

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, NOTES, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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## THE ROSTRUM.

An Address by Andrew Jackson Davis, at the Spiritualist Convention, at Hartford, Ct., Oct. 13th, 1878.

Friends, we should regard this as a golden opportunity; whether we have faith or doubt we should still, I think, regard this as an opportunity that may never come to us again for learning our way to the heart of things. The nearer we get to the heart of things the closer we come to our divine Mother, universal love—the nearer to our eternal Father, universal wisdom. I think it was his honor, Robert Ingersoll, who said that an honest God is the noblest work of man. I think it is a fair question for each one here to-night, in the chamber of his or her own heart, to ask—What is my ideal God? If you can fairly picture to yourself that image, you will get a perfect reflex—not a projection but a reflex—that is, a return of all you know on the subject. And I doubt not in many cases, if a man is perfectly honest, he will find himself a know-nothing upon the subject. At the same time we are all consciously alive to some mysterious power. I am glad it is not altogether a masculine power. I said last night that this is the age of woman. Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham called it the era of woman. Thomas Paine said it was the age of dream. We Spiritualists consider it the age of a new dispensation. With respect to Spiritualism, I have to say that I believe there are persons not competent to be favorably impressed with it. They cannot get blessings, but only curses from it. And before going farther I would say, see to it that you are able to take a blessing before opening your mouths. I take my little dog up here on Asylum hill and say, see here, all these beautiful grounds, fine buildings, and all the great wealth and beauty here displayed. But the first thing he sees is a little brown thrasher on a tree, and he goes for it. He is not competent to take in the other things. But he has better eyes than I, for he is not near-sighted; and he has keener ears. And he enjoys his dinner as much as I do mine. We Americans when eating hardly think of the blood and wine of the whole universe which we are getting. So, though we are not at a sacrament every time we eat, we are able to take a blessing before opening our mouths. Now you have seen people who have taken a blessing and converted it into a first-class curse. They say, "By their fruits ye shall know them, and this and the other result comes from Spiritualism, and shows that it is not worthy of our confidence." I tell you that is a spurious reasoning. Spiritualism is too large, too sweet, too delicate a blessing to be trifled with. Because people have been cursed by their unreason, is that any reason that that which they have cursed is not intrinsically good? It is not necessary to tell you that Spiritualism is a thing impossible to organize, to gather and bind. It cannot be cribbed, confined, or confined. You might as well try to fence in this beautiful heaven. Spiritualism is the rime for an immense, universal shower from the summer lands that encircle us. They are all about us, pouring in their little blessings; and when they arrive here they are fertilizing. How many people are uneasy and want to be doing something they are not doing, dissatisfied with their present condition. This is the result of that very fertilization, which is the signal of growth and impregnation through all the continent for the lifting up of our race. Therefore Spiritualism is not capable of organization. Because it does not rear its temples, grow respectable and button itself up; have a long respectable and buttoned fine steed and bell to call people to church; because it has a plain platform and not a pulpit—therefore, they say, it is not for us to support, but only to look in upon for amusement, and see the long-haired men. Mine isn't sufficiently long, but is growing.

Now, then, one thing Spiritualism does—it gives a person wholly to himself. It is perfect freedom. Do you wonder so many persons in this world are incompetent to manage it, who, as soon as the halter is off, go prancing through society like wild colts, upsetting everything? It is a terrible responsibility to rise into consciousness of perfect liberty. Perfect liberty—what is it? I own myself. "My son, be thou free indeed." That is the voice of Spiritualism. Do you wonder so few people are prepared for that? Why, the very thought of entire lack of restraint is the beginning of mischief. You walk in the proprieties and dignities of society because you are a slave—because you have not the independence to take possession of yourself—of your own property. You are heir-apparent to immortality. The fact that you cannot take in this full idea of liberty shows that you have not risen to the standard of perfect Spiritualism which is the gospel of Spiritualism.

I am thankful that we have a Mother in our God. The great Roman Catholic Church, the primal church, and the only one really that belongs to the institutions of the world, is entitled to our unbounded admiration—that is, on the through palace arrangement to the other world. I believe Mary Davis would be none the less Mary Davis to me if I should have my ideas fixed on the Virgin Mary. Da Vinci painted a picture of the Lord's supper. The true history of that picture is that the painter, with the inspiration of color or form pouring through all his better faculties, took nearly three years to make up an ideal Savior to sit right in

the middle between six on the one side, and six on the other. He made the face of an ideal being. Is it injurious to have an ideal picture? No; but it is injurious to have it represented as an authentic picture. You must be honest and just, and that will lead you to Spiritualism and out of churches. Be candid in criticizing and you will see that that beautiful Mother who has been idealized and presented to the world through that miraculous organization, the Roman Catholic Church, has been improved upon wonderfully. The Madonna is simply a historic myth like the Savior of Da Vinci. But the actual Mother—one of whose representatives I see here—was Ann Lee. She saw a new Bible inside the old one. She saw that we must have woman as well as man in the progress of the world. Now Spiritualism comes in a different way from the old faiths; it multiplies the Madonnas, and we have them all around us. Higginson says every woman becomes a Madonna by the birth of her first child. There are many Madonnas here in Hartford that beat Da Vinci's—superior to those of Ann Lee. If you are yourself good enough, my brother, you will then have your eyes opened to see the true Madonnas. In the old theological interpretation it is saying a good deal to say you make woman equal to man. But I wish more than that—it is that I may become equal to woman. I wish I might have, as much appreciation of love as she; that I might be of sufficient service to give her a perception of these more external methods of research characteristic of man. Now woman steps out of Christianity when she steps upon this platform. Now don't leave the hall immediately, for I have something else to say. She leaves Christianity in this sense: Christianity in the past knows only masculinity. Jehovah was a man. The God of the New Testament is a man. He is a father, but he never begot a daughter—only a son. That is to say it was merely a system of primogeniture. It was keeping up the line of the family name. I am not blasphemous, I am simply giving you history. I am talking now about the great love and wisdom embodied in the divine mind of the universe. I am talking about a book, and a doctrine that prevails. And according to this doctrine Jehovah perpetuated his family name in a son; and many believe that all the heaven they will ever gain will be through his kindness and instrumentality; for you know what the old Methodist minister said. "If justice had been done we should have been in hell long ago." So the idea is that mercy came in through man; now on that idea, the defaulting bank president who subscribes to this doctrine just in time to be saved, goes to glory. I tell you this is generalizing. No man can be happy through the instrumentality of any other person—through mere faith and nothing else, any more than he can lie abed to-morrow morning and simply by believing, find his clothes on and eating his breakfast. But I can't discuss this point further.

Well, we are having a savior in woman as well as in man. Everywhere women are advancing. Once, only a man could travel about the country. Only a man knew enough to say anything. A woman was to ask her husband at home. He settled her opinions for her, but now she has her own. I say Spiritualism is too good to be trifled with. There are people who ought not to touch it at all till they know enough to take a blessing. That which is most perfect in its influence ought to be taken sparingly, rarely and with veneration. You cannot healthfully live in as close and constant communion with the other world as you do with this. Drawing nearer to Christ means drawing nearer to the soul of things; and this superiority enables us to have a little of these sweet blessings showered from the sky into the soul. I have lived months—two years even, without knowing by a present experience that there was such a world as that to which we are going. I was unconscious of it, or had no sensation of it. I needed rest; to become fallow ground. I needed autumn and winter—a time for storing up for my own growth. I find I have so much around and about me that I cannot possibly appropriate that I have to take these blessings sparingly. I have for weeks spent the time from sunrise till noon (with thirty minutes for breakfast) investigating in my way before ever writing a sentence for publication. Many think I have only to take a pencil and write. But I never could do anything of that kind. I work day after day for weeks to get into the soul of a thing. There are many paths that lead through matter to spirit, and I know that to-day better than ever. The paths are as numerous as the lines of radiation from any centre. I know I pursued one of these paths. How? Well, I formed a private circle, speaking figuratively. I went down into our garden in Orange, where I found a bean vine that interested me because of its careful way of winding itself up the pole. One day I made up my mind that if I knew enough that vine might make a confident of me, and tell me its secrets. If I was wise enough and internal enough, I might become one with the life of that vine. In trying to get at the truth we frequently overlook these more delicate and hidden paths of the Infinite purpose. Well, I went there day after day, and it took many visits before I got into sympathy with that vine. You remember how Thoreau went down after day and reposed on a rock with the love of nature flowing forth from him, till the turtles, and the birds, and the little living things all became interested in him, and were not afraid of him. They got near to

him. The turtles crawled close to his feet, and looked at him, and they began to take an interest with one another. So Thoreau found himself at one with the works of his heavenly Father, though that was not the name he gave it. So I went to my vine. By the way, I never work in the spirit after 12 o'clock. After that hour I am purely a man of this world. In the morning when the sun rises, and everything is positive, and the world is filled with new light, that is my time to work. O, how many times I have longed to spend my nights with my pen and paper, and write, write, write, as Swedenborg did. I might have written a hundred volumes just as easy, and they would not have been worth the printing. I resisted the luxury of indulgence. My work has been one of self-discipline. I hardly know of another who would carry it out with such severity. I tell you those who indulge in the delights of spiritual circles and put no restraint on these things, are in danger of shipwreck, mental and physical. I began these things a sickly man, and to-day I am in possession of good health. It is because I have earned it by obedience to laws.

