

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
DEVOTED TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, 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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JOHN C. BUNDY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Spiritualism in the Nethermost Parts of Earth.

BY EMMA HARDINGE-BHITTEN.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal:

On Wednesday, the last day of the old year I once more made my *entree* on United States soil, landing from the "City of New York," at San Francisco, after a voyage so tempestuous and perilous, that we were unable to land the usual mails and passengers at Honolulu, bringing on also the pilot who breathed the furious storm, to reach and warn us off the shore, and losing his boat, with five splendid young Kanakas, swept off in the ebb of boiling waters, which in all human probability proved their grave. It is now two years this month since I set sail for those lands which a few centuries ago were deemed the "Nethermost parts of the earth," the grave of the mystic Sun God; the realms of fire, perdition, and every horror which the fevered imaginations of superstitious ignorance could depict. Amongst the fair cities and warm hearted inhabitants of that once dreaded *terra incognita*, I have been spending two and twenty of the most eventful months of my career, as a messenger of spiritual glad tidings.

In Sydney, Melbourne, and many of the principal towns of Victoria, I have lectured to immense and enthusiastic audiences; met with hosts of friends, many of whom have wound around my heart the tendrils of a life-long affection; I have experienced more than an ordinary share of complimentary notices from the press, and more than an ordinary share of antagonism from the pulpit. The bitterest enemies I have had to encounter, however, have been those of our own household, and the cruellest stabs I have had to repel, have been the scoundrels which those who call themselves "Spiritualists," have brought on the cause. The sum of all it, however, a hymn of triumphant thankfulness on my part, that I have been privileged to see such vast and wonderful lands; meet such legions of brave pioneer people, address such masses of earnest, thoughtful, and appreciative listeners, and see even in two and twenty months, such deep sown and unmistakable fruits of labor following me in the shape of determined converts to a belief which I cherish, as the world's Savior from the present flood of sin and wrong that overwhelms it.

With the most grateful and tender remembrance of kind and sympathizing friends in Australia, I have else but little admiration for the country. It needs active, energetic labor, better government, more wholesome politics, a radical break up of rings, monopolies, rowdism, and priestcraft. Perhaps I might not have been so successful had I not fearlessly levelled the thunderbolt of spiritual denunciation against all these great wrongs, and had they not existed in stupendous power to be protested against. There is still, and will be for many a long year, an accumulation of the same crying evils to occupy the work of the reformer, and all who can and will endure much, in such a crusade, will find an abundant field of operations in Australia. I might apply all the foregoing remarks to New Zealand, in which country I passed my last eight months of missionary efforts, but the land itself is so eminently beautiful, the climate so fine, the scenery so unparalleled in loveliness and grandeur, that the theories of our modern naturalists must all fail, if New Zealand does not ultimately stamp its remarkable and unique characteristics on its inhabitants. As present it is too young to exhibit any other results than a deep and growing feeling of attachment to the country, on the part of all who come to reside there. The good, true hearted, and energetic Scotch element prevails largely in the Southern Island, hence the remarkable steady growth of its beautiful capital city, Dunedin, the neatness of its charming residences, lovely gardens, and

the astonishing industry with which its mountains are graded with fine roads and adorned with palatial dwellings.

To write of New Zealand in any spirit of justice, would occupy my pen for many a day, and amply fill many a crowded page. I shall do my best as far as condensed description will go, in special lectures on this fruitful theme; meantime, I presume I ought to devote the brief space I have at command to remarks on the spiritual status of the lands I have been visiting. However much difference may exist between English and American characteristics, I have only to record, on my own behalf, a career of equal kindness and appreciation from both nationalities. The Colonists are undoubtedly far more demonstrative than the Americans; possibly, because the style of speaking and manifesting to which the latter are so well accustomed, is more striking and unfamiliar in the Colonies. By my wide wanderings and unceasing labors in the latter field, however, I have learned one important lesson, and that is, to regard with strict impartiality both sides of the shield, on which is inscribed "the magic word," "Association." As I before stated in writing to the American papers, my husband has had to manage for me alone; to bear the brunt of all the expenses, the risk of every undertaking, and the entire conduct of our meetings, with very few exceptions. Kind and willing friends, it is true, were ever ready to tender service, but it was not of that well practiced and useful nature which grows out of experience, and lacked all the strength of associative action. When it is remembered that we had to pay enormous prices for halls, hirelings, advertisements, tickets, bills and stickers, board, lodging, washing, and fitful sums for traveling expenses; when all this is taken into consideration and with it the fact that we felt obliged to follow the custom of our predecessors, and charge in general such nominal fees as our Sunday evening meetings as three pence, sixpence, and one shilling, my readers may guess that my magnificent two-thousand audiences could not go very far in exceeding all the demands made upon us. When every expense is to be met by the attractions of the speaker, and that at the most inconsiderable possible entrance fees,—when that speaker comes a stranger, too, to the customs of the place, and that from countries where associated numbers assume all these responsibilities, the urgent necessity for organized aid, for foreign missionaries, will be at once apparent.

On the other hand, no one has had a more bitter experience than I have of the curse which "Associations" can inflict upon a great cause, until its members are individually convinced in practice as well as in precept, to the faith they would impose upon others. Scores, ay, even hundreds of excellent persons, who have felt the need of associative action, and been on the eve of banding together for that purpose, have shrunk back in disgust and disappointment at the results they have witnessed. The details of all these Southern experiences, with other matter relating to the cause and its conduct, will all form parts of that record which I have yet to leave behind me, "Footprints on the sands of time"—for the warning and encouragement of those that come after me.

In the above named respect, as well as in every other phase of our noble cause, I realize what a deep responsibility rests upon all those, whether mediums for, or recipients of, the truths spirits have to impart, who represent in their own persons, the cause of Spiritualism. The doctrines are so rational, humane, and so thoroughly adapted to the wants of humanity, that I am confident it would become the religion of the world without a shadow of available opposition, were it not for the vagaries, angularities, and in many cases the actual turpitude of conduct prevailing amongst many of those who thrust themselves into the front ranks of the movement. In my various debates with certain clerical opponents, this was the ground upon which they were unassailable, and by which my position was perpetually besieged. "Try it by its fruits," is a watch-word of never failing efficacy when we propose to judge popular creeds and faiths. Can we repel the application of such a test to ourselves? or, admitting its legitimacy, how do we come out of the judgment seat where it rules? I don't propose to challenge the spirit for rancor and vituperation unhappily too prevalent in our ranks, by entering into details upon these unhappy themes at present; it is enough to say:

Mr. M. W. Green, one of the most persistent and unscrupulous of clerical opponents, gave and published, a series of scandalous and disgraceful lectures on the fruits of Spiritualism, and in proof of his theory of "Satanic Agency," drew the entire of his charges from the lives, writings, opinions and practices of Spiritualists themselves. His collection of garbage, under the title of "The Devil's Sword Blunted," is now before the world, and who can deny his facts? Let those do so who can. Though pressed myself, with the deepest solicitude to do so by those who would cheerfully have followed wherever led, I simply could not deny the damaging statements, however I might excuse or attempt to philosophize them into harmless eccentricities. The course I finally adopted under the advice and guidance of good and wise friends from the shores beyond, I mean to stand by, until I can find the fruits of a noble religion exhibiting themselves in noble acts and exalted teachings. That course was as fol-

lows: We procured the largest and finest hall in Dunedin. The Hon. Robt. Stout, our honored and talented Attorney-General, was my chairman, and to a mob of howling Christian followers of my revered opponent, in his own white, or rather black face, and surrounded by a jammed and almost frantic crowd of excited multitudes, I gave the following deductions of my religion and faith in Spiritualism:

"1st. Spiritualism proves by a set of obviously supermundane phenomena, that a world of invisible intelligences is communicating with us.

"2nd. It demonstrates by an immense array of test facts given all over the world, under circumstances that forbid the possibility of collusion or human contrivance, that the communicating intelligences are identical with the souls of mortals who once lived on earth.

"3rd. It shows by universal coincidence in the communications, that every living soul is in judgment for the deeds done in the body, and reaps the fruits of its good or evil life on earth, in happiness or suffering hereafter.

"4th. As the communicating spirits coincide in declaring that the life succeeding mortal dissolution, is not a final state, but one which manifests impermeable conditions of progress, . . . and these four propositions I emphatically protest are the all of spiritual facts we know, the all that are absolutely proved, . . . or upon which, all the immense varieties of persons that make up the ranks of Spiritualism, can absolutely agree."

The whole of my lecture, printed under the title of "Spiritualism Vindicated and Clerical Slanders Refuted," is now in the hands of thousands of Colonists, and bitter as the occasion was that demanded it, I thank the Great Spirit, whose instrumentality called forth so trenchant a plea, for a cause so eminently worthy. Another of the worst strokes which insanity or infamy can prompt men to level against our cause, has been the repeated exposure of imposture, rife in our ranks. As Spiritualism is to me the grandest of all reforms, and the most conclusive, if not the only demonstration of religious truth in existence, so to prey upon it, or deform it by counterfeits, for selfish and avaricious purposes, is to my mind, the most unpardonable of offenses, yet I have had to combat this monstrous wrong at every turn, and had I not beheld the constant sunlight of the true and the good in Spiritualism, illuminating the gross darkness cast on its sublime march, by the false and the bad, I should never have succeeded in holding my own, in the tremendous struggle of worse enemies within the camp, than without it.

Spiritualism is true, impostors and deceivers notwithstanding. Spiritualism is good, great and glorious, despite the folly, fanaticism, wrong and error, so constantly shouldered upon it. It has long been the light shining in the darkness of savagism amongst the splendid Maoris, the early inhabitants of New Zealand. It has been the one spark of hope and elevation that has redeemed the utter degradation of the poor "Black-fellow" of Australia. Its songs and legends, its returning oracles, and prophetic monitions, lift up the spirits of the strange races of the South Seas, from utter animism, to the first glimmering dawn of spiritual aspirations. It is planting firm and broad standards of faith amongst the vast legions of liberalists and free thinkers, who abound throughout Australia and New Zealand, and it only seems to need the force of practical example as well as admirable precepts, to become the religion of rational thinkers all over the world.

Finally, Mr. Editor, I am waiting in this fair city and genial atmosphere, until the bitter seasons of the Eastern States' winter shall melt into spring, ere my husband and I (now become almost hot-house plants) can wend our way to the ports of European embarkation.

I have no cause to regret our detention here in winter quarters. Hosts of kind friends have thronged my rooms, and dear Ada Foye, the brave faithful, and long-tried champion of our noble cause, has opened her well-filled hall to the wanderer, sharing with me the platform on which for the last seven months, she has held large and enthralled audiences witnessing her inimitable tests of spirit presence by ballots, rappings, writing in different languages, and clairaudience. The Hall is far too small for the multitudes that thronged its passages and entries last Sunday, my opening night here, but I can confidently assert, the few hundreds who could obtain admission were even more welcome to me than my Colonial thousands, when I remembered the immense privilege we all enjoyed, of having by my side, the very best test medium that I know of in the world, to prove by practical illustration, the truths of the doctrines I am inspired to utter. I have come from the Colonies loaded with splendid presents, and testimonials of generous appreciation, but I never felt more happy in my mission, or more confident of its profound impress on my listeners, than when I stood beside that admirable telegraphist, Ada Foye, through whose long continued and indefatigable labors in behalf of Spiritualism, thousands of souls have been started from the dead sleep of superstition, into the life and light of immortality—demonstrated! With cordial good wishes for the readers of the JOURNAL, I hope to meet many of them, on or off the rostrum, *en route* for Boston, on my final tour through the States.

San Francisco, Cal.

