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DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth Tears no Ash, Bows at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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Carpenter, Youmans, and the Pseudo-Scientists of To-day.

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M.D.

Prof. Youmans, the editor of our best Scientific monthy, has given his active aid in circulating the libels of Dr. Carpenter, to the extent of more than a hundred and fifty pages, and has (only after very urgent remonstrance) admitted about one twelfth as much from the scientific side of the question against the skeptical.

Such an error I must ascribe to the density of his ignorance of real psychic science, which he has utterly neglected. On other subjects, Prof. Youmans writes like a philosopher, but on this subject, controlled by a dominant materialism, he seems intellectually paralyzed, or anchored. He objects to the extension of the term "Nature" to include the casually invisible existences of the Spirit-world, because materialistic scientists at present limit their ideas of nature to physical forms and powers, not knowing any other. But this word has been used both in the restricted and in the unrestricted sense. Does not the term nature properly include all real existences capable of affecting man, or capable of physical manifestation? The mind or soul of man could not be properly excluded from a study of nature, for if so, we should have to exclude the minds of animals also, and if the mind in the body is a part of nature, or presents material phenomena, is it not equally a part of nature after its separation from the body?

As well might we exclude light, electricity and gravitation, because they are not always, and by their nature, apparent to vision.

Indeed, light itself is never seen any more than gravitation, but is only the medium by which we see other things. But the soul is to many persons a visible reality, while light, caloric and gravitation remain invisible, and therefore, according even to sensual philosophy, it is more properly embraced in natural science. As for excluding the soul and its phenomena, it would have been as proper for geographers in the days of Columbus to have objected to including a new continent in their science, because it was unknown in the text book of Ptolemy.

Prof. Youmans objects to admitting the Spirit-world as a department or subject of science, because it would throw everything into confusion, and upset the physical laws of nature! The Spirit-world of which we speak is one of definite laws—as much so as the world of imperponderals (light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc.)—and when it acts upon the physical world, it no more interrupts or violates a physical law by its superior forces, than does the sun by its light and heat. The power of the sun and moon over the tides does not disturb the laws of hydrostatics in the ocean; neither can any new force violate any law of nature, for her laws are absolutely infrangible. The suggestion that spiritual powers in physical action would violate the laws of nature, shows a forgetfulness of the very elementary truths of science, and shows, too, how confused and absurd an intelligent writer may become under the dominant influence of materialism.

NEED OF A HIGHER EDUCATION.

The truth is, dogmatic materialists cannot reason logically upon the fundamentals of their blind faith. Every argument to its conclusion, and they either drop into the same *foramen coecum* (blind hole) in which Dr. Carpenter takes refuge from the force of evidence and declares that it cannot affect his opinion, or fall into some other equally absurd hypothesis.

There is no better way to demonstrate the imperfection of our educational systems and the incapacity of thoroughly skeptical minds to reason correctly, than to give them a marvelous spiritual fact to discuss or to witness, and to observe how stubbornly they refuse to receive it upon satisfactory evidence, or to draw the inevitable inferences from it after it is admitted.

The entire moral force of Dr. Carpenter's lectures consists in the fact that his reputation helps to make such dogmatism seem less egregiously silly, because it has been maintained by a man of learning. Is there not an immense necessity for a better education among scientists than our colleges have given them—an education that would teach the art of Astronomy, and not leave the pupil a slave of his own prejudices or of those which he accepts from his teachers?

There is no absurdity so gross that it cannot be matched by the follies of men of learning and so-called philosophers during the last two thousand years, and when the follies of the speculative materialistic dogmatism of to-day shall have been burned in the same limbo of folly as those of Aristotle's followers, they will mingle with nothing more absurd than themselves. The doctrine that "nature abhors a vacuum" will look even more respectable than the modern doctrine that there is nothing in man more spiritual than the molecular mass and action of the albuminoid nervous substance, and that the decomposition of that substance is the end of all possible human life—a doctrine which forces men to deny the evidence of their senses.

their theories, and unwilling to receive the observations of others for the same reason) are informed that invisible, intangible intelligence will, at certain times and places, write upon a slate, either by moving the pencil in full view of all, or by writing in the space between two locked slates where no living being is perceptible. The majority of such pseudo-scientists refuse to give any attention to the information, although if they had been informed that a frog had been seen with a tail six inches long, they would willingly have undertaken a day's journey on foot to see the animal, for frogs with long tails are possible, but souls existing without bodies are known in pseudo-science to be impossible.

It might happen, however, that a pseudo-scientist might, in the apartment in which such writing occurs, in which case one of an energetic temperament would either interrupt the proceedings by bolsterous denunciation, or would snatch the slate before the experiment was concluded, and endeavor, if in England, to enlist the nearest magistrate in arresting such experiments by the law against vagrants.

The pseudo-scientists, however, of a less energetic temperament than Dr. Lankester, would patiently gaze at the proceedings and retire without learning anything. The invisible power that moved the pencil and displayed singular intelligence in writing in different languages, would be nothing more to their dazed understandings than the galvanism of a battery to the horse that sees the sparks from its wires. It is the characteristic of human intelligence, as distinguished from that of animals, to discover the cause of all phenomena before us, but pseudo-scientist intellect, paralyzed by materialism, stares at the most instructive phenomena, like an unreasoning quadruped and learns nothing, for stubborn materialism arises from an imperfect development or imperfect culture of the brain. A psychometer endowed with a bright intellect and the subtle senses that feel psychic emanations, places upon his forehead an unknown piece of manuscript, and in a few minutes is enabled to portray the character of the writer, and even tell if he was out of health, the maladies under which he was laboring. The pseudo-scientist looks on in silence and retires in a brown study, but no one is ever any wiser for his meditations. Such occurrences have been in progress for thirty years in the United States, and during all this time the pseudo-scientists generally have either succeeded in keeping themselves ignorant of the facts, or if they have witnessed any, they have neither discovered in them the new powers of the human mind transcending the old limits of sense, nor have they related these marvelous facts for the edification of the public in scientific journals, nor for that of their private friends in conversation. New facts in science fall upon fertile minds like the rains from heaven upon a rich soil, which quietly absorbs the heavenly gift, and returns a wealth of food and a garniture of beauty in its flowers. But upon the barren minds of pseudo-scientists the richest intellectual gifts of heaven, would descend as the rains and dews fall upon the hard boulders of a desolate country, only to leave their desolation unbroken in its nakedness.

It is true that I have not endeavored to force upon scientists generally a recognition of the truth of psychometry. I do not think it incumbent upon a discoverer to do more than to publish his discovery, to demonstrate it whenever convenient, to challenge investigation, and to receive with candor, patience and courtesy all who wish to investigate. To go in search of literati and scientists, and beg them personally to give some attention to novel facts, toward which they feel indifferent, would be a waste of time and surrender of self-respect. The true scientist embraces every opportunity to ascertain the truth, and does not need persuasion or coercion to do his duty. The pseudo-scientific spirit which repelled the discoveries of Harvey, was overcome only by the lapse of time and the growth of a new generation less confirmed in prejudice; and all new science must undergo the same delay in its reception until mankind cease to be generally mere creatures of habit, which at present is as much the case in professional circles as in the humble walks of life. Hence it is that, although during the past twenty-five years the Spirit-world has been knocking at the door for recognition, making various sounds and moving small objects to attract attention, compelling families, entire strangers to such phenomena, to seek their causes, the entire medical and clerical professions in the United States and Europe, have, as a body, with a few honorable exceptions, utterly failed to investigate the facts themselves, or to encourage any inquiry or investigation by others. Is there any system of ethics which can justify or excuse such indifference to the grandest discoveries that concern human welfare and progress?

CRIMINAL OPPOSITION TO SCIENCE.

We have grown so accustomed to this systematic trampling on the truth, that the students of psychic science seem content if they are simply tolerated, and not subjected to malicious persecution and defamation. They do not arraign their opponents at the bar of public opinion for the daily repetition of a crime which may well rank with the unpardonable offense of the New Testament—the sin against the Holy Ghost.

It was not the dictum ascribed to Car-

who acts contrary to it, sins against God." we may justly denounce such sins. Divine wisdom flows into and develops the human soul from every quarter of the universe which is the embodiment of that wisdom and pervaded by its spirit. It flows in not only by the influx of the senses, but the influx of intuition, a direct entrance to the human soul, which knows many things, and especially the higher truths by other means than sensuous perception and logical demonstration.

To close this inlet of the soul by unwillingness to receive and welcome truth is a sin against the Divine Spirit that enlightens man and elevates his nature. But when the degenerate soul not only closes itself against the invisible dews of divine wisdom, but still further, closes the grosser senses and palpable reason against demonstrable and solid facts that challenge attention, the degeneration has gone far, indeed, and become not only a sin against the Holy Spirit of Divine Truth, but a reckless rebellion against divine law, and surrender to falsehood, which must be atoned for by long years of penitence in future life.