Thus confining my work to the morning, I went down into the garden. I tell you it is beautiful to go out with a prayer—"Let me walk to-day with God in the garden." The first thing I saw? With my physical eyes, what anybody would see—a bean vine growing up a pole. That is a physical manifestation. My question was, "Tell me how you did this. I know what botanists and chemists say about it. I don't want anything of that; I wish to know what you vine can tell me of your biography." I can tell you this very quick. I found the vine growing just as a vessel floats on the water—just as a ship rides on the surface of a fluid. I was amazed. The physical manifestation of that vine was a floating of the particles, atoms, or molecules, as they call them now. These were riding. Every atom was riding. On what? On a fluid. That was not sufficient. I saw the fluid, its colors and processes. "Are you the cause of this vine?" I looked deeper, under the fluid, and found something floating there. That was an atmosphere just like that we are breathing to-night. These particles were breathing it. These atoms were floating on the fluid—the fluid floating on the atmosphere, and that, as you all know, floating on a finer one called ether. And here we come to what science stops at. It is just the place between two piers where two cities cross. Either is the name of one pier, and law is the name of the other. Between these two piers is a connecting power, was that must be called an essence. Now that essence floated the ether, the ether floated the atmosphere, the atmosphere the fluid, and the fluid the molecule. I began to be encouraged. It took me two weeks to find so much as that. I knew there must be something in the universe besides an essence. What makes the law? Is that God? Here the law had limitations. It referred to vegetation. It was within the essence on which the essence was riding. I looked deeper than the law, and found that which was not bound—I found principle. I said, is that all? Here is principle that regulates law—law the essence, essence the ether, ether the atmosphere, atmosphere the fluid, and all these fluids, but how can principle know so much? How do you know how to go to work to do all this? So I worked away—at any rate I got it. It was a secret not wholly confidential, and that is the reason I tell it to you. Inside and beneath the principle I found what I must call an idea. Now it is better than all that. It is not a thought, or a proposition. An idea in the sense I am using it now, means an intelligence which has in it the vitality of love and wisdom. Well, whence you? A thought was the voice of Father and Mother God. The idea of that bean vine floated upon the bosom of God; that floated the principle of vegetation; that realized itself in the law, and that gathered to itself an essence, that an ether, that an atmosphere, that a fluid, and the fluid clothed itself like the hills of the valley.

God of the mountain, God of the storm, God of the flowers, God of each one, breathe on our spirits thy love and thy feeling. Teach us to be content with thy fatherly dealing. Teach us to love thee and to love one another, and make us all free—free from the shackles of ancient tradition—free from the curse of man for his Maker. Teach us, each one, to perform our own true mission, and show us that it is like thee to labor.

He who can think dispassionately and deeply as I do, is great as I am; none other. But his opinions are at freedom to diverge from mine as mine are from his; and, indeed, on recollection, I never loved those most who thought with me, but those rather who deemed my sentiments worth discussion, and who corrected me with frankness and affability.—Lardor.

Is there, then, a vast spiritual existence pervading the universe, even as there is a vast existence of matter pervading it—a spirit which, as a great German author tells us, sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animals, awakes in man? Does the soul arise from the one as the body arises from the other? Do they in like manner return? If so, we can interpret human existence.—Draper.

Every man has a right to offer his idea of salvation to his brother. The feeling is right, though the theology may be wrong.—Miss Bradon.

## "Some Dangerous Tendencies of American Life."

The leading article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, has the above title, and gives notable proof that a writer may have a good understanding of some things, and yet be profoundly ignorant of other matters on which he ventures to treat. The clear comprehension of other aspects of our national life shown by the author of this article, stands out in striking contrast to his ignorance of the great spiritual movement, and of the ideas and character of Spiritualists, as a class.

It opens by describing the many changes wrought by the late civil war—the new load of a great debt, the impetus transiently given to business, the spirit of extravagance, the improvident expenses of all classes, and the haste to get rich suddenly and without patient labor, which led to rash speculations, and undermined morals and integrity. This leads to the aspects and tendencies of our religious life, and I quote the leading statements made on that subject:

"The effect of the new hunger for wealth and display extended to religion and its organic activities. The new tide of worldliness rose everywhere, and submerged to a great extent a Church which it found open and without defense against the flood. The conditions of life, the temptations and enticements were new. The religious people of the country in general had no adequate training or moral discipline to prepare them to face the new foes. The Church failed to meet the needs of the times. She did vastly better than those who did nothing, than many of her critics. But that was not enough.

"The disintegration of religion has proceeded rapidly. \* \* \* Public worship, with its pulpit oratory and modern church music, is an aesthetic entertainment. They have developed a religion which is not religious. They have learned how to be Christians, according to their meaning, without any self-denial, or any abridgment of the pleasures, pursuits or ambitions of people who acknowledge no religious obligations. They are the most intelligent members of the popular churches of this country. They are decorously moral, conforming to the easy, worldly criterion of people of like social position. They are not usually scrupulously truthful or conscientious, and do not believe it possible to maintain a very high standard of justice or honesty in business life. They regard the Golden Rule as impracticable, and with more or less sincerity deplore the existence of insurmountable obstacles in the way of obeying it. They do not believe the creeds which they subscribe when they join the Church, and generally make no secret afterward of their doubt or disbelief respecting various fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But they have a horror of all dissent which takes a man out of the popular church, and show no respect for the plea of conscience in such cases. \* \* \* In them the religion popularly professed has spent its force, and they can contribute little to aid in the moral regeneration of the country. They are almost destitute of moral insight, and have little confidence in principles,—trusting entirely to management, to policy, and to present success.

"Their ministers are men of intelligence and considerable culture. They believe even less than their people of the doctrines of their creeds. They generally avoid doctrinal subjects in preaching, and have for some years based their teaching mostly on utilitarian grounds. They have for themselves accepted rationalistic beliefs far in advance of what they teach, and consider themselves engaged in a most necessary and useful work,—that of leading the people gradually onward in thought and knowledge by carefully giving them the truth as they are able to bear it. Their caution is extreme, and they think sacrifice whatever was truly religious people in the churches, who sincerely believe the old doctrines embodied in all the creeds. But these are everywhere a small minority, and they are mournfully conscious that the old religious life and power have departed from the church. They distrust the methods of the modern revivalism, and do not feel at home among the younger members of the church, with their advanced views and fashionable, through-going worldliness. They are, too, alarmed to find the atmosphere and the tone of the church becoming more and more secular and business-like.

"The influence of the church and of religion on the morals and conduct of life, has greatly declined, and is still declining. \* \* \* The morality based upon religion, popularly professed, has, to a fatal extent, broken down

Multitudes of men who are religious, are not moral or trustworthy. They declare themselves fit for heaven, but they will not deal justly or tell the truth."

These just and striking statements explain themselves, and need no comment or criticism. They tell the story of the decay of dogmatic theology, and of the moral and spiritual power of our sectarian churches. A large class of persons are next spoken of, "more truthful and conscientious, and just than most people in the churches," who are generally "giving up religion entirely," and are mostly indifferent, who get imperfect ideas of modern science, and are sometimes active in propagating their views.