An Interview with a Choctaw—An Interesting Narrative.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal:

Yesterday I had an hour's interview with Col. Pynchinn, a Choctaw Indian, seventy-four years of age, tall, commanding, yet with a face betokening kindly feeling and entire sincerity. His grandfather was an English officer, but his father and himself have been reared among the tribe of his father's adoption, and their language and usages were his from his birth, modified by large intercourse with white people later in life. He has had the acquaintance and confidence of every President, from Jackson to our time, and within a month President Hayes asked him to stay, after a business interview, and spend an hour in conversation with him, thanking him, courteously for the privilege. He is now a Wesleyan, an, not sectarian in his spirit, and quite familiar with the religious ideas and habits of his Choctaw brethren. On those matters I gained from him some curious and valuable information, showing the prevalence and recognition of seership, clairvoyance and magnetic healing among our brethren of the forest and hunting ground.

He said that in his childhood, when shooting birds with his bow and arrows, the old chief used to tell him to roast some birds for his spirit son, who wanted food, and his doing so impressed on his mind the real existence and unseen presence of a child who had been his playmate. The Choctaw idea was that braves slain in battle, no matter how far away, came back in spirit to their homes and stayed so long as any surviving friends or relatives loved them, and cherished their memory.

Alecche, the Choctaw for doctor, is also translated into their tongue for prophet in their Bible. It means, *the man who sees and knows*, and they held that the doctor who could not see and tell what ailed a sick man, was not worthy the name. He told of living near an Alecche forty years ago, in the Red River Valley, in Arkansas, who was sent for to see a sick Indian. When they came for him he said: "I see the sick man;" told which it was, pounded and rubbed him until he was better, and then said laughing, "You not much sick." He was away from home when a daughter of the doctor was lost—a child of six years, who strayed off when picking berries. He came home and found she had been missing two days and hundreds were searching the forests for her. "Going to the doctor's cabin the wife said: 'He is in the medicine house'—a retired hut near by—but can't see any one." Word being sent the doctor, a message came for him to go toward the medicine house, when the doctor looked out and said: "You not see her?" went into his hut and soon came out again, saying: "I cannot see her." Pynchinn and his nephew mounted their ponies and rode into the forest to join the search, but all these two days the doctor had kept in his hut alone, to see where his daughter was. After circling about three or four miles, and reaching the edge of a range of hills, they saw the doctor, a tall old man, walking fast and direct through the trees. He said: "Don't speak to me. She was on that mountain last night. I saw where she gathered flowers among the trees, and picked fruit. She is not there now," and passed on. The child was soon found by him, and next morning he told Mr. Pynchinn how he went to the trees where he saw she had been, and then, at once, he saw her nearly two miles away in the forest, went rapidly and directly to her, and carried her home. They saw the spot the doctor described and the flowers he saw, and others saw him walking swiftly from those trees to where the child was found. All this is magnetism, clairvoyance and spirit seeing, known intuitively and practiced in their way.

Hoptal is their name for seer, one who knows the prophet. He watches at night on important occasions, and must be pure and undecided. The war-chief who leads a party to battle has his Hoptal, who seldom speaks, but has his assistants to speak to the warriors. Before going out on the war-path the party stay in camp, within a circle which is held sacred, three days, and must not visit their families, or eat meat—only gruel. They drink the Shawarko—black drink—acting as a strong emetic, and are all thus purified—as were the Jews. At noon of the fourth day they dance the war dance and go out on the war-path. The women stand on either side and sing solemn invocations, and when the men come to water they must go down on their knees, dip it up in their hands and throw it into their mouths,—tap water as Gideon and his Jewish warriors did in Old Testament story. In battle the Tshoos or scalps only, take scalp, and after battle all who had shed blood were held as dedied and, must be again purified before going home to their families. These customs were described as existing among the Choctaws, probably not among other tribes farther West. They are now passing away, but Col. Pynchinn said he had taken part in all that he told us, in years gone by.

He said that in the war of 1812, the Choctaws took 500 Creek women and children captives and all were kept safe. The old usage was that each captor should hold those he had taken, and bring them to his mother or oldest sister. She would keep relatives together and the oldest woman would be her sister and called mother by the captor. The tribe would fight against any wrong done to captives, and any warri-

or who insulted a captured woman was disgraced forever, could not again go out on the war-path, and calamity would come to him and his children. Any woman could travel all over the Choctaw country safe in those days.

All this I give as noted down from the lips of this venerable and very interesting Indian.

Yesterday afternoon at six o'clock I took a street car to go on to Capitol Hill, and near the patent office, four Indians, dressed in blankets and semi-native costume, entered the car, and a gentleman with them. At once I surmised they were the Ute chiefs, and selected one as Ouray—a large man with a face showing dignity, intelligence and a touch of tenderness. He was right, and sat opposite him and his friends—all large and well looking men for some time, until they got out at the hotel where they stop. There is a sort of freedom of society, its ways not secret but open in good manners. One recognizes a gentleman, whether in blanket or broadcloth, and I have seen Indians with the quiet grace and dignity, and the fine thoughtfulness of others, which mark good breeding, be its exact etiquette what it may.

G. B. STREIBINS.

Washington, D. C.

Dreams.

In a late sermon, Talbaze, the distinguished divine, said:

All dreams that make you better are from God, and, therefore, a good dream that results in good must be from Him. The old fathers of the Christian Church believed in dreams. Tertullian accepted them. John Huss's dreams have become immortal. The night before the assassination of Julius Caesar, his wife dreamed that he fell dead across her lap. I have a friend, a retired sea Captain, who dreamed one night that a suffering ship's crew were drifting somewhere in his vicinity. He roused up his men, made sail, and kept on sailing until they all thought he was stark mad. Finally he came upon a half-starved crew on a raft, took them in, fed them, and brought them to New York. Who sent that dream? The God of the sea! In 1935, a ship from Southampton was wrecked on certain rocks, called the Caskets. The crew climbed on the rocks, and the Captain of a ship from Southampton had twice in one night dreamed that shipwrecked sailors were dying on the Caskets. He heeded the dream, called out of his course, and took off the survivors. Who conducted that dream? The God of the sea! The God of the rocks! The Rev. Dr. Bushnell tells of a dream that happened to a friend of his, Capt. Yount, in the Sierra Nevada. Yount dreamed twice in the same night that a family was slowly starving and freezing to death in the snow. Hemming in their camp, he saw (in his dream) rocks of a peculiar formation, such as he had never beheld before. He told it the next morning to a neighbor, and the neighbor said, "Great heavens! These are exactly the kind of rocks they have at —," naming a canon in the mountains one hundred and fifty miles distant. On the strength of his dream, Capt. Yount, despite the sneers and laughter of his neighbors, gathered a company of men and started for the canon, where, sure enough, they found the freezing and starving family. Who conducted that dream? The God of the snow! The God of the Sierra Nevada!

Dr. Cranage, at Wellington, England, related to me how the Lord had appeared wonderfully to a poor woman in that village. One morning, when she stood staring at the door of her cottage with another poor woman, her only companion, she suddenly cried out, "Oh! Jenny, I see mountains of bread, I see mountains of butter," Jenny said, "All these things belong to your Father, and do you think he'll let you die?" Shortly afterward relief came, and the poor woman, who had been at the point of starvation, was supplied with abundant necessities. Who conducted that vision? The God of the hungry and starving! Why, there are people in this house who have been converted to God in a dream. The Rev. John Newton, while a profigate sailor on shipboard, saw a beautiful being descend out of the clouds and put a ring of priceless value on his finger. The being said, "Keep the ring on, and you will prosper." Another being, not so beautiful, came up and tried to induce him to throw the ring into the sea. Mountains of fire appeared on the horizon, clouds lurid with wrath shone overhead, the dark angel was fast persuading him, and at last John Newton, in despair, flung the ring overboard. Then another angel appeared and plunged in, saying, "I'll get it and keep it for you," and when he rose to the surface with the ring shining in his grasp, the fiery mountains faded away on the seaboard and the lurid light left the sky. Then John Newton knew that the ring was his soul.

A German who was crossing the Atlantic saw in a dream a man with a handful of white flowers. When he arrived in New York he wandered into the Fulton-street Prayer-meeting, and saw a great bunch of tuberoses in the hands of the class-leader. The German followed him home, became converted, and enlisted under the banner of the cross. That German to-day is a city missionary. John Hardcastle, another sailor, dreamed that he attended a roll-call on which his name was left out, and when he asked the reason, was told that it was to give him time to repent.

The Doctor's Law.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In common with divers other liberal and progressive papers, looking to the welfare of the masses, rather than the promotion of a favored few, I perceive that a prominent point with you, is to oppose the Doctor's Plot, the law (so called) to regulate the practice of medicine, and protect the people from the imposition of quacks.

For more than half a century I have been in the constant practice of medicine—formerly as an old school or allopathic physician—then as a medical reformer, some forty years ago, I obtained a diploma from the Botanic-Medical College of Ohio.

I have never known any well educated physician of any school, who would lend his influence to speak such a partial and unjust law, for they feel satisfied to rest upon their merits for success, not fearing ignorant pretenders.

Such are the facts and pre-requisites of a large majority of the medical faculty everywhere. Men who practice medicine to make a living, and being but men, why should it be expected that they should be more scrupulous as to the means employed.

But why talk of laws to regulate the skillful practice of medicine? Such laws were never asked for by any association of doctors. The name is a clear misnomer.

The next movement with these "noble" fellows, is to organize—in which I have seen service—and determine who may, and who may not, be members of said societies; the terms and conditions thereof, etc., making sure work to prevent a large proportion of the physicians of the State from practicing, forbidding them the force of law in collections for services rendered, and subjecting them to fines or imprisonment.

These preliminaries adjusted, the next, and in fact, the most momentous matter is to establish a fee bill as to charges, etc. Here the cloven foot is sure to show itself.

Suppose, these societies insert in their by-laws that the price for reducing a dislocated joint, or setting a broken bone, shall be \$100; for a visit of a mile—more or less—and prescription, \$10 or \$20; and supposing you should be unfortunate, enough to dislocate a finger or a toe, or a bone thereof injured, or that you were sick enough to require something to be done for you, what would, or could you do? If you answer, "We would not send for one of these old school doctors, and risk his extortionate charges."

Under these circumstances, you should know that you are roped and fettered; these tyrannical medical laws have driven all the liberal and progressive doctors either out of the State or into obscurity, where they dare not practice; hence "Hopkin's choice" is yours—employ an allopath or do without a physician.

ing to the medical law, be liable to be prosecuted and fined—perhaps imprisoned—for practicing without legal authority.

The favored few who become members of these medical societies, are all put under obligations to hang together, to "support the dignity and respectability of the profession," to see that their local laws are enforced, especially in legal cases.

There are divers schools and parties in medicine, as well as various denominations in Christianity, and for the legislature to select any one school, and bestow upon it almost unlimited power and special franchises, to the exclusion and detriment of all others, would be as despotic, as to make one of the denominations the State religion.

Jos. S. Burr, M. D. Leesville, O.

LIFE WITH THE SPIRITS.

By Ex-Clericus.

(Continued from last Number.)

AT MY NATIVE HOME.

My arrival at my Vermont home caused considerable commotion among the people there; as yet, they knew but little about the wonders of modern Spiritualism, but they had heard much about my interest and experience in that direction; and whilst some were looking quite anxiously to my coming, others were bold enough to heartily welcome my arrival as affording them an opportunity to engage wisely in the investigation.

Among those of this anxious tendency, of my neighbors and acquaintances, was an old lady rather noted for her zealous orthodoxy, who came to me with an unusually long face, and said she was so sorry to hear this of me, that I, a minister of the gospel, had gone after that miserable Spiritualism, and more in a similar strain.

But, on the whole, I do not so much wonder that my relatives and friends were at first a little doubtful and troubled about my state, as I really was in a somewhat excited and worn-out condition when I reached my home.

At length, feeling that the right time had come for this, I gave notice that I was ready, and a meeting for instruction and investigation was appointed for a Sunday evening at a neighbor's house.

This, however, was but the beginning of what was quite largely accomplished during my stay of about three months in this place. But I do not propose to go fully into the details here as it would be mainly but a repetition of what has so often taken place in almost all parts of the country since that time. I will therefore give but a few characteristic incidents, and then pass on to other experiences.

acteristic incidents, and then pass on to other experiences. From the time I commenced my circle-holding, the medium-helping influence around me seemed to change its character, or rather its modes of action. My personal annoyances soon entirely disappeared; indeed the action upon me apparently ceased, and was concentrated—mainly at least—upon other susceptible ones of the circles, which were held almost every evening at different houses of the neighborhood.