It is impossible to acquire truth without loving and seeking it. It is impossible to approach God, who is all truth but by loving and seeking truth. Hence it is clear that every form of religion which does not maintain the love of truth and the search for truth, is void of the divine element and is to a great extent a false religion.

In like manner all true science tends to enlargement. It points toward and implies other truths, and impels us to seek and recognize them. Wherever we find this progress arrested, and the consciousness of higher, grander undiscovered truths completely lost, we know that a falsehood has been introduced, and the windows of the mind have been closed by pseudo-science.

In vain then do our departed friends come to us in dreams, in vain do they make sounds to arrest our attention, in vain do they impress the sensitive soul of a medium, in vain do they grasp a pencil to send a message, in vain do they organize a form and impress their features by the actinic ray upon a photograph, in vain do they rise from the dead in well organized and tangible forms to clasp hands with surviving friends and utter the words of love and recognition. These facts are in continual progress to-day. Every twenty-four hours scores of hundreds of the departed re-visit their friends in tangible bodies, but as science fails to be diffused among the savages of Africa or North America, because they have not scientific or receptive minds, so these magnificent parts remain unfamiliar to the majority of the communities in which they occur, and thus we are compelled to recognize the lamentable truth that beyond the daily routine of common experience the love of knowledge belongs to but a few and the love of fixed habits of thought is the predominant feeling.

It is to this love that Dr. Carpenter appeals and calls upon the multitude to stand by him in denouncing as fraudulent and false everything that would disturb the dominion of ignorant habits, by giving us deeper views of the laws of nature.

He does not appeal as a true scientist would in behalf of more critical investigation of nature to get the exact truth; for he has not himself investigated and does not intend to investigate. He makes no discoveries because he makes no proper investigations of psychic science, his whole object being to discourage all investigation and have these questions left in the keeping of those who like himself are determined to keep our knowledge within certain limits and would never in a thousand years discover a purely psychic fact because they do not recognize the soul as a subject of scientific research. It is well that they do not, for we do not need their aid, and the active opposition of Dr. Carpenter is the best service he can render to the progress of science.

The attack of Dr. Carpenter, upon all who dissent from his infallibility as an authority in reference to sciences which he has never really studied, is so extremely malignant in spirit that he cannot rest satisfied with wholesale imputations of fraud, but descends to personal attacks upon Prof. Crookes, which we need not notice further than to say that a portion of his gossip has been branded as false by a resolution of the officers of the Royal Society, and the remainder is equally untrue.

Such an attack, so far beyond the properties of literary discussion, could not of course, be answered in a style appropriate to a respectable and courteous essay.

THE PROPER STYLE OF CONTROVERSY.
Prof. Youmans objects to the style of my reply as too vituperative and peppery; but it is not vituperation to tell the truth in the plain language that is required, and I can perceive nothing in my reply beyond what is strictly true and urgently beyond to be said. But of course, I do not write to please or conciliate those whose course required emphatic censure.

The commonwealth's attorney is not regarded as vituperative when he calls the author of a premeditated homicide a murderer. When any crime has long gone unpunished and holds up its head in good society with numerous influential friends, that plain speaking which they would call vituperation against the criminal, is the duty of every good citizen.

Never was plain and forcible language more urgently needed than when the fore-

making, self-confidence and dogmatism) undertook to present in its naked wickedness and to justify with all the prestige of his reputation and power of his learning, the principle which has animated the bigots of so-called religion and so-called science in all ages—the principle that plunged Bruno into the fiery flames kindled by the inquisition, could barely fall short of a similar murder in the case of Galileo by securing his submission.

This principle is the one which Dr. Carpenter so smoothly presents and defends as if it were one of the most innocent abstractions of transcendental philosophy—the principle that men in authority as professors, judges, law-givers and inquisitors are fully justified in regarding and treating as the illusions of imbecility and the deceptions of knavery, all new discoveries and sciences which transcend in phenomena their conceptions of the laws of nature—not the conceptions arrived at by patient and thorough investigation of any department of science, but the cruder notions of what Dr. Carpenter calls "common sense," (before the investigation has occurred), which always reject as incredible that which is essentially new.

CARPENTER'S COMMON-SENSE DOCTRINE.

In all human progress, truths discovered by patient research, and entirely foreign to previous opinions of the laws of nature, and their regular operations are brought forward by discoverers who have no tribunal to appeal to but the tribunal of the ignorant though learned—those who are ignorant of the particular matter in question, and therefore incredulous. A correct ethical system would teach those who are thus ignorant to suspend their opinions and treat with courtesy and candor the discoverer whose claims they may soon be compelled to acknowledge as their master and teacher. But just here Dr. Carpenter steps in to inform them that their own common-sense is the only standard that is infallible and whatever their common-sense does not inform them is reasonable or true, must be treated as a delusion, (a doctrine which would certainly make all great discoveries delusions) and that if the testimony is of such a character as not to be explained by delusion of opinion—the whole matter must be treated as a fraud. A great discovery is therefore to be recognized as a great fraud, and the discoverer to be treated like other frauds. If he belongs to any honorable society or profession he should of course be expelled from every position; if he practices medicine, society should leave him to starve. The tactics of the opponents of Harvey are fully justified by the doctrine of Carpenter; and if the holy inquisitors were justified in assuming fraud against Galileo—fraud dangerous to religion as they believed, why was it not right to compel Galileo to recant, and be an honest man?

The "common-sense," or learned ignorance, to which Dr. Carpenter appeals, rejected the earth's rotundity, the existence of antipodes, the circulation of the blood, the existence of the American continent and a host of facts in chemical experiments, geology, paleontology and mechanical inventions. This common-sense which is exalted into an arbitrary despot is nothing more than *consolidated ignorance*—a habit of thought on any subject which has not been investigated, which necessarily embodies a certain amount of falsehood because knowledge is lacking—as "common-sense" believes the earth flat until enlightened by science. The doctrine of Carpenter teaches us to appeal from enlightened observation and scientific testimony—to what? To unenlightened public opinion—a public opinion so forcibly defined by Douglass Jerrold as "the average stupidity of mankind."

Ignoramus and bigots have in all ages acted on this principle—they are acting on it now all over the world, but it was not to be expected that any learned professor would have ever avowed such a principle, much less eulogized and defended it as the highest wisdom. We are therefore grateful to Dr. Carpenter for his bold confession of the fundamental principle that actuates him and all others of his class in opposition to newly established science. He has confessed what we know to be the position of his clique, and saved us the trouble of proving it. He has made it plain that there is no consistent alternative between the frank acceptance of all that is proved by scientific evidence (the position of Wallace Crookes and all other cultivators of psychic science) and the blind scurrilous hostility against discovery which runs away from evidence, misstates facts, treasures up malicious fabrications and assails as falsifiers or impostors the thousands who give unprejudiced testimony or who act upon such testimony when given by others.

The average skeptic only muddles the question as he discusses it. He has not the self-complacent courage of Carpenter in charging falsehood upon everybody who stands in his way, and simply says he does not know what to make of it all. But the alternative cannot be evaded logically. The facts of spiritalism and mesmerism must be accepted upon their evidence, or there is no veracity in man or woman, and all history is not worth the paper on which it is written.

PERSISTENT WARFARE AGAINST SCIENCE.

That Dr. Carpenter misstates facts and runs away from evidence, was so fully shown by Mr. Wallace (whose essay I had not seen when mine was written) as to need

anti-spiritual party, of which Dr. C. is a most conspicuous exponent, it would require a huge volume to contain them. Slander, legal persecution, personal violence or mobocracy are but the natural results of Dr. Carpenter's principle. Every mesmerist or Spiritualist being regarded as an impostor, legal persecution must be applied, and the more wretched libels of the lower order of newspapers must circulate as authentic news. Prof. Youmans, I presume, does not sympathize with this; does not even know of its existence. The persons assailed are not his friends. But when men who are as profound in philosophic thought as his friend Herbert Spencer, and who are as brave and disinterested in maintaining the truth under greater opposition, are the objects of this assault, headed and justified by Dr. Carpenter, Prof. Y. should at least tolerate and approve an attempt to establish better ethics among scientists, and to arrest the incessant war against improvement and discovery before it becomes established in the highest quarters by the dicta of Dr. Carpenter and the approval of certain scientific bodies, periodicals, colleges and newspapers that malignant warfare against new science and scientists is ethically right and laudable. Setting aside its odiousness as a personal attack upon worthy individuals (in which unhandsome business Dr. C. has personally participated), there is no greater crime against humanity in general than this systematic warfare against the new truths which are to lead us on to a higher and happier social condition.

