information of "A Reader," who inquires, "Why do some writers for the Journal spend most of their time in abuse of the church, the Bible, Bible times, the Bible men, and even Christ himself?"...

Is there anything radically wrong in this? When an engine bursts, and destroys the lives of those on the train, when two ships collide resulting in the drowning of the passengers, and when a theatre gets on fire causing the death of hundreds, blame is attached to some one, and rightfully, too; but when the forces of this planet get up a hellish dance or a grand carnival, who then is to blame?...

LADOGA, IND.—Z. Peffley writes.—I took the Journal at first as a skeptical, open-minded investigation, belonging to the Methodist church, and prayed for more light, trying to be just as good all the week as on Sunday. The more I played, the better I became convinced that I was doing right. I was getting more light in one year from the close investigation of the Journal than in ten years by reading the Bible.

FALLEN IN DISGRACE.—A divorce was granted in the Circuit Court at Carlinville, Ill., by Judge Zean to-day, to Dr. Wm. H. Chaffee, from his wife, on the grounds of adultery with the Rev. W. H. Bartholomew, pastor of the Presbyterian church of that city. This is truly a fall from a high state.

OPEN PASSAGE TO THE ARCTIC SEA.—The Swedish commissioner has received information that Prof. Nordenskiöld, the eminent mineralogist and explorer, a member of the Swedish Academy, and who sailed on the 29th of June for Sweden, has already accomplished the Siberian trip which he had projected for this season.

Berlin, Mich.—S. C. Marvin writes.—I have just returned home from attending the Quarterly Meeting of Spiritualists at Rockford, Mich. The members are as generous and hospitable people as I ever met, keeping those who came from a distance without charge. I have attended many meetings there, and always found them entertaining and instructive.

Of course this report will arouse the attention of the various governments, and other Arctic expeditions will soon be started. There seems to be many reasons favoring the existence of a beautiful country around the North Pole. Dr. Kane's crew killed birds flying from the Arctic regions that had rice in their crops.

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MATERIALIZATIONS IN GEORGIA.—F. F. Tabor, M. D. of Atlanta, Ga., writes.—I had the pleasure of witnessing under strict test conditions an excellent séance given by Mr. Geo. Everett. We had materializations of hands and many other feats usual upon such occasions.

There is a general tendency among many Spiritualists to eulogize Buddha, and adopt the ideas he inculcated, though they are as full of errors, undoubtedly, as the teachings of the various orthodox churches.

NEW YORK CATHEDRAL.—Another important feature of the cathedral, which has been made in Europe is the magnificent high altar, which recently arrived in this country. This was designed by Mr. Renwick, the architect of the Cathedral.

There is a general tendency among many Spiritualists to eulogize Buddha, and adopt the ideas he inculcated, though they are as full of errors, undoubtedly, as the teachings of the various orthodox churches.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS WANTED.—W. G. Souther, of Topeka, Kan., writes.—I notice in the last number of the Journal an account of the troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Markee, in New York, and have a strong desire to help them.

There is a general tendency among many Spiritualists to eulogize Buddha, and adopt the ideas he inculcated, though they are as full of errors, undoubtedly, as the teachings of the various orthodox churches.

THAT CYCLOPE.—Satan is acknowledged as being the "Prince of the power of the air," in the Bible, and it would seem to be, for if there is ever any one thing which seems not to be tempered with mercy in this world, it is the visitation upon man of great wind-storms.

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would make a fine blacksmith, he would not make a good one. How is that? Does he turn out very red in the face, and say: "Sir, I have been a preacher of the gospel for forty years!"

The following compilations show that Friday is not such an evil day after all. It was on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492, that Columbus sailed from the harbor of Palos for the New World.

TONGANOXIE, KAN.—W. A. Brice writes.—Looking out upon the situation to-day, the picture is a sad one, at best. We seem inevitable, view it as we will, sooner or later.

HEAVEN AND HELL.—Then beginning with our native Indians, passing through the beliefs of the north of Europe, the Mohammedans and the Jews, to the Christians, Romish and Protestant, he showed how through all was plainly visible in their ideas of heaven, the occupations and delights of the people in their earthly daily life.