INTERESTING TESTS.

We had some quite-interesting results in the way of tests through the mediums thus developed. This was especially the case in the family of my eldest sister, nearly all of the members of which were more or less mediumistic. One of the children, Flora by name, who was only about eight years old, became a remarkably good writing-medium, although as yet she had not learned to write in a natural way.

The final results of my sojourn in this place was, that about one-half of the families had become more or less interested in Spiritualism; and in quite a number of these a sufficiency of medium power had been developed to enable them successfully to keep up their home circles. And this, let me add, as the accumulated result of more than twenty-five years' experience in the general field of Spiritualism, I regard as the true method of a natural and healthy growth of our faith.

To be continued.

My Association with the People of the Other World.

BY MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE.

NUMBER TEN.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In my last two articles I have given illustrations of the ease with which some persons or persons in the other world acting through my organization, have subdued the excitement of large bodies of tumultuous and almost infuriated people, at a time when they seemed carried beyond the control of all ordinary human efforts.

During the period of the greatest excitement which our civil war occasioned in the North, particularly on account of the seeming opposition of the democrats to the war, I was lecturing in the State of Maine.

pression of human development, valuable for their intrinsic worth—valuable because true, and because true, valuable at all times, not merely in times of peace, but also in times of war.

The part of my lecture which gave most offense, and created the intense excitement to which I shall presently refer, was, in substance, as follows: "It is a Christian belief," I said, "that Jesus would some day return again to his people on earth. Now let us suppose that this expectation is fulfilled, and that he appears in our midst. At once, a committee from the North wait upon him, and say to him: Jesus, we have fulfilled all your injunctions to your people, and therefore claim your assistance in our present fierce and bloody combat with our neighbors of the South, especially as our cause is just; and we now tender you a commission as commander in chief of our army, together with a splendid military uniform, and a finer sword than the one recently presented to General McClellan."

The lecture which contained the above remarks was delivered on Sunday; and for that presentation of Christianity to Christians, I was told on Monday morning, by the gentleman with whose family I was stopping, that the people of Bucksport were making strong threats of mobbing me, that they had closed the hall against me, that I would not be permitted to lecture again in Bucksport, and that I had better leave the city at once.

Thursday morning, immediately after a very light breakfast, I was thrown into a very deep trance, in which for about seven hours, I lay like one dead. While in that trance, I was assured that all would be right; and among other things, an Indian spirit seemed to come to me in a state of great excitement, and exclaimed: "Come to take the town. Come to take the town. This declaration was literally fulfilled. On Saturday morning, Capt. Stubbs, of Bucksport, a gentleman of wealth and influence, but a Republican and war man who had participated strongly in the hostile feeling against me, was taken possession of by an Indian influence, who bade him visit the lecture committee and insist upon their opening the hall for me and giving public notice that I would finish my course of lectures there, on Sunday, according to the original contract we made."

As a part of the history of these events, it is proper that I should state, that, from the time of my first entrapment on Thursday morning until I closed my lectures on Sunday night, I neither ate nor drank anything except, once a day, a small teaspoon of warm water with a lump of sugar dissolved in it. I had no desire for more.

If a fool be associated with a wise man all his life, he will perceive the truth as little as a spoon perceives the taste of soup. If an intelligent man be associated for one minute only with a wise man, he will soon perceive the truth as the tongue perceives the taste of soup.—Buddha.

Courage!

BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

What is most needed at this time by those whom Joseph Cook denominates, "A feeble fraction of American indiffidence," i. e., those who are decidedly in earnest in wishing to keep Liberalism clean and pure, is an indomitable courage, such courage as has already been shown by a few brave spirits, and especially by Mr. Abbott, and the editor of the JOURNAL.

To compare lesser things with greater, there is nothing in history of which the present crisis in Liberalism so much reminds me, as of the part which the brave-hearted Girondists played in the French Revolution of '93. The brave spirits who first dared utter the words, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," those strong intellects that first stirred France up from its apathetic condition of slavery, to kings and priests, and formulated the righteous demands which have resulted in making France the comparatively free nation she is to-day, were always from beginning to end a "feeble minority," according to Mr. Cook's method of computation.

I do not wonder that Madame Roland, after her experience of the injustice and cruelty of that "majority," who had caught from her own sweet lips the refrain of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" which meant so much to her, which meant only license and anarchy to them—that this bravest and purest heart of all the brave Girondists, should in bidding farewell to earth at the demand of this maddened "majority," have given vent to that sad wail whose echo has not yet died away—"O, Liberty—what crimes are committed in thy name!"

In looking back upon the records of the past, with our minds free from all the disturbing elements which begot our views of what is occurring in our midst, and rendering us sometimes unjust, we can always appreciate a heroic action, and thrill with admiration of the hero. And we are apt to think our own day and generation devoid of heroic action. Once in a while, however, the light of a courageous soul shines so strong through the fogs of the present, that we cannot help recognizing it, and with the recognition comes a deep sense of satisfaction.

The word *tristitia* in its etymological origin, is loaded with a forcible lesson. It is derived from the Latin word *tristitia*, which denotes the meeting place of three roads, a place where idlers spent their time, loitering to see what passed and to discuss the worthless items and gossip of the day. How much weightier are the suggestions of the word solitude!—W. R. Alger.

Woman and the Household.

BY HERMAN M. POOLE. [Metuchen, New Jersey.]

Miss Kate Sanborn, well known as a critical scholar and popular lecturer, has been invited by the senior class of Dartmouth...

Mrs. J. J. Astor, of New York, sent a New Year party of poor children to homes in the south and west, at an expense of \$1,500.

Mrs. Mary E. Livermore, who is one of the largest natured women in the world, as she is one of the best lecturers, was recently interviewed in regard to different sections of the country...

Mrs. Elizabeth Comstock is a Quaker missionary of Michigan, who has spent many years in prison work. She asserts that out of 115,000 prisoners whom she has conversed with...

At the social meeting of Sorosis in January, over a hundred members and guests were present. There were solos on the piano and harp by superior performers...

Those who insist on speaking of women as Mrs. Gen. A. or Mrs. President B. would do well to consider these sensible words of Richard Grant White: "The fashion of saying Mrs. Gov. B. and Mrs. Dr. C. seems to me absurd..."

It would seem as if to be simply a woman and to be called a woman, were regarded by most of our country women as a degradation. Not only must every woman be spoken of, and speak of herself, as a lady, but we find woman displaced from the proper position which it has held for centuries in compound words...

All lovers of the writings of Louisa M. Alcott, and who are not?—will be pained to hear of the premature death of the May of "Little Women," who was no other than her younger sister, May Alcott Nieriker, of Paris. Louisa was able, through successful authorship, to send May abroad, where her studies were pursued with success and enthusiasm...

and artists who wished to study in the capitals of Europe, telling where and how to go, what to avoid, and how to live economically and work to the best advantage.

A mother, folding in her arms, The sweet, supreme success; Giving a life to win a life, Dying that she might bless. Grateful for joy unspeakable, In the brief, blissful year; The picture of a baby face Her loveliest and last.

Book Notices.

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL LECTURES—of Salvation, Prayer, The Methods of Spirit Influence and Nature of Death. By J. M. Peebles, M. D. Pamphlet, pp. 66. 12mo. For sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price 25 cents.

Every thing Dr. Peebles writes is readable. He is never prolix or dull and his thoughts change so rapidly, he will never find a reader willing to accept all or reject all, for side by side he ranges opposing views.

"Can we save ourselves? Can the fish construct itself wings, rise out of the water, and fly through groves and forests? Can the strongest man lift himself over the garden hedge by his coat collar?"

What then can save us? Relieved of all circumlocution, it is the Christ principle; this principle as taught by the Christ-angels. This is the same view as is brought out in "Christ the Corner-stone of Spiritualism," and may be answered in the same manner.

Oct. 6th, 1879.—I died of heart disease. I lived in your city on the corner of Bloomington road and Milwaukee Ave. I was well until the moment of death. I had eaten a good dinner and while romping with my children, the attack sent me on this side of life.

Oct. 6th, 1879.—I was a lawyer when upon earth—used to live in Woodstock, Ill. I never believed in Spiritualism when upon earth; never thought I could return to earth after I died.

Nov. 3rd, 1879.—My name is Mrs. Storms. My husband's name is Charles. I died of consumption at Milwaukee, Wis., nearly two years ago. I think. My father was the first person to greet me, when I reached spirit life.

Nov. 10th, 1879.—My name is E. W. Conard. My age was nearly fifty-six. I published the first paper ever published in Terre Haute, Ind. I thought when I died that would be the last of me.

Partial List of Magazines for February. The Eclectic. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: Lord Beaconsfield; First Impressions of the New World, by the Duke of Argyll; The Letters of Charles Dickens; History and Politics; Early English Ballads; A Gossip about Goethe; in his Birth-place; Teaching Grandmother—Grandmother's Teaching; White Wings; The Literary Calling and its Future; Escape from Pain—The History of a Discovery by Sir James Paget; A Sonnet in Dialogue; Madame de Mersac; Carlyle's Political Doctrines; Sunshine and Shadow; Prof. Asa Gray; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; Varieties.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston and New York.) Contents: Thirty-Seven Hundred and Fifty-Eight; Puritan Boston; If I Should Lose Thee; The South-Devil; The Parting Day; Peasimism; Miles Keogh's Horse; The Undiscovered Country; Wordsworth; Helen of Tyre; Antonius Stradivarius and the Violin; Benjamin Robbins Curtis; Mr. Fliske's Essays; The Strong Government Idea; A Plea for Immortality; Dickens's Letters; James's Hawthorne; Interpreted; The Contributor's Club—The Atlantic Monthly Supplement: The Holmes Breakfast. (With Diagram of Tables and Names of Guests.)

wants, and under proper conditions answer the prayers of pleading mortals. We do not know whom Mr. Peebles means by "gods" which he writes with a small g, but seemingly they are superior to angels.

Several instances of prayer being answered by guardian spirits are given, and admirably illustrate the true means by which prayer is answered, for Bro. Peebles has a rare faculty when in the very midst of his theologically created darkness of giving out intense gleams of lightning. Again he truly says: "It is useless to pray to God for self; personal and special favors, because God is unchangeable, governing the universe by fixed and immutable laws."

The same theological influence is made apparent when the author discusses the relations of the spirit and body, and he says: "Accordingly the distinguished Descartes taught, and intelligent spirits teach that the soul is located at the pineal point, alias the apex of the conarium." Now why the "pineal gland" should be regarded as the location of the soul would probably perplex the author quite as much as it will his readers.

Spirit Voices.

Our readers will recollect the interesting account given by Mrs. Clara A. Robinson, 49 Twenty-second st., several weeks since, in which she gave her experience in hearing voices. At our solicitation she has copied from her memorandum book several messages she has received in the manner described in her published letter, and which we publish as an experiment, to see if the spirits purporting to communicate can be identified.

Sep. 3rd, 1879.—I am pleased to return and assure my friends that I still live. My sympathies were with Spiritualism, but like many others I did not care to let it be known. I often used to visit mediums, and was quite mediumistic myself.

Oct. 6th, 1879.—I died of heart disease. I lived in your city on the corner of Bloomington road and Milwaukee Ave. I was well until the moment of death. I had eaten a good dinner and while romping with my children, the attack sent me on this side of life.

Oct. 6th, 1879.—I was a lawyer when upon earth—used to live in Woodstock, Ill. I never believed in Spiritualism when upon earth; never thought I could return to earth after I died.

Nov. 3rd, 1879.—My name is Mrs. Storms. My husband's name is Charles. I died of consumption at Milwaukee, Wis., nearly two years ago. I think. My father was the first person to greet me, when I reached spirit life.