SPIRITUALISTS, and those who are looking in that direction, are next spoken of. "Below these, as to intellectual character and equipments, there is a larger class, in whom prehistoric or savage thought still survives, with very slight modifications from Science or any other modern influence. Our fellow-citizens of this class believe in luck, omens, dreams, signs of many kinds (that is, in supernatural indications or foreshadowings of future events), and in the presence and influence of the spirits of the dead, whom they habitually or occasionally consult in various ways. These have not all rejected Evangelical Protestantism, as great numbers of them are members of the popular churches. Many of them have wealth and social position. The women of this class constitute the larger portion of the great army of readers of worthless books of fiction and serials in the story-newspapers. Perhaps a majority of the members of the Evangelical Protestant churches in this country have at some time consulted the spirits of dead people, by the help of some professional ghost-seer or medium. But outside of the Church, the believers in spirits, spells, possessions, omens, visions, warnings, and the other features of prehistoric supernaturalism, are usually hostile to Christianity. They take the inspirations, and revelations of many trance-speakers and mediums in this country superior in value to those recorded in the Bible. They have usually a scorn of history, and of the Past as a teacher, and are especially hostile to belief in any authority except that of the individual soul. They mostly regard Society as a great oppressor, and believe that priests (they call all ministers priests) have been the authors, and are now the chief supporters, of nearly all the evils which afflict mankind. They are all sentimentalists, that is, they attach little value to facts, and do not think it important to study them. Their contempt for scientific methods of investigation is nearly equal to their scorn for history. \* \* \* They have not wholly escaped injury to their morals in thus casting off the restraints of the old beliefs. There has been a serious and general lowering of moral tone and quality among them during the last fifteen years, and this deterioration is still going on. But this has not yet resulted in any great increase of concrete immorality, except the immorality of worthless talk, incessant, universal, and interminable. \* \* \* They have seriously weakened respect for law in all parts of our country, and have profoundly influenced public sentiment in opposition to the punishment of criminals. They have to a great extent abjured the doctrine of individual responsibility for wrong-doing; and their ideas have pervaded the atmosphere of the age, and have so benumbed the conscience of the nation that the unwillingness of good people to have the laws enforced, and their sympathy for criminals, are among the most threatening evils of our society. Their worst immorality is their teaching, especially the character of their addresses, lectures, and discussions, in which there is almost everywhere a wild vehemence of attack upon all the principles of religion, morality, and social order, which is unrestrained by any regard for truth, decency, or justice. \* \* \* No other class is, at present, so successfully educating the people of this country. They are positive and aggressive, and have a certain power of enthusiasm or affluence which no other class now possesses. They have many organized societies, traveling lecturers, and missionaries, and a score or two of newspapers, besides an enormous literature of their own, if one may apply the word literature to their productions. It is a great and successful movement for the propagation of uneducated thought, the spectacle of the untaught classes and disorganizing forces of the time taking possession of the printing press, of the rostrum, and of the ballot, and attacking modern society with his own weapons. It is a widespread revolt against civilization."

With the discussion of Spiritualism, ignorance and prejudice begin. On the start this class are put below other free-thinking people in "intellectual character and equipment," which is not true, their average intelligence being quite up to that of others. It is true and well, that plain and uneducated people are in our ranks, but we find, too, such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Judge Edmunds and Wallace, such women as Alice and Phoebe Cary, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and a goodly company of cultured and critical persons, ripe thinkers, and sagacious men. The writer seems to consider all facts that pertain to a life beyond as vestiges of "prehistoric and savage thought." Such facts come to-day, with more beauty and frequency than ever, because man's Spiritual culture and development are finer. Savage thought was the instinctive germ turning toward the light;



TIMELY COMING OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

BY BELDEN J. FINNEY.

(CONTINUED.)

X.

Science is constantly advancing from the "material" inward toward the spiritual, from the study of structure to that of function; from the study of function to that of force or life; and from the study of the personal and special to that of the general and impersonal, is the line of scientific movement.

And the spiritual tendency marks the progress of all modern science. Its questions are becoming less and less questions of "matter and more and more questions of force and of power."

Every scientific question leads us at last, from body, form, phenomena inward toward the realm of formative power. Every question of form becomes at last a question of force.

The progress of philosophy also is marked by the same spiritual tendency. It has advanced from the gross notion of personal agencies behind the universe to the idea that the universe is but the spontaneous evolution of eternal spiritual power into image and symbol.

Religion pursues the same path. What an advance was that when the spiritual idea of God as a universal father was substituted for the gross anthropomorphism of the Jews.

And in this century a still greater advance has been made in the Harmonical Philosophy. Just at the moment when science had become conscious of the spirituality of all its questions, and as if to give illustration and emphasis to this spiritual tendency, Spiritualism opened freshly upon the world again.

The science of man had also just advanced to the study of vital dynamics. The brain and whole nervous structure was found to be set in motion by some unseen, intangible, immaterial force.

And, again, phrenology has just proved the existence of organs of spirituality in the brain itself; thus compelling the inference that where there was a spiritual faculty there must be a corresponding spiritual function; and if a spiritual function, why then a spiritual world for this function to reveal and to take cognation of.

When this point was reached, there opened upon this mundane world the whole batteries of the immortal land; just in time, and as if to give point and power to this spiritual tendency of all science, an open, wide-reaching communion with the angels began.

netism and clairvoyance had illustrated the action of this soul in these faculties; had asserted the perception of the spiritual personages who once were in the form, and then at this auspicious moment, began that great series of physical manifestations, known as Modern Spiritualism.

Thus the whole range and tendency of modern thought is rapidly culminating to a focal point on the very verge of the spiritual. Can this tendency be arrested here? Will it stop at the beck of some scientific or theological bigot, on the boundaries of the sensuous world, where form fades into force; body into being, and sense into soul.

XI.

PRIMORDIAL SUBSTANCE.

What proof that man is microcosmic? The crown—the forces of all the primordial elements of the universe?

Objection:—But may not other planets and other systems than ours, contain some elements and forces and laws that do not enter into our own. And if so, may there not be some beings of a higher order than man?

Two views exhaust the subject. 1st: If some other planet or system contains some elements like ours and at the same time some other ones totally unlike ours, then there could be no homogeneity or unity of the elements of that world or system. It could not therefore be a world or system, for two totally unlikes could not blend into harmony, for all relationship was precluded by this fact.

The very idea—Universe—means Wholeness, Oneness, Unity; until, therefore, we destroy the unity of nature—and abandon all idea of analogy, we cannot affirm the existence of two unlike substances. Spirit "is all in all."

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PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Wonderful Manifestations at Tiffin, Ohio—Spirit Writing—Spirit Engraving on Stone by Spirit Power—Spirit Lights of Marvelous Beauty and Significance.

In former articles I have related how the Tiffin circle was formed and the conditions under which we received manifestations, some of which have been described. In this paper I shall give an account of some of the more extraordinary manifestations that have occurred.

The following evening the first writing we received was the name of "Joseph," written in a very peculiar style resembling old English script, and very plain. Directly after he wrote the following:

"I will be with you often. Keep on; you are doing well."

We expressed our great pleasure at receiving this writing from Joseph, when this was given:

"No matter what people say, keep on. JOSEPH."

Directly the following pathetic sentence was written: "O how we have been waiting for this. JOSEPH."

We received several other messages from Joseph at different times, all of which were very interesting and significant, but I must pass them as I wish now to relate a very remarkable occurrence that took place a few evenings subsequent to receiving the above writings.

neatly written in pencil on one side. The writing was a fac-simile of the written messages we had received from Joseph. The following is an exact copy of the message brought to us in this golden envelope:

"The people which sat in darkness, saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light sprung up."

"I have many things to write unto thee, but I will not do so. I trust I shall shortly see thee and shall speak face to face with thee."

"Be not discouraged; all is well. Have faith. JOSEPH."

The above three sentences, we thought, were addressed to the circle, except the middle one, which seemed to be addressed to myself personally. The envelope in which these messages came, has been shown to many people, who all unite in saying it is different from anything they ever saw.

When we first began to see these lights, they attracted no special attention, for Mrs. Allen and myself had seen them hundreds of times before. But they soon began to assume a character at once so remarkable and interesting as to challenge our deepest and most critical attention.

One evening, we observed a light of unusual size and brilliance forming, when to our astonishment, it darted to the table and rapped quickly, and sounded like a hard stone. It then moved away to the corner of the room and dissolved; but almost instantly it formed again, moved to the table and rapped as before.

