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ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

Truth Seeks no Clash, Dows at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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NO. 18

Looking Back.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

This New Year's Eve I long to lay me down
Among the roses of the sweet dead past!
The future—it may gleam with harp and crown,
But I am weary—it is all too vast.
The past I know—its pleasures which have been,
The soft, fresh tints which its landscapes wore,
Its dewy morning paths, with angels in,
Who walk, alas, these shadow-lands no more.
O flying years, which have swept over me!
Bloom-wreathed or wintry to your vistas dim
I turn with longing soul, and silently
List for the music of your broken hymn:
It is a melody made of tolling bells,
And ringing chimes which called my soul to prayer,
And school bells pealing over blossomy dells
And birds of promise singing many where.
The silver songs the dear birds sang to me
Died with the summer beauty which they told,
And long those feathered bits of melody
Have failed to greet the morning's rose and gold.
The bird-like friendships, sweet, and pure,
The home affections, anchoring me safe
From storm and tempest, how could I endure
To drift away a solitary waif!
But pressing onward, with unquiet breast,
Still wanting treasures where I see so much,
If but a rose, posing in silent rest,
A dream, a song, a face, love's magic touch:
I murmur, "Oh, how sweet!" and yet, and yet,
I feel so weary many and many a day,
That I must climb to God I would forget,
And only think I shall dissolve in clay.
I half forget the misty promise
Which pat with rainbow dreams the Better Land;
I half forget how many embassies
From earth upon heaven's gleaming highlands stand
My soul's "We fade—turning to the past,
Its halls are vacant, and its tenants flown,
To the bright future! thitherward is cast
Thy destiny. Trust thou the wise Unknown.

Unpublished Incidents.

BY D. D. HOME.

I can so fully comprehend the peculiar temptations besetting the pathway of the highly sensitive organization designated as medium, that it may be useful to some and instructive to all, should I from time to time give items from my long and most varied experience, illustrative of certain dangers to be avoided. It may seem strange, yet it is nevertheless true, that the class of open-mouthed, shallow-pated believers are the most deadly foes, both as regards mediums and the cause, that we have to contend with. An honest skeptic is to be respected; but the weak credulity of certain natures should be met both by mediums and believers, with all the reserve their conduct merits. It is wholly traceable to this class of individuals, the shame and disgrace brought upon us in the exposures of the day. Such enemies to our cause do not hesitate even to endorse the sleight-of-hand men of the present age, as being "wonderful mediums." Honest and intelligent people shrink from what they know to be a great and awful truth, for as they truly say, "Imposture has become so deeply rooted, and being upheld by the very ones who ought to do their best to expose it, it is in vain an honest man seeks to be heard." The above quotation is from a letter which I received only this morning and the writer is one of the most honorable and intelligent of men. One class of these enthusiasts invest mediums with powers which they do not and cannot possess, and in case of a tendency to dishonesty, or even weak-mindedness on the part of the medium, they at once profit by the credulity evinced by the said enthusiasts, and fool them to their heart's content. With certain natures there is no halfway of adopting the theories of spiritual intercourse; no reasoning allowed,—no investigations necessary, and these people are duped by their own fancies or baffled by the needy adventurer or adventuress to the "top of their bent." In every position of society, I have come in frequent, very frequent, contact with just such natures and have ever fought very shy of them. As to seeking to convince them of their false modes of reasoning, as well seek to change the night to day, for they at once become your implacable enemy, and you need expect stabs in the dark, or stabs in the daylight, for they will most assuredly be dealt with unsparring hands. Early in the spring of 1857, my only sister being in America, and Her Majesty, the Empress Eugenie, having kindly proposed to give her an education in France, I made the voyage to bring her with me. My departure was unexpected and my absence as short as possible. Parisian society went wild with the various surmises, of the whys and wherefores of my absence. I was "banished by Imperial order!" I had "eloped with a very charming lady," and one leading English paper had rather a clever article giving all the, of course, most truthful details of a hoax played upon me by some most distinguished men, one of whom was my personal friend, and it happened, and certainly after such an exposure I could not remain in France, and so had gone, but "not without a little sun in the way of a fortune." In the very midst of this chaos I arrived in Paris, May 8th, 1857, and the same day a telegram came from Fontainebleau (where the Imperial Court were at that moment) requesting my presence before their Majesties that evening. I took the train designated in the tele-

gram, and was no sooner seated than four gentlemen entered the same carriage. They were evidently well known to each other. One of them had an evening paper in his hand, and after perusing it a few minutes, he said: "It is here announced that D. D. Home has arrived in Paris this morning from America." "Oh! the good joke," said one of the four. "I know, quite intimately, Mr. Home; he has dined with me, and I know that he has not left France. The real truth is that the emperor wishing to investigate on the sly, has simply requested Home to keep out of society for a time." "That may be true," said a second, "for I know Home very well, and not two weeks ago I saw him in a close carriage, and when he saw me he drew back very quickly." And now began an animated discussion relative to my life. "A wonderful young man, and so talented, but he always seemed to fight shy of having me at his séances. You understand, eh? Oh, never mind; he's a very nice fellow, and some day he will doubtless let me into the secret." Another says: "Secret indeed; an unprecedented humbug; doesn't he pretend to be a penitent, and on friendly terms with the Pere de Marignan? My brother knows well the Pere, and he told him, I know, that he never even saw D. D. Home." The truth was that I had been on most friendly terms with Pere de Marignan, who used, in writing to me, to term me "Cher enfant." Dear child. This mimic war raged warmly, but had ceased before the train reached the station of Fontainebleau. As soon as the train stopped, I looked from the window, knowing that a servant of the court would be there waiting for my arrival. I opened the carriage door, and beckoned the man to approach, and said: "You are waiting here for a gentleman, if I am not mistaken. Will you tell me, and tell these traveling companions of mine, the name of the gentleman you expect?" "Certainly, sir," said the man; "it is Mr. D. D. Home." I turned with one of my blandest smiles and best of bows to the now pale faced being, and said: "I, gentlemen, am D. D. Home." It is a morning never to be forgotten from America. I have been deeply interested in your conversation, and now wish you good night." Though the above incident is foreign to the question of Spiritualism, yet it fully illustrates the ease with which certain natures can "bear false witness," not to call it by a harsher name. I had that evening a most interesting séance, at which were their Imperial Majesties and the late King of Bavaria, who from being a confirmed skeptic, became a confirmed believer. The Sunday subsequent to my arrival at Fontainebleau, I was on the lake with the Emperor, Empress and King; we landed at the Kiosque in the centre of the lake, and were no sooner there than loud raps were heard on the table, and a call for the alphabet was made. The sentence written was as follows: (I translate it from the French)—"Return at once to the palace, the priest waits your arrival to say mass." The Emperor looked at his watch, and said: "Quite true, it is just the hour, allons." The same afternoon, the Court returned to Paris, and I had the honor of being in a railway carriage with their Majesties and the King. We had scarcely left the station, when the late Grande Duchesse Stephanie of Baden-Baden, who was seated near a little centre-table, far from where I was standing, cried out, "Do come here, Mr. Home; this table is moving." The King stood near the doorway leading to the part of the carriage where the Prince Imperial sat, the table was between him and the door leading to the other carriage wherein were the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. I will never forget the look of downright terror depicted on the man's face, as he would first look at that table moving without any visible aid, and then the hopeless and helplessly longing look he cast at the door. At last the table rose in the air a distance of at least half a foot; no one being near it. This was too much, and the King, in a very way-like manner, leaping over the chair, made for the door, vanished, and was no more visible till we reached Paris. A few evenings after a ball was given at St. Cloud; no sooner had I made my appearance than the King came, and, after shaving hands most warmly with me, remained at least ten minutes in most earnest conversation with me, but most studiously ridiculing the topic of Spiritualism. It was most amusing to see the crowd of guests, all, of course, keeping at a respectful distance, but every nerve was visibly strained hoping to catch some fragment of what they imagined to be a most momentous conversation. The late Duchess de Bassano came to me, her kind face beaming with smiles, and said: "The King has just told me that he had done his best to be civil to you, for it would be a terrible thing to incur your displeasure in any way. Supposing, said he, Home should take it into his head to send some of his spirits to Munich; what could I do with them? I tell you, Duchess, that spirits who tell us when the priest is waiting to say mass, or can float a table, as I and others saw it float, are not to be tampered with." What a perfect God-send for a designing man or woman such a nature as this would be, and of the infinite harm done thereby to our cause, we have alas! too abundant proof in reading the shamefully weak and infinitely absurd theories invented to explain the barefaced impostures of the day. Nice, Nov. 28, 1875.

Medicine for the People.

BY J. STOLZ, M. D.

Man is punished more by man than by Gods or devils, a fact which should be a sufficient stimulus to put on duty every individual to guard against unprincipled persons, who are trying to enslave human liberties. By reviewing the past, and by a careful study of the present, we can form some idea of the future. History plainly shows that the world has progressed no faster than the science of physiology has revealed the mysteries and wonder-workings of the physical and mental man. Not long since the belief prevailed, even among the most learned, that disease was an imperceptible monster inhabiting the air, "going about seeking whom to devour." It then was also held by the divine profession that evil came from a fiend of darkness, whose nature, being entirely wicked, called the devil. Never before, as during the present century, has the rapid growth of the science of physiology uprooted so many of the false ideas which were brought down through ignorance. Now disease is well understood to be a condition opposite to health, superinduced, by man's own violations of the laws of life. Health may be defined as being a perfect harmony of the functions and organs which go to make up the individual organism. Disease is a disturbance of these functions and organs. As soon as these truths were clearly apprehended by the most thoughtful, reform commenced in medicine and also in theology. Now the rationalist reasoner that the word evil stands for devil, and is not the creation of some particular being, but like disease originates through man's own shortcomings. Right may be defined as a perfect agreement among the faculties of the mind; evil as the opposite, a disturbance of the moral sense. Until within a few centuries medicine was under the control of the priesthood, Church and state, medicine and state, were one, and could not be separated until science made it possible as well as a necessity. Since medicine got into the hands of the people, a new epoch in the rapid growth of civilization has been witnessed on earth. Church and state have been nearly divorced in this country; physiology among the people led the way. Wherever there is a lack of a knowledge of popular physiology, the people still believe disease may be banished by amulets, or that a little holy water sprinkled on the person will drive the monster (disease) away. During our late war hundreds of instances came to light where amulets were found on the bodies of the dead, inclosed in some verses from the Bible, or from some prayer book, or work on astrology or the black art; all was done in the belief that this would keep bullets from killing them. I affirm, if the truth could be known, that never an amulet was found on the person of one who possessed a reasonable knowledge of the physiology of his being. In the leading Catholic church in New Orleans, one Sabbath morning I saw no less than five hundred people bow down and kiss a bronze crucifix, which lay upon a marble altar in the lobby of the church. This was done in the belief that it would bring succor to their souls, relieve the sufferings of the body and drive away evil spirits. This bronze figure representing Jesus, life size, and though of iron, has really in time become deeply worn at the feet, the side, the hands and the forehead, where the many thousand lips have been pressed for years, and yet God is so powerless or so unjust as to allow the devil to scourge these people by yellow fever. Dear lips, could the power that makes them kiss a lifeless image be destroyed, what a priceless blessing would this confer on the millions who now seek knowledge, but find it not. Where is the Catholic priest or a Protestant preacher even that would urge his people to attend a lecture on physiology? Echo answers, where? It is true a few disciples here and there, widely scattered over this great country, are students of physiology, and are on the road to liberalism, while the great majority are the enemies of progress. Not long since a doctor of divinity took me to task for saying in a lecture on food that if we lived up to the laws of nature, which govern all the functions and organs of our bodies, we would never be sick. This eminent divine could not understand how a person could die and not be sick. Orthodoxy teaches that disease is of divine decree; that death is sent upon man as a curse or punishment; that we can modify or cure disease, but we cannot prevent it. Two years ago I attended a meeting of the "Northern Michigan Medical Association," on the occasion of which the president stated in his address that "disease was of divine decree, and the physician of divine appointment." To a large extent this is the doctrine of nearly all of the "regulars," and prompts them to labor hard to connect medicine and state. If disease is sent upon man by a special Providence, then it is wrong in trying to cure it. It is true that when nature's laws are infringed, sufferings will be a sequence; but when the body is properly fed, and properly exercised and rested, the mind well employed, then all the theological gods or devils in the universe, cannot by special decree bring affliction to such a person who lives thus up to the laws of health. These are eternal principles; the same as when a swim falls into a deep river, if he cannot swim he will

drown, or if he swallows undiluted prussic acid, it will kill him. Now, the treacherous course quietly pursued by the "regulars" in medicine is not apprehended by the public, for reason the people are not wide awake enough always to protect their own interest. I am well convinced that these self-styled "regulars" of the old school are quietly laying their plans to entrap the people—to connect medicine with the state. The first step necessary to insure success, is to keep physiology from the people. The means (for the present) used in this inhuman work is to ostracize by ridicule those who dare and will lecture to the people on popular physiology. Class legislation will be enforced as soon as possible, and finally church and state, medicine and state, will join each other, and thus soon will gain such a power over the people that we will be no better off than those who live under the old monarchical governments. The clergy are clamoring for a law by which to bring liberalism to time—to become dictator of what we shall believe. The allopathic school of medicine want a law by which reformers and new schools of medicine can be pushed to the wall. The clergy co-operate in this work, for they well know that if physiology can be kept from the public, their opportunity has come. In the medical Board of Health in Illinois, only one eclectic and two homeopaths are members; the rest are allopaths. In this new school are given away. Why did not the eclectics and homeopaths fight down this law (as others did), and maintain the rights and liberties of the people? The allopaths are quite willing to be contaminated for a while by an eclectic or a homeopath on the Board of Health, until step by step the "small fry" can be exterminated. This is done in two ways: first by inducing the reformers to adopt the old school ethics, and secondly those whose individuality will not yield, are thrown overboard by law. Under the false pretense that a law is necessary to protect the people against charlatanism, the people are giving themselves away by not entering a protracted protest against class legislation. In place of the new law in Illinois being a protection of the people, it protects the doctors and fosters quackery. It seems to me the public would be better able to contend with unlawful quackery than when the same is protected by law. Let this go on in the same ratio for the next twenty years, and it has for the last twenty years, and the people of the United States will soon be in the midst of a dense fog, where even Prof. Tyndall's most improved fog signal will not save them from a terrible wreck—of becoming subjects rather than citizens of a country the spirit of which is freedom. A few months since the "respectable" colleges of "regulars" met in convention in Buffalo, for the purpose of devising ways and means to elevate the standard of medical education, etc. There were no eclectics, homeopaths or any other but allopaths represented. This is a plot which will eventually swallow up all who are "not of them." The great railroad lines absorb the smaller ones; monopolies of any sort have a tendency to suppress individual enterprise. Now I believe that doctors should be well educated, but if persons are to have a classic education before they can enter a medical college, then this will bring us where the people in the old world are. A poor man will remain poor; the working-man cannot reach a profession. If we must understand Greek, Latin, French and German, beside all the departments of the English branches, before entering upon the study of medicine, then men and women of humble origin, though by nature "worthy and well qualified," cannot enter medicine at all. Here is an injustice, and no medical man of average honesty will for a moment contend that a person of a good common English education, cannot learn all there is to be learned in medicine, to enable any one of good natural gifts to make in due time a scientific medical practitioner. Close the doors against the public. Encourage class legislation. Organize into rings, and upon respectability will be measured by money and possessions.

