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Biographical Sketch of Emma R. Tuttle.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

Nothing is of greater interest to humanity, than humanity itself. The experience and growth of one, is in some manner an epitome of all; for each is but a blossom, springing out of "that Unity, that Over-soul, within which every man's particular being is contained, and made one with all others; which evermore tends to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty." Through one individual, who has kept in close vital relationship with this divine and infinite fountain, what trials have been surmounted, what aspirations have been kindled, what work has been accomplished, and what positive good has been added as a moral force to society!

The quiet life of daughter, sister, wife, mother and friend, unheralded by adventitious aids, may be, if truly told, a beacon light to many another. Especially is this true of the pure lives of those inspirational and progressive women of the age, who should shine as stars upon the furthestmost horizon of advanced civilization; for we are really just emerging from midnight, as far as this half the race is concerned; nor can the effulgence of full day dawn over the mountains which we are painfully traversing—mountains of ignorance, prejudice and custom—until freedom and opportunity are recognized as the heritage of every immortal child of God.

The life of Emma Rood Tuttle, the subject of this sketch, is an excellent example of the laws of heredity and environment. Her maternal grandparents were sterling New Englanders, of mobile French and solid Welsh stock, who were founders of a sensitive and impressive, yet hardy race. They removed to Braceville, Trumbull Co., Ohio, early in the century, soon after their marriage, when such a journey was more formidable than circumnavigating the globe at the present day. Here on the very farm where a happy childhood was spent, her mother was married, and here Emma was born, in the year 1839. Here, too, she, a happy child, grew up to beautiful, healthy and rounded womanhood.

The recollections of those early days are a "joy forever" to one, reared as she was, in the noble, simple and affectionate atmosphere of home. Just across the street lived the grandparents, who made another home for the warm-hearted girl. Here the child nourished that love of nature which sings through all her poems.

Happy the organization nourished amid such wholesome influences! The grandmother tall, precise, intellectual, but loving; the grandfather hearty, impulsive and cheery,—from both, as well as from the parents, were derived stanch and noble traits of character. The grandfather was a singer of songs, many of which were his own composition, and none who ever heard his magnetic voice, can forget that music which was born in his very soul and which greatly aided to develop the love of it in Emma. He first inspired her with a taste for lyric poetry, and taught her to sing and play. She says, "No prima donna ever felt better satisfied with herself than did I, when grandpapa had taught me to sing and play. 'The Frog who did a Courting Go,' standing between his knees. Her mother was also a natural musician.

Her earliest religious recollections are attended with going to church at Newton Falls, three miles distant, with these same grandparents. The church was built in a grove, through which ran a bright river, with banks green to the water's edge, and here the earliest bluebells and crocuses of spring, peeped up to smile at the gullest young creature, who smiled back her love into their faces. They taught her lessons of natural poetry, which welled and throbbled in her gentle bosom. She can remember not a word or thought of the lessons taught inside the building. But in hours of weariness, memory flies back to those quiet hours spent between sermons, on that bright river bank. There she gathered something sweeter and more lasting than



MRS. EMMA R. TUTTLE

flowers, in that holy, worshipful season. Here her first impressions of religion were linked with nature's peace and beauty. That lesson has deepened with years, until God and his workers are indeed one, and worshiped together with far holier zeal than by those who cry for the crucifixion of all earthly pleasures, and regard with contempt all mundane loveliness.

Mr. Rood, the child's father, was a naturally progressive man. He welcomed, with faith in the light of reason, the "Divine Revelations" by the young Poughkeepsie seer, and was ready to listen to the first raps in Rochester, which were revivified to the dawning light of a new day. The daughter remembers his talking about the "knockings," with enthusiastic interest, though to her they were full of ghostly mystery. Shortly after, she was sent to her first boarding school, at Farmington, Ohio. While there, she heard a lecture on "Spirit Rappings," in which Prof. White declared them to be the work of the toe-joints of mediums, but her dearly loved father only laughed at the explanation. At this period, Mr. and Mrs. Rood were members of the Methodist church, in which the mother was renowned for zeal and good works. Mr. Rood, from his progressive tendencies, became naturally a patron of the first lectures and circles held in the interests of Spiritualism. Fearing for the welfare of his soul, the devoted wife made a compact that if he would continue attending church with her half the time, she would go to lectures and circles with him the remaining half. But the household became soon united. The sensitive, impressionable woman, always open to the truth, after going with her husband a half dozen times, not only became a convert to the belief, but a good medium, as well, and a happier soul never dwelt in mortal garb. Her pure, unselfish and devotional nature attracted the communion of similar spirits, and as long as she remained on earth, these were her closest and dearest companions.

While these changes were occurring at home, Emma continued still at the Western Reserve Seminary, where, on account of her studious habits and early piety, she was considered a most promising pupil. But alas! the new belief had crept into her father's family, and of course the maiden's very soul must be jeopardized. Consequently, not only the church, but the school-faculty, began their labors for her welfare. But, with all her gentle traits, Emma had inherited moral courage, in a rare degree. Disturbed by their assertion that only a low class of people accepted the new light, and feeling keenly the insult offered to her revered parents, she shortly after withdrew with them from the church. Its members seemed to regard her as a lamb gone astray from the fold, and after the first shock was over, treated her kindly. But the lamb never returned. She found sweeter pastures and clearer waters in the new fields of broad and glorious truth.

That school-girl, now a woman, says: "I see a great change in that church. Last season, the same old building, elegantly refitted, was opened for my husband and myself to give an evening entertainment. He lectured, and I assisted with dramatic readings, and dear old friends filled every seat from gallery to desk. During the evening I sang one of my inspirational songs, which was received with great applause. Twenty years ago they would have feared it, imagining a ghost behind every par of music."

And they would have been cautious indeed, had they failed to appreciate this exquisite song, which has been set to music by James G. Clark:

THE UNSEEN CITY.

I think of a city I have not seen,
Except in my hours of dreaming,
Where the feet of mortals have never been,
To darken its soft, soft gleaming,
A shimmer of pearl and glist of gold,
And a breath from the soul of roses,
With brightness and beauty all untold,
Steal over my calm repose,

As I dream of the city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

I think of that city, for oh! how oft:
My heart has been wrung at parting
With friends all pale, who with foot-falls soft,
To its airy heights were starting,
I see them again in their raiments white,
In the blue, blue distance dwelling,
And I hear their praises in calm delight
Come down on the breezes swelling.
As I dream of a city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

That beautiful city is home to me:
My loved ones are going thither,
And they who already have crossed the sea,
Are calling "Come hither, hither."
Oh! the tender eyes that I worshiped here
From the golden heights behold me,
And their songs enchant their raptured ear,
When the wings of slumber fold me,
As I dream of a city I have not seen,
Where the feet of mortals have never been.