ALLIANCE (OHIO)—John H. Meredith writes.—Enclosed you will find money order for the renewal of one of the, in my opinion, very best papers published in the cause of truth.

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MORNING.—Dear darling mamma, why do you mourn for me so much? You don't know how miserable and unhappy you make me. Every tear you shed causes your little Hattie pain.

There is no doubt of the truthfulness of the above, and those who lose near and dear friends by death, should bear this fact in mind.

GARDEN CITY, MINN.—Mrs. E. P. Evans writes.—THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, we must have it, cost what it may, for it always brings us light, and points in the right direction.

PRENATAL INFLUENCE.—Mothers should feel more fully their responsibility; upon them depends much of the unhappiness that affects their offspring in after years. Seek mental conditions that lead to high and holy aspirations.

If spirits would illustrate their position by facts—incidents that have occurred in connection with the development of the embryonic child, their statement would have doubled the weight and influence.

TRUE EVERY WORD OF IT.—My friends, there is a life, there is land of rest, not in fancy, but in reality—as real as your present existence, to which you are moving every day of your existence.

THE MORTAL FORM.—I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the Liverpool Mercury, "if the worst case of small-pox could not be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar.

JOHN PAUL RECHTER, A SPIRIT, WELL SAID: "I have seen in nature a fair face clouded suddenly—made gloomy and unlovely—by the unspoken thought of another.

PERSECUTIONS.—As it is now well-known that materialists and atheists are in a state of intense annoyance at the way in which their reputations are being destroyed by the facts of Spiritualism.

Not many centuries ago persecutions, for opinion sake, were common. A young abbot, actuated with a holy zeal for his religion, had the eyes of four monks trodden out for resisting his despotism.

Placed Themselves Upon Record.

Six reverend gentlemen, pastors of as many churches in Lexington, have been attending one of C. W. Starr's pretended exposes of spirit mediumship, and have conferred the degree of "Professor" upon him, with a certificate of commendation to the public.

These reverend gentlemen doubtless think they have closed the windows of heaven and rolled back the fudal wave of angelic communion with mortals. They remind us of another simpleton, who made his name notorious, if not enviable, by his efforts to chain the waves of the sea.

In less than five years from this writing, none of those Reverend gentlemen will have ten members of their several flocks, who will be so ignorant and bigoted as to deny the truth of spirit communion. Then they will find the little pullet, coming home to roost, and so fast will it stick to their perch, that all of their efforts will be inadequate to the task of driving it away. Here is the foul bird they have put upon the wing:

Lexington, Kentucky, Orthodox Clergymen, Again Put Themselves on Record.

C. W. Starr Sends Out a Poster Entitled Morning-Star-Echo, in which he has the Following Orthodox Endorsement.

READ WHAT CITIZENS OF YOUR OWN CITY SAY!

We the undersigned, are happy to say we are anticipating a great treat on Wednesday evening, Dec. 20th.

Prof. C. W. Starr, the great exposé of Modern Spiritualism, whose name is co-existent with "Spiritualism Exposed," passed through our city on Saturday last, and favored us with private exhibitions of a few of the wonders that are performed by so-called "Spirit Mediums," in the parlors of St. Nicholas Hotel, and we must say that we have never seen or heard of anything being done by "Spirit Mediums" that seemed to us more wonderful, mysterious, or supernatural as those performed by Prof. Starr. For instance, among the spiritual tests he gave were as follows:

First, after a few remarks upon what Spiritualists claim spirits to be, he allowed us to tie him to a chair, hand and foot to a chair with strong chords, as thoroughly as we could, and left him sitting in the parlor, which we examined thoroughly to satisfy ourselves that no person was, or could get into it. Then we stepped out into the hall, closed the door between us and the performer, when instantly some bells, a banjo, a tambourine, and a horn, were heard making a terrible racket on the inside—the banjo thumped, the horn blew, the tambourine pounded, and the bells violently rang until one would think a half dozen full grown spirits were on the inside of the instruments, and all trying to see which could make the most noise at once. Door opened, and there sat Prof. Starr tied and sealed just as we left him, not a single knot disturbed, nor the adhesive plaster removed, which had been placed upon his fingers in such a manner as to fasten his hands together.