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One evening there were two of these balls of light—one controlled by Mrs. Allen's father, and one controlled by Mrs. Allen's mother. On this occasion we saw them forming in different parts of the room simultaneously and at least ten feet apart.

Sometimes these lights would come together and touch each other and rap simultaneously on the table and then separate twelve to fifteen feet apart and dissolve in vapor and reform again.

A few evenings after these two balls of light were seen, a light was observed to be forming of so singular a character that it instantly riveted our attention. First there was a circle formed of a pure white light, and about as large around as the top of a large goblet.

This circle of light was perhaps a half inch wide, and the center was dark. While it was forming it turned about in all directions and we saw a dark substance extending back of it, five or six inches and pear-shaped. At the small end of this form there was a bright point of light about as large as a hickory nut.

As this wondrous thing moved about we saw that the center of the circle or bright corona was in the form of a star—a seven-pointed star—which seemed to be significant of many things that must for the present be omitted.

Mrs. Allen requested that this thing of beauty be brought to her that she might measure the length of the name. It was then brought to her and laid on the table, so that her hand touched it. It extended from the tips of her fingers back on her hand to a point which measured just five inches.

Sometimes a finger would be seen extending over the bright corona and reaching to the middle of the dark spot in the center; and a few times we saw a hand holding this beautiful symbol as it was carried about. Here, then, we have one of the most remarkable spirit manifestations of modern times; and all so connected together as to afford a chain of evidence of such a character as to leave no room for doubt of the genuineness of the manifestations.

There are many other things I would like to relate concerning these wonderful manifestations, but space forbids. This one circumstance may be mentioned, namely, that the spirit dove has been seen in a well-known circle in this city in a private family, and under circumstances absolutely precluding deception or hallucination.

Chicago, Ill. MILTON ALLEN.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—Clarke.

Animals.

Look where we may—whether in the works of the scientist, the writings of credulists, Freshthinkers, Spiritualists, or in the best of journals and secular papers, etc., man claims the prerogative of mind, to the almost entire exclusion of that quality in animals, confining their capabilities to a blind instinct; that is devoid of reason, and a mere power which determines their will.

This, like many other doctrines that have exploded, must soon follow in their trail, as the test of reason applied to it, in the shape of a few questions, in regard to their powers, will place it in the true light, viz.: Does not a horse deduce from premises, when he pushes back the slide of a gate, or raises the latch with his nose, or does not the thirsty ox reason, when he pumps water with his horns, raising the handle with one, and pressing it down with the other? True, they do not carry on a process of deduction in order to convince, confute, or set forth propositions and the inferences from them, but they reason according to capacity, which no doubt might be much extended by education.

How do we know that animals have not the higher functions and faculties in some degree? Men differ in these qualities, and why not animals?

We have known horses to open gates untaught, and I saw one make and throw with his nose, a loop of his halter, through the space of upright bars, over some feed in the next stall, and by a quick jerk draw the loop back, together with some of the feed, and as soon as that portion drawn within his reach was eaten, he would repeat the looping, as long as any feed was to be obtained in that way.

Rats have been known to extract olive oil from long and narrow-necked flasks, by inserting their tail, and to do many other things that instinct could not effect. The "hive bee," not only constructs its combs of a certain shape, but adapts them to the space they are to occupy, and as they also provide for winter, by storing honey, they must be provident and have forethought.

The dog is proverbially a knowing animal, and the JOURNAL of the 19th of January, 1878, gives a remarkable instance of foreknowledge in a dog (copied from the Washington Star), whose mistress had died, by visiting her room, where he had never been before, and after sniffing at the body once or twice, left the room and the lot, never left before, and was not seen until the funeral reached the entrance of the Bellevue Cemetery, where the dog ran out to meet it, followed it to the grave, where he kept up a whining and howling while the body was being buried.

The sexton disclosed the fact, that the dog came there early that morning, was present when he dug the grave, and was there until the funeral arrived at the cemetery. It is as this foreknowledge, clairvoyance and reason? All living things of the same kind, understand each other, and no doubt have a language of their own, which is natural, and although the sounds made by them are familiar and have been named by man according to their resonance, yet with all his knowledge he cannot understand nor interpret their significance.

It has been asked: Do animals exist in the Spirit-world? We answer, that spirits who ought to know have stated, that, if they are necessary to our happiness they will be there. From this we would infer, that if they are there under any circumstances, they must have an existence there independent of the imagination, for if they are there at all, their existence must be absolute as regards themselves, although they may not always be present any more than they are to man on earth.

If this be pleasure here, would it not be more gratifying to study the arcana of nature beyond the dark river of time, where the clear-mindedness of every sense and faculty is intensified, and capable, intuitively, of perceiving the construction, composition, workings and beauties of every existing thing; that our natural faculties could not fashion here?

Of what use would all these clear-minded perceptions be, if objects so much prized and sought for here, had no existence there?

In nature's field, from rocks to mites and man, Are many things to interest and scan; And though innumerable they may be, As grains of sand on every shore-bound sea— Still more beyond the microscope's great power, Exist on every mite, rock, blade and flower. So, too, beyond telescopic reach afar, World's within worlds are freighted in each star.

WM. BAKER FAHNESTOCK, M. D.

Laurel, Pa.

Religion.

The religion of one age is often the poetry of the next. Around every living and operative faith there lies a region of allegory and of imagination into which opinions frequently pass, and in which they long retain a transfigured and idealized existence after their natural life has died away. They are, as it were, deflected. They no longer tell directly and forcibly upon human actions. They no longer produce terror, inspire hopes, awake passions, or mold the characters of men; yet they still exercise a kind of reflex influence, and form part of the ornamental culture of the age. They are turned into allegories. They are interpreted in a non-natural sense. They are invested with a fanciful, poetic, but most attractive garb. They follow instead of controlling the current of thought, and, being transformed by fabled and ingenious explanation, they become the embellishments of systems of belief that are wholly irreconcilable with their original tenets. The gods of heathenism were thus translated from the sphere of religion to the sphere of poetry. The grotesque legends and the harsh doctrines of a superstitious faith are so explained away that they appear graceful myths for shadowing and illustrating the conceptions of a higher day. For a time they flicker upon the horizon with a softly beautiful light that enchants the poet and sends a charm to the new system with which they are made to blend; but at last this, too, fades away. Religious ideas die like the sun; their last rays, possessing little heat, are expended in creating beauty.—Lockey.

In the material universe as a whole, we must have all, potentially at least, that any of its parts, or all of them, may become, on the maxim that the whole must be equal to all the parts. Or, to use another illustration, if it is true that the fountain cannot rise higher than its source, it must also be true that there shall actually be a source behind the height to which it does rise. In man nature is raising intellect, as she raises the rice and the rose. We are rising slowly to the altitude of our source, and are doing for ourselves nothing more nor less than what it is the eternal necessity of the universe that we must do while we are as we are.—Charles Bliss.

The poorest day that passes over us is the conflux of two eternities; it is made up of currents that issue forth from the remotest past, and flow onward into the remotest future.—Carlyle. The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.—William Penn.







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CHICAGO, ILL., NOVEMBER 2, 1878

The Yellow Fever—Some of the Compensations that Follow Calamities.

The yellow fever in the South, at the present time appears to be abating rapidly. Its ravages, however, have been terrible—its pathway marked by the ruins of once happy and prosperous homes!

This pestilence, raging for a time with fearful malignity and unceasing in its work of destruction, developed heroes, brought them to the surface on the tide of human affairs, and they offered themselves as a sacrifice, if necessary, to assuage the suffering of innocent victims, who were prostrated by the fell destroyer, and who would otherwise have suffered untold agonies.

But where the compensation that flows to those who so nobly sacrificed their lives in endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of the sufferers? Having passed to spirit-life doing a sacred duty, their souls enrobed, as it were, in an aroma of love for the afflicted, they find themselves the recipients of all those favors which they unselfishly bestowed upon others, and they realize a practical application in their respective persons, of the rule—As you give, so shall you receive!

From time immemorial the world has been subject to plagues, epidemics or malignant diseases; some have appeared only in particular localities; others like a pestilential wave, have swept over the country, a very Angel of Death, spreading ruin and devastation in its pathway.

It is difficult, however, to discern the hand of God in a plague, epidemic, or pestilential disease, that in malignant waves sweeps over the land. The cyclone, like a fiend incarnate, destroys houses, uproots trees, and kills men, women and children—as it marches along in its works of destruction, can you see the image of God beautifully mirrored therein?