Dr. Carpenter recommends such a war, for all great revolutionary truths or discoveries must by their very nature be condemned by his "common sense" rule as fraudulent. As applied by himself, it condemns truths which have been experimentally demonstrated in every city in Christendom as positively as Harvey's discoveries were demonstrated by him. If the rule should be sanctioned by high authority and put in practice by the mass of mankind, it would develop a merciless hostility against progress and reproduce the thousand years of stagnation which we call the dark ages, in which Dr. Carpenter's principle reigned supreme.

It is an easy matter to perpetuate barbarism and despotism by crushing the few who lead in enlightenment. Imprisonment or death inflicted on a few such leaders as Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Luther, Wickliffe, etc., would have prolonged the dark ages to the present time. Strike out a hundred names from European history and all that was identified with them, and liberty and philosophy would be to-day unknown; our condition would be no better than that of China.

The social ostracism and personal persecution implied by the doctrines of Dr. Carpenter, would be little less effective, if well administered, than the dungeon and the gibbet. No doubt the professional hostility shown in the expulsion of Prof. Elliottson from his honorable positions at London, has effectively robbed the people of Great Britain, to a great extent, of the medical relief afforded by mesmerism, and the beneficent influence of its facts upon the progress of medical science and philosophy.

This Carpentarian style of opposition is not the legitimate opposition of scientists to supposed errors, which cease as soon as a crucial experiment has settled the question, but a blind hatred like that with which the Turk spurs the Glaur, or the Christian mob pursues the unfortunate Jew. The performance of successful experiments in clairvoyance, or even their authentication by the most eminent scientists (as in the French Academy), has not overcome this stolid opposition, for clairvoyance is to-day neglected or scouted in medical colleges, with few exceptions. The successful performance of surgical operations on an unconscious mesmerized patient, excited no gratitude for the demonstration, no desire to relieve other surgical patients in the same way, in the minds of the medical profession generally of England, but only a sterner determination to put down this heretical procedure. The orthodoxy of medicine and the orthodoxy of Rome are the same in spirit, alike, unrelenting, intolerant and uninfluenced by reason. The creed of intolerance which has been formulated by Dr. Carpenter is diligently inculcated by medical colleges. Skepticism, which is their psychic disease, is perpetuated in medical schools, as small-pox is perpetuated in a pest-house, and few young men in such colleges escape its contamination.

MEDICAL INTOLERANCE.

It was by prominent members of the medical profession, with the sympathy of its masses, that the attempt was made, in the case of Henry Slade, to make the cultivation of psychic science a penal offense, and Justice Flowers—a Carpenter on the bench (minus the learning)—would have imprisoned Mr. Slade for permitting an invisible power to write upon a slate at his table. Under the Carpentarian regime legislation would arrest, by fine and imprisonment, the cultivation of the most instructive, beautiful and beneficent forms of science which now occupy the attention of the profoundest thinkers of the age.

THE STRUGGLE OF GENIUS AND ORIGINALITY AGAINST DULL MEDIOCRITY.

The cultivation of profound science, and the consequent rectification of ancient errors, is the noblest work of the student of nature, but is one about which men will differ, for there are two antagonistic classes

THE ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM:

A System of Moral Philosophy.

By Hudson Tuttle.

The fragment was broken from the world of matter and individualized, and by evolution the gradual unfolding of inherent qualities, we can trace its growth through the successive geological ages.

ORIGIN OF MAN.

The forces of change are operating to-day with the same swift but noiseless energy as in the past. The once prevalent notion of catastrophes has passed away.

MENTAL GROWTH.

This survey of the realm of living beings presents us with the perfection of the physical forms of animals as well as of man.

With the acquisition of intellect, progress changed its object and direction. Previously acting on unresisting bodies, it has now found a directing power in intelligence.

The question is asked, may not higher forms result from the plan of progress herein sketched? If animals in the past, by constantly availing themselves of every change for the better, have reached their present status, will not improvement still continue, and may not faces superior to man be expected?

shadows forth the most exalted intellectual attainments possible. The savage offers slight resistance to the conditions which surround him.

By this rapid survey we have determined man's position at the apex of the pyramid of life, the crowning work of creative energy.

SPRIT.

We now come to the consideration of the immortal man. Thus far our course has been with the Materialist, who will be pleased with our conclusions.

The highest culture of all ages, and the instinctive yearnings of the soul contradict this conclusion.

More deeply are we impressed with that conclusion, when by a survey of the realm of life we find that the progressive labor of the ages is for his creation.

PROGRESS UNLIMITED.

But we cannot limit this progress. Having reached its highest point in physical man, it seeks a new channel through his spiritual nature.

Then what is the benefit or aim of this progress? Is there anything gained by the mastodon taking the place of the saurian of the primeval slime, or man of the mastodon?

But this is for the race. What is for the individual? He cares not if mankind a thousand years hence become as God's; he asks what is my destiny?

Unless this be so, creation is a failure, and the interminable beings which form its cycle, represent no purpose, or object gained.

Most rigidly do I adhere to my primary proposition, that no force or energy whatever can exist without matter.

I here freely admit that the material is wanting to bridge the existing gulf between matter and spirit, but it must be borne in mind how brief has been the period since investigation has been intelligently directed to this subject.

As the mortal senses cannot recognize the matter or substance of which the spirit-organism is composed, and as all ideas of matter is derived from them, we cannot form a just conception of its qualities.

OBJECTIONS.

We are here met with an objection, urged as conclusive. If spirits are material why can we not see them? We can not see the atmosphere, and if we trusted to the eye alone, should never know that it exists.

THE PHANTOM ENGINEER;

OR, The Angel of the Railway Train.

BY EMMA F. JAY BULLENE.

Out into the midnight darkness, Like a thing of life it fled; And its precious freight of sleepers, Wake not by its iron tread.

Away over hillside and valley, Neath pale stars looking down, Heaven's lamps that lighted the pathway, As it sped from city to town.

But calm at the helm in the tempest, The pilot, noble and brave, Sat guiding the ship of the prairie, To death, or its inmates to save!

The calmness that nerved his spirit, Was born of a purpose high; And courage to work for merit, Though doomed at his post to die.

I'm thinking to-night of Jim Alton, Poor fellow sleeps under the sod, He went bravely down with his engine, But saved his train, thank God!

To-night as we slowed at his station, In the misty twilight dim; The lamp-light wreathed softly in halo, A sweet face, the image of him.

The storm-blends weird murmur of anguish, And fast falling tears of night, Had lulled the sad plaint of the train-king, Who held life and death in his sight.

A moment the pulses of nature, Seemed hushed in dumb despair; But her life-blood flowed out in bright flashes, 'Mid thunders that rent the air.

The steed of the rail quickly halted, The heart of his master stood still; The lightning revealed the destruction Of a bride, beside the old mill.

His eyes looked tenderly backward, Toward his darling's bed, His lips, though voiceless, repeated, "Back! Back! There's danger ahead!"

Oh, friends! a greeting kind and true, To all who toil some pains pursue, Our Christmas gift, we give to you.

With joy we greet you far and near, And hope to give your hearts good cheer, And crown with mirth, the closing year.

Inspired by love's most winsome art, We'll drive dull care from every heart, And bid each cloud of grief depart.

Oh! well may we make merry here, While angel-bands are waiting near, To bless with peace our land most dear.

For dearer far, than gems that shine In jeweled vaults, or distant mines, Are gifts which glow on friendship's shrines.

We've learned that heeding love's command, With cheerful hearts and willing hand, Will make a happy household band.

We know that patience, hope and trust, A love for all that's pure and just, Are treasures that will never rust.

And humble though the offering be, 'Twill live and glow eternally, On shores beyond death's silent sea.

Oh, let us hope that each may bear, Some flowers of truth and beauty rare, To sweeten life's dull round of care.

THE PURE IN HEART.

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Who are the pure in heart?—Not those alone Whose tender feet ne'er trod through sin's dross, Whose ears ne'er heard temptation's siren tones, Whose souls, if gold, are unrefined by fire.

Not those alone who walk with faintly feet In whitest robes of ignorant innocence, By favored paths were blooming roses sweet, Give of their hidden thorns no evidence.

They are the pure in heart who walk unhurt O'er the hot ploughshares of all burning vice, Whose shining garments hold no trace of dirt, Whose ways are kept intact from sin's device.

And those sweet loving souls who dare to brave In pity's name the homes and haunts of crime, With helpful words and hands outstretched to save, Reclaiming souls from sin with love divine.