My father is a doctor, and I was named after him; my name is Timothy Papir. I passed away from St. Louis several years since. None of my people believe that when a person is dead, they can ever come back again; but I have been very often to my dear old home since I left the form.

Nov. 10th, 1879.—My name is E. W. Conard. My age was nearly fifty-six. I published the first paper ever published in Terre Haute, Ind. I thought when I died that would be the last of me.

The Popular Science Monthly. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: The Origin of Criminal Law, by Wm. W. Billson; Saparia's World of Plants before the appearance of Man, (illus.); How Typhoid Fever is Conveyed, by Dr. T. J. Macdagan; Hanoverian Village Life, by Walter Nordhoff; Maps and Map-Making before Meber; by Chas. P. Daly, L.L.D.; Ancient Methods of Filtration, by Prof. H. Carrington Bolton, Ph. D.; John Stuart Mill, by Alex. Bain, L.L.D.; Imperfections of Modern Harmony, by S. Austin Pearce, Mus. D., Oxon; Daylight in the Schoolroom, by M. Javal; Hygiene in the Higher Education of Women, by A. Hughes Bennett, M. D.; Arterian Wells and the Great Sahara, by Lieut. Seaton Schroeder, U. S. N.; The Origin of the Gipsies; Prehistoric Records; Sketch of Benjamin Silliman, (with portrait); Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

The Nursery. (John L. Shorey, Boston, Mass.) A monthly magazine for youngest readers; is filled with amusing stories and pretty illustrations.

Magazines for January not Before-Mentioned.

The Psychological Review. (Edward W. Allen, 11 Ave. Maria Lane, E. C., London, England.) Contents: Spiritualism in some of its Religious Aspects; A Comparison and Contrast; Curious Reasoning of a "Master in Israel"; Spiritualism and Positivism in Relation to Problems of Government; Spiritualism in China; Spiritual Evolution; Popular Errors and Objections to Spiritualism Explained and Answered. Wm. Lloyd Garrison and the Rev. Adin Ballou; Notes and Gleanings; A Christmas Carol.

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Dr. E. C. Dunn and the Methodist Church.

"When in revolutionary times the British shook a bag of gold before the eyes of the noble Joseph, Earl of Philadelphia, hoping to buy him, he replied:—'I do not know I am a poor man—poor though—but King George is not rich enough to buy me.'—Bancroft.

This was an honest man, a man of genuine convictions, a man of stern principle, and a man whose moral worth will live in history forever.

The student of human nature sees two sorts of men in the world, men of principle and men of policy. The former are honest, candid and conscientious; the latter are shuffling, shrewd, sensational and mercenary. Their motives are selfish, and their aims worldly. They stoop to conquer.

Policy is smooth, sly, talkative, two-faced and polished to the external appearance.

Principle is plain, solid, truthful, and trustworthy, championing unpopular truths for the love of truth. Principle is the burden of the martyr's morning prayer and evening psalm.

John Hampden, through conscience and principle, gave English liberty undying fame. John Brown, through principle, made the rope and the gallows glorious, and Jesus, who came, as it is said, to "Bear witness to the truth," and who defended and lived the truth, made the despised cross the crowning symbol of the ages.

When such a man as Henry Kiddle, superintendent of the public schools of the city of New York, comes out a Spiritualist, we see manifestations of honesty, sturdy principle, and moral bravery. But when Dr. E. C. Dunn leaves and denounces Spiritualists, and joins the Methodist church, what do we see? What are we forced to think? Knowing much of Mr. Dunn's past history, what of necessity must be our decision, and what of his former co-workers?

Newspaper writers and correspondents have from time to time during a year or more furnished us with communications and facts relating to Dr. Dunn's airy pretensions, extravagant boastings, social eccentricities and sensational somersaults; and all to the honor and glory of himself. Dr. Peebles must feel flattered to hear that Dr. Dunn, in his lectures, tells of inviting Mr. Peebles to accompany him on a voyage around the world, and pompously speaks of aiding him in his Brahmanical studies in India, and his Talmudic investigations in Jerusalem—pardon the smile!

Probably no Spiritualist doubts the previous mediumship of Dr. Dunn. For, in addition to the oft published testimony of Dr. Peebles, who ever seemed to cherish for his protege a kind of paternal tenderness, there are scores and hundreds through the West who have seen Dr. Dunn entranced by spirits, purporting to be Indians, Wilkes Booth, Aaron Knight and others. The Doctor will not have the hardihood, though a professed Methodist to deny his years of mediumship. In his lecture repeated, and re-repeated—"How I Became a Spiritualist," he relates therein the most astounding marvels connected with his mediumship—the most astonishing tests that he had given, and the very wonderful cures that he had wrought aided by spirits, and further he has often declared in public—"All that I am I owe to spirits," or sometimes varying it, he has declared that there was "No need of a Jesus Christ to save him, for J. M. Peebles and the spirits had saved him!" It must be remembered that Dr. Dunn in his early years was not that "good little boy," so often described in Sunday school books.

But now that Dr. Dunn has joined the Methodist Church in Rockford, Ill., may we not inquire—What was the motive? Was it selfishness? Was it mercenary? Was it to be more popular? Was it to advertise himself in churches? Was it to get himself before the "Young Men's Christian Associations?" Was it to get the influence of the clergy and church members with an eye to business and money-getting? Such is the common verdict.

Since Dr. Dunn has joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, we feel it incumbent upon us to inquire of him if he has stud-

ied the Methodist discipline and doctrines? Does he believe in:

1. Original sin and the fall of man because of Adam's guilt.
2. In the Trinity—that in the "Godhead there are three persons of one substance, power and eternity—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."
3. That "Christ, very God and very man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for actual sins of men."—(Methodist Discipline, page 9th.

We need not quote more. It is well known that Methodists believe in the Trinity—in the vicarious atonement—in the resurrection of the body—in a future general judgment—and in eternal hell torments. Does Dr. Dunn conscientiously believe these doctrines? If not, then, is not his church-joining, hypocrisy? Is it not treason to every principle of honor, integrity and true manhood? What does Dr. Dunn say? What do his entrancing spirits say? What does Dr. Peebles say? Our columns are open.

It may be contended that in some cases individuals are permitted to join churches without being asked to subscribe to the creed. Our reply is, there can be no stronger subscription to doctrines or creeds than to join and support a sect which is built upon these doctrines—built up for the purpose of disseminating them. Otherwise expressed, there is no more direct and positive way of endorsing a flag than to enlist under it.

Culture of the Will.

On another page will be found under this title a short but instructive article by Hudson Tuttle, who is himself a striking example of cultured will. We have known him intimately for years, have observed him constantly and critically, as we do all men who are in any way actively interested in Spiritualism, and we have often been struck with deep admiration at the wonderful results achieved by his exercise of will. The incident he introduces to illustrate his theme in the article alluded to, no doubt occurred in his own family, though he is too modest to say so, and exhibits a most enviable trait.

Toiling every day, rain or shine, upon his farm, doing the most laborious work, he would be justified in seldom lifting his pen to aid his fellow-man, yet he never fails to respond to every request to counsel or instruct others from his rich and seemingly inexhaustible store, for draw on it ever so hard, the spirit friends behind him keep up the supply. We have known him to stack wheat from daylight to dark, under a burning sun with the thermometer at over a hundred degrees in the shade and in the evening so worn and exhausted as hardly to be able to hold a pen, to write an article which attracted the attention of thousands and received the honor of republication in a number of papers. Again we have known him to work through a raw December day, in the mud nearly to his boot-tops, laying tile-drain on his farm, and then spend two-thirds of the night writing articles for the secular and spiritual press, for which he never received or expected a penny. Not a reader of this paper does more severe and constant daily manual labor than does Mr. Tuttle, and not one writes more for publication. Through all these long years of financial depression so severely felt by farmers and by none more than Mr. Tuttle, though harassed and perplexed by financial affairs he never for a moment allowed them to intrude upon his literary work or to cloud his spiritual vision. During this time when one crop after another was blasted and the meagre harvest brought still more meagre returns, with debts pressing upon him which he knew must be worked out by the sweat of his brow, he was able by the power of his will to rise superior to his earthly environment and place himself in condition for his spirit guides to give through him his last and best book, "The Ethics of Spiritualism," which, however much some may differ with certain premises therein set forth, all must acknowledge that, as a whole, it is a system of moral philosophy of which Spiritualists may well be proud and to which they can turn with ever increasing profit.

Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter.

This estimable lady and good medium is known to thousands throughout the country whose acquaintance she has formed in travels with her husband, Prof. Carpenter, who is familiar to the public as an able lecturer on mesmerism and psychology.

It seems that some who are not acquainted with the history of Prof. and Mrs. Carpenter, have supposed the Mrs. Julia A. Carpenter, who was confined in an Insane Asylum at Newburgh, Ohio, a brief account of which was published in the JOURNAL of Oct. 4th, 1879, together with poetry written by her, to be Mrs. Julia M. the wife of Prof. Carpenter. We desire to correct this impression. Prof. Carpenter has been known for twenty years or more as an outspoken Spiritualist who formerly lectured on the subject, and who is now doing as much for the cause as any lecturer in the field. He would therefore be the last man to think his wife insane because she held communion with dear friends in spirit life.

Col. Ingersoll is to deliver an oration in this city, on Thursday evening of this week, at Central Music Hall, in honor of Thomas Paine, it being the anniversary of the birthday of that noble patriot and progressive thinker.

To Spiritualists!

You will all readily admit the need of an organized and sustained aggressive policy on the part of Spiritualists in dealing with the world of opposition and ignorance with which we have to contend in advancing a knowledge of Spiritual Truth. The desirability of meeting misstatements, ignorant criticisms and unjust attacks through the same channels in which they are given to the public, is patent to all and needs no argument. To overcome the obstacles in the way and secure this desirable object is to some extent possible now, provided united and persistent effort is made, and the sooner we begin and the longer we persist in such united and aggressive action, the easier will become the task.

While there is a general agreement as to the advisability of such action, there arise differences as to the best method of initiating and carrying on the work. There appear grave objections and dangers, in the minds of many, to clothing any single individual with authority to represent the millions of Spiritualists, and the certainty of division on this point will tend to seriously affect the desired object.

Further, the difficulty of raising a fund from year to year sufficient to pay an adequate salary for such service is broached, and with great force we admit in view of the unorganized condition of Spiritualists and the comparatively limited support given even to spiritual publications and lecturers. It seems to us that these difficulties and others nearly as serious can be overcome in a great measure and the work rendered feasible by dividing the duties and responsibilities of the work among a goodly number, who shall perform it without pecuniary consideration. We are all co-workers, brothers and sisters in this glorious labor of love, and it matters not who does any particular task, so that it is well and promptly done.

Therefore, we the undersigned, pledge ourselves to gratuitously do this work; and ask each and every Spiritualist, respectfully, to write their names as members of our corps of advisors and helpers. Let all keep watch and guard, and whenever one sees occasion for action, let him either devote himself to the task or refer it, with the proper data, to the one on this list whom he thinks best qualified for that particular case, or the special work in view.

The time demands our united action and united in a common cause we will zealously and persistently work together for the achievement of a common purpose.

- J. M. PEEBLES,
Hammonon, New Jersey.
- HUDSON TUTTLE,
Berlin Heights, Ohio.
- SAMUEL WATSON,
Memphis, Tenn.
- SAMUEL BIGELOW,
Alliance, Ohio.
- D. P. KAYNER,
(Merchants' Building) Chicago, Ill.
- E. S. HOLBROOK,
(Neyada Block) Chicago, Ill.
- MRS. MARY WILSON,
Lombard, Ill.
- E. W. BOND,
Willoughby, Ohio.
- J. MURRAY CASE,
Columbus, Ohio.
- LYMAN C. HOWE,
Fredonia, New York.
- A. B. SPINNEY,
204 Woodland Ave., Detroit, Mich.
- BENSON MURRAY,
238 W. 52nd St., New York City.
- MRS. EMMA TUTTLE,
Berlin Heights, Ohio.
- J. G. JACKSON,
Hockessin, Del.
- GILES B. STEBBINS,
1213 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- E. V. WILSON,
Lombard, Ill.
- A. B. FRENCH,
Clyde, Ohio.
- H. H. BROWN,
252 Steuben St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- MRS. MARIA M. KING,
Hammonon, New Jersey.
- WM. E. COLEMAN,
Fort Hill, I. T.
- WM. FISHBOUGH,
829 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- C. FANNIE ALLYN,
Stoneham, Mass.
- JOHN A. HOOVER,
940 So. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

That Haunted Blacksmith Shop.