Once out of theological thralldom, her soul swiftly expanded. At that time she received valuable assistance from a French lady, Madame Angeline Le Petit Martin, the mother of the celebrated artist, Lily Spencer. Madame Martin resided in Braceville, and was known in church circles as an "infidel," and a believer in the "Rights of women," both terms of abhorrence. Emma had always longed to enter the delightful home of this brave woman. But, hitherto the atmosphere had been considered dangerous by Mrs. Rood. Now, however, the character of Madame Martin was estimated at its true value, and Emma began to study French, and to take lessons in sketching and painting from nature, but she learned much more than these. With contagious enthusiasm, her teacher whirled the young girl over all the radical issues of the day, and the latter looks back with gratitude to the impressions then made in those long hours of converse, as well as for an insight into the laws of art, which has been a growing joy, all her life. By its means, through pencil and brush, she has been able to gladden friends and render home attractive.

Those were days of great mental activity. At the age of seventeen she began writing for the press; among other things, she contributed a series of articles for the *Universe*, published at Cleveland, O., and also her first poems; for, all her life this imaginative, vivid soul had sung songs, and dreamed dreams, and nature was willing, pure and clear, with rhythmical impulse in her young brain; some of these productions were afterward included in "Blossoms of our Spring," jointly with those of Mr. Tuttle. Meantime, she was called from school, where her studies would soon have terminated, by the illness of her mother, who shortly after passed from this life, gently and beautifully, as daylight fades away. It shows how steadfast and reliable was this eldest daughter, for the mother confided the care of the three younger children entirely to her, and one was but an infant. During several weeks, Mrs. Rood seemed to dwell more in the next sphere than this; she saw beautiful landscapes in the summer land; she was daily visited by friends who had ascended there, and discoursed with joy of the change awaiting her. Fully realizing that she was not to enter the grave, she looked upon the very home where dear ones dwelt, and, only the separation from her family on earth, a separation for a brief space, gave her grief. Anxious to spare them the shock she gently prepared them for the inevitable parting, telling of the lovely home which was ready for her spirit, and assuring all of her guardianship and affection, and of her certainty of helping them to lead good, true, noble lives. What words can paint the preciousness of Spiritualism in the face of such a separation? The dear Madonna of the household, so lovely in character that every one, far and near, looked upon her almost with a feeling of veneration; lay upon her death-bed, and lo! the very heavens were opened and exalted intelligences anointed her eyes, that they might see the glories of that radiant land where there are no more partings, while

she translate the spiritual consolations into our poor, common words!

As death approached, she lay speechless, but conscious, looking upon those who watched her every breath; evidently she longed to say a final word, and this was done through the lips of another, Mrs. J. Walker, of Youngstown, Ohio, a medium who was sitting by the bedside, and inspired to give the farewell in verse, exactly in Mrs. Rood's style of composition. As the last of the stanzas died upon the hushed air, the dear, emancipated spirit gently breathed itself out of its wasted tenement, without a sigh or the fluttering of an eyelid.

At the funeral, the daughter experienced her first positive spiritual control. As she was about to take a last look of the dear form, soon to be laid away forever, a terrible sinking faintness came over her, which alarmed the friends. Out of this she was lifted by the strong magnetic influence of disembodied spirits, into an atmosphere of peace and strength, wherein she lived for two weeks; a period of exaltation, in which she was the comforter and supporter of the sorely stricken father, who mourned so inconsolably. Daily this young girl went about her duties, with the light of the upper world crowning her still childish brow,—a light which sanctified and deepened her consecrated nature. It stamped her as one enlisted in the ministry of Duty, and she wears its signet still. Talk not to her of idle luxury and self gratification; the pathway she entered then at seventeen is still pressed unflinchingly by her footsteps, untempted by shining ambition, undismayed by obstacles. Bravely her unaccustomed fingers took up the threads of life, dropped from the left, clay cold hand which had guided them all these years, and "sister Emma" became the oracle of the saddened household. The sterling truthfulness and conscientiousness of the mother became even deepened in the daughter, who still continues "to guide, to comfort, to command" another household. Here began those lessons of self-help, which blossomed afterward in these lines:

SELF-RELIANCE.

Blow back the veil from my face, oh! winds of the turbulent present!
I wish it aside, although soft and protecting its tissue;
'Tis best to see clear, if the weather be stormy or pleasant,
Wide-eyed to face Life as she faces the soul with her issues.

Ah! I have passed on from the days when in weakness I trembled,
And drew close my veil, when I knew that grim Danger was coming,
Till through it mad fires only rose-colored blossoms reemerged,
And lulled, I walked onward, my gladness melodious humming.

He only is brave, who is brave with an eye to his peril;
And ignorance knows not the meaning of victor or coward;
She plays with red poppies, and circles her forehead so stierly,
Albeit her couch with the poisonous night-shades is bowered.

The years have gone by when the sweetness of weakness was sound,
When innocent ignorance played with her sleepy, white fingers,
While Wisdom, star-crowned, lay neglected, unheeded and wounded,
And bigotry plighted the thorns for the world's knowledge brigades.

We sense the salvation, at length, which is gained by compliance;
With reason and truth—never once by their dire crucifixion;
They sanctify souls by a wise and devout self-reliance,
Which springs up from growth and is fed by the dew of affliction.

To-day is not good for long dreams among myrtles and roses,
Mad vapors slip round where the fair blossoms smile in the grasses!
Sometime, will come safety and days of delicious repose,
When up all the future roll-blisses in opulent masses.

The published writings of the young girl had called out letters from various sources, among them one from a gentleman, which began an era in her life. It was from a young Ohio farmer, a chosen instrument in the hands of supermundane intelligences, and who had already done earnest work in the radical cause. She had read of his remarkable development and profound writings, but supposed him to be an elderly man, instead of one only a few years her senior. This letter is so characteristic, that I cannot refrain from giving it to the reader.

BERLIN HEIGHTS, OHIO,
Feb. 11th, 1857.