Notes of Travel—Wauveon—Ottakee.

The Spiritualists of Ottakee are unlike those of any other place I ever visited, neither better nor worse do I mean—but younger! Wherever I have been one observation equally well may be made, that the audiences that gather at spiritual meetings are composed of persons who have reached middle life, or show the silver locks of age. The immense audience which gathered at Alliance last autumn called forth many remarks on this account; row after row of noble-looking men and women, whose grey hair reminded one of the snows of coming winter, but in whose hearts dwelt eternal spring. At Ottakee, the "young folk" take the lead, and may be justly proud of their success. They wanted lectures, and they wanted them free. They did not go round begging, but gave a party at the residence of that invincible old pioneer in the wilderness, and pioneer in Spiritualism, Father Shadle. The music was given, and as each brought a basket, the entire proceeds were netted. With this they engaged Mrs. Tuttle to give one of her "Evenings with the Muse," on Saturday evening, and the writer to lecture on Sunday. It was said that the Methodist church had never before been so filled. The Methodist

brethren seemed as well pleased as the Spiritualists, and neglected their own meeting to listen to the new doctrine. It is a hopeful sign that the young people accept the new ideas of Spiritualism. For none have they deeper import, as they do not relate alone to the life hereafter, but more directly to this life, telling us how to live, instead of how to die. And I will add, without thinking of flattery, that the young people of Ottakee, will compare most favorably with those of any other locality, and their frank and happy faces offer a marked contrast to those who accept the stern creed of orthodoxy. They neglected nothing which could add to the success of their meeting. They furnished fine music and excellent singing. We feel encouraged by their zeal, and assured that they will never regret their acceptance of the spiritual doctrine of life. Opposite the church is the Fulton County Infirmary, under the supervision of Judge Verity and his kind-hearted wife. I spent much of the afternoon with the unfortunate inmates, listening with sad heart, to their tales of wrongs, hardships, and misfortunes. It made us glad, that there was a brighter world than this, and that the unfortunate here, might there realize the possibilities which are in every human soul. Judge Verity and wife are admirably qualified for their trying position, and make all the inmates feel at home. For an hour or two before the evening lecture the parlor of the Infirmary was a spiritual reception room. There was Dr. Williams, of Morenci, Mich., who through clairvoyance, has effected some remarkable cures. He has a fine practice, as well as frequent calls as a trance speaker of merit. There was Mrs. Hoag, of Morenci, a pleasing trance speaker, as the audience in the morning testified. Brother David Weeks, of Wauveon, was also present; he gave fifteen years and all his health to the church, to find that he was preaching the wrong doctrine, and for the last fifteen has been endeavoring to undo what he so zealously sought to do. He is enthusiastic to a fault, and can repeat Bible a little faster than any one we ever met. Taking the Bible as authority, no minister dare argue with him. Dr. Kolemman, of Wauveon, was also present; and we learned of his new method of practice, by which he is enabled to remove the worst form of tumors without pain, loss of blood, or the use of the knife. It is indeed wonderful, and we were assured by some of his patients from whom he had removed large tumors that he did so without their scarcely feeling the operation. As the shades of evening came on, Mr. Shadle who is the life and soul of the hard-work, when it is to be done, brought in a great sleigh-load, which with the neighbors filled the parlor and reception room to overflowing. We are grateful for the unbounded hospitality given by Mr. and Mrs. Allen Shadle, and their fraternal kindness, and we forgive him for attempting to make us believe that the fine span of mules with which he conveyed us into Ottakee, were like that one on which Jesus rode into Jerusalem! We doubt if that was a mule. It was a pure blood! Through the management of Judge Keith and his energetic lady, Mrs. Tuttle read for the Baptist Church at Wauveon. It was a stormy evening, and every other church in the place had some kind of attraction, yet a fair audience gathered and received her impressions with manifest pleasure. We returned on Monday morning to Toledo, to meet the engagement of Mrs. Tuttle for the evening, to read for the Unitarian Church of that city. This Church is presided over by the Rev. Mr. Craven, a scholar, an eloquent speaker and liberal thinker. He preaches Spiritualism, only under another name. Mrs. Craven is an energetic business woman and had the business all arranged in minutia. The attendance was good, and the press gave flattering notices of the entertainment. HUDSON TUTTLE. COTTON MATHER.—That gentle servant of the Lord, the kind and tolerant Cotton Mather, a good man and a holy, is recalled to the memories of this generation just now because of the discovery of an interesting manuscript letter of his in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It breathes the very perfume of the gospel of peace: SEPTEMBER, 1802. To ye Aged and Beloved John Higginson: There be now at sea a ships (for our friend Elias Holcraft of London, did advise me by the last packet that it would sail sometime in August) called ye Welcome, B. Green was Master, which has on board a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxart, of brig Purpose, to waylay ye said Welcome, as near ye coast of Codd as may be, and make captives of ye said Penn and his godly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worship of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar; and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gains for ye ministers and people. Yours in ye bowels of Christ, "COTTON MATHER." Unfortunately the best laid plans of mice and ministers gang aft agone, and W. Penn and the passengers of the Welcome, instead of transportation to Barbadoes and conversion there into rum and sugar for the delatation of the godly, reached Philadelphia in safety.—Chicago Times.

FRAGMENTS FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

IX.

EPES SARGENT—Dear Friend:—The theories which have been promulgated to account for what have been considered facts, form one of the most curious features of Spiritualism.

How astonishingly this little error in the commencement grows and swells and multiplies. You cannot get it out of the sum, and the more you have to do with it, the larger it becomes.

"Figures never lie," says the proverb, but it is a hard matter for a school-boy to believe, when an error he can not detect, puts an extra million or two into the answer.

The lad who writes a one where he should write a two may reason out his problem equally well as the one who writes the correct number, but his answer will be wrong.

Thus it is of primary importance that we secure correct data on which to reason. The major portion of the reasoning powers of mankind are absorbed in the endeavor to harmonize and explain what is taken for granted as facts and demonstrated theories, which really are idliest chimeras.

No theory has as yet satisfactorily accounted for the physical phenomena of Spiritualism and the mental, by reference to psychological influence or magnetism are little better explained.

I have already mentioned that mediumship was accompanied with certain physiological changes. Impossibility may be natural or induced.

My own experience, bred of necessity, has been that when physically weary, if not beyond a certain point, it can become imperative, sensitiveness is lost altogether.

I have an instance to mention relating to the effect of narcotics, which may be explained in two ways, either a higher state of sensitiveness was induced, or my mind was brought into more perfect unison with the controlling spirit.

Wishing to learn the effect of this novel expedient, yet not doubting it would be to me highly unpleasant, as I was unused to the weed, I procured a cigar, and was greatly surprised that it was not repugnant, but deliciously pleasing, and afterwards produced no more effect than if I had been confirmed in the habit.

Creation is my own. Each atomized world Suns, planets, and the clustered fleets of stars, Out of abysmal chaos fiercely hurled, Belong to me. And as a-through the bars Of night I gaze into the ether deep—

As though I trembled on a dizzy steep— I feel a longing for my future home; For I have dwelt on every star of space— Through every fathom of abyss have flown, And tarried sons in each new found place; Venus, the Earth and dully flaming Mars, And those remoter planets from the sun, And myriad galaxies of blazing stars, And comets which their swifter courses run.

Before the earth, I seag in measured strains: I was, I am, existing evermore, I felt the world-births in my swelling veins, I felt the whirling suns within my brain, Not their's but mine the vantage and the gain. Ere then I was of force, but now of sense, Breathed in a convulsed and upheaving world,

So have I writhed to win the recompense, And find myself in life and soul unfurled,

Why, restless, gaze I at the stars in tears, And, trembling, sigh, like bird confined by bars? I but express my love for my compeers— The atoms of myself, the pulsing stars. I own creation. I but claim my own, Not manacled by flesh, nor tortured here By every adverse breeze a-hither blown, A prey to home-sickness and childish fear, I gaze afar, and only breathe a moan.

On each world atom have I ran a course To life and spirit form a primal force. The scale, the tooth, the white and flinty bone, Which tell of monsters of the ages flown; Teeth which would tear, scales for a safe defense, Strong fins for flight, and stronger to pursue, Or flukes for form, with wings for recompense; Huge bones, like broken columns, thickly strew, With debris of the world, the wondrous page Annealed in rock. All these are mine, Not only mine, but in that early age, I was the fish, the saurian of the slime; I was the wing'd reptile of the sea, I was the flower which bloomed in early prime, I was the grass that waved upon the lea.

Arising from these forms, to which I feel As heavenly spirit who, with joyful gaze, Its body leaving when its veins congeal, I love to gather from the rocky maze, The saurian tooth, the thick enamelled scale, The huge Titanic bone, the stony snail;

For once they served me, once they were my friends, I scorn them not, nor think my being bends, For thence I am what I incarnate am; Else I had been a force, and but a sham The system we call nature. I arose Through all this pulsing dust, and am of all— The harmony of Nature, her repose, Her strife, her agony; her life, her fall, Each finds an atom in me of its own.

The light of suns, the sea by tempest blown, The genial spring, the seasons that appal; The whirlwind's war, the zephyr's gentle moan, On chords responsive in my being fall.

I understand, because a part of all. The laws of nature are within my soul; The birth of suns, the world—life's rise and fall, Exist in thought before in form they roll. I am the real, and all else are dreams— Substance is fleeting and not what it seems. I am eternal. Shadow is the rest, When Alps dissolve, and worlds shall fade away, When suns go out, and stars no longer blaze, I scarcely shall have reached my primal day.

I, only I, can claim to be the Real; I am the type of Nature, her Ideal.

I asked the spirit author for an explanation. He replied: "The 'song' before the creation refers to the eternity of the forces of the universe and the rhythmic harmony which governs them. The remainder refers to the eternal transmigration of atoms; the constant progression of forms and the ultimatum of all in the immortal spirit of man, in which the subtle forces of the universe concentrate and combine."

I would by no means recommend sensitiveness to be sought in this manner. It holds the same relation to the normal, that the exhilaration of some stimulants does to health, and it is always distorting and ungraceful. It is impossible to separate the faculties of the mind from impressions, and the latter at best are colored by the unnatural medium through which they are presented. The same may be said of sickness which by weakening the physical powers often produces sensitive or mediumistic state. The visions received are mixed with and colored by the mind often in an incongruous manner, or are the imperfections of educational prejudices; the entranced Christian usually seeing the spiritual world as a copy of that described by his religious belief, with hell, heaven, angels and demons. The sensitiveness induced by disease, is if anything more unreliable than that produced by drugs, and neither are valuable except as they show the possibility of this state.

NOTES, GERM-THOUGHTS, FRAGMENTS.

BY ELDEN J. FINNEY.

[Mr. Finney left a vast mass of manuscript, outlines of lectures; brief mentions of ideas to be enlarged upon; memoranda of inspirations, which were as various as his changing mood. These are often incomplete, fragmentary and not rounded out into full completeness. Sometimes clear and perfect crystals, but all full of food for thought and help to spiritual light. From these remains, the editors have culled the following pages.]

FACTS FOR ME TO REMEMBER.

I ought to inspire and amuse the people as well as instruct. Audiences have hearts as well as heads. They also love wit and humor. Instruction ought to be composed in such fashion as to carry food, stimulant to all the finer and higher powers. Anecdotes well told, illustrative; illustrations sublime, beautiful, graceful; and above all the lecturer should be all he says at the saying of it. He should bring the picture living before the eyes. Looks, gestures, positions, personations, all should reinforce deep thought and highest inspiration. But after all the great secret of success must be found in a radical harmony of Knowledge, Wisdom and Love. My own life must be made sweet, pure, gentle, tender and spiritual—a radical conversion I need. A conversion from Force to Power; from Intellect to Universal Love. No whisper about other's defects or errors, but a strict attention to my own.