Humanity must learn this important fact, that certain purposes can be accomplished through cyclones, earthquakes, thunder and lightning, unpleasant mists and darkness, as well as through the instrumentality of sunshine, genial winds, invigorating showers, and a healthy exhilarating atmosphere; that these seeming curses are the inevitable results of natural laws.

In reading that part of Col. Ingersoll's lecture on Burns in which he dismisses the great bard to "eternal rest," we could not help thinking what would Burns in his earthly life-time, have said to such an ignoring of the great fact of immortality. Probably he would have said: "Speak for yourself, sir; you may be a stock or a stone for all that I know; but, as for myself, I know that I am immortal."

Ingersoll and Burns on Immortality.

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We could point to many other passages, equally strong, in which Burns avows himself a Spiritualist. It is due to Col. Ingersoll to add, that while eulogizing Burns as one of the noblest and grandest of mortal men, he admits, "His real religion was that there is a God, and that there is a future state, and that an honest man has nothing to fear in this world or in the world to come."

Marching On.

Triumphing over the moss-grown errors of the dim and mouldy past, with step strong and vigorous, Spiritualism is marching on. From the tiny rap, which a little over thirty years ago awakened the attention of the world to the advent of Modern Spiritualism, it has advanced to the significance of Sinai's thunders, and shaken, like the mighty earthquakes of the early times, the theological continents of the entire religious world.

The sword of orthodoxy, wielded in its denunciation, has failed to slaughter this new-born babe. It is true, in its unholy zeal, the church by its Herod-like edicts, has made many mourning Rachels, on account of the opposition with which it has surrounded many young mediums. But while the church has by its domination, for a time caused their light to be hidden, the Spirit-world has been alive to the necessities of humanity, and has developed other and more striking manifestations of spirit power in shaping and controlling the affairs of men.

In all these years it has been marching on. The opposition it has met has induced a more sturdy growth; the pressure it has encountered has rendered it more elastic. As a disorganizer, and while itself disorganized, it has penetrated all forms and grades of society, exposing their errors and furnishing new elements to incite to healthier action and growth.

It is true Spiritualism has numbered in its ranks many who from previous conditions of servitude, have been partially or wholly demoralized. It has also had an outside army of hangers on, camp followers and turkey-buzzards, who would not only despoil the living, but the dead. Notwithstanding all this load it has been obliged to carry, Spiritualism has been steadily moving on. Everywhere in its march it has left evidences of progress; infusing liberality into the old dogmas by presenting ideas which excited doubts as to their authenticity, and inspiring thoughts which led to investigation.

True the churches, fearing it would lead to bankruptcy in the revival business in giving up a literal hell, have held on to "everlasting punishment." This is a great remove from the ancient "pit," and is a prominent landmark in the march of Spiritualism. Not alone in this is the onward march of Spiritualism seen. Its multitude of honest, truthful media, its literature and its noble advocates, who rank among their number many of the best speakers and writers of the age, show that it is irresistibly marching on.

The spiritualization of the race has commenced. Light from the immortal spheres is beaming upon the earth, and lighting up with the divine halo of its brightness the interior chambers of the human soul. Minds set aglow by its gladdening rays, are giving utterance to the inspirations of angelic love, by voice and pen, while scientists are beginning to learn that all truth has not yet been revealed to them, and that it will not die with them.

Thus Spiritualism is marching on, its numbers increasing, its ranks filling up with the best thinkers of the age; and through the steady influx from the Angel Spheres, and the increasing receptivity of those still in the mortal frame, the two worlds are approximating nearer and nearer. The songs of triumph re-echo from the shores of both

worlds, as they join in the work for more rapid advancement of the race. Let there be no laggard among the professed Spiritualists, no falling out by the way, but all work with a will, and work together for its accomplishment—the erection of the grand temple of Universal Brotherhood upon the sure foundation which Spiritualism has laid, and ours shall be a triumphal march through the mists of ages yet to be.

All "Jugglery."

"G. H."—No; we never saw any "physical manifestations" yet that were not jugglery, and we have seen all that have been performed in Boston for thirty years, or ever since Spiritualism broke loose upon us.—Investigator

This statement coming from the editor of the Investigator will doubtless appear somewhat singular when we call to mind that he has long been the warm friend and companion of the editor of the Banner of Light, and has for thirty years seen what his Spiritualist brother has seen, and yet unqualifiedly affirms that he "never saw any physical manifestations that were not jugglery."

It hardly seems to the uncultured, unsophisticated Western mind that a man who will thus dispose of all the physical phenomena which have been observed at the Hub for thirty years, is just the man to instruct an audience of Spiritualists, however much he may amuse them with his elephantine buffoonery. Because the JOURNAL asserted sometimes since, that such speakers should be kept off the Spiritualist rostrum, this chronic beggar for spiritualistic patronage took offense. At the close of the article from which we quote, the editor says: "We respect the Liberty that we find in Spiritualism."

We have no doubt of that. His continued begging for the last forty years, has brought him to respect the liberality of any class or individual who will listen to his cry and send in money. After persistent and continuous begging under one plea or another, it was found that age was creeping on and people were growing apathetic, so, as a grand finale, a mighty aggregation was formed of all the little begs, and with monumental cheek, the Investigator man cries SAVE PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING!!! How sorrowful the glorious, noble-minded Paine must feel as he looks down upon that huge pile of mortgaged brick, and sees in the attic the burley form of Seaver, bending over his rickety table, penning such stuff as the paragraph which heads this article.

Rev. Dr. Thomas.

There are many beautiful sentiments in Dr. Thomas' sermon. In the one delivered October 20th, he sets forth that God is related to the universe, and the universe to God, and if you touch one you are near the other. Man stands midway between matter and spirit—he unites both in himself—and in dealing with his body you are dealing with common matter—organized and vitalized in the wonderful chemistry of life—but matter still; and if you touch his mind you touch that more subtle something that can think; and if you touch his heart, his spirit, you are in the presence of Angel-life, and of Him who is Himself a spirit. If you speak of right, or truth, or justice, or law, or penalty, you are at once in the midst of eternal principles that reach out into all worlds.

In reference to religion, he claims, that religious teaching is a very broad thing, it is related to all truth, to nature, to law to society, to cleanliness, to health, to truth and justice and all the qualities of virtue. And it is only thus that religion is seen in its fullness, its breadth, and completeness. And the ministry must have this in mind. It is not enough that mankind learn a few doctrines, or become orthodox in opinions. They must be led into the life of religion into all the beauty and sweetness of its spirit, and into all the noble purposes of a grand manhood. It begins down with the lowest and builds up to the highest, and on into eternity. And he has done his work poorly who willingly remains himself in ignorance and narrowness, or who permits his people or congregation to rest short of the broadest possible views of truth and righteousness, of man, of the universe, of God. Man may be narrowed down to a point when immersion or a form of liturgy, or creed, or the love of a sect rises up so as to shut out nearly the whole horizon of upper and grander truth.

Materialization.

A correspondent sends us the following interrogatory in regard to materialization: Query—"How can that which has no properties of matter (spirit) assume material forms, etc.?" or is it that matter itself is dual, part cognizable by the senses and part not, which we call spirit?"

ANSWER.—Our correspondent here both asks and in a degree answers the question. We cannot conceive of a nothing-something or a something-nothing, which Webster's definition of spirit, "an immaterial substance," would make it to be. To us spirit is the all in all, the grand in all and out-working principle of vitality and intelligence, imparting life to all things and developing all forms. In its various operations it becomes Elohim—the world makers—and builds from diffused atoms, solid forms. The powers or forces which have built worlds and evolved from them their inhabitants, we conceive, inhered in the original atoms, and became manifest by building them together in sufficient numbers, with specific arrangement of their molecules, to establish them into solid forms.

Can our correspondent conceive of any substance without an interior principle, essence or spirit, corresponding to its organization? If not, can he not see that that which built a body for its use for years—the organized organizer—still stands related to atoms in such a manner that it can again rearrange and temporarily illuminate them at will when occasion requires and conditions are favorable.

The Daughter of a well known Chicago Lawyer, sends a Message from across the River of Death.

Several months since the accomplished daughter of Hon. I. G. Wilson, borne down with melancholy at the death of her mother, took her own life by a pistol shot in the head, and went in search of her whom she loved better than life.