We might also state that we took the precaution to mark the plaster with a private mark, so that we could know whether it had been changed for another or not. The door was closed, and in an almost incredible short time, Prof. Starr called for it to be opened, when lo and behold a chair was fastened on his arm and behind the ropes. The door closed again and opened in about seventy seconds, when Prof. Starr came walking into the parlor untied, with the chord in his hand, entirely free from knots.

We then tied him again, when he performed the manifestations of the Davenport Brothers. This time, although we tied him to the best of our ability, yet the manifestations commenced almost instantly, even before the door was fairly closed. Door opened, but "not a particle of a change" could be found in the conditions under which the committeemen had placed the medium; door was again shut, and in less time than it took the committeemen to tie him, Prof. Starr came out into the parlor with the ropes in his hands as before.

A volunteer was then called for to enter the room with the Professor. One of the clergymen stepped in, took his seat upon the chair, near the table, upon which the instruments were placed, and placed his hands upon his knees, when the Professor took a seat immediately in front of him, and placed his hands upon the committeemen's hands. The committeeman was then blindfolded, and the door closed, which latter was no sooner done, than the bells, banjo, and horn again became possessed, and the banjo not only thumped in the committeeman's ear, but thumped him on the back of his head, and the horn concluded there was no place it could blow so well as close to his ear, while a spirit very anxious to be appreciated, pulled his hair from behind.

All this, and some more, and the door was opened. The bandage was removed and the relieved committeeman testified that Prof. Starr did not move either of his hands, and that part of the time he had hold of the Professor's thumbs, and that there was a mystery about that which he was anxious to see explained.

Just here one of the party asked the question: "Did you feel any movement on the part of Prof. Starr?" to which came the answer—"Not a particle."

We will say in conclusion just this: We saw enough to convince us that if Prof. Starr could expose and explain what we witnessed, he could expose anything else the "Spirit Medium" could perform. And allow us to state that we are satisfied, from positive and unmistakable proofs, that he can and will, in his public entertainment next Wednesday Evening, Dec. 20, at the Opera House, give a thorough, complete and satisfactory exposure of all his promises, and it is certainly worth the attention and price of admission several times over, to any good citizen; and we hope to see everybody and their friends there, Spiritualists and everybody else.

We, the undersigned, have here witnessed in private, at the St. Nicholas Hotel, Prof. Starr's exposition of the above phenomena; and are decidedly of the opinion that one of his private exhibitions in our city, would be of benefit to the community.

Respectfully, REV. W. T. V. BARTLETT, Pastor First Presbyterian Church. REV. J. S. SHIPMAN, Rector of Christ's Episcopal Church. REV. J. E. GILBERT, Pastor of the Centenary M. E. Church. REV. H. P. WALKER.

Pastor of the M. E. Church, South. REV. C. K. MARSHALL, Pastor of Main St. Christian Church. REV. L. B. WOOLFOLK, Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Of Professor Starr, Spiritualists know nothing, nor do they wish to. His field of labor is in the churches, who always crucify good mediums, and cover with laudations thieves and robbers. Did they not demand the crucifixion of Christ and the release of Barabbas?

What a pity it is that those *reverend savans* had not lived in the days when Aaron cast his rod upon the ground in the presence of Pharaoh and the magicians. They would doubtless have come to the rescue of their brethren, the magicians, and Aaron's serpentized rod would have been gulped down by their serpents with all the ease that the whale swallowed Jonah.

But thousands of this paper will be preserved, and the record of the Reverend gentlemen will stare them in their faces throughout the remainder of their natural lives.

The whole sum and substance of the certificate signed by them, is to the effect that one of their number was so obtuse that when his eyes were blindfolded, he did not know that this whilom Professor took his hand off from the hand of the one that he made a dummy of, and used it in thrumming a guitar and banjo, shaking a tambourine, blowing a trumpet in a fool's ear, etc., etc.

If there are Spiritualists equally "weak-minded," we advise their friends to send them to the "Institute for feeble-minded children," at Jacksonville! but no one expects any *practical common sense* to be manifested by Orthodox clergymen? None but silly women certainly.