AMERICAN POPULAR EDUCATION.

Our age is confronted with the most tremendous questions. 1st, Political Liberty; 2nd, Political Enfranchisement or representation, its limits, etc.; 3rd, Religious Liberty; 4th, Social and Individual Liberty, the limits to the authority of society over the individual,—limits of legislation; 5th, Cause and Prevention of Crime, treatment of criminals, of Insane and of Paupers; 6th, Causes and Cure of Infanticide and Feticide; 7th, International Ethics,—prevention of War,—the reign of Peace; 8th, Freedom of Trade; 9th, Rights of Labor; 10th, Rights of Women, and of Races; 11th, Relations of Sexes; 12th, Relations of Religion and Religion; 13th, Primary Popular Education; 14th, Relations of the Here to the Hereafter; Spiritual Science.

Scientific education lies at the foundation and basis sustaining all. The answers to all these great questions will be determined by the extent, rationality and perfection of the education of the whole people.

EDUCATION.

Our education is superficial. We are in haste; half build railroad bridges; our wooden cities go up in flames. Education shares this common spirit of haste and pressure. True idea of education is the highest and most harmonious development of all human faculties to a complete and con-

sistent whole. The word from educo—to draw out—the greatest word in our language, indicating man's nature and destiny; hinting at immortality—ever learning—endless culture. It means the fraternity of the soul with universal nature. The seed-germs of attainable perfection are embosomed in man. Art, Mechanism, Law, Science, Religion, Commerce, Government, Society are the creations of human reason. Out of mind pours the floods of all civilization. Mind is nature arisen into self-cognition—hence the self-evident fraternity of all things. Both the physical and spiritual senses need education. Science—physical and spiritual—the only real knowledge. Dogmatic theology is not science, but only superstition. Educators are too meddling with the genius of the mind. Not books, masters, or rules, but facts, forces, laws and causes, the true and sovereign objects of education. No sectarianism, not even scientific, must be allowed. The facts of nature are so infinitely related as to furnish the imagination all needed stimulus. There is no daylight in a natural fact, except as a book-worm professor, the driest of all facts. Deepen all questions of finance or suffrage is the question: what kind of culture shall the mind of the nation have? Science is two-sided; man is a soul as well as a body and the soul is a subject of science. Until this conviction takes hold of our methods education will be one-sided, for the soul needs observation as well as the body. Let us make our common schools the people's colleges complete.

CHARACTER.

Character is the moral architecture of man, the perceivable image of inviolable virtues and excellences; the expression of the temperament, temper, power, aims, tendencies and faith of his inner and hidden self. Character comes from within, reputation from without. The last is an adjunct, the first is an integral force. The latter is fleeting, the former permanent. To live from within, not from without; from the moral intuitions, the soul, pure and sweet as childhood! "Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control,—these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

(To be continued.)

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Christmas Reveries.

BY D. F. KAYNER, M.D.

The custom of celebrating Christmas was instituted some time after the advent of the Christian era as a memorial of that event, proclaiming the birth of Jesus—"the Nazarene, in whom was no guile"—the "Christ" of that period. The church mass celebrated in honor of that event was then called the "Christ Mass," and the day passed into the calendar as one of the prominent holy days of the Romish church, which has been transmitted, by heredity, to all the various offshoots of that church throughout Christendom.

It has by this means become synonymous with an important birth—the opening up of some new era in the spiritual relations of mankind. The introduction of the modern spiritual philosophy, through its rationalistic phenomena, furnishes a new Christmas, the commencement or birth of a new era, which future ages will celebrate as the most important of all births since the primal one of the race. With this view, and in this connection, some of its earlier phenomena may not be uninteresting.

From early life my mind had been subject to occasional spells of illumination, in which the light of the spiritual world shined about me. In 1845, I clairvoyantly saw in the dark, and clairaudiently heard the warning voice of spirit friends; but not until in June, 1850, were the physical phenomena fully brought home to my consciousness. At that time, in company with A. B. Shipman, M.D., the former Professor of Surgery in LaPorte Medical College, Ind., we called at the house of a friend in Syracuse, N. Y., to witness the phenomenon of the "raps," thinking our combined wisdom sufficient to detect and explode the humbug. I took my seat on the north side of the parlor, the table around which the circle was formed in front of me and near the south side of the room, while Dr. Shipman was seated on the sofa at the west end of the room. When the medium came in and took her seat beside Dr. Shipman on the sofa, raps were heard in various parts of the room, as though proceeding from the floor, the table or the walls. The signal of five raps upon the table was announced as a call for the alphabet, and a communication was given by that means, rapping at the proper letter, by which was spelled out the different sentences. There was manifest not only intelligence, but an intelligence superior to the minds in the circle.

The next step was, when raps came when no question was spoken and the alphabet was not called. Different persons inquired, "Was this in answer to my mental question?" and the raps came signaling—three for yes, and one for no,—as the case might be. I then revolved in my mind this proposition: "If these are manifestations given by spirits of our departed friends and they have come back to do good and will come to me at my house when I know no one is imposing upon me and give me the raps, I will devote my life to the promulgation of this truth and dedicate myself to their service." Conversing with Dr. Shipman on the way home, we were both ready to admit that we had failed to detect any imposition, and that the phenomena witnessed were beyond our comprehension.

I reached home and retired about 10 o'clock and soon fell into a deep sleep, from which, in about half an hour, I was awakened by three loud and distinct knocks upon an inner door opening into a wood-shed. I said, "Yes, I'll be there in a moment; supposing it to be a professional call, and, partially dressing myself, went to the door, light in hand, whence the sounds proceeded. On opening it there was no one to be seen, the outer door being fastened upon the inside. While there I heard the raps louder than before at another door, to which I hastened with the remark, "Yes, I'm coming as soon as I can find out where you are." Opening that door no one was to be seen. I passed with the light out into the yard and searched in every direction where it was possible for any one to be and no one could be seen. While approaching the still open door, the raps, very loud and distinct, were heard by all in the house as if on the floor of the room I had just left. It was then suggested by my wife that it was the spirits who had followed me home from the circle. Immediately my proposition was recalled and I asked,—"Are these indeed the spirits who have come to give me the evidence I desired in answer to my request?" Whereupon the raps came loud and in quick succession, commencing in the room and passed out the door and along the back of the house around the woodshed and then between the house and an adjoining brick-house where there was not a space of more than from five to seven inches intervening, commencing with a loud concussion and growing gradually fainter and fainter until the sounds died away into an indistinct murmur like the last echoes of a gurgling laugh. Its effect was electric. I stood face to face with the immortals. I had dedicated myself upon the altar of Spiritualism and the sacrifice had been accepted. My position as a teacher of anatomy and physiology became secondary to that of investigator and teacher of the spiritual philosophy. Henceforth I was to become a pioneer to prepare the way for the advancing light and truth of Spiritualism; and although the sacrifices have been many and great I would not give the experience of the nearly twenty-nine years of my life devoted to this work, for the wealth of a Stewart or a Vanderbilt, with their limited knowledge of, and regard for, the psychic side of life—the immortal realm of being.

The next important phenomenon was the automatic control of my hand and arm while carelessly holding a pencil. Turning for a moment my attention from my arm extended over the table to converse with a friend, my astonishment may be imagined, but cannot be described, when, on turning again to the paper which a moment before was a blank sheet, I found legibly written thereon these memorable words:

"My son do good and I will aid you."

MIRANDA KAYNER.

This was in the well-known handwriting of my mother, who had passed to the other side of life some nine years previous, and was her own signature. For over a year automatic writing was common to me and numerous tests were given to different persons. On one occasion a party of medium seated themselves around my table and because they did not immediately get some personal tests commenced to criticize the idea of spirits, when my hand automatically seized the pen and wrote in the most astonishingly rapid manner:

"Truth will not suffer by being rejected, while those who reject it will suffer. Do not think truth falls like rain on stony ground; it cannot penetrate the dirt and stone, but will smother the earth." The scoffers felt the rebuke and withdrew ashamed.

In the winter of 1852-3, in the city of Rochester, N. Y., I attended many circles where rapping and moving of tables occurred. In one instance in particular at the house of a Mr. Brown, on the east side of the river, while a circle was being held a large and handsome mahogany center table, on which stood a tall brass lamp with glass pendants, commenced vibrating with such force as to drive every one away from it, toppling to an angle of forty-five degrees, the pendants rattling against the lamp, which retained its place during these rapid motions. By what law of gravitation, or other law known to physicists was that lamp held in place on that table and kept from being dashed in pieces on the floor?

Another and perhaps more startling phenomena occurred at the Waverly House, in that city, where I had my rooms, early that winter. They had been, for some days, standing at the house, Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Bushnell, the clairvoyant and medium, Dr. Taylor, a clairvoyant, and myself. Among the regular boarders was an Episcopal clergyman, rector of one of the city churches. The table in this case, was constructed in lengths of some ten feet, made of heavy cherry plank, and placed end to end along the dining-room. Over these lengths the table cloth was lapped and the breakfast service set, including the tea-urn, coffee-urn and other vessels, with alcohol lamps for keeping the dishes warm. One morning, as Mrs. Bushnell was about to leave on the early train, I went into the dining-room where she was alone at breakfast, and sat down to eat and converse with her. About this time the clergyman took his seat at the head of the table—the same length at which we sat—spread his handkerchief on his lap and bowed his head in the attitude of prayer, when that length of table rose up with all its dishes and vessels, a foot from the floor, dropping down with a crash and leaving the dishes in the air to come crashing down upon it. This was repeated three times. The noise was heard through the house, and parties came running from the parlors and from the office, which was on the floor below, to see who was breaking up things in the dining-room. The clergyman rushed towards the door, some fifty feet from where he sat, in the very height of terror, his hair standing out with fright. Meeting the landlady in the door and throwing up his hands he begged, "Mrs. Bushnell—Mrs. Bushnell, the devil's in the dining-room! The devil's in the dining-room!" When an examination was made, singular as it may appear, not a dish was broken or displaced, and even the table-cloth were arranged as before.

A lengthy article might be written on the changing phases of mediumship through which I passed, the important events connected therewith, and the setting down finally to the inspirational and clairvoyant phases, which may furnish material for some future chapter, relating to the birth and infancy of the spiritual era. Chicago, Ill.

A Word or Two About the Medium J. V. Mansfield.

The spiritual powers of our friend Mansfield are as strong and bright as ever. At his residence, 51 W. 43d St., at the corner of Sixth avenue and Broadway, in the city of New York, in his beautiful parlors surrounded by all his wonderful curiosities, he may now be seen daily engaged in his work of Postmaster for the spirits of the other spheres, in answering sealed letters addressed to them by mortal men, or in answering questions and communications to spirits written by mortals, at his table. It is absolutely astonishing what a test-medium he has been in his life, and now is. He is continually in receipt of sealed letters to the spirits from all parts of the world, and is continuously employed in writing answers from the spirits.

Many recent wonderful experiences in his peculiar department might be given, and perhaps ought to be given to the public eye, but we purpose on this writing only to give briefly one very recent occurrence. Last Sunday, Mr. Mansfield was visited by an aged clergyman of this city, who was introduced to him by his companion, a respectable and reputable gentleman of this city, who told Mr. Mansfield that his aged friend came for the purpose of trying the spirits, to see if it was true, all that had been said about them and Mr. Mansfield. The medium invited him to be seated and try his hand. The aged orthodox, white haired preacher of three score and ten, sat down to the table and wrote his numerous questions, which were duly sealed with mucilage, and in every instance, answers from the spirits came, to the apparent intense satisfaction of the interrogator. He was at first astonished, then amazed, then astonished, and finally satisfied that he was dealing with the spirits of the other and better world. After holding conversation with the spirits for over four hours, and procuring some forty or fifty communications, he was fully convinced, and satisfied, and gratified by all that had been done, arose from his place and seriously and solemnly declared and reiterated to Mr. Mansfield, in about these words: "Mr. Mansfield, I have been talking with Francis Bacon, Swedenborg, my friend Judge Richmond and other spirits, and I have to say that I do think that the fact of your advent in this age of the world, in this nineteenth century, is of more importance and real consequence than that of all the preachers in Christendom." This, in these times from a reasonable clergyman of the Orthodox church, the world is moving! Yours truly,

A. G. W. CARTER.

New York, Dec. 11, 1878.

Writing Without a Pencil.

The Atlantic (Ga.) Constitution speaks as follows of Mrs. Eldridge—

SOME WONDERFUL TESTS.

A gentleman, of high position and steady beliefs, went to see her a few days ago. Upon his entering the room there were tape at the table and Mrs. Eldridge told him a spirit wished to talk to him. She put the slate under the table, and the name of an old school-mate appeared as she withdrew it. He then wrote on a piece of paper: "Where did you die?" and folded it up in his hand—no human eye but his own saw it. Holding it in his hand he asked for an answer. The slate went under, and at once the answer was written, "Jonesboro, Tenn." which was correct. He then wrote: "Where is Jim?" and it was written, "He is dead here, died in Corinth, Miss." came at once. Jim was a negro boy of whom no one could know but the two school-mates upon whom he had waited. The medium then put under the table, with drawing it almost instantly, opened it. On the paper, in a feminine hand, was written: "God bless you, dear husband, I am with you all the time." He recognized the handwriting, which was very peculiar, at once. Turning the card over he found, on the reverse side this— "Dear Jim." This was written in a bold, lawyer-like hand, and was signed with the name of one of Georgia's most eminent lawyers, with whom the gentleman had been intimate. He had not thought of him for years, but was instantly reminded of the appearance of his name in the card, which was put in for another spirit. The writing was accomplished without any visible pencil.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [No. 151 East 51st street, New York City.]