In the issue of the Voices of Angels for October fifteenth, appears the following message purporting to come from this young lady whose name was

NELLIE C. WILSON.

[The spirit was long in controlling.] I am somewhat diffident about coming. I do not like to make myself known in public. I have friends and relatives not many miles from here, but I came from West Geneva, Illinois, to speak a word to my dear, dear father, who is so sad.

My name is Nellie C. Wilson. I have been gone only a little while. I do not wish to say much here, only that I am so sorry, so very sorry for the cloud that has settled over my dear father. I want him to know this is true, and if he will go to some good medium in Chicago, I will tell him all about it; the cause I had, and why it was, and will give him enough to satisfy him as to the truth of this. If I had known of this, I think it would have enabled me to live and bear my sorrow; but I missed my mother so much, her loving ways and tender counsel, with her sweet reliance upon me, that I sank under the blow.

Prof. David Swing.

In one of his late sermons delivered in this city, there are many thoughts that are strikingly illustrative of human life. Speaking of the extremely rich, he claims that the tendency is for their children to enter upon a career of either indolence or more positive sin. They get set aside from the struggle of existence, and by the law of nature begin to decline. Beholding this decay of the highest, civilization and religion make their new requisition for men and women upon the class beneath, and give us the phenomenon of a higher class always fading away, and of civilization appealing to the common people for salvation. He then sets forth that society is like the rose tree or the vine. In the gay summer time some ambitious branches overtop the rest; some leaves and roses rise high above the garden wall; but winter comes, and the loftiest twigs and foliage die first. They cover the ground with their ruin, but the central vine, the lower order, clings modestly to the wall, and in the springtime every inch of it bursts forth in new life. Not otherwise that living, mysterious plant, Society. The children of the rich fall. Their leaves once so gaudy fall upon the earth and are hidden in its dust, and the nation, when it wishes a new springtime of all its hopes and powers, looks further down the garden wall to where the plant is still full of all the rich juices from which roses and grapes are made.

James Kay Applebee.

This eloquent and learned speaker, has already made his mark in this city, and taken a strong hold upon the hearts of liberal people. The prefix "Rev." is attached to his name by many because he preaches religion, as well as delivers some of the finest lectures ever heard in this city. However, Mr. Applebee has no creed, belongs to no sect, and preaches a religion so broad, comprehensive and liberal, that all can listen to him with pleasure and advantage. In another column we publish the prospectus of a course of lectures to be given by him, beginning next Sunday. We assure our readers that, in no other place in the city can they receive more real instruction. Mr. Applebee is an original thinker, a deep student of human nature, and an industrious reader. He gives his hearers an intellectual feast which strengthens them in their daily trials, and guides them towards their future home beyond the veil. On last Sabbath evening he spoke to a crowded house, and we noticed a large sprinkling of Spiritualists in the audience.

Just as we go to press, we learn that Col. W. H. W. Cushman, for many years the wealthiest man in La Salle Co., died on the evening of the 28th, at his home, Ottawa. He has of late years, until recently been a resident of Chicago, and was a member of the old banking firm of Cushman & Hardin. He was also largely interested in real estate in Chicago, and had large lumber and railroad interests. Within seven years he lost nearly his entire fortune, and his death is attributed to softening of the brain, consequent upon his mental distress over his misfortunes. Col. Cushman was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and took great interest in the various phases of the phenomena.











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Continued from First Page.

modern thought is that germ growing in new beauty, reaching toward the flower and fruitage of a riper Spiritual age to come. The Spiritualist does not believe in "supernatural indications of future events," or in any supernaturalism, but only in facts in the realm of law and in accord with the intuitions of his own soul and the light of his own reason. "The women of this class" are not "readers of worthless fiction" to an extent at all equal to unthinking women in fashionable life, and in the churches. Doubtless many persons visit mediums from mingled motives, and with little intelligence, but such will not call themselves Spiritualists. They often become believers, and grow more careful and rational, as their comprehension of the inner realities of life grows more clear.

If a majority of members of evangelical churches "have made such visits, it is to be hoped, using an evangelical phrase, that they 'may be sanctified to their good.'"

Spiritualists are held as believers in "pre-historic supernaturalism,"—a shallow mistake, as no writer or intelligent person among them believes or advocates any supernaturalism, but all hold to the use of reason and judgment to learn the facts of nature and the truths of the soul in the realm of law. "I never heard such scorn, but will remember the golden injunction of Andrew Jackson Davis: 'Be grateful to the past for the good it has brought us, thankful for the present and hopeful for the future.'"

In certain statements touching "society being held as a great oppressor, etc.," there is a strange jumbling together of communistic views with those of Spiritualists, a pitiful lack of just and clear discrimination. In a dashing and reckless way we are told that "this class are all sentimentalists" and "attach little value to facts," and have "a contempt for scientific methods of investigation nearly equal to their scorn for history." Has this writer never heard of the London Dialectic Society, or of Zooliner, Wallace Crookes, Hare, Buchanan and others, or of the critical investigations of competent persons in private life? It is no credit to the *Atlantic Monthly*, usually fair as well as able, to open its rich pages to be made poor by such pitiful assertions, which all facts deny. We are told too of "a serious and general lowering of moral tone and quality among this class for the last fifteen years," and that "this deterioration is going on."

Along with this assertion without fact must be classed another equally groundless, that "individual responsibility for wrongdoing" has been "abjured to a great extent." It has been taught and emphasized and the vicarious atonement has been put aside because it weakens such responsibility by making a substitute suffer for our sins. The admission that "no other class so successfully educating the people of this country," shows some idea of the power and earnestness of those who are so misrepresented and misunderstood.

The great spiritual movement is one of the tendencies of American life, the strongest probably in the religious realm. It is not dangerous or destructive and negative. It is a sign and result of the upward tendency of things, and is to build up a Spiritual Philosophy, a natural religion without dogmas a system of ethics based on the nature of man, as an immortal being linked to the eternal verities, and a knowledge of the Immortal Life by which intuition and outward fact shall agree and confirm each other. Of this movement this writer has no adequate knowledge or competent comprehension, and, of course, his words touching it are full of misstatements.

So much of this *Atlantic* article as bears on this subject, is a lesson and a warning, and may serve to teach us that a writer should know and comprehend something of a matter, or else let it alone. There is a quaint old saying, "He laughs best who laughs last." The time is at hand when such poor treatment of a great spiritual revival—a great revival, too, of reason and conscience as applied to religion—will tell its own story known and read of all men, to the regret and shame of its author.

G. B. STEBBINS.

DEVOTIONAL SPIRITUALISM.

Being Short Sunday Exercises for Spiritualists.

[NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.]

The thinkers and seers of all the ages have been laid under contribution in this Series. Credit will be given in due time; but no distinction is here made between what is original and what is selected or compiled. These articles are prepared by a competent editor, whose wide research and great attainments will fit him for the task, and entitle his labors to the highest consideration. It is to be understood that in publishing what appears under the above head, we do not thereby, necessarily, endorse it all.—E. B. JOURNAL.

Beautiful as light now is, we cannot suppose ourselves acquainted with a thousandth part of its glory. We must wait until immortal organs lend their aid before we can behold the full splendor of sun and star. It remains for death to exhibit the glory of life.

To see aright we must have the receptive vision. This familiar but unheeded truth is impressed on us at every step in the developments of Spiritualism.

Divinest forms in vain present themselves to eyes whose mechanism communicates with no recipient soul. Even physically we see by the light within. No external undulations of the subtle fluid would suffice, did not the human organism contain the same fluid, ever ready to manifest sympathetic vibrations.

Much more is this true in the moral and mental worlds. Within must be the heavens with sun and stars, which alone are able to shed effectual splendor on the objects that are without.

These considerations are suggestive of the widely different manner in which the facts of Spiritualism are received by different minds. One man will witness phenomena which force home upon him the conviction that the so-called dead still live with all their human sympathies and faculties unimpaired, and yet the stupendous fact, falling on the stony places of his mind or heart, will lie dead and rootless, and no good result will appear. To another man the fact will come like an evangel of light and life, waking hopes, aspirations, enthusiasms, new to his mind, since he had held that immortality was something too good to believe, and the common proofs offered by theology, were insufficient for his sincere and searching intellect.