While it is true that we published, last week, a graphic account of a "haunted" blacksmith shop in Michigan, it is not, unfortunately, true that the dilapidated old building was "haunted" at all. The statement that a "ghost" could fully materialize an anvil and a sledge hammer, and brawny arms also to wield the latter in making-terrible blows, should have made us incredulous as to its truth, and induced us to await for further development; but we did not, and, in consequence, to thousands of the readers of the JOURNAL, it has been a "seven-days" wonder. It now appears from the Jackson (Mich.) Citizen, that the boys who "put up the job," and who formed part of the crowd who did the watching on that eventful evening, were caught at their mischief the other night, and the illusion is now dispelled!

Serjeant Cox.

The attitude assumed by Serjeant Cox towards Spiritualism, was the cause of giving consequence and publicity to the cause. Now that he has departed it is the subject of dispute whether he was a Spiritualist or not. Cautious and careful almost to a fault, he slowly approached the great subject, and finding "psychic force" would not account for the phenomena, became a confirmed believer. He did not wish the Psychological Society of which he was the head, to become a spiritual society, and here is the ground for the assertion that he was not a believer. He expressed his full belief to Mr. Eglington, and that he had seen and conversed with his departed daughter at the house of Mrs. MacDougal Gregory. *Spiritual Notes* well remarks to the saying of people:

"He has found out the great secret, he has solved the great mystery that in this life remained unknown? Has he? It is frequently assumed that the opening glance of the spirit in the world on which it is just entering, reveals the great secret of life. But this would seem a misconception. Spirits learn there as they learn here, and man learn very slowly. One thing, however, Serjeant Cox could have told his friends had he been able to have occupied the chair that he has left vacant; he could have testified to his own spiritual existence, have taught the reality of soul more forcibly than he ever did from the same place while he was in the body, and have answered his old question, What am I? more clearly than he ever could before."

At the next meeting of the society which he had founded, he intended to give his personal experiences in "Investigating Psychological Phenomena," and to allow questions to be asked. Had he been able to give those experiences, how eager would have been the questions, and what a sublime narrative would he have been able to have given, of his journey over the border to the Spirit-world! He would have told of his welcome, by his spirit daughter, who had by great effort convinced him that she still lived. What a flood of intelligence has already illumined his honest mind!

A New Prophet in India.

Keesh Chunder Sen, a high caste Brahmin who for some time has been a rising light in India, has cast aside appearances and become a founder of a new sect. He has long and earnestly protested against the superstition of his own country, and at times the hearts of missionaries were gladdened by his praise of their works, and his seeming acceptance of the doctrines of Christ. To establish Christianity, however, was not his object. He claims to be a re-incarnation of the divine Bhakti, under the name of Chaitanya, and that he is commissioned to establish the church of the future. He is the Prophet Nadiya; an organization has been completed at Calcutta and the apostles, "a preaching army," have been sent forth on their mission to convert the world. This army moves from place to place with banners flying and music, and so great is the enthusiasm that devotees roll themselves in the dust before it.

The object of the new Prophet is to deliver his country from dry rationalism and supply a living faith. Whatever the results may be, the movement is of deep interest to the student of religious history, as an illustration of the rise and progress of sects. Keesh Chunder Sen, with his pretense of being a re-incarnation, in the light of the present, is a sham and a farce; removed two thousand years into the past, and a few wonder works would have made good his pretense, and unfed millions would have received him as God.

A Haunted House.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* states that there is a haunted house nine miles south of Taylorsville, Ills. The whole country is excited about the matter. It appears from the account given that his ghostship—as the reporter calls him—seems in good spirits, and trips over the floor in the gayest manner. He taps on the window pane, rattles the doors and thumps the walls as if in great anger, and anon he groans in agony. This sort of procedure has been going on for nine years. Family after family have lived there, but none have remained any great length of time.

The last family that resided there (now just left) was that of Samuel Laughlin. They lived there longer than any of the others, but while they went there entirely free from superstition, they are now believers in Spiritualism. The hired man describes the groans as being of a most dreadful character, issuing from all parts of the house. Many attribute the mysterious sounds to the fact that many years ago a dastardly murder and robbery is supposed to have been committed there. A few years after the supposed murder a gang of counterfeiters were detected making spurious coins in the house, and it is argued that no doubt many a foul and bloody deed has been committed there. The flight of the Laughlin family tends to more firmly establish this belief, and many discussions of the matter have taken place within the last few days.

We are in receipt of a special New Year edition of the *Moline (Ill.) Review*. It is printed on fine tinted paper, and exhibits a review of the various industries of the city. The first page contains a fine illustration of the building occupied by the Moline Plow Company. There is a vast amount of business done at Moline, and to present the same in full to the world, required eight mammoth pages, containing seven columns each. Such enterprise in advertising will certainly bring its reward.

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

- J. Frank Baxter will lecture at Bangor, Maine, during February.
- Frank T. Ripley lectures and gives tests at Dayton, Ohio, during February.
- Lyman C. Howe lectured at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, two-evenings last week.
- Bishop A. Beals speaks at Whittier, Ills., February 1st. The 26th and 27th of January, he lectures at Libertyville, Ill.
- Mrs. Emma Jeffries, late of San Francisco, has returned to Chicago, and may be consulted at No. 352 West Madison street.

The almost unprecedented prosperity in the one year's career of *Andrew's American Queen*, as a society journal, induced its more frequent publication.

Sunday evening services are held regularly at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. Gardner, (Mrs. Cornelia Gardner), Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn is attracting large and intelligent audiences by her lectures. She speaks in Vineland, N. J., during Feb.; New York city, in March.

One and two-cent postage stamps are greatly preferred by us in cases where stamps have to be sent to make change. Don't forget, please, and comply when convenient.

Walter W. Broom has commenced the publication of a paper at Vineland, N. J., under the euphonious name of *Broom's Paper*. It is neatly printed, is quite spicy, and certainly is entitled to a long life.

Capt. H. H. Brown would like to make engagements, either for Sunday services or week evening meetings, for February and March. He can be addressed at 252 Steuben street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Koons writes: "In token of my appreciation, I remit my annual subscription, and cheerfully exercise my limited influence for the future advancement of my friend and companion, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

A gentleman of great experience in spirit phenomena, called at our office last week and informed us that Mrs. Eddy, of 699 Fulton street, this city, was constantly making gratifying progress in her medial development.

E. V. Wilson's appointments for February are as follows: Sunday 1st, 8th, and 15th, at Utica, N. Y. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th, at Oneida, New York. The 11th, 12th, and 13th, at Deansville, N. Y. The 17th, 18th, and 19th, at Saratoga and vicinity, if required. The 20th, 21st, and 22nd, at the Pawlett Convention, Vt.

Mr. V. S. Anderson, of Idaho Territory, an old miner as well as subscriber, gave us a call last week on his way to New York. Though a Yale graduate and lawyer by profession, he has taken up mining, and is a splendid specimen of western enterprise. He is to spend several weeks in New York and vicinity, and we hope will meet many of our readers.

We are receiving many letters from Iowa and Wisconsin, thanking the JOURNAL for its active opposition to the "doctors' plot," and highly commending the able communications we have published on the subject. Some of these correspondents write that they have to rely almost entirely on the JOURNAL for printed matter in the fight against class legislation, owing to the intimidation practiced on their local papers by the "regulars." In this issue will be found another shot from Dr. Burr, whose experience entitles him to be heard.

THE MODERN BETHESDA, or the gift of healing restored, being some account of the life and labors of Dr. J. R. Newton, healer; with observations on the nature and source of the healing power, and the conditions of its existence; with notes of valuable auxiliary remedies, health maxima, etc. Such is the comprehensive title of Dr. Newton's book, which contains three hundred and twenty-two pages, printed on fine heavy paper and bound in cloth. Price \$2. For sale at the office of this paper.

A CHANCE FOR BALDWIN AND OCIL to try their boasted skill, is offered by Dr. Samuel Watson on the sixth page, in his letter concerning Mrs. Miller's mediumship. Dr. Watson is perfectly responsible for his contracts and a fair man. Referring to Dr. Watson's remarks on the chair feat, we only have to say, that we can readily produce witnesses who will give equally good prima facie evidence of the genuineness of the same phenomenon as performed by jugglers; and for the reason, therefore, that similar evidence offered in the interests of a genuine medium has no great value, we deem it best not to waste time over it, at least not to publish it.

Commenting on the terrible disaster of the Tay, the *Medium and Daybreak* says, and its prophecy may come true: "Thousands to whom spirit communion is a personal possibility, have been saved from accidents by impressions from guardian spirits. Clairvoyance and the disclosures by spirits are continually aiding individuals to avoid dangers, and in the minds of the people were alive to the help to be drawn from these sources, and the necessary faculties developed, such deplorable casualties would be impossible. The time will come when persons applying for certain responsible positions, will have to answer in the affirmative such questions as these: Are you clairvoyant? Are you impenetrable to spirit influences? Sensitiveness is a faculty of the human spirit, susceptible of culture, and when clear and acute of untold value."

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Liberty Tree.

[Mrs. Loraine L. Smith, who sends this poem, the "Liberty Tree," writes as follows: "I was exceedingly glad to see the article headed, 'Thomas Paine's Birth Day.' How glad, really, I should be to help celebrate it, and listen to the well-deserved and eloquent tribute Mr. Ingersoll will give him. In my childhood I loved to listen to my father as he sung the enclosed song to the children on his knee. For many years after he was gone I tried to bring to my mind these favorite words, and wished I could again hear them sung, as he sung them."]

God at Work—How He Does It—Comments of Orthodoxy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: New Year beams upon us with radiant smiles and joyous sunshine, and "all went merry as a marriage bell" until about eleven o'clock, just as we were beginning to think of good dinners and family greetings, when our quiet village was started with the cry: "Three boys are drowned in the reservoir." I will not attempt to describe the sudden revulsion of feeling, the deep anxiety upon every countenance, the hurrying to and fro with bated breath, and throbbing hearts.

None but parents with the dread uncertainty as to whether their own dear ones were counted with the fatal three, can fully appreciate the dread anxiety of the first moments of uncertainty. But soon the terrible calamity was focalized and assigned to three grief-stricken families, Coates, Derman and Berlin, and the sympathies of the awakened community were extended to them, and everybody did what he could—first, to try to resuscitate the three boys, and attract the freed spirits back to the cold and lifeless clay; and, secondly to cheer and strengthen the bereaved families in this hour of great affliction—this hour when the solemn realities of life are forced home to the unwilling heart, when we stand face to face with the grandest facts of existence, and see how vain and futile our weak attempts to ward off the legitimate results of violated law; when we are made to feel that nature's laws are inflexible and cannot be tampered with; that as we sow, so shall we reap.

Being upon terms of intimate friendship with Mr. Coates and family, I hastened to them, and found Mr. Coates with willing friends still anxiously engaged with galvanic batteries, jugs of hot water, frictions and all the appliances known to the medical profession, vainly striving to entice the "horrible black" of their entrance, unwilling yet to consent to the unwelcome fact that he was already an inhabitant of the Spirit-world. I took occasion to say to a weeping brother, that it was a blessed consolation to know that Horrie was still a living, conscious boy, and undoubtedly now with his friends who had gone before, and who could be of great service to him in the ethereal and unexpected transition. "Yes," said the almost heart-broken brother, "and he is now doubtless with my other brother who died long ago." The thought pacified and strengthened him, to bear his affliction, and harmonized with his reason and his belief in the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, which alone seems adequate to console at such trying times.