The pure in heart!—We meet them everywhere, Outlooking off from eyes in pale sad faces, Soft eyes, which haunt us like a holy prayer, Pure eyes, though marked with want's deep traces.

COMMUNICATION FROM JOHN PIERPONT.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE JOURNAL:—It is very pleasant for me to occasionally come back to earth and talk with friends who are enlisted in the one great cause my soul loves, Spiritualism, to impart to you my knowledge of this glorious life I am in; to demonstrate to you in my own person, and with my own individuality, the truth of the immortality of the soul.

To the dwellers in these higher planes, the petty strifes and envious bickerings, which are sometimes seen upon earth, seem so utterly insignificant, that we forget that once we, too, were surrounded by just such influences, which then seemed to us very trying, but which, no doubt, were permitted and needed for our discipline, for there are always those among you who will endeavor to wipe out the dark spots in their own lives by trying to sully those of others.

Dear friends, how beautiful are the processes of unfoldment and development here? Of course, this is done gradually, for it cannot be accomplished all at once, but to see as we can, one faculty after another becoming quickened and useful, and the dear angels are constantly opening new doors, and showing to the wondering eyes brighter and more beautiful views in the beyond.

Oh! friends, how far in its use and beauty beyond the life of earth is this home of the angels? And, dear ones, if in my visits to earth or my occasional communications to earth's children, I can do anything to aid you to prepare for this blessed home, which all will sometime reach; if I can bring you from this bright sphere some little thought, some small seed, some fresh blossom glowing with beauty, and bathed in the pearly dew of the bright land, shall I feel that my mission to earth has been improved and has been productive of some good.

Christmas is coming! Who should welcome this glad time so joyously as Spiritualists, not so much from associations connected with the past, but rather with the glorious promise of the future.

Christmas is coming; make your own hearts glad by making others so. Look about you, see if you cannot find some poor brother or sister, struggling to live, whom you can aid. You who have the means, see if you cannot find some poor medium or speaker whose Christmas day may be made happier by a gift from you; but first, my friends, see that your spiritual paper is paid for, for men should always "be just, before they are generous."

A lady in England has arranged and classified the clergy of the National Church under a variety of heads, such as "colors," "parties," "musical," "the table," etc. As a specimen of her work we may state that she finds 70 Whites to 4 Blacks and 2 Blacker, and also 2 Flints to 4 Steels.



Received Impromptu at a Wedding Party in London, 1875, by Quina.

When the frosts of winter melt Beneath the sun's bright ray; And all the blades of grass Leap up to greet the day...

I saw two little violets Upon a mossy bank; Blooming sweetly side by side 'Mid odors over tank...

I saw two butterflies A waltzing in the air, One butterfly would lonely be Perched on a flow'ret fair...

I saw two little birds Building a tiny nest, And all their thoughts and words In love-notes were expressed!

And so down life's slope, When sunset splend'rs near us, How happy is the heart, With loving mate to cheer us...

Early Impressions.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I send a couple of facts on "Early Impressions." If you find them suitable for "Quina's Basket," you are welcome to publish them...

We wish success to this new department, for none feel more keenly than we do the lack of spiritualistic literature for the young...

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A little girl—"bright as a button" use to come into our lyceum regularly, from a sectarian Sunday school, with catechism and library book in her hand...

The Guardian Angel.

In waking hours keep watch above my head, O gracious angel, as the Lord hath said, And when the night's repose from care would wean...

BENJAMIN R. BULKLEY.

Magazine Notices for January, 1878.

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago.) Contents: Historical—Martial Law During the Revolution, by Asa Bird Gardner...

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., 540 and 551 Broadway, New York.) Contents: The Growth of the Steam-Engine, III, by Prof. H. H. Thurston...

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. (Scribner & Co., New York.) Contents: Carl Sigurd's Christmas Eve; Fox-hunting in New England; Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae...

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston: H. O. Houghton; New York: Hurd & Houghton.) Contents: The Result in South Carolina; Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion...

THE ECLECTIC. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: The Science of Electricity as Applied in Peace and War; Russians, Turks and Bulgarians at the Theatre of War...

THE PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (S. R. Wells & Co., New York City.) Contents: Oliver P. Morton, Portrait; Moulds, Their Growth and Nature (illus.); Henry Meigs, Portrait...

THE GALAXY. (Sheldon & Co., New York.) Contents: Paris Revisited; The Defeat of Justice; A Foreign Affair; The Bishop's Flagons at Monte Plascone...

THE NURSERY. (J. L. Shorey, Boston.) Contents: The Christmas Tree; The New Sled; A Wonderland; My Three Boys; The Snowflakes...

THE NEW CHURCH INDEPENDENT. (Weller & Metcalf, Chicago.) Contents: The Secrecy of Self-Sacrifice; Thoughts on Sex and Marriage; Christianity the Salt of the World...

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (Wood & Holbrook, New York.) Contents: New Mexico as a Health Resort; Half Sick; Lady Medical Students in Germany...

LA ILLUSTRACION ESPIRITA. (Refugio I. Gonzalez, Mexico.) The December number of this magazine is, as usual, filled with articles of interest.

Items of Interest—Gems of Wit and Wisdom

SOFT SOAP. In solid shape, pleases all; and, generally speaking, the more *lye* you put into it the better.

OLD TIMES.—There's a beautiful song on the slum'rous air, That drifts through the valley of dreams; It came from a clime where the roses were, And a hopeful heart, and bright brown hair...

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown, And snow-white foreheads are there; A glimmering cross and a glittering crown, A thorny bed and a couch of down...

A breath of spring in the breezy woods, Sweet wafts from the quivering pines— Blue violet's eyes beneath green hoods, A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds, Bird-warbles and clambering vines...

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand, A ring and a slighted vow— Three golden links of a broken band, A tiny track on the snow-white sand, A tear and a smileless brow...

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song That sobs on slum'rous air, And loneliness felt in the festive throng, Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along...

We heard it at first at the dawn of day, And it mingled with matin chimes; But years have distanced the beautiful lay, And its melody flow'd from far away...

A COUNTRY minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbor asked him if he did not do well by the second marriage...

SPIRITUALISM emphatically asserts that the only true religion is in the life and character—morality, virtue, integrity, purity of heart and soul; that no special virtue is exempt in prayer and praise, devotional exercises, and idolatrous book and church-worship...

A CRIME OF CIVILIZATION.—Feticide is the crime of both sexes, and medical men are swept away, all unnoticed, save by him who heads the sparrows when they fall. These are blasted fruits from the tree of life...

"Make the stately temple of the soul A dungeon of impure depravities."

The integrity of woman is the last hope of mankind. Men may be rough; men may be cruel; men may be criminal, and not utterly blast the prospects of the race...

THE body of a sensualist is the coffin of a dead soul.—Hovee.

PRIVATE opinion is weak, but public opinion is almost omnipotent.—Reecher.

THE first newspaper in the world was printed at Venice about the year 1563. It was called the Gazette de Venice.

THE first reaping machine on record is described by Pliny in the year A. D. 60. It consisted of a cart pushed by an ox.

Would the diamond seem such a peerless gem If it measured one foot round? Would the roseleaf yield such a sweet perfume If it covered yards of ground?

TALENTS are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.—Goethe.

GLORY follows in the train of great men, and increases after their death, for envy does not long survive them; nay, it sometimes dies before them.—Plutarch.

Virtue is its own Reward.

When a child I was taught and most earnestly believed in the literal truth of this maxim. I had not the slightest doubt but that when a good deed was done in pureness of heart and with earnest integrity of purpose...

When I found the generous heart, instead of being lightened by its self-denying efforts at amelioration of poverty, pain, and woe, I perceived to my regret that the power of sympathy lessened the great whole of sorrow in the world...

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers, Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

As my experience and thought widened, I saw presently, however that I had judged too hastily, looked at this matter too superficially, I perceived that if all were selfish, if all did evil how soon society would be dissolved...

So, let those who have lost faith in virtue as a means of happiness, take courage and be content to leave the world with the sweet satisfaction of having made it a little better and brighter for their presence...

As my experience and thought widened, I saw presently, however that I had judged too hastily, looked at this matter too superficially, I perceived that if all were selfish, if all did evil how soon society would be dissolved...

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VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORICULTURE CATALOGUE. Fifty pages, 30 illustrations, with descriptions of thousands of the best flowers and vegetables in the world...

A BILLIARD TABLE FOR \$1.00. This table is so constructed that it may be put together and taken apart in ONE MINUTE. The cushions are of the best quality...

MODEL FOR THE HOLIDAYS AND ALL OTHER DAYS. Model Printing Press. \$3. Nothing in the world would please your eye so much, and nothing would give a better impression for your store or office...