The two minds are well represented, the first by Professor Huxley, who wrote: "Supposing the phenomena to be genuine, they do not interest me;" the second, by Mr. Butler, of Rochester, N. Y., an aged man, who at a convention of Spiritualists in Cleveland, in 1867, said: "I am hardly nineteen years old. It is about that time since these tiny raps came to my house and awakened me to a consciousness not only of the life

beyond, but of this life also. I had been here many years but it was only from that time I began to live."

A man may for twenty years believe, or think he believes the immortality of the soul; in the one and twentieth year, in some great moment, he for the first time discovers with amazement the rich meaning of this belief, the warmth of this naythia-well. If he becomes a Spiritualist, his belief culminates in knowledge, and then the force of his convictions cannot but add new energy to the reverential feeling with which he looks upon the bounty of God, and his own assured prospect of immortal life.

The faith which teaches that God is good, not in name only, but in deed; good in the sense of a love which knows no bound or measure—that faith alone is qualified to teach us also what sin is, how base, how hateful, how full of black ingratitude.

We have no right to say that God's goodness ought to exclude all suffering, all sin, all perplexity and wrong from his universe. If this life were all we had allotted to us, there might be some reason in the reflection. But if there is a sequel to all that seems to us strange and wrong, that sequel may show that all was right.

Constituted as we are, our beginnings in knowledge and in happiness, must be tentative, disciplinary and rudimentary; and suffering may be inseparable from the end to be attained. But what we do affirm is this: There can be no ultimate evil to even one creature of a God who is good in our sense of the word goodness. In this we simply use the reason and moral sense. He has given us to vindicate his paternal character—the instinctive conviction that, however obscure his ways and purposes may be, no act which he has made us adore as evil, can ever mark his government of the Universe.

You may reply: "Since God's goodness permits so much evil now, why may it not permit endless evil through infinite ages?" Now, evil ending in evil can only be the work of a fiend; evil ending in good may be through the dispensation of a God.

These three great principles: the absolute goodness of God; the final salvation from all sin of every created soul; and the divine authority of conscience, as enlightened by knowledge and reason—these are the elements of all that is highest and most essential in all religions. Add to these that confirmation of our immortality which the facts of Spiritualism supply, and what broader basis for a religion, vital and quickening to every earnest soul, can be reasonably required?

RECITATIONS.

This world I deem,  
But a beautiful dream,  
Of shadows which are not what they seem;  
When visions rise,  
Giving dim surmise,  
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

I gaze aloof,  
On the tissued roof,  
Where time and space are the warp and woof,  
Which the king of kings,  
As a curtain flings,  
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things:

A shapstried tent,  
To shade us meant,  
From the brave everlasting firmament;  
When the blaze of the skies,  
Comes soft to the eyes,  
Through the veil of mystical inageries.

But could I see,  
As in truth they be,  
The glories of heaven that encompass me,  
I should lightly hold,  
The tissued fold,  
Of that marvelous curtain of blue and gold!

Soon the whole,  
Like a parched scroll,  
Shall before my amazed sight unroll;  
And without a screen,  
At one burst be seen,  
The presence in which I have ever been.

Oh! who shall bear  
The blinding glare,  
Of the majesty that shall meet us there?  
What eye may gaze,  
On the unveiled blaze,  
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of Days!

INVOCATION.

Help us to think and act aright, O thou who art always very near to those who seek thee in earnestness and child-like humility. Bless our cherished ones; lead them ever in the right way, and interpose between them and all threatening evil. May we show our love to thee, in learning and obeying thy laws, in studying the facts of thy universe, and serving to the best of our abilities the whole human race. Bless our country. May its high places be filled with officers and legislators that are incorruptible, intelligent, brave; above all meanness and fraud, all partisan cunning, all sordid self-seeking. May they look singly to the public weal, to the right, the honorable, the true.

Let thy mercy be upon us, O infinite Parent! Let the brightness of thy Spirit illumine our inmost souls. Kindle our cold hearts, rouse our apathetic tendencies, and help us to catch some saving glimpse of that Supreme Love, which would lead us, through necessary discipline and by beneficent laws, to an eternity of progress in all good.

Purify our hearts and fit us for the blessed societies that work thy will in the unseen world. We thank thee for the ever multiplying proofs that life will not end for us when these earthly bodies are dissolved. Help us to realize this fruitful, this awakening fact; to make it the inspiration of ever greater efforts in the cause of human advancement. Give us our daily bread. Deliver us from evil. Help us to shape our lives aright; and grant us thy peace in the transition by death. Amen.

HYMN.

Peace, troubled soul! Thou need'st not fear;  
Thy great Protector still is near;  
He who has fed, will feed thee still;  
Be calm and sink into his will,  
Who hears the ravens when they cry,  
Will all his children's needs supply.

Peace, doubting heart! distrust not God;  
Though dark the valley, steep the way,  
Still lean upon his staff and rod,  
Still make his providence thy stay:  
A sudden calm thy soul shall fill;  
'Tis God who whispers, Peace, be still!

BENEDICTION.

May the blessing of the Infinite Spirit be upon you all! O Thou, the Omnipotent One, who so carest for every one of us, as if thou didst care for him alone; thou art the Life of lives, alone having life in thyself, and from the superabundance of thy life and love animating all thy children, and all orders of created beings. Beauty of all things beautiful, inspirer of all our good affections, to thee and thy delegated angels we commit ourselves. Amen.

Revelations of a Clairvoyant.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember the statements through the public press, that on the 3rd of September Mary Stannard, a young woman residing in Madison township, New Haven county, Conn., was found murdered, and the subsequent arrest, examination and discharge of the Rev. H. H. Hayden, the Methodist minister in that neighborhood, who was accused of the crime.

The New York Herald, of Oct. 10th, contains a lengthy statement of "What a clairvoyant saw in Trance," through which a clue to facts were furnished that warranted the re-arrest of Mr. Hayden, and has since caused his indictment by the grand jury of New Haven county. We can only briefly summarize the facts presented in the Herald with reference to the practical application of clairvoyance in disclosing the secret mysteries of crime, and aiding in the protection of public order, and the security of life and peace.

Mr. James J. Hayes was retained as counsel by Mr. Charles E. Stannard, the grand juror of Madison, to assist in working up the case; and although an unbeliever in Spiritualism, being a strict Catholic, he playfully remarked to Mr. Stannard, "There was mystery enough about the affair to warrant the aid of a seer." Mr. Stannard replied, "It wouldn't be the first time I have used one. Some months ago I lost a gold watch, and having no trace of it, went to a clairvoyant, who told me I would find it in the possession of a servant girl. I drove to Madison depot just as she was entering a car, and charged her with the theft. She confessed on the spot, and delivered up the stolen property." Still jesting, Mr. Hayes said, "Suppose you try it again." "I will," he replied, "I will see him at once."

The next morning, after Mr. Stannard had visited Dr. A. F. Hunt, of Fair Haven, the clairvoyant, and obtained a description from him of the circumstances and scene of the murder, accompanied by Mr. Hayes he drove to the place to take observations. On their way, while Mr. Stannard remained outside to hold the horses, Mr. Hayes went into the house of the murdered girl to make inquiries about the locality, which were precisely the same as Mr. Stannard had received from Dr. Hunt, and he went to the two rocks near where the tragedy was enacted—a seat or stile where people were in the habit of sitting—and that within forty feet of that stile was the exact spot where the body was found, also a description of the instrument used in the perpetration of the crime, and the distance from where the body was lying to where it was found.

The clairvoyant further stated that the crime was committed by a minister; that he met her at the spring between their two houses in the forenoon, and arranged to meet her at the Whipoor-will rock in the afternoon, and bring her some medicines to help her out of her troubles, in which he was implicated. [Mr. Hayden has since confessed meeting her at the spring.] Dr. Hunt said that he first struck her with a stone, and then cut her throat with his pocket-knife, on the blade of which a small quantity of blood would be found. He said there would be none on the handle, as he wrapped that with some clothing and a pocket handkerchief, to prevent it getting bloody, and afterwards soaked them with kerosene and burned them. When Mr. Hayes and Mr. Stannard reached the spot, they found the place exactly as Mr. Hunt had described, and Mr. Hayes remarked to Mr. Stannard: "This Dr. Hunt has certainly described the place with remarkable accuracy, but if I can get the stone, I shall be satisfied that either he is what I could call a first-class clairvoyant, if there be such a thing in existence, or is himself the murderer of Mary Stannard." Mr. Hayes' narrative continues:

"We shall find that stone," was the grand juror's reply, "not far distant. I'm sure of it." I followed him in a westerly direction. The same of the party did the same, one of them remarking that they had looked all over the place for some evidences of the crime without success. When we had walked thirteen paces by our measurement, I caught sight of a curiously shaped bit of rock, and at the same instant a little boy exclaimed, "Why, there's a stone that looks as if it was bloody." I immediately said, "Don't touch it, but observe the ground closely," for I intended to mark it. I then picked up the stone in the presence of the gentlemen, looked it over carefully, and made the remark, "If this is not human blood, it is not blood at all." I wrapped it in a clean white pocket handkerchief and brought it away with me.