The old story about Gov. Chittenden's calf and his son Bill is as true to-day as it was seventy-five years ago. Old Gov. Chittenden, of Vermont, was a farmer. He had two sons—Thomas and William. Thomas was a bright active boy, and afterwards became Governor of Vermont also. William, the eldest, was a sleepy, gullible simpleton, who would not have known whether a juggler's hand was on or off of him, if he once was told that it was on, and not told that it was off again.

The old Governor, seeing the stupidity of Bill, as he was called, sent him to the Theological Seminary and made a minister of him, while Tom was kept at work on the farm.

One cold winter morning Tom went down to the barn and saw that the old cow had got a calf, but that it did not suck. He went to the house and told the Governor of it. They both went to the barn and worked hard for an hour in trying to make the calf suck, but failed. Finally the old Governor turned to Tom and said, "Tom, what shall we do with the blasted fool?" "Why, Father," said Tom, "send him to the Theological Seminary and make a minister of him."

Saving Souls.

One of the greatest humbugs with which the world is beset, has just come to a close so far as the City of Chicago is concerned. The great American revivalist, D. L. Moody, has ceased his labors among the sinners of this metropolis, and is about to depart for other and new fields for the exercise of his peculiar gift of soul-saving. If he measures the number of souls saved from the natural and legitimate results of violating God's law, by the number of dollars saved to his pocket in the scheme, his work at the Tabernacle has been great indeed; but no thinking man or woman is apt to estimate the result in such a manner.

Although Brother Moody says some good things, and gives a few practical suggestions, this system of soul-saving is a farce, and is generally recognized as such. What the people want is the truth—not superstition; facts—not assumption; reason—not fallacy. It is assumed by the revivalists that the whole human family,—babes, idiots and all, are eternally lost; that is to say, have been guilty of sufficient sin by proxy, to merit an eternity of misery and suffering. This assumption is adopted and acted upon by all such ranters as Moody. The necessity of the case demands that it should be. People of common sense at once see the absurdity of the assumption, and if they are true to their better judgment, never fall victims to the psychological excitement incident to such great gatherings as have collected nightly at the Tabernacle for the past three or four months.

All undue excitement has its reactionary state, and if the stimulant be not applied in reasonable doses, and for legitimate ends, it never produces wholesome effects. The true savior of mankind is *knowledge* and a reasonable application of it; not an incarnate God.

Brother Moody is forbidden to place a just and true valuation upon a pure and upright life, because the plan of salvation would be thereby nullified, and should the doctrine of good morals prevail, there would be no sinners to be saved. Then what the use of clinging to the old dogmas of the past, such as the fall of man, unless it be to serve some sinister purpose? If the church has only falsehood to stand upon, the sooner it has nothing to stand upon the better it will be for mankind. It is to no one's real advantage to be ignorant; and certainly a truth, if unpleasant to us, is better than a lie however pleasant, for with falsehood as a foundation, we stand in continual fear of having it displaced by the truth, and besides, our better judgment and intuition always tell us to place ourselves upon sure footing as soon as possible.

A great question to all men is, "Have I a conscious natural existence after death?" This is the problem that presents itself to all minds when the conviction comes that death is near.

Knowledge alone can satisfy the thinking mind. This Spiritualism furnishes; Christianity does not. Though some facts are recorded in the Bible of the same import as those of Spiritualism, Christian people never rely upon them as assurances of existence beyond the grave; they prefer the dictum of priests. They never admit that such manifestations can occur again, and never put themselves in a way to receive them, and consequently lose the full effect and force of the evidence, and are thus left in a great state of doubt than those who have witnessed the living demonstration.

It is useless to assert to intelligent people that men naturally merit everlasting punishment; that a belief in the power of one Jesus Christ to save men from this merited punishment, will avert a calamity by no means proven to be inevitable; and unless Brother Moody and the rest of the so-called revivalists can adopt some method of demonstration, their labors will soon be exclusively confined to the ignorant and emotional classes, as the deplorable effects are already thus limited. The assertion that Jesus Christ once walked upon water will be made in vain, unless proof be given; that water became suddenly, and without natural cause, transformed into wine, or assés spoke, unless at the same time parallel manifestations be produced. Marvels must be supported by evidence, else intelligent people will pass them by. Spiritual manifestations must be given under test conditions or they will not be received. All this is required of our mediums and sufficient of them stand the test to establish the truth. The rule is a wholesome one, and there is no reason why it should not be enforced against the revivalists, and we sincerely hope it will.