As up I toiled the mountain side And saw the landscape spreading wide, While sound of tinkling bells, remote, Upon the shining spaces float...

The year is born anew, and in its coming is it well with us? What is our outlook to the future?

As women, we surely have never had so hopeful a promise as at present. It is true, the whole country is passing through grievous depression and suffering...

For those who are not yet "set in families," individual liberty is respected more than ever, and labor is becoming everywhere justly honored...

So, as we believe that spirits who are yet imprisoned in clay, and those who are emancipated, are working together for good...

The following is from a private letter written by Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbur (Lottie Beebe), well-known to many of our readers...

I want to write to day of our visit to "Our Lady of the Hermits" (Notre Dame des Hermites), at Einsiedeln...

We went a part of the way from Lake Zurich to Einsiedeln by carriage, through a land of beauty and quiet grandeur...

The road wound through and by well-cared for vineyards, where hung the largest and most perfect bunches of green grapes...

She was the property of the hermit Meinrad, in the year 830. He built her a chapel near his cell and fountain...

At the time of the consecration of the first built church, voices were heard chanting, and Mary and angels were seen by many persons...

On entering the church, I was surprised to see that the ornamentations were of a superior order, and that the church was also of a fine style of architecture...

white marble; the pictures were lovely and graceful, the work of a spiritual-minded artist. But I was most interested in the touching, simple, crude testimonials that hung around the door...

The paintings were rude but graphic representations of the circumstances with the date and name and native place of the person blessed, attached to the frames. As I looked them over carefully, I noticed that many of them were of recent date...

On looking in the shrine we saw a large, black-faced image, holding a tiny copy of itself upon its left arm. A rich, gold brocade is on the body, and a strong light burns on its breast...

The Benedictine Monks have a college, convent and school attached, and their garden is the finest we have ever seen. They do all the printing for their establishments in Catholic Switzerland...

The business of the town is mostly connected with the hotels for pilgrims, and the convent, schools and colleges. Women carry provisions about in large baskets strapped to their backs...

The ride from Einsiedeln to Brunnen was one that I cannot say much about. The mountains towered above us; their sides were green and dotted with homes and cultivated fields...

The Rigi is ten minutes' ride from us; Tell's Chapel is ten minutes' distance, the Mythenstein, nearly eighty feet high, bearing an inscription to "Schiller, poet of Wm. Tell," in large gilt letters...

Four Hindoo women have been graduated from the Madras Medical College. The late Princess Alice of Hesse Darmstadt, was a good daughter, wife and mother, and a woman of excellent sense.

Miss Elinor Talbot, of Providence, R. I., is the first lady ever admitted to receive instruction in Brown's University.

Miss Helen M. McDonald argued her own case about an infringement of her patent for an improved dress protector, in the United States Court, in Boston, the other day, General Butler being one of the opposing counsel.

Miss Abby W. May, an active advocate of woman suffrage, was defeated in last week's municipal election, in Boston, as a candidate for School Commissioner...

The new Queen of Barmah is said to be practically a believer in woman's rights—at least she takes a warm interest in the conduct of affairs. The King, after the custom of his fathers, married his own half-sister.

HOW TO READ.—Hints on choosing the best books, with a classified list of works on biography, history, etc.

The thoughtful suggestions of an intelligent woman are followed by a list of books filling eighty pages, and all is a useful help in selecting a library.

The new Queen of Barmah is said to be practically a believer in woman's rights—at least she takes a warm interest in the conduct of affairs.

Partial List of Magazines for January, 1879.

L. B. Chase's Botanical Index, an illustrated quarterly botanical magazine, gives some fine botanical illustrations and descriptions...

The Shakar Manifesto, an official monthly (G. A. Lomas, Shakers, N. Y.) This number contains many well written articles relating to the peculiar faith of the Shakers...

The Atlantic Monthly, (Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston and New York) Contents: Aspects of American Life; Ancestors; The Latest Songs of Chivalry; The Lady of the Aroostook; Round the World at the Paris Exhibition; The Pines of Eden; A Birthday; Workingmen's Wives; Is Universal Suffrage a Failure? The Dead Feast of the Kol-Folk; Our New Neighbors at Punkapog; Americanisms; An Artist's Model; A Student's Sea Story; The Contributor's Club; Recent Literature.

The Popular Science Monthly, (D. Appleton & Co., New York) Contents: Traces of an Early Race in Japan; Prof. Edward S. Morse; Virchow and Evolution; Prof. John Tyndall; Astronomical Magnitudes and Distances; Prof. H. S. Carhart; Herbert Spencer before the English Copyright Commission; The Beginning of Nerves in the Animal Kingdom; by Geo. J. Romanes; Pope and the Anti-Pope; by Prof. Carl Vogt; Scientific Relation of Sociology to Biology; by Prof. Joseph Le Conte; Black Diamonds; by M. F. Maury; The Devil-Fish and its Relatives; by W. E. Damon; Heredity; by Geo. Hes; The Physical Functions of Leaves; Curari or Woorari Poison; by Maurice Girard; Molecular Dynamics; by L. R. Curtis; Effects of Alcoholic Excess on Character; by J. M. Fothergill, M. D.; Sketch of Gustav Wallis, with portrait; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes. Some of the articles are illustrated, which adds to the interest.

The Nursery (John L. Shorey, Boston), a magazine for youngest readers, is as usual interesting.

Magazines for December, 1878, not before mentioned.

The Popular Science Monthly Supplement, (D. Appleton & Co., New York) Contents: The Recent Development of Socialism in Germany and the United States; by Prof. Henry Fawcett; The Migration of Animals; by Dr. Andrew Wilson; Civilization and Noise; by James Sully; Nation-Making; A Theory of National Characters; by Prof. Grant Allen; The Sun in his Glory; by Richard A. Proctor; The Alcohol Question. 1. The Contrast of Temperance with Abstinence; by Sir James Paget. 2. The Action of Alcohol; by Dr. T. Lauder Brunton. 3. The Moderate use of Alcohol True Temperance; by Dr. Albert J. Bernays; The Fear of Death; by C. E. S.; The Organization of Ammunicative Industry; by Edith Simcox; The Genesis of matter; The Art and Practice of Teaching; Mal' Liquors; their Influence on Digestion and Nutrition; by J. J. Coleman, F. I. C.; F. C. S.; Some Queer Industries; American Facts and Gladstone Fallacies; The Afghans; Hunting Among the Kirghis.

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Scribner's Monthly, (Scribner & Co., New York City) Contents: Biorn the Bold; Old Marylan; Manners; Collage Hazing; Epicedium; Leonardo da Vinci; An Epitaph; Interpretation; Falconberg; Nimon; Century Plants; Hawthorn; Thomas a Kempis; The Tile Club at Work; These Three; To Modjeska; The Mountain Lakes of California; At the Old Bull's Head; The Amendment of the Patent Law; Topics of the Time; Home and Society; Culture and Progress; The World's Work; Brie-a-Brac. The articles that are illustrated, add to the beauty and interest.

Wide Awake, (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.) Contents: Frontispiece; The Christ-Cradle; My Mother put it on; Afterwards; Boston R. Sebuda; A Christmas Tragedy; The Bogberry Bunch; Daisy's Letter; The Mince Pie Prince; Lady Betty's Cooking School; Snowflakes; Our American Artists; A Spinning Song; Queer Church; Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olaves; Poets' Homes; Treasy's Christmas; Seven Lit—the Cooks; Wide Awake Supplement. Some of the stories are beautifully illustrated.

St. Nicholas, (Scribner & Co., New York.) Contents: Frontispiece; "The Sisters"; The Voyage of the "Jettie"; Children's Day at St. Paul's; Left Behind; What Shall He Do With Her?; Half a Dozen Housekeepers; Christmas Bells; The Old Stone Basin; Some Malayan Dances; The King's Church; Christmas Day; Behind the White Brick; Song; Way Wlster Elspeet's Ship went into the Church; What the Birds Said; Wondering Tom; The Funniest General in all the World; Gold-locks and Silver-locks; One Christmas—Fire-side; Ten Dollars; Lumpty-Dudgert's Tower; Winter; Pete's Christmas-Tree; Sixty Minutes Make an Hour; A Jolly Fellowship; Our Music Page; For Very Little Folk; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; Young Contributors' Department; The Letter-Box; The Riddle-Box. This "Christmas Holiday Number," is profusely illustrated and filled with interesting stories.

The Eclectic Magazine, (E. R. Pelton, New York) Contents: Virchow and Evolution; The Eighteenth Century; The Story of Dorothy Vernon; A Peep at the Southern Negro; Abergahube; What is going on at the Vatican; A Voice from Rome; The Sun in his Glory; The Recent Development of Socialism in Germany and the United States; The Wonderful Ballad of the Lady of Leon; John Walter and the birth of the "London Times"; Macleod of Dare; The Chinese as Colonists; The Two of Death; Cavan Supper-Parties; Strange Animal Friendships; A Sailor's Sweetheart; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; Varieties. This number contains a fine steel plate engraving.

The North American Review, (D. Appleton & Co., New York) Contents: The Fishery Award; Unpublished Fragments of the "Little Period; Cities as Units in our Policy; The Preservation of Forests; The "Solid South"; The Pronunciation of the Latin Language; Substance and Shadow in Finance; The Cruise of the Florence; Recent Fiction. After sixty-three years existence as a quarterly and bi-monthly, the Review with this number commences life anew by becoming a monthly. This change will produce a much greater degree of timeliness in the treatment of topics, and will add largely to the amount of matter presented in a year. The managers state that they have secured as contributors for the coming year, the most eminent statesmen, scholars, literateurs, and men of science, on both sides of the Atlantic. The subscription price remains at \$5.00, and the price per copy is 50 cents. Published at 551 Broadway, New York, and supplied by booksellers and newsdealers generally.

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CHICAGO, ILL., JANUARY 4, 1879.

More Spiritist Nonsense.

The Rev. Arthur Edwards, D. D., editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, devotes a column and a quarter of that paper for Dec. 18th, to an article with the above heading, in which he entertains his readers with the following remarkable piece of intelligence:

"We think we begin to see the end of the Spiritistic controversy, that has been such a wonder and so much a joke in England for years. Readers of certain English scientific journals, the Popular Science Monthly, New York, and some books written by the contestants, know of the high tempered tilt between Prof. Crookes and Alfred Wallace, the former a victim of the spiritist manifestations and Mr. Wallace as an eagerly opposed and ridiculed them."

Were it not for Spiritualism we should begin to lose faith in mankind, when we see the assurance which enables a D. D. and editor of a leading religious paper, to start out with such a wholesale perversion of facts—such a total disregard of the truth—as to utter the glaring misstatements quoted above.

The fact is, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Crookes are now, and have been, not only on the very best of terms, but have been heartily co-operating in the work of the Dialectical Society in the scientific investigation of Spiritualism. They have been working with one accord to show up the shallow sophistry and specious fallacy of the declarations of Prof. Carpenter and Lankester, and have very successfully demonstrated the bigoted ignorance of these men in regard to the facts they ignore. That Mr. Edwards should have selected these gentlemen as the objects of his misrepresentation, is as astonishing as are the false assumptions of such men as Carpenter, Lankester, Beard and Hammond, when they pronounce all spiritual manifestations a "humbug and a delusion" without any adequate investigation of the facts and phenomena which alone would enable them to form an opinion worth respecting.

In an article contributed to Fraser's Magazine (London), Dec., 1877, Mr. Wallace most ably defends himself and Mr. Crookes against the slanders, prejudice and dogmatism of Prof. Carpenter. We quote as follows:

"Throughout his article he takes Mr. Crookes and myself as typical examples of men suffering under an Epidemic Delusion comparable to the Witches' Epidemic of the seventeenth century. He holds up our names to wonder and scorn because, after many years of quiet observation and experiment, and after daily weighing all the doubts suggested and explanations proposed by Dr. Carpenter and others, we persist in accepting the uniform and consistent testimony of our senses. And we indeed 'Psychological Curiosities,' because we rely upon what philosophers assure us is our sole and absolute test of truth—perception and reason? And should we be less rare and 'curious' phenomena if, rejecting as worthless all our personally acquired knowledge, we should blindly accept Dr. Carpenter's suggestions of what he attacks must have happened in place of what we know did happen?"

I propose, therefore, as a companion picture to that of Mr. Crookes and Wallace, the victims of an Epidemic Delusion, to exhibit Dr. Carpenter as an example of what prepossession and blind skepticism can do for a man. I shall show how it makes a scientific man unscientific, a wise man foolish, an honest man unjust. To refuse belief to unsupported rumors of improbable events, to enlighten skepticism; to reject all second-hand or anonymous tales; to reject all insinuation of any one, to be charitable, skeptical, to doubt your own prepossessions when opposed to facts observed and reported by honest and capable men, is a noble skepticism. But the skepticism of Dr. Carpenter is none of these. It is a blind, reasoning, arrogant disbelief, that marches on from youth to age with its eyes shut to all that opposes its own pet theories; that believes its own judgment to be infallible; that never acknowledges its errors. It is a skepticism that clings to its retained ideas, and refuses to accept new truths.