R. P. HALL'S GALVANO-ELECTRIC PLASTER. A Galvanic Battery is included in a medicine plaster, and when applied to the body produces a constant current of electricity...

International Hotel, Cor. Seventh and Jackson Sts., (Entrance on Seventh.) ST. PAUL. MINN. Having leased (for a term of years) and refitted and furnished this very fine hotel, would accommodate the public and my old time friends and patrons...

Patent Parlor Elevators. Automatic in their action—no engine, steam or water required—the passenger storing up the power otherwise lost in descending to be utilized in making the next ascent...

EXPERIENCES OF JUDGE J. W. EDMONDS, IN SPIRIT LIFE. Given, Impromptu by Mrs. Clara L. V. (Tappan) Richmond, 1875, as Lecturer, with a Poem, "THE HOME OF THE SPIRIT."

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN. A Code of Directions for Escaping from the PRIMAL CURSE. Edited by M. L. Holbrook, M.D., Editor of the "Herald of Health" with an Appendix on the Care of Children...

UNDERWOOD-MARPLES DEBATE. HELD BETWEEN R. F. UNDERWOOD AND REV. JOHN MARPLES, of Toronto, (Presbytery), JOHN MARPLES, of Toronto, (Presbytery).

A NEW AND RARE BOOK! Poems of the Life Beyond and Within. Voices from many lands and centuries saying, "Man, thou shalt never die."

Heroines of Free Thought. By SARAH C. UNDERWOOD. A record of the finest daring heroines of Free Thought, being sketches of the few central figures in the history of Rational Religion.

Dr. J. NEWTON SMITH'S HAIR RESTORATIVE. POSITIVELY RESTORES HAIR TO BALD HEADS. This is the only hair restorative manufactured expressly to promote the growth of hair...

letters. Men of mere memory, of but little sagacity or philosophic thought, who originate nothing new, are incapable of either making discoveries themselves or judging of the value of discoveries introduced by others.

The former class, who are governed entirely by the established opinions which Dr. Carpenter calls "common sense," adhere to authority, and oppose any change in fundamental doctrines as zealously as a Jesuit proteges the faith of Rome.

Learning without sagacity is of no value in pronouncing an opinion upon matters essentially new. Dr. Carpenter himself has stated his own case very correctly while erroneously criticizing an opponent.

RECKLESS REASONING. Dr. C. insists that if we accept modern marvels, we are bound to accept all the superstitious narratives of past ages; but how vast the difference between science and superstition, which he ignores.

What a contrast between these honest students of nature and Dr. C. We can scarcely fancy the painful embarrassment which he would feel in seeing a lath lifted to the ceiling without human agency, or writing occurring on a pair of slates held in his own hands alone while in the presence of Mr. Watkins!

But how utterly useless would it be to show such facts to Dr. Carpenter! True, he could not object to his own testimony—he would not accuse the pre-eminently qualified and wise Dr. Carpenter, whose qualifications excel those of all other men for such investigations (in his own candidly expressed opinion) of being deluded by credulity and prepossession—not at all—but the result would be just the same!

In my younger days President Pars, the most enlightened teacher of his time, exhibited before the Kentucky Legislature a class of small boys far advanced under his care, one of whom, hardly three feet high, gave a lecture on Chemistry with illustrative experiments, which was greatly admired except by a gentleman from the mountain counties, who preferred "solid larnin" to such nonsense, and considered the chemical experiments "a mere slight of hand performance."

Until genius and labor formed a partnership, there was no such thing as prosperity among men.—Ingersoll.

Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter whether he occupies a throne or lives in a poor-house.—Ingersoll.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

JNO. C. BUNNY, Editor. J. H. FRANCIS, Associate Editor. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy, one year, in advance, including postage, \$3.15.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE Chicago, Illinois. In making remittances for subscription, always procure a Post-Office Money Order, if possible.

LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS. Subscribers are particularly requested to note the time of the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office.

CHICAGO, March 19th, 1877. TO READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS. From and after this date make all Checks, Drafts, Postal Money Orders and other Remittances for the Publishing House of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL payable to the order of

JOHN C. BUNNY, Acting Manager. LOCATION 22 and 24 LaSalle street, Northwest corner of LaSalle and Washington streets.

CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY 5, 1878.

"Twilight Spiritualists."

This is the name Mrs. Richmond's control gives to those who, from a desire for popularity or from timidity, are attendants upon the churches which the Spirit-world are, in concert with their media, putting forth every effort to lead away humanity from the traditional errors of dogmatic ignorance and inhumanizing bigotry.

These "Twilight Spiritualists" occasionally take a feeble interest in the cause and sometimes manifest a slight spasmodic awakening, but, if they do anything in aid of Spiritualism, they desire to have it kept strictly private, they print their name in connection with the subject, lest the Paul Pry's of the Y. M. C. A., shall from their "ink horn write upon their foreheads the mark of the beast" and seal it thereon with the "seven seals" of their condemnation.

There is no excuse for shrinking from duty which one is able to perform, and no apology should be accepted from one unwilling to defend what he knows to be truth, and a truth which will benefit and elevate humanity, because it is unpopular among bigots, dogmatic creedists and the worshippers of ignorance.

Now, in the articles which Mr. Bennett published, though we may not deem his "Open Letter to Jesus" in good taste, we fail to find anything that is really objectionable, or that should subject its editor to be harassed by the Christian inquisitor, Anthony Comstock.

We here distinctly wish to say, however, that we have no desire to reprimand Mr. Comstock for any laudable undertaking in suppressing obscenity. He has done a noble work in preventing the publication of obscene books, and the scattering broadcast

of those who bring messages of love and wisdom from the other shore.

Those who have had this partial illumination and yet have cringed beneath the bigot's frown, and fawned for favors at the hands of the inquisitor, will yet have to answer for the groans of martyred mediums, for the world's retarded progress, for the onslaughts which error has made upon individual freedom of opinions and the rights of man.

The hour for action has arrived. The time has come when dominant errors would reign over truth, and right, and freedom, by whatever means—by stealth, by education, by assumed authority engrafted craftily upon our statutes, by terrorism and the dungeon, by the dagger, pistol and poison, or by war.

This is no time for Peter to deny Jesus, unless he is willing, in the end, to expire upon a cross, like the one, to which his imbecile cowardice has nailed the victim. There is no middle-ground.—"He that is not for us is against us."

Blasphemy and Obscenity.

As previously mentioned in the JOURNAL, D. M. Bennett, editor and publisher of the Truth Seeker, New York, has been arrested for blasphemy and obscenity. Now, what is blasphemy? According to the Bible (Mark): "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Spirit shall not be forgiven."

You take a box of apples; some are brilliant with healthy colors; others are shriveled and present an uninviting appearance; others are decayed in spots, while not a few are rotten to the core. It is the same with the Bible. There are brilliant thoughts therein, scintillating with divine lustre, the perusal of which are eminently well calculated to illuminate the mind; then, again, there are stale platitudes, that fall upon the mind like a wet blanket upon the person.

You can send the Bible through the mails in its entirety; but tear it into fragments, and collect its infamous obscenity, and attempt to make Uncle Sam carry the same, and you at once become a criminal. Some declare that the truth should not be spoken at all times; verily that applies to the Bible; even if its obscene passages be true, who would wish to pollute their lips by giving utterance to the same? We would not.

Now, in the articles which Mr. Bennett published, though we may not deem his "Open Letter to Jesus" in good taste, we fail to find anything that is really objectionable, or that should subject its editor to be harassed by the Christian inquisitor, Anthony Comstock.

over the land of obscene pictures, that are calculated to sow poison among the rising generation. He has caused the destruction of tons of poisonous literature each year, and there is not a father or mother in the land who will not thank him for so doing. But he transcends his duty when he tries to suppress free thought, or prevent the publication of sentiments that are calculated to illumine the world.

So far as Mr. Bennett is concerned, he has nothing to fear. He has done his duty, and done it well. Modern inquisitors can't long survive. Every day at Rome in 1668 a heretic passed to spirit-life through tortures. In 1877, only one heretic, Dr. Russel, has been brutally whipped by so-called Christians.

Spiritualism in Cape Town, South Africa.

From a file of South African papers recently received, we see that Dr. J. M. Peebles is there lecturing upon the India Amine, ethnological subjects, and Spiritualism, Henry M. Stanley, the man that found the long lost Dr. Livingstone, is there also. Mr. Stanley while lecturing before the Philosophical Society of Cape Town, upon his African explorations, compared "superstitions" and "witch-doctors" of Africa to "Spiritualism" and "American Mediums."

PEEBLES' APOLOGY TO THE DEAN AND THE CITIZENS OF CAPE TOWN.