Mrs. Lutie M. Blair, the Spirit Artist.

So much has been said in regard to the above named first class spirit artist, that the readers of the JOURNAL now know of her wonderful productions, without further commendation by us.

She has so far recovered from her more than a year's sickness, as to be able to submit to the control of the band of "Old Masters" who are painting through her hand more beautiful works of art than ever before.

She has a home with a kind hearted lady at Rock Bottom, Massachusetts, who has nursed and cared for her through that long sickness, and will continue to watch over her with a mother's care during the ensuing year.

Sister Blair being entirely destitute of money to pay bills past due, and current expenses, does under the advice of her spirit guides, offer to furnish beautiful works of art at one-third of former prices.

She will execute and send a painting for five dollars, of the class she has done before her sickness and when she had a husband, had fifteen dollars for, and she will on receipt of ten dollars send a thirty dollar painting. Those ordering can choose whether they will have a landscape painting or a symbolic family wreath and accompaniments.

At these prices every family should at once send for a family chart. They are certainly the most wonderful paintings ever executed. The whole family are symbolically represented—those in Earth-life and those in Spirit-life; and yet not one word in regard to them is communicated to the medium by any one, and she does the work when most thoroughly blindfolded and entranced.

Don't forget to inclose return postage stamps if you write her.

Address her, Luta M. Blair, Rock Bottom, Mass.

Prof. Huxley's Lectures at New York.

The January number of that gem of beauty—the LITTLE BOUQUET, contains Prof. Huxley's first lecture on "evidences of Evolution."

The February number will contain his second lecture on the same subject, illustrated. In the March number his third lecture will appear.

Spiritualists who suppose that the LITTLE BOUQUET contains matter for children only, are greatly mistaken. Every number contains an article upon the Philosophy of Life, in which are incorporated the highest inspirations of modern scientists.

It is one of the most artistically executed magazines published, and its philosophical articles are not excelled in depth of thought by any publication of the present era.

The LITTLE BOUQUET is a monthly, and is sent to subscribers for the small sum of \$1.00 a year.

Address LITTLE BOUQUET, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

Jesse Shepherd, the Musical Medium.

Bro. Shepherd gave us a call while en route to Mexico on the 22nd ult. He is looking first rate and is in excellent spirits. That he may not endanger his health, and more especially his voice for singing, he goes to a more congenial clime for the winter.

The Boston Gazette says of him: "Jesse Shepherd gave a musical soiree to his friends at the residence of Mrs. Parks, 60 East Newton St., Thursday Evening. Prof. J. F. Kraus, of the New England Conservatory, who was present, pronounces Mr. Shepherd the wonder of the age. He sings the highest soprano and the loudest basso with equal facility, with a voice as clear as a bell."

John J. Reilly and Wife.

The above named mediums have recently located at 348 South State Street, Chicago. They come well recommended as test mediums. Mr. Reilly professes to be a materializing medium. If he is he should always demand test conditions that will place him above temptation to deceive his patrons, even if he should at any time be tempted to do so.

If they prove to be good test mediums, they will be well sustained. The demand for the genuine is rapidly increasing, as tricksters get exposed and disappear.

JENNIE L. WEBB.

Thousands have been blessed and made happy through the mediumship of Sister Jennie L. Webb, late of Boston, then of Chicago, but now residing at No. 18 West Twenty-First street, New York City.

Sister Webb has been sick for a long time, and is now in extremely straitened pecuniary circumstances.

Let the generous-hearted and comfortable-off Spiritualists who read this notice, remember Sister Webb's hard lot, and send her a holiday present—such as will drive the wolf away from her door during this cold weather. We entreat you not to forget her.

"O! Never Do as I Have Done!"

So says a spirit who once was a frail mortal like thousands of her sex, to whom she sounds the alarm from the nether shore of life.