—We can only account for Mr. Edwards' misstatements, on the ground that he so far presumed upon the ignorance of his readers, as to trump up the imaginary tilt between Prof. Crookes and Wallace, thinking they would not know the difference, and that he could use the falsehood as a text to preface his attack upon Prof. Crookes. We call to mind the libel started in a similar manner upon the memory of Thomas Paine soon after his death, by a New York religious paper, for which said Christian paper was sued, and damages awarded by the New York court to the party to whom he had bequeathed the copyright of his "Age of Reason"; and yet the clergy have continued to retail the libel and publish the slander, in the name of religion, from that day to this. Is Mr. Edwards reduced so low in his stock of arguments and facts, where-with to assault Spiritualism, that he is obliged to manufacture and retail falsehoods in order to perpetuate the blinding ignorance he thus feeds and fosters among his readers? Like some persons who make the assertion broadly that "a counterfeit

coin is just as good as the genuine so long as it passes current," he acts upon the principle they assume, that a lie is just as good as the truth so long as it passes for truth, and answers the purpose for which it was coined.

Again, his attempt to disgrace mediums by bringing forward the Fays as an example; and in endeavoring to make out they are all in collusion with such arrant tricksters as Bishop, the co-conspirator with, and pet instrument of, certain bigoted clergymen in their effort to ridicule and burlesque Spiritualism, is but another measure of the contemptible meanness to which this doctor of divinity can resort, to deceive and mislead the readers of a religious journal. He reaches his most characteristic effort, when he lets fly the poisoned arrow of malice in his covert attack upon the intelligence, the reason, the judgment of Dr. Thomas.

So far however as regards the truth or falsity in connection with the message obtained by Dr. Thomas in the presence of Hinton, the latter's confession amounts to nothing, when it is known that messages have been obtained on double slates, between which a small bit of pencil had been placed and the frames screwed together before being taken to "Dr." Hinton; and the message obtained, too, when the slates were held alone by the person carrying them there, they never for an instant being in the possession of "Dr." Hinton. In the face of such testimony as this from persons of more than ordinary intelligence and business capacity no respectable unprejudiced court or jury could be made to believe the confessions of a self-convicted fraud to the contrary, and yet Mr. Edwards chooses to use Hinton's story as though it were his choicest stock in trade.

We can only account for this by applying Dr. Edwards' own remarks on this subject, to himself. He says:—

"It is sad, and yet ludicrous, and yet true, that what is scientifically called 'expectation,' and its absurd correlative, the 'willagers,' are preferred to the bigoted account for nearly all the wonders in Spiritualism."

How true is this of Dr. Edwards! He is not only in that stage of "expectation" which creates a "willingness, yea, preference—to be humbugged," but he has advanced to a predetermination to humbug others, and with that view, enters into an active copartnership with persons of such doubtful reputation as "Dr." Hinton, to expose Spiritualism from that standpoint.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in its work of weeding out frauds, drove the tricky medium and unconscionable rascal, Taylor, alias Blanchard, alias White, alias Hinton, from his sinuous path among Spiritualists into the open arms of Dr. Edwards who was waiting with "expectant attention." "Hinton" soon found, as did poor Withford, that his new-found clerical friends would do nothing to aid him toward a better life; Edwards & Co., had received his "confession" with "expectant attention," but, alas for "Hinton," he quickly found himself waiting with attenuated expectation for the assistance he coveted. Giving up all hope of receiving it, he again "confessed," saying he had "put up a job" on Dr. Edwards and the guileless Times' reporter, just to gratify them and spite the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL which had exposed his trickery; that all he had told Edwards was false and he was now repentant and desired to again try his hand as a medium; but Spiritualists did not take his bait as had Dr. Edwards, and consequently the poor fellow now languishes in poverty, an object of pity and a subject for some reformatory institution.

Dr. Edwards claims that spirit phenomena are all humbug and fraud, and that the phenomenon of independent slate-writing is a trick readily explained. In taking this position he runs counter to the experience of the founder of Methodism as well as of thousands of his fellow church-members, including many ministers.

Challenge to Arthur Edwards, D.D., to Test a Medium for Independent Slate-Writing.

The editor of this paper will place in the hands of L. J. Gage, Cashier of the First National Bank of Chicago, a certified check for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars (\$250) endorsed in blank, with instructions to pay it to Dr. Edwards upon the written order of a majority of the committee hereinafter named. Said money to be used by said Edwards in sending extra copies of the Northwestern Christian Advocate containing the aforesaid committee's account of the experiments to be had as hereinafter specified, to such persons and publications as said committee shall designate. The conditions of this offer are as follows:

The editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will name a medium in whose presence he believes manifestations of the phenomenon of what is called independent slate-writing, occur. He will also name three members of a committee, Dr. Edwards to name three, and these six to choose a seventh. With this committee Dr. Edwards and the editor of this paper shall hold one or more sances in the presence of the medium, at the house of said medium, in the city of Chicago, said sances to be held in day light in a well-lighted room and every facility given for careful scrutiny.

In case Dr. Edwards shall show to the satisfaction of a majority of the Committee that the manifestations are the result of trickery, then the money is to be turned over to him; or, if he shall be able to duplicate the manifestations under the same conditions imposed upon the medium then the money is his, for the use hereinafter mentioned. Dr. Edwards may send his agent to the of-

fice of this paper, to arrange preliminaries or state where the same can be done. This offer is not made for buncombe, and the amount of money is not large enough, it will be made larger.

Chief Justice Breese's Opinion of Medical "Experts."

In Rutherford vs. Morris, 77, Ill. Rep. 404, is an opinion of the Supreme Court of Illinois, given by the late Judge Breese, which gives the legal view of the value of medical expert testimony. The question before the court was as to the competency of one John P. Robbins to make a will on the day his will was dated—as the Court expresses it, was there on that day, senile dementia of the testator?

Those who opposed the probate of the will summoned several physicians, who upon hearing the testimony of the family physician as to the condition of the testator, gave their opinions that the testator had not mental capacity sufficient to make a will.

Judge Breese, in commenting on the testimony of these learned gentlemen, says:— "These doctors were summoned by the contestants as 'experts,' for the purpose of invalidating a will either made by a man quite as competent as either of them, to do such an act; they were the contestants' witnesses and so considered themselves. Dr. —, the attending physician, especially, whose whole testimony is pregnant with such indications. The testimony of such is worth but little, and should always be received by juries and courts with great caution."

"It was said by a distinguished judge, in a case before him, 'If there was any kind of testimony not only of no value, but even worse than that, it was in his judgment, that of medical experts. They may be able to state the diagnosis of the disease more accurately, but upon the question whether it had, at a given time, reached such a stage, that the subject of it was incapable of making a contract, or irresponsible for his acts, the opinion of his neighbors if men of good common sense, would be worth more than all the experts in the country.'"

"It must be apparent to every one, but few will could stand the test of the logical theories of dogmatic witnesses, who bring discredit on science and make the name of 'expert' a by-word and a reproach."

We concur with the judge above referred to. We would not give the testimony of such common sense witnesses, depending to what they say and see, subject, every day for years, for that of so-called "experts," who always have some favorite theory to support—men often as presumptuous as they are ignorant of the principles of medical science.

This judgment might well have been pronounced on Mr. "Expert" Beard and Mr. "Expert" Hammond, in the case of Mollie Fancher. It is so apt, and covers the ground so completely, that we commend its wisdom to those presumptuous "experts." Dr. Rauch of this city and his "State board of Health," all "experts," may be able to distill some wisdom out of it, at least with the aid of a magnetic heater to galvanize their fossilized "regular" intellects into a receptive condition.

We throw in the following homeopathic pills just to brace up the "regulars" a little after reading the above. Some time ago a surgeon named Mazurier, an "expert," wrote a treatise called, Histoire Veritable du Geant Tentobochus, to prove from certain bones found in a "tomb," that "Tentobochus" was a man who stood thirty feet high without his shoes on; but the bones turned out to be those of a mastodon. Another acknowledged "expert," Dr. Mather announced in England in the Philosophical Transactions, the discovery in New York, of another giant of similar size, but the bones and teeth from which he drew his inference were afterwards found to be those of a mastodon also.

Churches Poorly Attended.

In Cincinnati Rev. A. B. Morey, a Presbyterian, sounds the alarm in a sermon in which he gives startling facts. The total Protestant population of that city he estimates at one hundred and twenty thousand; of these eighty thousand are of church-going age. The seating capacity of the Protestant churches is sixty thousand, but the actual attendance on a late Sunday morning was but twelve thousand five hundred, or a little less than one-sixth of the people. This is alarming to him and his brethren, and is surely a significant fact.

His reasons are, the Sunday newspapers, the large foreign population, and the want of efficacy in the church work. The first is not very cogent, but so far as it goes, proves that the press is more attractive than the pulpit. The second is of small moment, for the same large absence is manifest among Americans in some country localities. The third and last reason is the one of weight, but is given in very general tones.

To specify, we shall say the church work is inefficient because they preach dogmas that people have outgrown and don't wish to hear, and because they give no such spiritual assurance, such light and inspiration for growth in grace and life as the people hunger for. Because, too, the churches have lost largely their religious power, and their social influence is aristocratic and exclusive—for the rich, but not for the poor, or even for the middle classes.

A church is a costly affair, and the pride of its display dims its inner life. The more solid the stone walls of the great church, the more they crush out the souls of the worshippers.

Verily we must have simpler forms, a more earnest life in pew and pulpit, more freedom in religion, more beauty of spiritual culture and growth, more fraternity. In short, more spiritualism in its highest aspects, to make the church worth saving, or to call out the people.

A correspondent informs us that C. Fanny Allyn, now lecturing in Cleveland, Ohio, is giving spicy lectures and drawing good houses.

Our Spiritual Papers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have felt for a long time that no one paper was doing more than the JOURNAL to assist our spiritual speakers and people in Michigan in their work and success. Yet I have been deeply pained to find so many Spiritualists without any paper of a liberal or spiritual character in their homes. I do not believe one fourth of them thus believing—who are able—patronize our papers. The result is that the papers are not half as well sustained as they should be, and our people, many of them, become careless or fossilized.

Nothing will do so much to keep up the interest of our cause as keeping well posted on the progress of spiritual and liberal thought.

Again, no more powerful instrument can be used to break down orthodox bigotry, and superstition than such a journal.

For the purpose of pushing this feature of work forward—as well as every other—I have determined to appoint five agents who will act as canvassers in their sections of the State, from now until the meeting of the State Convention in Lansing, Michigan, March 20th, at which time they will make a diligent canvass. The parties I have selected are reliable and competent. Please send them sample copies of JOURNAL.

I will send you the names of others as fast as competent persons can be found to thus act.

A. B. SPINNEY.

[President State Association, Spiritualists and Liberals.]

[We approve of and endorse Doctor Spinney's plan. Money should accompany each subscription sent in. Remit by Post Office Money Order, or Registered Letter, at our risk. All other friends who are aiding in extending our list will please not relax their efforts. Now is the time for an active canvass everywhere.—ED. JOURNAL.]

FAREWELL RECEPTION.—On Monday evening, by invitation of Doctor and Mrs. S. J. Avery, a large and select party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at their residence, 331 Walnut street, to bid farewell to Mrs. Pet Anderson, who left on the following Wednesday for her new home in California. Many of our old and representative Spiritualists, whose faces are seldom seen at meetings and societies now-a-days, were present on this occasion, and the evening was enlivened by music and short addresses of congratulations and best wishes for one who had won all hearts by her gentle and loving ways, as well as by her mediumship. After a season of mental repast, all descended to the dining-room and partook of a bountiful spread, prepared by Mrs. Avery and her assistants, during which many loved ones from the other side controlled, and added their words of greeting to the lady who was so soon to take her departure. Nothing was left undone to make the evening enjoyable, and the company departed at a late hour, after bidding Mrs. Anderson farewell, and wishing her a safe and pleasant journey to her future home on the Pacific Coast.

DEVOTIONAL SPIRITUALISM number 28 which we publish in this issue, seems to be the most important and interesting of the series. It embraces the latest conclusions of the best science and philosophy of Germany, France and England. Virchow, long claimed as the highest authority in materialism and largely quoted by Buchner, has turned his guns on materialism at last, much to the consternation of its followers. The ripe scholarship displayed in preparing this series of articles, is a constant source of pleasure and astonishment to many of our most cultured readers.

No religious paper in the country, can boast of a series of articles which have required such a vast knowledge of the literature of different nations, such fine discriminating power and conscientious regard for the object in view. Whether the reader agrees with the general sentiment pervading them or not, they are sure to win his admiration and respect.

A postal card was lately sent to Chicago by R. Rice, of New York City, directed as follows:

"To the editor of the principal Religious Journal published in Chicago."

The postmaster of this city, characterized for his clear and keen discrimination, and believing, no doubt, that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was not only the principal religious paper, but had the most widespread influence, sent Mr. Rice's postal to this office, and is probably anxious that we should give publicity to the following, which was inscribed thereon:

For me, my God through Jesus wept!
For me, my Savior bled and died!
For me, in Joseph's tomb he slept!
For me, my God was crucified!

We hope the publication of the above will render Mr. Rice happy—the only one perhaps!

Mrs. Emelia M. Van Scotten, Miss Bessie Howard Van Scotten, and Miss Fidella E. Bassett, gave an entertainment in Halle's Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, December 17th, for the benefit of the Cleveland Society of Spiritualists, assisted in the musical department by Mr. Charles Palmer. There are few persons better qualified to give choice readings than the ladies above referred to, and societies desiring a rare entertainment, would do well to secure their services at an early day.

TOO LATE OR TOO LONG are the two reasons why many fine articles intended for the Christmas issue did not appear. We shall publish them all in due time, and now express our thanks for them.