When further efforts at resuscitation were abandoned, and the grief-stricken parents were mingling their grief and vainly striving to see light amid the deep gloom of this great sorrow, the Rev. Dr. Gilmes, the Presbyterian minister to whose Sunday ministrations Mr. Coates, though an avowed Spiritualist, had late listened, came upon the scene, and in the best of intentions, to try to bring the bereaved into the orthodox assurance of the Bible and the church. Hearing him dealing out in a loud sermonizing style, I became an eager listener and heard him assure them that God was not angry, there was no anger in that that God never took any one unjustly had a place prepared for them; that God loved the suffering children; that he had a place prepared for them, even came and took them, and that they should feel flattered and proud that they now had a representative at the court of heaven; and that it was a great consolation to know that little Horrie was now saved eternally, for when God saves anyone he saves him eternally, etc., etc. They were exhorted to lean upon Jesus as the only source of strength and consolation, and asserted that he and he alone could heal their wounded spirits, and that they now had additional reasons for striving for heaven, for they could go to their dear one, but he could never come to them, which assertion was repeated and emphasized at the funeral.

Mrs. Miller's Mediumship.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I am glad to find in the JOURNAL of this week (just received) a defense of Mrs. Miller's mediumship from Denver. If five years of critical investigation with her, often in my own library and under strict test conditions, will enable me to form a just opinion of her powers, then I am prepared to say she is one of the best, if not the very best, mediums I have ever seen. Indeed, she has some phases of mediumship that I have never witnessed, or even read of, by any other medium. So says Dr. Peebles.

The materialization of a number of forms on a vacant lot, which I have seen four times, the last time on Pebles was present, and the JOURNAL published his account of it, surpasses any thing heard of, or witnessed in Europe or America. It is not in regard to her materialization that I am now penning these lines; this I have done through the city papers here, in the Magazine and through other channels; nor have I anything to add to the endorsements of fifteen or twenty letters I have recently received—voluntarily and independently from Denver, but I wish to say something relative to your editorial comments following the article in the JOURNAL.

I agree with you in regard to abolishing cabinets, but you must remember that Mrs. Miller has no cabinet unless you call a blanket one. I have applied, not only all the tests the Denver people mention, but others, such as tying a fine cord around her neck after she was entranced, and running the ends through the cane back of the rocking chair in which she was reclining, and tying them in hard knots where she could not reach them. This was done at different times without the knowledge of any one, only the person who did it, and yet the materializations went on as before. I have tested her outside the cabinet, so-called, and materializations occurred, but she was so amazed at them that we had to discontinue. I think, however, that now she could be brought up to that point. The last session I attended of hers, just before she left, a number of us were taken in behind the curtain by the materialized forms, to see that she was there entranced. Mrs. Miller told me that they were going to disperse with cabinets entirely. This, I hope they will do, and thus remove all doubt from the most incredulous of the truth of this crowning phenomenon of Spiritualism.

I think if you had seen the physical manifestations done by Mrs. Miller's control, you would not have said, "These tests can be, and are being done every day by fourth-rate jugglers, and professional ex-poseurs, in various parts of the country, fully as deftly as in Mrs. Miller's sittings." You may be sure you are—I presume—quite as quick in regard to these manifestations that matter can be passed through matter in a moment. This I have witnessed hundreds of times, and with hundreds of people, who have no theory to explain the wonderful phenomena. She is tied with her hands crossed securely; a fine cord is tied over the knots, and sealing wax melted over it, and sometimes stamped with a private seal. The chairs are dropped, and raised as quickly as possible, and iron rings and chairs hung on her arms. Drop the curtain, and all fall off as quick as the curtain falls. This I have seen done often when the curtain was not lower than her breast. You see the chairs several feet from her—as quick as lightning they are on her arms. It is done so rapidly that you do not see them as they pass from the floor to her arms; you see her standing perfectly still, not moving a particle, and yet her feet are out of her limbs. This is no "juggler's" trick, but it is ofacular demonstration of the wonderful power of spirits suspending or controlling the law of cohesion, about which we know so little.

But, says the objector, there must be some trick about the chairs and rings. In reply to that I will say that I bought four dozen chairs from Bryson & Camp, furniture dealers, in this city, for their séance rooms, which I sold to Mrs. Miller. I bought the iron of Orgill Bros, and took it to the blacksmith and had four solid iron rings made about six inches in diameter. The same evening a committee composed of the first men of our city, met at my library to test her powers. These rings were scattered about on the floor; Mrs. Miller tied, and standing as still as a statue, yet in a moment, these rings and chairs were placed on her arms. The knots were then carefully examined by the committee, the curtain dropped, and so did the chairs and rings as quickly; this was repeated as often as desired. One more fact: While these chairs and rings hang on her arms, drop the curtain and raise it as quick as possible, and her hands are tied, securely, with chairs and rings on them. I have seen jugglers and professional ex-poseurs, but the character of their performances are altogether of another nature to this.

In order to test this matter, I now authorize you to try through the JOURNAL, that I will place a thousand dollars in a bank in this city, which any juggler can have, if he will come here and perform the feats which are done at Mrs. Miller's sittings. This is business, and I mean it. It cannot be done by any mortal power, nor do I believe that it is done by any spirit power that I have ever heard of, only through this unpretending, unutilized and sometimes slandered woman.

Some years since Dr. T. O. Summers, editor of the Christian Advocate, published at Nashville, stated that Rev. Dr. Harrison "accounted for all the phenomena attributed to spirits." I immediately made him this proposition in the paper, published in Clock Street Tenn: "As Dr. Harrison is advertised to do these things by 'mechanical contrivances,' I propose to him, that I will give him one thousand dollars to come to Memphis, and do what his brother preacher says was done in his parlor in the city of Nashville, where he was lecturing." Though seven years have passed, and notwithstanding that Dr. Harrison needed money badly, he has never dared to accept my proposition. And so it will be with your jugglers.

Memphis, Tenn.

POOR DUNN.—A renegade is not an enviable creature, especially when to become such he confesses himself a fraud and aascal. There is quite an interest in the conversion (?) of Dr. Dunn to Methodism, and I hope that he will be more honest as a Methodist than as a pretended Spiritualist. Mr. Peebles took him out of the gutter and made him all that he became. He took him with him in his first journey around the world, and his "Travels" is replete with the revelations received through this same "Dr. Dunn. Now the fellow claims that he became converted while in Palestine—"converted," while Mr. Peebles was daily receiving trance revelations through him? The first beard of him after he returned, he was lecturing in Illinois, and exhibiting a real tiger skin, claiming to have shot the animal just as it was springing on the devoted Pilgrim! The Pilgrim put a stop to this story, saying Dunn bought the skin! Mr. Peebles truly did a great deal for Dunn when he took him in all his low beggary, and patiently and with unwavering charity watched over him, but he undertook an impossible task. He could not make a man out of such a gross material. Dunn was dishonest through and through, and his present move is of the same kind: The Methodist church is welcome to him and all like him, and it is hoped that he may be reformed sufficiently so that he will tell the truth, at least when it is for his interest to do so. He was a medium, and if Mr. Peebles's records are reliable, of a rare order of sensitiveness, and now after nearly twenty years of experience, to turn against all his past life, proves one of three things: He has been a scheming rascal or a fool, or he is now a hypocrite.

Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: At Downing Hall, Saturday evening, January 17th, was a notable gathering of representative friends and women in response to a circular, issued by Deacon D. M. Cole, in accord with the wishes of many. This call invited those to whom it was addressed, "to assist in organizing an association of men and women, whose purpose will be the study of laws and forces relating to man's spiritual nature and to demonstrate, so far as demonstration is possible, the continuity of life beyond the grave, and the law of spirit action and manifestation, as revealed by the phenomena of modern Spiritualism."

Brother Cole, on calling the meeting to order, briefly alluded to the causes which produced the new departure, and invited that veteran brother, E. V. Wilson, to make the opening address. Brother Wilson gave the history of the Brooklyn Spiritual Conference, of which he was the founder, and the explicit object of its organization as a distinct association; and he believed that its grand success had been the result of such independence. He said that there was now a need of such an association as had gathered here, and he had his warmest wishes for success, which he predicted would be greater than its founders now realized.

W. C. Bowen was the next speaker, who said that while he was in sympathy and work in the Y. M. C. A. and Sunday meetings, this movement had his hearty co-operation and support, and he alluded to the merging of the Brooklyn Spiritual Conference, into the Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists, as produced by outside influences, and an outrage upon the rights of the regular members of the conference.

Cap. H. H. Brown followed and said: "After the meeting in Everett Hall, on last Saturday evening, on going to my home, I had a spiritual vision in which I saw this hall and this meeting assembled, and it has my warmest sympathy and wishes for its success, and were my labors as an itinerant spiritual lecturer such as I could be at home on Saturday evenings, in Brooklyn, I would be with you in your work."

Hope Whiteley said: "The investigation of Spiritualism through three stages—first, the materialistic; second, the ideal, and third, the spiritual, seems to me that in this new departure, you have stepped from the ideal to the third or spiritual plane, and if you are guided by the principles which called you together in the circular of Brother Cole, your future work will be felt all over the land. I bid you a hearty God-speed."

Col. Wm. Hemstreet was invited to the platform as one who was not a Spiritualist, but a "Spiritual Philosopher." The Colonel said: "I accepted the philosophy of Spiritualism as true, but as yet I have not received the facts that some of you have, to convince me that there is a communion across that barrier from which no traveler returns, and which I have not known my happiness and spiritual growth would be commensurate with this grand idea of the century. With the spirit of the call I am in harmony, although with the last sentence I am not, as yet, convinced with the facts. But if your association is formed, on the broad catholicity of spirit therein contained, and you do not accept or endorse bogus phenomena and fraudulent media, I predict for you a very large, influential and successful association."

Mrs. Jennie Foster, who in former years has been active in the field as a lecturer and medium, was entranced, and the spirit controlling urged upon all who were present to cultivate the "Christ Spirit" as the means of spiritual growth. Mrs. A. E. Cowley said: In this movement, I am with you, heart and soul and rejoice to see such a large assemblage of moral, spiritual and religious people, and the future of this Fraternity is bright and glorious."

Dr. Wm. Fishback said: "My sympathies are with you, and while my advancing age will not permit me to do much active work, I feel as if your labors will be crowned with great success. What I am able to do, I will gladly, and help you in every way."

Judge Wm. Colby said: "I must confess that when I received the circular, I felt as if a movement of this kind might be injudicious and fraught with evil, and had felt so up to my coming here to-night; but now I feel, after listening to the remarks of the several speakers, and feeling 'the baptism of the spirit' that prevails here among you all to-night, that higher powers than ourselves are at work, and have this movement in their hands, and now I believe it is so divinely ordained for great success and usefulness."

Dr. Olmsted related an interesting statement given him in this hall, through Brother Wilson, at a séance, in reference to the death of a friend whom he did not know had passed to the Spirit-world, and that he had in hand a line just received, that it was correct in all particulars. The Dr. said: "My sympathies and labors are with you." Prof. H. M. Parkhurst, the astronomer, who had such remarkable experience with the clairvoyant powers of Miss Mollie Fancher, was present, and was invited as an outsider to make a few remarks. Prof. Parkhurst said: "I did not come here prepared or expecting to speak, but liked the call which has brought us together, and feel that you have had a very interesting meeting, and in the right spirit, and if you will accept only such facts as can be demonstrated by scientific analysis, your list will attract many honest and intelligent people to your meetings." A committee was appointed by the chair, consisting of Judge P. P. Good, Capt. David Dye, and W. H. Rymes, Esq., to report a list of officers, who made the following report: For President, S. B. Nichols; Vice President, D. M. Cline; Secretary, Miss Kate Manning; Treasurer, Mrs. E. E. Howland; and Corresponding Secy., Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, W. H. Rymes, which report was accepted and the officers subsequently elected.

The President on taking the chair made a few congratulatory remarks upon the favorable auspices in which the association commenced its work. The Executive Committee were by vote invited to report on the association at the next meeting, and directed to find, if possible, a larger and more commodious hall.