Permit me through your valuable columns to apologize to the clergy and people of Cape Town generally—not for the letter appearing from my pen in your issue of November 6th, but for having, unintentionally on my part, caused the Dean to fly into such a violent passion.

No man has a greater admiration for the energy and executive ability of Mr. Stanley than myself. But I utterly disapprove of his method as an executor in dealing with the killing of natives, the enemy, the hate, and the killing of natives. Who can write of H. M. Stanley as the English reviewer, Oliphant, writes of Dr. Livingstone? These are his words: "The unvarying benevolence and gentleness of Dr. Livingstone have left him a reputation among the savage tribes of Africa, as remarkable as that which he has achieved among his own countrymen for indomitable courage and manly perseverance."

extracts from Mr. Stanley's speech do not bring to my ear the ring of the "humane," "God-fearing," Christian! Therefore, while pressing upon the Dean's notice the previous (unanswered) inquiry—can a "humane," "God-fearing," "Crusader for Christ" that is a true and practical follower of Jesus Christ—fight, in the sense of shooting down human beings, as did Stanley in Central Africa. I further ask, wherein the fashionable, worldly, liquor-drinking, blood-shedding Christian of the Church, differs from the ordinary sinner of the world? J. M. PEEBLES.

Strange Phenomenon.

The following manifestation, as set forth in the London Spiritualist, occurred in the presence of Dr. Monck, of England:

And now, an experiment, very unique in its outcome, was suggested, namely, that the form should drink a glass of water, and though Samuel, on behalf of Dr. Monck, objected to the experiment as not a nice one, in its expected conclusion, yet Mr. Colley, for good reasons, persisted; and the result was that, as the figure drank the water visibly and audibly before us, the water so consumed was, in quantity corresponding to what the materialized spirit swallowed, instantly ejected from the medium's mouth, demonstrating by another proof, added to former proofs, that there is, at times, if not always, great community of taste and feeling between the psychic forms and the mediums from whom they take birth.

Thus, after many experiments, and a stay with us of nearly an hour, the medium all the time, and throughout the whole séance, never once out of our sight, the embodied mystery began, to lose power, till at last Dr. Monck, drawing near, received the form back into himself, the figure sliding, as it appeared, gradually into his left side, leaving only a patch of white, misty, luminous vapor on his black coat. This, too, disappeared, but the lappel of his coat, by chance being moved aside, we all saw beneath, on the waistcoat, about the place of the watch-pocket, the same flickering patch of misty light, which Mr. Adshard tried to arrest, placing one hand at the back, while with the other he explored the inner vest, feeling all round in vain for its cause, which ignis fatuus presently died out, or was drawn within; and with a spasm Dr. Monck awoke and sat down with us, apparently unconscious of the mighty wonders we had witnessed, and feel powerless to describe.

The following from the True American, Trenton, New Jersey, gives expression to a sad truth:

In an attic, cold and dreary, Lay a mother and her child, Helpless, hopeless, weak and weary, And with craving hunger wild, Husband, father, toil-enduring, Working hard for pittance pay, In a week, enough procuring For his family for a day. Neighbors learn their sad condition; Gather in to render aid; Husband goes for a physician— Cannot come unless he's paid. Tries another and another, Until one consents to come, But too late to save the mother, She in Death's cold arms is numb. Millions spent in church-adorning, Millions wasted making laws; Millions of the people mourning, While the demon hunger gnaws, Oh, ye paid and trusted leaders! Listen, while ye hold your breath: In this land of Bible readers, Wives and mothers starve to death!

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard and other Items of Interest.

Dr. E. W. Stevens, of Janesville, Wis., made us a fraternal call last week. He is making an extensive lecturing tour through Illinois and Michigan.

We have received the advance sheets of "Carpenterian Criticism," by our esteemed correspondent, "M. A. (Oxon:)" which we shall publish in our next number.

Francis Connelly, of Millville, Shasta county, Cal., is desirous to have Dr. G. C. Castleman visit that State, and wants societies who would like to engage his services as a lecturer, to correspond with him on the subject.

Dr. J. M. Peebles has been lecturing in Cape Town, South Africa, to large audiences. The sectarians are wrought up to a fearful pitch of excitement over the lectures. He will continue a month or so longer and then sail for London, Eng., by way of St. Helena.

Capt. H. H. Brown and Mr. Vandercok have had full and enthusiastic audiences at Vermont and Bushnell, Ill., in which places the Captain gave twelve lectures. They will be at Kirksville, Mo., Jan., 4th, 5th and 6th; at Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 11th, 12th and 13th. They can be engaged for the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, on the route between these two points. They will be at Austin, Texas, Feb. 5th. Address as above.

J. Frank Baxter is to lecture in Bristol Ct., January 13th. The Gazette, in making the announcement, says: "Our contemporaries speak highly of him as a lecturer, rating him as one of the best speakers on the spiritualistic platform. His public tests are in many cases simply wonderful. Any of our readers attending his lecture will doubtless have an opportunity of witnessing his mediumistic powers. He is also a fine vocalist and organist, and will probably favor the audience with a few selections."

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE RATIONAL PHILOSOPHY.

Fate's Blessings.

BY DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

Safety, O, my fellow mortals, Glide we o'er the tide of life, Onward to the heavenly portals, Notwithstanding all the strife.

So we upon this mundane sphere May fade and pass from sight, But sure as heaven we reappear Beyond the shades of night!

What Are Dreams?

Are dreams a portion of our active life? Are they the living movements of the soul, Which grows more wakeful while the body sleeps;

A Nut for Materialists and Athelists.

We present the following nut for Athelistic Materialist scholars to crack, and controvert the theory that there is no attenuated substance possessing intelligence, and outliving the outward fleshy body.

MAGNETISM A REALITY. An Item That Dr. Fahnestock Should Consider.

Says S. E. De Morgan, in the London Spiritualist: About twenty-five years ago, after I had found from many experiences that I possessed the healing power in a considerable degree, many persons asked me to help them.

Unjust Contemplated Legislation.

The Statute of Illinois, contains the following: We learn that petitions are now being circulated throughout the State to get signatures, to be presented to the next General Assembly, praying that body to enact a law to protect graduates of medical schools, in the practice of medicine.

The Soul in Dream Land.

VIATOR asserts on "Dreams," that we have the Bible authority to attest that certain dreams are of divine origin—heaven-sent messages to warn us of danger or foretell the fate of the individual, nation, or people.

Dr. Hoffman, of Chicago, writes: Dr. John Van Sant, of New Orleans, gives an account of a magnetic current on insects. One of these experiments was conducted upon a spider with a mare toy magnet.

close an important influence upon the functions of animals. Indeed—these learned (?) M. Ds. are wonderfully and fearfully put together mentally; for, while refusing to accept as true, or to even investigate human magnetism as an alternative force, they squander days and years with frogs, toads, worms of the same genus, using toy magnets.

Mrs. L. E. Bailey, of Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: I desire to inform you and the numerous readers of your worthy paper, the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Rockford, Kent Co., Mich., and its outgrowth, the Children's Progressive League, are both in a most flourishing condition; indeed, we consider it the banner society and lyceum of our State.

E. A. Chapman, of Lowell, Mich., writes: Capt. H. H. Brown, the well known inspirational speaker, from Battle Creek, has been speaking to crowded houses here (Lowell, Mich.) giving two lectures on finance, three on temperance, and eight on liberal and scientific subjects.

J. Edwin Churchill, of Jasper, Florida, writes: In consequence of sickness I have been silent for some time, but now I am happy to say to the many readers of the JOURNAL that I am again able and ready to take up my line of duty to the spirits of proclaiming a better and more glorious gospel than the believers in dead forms and useless ceremonies have been hearing.

Wm. H. Green, of New Albany, Ind., writes: attended a Spiritualist materializing séance at the house of Dr. J. G. Wells, on the 6th inst., in this city. I took waxed cord and tied the medium's hands securely, but just as soon as I stepped out of the cabinet and closed the curtains, fifteen or twenty materialized forms were presented.

Brief Mentions.—John Rosenmund, of Hillsboro, N. C., writes: "I can't get along without the JOURNAL—I must have it." N. K. Dana, of Natick, Mass., writes: "Your paper is invaluable to me." James W. Hazard, of Hillsboro, Mich., writes: "I will say the JOURNAL is fully up to the standard as I view it, that it occupied when Bro. Jones edited it." John Ames, Baltimore, Md., writes: "I like the dear old JOURNAL, and consider it the best spiritual paper in the land. I have taken it constantly for about ten years."

Warren, Illinois.—In this vicinity are many Spiritualists, and not a few good mediums, who have become developed in family séances. There would seem to be a good field hereabouts for lecturers, and there surely is one for a canvasser for publications devoted to the spiritual philosophy.