Spiritualism—Materialism.

I have read your editorial of December 14th on "The Irrepressible Conflict between Spiritualism and Materialism," and it is wise and timely.

Of course you do not mean a war of little and senseless words, or of mean and cruel deeds, like that of quarrelsome theological dogmatists; but a clear recognition of the opposition of those two methods of thought. Your editorial on "Liberal Leagues," I like too. They both run in the same vein as suggestions to guide and help us.

There is a great deal of Yree-thought today; free, that is, from the bondage of creed and dogma, which is well. But a general union of all kinds of dissent to cry out, "Down with sects and creeds! Out upon pious hypocrites! Away with bigots! Free-thought forever!" is of no great moment or benefit; yet it is about the idea of the gettters up of some so called Free Thinkers' conventions. The result is that a coarse and blind iconoclasm, a bigotry akin to that of the sects prevails; negation comes to the front, all is pulled down and little or nothing built up. As for Spiritualism, that is sneered at or laughed at; as witness the course of Seaver and Mendum and others, which I noted at the Watkins Convention last August.

The Truth Seeker has this vague idea of free thought, and the result is, its spirit is coarse and materialistic, its moral tone not the clearest, its attacks on the errors of theology weakened by a rude and shallow irreverence, and what little it says of Spiritualism, is halting and uncertain. It is trying to mix oil and water, and the oil comes to the surface, and you taste it, but hardly get the pure flavor of the water at all.

Witness the course of The Index in Boston; its editor, Mr. Abbott, a man who has done some good work, but who has a narrow, blind idea of Spiritualism. He has received thousands of dollars in donations as well as subscriptions from Spiritualists who expected, as I know, in some cases, breadth and impartiality. Yet he did not even mention the four great camp meetings of Spiritualists in Massachusetts last summer, with their thousands in attendance, and freedom of speech for all in their conferences. The lectures of Gerald Massey, in Boston, calling out large Sunday audiences and treating of a variety of subjects were only named in a brief item paragraph in the Index. The gifted poet is a Spiritualist.

But it may be said that Abbott is not a Materialist. He repudiates intuition, lauds inductive science, and so turns away from the depth and sweetness of the spiritual thinkers, and is drifted toward the cold and external dogmatism of Materialism, and its contempt of Spiritualism, as are others of the free religious school.

Why is all this? Simply because the idea and aim of the Spiritualist and the Materialist are so unlike and opposite that the conflict is, as you well know, irrepressible; the two cannot unite. We would recognize great truths that the churches have kept, and save them from dramatic perversion and limitation, and so build up spiritual realities, natural religion, reverence and faith, enlightened by reason and knowledge. The soul of a Spiritual Philosophy is the central and supreme mind; its inspiration and the worth, and dignity, and eternal life and growth of the spirit of man, with its wealth of intuitive and interior truth!

All this is absurd to a Materialist, holding to the "potency of matter" as the ruling power—a philosophy of dust and ashes as evolving thought and mind!

What are we to do? We must clearly know and make known our wide and decided dissent and unlikeness from Materialism, as decided as from the myth and dogma of old theology. We must keep up our own meetings, uphold the speakers and books and journals that teach Spiritualism—not materialism. There can be no mixing up of two wholly irreconcilable methods of thought.

Inspired and uplifted by the transcendent power and beauty of a spiritual philosophy, and of the wondrous facts of spirit, presence and communion, let us ever make these the central idea of our efforts. At the same time we must respect honest opinion, and maintain orderly freedom of speech, for all fair and sincere persons seeking for truth. We must avoid all Pharisaic pride or exclusiveness.

For instance, at the Cape Cod camp meeting of Spiritualists last summer, a man at one of the conferences, expressed his dissent, and fairly gave his reasons for being a Materialist. He had a respectful hearing, and a fair discussion followed. An "Orthodox" believer should have like just treatment.

We want interest in practical reform, clean lives, honest mediumship respected, and higher spiritual culture. But let us have no vague indefiniteness about free thought as though it meant a loose negation in which all can join, and so save the world by merely breaking down its old creeds. We must put something better in their place or forever hold our peace.

As you well say: "Let us stand for Spiritualism, pure and simple"—for its philosophy, its facts, its religion, with an earnest wish and endeavor that its light may reach all the world and dispel both the clouds of bigotry and superstition and the darkness of Materialism. Truly Yours, G. R. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Dec., 1878.

"The Pilgrim" Commends our Position.

I read with deep interest your leading editorial in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of December 14th, relative to the "Irrepressible Conflict between Materialism and Spiritualism." Spiritualism and Materialism can only affiliate in the persons' work of liberalizing sectarian Christendom and educating humanity through free thought and free speech. Materialism is not only rudely iconoclastic, but cold, severe and unsatisfactory to the soul's aspirations. It solves but few of the problems of this life, and none of the more momentous ones, touching a conscious existence hereafter. Spiritualism can expect little or no help from Materialism. They have next to nothing in common. Oil and water cannot be made to unite permanently. Inference: Spiritualists should do their own work in their own way. J. M. PRZELBA.

Christmas Song for the Children.

BY MRS. H. N. O. BUTTS.

Joyfully, joyfully here we come,
Wishing a "Christmas merry!"
Happily, happily, every one,
Blending our voices cheery!

Merrily, merrily, sleigh bells ding,
Over the hills and meadow;
Solemnly, grandly the church-bells ring,
Calling the people together!

CHEORUS.
Cheerily, cheerily the snow-bird sings
Far o'er the marshes dreary;
Peacefully, peacefully, Christmas brings
Rest to the nation weary.

Beautiful, beautiful Christmas day,
Herald of peace forever!
"Star in the East," whose oriental ray,
Lighteth the world's endeavor;

Welcome thy coming with love-gifts rare,
Garlands of beauty weaving,
Christmas trees blossoming everywhere
Over the wide world's grieving.

Mournfully, plaintively sighs the wind
Over our playmates sleeping;
Hopefully, tenderly, Nature kind
Her snowy tear drops weeping;

So in the meadow-fields fast asleep,
Under their white robes dreaming,
Beautiful violets buried deep
Sigh for the sunlight gleaming.

CHEORUS.
Cheerily, cheerily the snow-bird sings
Far o'er the marshes dreary;
Peacefully, peacefully Christmas brings
Rest to the nation weary.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

Lyman C. Howe spoke at Spring Creek, Pa., last Sunday.

Dr. Charles T. Buifum's address is now 87 Franklin street, Springfield, Mass.

Tuttle's "Ethics of Spiritualism" should be in every library, and it is a good book to loan your Christian neighbor.

A line from Mr. Mitchell informs us that Mrs. Maud Lord-Mitchell is quite ill, and confined to her bed.

Dr. Peebles closed his engagement in this city last Sunday, and during this week filled an appointment at Marion, Iowa, under the auspices of Hon. J. B. Young.

Dr. Beard has met a powerful reviewer, in the person of Mr. Epes Sargent who has three columns in a late issue of the New York Sun, criticising his "expert" treatment of the Mollie Fancher case.

We are informed that T. P. Porter, at the National Home, Wis., is being developed as a seer and writing medium, and is a good healer, doing good service in that direction among the invalid soldiers.

One of the best known Spiritualists writes: "Really, I never expected in my day to read so brave and truthful a number of a Spiritual paper as is the JOURNAL for Dec. 31st."

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is engaged to lecture for the Spiritual Society, in New Haven, Conn., the four Sundays in January, 1879. He would like to make engagements to speak as the Spirit may direct.

The Fargo Weekly, and Semi-Weekly Republican, is a live paper and furnishes many valuable statistics. It is published at the county-seat of Cass Co., Dakota, one of the finest wheat growing sections in the Union.

These physicians who want to run colleges and provide chances for their disciples in Indiana, are moving for a law to protect "regular" (?) medicine. The people should move at once to get up a protest.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL's series of Biographical Sketches of Prominent Spiritualists. Number one contains sketches of Samuel Watson, D. D., Robert Hare, Hudson Tuttle, Giles B. Stebbins, Mrs. Frances Green McDougall, James G. Clarke, Rev. John Pierpont, J. M. Peebles, M. D., Wm. E. Coleman, E. D. Babbitt, A. J. Davis, J. R. Buchanan, M. D.

A. A. Wheelock, the trance speaker who has been so long settled in Utica, New York, has charge of a prosperous society in that city.

A FAVORITE COUGH REMEDY.—For Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and other diseases of the bronchial tubes, no more useful article can be found than the well-known "Brown's Bronchial Trochæ." 25c. a box.

At the regular monthly conference of Baptist ministers held in New York, the members indulged in warm words and became more excited than is compatible with their profession.

Worse than this the protestant missions in Europe were not wanted. He attended service at the Baptist Chapel in Paris, and only seventeen persons were present.

Dr. Edminster will continue to heal as usual, "by the laying on of hands," at parlor 117, Palmer House, notwithstanding the attempt by the Board of Health to drive him from the field.

W. E. Coleman must be the most industrious man in all Kansas; in addition to his regular daily duties he is writing or lecturing constantly, and we notice in the Leavenworth papers that on Christmas night he revived his old dramatic knowledge, and took the part of Justice Hare in the play of East Lynne.

"A Woman's Church" is to be established in New York by a number of strong-minded women. It is to be officered by and ministered unto by women, and is to open on the first Sunday of the new year.

A Tobacco Antidote, manufactured and sold by J. A. Heinsch & Co., of Cleveland, O., is advertised by the proprietors in another column. The firm, we believe, is responsible, and the remedy is highly spoken of by those familiar with its effects.

Meeting of Liberals in Hall at 213 West Madison street, Sunday, at 3 P. M., first speaker and subject to be chosen by the audience. Music and music free.

Notice of Meeting. The Liberals of Havana, Mich., will hold an anniversary meeting at 9 P. M., on Jan. 20th, to commemorate the birth of Thomas J. P. on Jan. 20th.

Passed to Spirit-Life. Passed on to the higher life, from his late residence at Frankfort, Philadelphia, on the 11th of December, 1878, in the 90th year of his age, WILLIAM KNIGHT.

The funeral of the late Geo. W. Wuxlow took place Tuesday morning, Dec. 24th, from his late residence in Kalamazoo, Mich., and was largely attended. Many of the old citizens being present.

Business Notices. Ladies and gentlemen of taste once having enjoyed the sweetness of Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes, cannot be induced to use any other.

CLAIMS OF 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.

Dr. Edminster will continue to heal as usual, "by the laying on of hands," at parlor 117, Palmer House, notwithstanding the attempt by the Board of Health to drive him from the field.

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Dr. Edminster will continue to heal as usual, "by the laying on of hands," at parlor 117, Palmer House, notwithstanding the attempt by the Board of Health to drive him from the field.

Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts have the taste and odor of the fresh fruits from which they are made, strong and pure.

WORK AND STUDY.—Seneca Park Industrial School. Students can pay one-half expenses in work. Address G. W. Webster, Honorary, Howard Co., Iowa. 25 15 18

TWO NOTED GRAVE ROBBERS.—Our readers will remember the account given in these columns of the robbing of the grave of the Hon. Scott Harrison, in Ohio, last May, the body being found in the dissecting-room of the Ohio Medical College.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder is not sold in bulk; it is sold in cans, securely labeled.

Mrs. D. Johnston, Artist, No. 26 Third street, Chicago, Ill. Water Color Portraits a specialty. 25 22 18

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. Flint, 20 E. 14th street, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. 21-23 18

S. B. BRITTON, M. D., continues his Office Practice at No. 3 Van Nest Place (Charles street, corner of Fourth), New York, making use of Electricity, Magnetics and other Subtle Agents in the cure of chronic diseases.

SPENCE'S Positive and Negative Powders for sale at this office. Price \$1.00 per box. 24 11 18

Mrs. J. H. Hart, No. 26 Sheridan street, Auburn, N. Y., an experienced and first class Artist, will be happy to receive the patronage of her friends.

A TOBACCO ANTIDOTE, manufactured and sold by J. A. Heinsch & Co., of Cleveland, O., is advertised by the proprietors in another column.

DR. KATNER, Surgeon and Eclectic Physician, Merchants Building, Cor. La Salle and Washington Sts., examines disease Clairvoyantly; adjusts Elastic Trusses for the cure of Hernia, and furnishes them to order. See his advertisement in another column.

L. A. EDMISTER, Magnetic Physician.—Many of our readers will be glad to learn of the arrival in Chicago of the magnetic physician, L. A. Edminster. The Doctor comes from the East, with testimonials from some of the leading people of that section, vouching for his superior magnetic power and the qualifications of a gentleman.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT MRS. C. M. MORRISON, M. D.—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. MORRISON'S unparalleled success in giving diagnosis by lock of hair, and thousands have been cured with magnetic remedies prescribed by her Medical Band.

DIAGNOSIS BY LETTERS.—Enclose lock of patient's hair and \$1.00. Give the name, age and sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. BURBANK'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS. A new and excellent book compiled and edited by the celebrated elocutionist, Mr. A. P. BURBANK, containing many selections in prose and verse, including the "SACRAMENT," etc. One hundred and fifty pages; illuminated covers. Sent post paid on receipt of price 30 cents. Address A. P. BURBANK, Westminster Hotel, New York. 25 18

THE LESLEY ORGAN. THE WORLD'S BEST. MANUFACTORY BRATTLEBORO, VT. 25 18—New

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN ABOUT THEMSELVES. BY A. E. NEWTON. A new and interesting series of lessons for children, containing many selections in prose and verse, including the "SACRAMENT," etc. One hundred and fifty pages; illuminated covers. Sent post paid on receipt of price 30 cents. Address A. P. BURBANK, Westminster Hotel, New York. 25 18

ANCIENT SEX WORSHIP. A curious and remarkable work, containing the traces of Ancient Myths in the Religions of To-Day. A curious, learned and carefully suggestive book. It is one of the most important works in the history of the human mind. Price (in cloth) 50c., postage 2 cents. Desal discount to the trade.