She speaks through an entranced Bohemian woman who can neither read nor write. A long communication from her was forwarded for publication, abounding in self-reproach and warnings to the frail of her own sex. Well would it be for them if they could and would heed the warning, the substance which is in the above caption.

Mrs. Morse the lecturer, has accepted the position of State Missionary for Michigan.

She goes to Canada to fill engagements already made, and then returns to Michigan. She is a good worker and will give good satisfaction. We hope she will be well sustained in her labors.

Letter of Fellowship.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY granted a Letter of Fellowship and Ordination to Dr. W. H. C. Martin, of Columbus, Ohio, on Dec. 21st, 1876, constituting him a regular minister of the Gospel, and authorizing him to solemnize marriages in due form of law.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY granted a Letter of Fellowship to Bro. S. A. Thomas, of North Madison, Ohio, on the 22nd day of Dec., 1876, constituting him a regular minister of the Gospel, and authorizing him to solemnize marriages in due form of law.

CAPT. BROWN will speak in Fowlersville and vicinity from Dec. 25th to 31th; will be in Detroit the first week of January, and before he leaves for Illinois, he has arranged to speak at Battle Creek, Breedsville, Sturgis, Hudson, and probably Schoolcraft, Jackson and Marshall, Mich.; also at Kendallville and Orland, Ind. Parties in the vicinity of these places can address him there, care of the friends. He will have copies of the JOURNAL and will take subscriptions.

CAPT. H. H. & FANNIE M. BROWN,

Psychometrists and Clairvoyant Physicians.

By their spiritual gifts they look behind the material and in the spiritual life, they find the causes that produce those inharmonious conditions called KILL and ILLNESS. They can thus aid and cure where others fail. Consulting into spiritual rapport with the writer through the letter or lock of hair they read conditions and disease, and prescribe remedies. Consult them in all matters of business, either financial or social. Trouble of all kinds, and sickness.

Home letters or Diagnosis of Disease, from Lock of Hair, etc., each, one dollar. Full and Complete Delimitation of Character, from Photograph, etc., 5.00. Letters concerning Mediumship, etc., 50 cents. Capt. H. H. will attend funerals and weddings. Enclose two recent stamps in each letter. Address Box 1,225, Rockford, Ill. v21a1122

Would You Know Yourself

CONSULT WITH A. B. SEVERANCE, THE WELL-KNOWN Psychometrist and Clairvoyant.

Come in person, or send by letter a lock of your hair, or name writing, or a photograph. He will give you a correct delimitation of character giving instructions for self-improvement, by telling what facilities to cultivate and what to restrain, giving your present physical, mental and spiritual condition, giving past and future events, telling what kind of a medium you can develop into, if any. What business or profession you are best calculated for, to be successful in life. Advice and counsel in business matters, also advice in reference to marriage, the adaptation of one to the other, and whether you are in a proper condition for marriage. Hints and advice to those that are in unhappy married relations, how to make their path of life smoother. Further, will give an examination of diseases, and correct diagnosis, with a written prescription and instructions for home treatment, which, if the patient follows, will improve their health and condition every time, if it does not effect a cure.

DELIMITATIONS. NEW ALSO TREATS DISEASES KNOWN TO ALL AND OTHERWISE. TERMS:—Brief Delimitation, \$1.00. Full and Complete Delimitation, \$2.00. Diagnosis of Disease, \$1.00. Diagnosis and Prescription, \$2.00. Full and Complete Delimitation with Diagnosis and Prescription, \$5.00. Address A. B. SEVERANCE, 417 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis. v21a1122