MISS EMMA ROOD,—Esteemed Friend—
Excuse the liberty I take in addressing this note to you, but I do so to excuse myself for sending a copy of "Life in the Spheres," which will reach you about the same time. I send it as a slight recompense for the pleasure your poetry in the *Universe* has given me, and perhaps if you have not already perused it, some pleasure may come back to you.

Here on the farm, my friends are few, though my acquaintances are many, and my pen supplies the place of tongue, in conversing with those who are congenial. I often lecture in neighboring towns, but it is always that I return home with pleasure; it is so quiet and places me in such close contact with nature. The little nook down in the pen where I write, when the weather is pleasant, I welcome as an old friend. Although there are many reformers here, they are, as in most places, wonderfully afraid of the conservatives, and can boast but little many independence. But we can

bear slight persecutions, when we know what the end will be!

I know a reform is sometimes destructive in its awakening hours. It is like the avalanche on the mountain's brow, which rushes down the steep, sweeping everything away in promiscuous ruin. It then slowly melts, sending a crystal stream meandering to the ocean, nourishing the flowers blushing on its banks, the strong trees, and countless forms of life. Though the commencement is rough and terrible, the end is peaceful and lovely.

But I have written, instead of an excuse, a little letter, spun out much longer than I intended.

A letter from you would be acceptable.

Truly,
Hudson Tuttle.

So suspicious a beginning, could have but one ending. On the 12th of the ensuing Oct. Hudson Tuttle and Emma Rood were married, and their united lives are on the very farm where he was born, and which is still their pleasant home. How delightful to chronicle a union like this, where the family circle is the repository of the best elements of our coming civilization; whose broad sympathies ramify toward every righteous effort to benefit humanity; where inspiration, reverently recognized, is subject to the inspection of virtue and truth, and where husband and wife are peers in all good works of hand or brain. Such as they, live not according to the laws of conformity, but to those divine ideas which are the only masters recognized by loyal souls. Many many more nuptial torches, so faithfully upborn, help to usher the morning of a brighter day than this!

One great shadow darkened the hearthstone a few years since. Mrs. Tuttle's sister, Agnes, after the death of the father, which occurred not long after that of the mother,—became a member of the household, and as a beautiful girl of nineteen, loved by all who knew her, she grew to be its embodied sunshine. A way from home, she was stricken with fierce disease, and in a few hours only, she passed on to the "land of sunshine and eternal spring," while yet the dew sparkled upon the flowers which crowned her lovely head. Out of this great grief sprang the following lines, which have been set to music:

MY LOST DARLING.

Oh, for the voice of an angel to sing
About my lost darling, so tender and true,
Whose eyes were as blue as the skies of the spring,
Whose heart was as pure as her jewels of dew,
I can not mourn her in sorrow and tears,
Life was so glorious and earth was so fair;
Days were but blossoms which grew on the years,
Woven in flower-chains for young life to wear.

Chorus:—
Oh, my lost darling, come down from the skies!
See how I beckon you filled with regret;
Come with the love which was mine in your eyes,
Beautiful angel, remember me yet!

There in the midst of the angelic light,
With aphrodite blooming like gems at your feet,
Oh, turn from the faces so bright and so bright
To dream of the olden days sunny and sweet,
Laugh till the atmosphere wavers with glee,
And gently the angels look up in surprise;
Ah, then would you say you were thinking of me,
Who need to read gospels of love in your eyes?

Chorus:—
Well I remember the wild winter day
When, parting earth's snow-spread, we covered
Her form,
So motionless and cold, with the pillow of clay,
And turned us away with our face to the storm;
Earth had not blossoms enough for our dead,
So all unadorned she went down the dark way,
But the angels had woven fresh flowers for her head,
From the opulent gardens she walks in to-day.

Sometimes I think that the glory of heaven
Hangs like a veil, thickly spangled with stars,
Between us, obscuring a thought of the even,
With gossamer foldings and goldenst bars,
Darling, my darling! I pray and implore
You will not forget me wherever I be,
Just stretch a finger to me from the shore
Whose evergreen banks lie beyond death's dark sea.

The circumstances of Agnes's translation almost crushed the tender heart which had been as a mother's to her, but angels became comforters. Day after day gave personal consolation, whispering messages of holy affection directly to the orphy smitten soul, until her equilibrium was restored. And until now, that dear love and companionship continue to be little less real and palpable, than before she passed from earthly sight into the radiant heaven reserved for the pure in heart. Generally, however, Mrs. Tuttle relies on her unaided powers, and believes in reason, as well as intuition. Only in a few great crises of life, have dwellers in the second sphere, been consciously her monitors, though she is doubtless often open to influx from divine sources. The exquisitely sensitive and musical temperament which bends under the "weary and unimaginable weight of woe," that often embitters existence and finds expression in minor strains, is yet capable of wholesome reaction. The following charming versification is an example:—

SEEKING JENNY HOME.

The sun is sparkling 'neath the moon as if she poured
The brightness
Of all the silvery summer eves upon its white expanse,
While on the hill, past Eagle Creek, the school-house gleams
In white-glances,
And on its top the gilded spire is flashing like a lance.

The distant windows glow like eyes; the clanging bell
Is swinging
And calling to the boys and girls as he has called before,
To boys how men, to girls grown old, to some new angels
Singing
In that sweet home where fall no snows upon the starry floor.

Continued on Eighth Page.

Soul Pills of Doctors of Divinity—Remedy for Remorse—"Lady Macbeth" and "Bill Sykes"—"Made White."

BY REV. S. L. TYRRELL.

Two questions are now uppermost in evangelical councils and ministers' meetings: One is, how can the masses be induced to attend church; the other, how can infidelity be checked.

According to the soundest orthodoxy, this plan which the "angels desire to look into," was laid "from eternity" before man was made.

Now, when we reflect that the idea embraced in this brief synopsis of the plan of salvation are embodied in all the preaching and hymnology of the church, and are on all occasions enforced by warnings and exhortations, to unfeignedly believe them or eternally perish, is it a mystery that we are getting empty and unbelieving rampant?

It is seen at a glance, how reasonings based on this immutable truth, utterly remove the foundation of that cardinal dogma of orthodoxy, the popular idea of a substitutionary or vicarious atonement, and of the demoralizing delusions that grow out of it.