THE HOLLOW GLOBE: THE WORLD'S AGITATOR AND RECONCILER. A Treatise on the Physical Configuration of the Earth, Presented through the organ of M. L. Sherman, M. D., F. R. S. E., F. R. S. L., F. R. S. G., F. R. S. I., F. R. S. N., F. R. S. P., F. R. S. S., F. R. S. T., F. R. S. U., F. R. S. V., F. R. S. W., F. R. S. X., F. R. S. Y., F. R. S. Z.

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THE CLERGY A SOURCE OF DANGER TO THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

By W. F. JAMIESON. This work is written in the vigorous, unobscured vein, which is characteristic of its author, quoting largely from the utterances and writings of clergymen to sustain his position. It contains a full and complete exposure of the different Christian movements to control the government to be found nowhere else.

THE HOLLOW GLOBE: THE WORLD'S AGITATOR AND RECONCILER.

A Treatise on the Physical Configuration of the Earth, Presented through the organ of M. L. Sherman, M. D., F. R. S. E., F. R. S. L., F. R. S. G., F. R. S. I., F. R. S. N., F. R. S. P., F. R. S. S., F. R. S. T., F. R. S. U., F. R. S. V., F. R. S. W., F. R. S. X., F. R. S. Y., F. R. S. Z.

ORATION Leadership and Organization.

By R. B. BRITTON, M. D. DELIVERED IN OUTLINE ON OCCASION OF THE Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

THE WORLD'S SAGES: Infidels, and Thinkers.

A TOWN'S OBTAIN VOLUME. BY H. M. BENNETT With a steel-plate Engraving of the Author. Being the Biographical and Important doctrines of the most distinguished Teachers, Philosophers, Reformers, Innovators, Founders of New Schools of Thought and Religion, State Teachers in current Theology, and the deepest Thinkers and most active Humanists of the World, from Menandrus, through the following three thousand years to our own time. It is believed that the work fills a want long felt, and with interest to the general information touching the characters treated, it forms a succinct and correct account of some of the best and truest persons who have lived in the world, and concerning whom large numbers of volumes would have to be consulted to derive the information and insight contained in this general work. It is divided into four parts. PART I: From Menandrus to Christ. PART II: From Christ to Thomas Paine. PART III: From Thomas Paine to George Washington. PART IV: Living Sages. To all of whom the world owes much for the progress it has made in the evolution of Thought, Truth, and Reason. An important and valuable book. Price, in cloth, \$2.00. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

LEISURE HOURS. Every home may be adorned and made more cheerful and attractive by the use of every picture, such as one of the new mottoes just published, entitled "Leisure Hours." These mottoes are printed in 1500 colors. The colors are of the highest quality, and the mottoes are of various sizes, and are suitable for use in every part of the house. The mottoes are of various sizes, and are suitable for use in every part of the house. The mottoes are of various sizes, and are suitable for use in every part of the house.

ANTI-FAT

ALLAN'S ANTI-FAT is the great remedy for Corpulency. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts on the food in the stomach, preventing its conversion into fat. Taken according to directions, it will reduce the weight from 10 to 25 pounds in a week, and there is a general improvement in the health. A gentleman writing from Boston, says: "I have used your special change of medicine, and I have reduced my weight from 150 to 120 pounds in three weeks, and I feel much better than I have for many years." Allan's Anti-Fat has reduced a lady in our city seven pounds in three weeks, and she feels much better than she has for many years. Allan's Anti-Fat has reduced a gentleman in our city ten pounds in three weeks, and he feels much better than he has for many years. Allan's Anti-Fat has reduced a lady in our city five pounds in three weeks, and she feels much better than she has for many years. Allan's Anti-Fat has reduced a gentleman in our city three pounds in three weeks, and he feels much better than he has for many years.

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WOMAN

By an immense practice at the World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, having treated many food, and cases of those diseases peculiar to woman, I have found that this is the most potent and positive remedy for these diseases. To designate this natural specific, I have named it Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The term, however, is but a feeble expression of my high appreciation of its value, based upon personal experience in my private practice, and the results in the special diseases incident to the organization of woman, which it cures as effectually as a positive, safe, and efficient remedy for this class of diseases, and one that will, at all times and under all circumstances, act kindly, and will not stain my reputation as a physician, and so confident I am that it will not disappoint the most sanguine expectations of a single invalid lady who uses it for any of the ailments for which I recommend it, that I offer and sell it under a POSITIVE GUARANTEE. For conditions, see pamphlet, wrapping bottle.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The term, however, is but a feeble expression of my high appreciation of its value, based upon personal experience in my private practice, and the results in the special diseases incident to the organization of woman, which it cures as effectually as a positive, safe, and efficient remedy for this class of diseases, and one that will, at all times and under all circumstances, act kindly, and will not stain my reputation as a physician, and so confident I am that it will not disappoint the most sanguine expectations of a single invalid lady who uses it for any of the ailments for which I recommend it, that I offer and sell it under a POSITIVE GUARANTEE. For conditions, see pamphlet, wrapping bottle.

Rules and Advice For Those Desiring to Form Circles.

FOR SALE BY THE AUTHOR. JAS. H. YOUNG, 325 Gasquet Street, New Orleans, La. PRICE, 15 CENTS.

REPLY To A HERMON AGAINST MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By Rev. C. H. GARDNER, Member of Trinity Episcopal Church, Utica, N. Y. Pamphlet, 25 pages, Single Copies, 10c. 30 Copies, \$1.00. Address, E. B. POOLE, UTICA, N. Y.

A \$10 REVOLVER FOR ONLY \$2.

Will Kill at 100 Yards. It is the most perfectly finished, and most powerful revolver ever made. Our extra-fine new, full metal, 10-plate Revolver, worth \$10.00, one of which I will send you for only \$2.00 in money, to pay the balance of postage and packing. I will send you, for only \$2.00, a new, 10-plate Revolver, worth \$10.00, one of which I will send you for only \$2.00 in money, to pay the balance of postage and packing. I will send you, for only \$2.00, a new, 10-plate Revolver, worth \$10.00, one of which I will send you for only \$2.00 in money, to pay the balance of postage and packing.

SEVEN HOUR System of Grammar.

By Prof. T. P. HOWE. The author has demonstrated repeatedly that a person of average ability can learn to read and write correctly after two weeks' careful study of this book. Thousands have been aided, and they always give satisfaction.

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GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

By its great and thorough blood-purifying properties, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrophulous to a common Itch, Pimples, or Eruptions of the Skin, and all other Skin Diseases, and its effects are eradicated, and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. Eruptions, Blisters, Bores, Sores, Scabs, or Houghs, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and life-giving medicine.

By its great and thorough blood-purifying properties, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all Humors, from the worst Scrophulous to a common Itch, Pimples, or Eruptions of the Skin, and all other Skin Diseases, and its effects are eradicated, and vigorous health and a sound constitution established. Eruptions, Blisters, Bores, Sores, Scabs, or Houghs, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and life-giving medicine.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

No use of taking the large, repulsive, nauseous pills, composed of cheap, crude and bulky ingredients. These Pellets are so small that they can be taken in any quantity, and they operate without disturbance to the constitution, soft, or operation. They are so small that they can be taken in any quantity, and they operate without disturbance to the constitution, soft, or operation. They are so small that they can be taken in any quantity, and they operate without disturbance to the constitution, soft, or operation.

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY. The liquid remedy can be used, or better applied by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This is the only remedy that has been invented with this fluid medicine can be used, or better applied by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. This is the only remedy that has been invented with this fluid medicine can be used, or better applied by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Song of Eros (Love) to the Hours.

BY BELLE HUSH.

To the halls of the past, to a shadowy throng.
Ye are tripping away, away,
And the sounds ye weave in your mystic song.

Religion and Science.

BY PROF. PATTON SPENCE.

Religion will eventually become a science; but,
in doing so it will cease to be religion. Alchemy
lost its identity in chemistry; astrology gave way
to astronomy, and religion, like both alchemy and
astrology, being a system which is composed

pressed or implied, that there are invisible powers
of intelligences between whom and human
beings there are certain relations, and that, by the
doing or not doing of certain things in conformity

If, as all religions imply, there are invisible powers
or intelligences to whom we are related for good
or for evil, it is, of course, important that we
should know it; and it is still more important that
we should know their nature and capabilities and
the nature of our relations to them.

It will, undoubtedly, be many years before the
new science of facts and their relations shall dis-
place, even in the minds of the most cultivated
and enlightened nations, those systems of relig-
ious faith and practice which are now in vogue

With regard to the nature of the psychical powers
and capacities of those invisible beings, there
would, at first sight, seem to be facts enough in
our possession to justify the presentation of the
following as a third proposition which may be re-
garded as proved, namely: Those invisible, finite,

As to the extent and nature of those psychical
powers and capacities, our information is as yet
meager and imperfect, and of the extent and char-
acter of our relations to them and of theirs to us,

In the above view of the case, the science which
must supersede religion, might with some degree
of propriety, be regarded as an extension of the
science of sociology. Sociology it is true is the
science of human relations only; but as the ele-
ments which form the basis of all human rela-

But it was not always so with them; they
worked hard for their popularity, and earned it.
Cannot we, with our boasted superiority, by un-
ited and zealous efforts, popularize our movement?
Certainly we can! "The fault is in ourselves that
we are underlings." If we had our cause as much
at heart as they have theirs, we should not be so
beaten. We are either mistaken when we boast
of our precious jewel, Spiritualism, or else we are
too deplorably lazy to take proper care of the

treasure. When too late, we shall wish we had,
for such an inestimable gem will not much long-
er be so slighted, and probably by some strategic
means our slanderers (the churches) who have in
the past depreciated its beauty, will suddenly ap-
preciate it and claim it for their own.

An actual intercourse between two planes of
existence, such as is now manifested through the
spiritual phenomena of the day, is the only thing
that can make possible to us a scientific knowl-
edge of the nature of those psychical beings that
exist on what is called the spiritual plane, and of
the nature and extent of our dependence and in-
fluence upon them and theirs upon us; and hence
it is the only thing that can ultimate in a system
of practice which shall have for its object the bet-
tering of the present or future condition of hu-
man beings of of spirits, or of both, by an orderly
and methodical application of the known laws of
their relations.

Spiritualism has, of course, developed no reli-
gion in the current acceptance of the term; nor
can it ever develop a religion in any sense. It is
either a system of facts and their relations, or it is
nothing; and such facts and their relations, as far
as they go, necessarily displace the superstitious,
traditions, hopes, fears, creeds and imaginings
which form the bulk of all religious teachings,
and supersede all those practices, forms, cere-
monies, prayers and invocations which grow out
of them. It is true, as already stated, that Spiritu-
alism has not, as yet, developed a science; its col-
lection of facts and their relations, scientifically
established, being too meager to be dignified with
the name science. Hence it is that, what is called
the spiritual movement has not, as yet, assumed
any decidedly practical form for the amelioration
of the condition of either human beings or spirits,

A QUESTION FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

Why are Our Children's Lyceums
a Failure?

BY THE CONDUCTOR OF THE CLEVELAND (O.) LYCE-
UM, THOMAS LEE.

Until this question is answered, I see no pros-
pect of improving the condition of the Spiritu-
alist Sunday schools. No question of late has given
me so much trouble as this, but considering it of
vital importance I dislike to give it up unanswer-
ed. In my youth the problem of immortality (al-
though raised in Episcopalianism) perplexed me,
and I never expected to settle it this side of
the grave, yet I lived to do it (at least for myself),
and I hope to live long enough to see the other
question settled—so with a slight transformation of
the old adage: "I live in hopes, if I have to die
in despair."

But a small percentage of those I have conferred
with, attribute their failure to the system laid down
in Davis' Lyceum Manual, and I find those that do
so, know but little of it, so I shall never concede it
to be true until it is so announced by those who
have given it a thorough trial, for after years of
experience in lyceums, and where we have had the
Manual as a guide, I am compelled to admit I
have met but very few who thoroughly compre-
hended the system. There is a lamentable ig-
norance of the contents of the Manual, even by
the officers and leaders engaged in the work,
to say nothing of the mass of Spiritualists who
never think in that direction. Of all the books I
know of, it suggests the best methods of develop-
ing and unfolding the children's spiritual natures,
making each student self-reliant and responsible
for his or her own acts.

As no one is qualified to teach, even arithmetic,
until he is familiar with all the rules governing
it, so all engaged in the lyceum work should study
to comprehend its objects and methods ere
they are fitted for their duties. I lay this down
as a maxim: No lyceum can be successful if its
officers or leaders are not well informed on the
duties and plan of their work. Our church breth-
ren well understand this, and during my late visits
to their Sunday schools for the purpose of observa-
tion, I found them well posted in their work,
more zealous, if possible, than when I was a
scholar in the fold, and with but little change, for
like them, teaching the old dogmas first, last and
forever; as the teachers had if ground into them
in infancy, so they zealously cram it into the
rising generation. The result is, they get their lesson
perfect. "Jesus alone can save you." And thus the
orthodox Sunday schools are the recruiting of-
fices for the churches, and are organized and of-
ficed with military precision. The lyceums
might be the same to Spiritualism, but what
there are, with few exceptions, are sickly institu-
tions, and like all Spiritualist meetings, poorly
managed, and in a poverty-stricken condition.