Notes and Extracts.

Low spirits, in passing from a lower to a higher state, are insensible for a short period. The Hindus are endeavoring to introduce their religion into Australia, and Hindu missionaries have been for a year laboring in that country.

The new silver quarters have the device, "In God we Trust," but not half dollars. No confidence in them for any sum greater than twenty-five cents, evidently.

Jerome says: "There are as many different Bibles as copies of the Bible; for every man has added to or subtracted from, according to his own caprice, as he saw fit."

At a colored funeral at Mt. Carmel, Tenn., lately, the officiating clergyman remarked fervently: "O, Lord, wade thy bloody garments' obsequies in misfortune's slush, and save her soul!"

Material substance exists under countless modifications—to wit, in infinite degrees of solidification and attenuation, from the almost impalpable minerals—diamond and platinum—to the infinitesimal atom.

Perhaps there is not a better or more beautiful conception of what death brings about than the allegory in the Pagan mythology representing that divinely-ordained event as a butterfly escaped from his chrysalis.

When Jesus of Nazareth said His disciples possessed that which the world could neither give nor take away, he adverted to the principles which underlie the faith of the Spiritualist of today—a faith, or rather demonstration, which renders a man certain of his attainments, and conscious of his possessions.

Nearly all the evidence we have of the divinity or credibility of the Bible is drawn from the Catholic Church, a church which the Protestant sect look upon with great suspicion, and whose leaders generally in old times, and largely in the present, consider it lawful and commendable to lie and deceive for the sake of their religion.

The recent hanging of Roseberry Hawkins, in Maryland, was a very characteristic illustration of that ill-advised religionism which insists on the canonization of culprits before hanging them, and on insulting the Christianity of a decent life by flaunting the vast superiority of that Christianity which has its origin only in murder or rape.

For some time past it has been a matter of remark that while men of ordinary intelligence and of blameless lives usually shrink from the ordeal of death, and showed a certain weakness before the prospect of rendering an account of what they had done, the most depraved and rascally of murderers and ravishers are enabled, under the influence of certain religious teachings, not only to assure themselves of salvation beyond doubt or question, but to secure ante-mortem canonization among the saints of God.

Milton Hathaway, of New York City, writes: Enclosed please find remittance for one year's subscription for the JOURNAL. The lecture which you were so kind to print of Judge Edmonds, by Mrs. Richmond, is certainly worth many year's subscription to your valuable paper.

PHENOMENAL.

Communication from J. F. Snipes.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I called on Mr. C. E. Watkins, the slate-writing medium, at his elegant rooms, No. 9 West Twenty-ninth St., near Fifth avenue. I had no intention of having a sitting, but before leaving he requested me to write four names of spirit friends, on slips of paper, without the relationship. I did so, and folded and twisted the papers securely, and kept them before me.

He then said my father was in spirit-life and present, first repeating his initials, then his full name correctly, and as if hearing clairaudiently, he hoarsely whispered: "My son, it is me. I am your father, Wm. P. Snipes; the dusky spirit, Wiona, is with me," adding two other particulars, perhaps too personal to reproduce, but expressing a great deal as matter of identification, and in establishing the wonderful accuracy of the medium.

I asked him whether the slate-writings were usually done between or through the slates. He said that while the double slates are spread upon the table, in full view, or held in the hand of the sitter, the spirit hand, though invisible, penetrates the wooden cover, but materializes sufficient of the finger-tips in the darkness between the two frames, (about half an inch) to master the speck of pencil, and the hand thus writes through, as well as between the slates, the materialized finger-tips within all the while connected with and following the hand, the apparent solidity of matter not affecting the penetrability of spirit; and as if to demonstrate the truth of the theory he handed me two clean slates which I examined and closed, and holding them close to my ear I heard the enclosed bit of pencil take up itself and walk.

Tuesday evening (election day), I called again, bringing two slates I had purchased in Broadway. I placed these two together upon the table, after they had been washed and marked. The medium also had two pairs of slates of a different size, which were likewise perfectly clean, and placed before us. The gas was burning freely from all the burners of the chandelier and the wall-brackets. Placing my hands upon my two slates and two of his, in a moment I heard a scratching going on between the frames under my left hand. The writing continued slowly, every movement distinctly heard in the formation of the letters and the underscoring. During the writing the medium said he saw a lady's hand moving across the slate widthwise. Gentle raps indicating a conclusion, I opened the slates, and found, written in a lady's hand, widthwise, a communication covering the entire surface, containing exactly one hundred and fourteen words, signed with the name of a deceased friend. This message, with its identifying language, I now retain, as a memento of spirit demonstration obtained under the most satisfactory conditions, in the absence of all visible physical causes.

Then I held off my two slates in my left hand, at arms-length, Mr. Watkins not near it, when I heard similar movements, and opening the slates, found written in the same hand a brief but characteristic message, signed by the same friend. Then another clean slate in like manner received a "commandment," upon the "table of stone."

Again, another communication was obtained in the same manner, on my own slate, as follows: "My dear friend, we are with you." [Signed] WIONA, REV. FREEMAN.

The first an Indian, daughter of Warsaw, who is often present with me as a ministering spirit medically; the second, the good parson above referred to; the third, name illegible; the fourth, "Uncle Horace," with his own signature, the whole of the writing in fact being worthy of his best penmanship; the fifth, my father; the sixth, James Madison. While questioning if the last name were really Madison, and whether these statements had been attracted by the excitement of the election, another and another message was independently written, saying: "Mr. Madison is with me." [Signed] "HORACE GREELEY."

The question is, if it is not spirit-individuality, what better evidence have we that it is anything else? And how is it that communications of a private and recognizing character are similarly obtained by others, no matter who they are or whence they come. Mr. Watkins has nothing in his manner or conversation indicative of a consciousness of pious superiority. Apparently very positive, he is really very sensitive to influences mortal and immortal. He is doing a good work with the public—skeptics preferred. He has been devoting one day of the week to the poor, without charge, bringing evidence and comfort to many a sorrowing soul. J. F. SNIPES, No. 87 Leonard st., N. Y.

The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and hints fall indiscriminately upon every lowly thing, like frost upon the flowers.—Becher.

When a man dies, they who survive him ask what property he has left behind. The angel who bends over the dying man asks what good deeds he has sent before him.—Koran.

THE SPHERES.

Discourse by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, under the Control of MARTIN LUTHER, At Grow's Opera Hall, Chicago, Ills.

Reported expressly for the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

When fear alone possessed me, when the silent Messenger, Death, summoned my spirit, my fear was that I had not been found worthy in the sight of Him whom I served for the greatest boon of eternal salvation.

And where was I? No heaven with walls of brass and gates of pearl constrained my spirit; no throne of alabaster whiteness dazzled my eyes, held the Supreme Splendor, on either side of which was Christ and the Holy Spirit, whom I worshiped.

I was in a sphere light enough, but full of activity and labor, as in the populous cities of earth. There seemed no external occupation; there seemed no going and coming for wealth; there seemed no building up of external fabrics; but, oh! I could feel their hearts beat, and hear their thoughts as they strove to comprehend the Infinite.

Out of this inquiry sprang the solution; just so soon as doubt crept in the mind, there came enlightenment, and I found there were other spheres of celestial beings above us—intelligent, happy-looking beings, who knew, who had no doubt depicted on their features as those surrounding me had.

And there came a voice from above me, "In my father's house are many mansions," and this was one of the mansions. I saw the fruition of intellectual dogmas that had possessed me; that these all existed here; this state was the legitimate result and fruition of evangelical thought, of intellectual discussion, and I could not suddenly and distinctly be bereft of the external thought that had possessed me, should answer the place of salvation in my heart.

When I found that this period of probation was ended, I discovered a new meaning to the name of Christ; he had been my Salvation and Redeemer through one grace of atonement. That one grace I believed to be adequate, sufficient finally, for a full acceptance by him.

Then I suspected, very strongly also, as I analyzed my spirit at that time, that personal fear had somewhat entered into the composition of my religious nature in pursuit of a future state, and that personal fear had led to some conclusions which had not been wholly outgrown in seeking for a positive anchorage of salvation.

Just so soon as I saw that I was in spirit existence, in one state or kingdom set apart for spirits, I commenced to inquire concerning the condition of those about me, to hold converse with them, and I noticed that their principal difficulty, was in determining whether they were saved or not.

Must heaven be made for me, and must I not struggle up through all suffering souls, and through the world of matter and mind, to make my peace with heaven? I will see what to do here. I soon found myself in earnest conversation with minds, who had been my compeers, as to the nature and meaning of certain passages of Scripture read upon earth, on hell.