The question whether a just God could punish men and even infants eternally in fire for the sin of Adam, ages before they were born, was so simple a problem that the great mass of the Protestant church answered it long ago in the negative, and those denominations who are not fully pre-

pared to renounce the doctrine of original sin, find great relief from the terrible dogma by an easy remedial provision known in church literature as "baptismal regeneration," by which simple rite a clergyman of "the true apostolic succession," by the application of water on the "totally depraved" infant, and repeating the approved liturgy removes from the child the impending curse of eternal fire for the sin of Eve.

It is incomprehensible how so many sensible religious people seem to retain implicit trust in God as a righteous moral governor, when an act done by any human court involving the same principles as the vicarious atonement, would utterly destroy every ground of respect or confidence in such a tribunal.

The shrewd practical lawgiver of the Jews did not dare to put in practice on earth, his theory of God's heavenly government. No doves, ashes of heifers or blood of lambs were equivalents for crimes in Jewish courts as in the court heaven.

A state of society is conceivable where all would do right for the unselfish love of the right, without regard for penalty or reward, but as human nature really is, society cannot exist without the restraining force of penal law, and the author of man's nature, who "knows what is in man," has hedged in his path on every hand by attaching sure penalties for the infringement of every moral and physical law, and how unreasonable to suppose that a doctrine could emanate from God which is so totally at variance with every known principle of his government.

Believers in the orthodox view of the atonement feel shocked that liberal sects regard their fundamental tenet as highly demoralizing in its tendency, and demoralizing just in proportion as it is unfeignedly believed. But does not observation confirm the assertion, that the most ignorant and immoral branches of the church do accept this doctrine most sincerely, and in its most naked literal form.

Now, if crime increased so marvelously in medieval society, with the price of murders, at the high price of twenty crowns apiece, what must be the natural demoralizing tendency of teaching to the world the dogma of pardon "without money and without price." Orthodox divines grow eloquent as they dilate upon the divine power of the gospel of Christ to remove the strings of conscience and remorse. They tell us that the fasts, pilgrimages, prayers, and self-tortures enjoined by other religions, are all impotent to do this mighty work of silencing in the human soul remorse or sorrow for sin.

How preposterous and even childish seems this popular blood atoning theory as expounded in a late number of the Christian Union. According to this able writer, the "damned" remorseful blood "spot" on "Lady Macbeth's hand" and the ghostly eyes of the "murdered Nancy" that haunted "Bill Sykes" day and night, could be washed out, and turned away, and their tortured spirits made to feel as sweet repose on the "downy pillow" of the "divine sinner" as though their crimes had never been. Strange indeed is such a religious philosophy! Strange remedy for remorse! Poor consolation reason would say, for a "Lady Macbeth" or "Bill Sykes," whose quickened conscience was already frantic with remorse for murder, to be told that in addition to their original crime they had by it involved an

innocent sympathizing friend in suffering sacrifice and death.

To every manly, living soul not deadened or chloroformed by theological drugs, the idea of evading the consequences of its own sin and transferring the penalty to another, and claiming heaven on the strength of borrowed character or "imputed" righteousness, seems most degrading and absurd. But there is a gospel that can cure remorse—a gospel written by the inspiration of the Almighty in the human conscience—a gospel in full accord with eternal justice, which proclaims no free salvation to free will sinners, but says to the sorrowing sinner, make perfect restitution for every wrong—restore the stolen gold with usury, sin no more—go in peace. Jewish D. D's teach that sincere "repentance" is the true atonement, and can we not rationally believe that, the contrite tears of the Hindoo Mahometan, or misguided Christian, who evinces true penitence by self-inflicted tortures, pilgrimages, penances and prayers, will in the eyes of a just and pitying Judge, wash out more guilty stains than the blood of "the innocent one?" It has seemed to liberal thinkers that the time had nearly past for a serious discussion of so trite a theme, but the publication in so popular a paper as the Christian Union of such an article as "Made White," in the number Dec. 24th, shows that there is still a large demand for that theology and that the duty of the liberal and spiritual press to widen the ideas of the conservative churches is not yet done.

Fox Lake, Wis.

Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.

A very large audience filled every nook and corner of the Hall this evening, with many persons seated on the platform, and a feature that has marked all the meetings of our Fraternity so far, was the large number of strange faces new to the spiritual meetings in our city, evidencing a deep and growing interest in the subject among the better classes.

In commencing her lecture she said, "I shall use the term, 'A New Religion,' and she rapidly traced some of the various forms of thought that had swayed the minds of the race in past ages, evolving different forms of worship, and leading mankind from barbarism up to present civilization. The new religion was to elevate woman, and make her the center from which the race would become all that it had been ordained to be.

The speaker said that in the past this movement for the elevation and enlargement of woman's sphere, had been spontaneous, but that in the future it would be more by united work, and cited many instances even now, where woman, by her associative effort, was doing much to ameliorate the sufferings of those who dwell in poverty and ignorance. The new religion would combine the whole man and the whole woman, and from it would evolve greater happiness, greater purity and greater intellectual and spiritual growth.

Col. Jno. C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, was the next speaker, who received a very cordial welcome as one of the standard bearers of Spiritualism in the great West. He said that Spiritualism means right thinking and right living, and that we should not ridicule the churches while we have such vagaries among the people in our faith. He said that we should study the laws by which we could classify the facts, already evolved out of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and urged his hearers to accept nothing from a spirit unless it accords with sound reason and judgment.

W. C. Bowen said: "It is with intense satisfaction that I have listened to the very able and instructive lecture of the evening, and if that is the new religion as shadowed forth in the clear statement of principles, I say, 'Give us the new religion.' I also believe in evolution and also in revolution." He alluded to the publication of Thomas Paine's "Common Sense," which largely

contributed to bring about the American Revolution. He appreciated evolution, and also that spirit as evolved in the life of Jesus, and in our faith, and said, "Let us have a scientific Spiritualism. I heartily endorse the remarks of Col. Bundy as to right living and right thinking."

Mrs. Hope Whipple said: "At this late hour I have but a word. Emerson says that if we are doing anything, we must present it from the higher ground, and I trust this Fraternity will not only have sentiment, but will organize for effective work in the Gospel of Humanity."