Eleven million Spiritualists in the United States!
I don't believe it! I don't believe there is
one-tenth of that number, or else Spiritualists have
less individuality than the average Christian. But
to the question: I think our lyceums are failures,
because of our disorganized condition; because
of our apathy; because we are not above the plane
of phenomenal Spiritualism; because we are not
true to our convictions; because we are Spiritu-
alists in name only; because of the church pressure
to which so many of us yield; because our chil-
dren drift, or are enticed into the churches. There
are numerous other reasons which will suggest
themselves to every reader. Look at the ration-
ale of all this. To those who are not blinded by
creeds the spiritual philosophy presents a purer
system of ethics than is contained in any of the
bibles of the ages, not excepting the "Christians,"
and yet we play an insignificant part—suffer our-
selves to be outtalked, outworked and outwitted
in every way by them. They worship in costly ed-
ifices, in richly upholstered pews; we in dirty
halls, on wood seat chairs. They on the ground
floor, we on the third, fourth and fifth stories with
a prospect of going still higher. They live in un-
taxed palaces, we in tax-ridden attics. So you see,
they beat us at every point in the game, even if
we do hold a handful of trumps. They do it with
their "little joker," popularity!

But it was not always so with them; they
worked hard for their popularity, and earned it.
Cannot we, with our boasted superiority, by un-
ited and zealous efforts, popularize our movement?
Certainly we can! "The fault is in ourselves that
we are underlings." If we had our cause as much
at heart as they have theirs, we should not be so
beaten. We are either mistaken when we boast
of our precious jewel, Spiritualism, or else we are
too deplorably lazy to take proper care of the

treasure. When too late, we shall wish we had,
for such an inestimable gem will not much long-
er be so slighted, and probably by some strategic
means our slanderers (the churches) who have in
the past depreciated its beauty, will suddenly ap-
preciate it and claim it for their own. Let us arouse
from this lethargy! If we aspire to be profession-
ists, let's do our duty! With the new year, let us
have high resolves, and work to defend and cher-
ish the glorious honor of Spiritualism by organiz-
ing lyceums all over the land. As Josiah Allen's
wife would say: "Put your shoulder blades to the
wheel"—let's push all together. Let the RELIGIO-
PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL be philosophical in the
matter, and let it advocate the importance of the
lyceum as being so prominent an exponent of the
Spiritual Philosophy. Let the glorious old Ban-
ner of Light also inscribe as a motto on its well
worn design, C. P. L.—The pride of Spiritualists,
and the hope of Spiritualism.—Let Andrew Jack-
son Davis, the founder of the lyceums, be invited
to the front once more, and encouraged to prose-
cute the labor he would love to see successful, and
let our authors use their pens in behalf of the little
ones. Let our speakers, the entire host of them,
do as their co-worker, C. Fannie Allyn, does wher-
ever she lectures—raise their voice in the lyceum
cause. Let them all, in earnest tones, arouse
Spiritualists from one end of the land to the other,
to this duty so long neglected by them.

Let Mr. William Emmette Coleman and other
able contributors to the spiritual press, throw
in occasionally a word or two for the neglected,
but not lost cause. Then let every lyceum in the
land redouble its activity, and stimulate by all the
assistance in their power, those in other cities, to
organize, and finally let the rank and file—the
mass of Spiritualists throughout the country
lend themselves to the good work—do not let the
lyceums go by default any longer,—recollect that
"it is hard to straighten in the oak the crook
that grows in the sapling." Be honest with your
offspring, and do as you would be done by. If
you believe that Davis' Manual is not a good guide
to go by, adopt others or make one of your own.
Do not longer neglect the children. Let no more
of them drift into the churches through indiffer-
ence, and my word for it, when the work is thor-
oughly prosecuted through all the channels above
named, the Children's Progressive Lyceum will be
as popular as the orthodox Sunday school.

In every village where there are a dozen Spiritu-
alists, organize a lyceum or Sunday-school. If
your hearts are in the work they are bound to
succeed. I never yet heard of a lyceum suspend-
ing for lack of funds; they are self-sustaining ev-
ery time, when they are properly managed. Of
course they are better when auxiliary to a pros-
perous society, holding contiguous service, but
don't wait for this. Start with a few children, and
grow into a society. Fine a lyceum! say I, and
when parents fully appreciate their responsibilities
to their children, they will sing the same
song. Should there be an awakening in this di-
rection, and more lyceums organized, perhaps the
JOURNAL and Banner might be induced to publish
a lyceum sheet supplementary to their papers.

I am trying to form a combination between A.
J. Davis or Dr. J. M. Peebles and J. B. Hatch, the
successful conductor of the Boston C. P. L., to
travel together and organize lyceums throughout
the country. I have given some of the reasons
why I believe our lyceums are failures; now let's
hear from you, for when the true cause is discov-
ered, they may possibly be more successful.

A Christmas Sketch.

BY MARY DANA SHINDLER.

(Founded on fact.)

A fire of "fat" pine, called lightwood, burned
brightly in the capacious chimney, around which
sat three children,—a twin brother and sister
aged eight, fair, rosy-cheeked, and curly-headed;
and little black Tom, their friend and playmate,
who, though a slave, was just as happy and con-
tented as his little (so called) master and mis-
tress.

The children were seated on the hearth-rug,
busily engaged. A large dark-blue woollen gar-
ment was spread out on their little laps; Edward
and Emma, the twins, were hemming it round the
bottom and up the sides; while Tom sat with a
large button held up on a needle, patiently wait-
ing till he could get a chance to sew it on. It was
a cold evening for a Southern climate, for the scene
of my story was in Charleston, South Carolina;
but it was Christmas eve, and colder than usual.
Not being able to use his fingers in behalf of the
waiting button, Tom concluded to use his tongue,
and began in this wise:—"Mass' Ed, what you re-
spect? Mom Molly guine say when she see dis yer
big warm wrapper for liver he ole bones?"

"I know," eagerly interrupted Mary, "just what
she'll say!" but Tom suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, I
know too, Miss Mary; lem me tell! lem me tell!"
"Well, smartness tell away!" said Edward.
"He' gwine roll up he' ole eyes dis-a-way, an'
kine'ole laugh, an' kine'ole cry, an' den de big tears'll
run down he' cheek, an' he'll say 'You see dat,
Jesus? You see what dese chillen done bring fur
ole Molly?' An' den he'll put he' han' in he' big
pocket, an' haul out some grounnuts (peanut-
called in Charleston groundnuts) for we, an' som'
candy! ha! ha!"

"Yes," said Mary, looking very grave, "That's
just what she'll say. She always talks to Jesus
as if he was right there, and she was looking at
him! I wonder if she sees him, sure enough?"
"No," replied Edward, shaking his head wisely;
"I don't think she sees him, but she thinks he can
hear her when she talks to him. Maybe he can."
"You remember," said Mary, "when father was
so sick, and was going to sail for New York, she
asked Jesus to put his hand under the vessel and
hold it up?"

"Yes," exclaimed Tom, "I remember dat myself,
wasn't dat funny? he! he! An' now lem me sew
on my button."
The wrapper was intended as a Christmas pres-
ent for an old free colored woman, who was a
member of the church of which Mary's father
was pastor, and who was highly respected and
much beloved by all who knew her. She was
especially a favorite of all children, and was in
the habit of bringing little presents to her pastor's
little ones, but latterly she had been ailing consid-
erably and had not paid them a visit for a good
while. The children wished to make her a val-
uable Christmas present, so they had put their
money together and bought the cloth for a warm
woollen wrapper, which had been cut out and
basted by their mother, and sewed every stitch of
it by themselves, Tom's share of the enterprise
being to sew on the buttons, which he performed
very much to his own satisfaction. And very
busy were the little brains in wondering whether
the wrapper would fit, and how Mom Molly would

look in it, and how warm and comfortable it would
be, and how she would keep thanking Jesus and
themselves for it.

Bright and early rose the children on the sunny
Christmas morning, awakened, as they were, by the
enlivening sound of St. Michael's early bells,
chiming a cheerful Christmas carol. The stock-
ings were duly emptied of their varied contents, the
family prayers were over, and the breakfast eaten
no, not eaten, for their eagerness to perform their
charitable errand had quite deprived them of their
appetites. But the form of breakfast being over,
they wrapt themselves up warmly, and started,
Old Mom Molly lived on what was known as
Charleston neck, that being a strip of land formed
by the near approach to each other of the Ashley
and Cooper rivers, between which, on a tongue
of land, stands the beautiful city of Charleston.

It was quite a long walk the children had to take
but they jumped and skipped along in high spirits
and soon arrived at their destination. Outside of
the humble mansion was no sign of life, but that
was not wonderful, as it was unusually cold, and a
holiday. Tom sprang up the steps, and knocked at
the door. No answer. So they lifted the latch,

Down stairs not a soul was to be seen, and
there was a solemn hush about the house which
sent a thrill of awe to the hearts of the youthful
trio. Slowly and softly they ascended the stairs and
entered old Molly's chamber. There she lay, ex-
tended on a bed in one corner of the room, her
hands crossed upon her breast, and her sons and
daughters, all grown, kneeling around her bed,
and bathed in tears. They made room for the
children—so sincere mourners as they—to join
the sorrowing group. Soon they perceived, by
the faint but regular breathing of the sufferer,
that life was not yet extinct, and slowly she turned
upon them her dying eyes, and made an ineffec-
tual effort to stretch forth her hands toward
them.

"Do you know us, Mom Molly?" softly whis-
pered Mary. She gently bowed her dying head in
assent.

"We have brought you Mom Molly," continued
Mary, "a nice warm wrapper; we made it for you
ourselves." Then the little girl arose from her
knees, opened her bundle, and spread the garment
over the dying form. The aged, suffering saint,
with a great and sudden effort passed her cold
hands slowly over the garment, then both hands
went upwards towards heaven, and she ex-
claimed, "You see dat, Jesus? Qare's my berry'n'
shroud!" Then down fell the aged hands; it was
the last effort of nature, the last flicker of the dy-
ing flame of life; she gave one groan, one sobs,
and all was over.

"Ain't I ben tell you so?" shrieked Tom; and
down he fell on the floor, sobbing as if his heart
would break.
The next day the three children accompanied
the pastor and his wife to old Mom Molly's funeral,
when they had the mournful satisfaction of seeing
her poor old mortal body enshrouded in their
Christmas gift.

Nacogdoches, Texas.

An Endorsement by Mrs. L. E. Bailey.

A Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year! to
yourself and family, and success, prosperity and a
long life of usefulness to your valuable and valiant
paper, which has bravely stemmed the tide of so
many years, rising unscathed and triumphant over
every wave of opposition and depression which
has engulfed so many crafts of smaller dimensions,
and fewer sterling qualities of real worth and in-
domitible will-power, which are requisite traits
to him who stands at the helm and attempts to
man a literary bark, at the present period, ade-
quate to meet the wants of the age. We have
watched with increasing interest the evident signs
of growing merit manifested in its columns for a
long time; and with satisfaction we have looked
upon this last bold, fearless attempt to unmask
the knaves and robbers who through the highways
of our Spiritualistic movement, and thereby vic-
timize the innocent investigator; such as medium
humbugs, incapable teachers, unscrupulous lead-
ers, and the like, have long needed some one to
step boldly to the front and stay their wicked
course, for the good of the cause we represent and
humanity at large.

Some, it is true, have expressed great anxiety as
to the policy of such a course; others have grown
exceedingly sore at each new development, but in
not one single instance, as far as our knowledge
extends, has your criticism been unjust, false or
ill-timed. You will doubtless legs some friends [?]
but others more to be preferred in quality and
quantity, will take their places.

As we glance upward to the wall, two pictures
that we highly value, look down to meet our gaze;
one, the cabinet size photo of yourself, the other
that of our dear departed brother and friend, S. S.
Jones, and our heart is still filled with sadness at
the thought of his cruel death, and the untimely
end of one we have ever had so much reason to
honor and esteem; in every instance he proved
himself the friend of the oppressed—sympathetic,
noble and generous to all. The RELIGIO-PHILO-
SOPHICAL JOURNAL has been a weekly, welcome
visitor, ever since its publication, yet it was not our
privilege to know him in person; but among our
treasures of old letters, are several written by his
kindly hand, all speaking the true worth of his
noble soul. Into good hands bid the completion
of his life-work fall, and we bid you God-speed,
Brother Bundy, in the great work and its respon-
sibilities.

We are often in receipt of letters from investi-
gators asking: "What spiritual paper shall I
take?" And our answer is invariably the same:
"Take the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, its
columns are true, honest, able, scientific and con-
tain articles from our best men and women. Our
best wishes to all the many readers of your paper,
and success to all laudable life purposes, is the
holiday greeting I send to one and all.

Battle Creek, Mich.

Professor Max-Muller on Atheism:—The
following is extracted from Professor Max-Mul-
ler's article in the Contemporary Review for Novem-
ber, 1878, p. 731:—"There is an atheism which is
unto death; there is another atheism which is the
very life blood of all the faith. It is the power of
giving up what, figuratively, our most honest mo-
ments, we know to be no longer true; it is the
readiness to replace the less perfect, however dear,
however sacred it may have been to us, by the
more perfect, however much it may be despised as
yet by others. It is the true self-sacrifice, the true
self-sacrifice, the greatest truth in truth, the
truest faith. Without that atheism do new relig-
ion, no reform, no reformation, no reascension
would ever have been possible; without that athe-
ism no new life is possible for any one of us."