The stone somewhat resembled a shoe-maker's lap stone, with a sharp edge which made it a most dangerous weapon. Through the sun-bonnet Dr. Jewett subsequently testified in court that the edge of this stone fitted the hole in the head.

Several distances given by the clairvoyant in his description at his home, were afterwards verified to an inch by actual measurements, by the county surveyor. Also Dr. Hunt's statements with regard to the time occupied in throwing the wood, which Mr. Hayden claimed occupied him all the afternoon; and the time required in going to and returning from the Whipoor-will rock, from his swamp lot, where he was throwing out the wood, was singularly verified. "Mr. Scranton, a gentleman sixty years of age, threw all the wood in seven minutes that Mr. Hayden claimed occupied him the entire afternoon." Dr. Hunt also stated that "powerful friends would make every effort to save him, and leave nothing undone to secure an acquittal. That the person who was to try the accused party would have great personal pressure brought to bear upon him, if there was the slightest loophole for escape, and that the public prosecutors being harassed in all their movements, a conviction would be equivalent to a miracle." So true was this that on his first examination he was discharged.

"In conclusion," said Mr. Hayes, "I repeat that both Judge Harrison, the senior counsel, and myself, while always skeptical in these matters and doubtful of the propriety of placing dependence on the assertions of clairvoyants or spiritual mediums, have both been impressed by the extraordinary proofs of the accuracy of the clairvoyant in the present instance, evolved even by the defence in the production of the testimony of which we knew absolutely nothing, including that of Rev. Mr. Hayden and his wife. Even the counsel for the defence, Messrs. Samuel L. Jones and L. M. Hubbard, who at first scoffed at the information of a clairvoyant, finally acknowledged that there was something wonderful in the revelations. Of course none of us attempt to account for them."

After writing out his interview with Mr. Hayes, the reporter, in company with Mr. Hayes and several other gentlemen, visited Dr. Hunt, and had an interview with him. Several questions were asked by the reporter, after which the following transpired, which we give in his own words:

"Did Mr. Stannard ask you any question?"

"I don't think he interrupted me until after I told him what I had seen. Sometimes I think I am under the reflection of a person's mind, but in this case I seemed to realize that we were distinct and apart."

"Had you ever been on the ground?"

"Never; if I have I don't know it."

IN A TRANCE.

At this point there was a pause in the conversation, during which the clairvoyant underwent a curious change. He was sitting on the sofa with his head resting on his hands in a reflective mood. At first the hands worked nervously, and the fingers twitched, and then in less than half a minute there seemed to be an involuntary twitching of the muscles of the chest, accompanied by an occasional quick catch of the breath, such as one occasionally observes in a case of nightmare. Neither of the persons present spoke a word, but recognized the fact that the clairvoyant was under the influence of one of his peculiar spiritual charms. After a minute or two he said slowly, and as if every word were studied—we did not interrupt him from beginning to end, and the language is literal, being taken in short-hand—"I saw that I was taken into a country place. I saw woods—a road—corn and potato fields; I saw a spring and a big rock. And this man—Oh! this man! (The hands of the medium struggled convulsively over his face as if to shut out some horrible vision.) He was at first alone and quite a distance from this place, he came nearer; then there were two; one of them was a female; they sat down; at first the conversation was quiet; the woman became earnest; the man became angry; he picked up a stone. I saw it; it was sharp. [The hands of the speaker again trembled as they rested over the eyes.] He struck her down; there was something of a struggle; it was not severe; it was done very quickly; he threw it away, but there was blood, blood on the stone; I saw the woman on the ground; she lay still; he cut her throat with a sharp instrument; then the man took a circuitous route; he had on a slouch hat; I think it was of straw; a checkered shirt and dark clothes; as they looked to me a sort of dark color; he went to the brook or spring and washed his hands; he had a knife; it looked like a pocket-knife, which he washed in the water; then I saw him move on. It appeared singular that such a circumstance should occur in a place like that. One would not be looking for it at all. There seemed to be a good deal of attraction and excitement between this man and that woman. Now, who the man was, of course I do not know; nor do I know who the woman was, but there had been quite an intimacy between them. Trouble appeared to be growing out of that intimacy, and the man showed a strong determination to cover it up—that is, to prevent exposure." (All this spoken very deliberately, as if the words themselves were painful in finding utterance.)

Passing his hands in a dreary like way through his hair the clairvoyant, apparently still in a trance condition, said—"There is but one objection, friends, to the exercise of clairvoyant faculties in the discovery of crime. We must protect the organizations that are used for the purpose. When we can surround them with those who will stand between them and any harm it will be easy for you to determine where crime exists. So far as we perceive, we discover no disposition to take advantage of this organization. As a guide and protector, when the conditions are such as to render it possible, the brain may be brought under the control of a positive magnetism, and just so far as its functions may be used in the cause of justice to all parties we shall employ them. This matter under investigation has already developed a sufficient amount of evidence, and if properly employed it would place the crime where it belongs. Of course there is a powerful influence seeking to protect the participants—or the participant (said with emphasis)—from the charge and shield which would necessarily reflect upon the moral influences of those teachings that are in this case represented by the guilty. But the time is distant when the spirit will speak for itself. The examination was not as thorough as an examination ought to have been conducted. There need not have been the slightest fear of the conviction of the innocent, and there are still plenty of positive circumstantial evidences that could be brought to throw light upon the whole matter." A long pause followed. The medium awakened as one would do from a dream where he has been in a strange land, and the trance was ended.

WORLDLY WORDS.

The writer asked the clairvoyant: "Have you an idea of the source from which this intelligence comes?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "If I should be told that I were to be hanged next Friday, I would get ready, I don't think there ever was a man more skeptical than I once was with reference to this Spiritual question, and for fifteen years I was testing the subject, but I look upon Spirits now just as I look upon you. They have simply got out of the house they used to live in. The only thing I want to know is that I have a truthful spirit."

"Do you depend on one of a number?"

"On but one—a gentleman. He was a New Haven man, a physician and, I am told, an excellent physician. I never saw him in my life, and yet I depend on him for many of my cures. His diagnoses are curiously correct."

Have you any objection to mentioning his name?

"None; it is Dr. Brewer. He died a number of years ago in Middletown, I think."

It will be seen by the foregoing that more than one was hinted at by Dr. Hunt, as being engaged in the case, when he said: "Of course there is a powerful influence seeking to protect the participants—or participant, from the charge and shield which would necessarily reflect upon the moral influences of those teachings that are in this case represented by the guilty."

Since that interview some of those "positive circumstantial evidences" have come to light, by the finding of arsenic in the stomach of the murdered girl, and tracing the purchase of arsenic by Mr. Hayden, in Middletown, the morning before the murder. Dr. White in his microscopic examinations has found the globules on the stone, on the sun-bonnet and on the knife, to agree in their measurements. On these and other evidences the Grand Jury have found a true bill against Mr. Hayden. Another party accused of participation in the crime has also been arrested and lodged in jail. Thus the links forged in the Sphere of Justice and given through the clairvoyant are bound around the wrong doers to awaken their slumbering consciences.

We wrote Mr. Hayes, inquiring if the facts were correctly stated in the N. Y. Herald, and could be endorsed by him as true. In reply to which we have received the following letter:

Mr. Editor:—I am not a Spiritualist or believer in Spiritualism; I am a Roman Catholic. The Herald's statement is true. I

will make oath any time to the truth of the article. I am utterly astonished at the revelations made by Dr. Hunt. The Herald reporter was dumfounded at some things he witnessed while Hunt was in his clairvoyant state. You may rely on the Herald article. JAMES J. HAYES.

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