E. V. Wilson was invited to give the opening address, Saturday evening, January 24th, on "Our Conference Work."

Among other well known and representative men and women present, were W. H. Rymes, E. Butterick, Thomas Rice, John Todd, Dr. John C. Wynne, Dr. E. Howland, Frank Kim, Dr. Fallock, Charles J. Warner, Mrs. HOFFEY and many others. Letters of regret were read from Henry Kiddie and Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, who were detained by prior engagements from meeting with us. A kind and fraternal letter was read from A. E. Newton, Ancora, N. J., giving warm greetings and important suggestions.

To the brotherhood and sisterhood of whatever name, race or faith, we send our greeting of fellowship and good-will, and while we cannot all "see" by the eye, we can each and all work for the upbuilding of the "Kingdom of Heaven" in the life that now is.

S. B. NICHOLS,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Oliver Spivey, of Zimmermannville, Ohio, writes: Please allow me to express in the columns of your valuable and widely circulated paper to say a few words concerning Dr. J. M. Peebles. It is a duty that should have been performed long since. He was in our midst a few days last fall, and delivered a series of the most able and scientific lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, that was ever heard in this part of the country. We think he is a man true to the cause and profession. We hope he will continue to proclaim the grand truths of immortality to the world. His short stay with us was highly appreciated. We hope he will at some future time favor us with another call.

W. B. Garr writes: I like the way you conduct the JOURNAL and expose errors and battles for the truth. If exposing false and tricky mediums is fighting Spiritualism, fight it. If that will win Spiritualism, ruin it, for we want nothing but truth as it is unfolded to us through a knowledge of God's eternal laws. I am not afraid that Spiritualism will go down, by its own friends fighting the false and deceptive in its ranks. No true and honest medium will object to any test required of one by a true Spiritualist or honest skeptic. Battle them!

James Chase writes: I would not do with out the JOURNAL for five times the price. Go on my dear brother, in the cause of weeding out all frauds, and you will reap the reward of the pure in heart.

Indorsement of the Views of Mrs. E. L. Saxon—Out in the Cold.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just read in your issue of January 10th, the admirable and truthful article from your able correspondent, Mrs. E. L. Saxon. I heartily indorse all the words contained in her letter, and wish they might be written in letters of gold upon the blue sky above us, that all might read them in the clear light of a noonday sun. Such words are needed to guard the young and inexperienced from falling into that maelstrom of destruction, wherein so many have been shipwrecked. I have long since learned that many dark and wicked things have been done in the name of Spiritualism, and that there must be some very bad spirits in the Spirit-world. In the minds of some of my acquaintances, good honest people, the word Spiritualism is associated with "free-lovers," "easy divorces," and all the "looseness" which is so repugnant to virtue and good morals. I know that many say the same dark things are done in the churches, and by those calling themselves "Spiritual teachers." But the advocates of Spiritualism have professed to have a better and a purer doctrine than the churches, and have called to their aid the more exalted spheres of "heaven" who are dwellers in more exalted spheres. I fear that reason in many instances, has been deflected and a blind credulity taken its place. Many, in haste to deny all the teachings of the past, have gone so far as to ridicule everything between the lids of the Bible, forgetting the beautiful truths which Jesus taught and produced, and ignoring all that divine inspiration through which we move and have our being. For such a selfish opinion must soon be ignored and ridiculed by Spiritualists. When the soul sits dumb in the shadow of a great affliction, what can it do but cast itself into the arms of a loving Father, and trust, implicitly, in his divine goodness. Let us remember that our reason was given us to "try the spirits" and we have a right to judge of their advice and teachings, the same as we would the advice and teachings of any friend who still dwells among us.

OUT IN THE COLD.

As the storm increased, and the biting winds came moaning by my cottage door, and while the "beautiful snow" fell down, covering the brown frozen earth with its fleecy whiteness, how grand and inspiring, thought I, such a storm might be if everybody was well housed, and nobody was "out in the cold." There is a majesty in the "driving snowstorm," the sluggish blood stirs in our veins while we wrap our drapery about us, and go out to face the merciless winds. The poets may write of "balmey Springs," of summer with her "dancing train," and of the "Autumn tints," but the gray old Winter, with its hoary head, snow-clad hills, and ice-banded rivulets, is not to be overlooked by artists or philosophers.

There is joy, on a winter's night, to those blest with home and friends, as they gather around the glowing grate, which summer, with fiercer warmth and beauty, does not bring. There is a restful, home-like feeling, while we sit by the familiar grate, with dear friends, who know us by name, and the wind harp chants its solemn music among the leafless trees. There may be vacant chairs in the household, and sad eyes looking down upon so many silent pictures on the wall; still we nestle closely to each other, and pray that our loved angels may guide us safely over life's wintry sea.

But alas! how many there are who have no home, no pleasant fireside and friends to greet them when they return; and who, with no one, rich in love, to cheer them in hours of sadness and dependency. As I write I recall the faces of little children whom I saw, in the city of B., the other day—children with pinched faces, who looked as though light and love had been crushed out of them! "Poor starved hearts," I said, mentally, as the motley throng passed by me. There were women, too, "out in the cold," and standing in the "fierce wind," trying to sell apples and oranges sufficient to eke out a scanty living. The "beautiful snow," which lay in a massive mantle upon the streets and towers of the great city, had no poetic charm for them. Disconsolate looking men, too, were there, with countenances that spoke plainly of want and privation, and the "cry of the unemployed" still reaches me in imagination, the retirement of home.

But there are others, besides those I have mentioned, who are "out in the cold," criminals in society, those persons who are bereft of manhood, who are void of self-respect, and who are deprived of all the dear associations that make life desirable. I cannot think of the prisoner, in his lonely cell, without deep commiseration. I cannot see him, shut away from God's blessed sun, and the bright stars of heaven, and illumine his rugged way, and not myself: What was his antecedents? what his childhood? what his temptations? and if he were not educated in the street? I think of the "gilded saloon," of the gaming table, and of the thousand snares which the youth encounters as he walks the thoroughfares of life. I recall the "Five Points," and the "North Streets" of our large cities; the thousands, yes, millions of human beings who are born in poverty and in ignorance, surrounded by every condition to induce crime, who are not only left out in the cold, but often visited by the universal execration of society.

But it is an occasion of joy to the friends of progress, that the desert of sorrow, and the prison houses of crime in our world, are being slowly visited by the healing breezes of universal love, and on the long road of peace, instead of the scalding, tear, is being dropped the reviving dew of human sympathy and hope. May the rising sun of philanthropy ascend the frozen summits of church and state, like the returning Cancer over the northern icebergs! Then will peace reign among the nations, and society will no longer be the prisoner's executioner, but the "prisoner's friend."

I look up from my paper, as I write, and out at the window. Behold, there is a rift in the clouds! The storm has ceased, the winds are dying away in the distance, and the blue sky is the precursor of a brighter morrow. Now, the sunshine upon the wintry landscape, and every tree and shrub is bathed in golden light. So we will trust, that in the opening future, the heart of humanity, now rigid and cold as marble, and selfishness, may become warmed and enlightened by the Sun of the All-wise Father, and that there may be one brotherhood, with none left "out in the cold."

Hopedale, Mass.
H. N. GREENE BUTTS.

Défense of the Mediumship of Mrs. Crindle.

Is your issue of 6th ult. published a letter from here, signed "C. H. S.," that does great injustice to the worthy lady, and one of the best mediums on earth, on the Continent, and on this as far as heard from; I refer to Mrs. Crindle, C. H. S. says, "has been frequently exposed by good, true, and honorable Spiritualists, and only patronized by a few silly women, and easily humbugged men." This is simply assertion. All intelligent readers will readily perceive the vast difference between bare assertion and actual exposure, and I would not, without fear of a successful contradiction, that in no one single instance, has she been exposed, by either good, bad, or indifferent Spiritualists, or any one else, and that C. H. S. never saw such exposure, or the proof of it, and never interested himself or herself, in the cause of truth, to personally test the varied phenomena through Mrs. Crindle's wonderful mediumship.

Most of these denunciations emanate from persons claiming to be mediums, and why? Because they see that the good, true and honorable Spiritualists who regularly attend Mrs. Crindle's sances, with scarcely an exception, become her warmest friends, and influence many others to go where they can see the most convincing manifestations, and an intelligent discriminating public indicate by actions, their preference for Mrs. Crindle. Mrs. Crindle, Mrs. Bred, Mrs. Frances, (sane writer) and Mrs. C. have always been well patronized on account of their startling and reliable manifestations. I mention these, as they are among the most prominent and popular mediums of our city.

I am authorized to say, that when C. H. S. mentions the name of Mrs. Dr. Morison, who bears a good reputation as a medium, and the language attributed to her, that it is without her authority, and that she never to any person, spoke derogatorily of Mrs. Crindle or her mediumship. C. H. S. makes his or her ignorance apparent, in stating that Mrs. Crindle refuses to be placed under strictly test conditions. Within the past two weeks she held a séance at the house of a Spiritualist, under

stringent conditions, being placed under a mosquito bar (netting) securely tucked on the carpet all around her, and in that situation the usual manifestations were exhibited: three and four musical instruments were played upon at one time, accompanied by independent voices and singing; also strong materialization and tests of spirit identity were given to entire strangers; in fact, I may say a matter of fact she never gives materializing sances, except under test conditions, always inviting examination of room and persons. This "about" correspondent is so wilfully ignorant or actuated by unworthy motives, by publishing this statement you will add another proof to your reputation for fairness and desire to promote truth; also partially repair the injury done Mrs. C., and greatly oblige many friends.

OBSERVER.
San Francisco, Cal.

H. B. Bisbee writes: Your course is fully approved by every one with whom I have conversed. If a living business cannot be done with genuine coin, it would be better to abandon it than make use of the counterfeit.

J. A. Gilbert writes: I must here state that I am well pleased with the way you conduct the JOURNAL, especially with your treatment of frauds. How to the line, brother; we want nothing but the truth.

M. E. Parrott writes: I now feel that I cannot give up the JOURNAL. It is indeed a lamp to my pathway. Go on in your noble work.

Mrs. Geo. F. Richardson writes: This year I like the JOURNAL. It is good. (Gets better with age.)

N. Ladd writes: I like the way you are conducting the JOURNAL.

L. Fish writes: I can not do without the JOURNAL.

L. Barrett writes: I like your way of sifting out impostors.

Notes and Extracts.

Had there never been a cloud there had never been a rainbow.

Good temper is like a sunny day, shedding brightness on everything.

When an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you would rather lose.

Angelic spirits who have endured our trials sympathize with our condition, watch us steadfastly, and anxiously wait our advent.

The current coin of life is plain, sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that man than with aught else.

Mental pleasures never elude; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Men of great and stirring powers, who are destined to mold the age in which they are born, must first mold themselves upon it.—Ole Rigde.

Quicker than pounds of gunpowder will give an ordinary rock, you can blast a great reputation with an ounce of scandal.—Erratic Emigrant.

Reflect upon your present blessings of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.—Charles Dickens.

Every age has instituted persecutions against all who responded to the touch of angel fingers, all who listened to the voices of inspiration, borne to their ears from spheres above.

Though it may not be in your power, said Marcus Aurelius, to be a naturalist, a poet, an orator, or a mathematician, it is in your power to be a virtuous man, which is the best of all.

Religion is not an arbitrary or imaginary thing, but founded upon eternal truth and right, or it never can have any foundation at all. Religion is the practice of virtue.—Clarke.

The foundation of every house should be truth, the timbers virtue, the clapboards faith and the roof charity, while the sewer should be so constructed that the devil cannot crawl in the back way.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Every kind word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the ark-sent dove, and returning from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul.

Like children, we are daily hearing that condition where we can look out upon the world and drink in its beauties, for there is far more of the beautiful than the ugly; and far more good than evil; far more honesty than dishonesty.

Strabo asserts that when the beams of the rising sun first shone upon the famous statue of Memnon in the morning it uttered an articulate sound; that he was an ear witness to the same; doubts whether the sound came from the statue.