Col. Wm. Hemstreet said: "To say that woman's sphere is only at home after listening to the able and exhaustive address of Mrs. Bristol, is an error, and the thought occurred to me while listening—that, if politicians had culged (their brain to evolve a solution of the problem by which the great social questions could be accomplished, they could not have given as clear a statement, or one so grand and apparently easy of solution. What a magic influence would the appearance of such a woman have in a political convention—out of place, some would say; nay, it would refine, purify and elevate. Is Queen Victoria out of place as the ruler of the English nation? We should do all in our power to enlarge the sphere of woman and make her the co-worker and equal with man in every duty, and privilege, civil and political, as well as moral and social; and the lecture to-night convinces any who may have doubted before that she is the peer and equal of man, and like a beautiful rainbow is the lecturer to-night. This is the second time I have heard this address, and shall take every opportunity to hear it again, for we can hardly realize the deep and high benevolence that has placed her in the public lecture field."

Some of our Fraternity have to-day assisted at the funeral exercises, and helped to place the mortal remains of Mrs. J. H. Whitney back to Mother Earth. Mrs. Jennie Foster officiated by special request of our risen sister, who took possession of the medium and spoke through her, organism so clearly, distinctly, as to be recognized, and a committee was appointed by the chair, consisting of D. M. Cole, Abram Kipp, Mrs. S. M. James, Judge Wm. Colt, and Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, as a committee to look after the sick, and especially funerals, that on such occasions our friends could have aid and cordial sympathy.

The chair announced that the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Banner of Light and spiritual books, would be found on the desk of the secretary; also that a meeting of the Board of Directors would be held at the residence of the president, 467 Waverly avenue, Friday evening, for the transaction of important business. Henry Kiddle gives us his new lecture, "The Christ Spirit," on the evening of February 7th, and as Bro. K. has a warm fraternal abiding place in the hearts of us all, we can predict an overflowing meeting.

S. B. NICHOLS, 467 Waverly Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

My Association with the People of the Other World.

BY MRS. AMANDA M. SPENCE.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

In my association, as a medium, with the people of the other world, I have been made aware that they not only operate, at times, on a large scale, moving great numbers of persons simultaneously for the accomplishment of large and important results, as I have illustrated in my last three articles, but that they often interfere in the smallest minutiae of our lives. As will be seen by the examples which will be given in some of my succeeding articles, the spirits with whom I have for so many years been associated, do at times concern themselves with and interfere with the smallest and most unimportant affairs of my daily life and those of my family. Nevertheless, whatever they have done through me for myself, has been done in such a way that, even were I so disposed, I could not surrender my own self-reliance and individuality and depend upon them in anything except such matters as pertain to themselves and their own work.

Spirits have never made any attempt to influence or overawe me or those to whom I have been related as a medium, by claiming to be George Washington, Jesus Christ, Benjamin Franklin, Socrates, Demosthenes, or any one of earth's departed worthies. In all my labors as a medium, I have always been moved to say and do what I have said and done without knowing who it was, by name, that moved me, or was associated with me. Thus both myself and others have been left free to judge of the value of what I have been made to say and do, solely from an investigation of their intrinsic merits. And I would here say, as the result of extensive observation and investigation of the experience of mediums, that, where a spirit announces himself as Daniel Webster, Lord Bacon, Plato, Paul, Swedenborg, or some other person of authority and distinction, further acquaintance with him generally reveals nothing but a great name, the reputation of which is seldom if ever sustained by either the sayings or doings of the medium, as a medium. And I would also remark, in this connection, as the result of my observation and investigation, that, where spiritual influences, by any means whatever, induce mediums to believe that they have some great and extraordinary work to do, or some work that far surpasses in importance that of other mediums; or that, for some particular reason, they, as mediums, are so incomparable, exalted and especially consecrated that they can learn nothing from other mediums, and scoff the idea of comparing experiences with other mediums with a view to the better understanding of their own, and the better understanding of the whole subject of mediumship, I have found that, as a general rule, nothing comes of such mental elation and exaltation but bitter disappointment and defeat to such mediums until they are cured of their vanity and egotism, and become thoroughly reconciled to the conviction that they, like all other mediums, are but small fractional parts of a great movement—so small indeed that when, in after years, there shall be made a general summing up of results and of the means by which they were accomplished, their little quota will be found to be so diluted and lost in the vast aggregate of mediumistic contributions, that they can not be recognized or sorted out from the rest any more than we can, in some vast upheaved coral line of sea coast, sort out the deposit of one polyp from another.

The spirits with whom I have been associated, have always managed their own business in their own way, without any attempt or desire on my part to dictate what should be done or how it should be done. On the other hand, I have always managed

my own personal affairs in my own way, always exercising my best judgment, and following its dictates, except so far as spirits may, in spite of me, have given shape and direction to both my thoughts and my actions, sometimes with, and sometimes without, any direct evidence to me that they were interfering. Thus I seem to live two lives—one in which I submit myself as a formless power wholly to another intelligence, to do its work in its own way; and another in which I live myself, use my own faculties to the best of my ability with the same self assertion and personality as if spirits were but associates upon whom I can no more permit myself to lean or depend than upon my associates in the body. Yet, as I have already intimated, I cannot say that they have kept as clear of all interference with my affairs as I have of theirs. There is one peculiar feature of my experience which inclines me to the belief that, in all probability, my whole life is in their hands—that they, at all times, have a firm hold upon the reins, and, in ways that I do not understand, and for purposes that are in keeping with the general object for which they hold me as a medium, indulge or restrain me in all my individual movements and enterprises according as they see that it is necessary in furtherance of their own work with the people of the earth, or it may be, at times simply in furtherance of my own temporal interests or my own individual development.