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and save one-third the cost of painting. It is the only paint that will last as long for use in white or any color desired. It is the only paint that will not crack, peel, or fade. It is the only paint that will not require any special preparation of the surface. It is the only paint that will not require any special skill to apply. It is the only paint that will not require any special care to keep. It is the only paint that will not require any special expense to buy. It is the only paint that will not require any special time to dry. It is the only paint that will not require any special trouble to use. It is the only paint that will not require any special attention to clean up. It is the only paint that will not require any special effort to get. It is the only paint that will not require any special money to pay. It is the only paint that will not require any special pain to suffer. It is the only paint that will not require any special loss to incur. It is the only paint that will not require any special harm to do. It is the only paint that will not require any special damage to cause. It is the only paint that will not require any special injury to inflict. It is the only paint that will not require any special death to bring. It is the only paint that will not require any special hell to send. It is the only paint that will not require any special damnation to pronounce. It is the only paint that will not require any special condemnation to utter. It is the only paint that will not require any special curse to invoke. It is the only paint that will not require any special execration to pronounce. It is the only paint that will not require any special imprecation to utter. It is the only paint that will not require any special malediction to pronounce. It is the only paint that will not require any special curse to invoke. It is the only paint that will not require any special execration to pronounce. It is the only paint that will not require any special imprecation to utter. It is the only paint that will not require any special malediction to pronounce.

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Special advantages possessed by the Combination Lift Apparatus.

1st. It is the only machine in the market which can use instantaneous adjustable lifting rods and the elastic spring and lever combination. 2d. The law of compensation is fulfilled in the spring, so that the greatest assistance will be obtained at the moment of the greatest bend of the knees, which grows less the nearer they come to an erect position. 3d. The table-cover is upholstered with Brussels carpet and the scale beam nickel-plated, which altogether make the machine very attractive in appearance, a fit piece of furniture for an office or parlor. 4th. It combines mechanical simplicity and effectiveness; ease and rapidity of adjustment, with elegance, cheapness and durability; in combination of desirable points, it stands unrivaled by any apparatus ever offered to the public. 5th. Provision has been made in mechanical construction, so as to insure that no more than a given, fixed or definite weight, will be lifted before coming to the erect position. 6th. The capacity of the machine for lifting is 1,000 lbs., which can easily be increased by additional weights. Its weight is about 125 lbs., and the price is \$25. Send stamp for Pamphlet and Testimonials of those using the apparatus to J. B. SMITH, M. D., Amherst, Mass. v21a1174

MEZZOROGRAPH. A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL ART. THE QUEEN CITY MEZZOROGRAPH CO. OFFER ANOTHER NEW PICTURE THE CROWN OF ROSES. A Gem of Loveliness and Beauty far eclipsing any of our former efforts in the Mezzorograph Art. Represents a BEAUTIFUL FEMALE in graceful drapery, the type of Heavenly devotion, with features of Faith, trusting in God, which enables us to see the "Crown of Roses" as the sign of a divinity. But let us triumph a radiant like the rays of a May Morning's Sun gleams from an eye, which shines like JESU'S DESCENDING IN HIS MILD MANNER. Extra delicate; one whose God-like brow represents the CROWN OF ROSES fresh from high Heaven's immaculate bowers, yet gowned with Heaven's costly dews. The look given is originally relieved by the dark blue sea and the Angeline form of a "HEAVENLY" hair soft flowing drapery, descending in the distance, bearing flowers to the "Crown of Roses" which the dark crown is beautifully diversified with Rock, Palace, Flowers, and characteristic Facial Distinctions; all of which combine to form a picture of charming beauty. Every Picture GUARANTEED to be as represented or REFUNDED. 10¢ On receipt of 50 CENTS, we will mail to the sender one copy, also 50¢ in value, upon the best colored PLATE PAPER, or to a club of five pictures (to one address) we will send one extra copy free. All orders must be PAID BY WRITER, giving your post-office, county, and State, and addressed directly to the Queen City Mezzorograph Co., 125 If street, Cincinnati, O. With the above new pictures we will offer the CROWN OF ROSES of which as many thousands have been sold; as a true and beautiful chromo picture. We will send both pictures on receipt of \$1.50, or either on receipt of 50¢ each. The following is one of many thousands of complimentary letters we have received: "I was full to express my admiration and delight of the two pictures. I have always longed for a picture of Jesus; it expressed so much of his mystery. I can hardly wait for them to be framed so that I can look at them every time all the time. Respectfully, J. B. SMITH, M. D., Amherst, Mass. A direct Queen City Mezzorograph Co., 125 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, O. 10¢ We guarantee the safe arrival of each picture, in good order. v21a11200