To every spirit in doubt I gave some word of simple encouragement; to those not at peace with their own souls, I pointed out that there might be something for them to do, which would mitigate the thoughts of their own unrest.

The passion of fear for what the future would bring, seemed to incase the soul more in darkness than almost any crime could do. There is nothing that drags the soul further from heavenly life than the passion of fear—the fear of death, and the future beyond death; so, as soon as I become reconciled to the change which I finally discovered was within me, I set myself to work; I beheld in no state of spirit existence the flame of Gehenna, the hell, but only fire burning within the soul, consuming it with terror, and remorse, and hatred.

I need not say that I did not lose sight one moment of the separate truth that possessed me, that Christ and his mission to earth were for the salvation of men; but I came to feel that in some inexplicable way we had mistaken the meaning of that salvation; that in some singular manner I had lost on earth the true key, by the mysticism of the senses, not then wearied of the schools of thought about me; that in a strange way I had at every step missed the true secret of the messenger to earth, and certainly my soul prayed for enlightenment.

When I awoke into the enlightenment that grew out of my probation, I discovered that Christ's spirit was not in the sacrificial law; that the atonement did not mean the shedding of blood, and that Christ was not the redeemer in the sense taught along the warfare of subtle controversy, of interpretation and interpolation of scriptures, in the intellectual conflict of earthly life, which rushed back upon the spirit; I begged to know by what light I could be guided, and to what source I might look for this would I pray.

Remember that you take with you mental faculties, but you do not take the physical body. Your spirit bodies are the prototype of the physical in form, but with spiritual attributes that, if starved on earth, make dwarfs or malformations in spirit; but if encouraged on earth, though the body is weak and poorly formed, make your spirits perfect in formation.

Remember that the spiritual state really differs as much as the sentiment of parental love differs from something that gratifies the physical appetite. Take away pride, which sometimes passes for parental love; take away outward passion, which sometimes passes for sentiment in the human world; take away external appetite for esthetics, which sometimes assumes the form of poetic taste; take away technical knowledge, which the musician employs and mistakes for genius; take away that which robs the spirit or fetters it on earth, enthalls it or misrepresents it, and you have the nature of spirit-

the mount came before me, as in golden letters; then all the wonderful teachings of Christ and his searching of the spirit came before me with new meaning. The resurrection was within me; as upon earth I had been born again into faith in Christ through grace, now I was born again into faith in Christ through a knowledge of the truth.

It was shown to me that the Spirit of Truth in only one of its manifold manifestations, was witnessed in the life of Christ; was only a point of that light whose flame represented the Infinite glory; and that wherever the radius of that light extended, its glory was driven to the hearts and souls of men, renewing them and enkindling the fire of truth.

I am aware of the ministrations and statements made in your midst, and that enlightenment may not be so much needed; but were my voice able to reach unto all the churches of the land, I would say, beware of the thralldom of fear and slavery of the senses. The intellect is blind and builds up structures for the confusion of the spirit of man, while the soul of truth is so clear and so white that a child may read and a babe may understand, a voice speaking to the school-men of every age, who, loving controversy more than truth, and who battle for an opinion because it is an opinion.

Here, by the way, all that spiritualizes the terrestrial spirit—leads to the light beyond. I will state to you that you must begin spirit-life precisely where you left off on earth. Many there are, in first entering spirit-life, who are really not aware as to whether they are saved, when the individual thought of salvation eclipses the light of the true spirit—it is true that through sweet ministrations the amenities of life are not forgotten in that state; you enter the Spirit-world with the companionship, associations of friends, and those who are not bound and tethered by theological dogmas; you enter the state of spirit-life with greater freedom and much less terror, and therefore better fitted naturally to that world which they inhabit; but no less fatal, also, all materialism of the senses, for then the state you enter resembles too much the earthly state.

Remember that you take with you mental faculties, but you do not take the physical body. Your spirit bodies are the prototype of the physical in form, but with spiritual attributes that, if starved on earth, make dwarfs or malformations in spirit; but if encouraged on earth, though the body is weak and poorly formed, make your spirits perfect in formation.

Across the ether sea of space, Along the corridors of light, Illumined by a heavenly grace, The angels bend in love to-night, And pausing there on thought's bright wing— This is the song the angels sing:— Praises for all the worlds and stars, Unfolding like a rose of light, Flashing their leaves like golden bars, Upon the verdure of the night; Praise that like flowers within God's head Souls may at last in love expand.

life. The pure affection of the parent, the pure sentiment of the mind and heart, the exact quality of thought, the precise nature and class of feelings which possess you—no sophism, no external seeming, no mistake, no outward palliation but the spirit and realizations better than you imagined; better because you see the best side of it here; realizations better because the feelings are past resulting from mistakes of the outward body, and being better the realizations are capable, therefore, of reaching greater spiritual heights. We can remind you that the state of the spirit after death, whether it be of the inebriate or saint, whether it be of the criminal or the righteous man, or whether it be the average human being awayed and led by his fellow being, is a condition into which the external life is only reflected, and spiritual life becomes supreme and uppermost; for instance, man's habitation and surroundings—his books, his pictures, statues, all that he possesses on earth, form the man in the affections of those who love him and clothe him with the kind of opinion which his friends entertain.

Human beings are better than they seem; the worst side is turned earthward, because earth is lower than heaven, and you see the shadowy side of that which to every spirit vision is more comprehensive and bright; and I could turn to the worst state in earth or spirit existence, to every prison of fear and passion and external pride, and find more of hope than I hoped to find in my journey through the spheres, for, to the credit of man, let it be said, I find the angel in every human heart, and find the vital spark in every human spirit, however injured in external pride and passion, and however blinded by spiritual degradation. Oh! but one thought only rises here; when the spirit stands face to face with principle and truth, no longer seeing dimly through the prison of outward life, no longer gazing through external glasses of time and sense, of mockery of what men call intellect; when seeing the light, that from sphere to sphere, pulsates, bearing richly freighted truth, and see its descent upon earth, lost in shadows, yet slumbering out time, bringing forth flame and brightness on earth, you would not pause, as now, to trifling questions, to human intellect or human folly, but would straightway take the shrine of that truth where I worship, seeking spirit light and enkindling fervor that banishes souls from prison walls, and makes the spirit free—freed by truth which it inculcates; freed by the light of that Redeemer which is born in the soul; freed by the glory of that sphere which illumines and makes perfect the barrenness of time; freed by the interpretation of every question that can be mysterious, in the one light which is a solvent of the universal flame. Be done with strife, and bickering, and controversy!

He who bends merely from one tenet to another, is no explorer of the spiritual kingdom. The red, yellow and blue rays of light do not express the whole truth; the white beam of eternity alone does that; the pure truth is final and ultimate; seek always, but do not be too certain you have found it. And that brightness still beckons me, and that glory that still lies before me, is as nothing, if I claim to have it all now. I say the brightest light of earth changes to darkness in the glory of that sphere where I now dwell. With the conception of Christ, the redeemer, chained to bloody terror, compared to the conception of Christ, the Truth Teller, he appeals to all the world. I warn you against the dungeons of human thought, against the craving of human passions, against the fear of death, which is the primal terror. I say to you, that of all the kingdoms of light and darkness that I have visited in any state of spirit-life, I have found no worse hell than that of earth. Take this to your souls, and remember that you are in a prison now that is the darkest. The spiritual eye is turned towards the light, and may the light of that resplendent truth that beams before us now, illumine every darkened chamber of the human soul.

Across the ether sea of space, Along the corridors of light, Illumined by a heavenly grace, The angels bend in love to-night, And pausing there on thought's bright wing— This is the song the angels sing:— Praises for all the worlds and stars, Unfolding like a rose of light, Flashing their leaves like golden bars, Upon the verdure of the night; Praise that like flowers within God's head Souls may at last in love expand.

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Dear Sir—Through a stranger, want to inform you what VEGETINE has done for me. Last Christmas Scrofula made its appearance in my system—large running ulcers appearing on me, as follows: One on each of my arms, one on my thigh, which extended to the neck, one on my head, which cut into the skull bone, one on my left leg, which became so bad that two physicians came to amputate the limb, though upon consultation concluded not to do so, as my whole body was so full of Scrofula, they deemed it advisable to cut the sore, which was painful beyond description, and there was a quart of matter run from this one sore.

Reliable Evidence.

Dear Sir—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your good medicine, VEGETINE, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled, over 10 years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I could never breathe any more, and VEGETINE has cured me, and I do feel that I used all the time that there is so good a medicine as VEGETINE, and I also think that it one of the best medicines for coughs and colds, and I will publish it, and it will be a great blessing to every body to take the VEGETINE, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was used.

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