The peculiar feature above referred to of my relation to the spirits with whom I have been associated for so many years, and the feature to which I shall have occasion to refer in some of my future articles, is this. Ever since I became a medium I have, at irregular times, felt moved by an influence which I have no desire to resist, to retire alone to some convenient place where I am the least likely to be disturbed by intrusions or noises of any kind, and there place myself in the most comfortable attitude which I can assume, that is, in an attitude in which I am the most free from muscular tension or effort, and also the most free from pressure or contact with any material object, so that there is the least possible amount of physical or outward impression or disturbance to bring me to outward consciousness. Thus situated I pass into a state of deep and absorbing conscious rapport with a spirit or spirits whom I am in the habit of calling my guides. When the rapport is fully established, I commence giving them a report of the exact condition of all my public and private affairs—my relations as a medium to the people at large with whom I am laboring, and the condition of the special work in which I am engaged, and also my relations as an individual, beginning at the larger outer circumference with my relations to people in general, then passing in succession to my social relations and my family relations and ending with my domestic relations—children, husband and self—sometimes descending into the smallest items pertaining to my own personal comfort, such as the dress which I contemplate buying, or the kind of hat which I would like to have. While in this state, everything flows in a clear, unbroken stream of words, so apt, so brief, so adjusted to their purpose, that their use seems to be, not to clothe my thoughts, but to unclothe them and render them perfectly transparent to those to whom I am reporting. In this condition, if it were possible for me to desire to conceal or cover up, or to magnify or diminish anything, I could not. My reports become the absolute truth from which I have neither the power nor the desire to make the least shadow of deviation. When the report is really ended, I cannot continue it by any voluntary effort of my own. If, for instance, there is any item of special interest to myself which I omitted, but which I would like to add to the report, I cannot do it. If it is not in the first run of the clear crystalline truth, it is because it is of no consequence to those with whom I am in communion, and if I attempt to report it, my mind gets confused or becomes a blank and I cannot conceive a thought or think a word.

Furthermore, I cannot make these reports whenever I choose. I cannot put myself into the state; and if I undertake it, as I have sometimes done when I supposed that some special event urgently required to be brought to the knowledge of my guides, my mind either becomes torpid and I fall asleep, or else it flies off to every imaginable subject but the one upon which I try to concentrate it. I do not always get any evidence that spirits make my reports the basis of their actions, whether in behalf of myself, or of others, or of the spiritual movement at large. In many cases, however, it is very obvious that they do, as will be seen in the account of the Bucksport affair which I published in my last article, and as will also be seen in the illustrations which I shall give in this point hereafter.

A Heavy Sleeper.

A boy in the service of Thomas Fawcett, of Gate, Eng., lately accompanied his master in shooting all day upon the moors, and on returning in the evening his master told him to make the best of his way home. The boy proceeded on his way, but being much fatigued, sat down and fell asleep. How long he remained in that situation was uncertain, as, when found, he was in his own bed asleep, and a neighbor passing on the road early next morning, found his clothes scattered in various directions, nearly half a mile off. The account he gave was that he dreamed he had been at a neighbor's house, ate a good supper, after which he supposed he went to bed there. It appears he actually walked three miles, though in a profound sleep the whole of the time, during which he stripped off his clothes and walked home naked, passed the gate and went upstairs to bed, being the whole of the time asleep.

Laws are apt to be like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer to sweeten every object around them and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

God's mercies are as cords to lead us to him; but our sins are as sharp swords that cut those cords.

Let us not fail to scatter along our pathway the seeds of kindness and sympathy. Some of them will doubtless perish; but if one only lives, it will perfume our steps, and rejoice our eyes.

It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

Woman and the Household.

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

"He prayeth best who loveth well All things both great and small, For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all."

"Look on this picture and on that," Behold! there was a man of God, who gathered little children in from the cold streets, little waifs and orphans, to give them shelter, and home. Twenty and five were they in number, and the people said amen! it is well! For he was a man of God, and lifted up his voice long and mightily in prayer.

Lo, many years went by, and it came to pass that some of the dear little ones fell ill, and were taken away. And then it was made known that they were hungry and cold, and beaten and starved, while the man with whom they dwelt, lived on the fat of the land. And he had not only made them suffer in their bodies, but had neglected their souls, so that they were morally diseased, and the sad story of their lives cannot be told. The elder ones were driven to pilfer food, and the younger ones were nearly stricken unto death by filth and starvation. But this man, the Rev. Edward Cowley, knew that another would bear his sins, so he could, by faith, be forgiven. He could lie down at night, reconciled to his savior, who had said, "Bring little children unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," while under the same roof, in a dreary, fireless room, they shivered under scant blankets and wept bitterly. For these things, and more, are all written in the books of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

And it came to pass that a young man dwelt near by, who believed that good works and lives of usefulness, were the best prayers. He taught that we must all save ourselves and help our neighbors. So, he went out into the highways and gathered up poor little ones, and brought them into a large room, where the sun looked in and laughed, every day, and they were given to eat and made merry. And he said unto some of the maidens thereabouts, it is better to take care of these children, than to deck yourselves in gay attire, and walk in vanity of heart. So they hearkened unto his voice, and every morning they made the little ones warm and clean, and taught them to be kind and loving and good. So Prof. Adler and these handmaidens prayed long prayers every morning, in this manner, and lifted up their voices mightily through good deeds. And these children went to their dark homes, and told all that they had been taught, and so brought cheer and cleanliness into their tenements.

And the man who believed in the prayer of good deeds, gathered together children of greater age, and had them taught to use graven tools of many kinds, so that they might become cunning workmen, and fashion many things for beauty and for use, that they might live long and be happy in the land.

Behold, this man's eyes were blinded, so that he saw not the angel helpers who go forth, trying to drop good seeds into the souls of the children of men. But, nevertheless, the hearts of these angels, and the hearts of all who love righteousness, were made glad by his works. And his prayer of hand and heart and brain, went up with a sweet smelling savor.

And behold! the wicked man, who prayed with the lips only, men call Christian, and the other, who prayed with deeds, not creeds, men call infidel!

GENERAL NOTES.

The State University of Kansas, is open to both sexes.

Lasell Seminary, at Auburndale, Mass., is taking a leading place in practical education, while not neglectful of securing the best teachers in the classics and music. Miss Parloa has a large class in cooking, without extra cost to pupils. There is also a class in the scientific cutting and fitting of garments. In both cases, parents fully appreciate the instruction given their daughters. In too many cases, mental accomplishments supersede important knowledge which is daily needed in the household.

Geo. W. Webster, of Bonair, Iowa, has secured five hundred acres of improved land, as the basis of an Industrial School for boys and girls. It is free from religious dogmas. He believes in the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the ministry of angels, and righteous living. The expenses are to be near cost as possible; three dollars a week, nearly paying expenses, which can, by the elder pupils, be paid by labor. For children under twelve, the Industrial School and Kindergarten will be united. They have a play room, gymnasium, and plots of ground for individual cultivation. Such a school is needed in every community, as society is now organized, and we hope to hear of the success of this pioneer.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has just had its anniversary meeting. It grew out of the kind heart of Henry Bergh, who fending the society of P. C. A. could not undertake the extra work, incited the establishing of a separate organization. It is impossible to estimate the good it has already done, not only in rescuing numberless poor children from inhumanity, but in intimidating cruel monsters from acts of wickedness. It has broken up the padrone system, by which Italian children were brought over and farmed out for the purposes of begging or stealing. They were to all intents the slaves of their masters, and subject to misery and bad habits.