Satan was originally constituted lord of this earth long ages before the creation of man, and that he fell under condemnation for refusing to worship God—whom Satan in his pride and stubbornness refused to do—and therefore, with his subject angels, was cast out of the habitation and government of this world.

The effect of false religious teachings cannot be eradicated in a day, because they live in the spirit, even after the change called death has taken place, and from their low assimilation with mankind, they have become a part of the bone and marrow of every child of earth; and the same system which brought these conditions into existence, still fosters and sustains them.

When a Jew or Jewess dies, the vessels of water are at once emptied, because it is supposed that the spirit of the departed baptizes him or herself before leaving the earth for the spheres, and the water is then impure. When a lady dies in her acouchment, the couch is rearranged daily for thirty days, because the departed spirit is supposed to visit it once every twenty-four hours for that time.

Shooting Stars.—In Rutherford's shooting star is looked upon as the track of an angel flying to receive a departed spirit, or of a righteous soul going up to heaven. In the latter case it is believed that if a wish is uttered, at the moment when the star shoots by, it will go straight up with the rejoicing spirit to the throne of God. So when a star falls the Servians say, "Some one's light has gone out," meaning some one is dead.

The sorrows and horrors of a wife with a drunk husband, or a mother with a drunken son, are as near the realization of hell, as can be reached in this world, at least. The shame, the indignity, the sorrow, the sense of disgrace for herself and children, the poverty (and not infrequently the beggary), the fear and struggle and despair of countless women with drunken husbands, are enough to make all women curse and engage unadvisedly to oppose it everywhere, as the worst enemy of the sex.—Watchword.

Mr. Home stated in his evidence before the committee of the London Diocesan Society, appointed on January 26th, 1879, to investigate "Spiritualism," that precisely as we go to sleep we are weak in the other world, and bad spirits see the continuous results of the wrong they have done. Another witness, Signor Damiani, stated that there is no distinction of rank in the other world; where there exists a regular republic—a democracy. Bad men have to go through an "expiation," suffering mentally and repeating, but there is no physical suffering. Mrs. Crindle well said in her evidence, "do not believe in a special devil, but the imperfect spirits are all in a manner devils."

Circumstances often determine how much show a man shall make. To be famous depends on some fortuitous; to be a president depends on the acute smellers of a few politicians and a mysterious set of wires; to be rich depends on birth of luck; to be intellectually eminent may depend on the appointment of Providence; but to be a man in the sense of substance, depends solely on one's own noble ambition and determination to live in contact with God's open atmosphere of truth and right.—Sir Elias.

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Are All Human Souls Immortal?

By J. MURRAY CARB.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The theory of the "Immortality of all forms of life," has been almost universally accepted by Spiritualists, very much in the same manner as the orthodox have accepted the traditional belief in an eternal hell. I am therefore not disappointed that an attack upon this belief should meet with a vigorous opposition.

A spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Clara A. Robinson, denies my statements, but the denial is unsupported by reason and, therefore, has no weight in a logical discussion. Bro. Preyer does not seem to understand my position thoroughly, and furthermore, destroys the consistency of his article by making two diametrically opposite statements—one in which he asserts that "the soul cannot exist before life, as life is an organized power," and another, a quotation from Winslow as authority, that "the soul, the agent, must exist before the body, the instrument, can operate."

God directly has no more to do with man than He has with the little insects we tread beneath our feet. We are hedged in on all sides by laws which we cannot transgress without suffering the penalty.

I have before presented considerable evidence to prove that the spirits of animals and vegetable life are not immortal, which none have attempted to answer. If this is granted, then I have only to prove that retrogression may take place in the after life, when my position becomes demonstrated.

In our last communication to the JOURNAL, we gave a few facts connected with our experiences since we became firm believers in the beautiful doctrine of Spiritualism. The account which has been sent to the JOURNAL, merely extends over a week or two of our communication with our spirit children.

Then, if the lower orders of animal life be not immortal, what evidences have we that man is? The Materialist says he is not. The Christian draws the dividing line between man and animals on traditional statements. Now, since we know that everything in the universe is governed by law, and that every law has a penalty or reward calculated to enforce or impel obedience, falling in which it inevitably destroys the offender, hence, the rational conclusion must be that the law draws its own lines.

We thus see that retrogression of soul is possible in earth life; and that this retrogression is a result of violated law.

It is claimed that spirits enter the future state in precisely the same condition they leave this. If they are bad men here, they will be bad spirits there. Now, if violated law causes retrogression of the spirit in earth life, what is there to abrogate the action of this law in spirit life?

I can realize in my inner nature more clearly than express in words, the condition of these lost souls. As Bro. Tuttle beautifully expresses it, "Atom by atom they are absorbed into the bosom of the universal spirit essence."

Several times when the clock has stopped, we for a test have asked them the time, and they have in every case, rapped out the exact time to a second, as we afterwards ascertained by comparing with city time.

I have now finished my work which I have been directed to do by an influence I could not well resist. It has been the means of drawing out thought upon a subject which hitherto has received too little attention, and I hope good will follow.

Mr. David Whitney Continues the Story of Spirit Experiences in his Family.

In our last communication to the JOURNAL, we gave a few facts connected with our experiences since we became firm believers in the beautiful doctrine of Spiritualism. The account which has been sent to the JOURNAL, merely extends over a week or two of our communication with our spirit children.

Here may be well to give a brief outline of Lewie. At the time that he entered the Spirit-world, Feb. 2nd, 1877, he was twenty-one years of age. I can not better extend to your readers a more comprehensive view of his life among us, than to quote a few lines from the Omaha Herald, of Feb. 2nd, 1877.

The good that he has done lives after him, and every day it seems that we almost can see his bright face; his face is not shut out from us, and in our hearts blossom every day memories that will never fade.

merrily when any good joke or story is told; again in his way as of old, talking to us of business matters known only among us, advising what is best to do in many cases, and even telling us the whereabouts of our traveling men out on the road.

Often while we have been sitting around the room reading aloud or conversing, audible and distinct raps are heard on the table, the chairs of the children, and in various parts of the room, answering "Yes," to some pleasant story, or tipping the table to show their pleasure in our doings; we all have heard them distinctly right in our midst; time and time again when we were not expecting them in the least, hands have touched us on our faces, hands and heads.

At the present writing, and often about the room in broad daylight, we all have seen lights, which appear and disappear right before us. Our spirit children claim when questioned in regard to these matters that the manifestations are all accomplished through the mediumship of our loved ones at home, and they firmly insist, when asked if any one else shall put their hands on the table, that no one shall touch it but the children—to show, as they say, to unbelievers that it is genuine, and that there is no chance for fraud or deception.

Several times when the clock has stopped, we for a test have asked them the time, and they have in every case, rapped out the exact time to a second, as we afterwards ascertained by comparing with city time.

Culture of the Will.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

The will power as a cure of bodily ills has been assigned a prominent place by A. J. Davis, and many have been disposed to carp at the great influence he has given it: He would have us will disease away, and those who are suffering, attempting this and miserably failing at once conclude that the method is false.

The child whose will is "broke," has no character, and becomes the tool of the stronger-willed. Parents are responsible for a terrible crime when they adopt such a course of training. Nothing but ignorance of the result can in the least excuse them.

Parents should regard the plans and purposes of their children with the greatest tenderness, and whenever these are proper they should encourage them in carrying them out to completion.

That no record of such a vote has ever been produced, and no such mortgage has ever been placed or recorded.

That Mr. Mendum tried to induce Mr. Savage to sign a deed containing a clause that the Lecture Fund had been invested in the Building, when no such investment had been legally made.

Concerning the title to the property, Mr. Ellis makes still more disquieting statements, substantially as follows:— 1. That the original deed of the Paine

the power of the will; "not only can it gain mastery over the body, defying the pangs of hunger, and the fever of thirst, and the keenest arrows of pain, it treads the desires beneath its feet, and shows how much stronger is the spirit than the body. When such control is gained and directed by the knowledge which will be its accompaniment, the body will no longer be a fetter to the spirit."

Wanted—A Committee of Investigation.

A week from to-day, on the birthday of Thomas Paine, January 29, the Paine Memorial Corporation will hold their First Annual Meeting in this city. At the same time an appeal is made by the Investigator for new subscriptions to the Corporation's stock, on the ground that "the stock cannot fail to be a good investment."

The obligation to do this is twofold: first, to the individual Liberals of the country, and especially to our own subscribers, who have a right to expect fair warning from us, when we have such serious grounds as these to fear that they are in danger of being made the victims of imposition in the name of "Liberal principles," and involved in heavy but unsuspected pecuniary liabilities; and, secondly, to the liberal cause itself, which has been already sufficiently degraded and disgraced by unblushing licentiousness without becoming loaded down still further with financial dishonor.

Two main points are made by Mr. Ellis, one respecting the Lick Lecture Fund and the other, respecting the title to the Paine Memorial Building. His positions, apparently substantiated by unimpeachable documents, are essentially these with respect to the first point:— 1. That in 1873, James Lick gave the equivalent of about \$20,000 to five trustees; one half to be put into the Paine Memorial Hall Building Fund, the other half to be used as a Lecture Fund, and (by necessary implication) not to be put into the Building Fund.

That Mr. Mendum, tried to induce Mr. Savage to sign a deed containing a clause that the Lecture Fund had been invested in the Building, when no such investment had been legally made.

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Memorial land was executed to Messrs. J. P. Mendum, Horace Seaver, and T. L. Savage, as "joint tenants," or (in effect) trustees.

That Messrs. Seaver and Savage undertook to sell the Memorial for one dollar to Mr. Mendum in his own name, but were prevented from doing this by the advice of counsel, who warned them that trustees can not sell or dispose of their trust, and that new trustees can only be appointed by the Court.

That Mr. Mendum, however, held in his own name a previous second mortgage on the property of \$12,000—that Mr. Savage had previously prevented a foreclosure of this mortgage and sale of the Memorial, on May 4th, 1877, by threatening an injunction on the ground that this mortgage was fraudulent, and not good for its face; but that, on October 27th, 1877, after Mr. Savage had retired, this mortgage was nevertheless foreclosed, and the Memorial was sold at auction to Mr. Mendum.

That Mr. Mendum, on October 15th, 1878, deeded the property to the Paine Memorial Corporation in his individual name, and the corporation take their only title from him, although his own title was invalid.

That the legal title to the property still vests in the three "joint tenants" to whom the land was originally sold, Messrs. Mendum, Seaver, and Savage, and the Paine Memorial Corporation have no legal title at all to the property which they imagine they have bought.

If these are the facts, the stock issued by the Paine Memorial Corporation is worthless, instead of being a "good investment," and the "liberal public" who are now urgently solicited to take stock on that ground have an indefeasible right to be informed fully on all these points: Those who have already taken stock are still more interested to know the truth. The stockholders can have no more important business, at their approaching First Annual Meeting, than to appoint a committee of investigation, composed of their most-capable, honest, and disinterested men, whose duty it shall be to institute a thoroughly exhaustive inquiry into the actual status of the Lick Lecture Fund, and the actual status of their own title to Paine Memorial Building.

AN IMPORTANT PERSONAL ITEM.—Charles S. Prentice, of Toledo, O., went to Paris and thence to England to be treated for Bright's disease, and after the best physicians of both countries had done what they could for him, gave up in despair and returned to America to die. He received further treatment from other skillful physicians without benefit, and while helplessly lingering in pain and anguish, he says, "heard of the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, took it, and was completely cured in a few weeks. He gives circumstantial details of his painful experience and astonishing cure, in a long letter to H. H. Warner & Co., which will be forwarded on application."

The person chiefly interested in the article is Mr. J. P. Mendum, publisher of the Investigator. We have never had the slightest trouble with Mr. Mendum; we entertain no unkindly feeling whatever towards him; and we do not now prejudice the case against him. If he is able to explain all his transactions satisfactorily, we shall heartily rejoice; and we offer him the free use of these columns, in order to make his explanation in the same journal where those transactions have been challenged.

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