At a recent auction in London, forty-five pictures, by Angelica Kauffman, were sold at quite high prices. The highest, a lady and daughter, brought the sum of \$4,250.50. This artist was a pleasing character and a sweet woman, who did work that yet wins great admiration. The story of life, disguised under a thin veil of fiction, was told in a delightful manner, a few years ago, by Miss Thackeray, daughter of the great humorist, under the title of "Miss Angel."

Miss Thackeray is herself a writer of genuine ability. Her tales, beginning with "The Story of Elizabeth," are pre-Raphaelite in finish, yet pure, romantic and fresh. Thackeray had four daughters, and little worldly goods, and he tolled and said, "to leave them in comfort. When his daughter had written her first story and placed it in his hands, he took it to a friend, and with tears in his eyes said, "My little girl has written a story, and it is so good and sweet and tender, that it made me cry to read it." Since then, she has supported herself in comfort by her writings.

A Social Science Association was organized in New York city, January 21st, with Mrs. Hope Whipple as president, for ladies. It includes the departments of philanthropy

and reform, education, art, sanitary science, household science and economy, political economy and government; each is to be under the supervision of a committee to be appointed by the board of management. The object of the association is the greater good of the greater number, and to develop plans for the advancement of industrial, intellectual, social and moral interests; to secure better homes, laws, schools and service for humanity. The members meet every Wednesday afternoon, at the parlors of the Ladies' Mining Bureau, 45 East 14th street, for discussion, consideration of papers, and purposes of business. On the 28th, Mrs. J. W. Stowe read an essay on "Wives and Widows under the Law." Ladies interested in the movement are invited to attend.

"Counsel to Parents on the Moral Education of their Children in regard to Sex," is the name of a book published by one of the first philanthropic and scientific women of this country, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. She has given a most valuable treatise to the public, upon delicate subjects, couched in strong, chaste, impressive language. There is stated in a brave, dispassionate and logical manner, testimony to the necessity of a moral life as the cause of happiness, health and power. This is shown in a physiological, not an ethical statement, where rewards and penalties are natural consequences of good and evil conduct. It is a treatise which should be placed in the hands of every father and mother, and also of every son and daughter, dealing, as it does, with questions of a vital import, from a physician of great experience and wisdom. It is a positive acquisition to humanity, written not only in a clear and wholesome style, but sometimes even approaching eloquence in elevation of thought.

LIFE WITH THE SPIRITS.

By Ex-Clericus.

[Continued from last Number.]

RESULTS CONSIDERED.

Our mission together ended at Hopedale; I myself remaining there, as had been previously arranged, and the medium-speaker continuing on alone to lecture in Boston and vicinity. After his return to his Vermont home, he wrote me in free and friendly letters, a somewhat lively and graphic representation of his state of mind in view, especially of the financial results of his trip, which, as will be seen by the following extracts, were not particularly encouraging:

It is hard to kick against one's prickly conscience; and harder to obey it at times. I am no coward; I whine not, tremble not; but I do question even realities. Being no great money diplomatist, your humble servant cannot speculate on mountain dew, or swamp mud; he cannot act as a committee on ways and means; and here comes the "rub" which even frictionizes the coat and vestments off a man's back. Brother S., I am no pietist, or martyr in the received sense. So I cannot, being simply Austin of Woodstock, with a family, become a Paul. They [his hearers] were profuse in their praises. Brother L. (at a lecture in Boston) told me that I declined to have the hat flourished over their throbbing generosity; they liked the idea capitally, and acted successfully, as usual. But I suppose it is all right, yet in this trip I have made more sacrifice than my conscience would allow me to make in another. I shall stay at home for a while even if I grieve the spirit, for I find that my hired man's bills eat both my bill and body too. Oh, darkness! yet O brightness! Apart from my worldly sacrifices, all is bright. Am I too gross, too careful? The spirit gently pleads and yet the spirit only gives spirit-coin. I am tempest-tossed; shrieking minions point at my elbows as they grow thread-bare; and then the rascals say, "Touch a dollar if you dare!"

About two months later he wrote: "My mind has been in a whirl the past spring. I believe that I have nobly fought my destiny here, thinking that it was not mine. In scores of ways have I tried to dump myself down upon my mother's farm, but some unexpected thing would thwart me. And these things puzzled my sore conscience, curdled my "odid light," and wheedled my plans; so that in nine cases out of ten, conferring with flesh and blood was out of the question. Verily the drowling out of the old man must be nothing very pleasant, when you don't fancy the death. I cannot see into the crowning future of mediumship in formation."

These extracts will illustrate somewhat the leading characteristics of our medium-speaker, and also exhibit the severe struggles through which all high-minded, conscientious speakers of the kind have had to pass, down to the present day. The truth is that almost invariably the support of such is miserably mean, considering the pecuniary ability of those who listened to them. Should there not be better times before us in this respect?

We have thus had a glimpse of the interior life of our speaker in the earlier stages of his mediumistic experience when as yet he had become but partially accustomed to his missionary labors—mostly among the hills and valleys of his native state. Let us now take a glance at his present mental condition, a sturdy veteran as he is after having for more than a quarter of a century followed the work of his appointment.

I have before me a letter from him dated Woodstock, Vt., Dec. 25, 1879, nearly twenty six years from the time of our interesting experience together, as first narrated. The letter was written in response to certain inquiries of mine, the general tenor of which will be sufficiently understood from the following extracts:

"I look back upon my checkered journeyings to and fro as a dream, at times of the most pleasant character; whilst I know its reality is full of good results. We have not taxed the people in building costly churches; we have not achieved a long roll of membership; nor have we fitted the people in the name of God to make ourselves rich. Moreover, Alexander the coppersmith, hath done us much harm at times. But we have carried a true gospel into the strongholds of society, and against the press and the pulpit, we have succeeded in moulding over the 'raven-winged' doctrines of the church until it would appear almost that they had stolen our thunder."

"Our success is not in gold; it is in our members; it is in the soul. If it is not our good (or evil) fortune to enter the golden gate to fortune in this world, I humbly hope that we may possess enough spirit wealth to honorably buy our ticket to the heavenly world, and give no offense to Saint Peter."

"For a long time, you may remember, I was used in an unconscious state whilst

speaking; but, after many years, I became partially unconscious, and was used as one awake. But to this day it seems cloudy and dreamy when I am influenced, and afterwards, I feel stronger after being used, for a few hours, and then there is a reaction, and a sinking feeling, attended by a sense of inferiority; but after a night's rest 'Richard is himself again.'

"During the past two years I have been at home more than during the twenty preceding years. I think that my long cold rides, often after coming from a close and over-crowded room, together with the false courtesy which accorded to me the guest's chamber and bed, with their chilly dampness; I think that these and my labors on my farm to make up for lost time, have been the cause of sundry rheumatic wappings. And so I have put my ship into port for repairs; and if I am not missed, I may feel like the Arab who oft folds his tent and quietly steals away."

"Like the peerless man who discouraged on Mar's hill, 'we see through a glass darkly,' but I feel that the future of Spiritualism is to be glorious; that it will change false structure of society; manifestation of the spirit, is not ended. I look for more light."

"It is true that at times it would seem that transparent impostors and immoral outcasts had taken the lead; but I have no fears; the intellect of this world could not destroy Spiritualism; and I know that the same world has not enough immorality to seduce it."

"Brother S., the very nature of mediumship is such that great dangers attend it if it is not backed up by high moral principle. The habit of passivity paves the way to earthly as well as heavenly influences. It is a noble manhood which can affirm that none of these things move me."

"Thus much from the Austin E. Simmons of to-day. I think that it is sufficiently clear that he has that "noble manhood" of which he speaks; that neither his faith, his courage or spirituality has suffered, notwithstanding his nearly thirty years experience as a trance speaking medium."

Book Notices.

United States Official Postal Guide.

The January number of the United States Official Postal Guide makes a book of about 650 pages, containing many features which render it indispensable to all who wish clear and accurate information about all matters connected with the Postal Service. It contains alphabetical lists:

1. Of all Post Offices in the United States, with County and State.
 2. Of Post Offices arranged by States.
 3. Of Post Offices arranged by States and Counties, with the geographical position of the Counties.
 4. Of the Money Order Offices, Domestic and International.
 5. Of Post Offices of the first, second and third class, with salaries.
 6. Of Counties, and a list of Letter Carrier Offices.
 7. Of Canadian Money Order Offices.
- Information about Mailable Matter. Full directions about Money Orders and Registered Letters. Rates of Foreign and Domestic Postage. Sailing of Mail Steamers. Latest Rulings of the P. O. Department. All needed information about Postal Matters.

All these make the January number indispensable to business men, and to all who use the Post Office to any considerable extent. Price in paper \$1; in cloth \$1.50. Can be procured of Postmasters, Booksellers and New Dealers, or of the Publishers.

Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, Mass.

Magazines for February not Before Mentioned.

Wide Awake. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.) Contents: Frontispiece—In the Sterilitz Garden; Granny Luke's Courage; A Letter and a Crown; In Trouble; A Chinese Mission School; Rosy Cheek and Greedy; Why and What; Five Little Peppers; The Other Side of the Story; Nannette's live Baby; Nurple Pills; Our American Artists; Little Lottie's Grievance; Two Young Homesteaders; Concord Picnic Days; A Fish Story; The Rubber Baby; The Jeweled Tomb; Prof. M. P. Paul; What Jane did with her Christmas Present; Two Dogs and their Troubles; Wishes; The Little Skater; Tangles; Postoffice Department; Exercise Song. This number is full of good stories and pretty illustrations.

The Herald of Health (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York). This Magazine is devoted to the culture of body and mind, and has for its motto "A Higher type of Manhood, Physical, Intellectual and Moral."

St. Louis Illustrated Magazine. (Office 730 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: Louisville, Ky.; Pleasant Popularity; Protection; Part of a Honeymoon; Mr. Leonard's Proposal; Fashions for February; Timely Topics; St. Valentine's Day; Rose Cottage; The Sage's Reverie; Honesty; Stoicism; Current Literature.

Andrews' Bazar. (W. R. Andrews, New York.) Devoted to Fashion, Literature, Art and Society matters.

The Art Amateur. (Montague Marks, No. 20 East 14th street, New York.) A monthly journal devoted to the cultivation of ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD. This number is as usual very satisfactory to those interested in art.

Magazines for January Just Received.

The Texas Spiritualist. (Chas. W. Newnam, Hempstead, Texas.) Contents: Man and His Possibilities; Orthodoxy and Spiritualism Compared; Bible Lessons in Spiritualism; Correspondence; Phenological Chart and Biographical Sketch of Wm. L. Booth; Kind Words; Dr. Watson's Offer; Editorial Department; Note from Col. Booth.

MENTAL DISORDERS;

OR, Diseases of the Brain and Nerves. DEVELOPING THE ORIGIN AND PHILOSOPHY OF Mania, Insanity and Crime WITH FULL DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR TREATMENT AND CURE.

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Advertisement for BUCKINGHAM'S DYE, for coloring fabrics.

Advertisement for WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES, for various ailments.

Advertisement for THE HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN RELIGION and SCIENCE, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M. D.

Advertisement for THE Interpreter and Translator OF THE GREAT MYSTERIES RECORDED IN DANIEL and REVELATION, and OTHER BOOKS OF SCRIPTURE.

Advertisement for MRS. JENNIE POTTER, TRANCE MEDIUM, 136 Castle Street, Boston, Mass.

Advertisement for THE VOICE OF ANGELS, A Semi-Monthly Paper, Devoted to Searching out the Principles Underlying the Spiritual Philosophy, and their Adaptability to Every-Day Life.

Advertisement for Clairvoyant Healer, DR. D. P. KAYNER, The Well-Known and Reliable Clairvoyant, Eclectic, Magnetic and Electric Physician.

Advertisement for Would You Know Yourself, PSYCHOMETRIST AND CLAIRVOYANT, with A. B. SEVERANCE, THE WELL-KNOWN PSYCHOMETRIST AND CLAIRVOYANT.

Advertisement for HAL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, a hair treatment product.

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

JOHN C. BUNDY, Editor. J. B. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

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MILE-STONES.

The New England Primer—Dean Stanley—Spiritualism.

Certain notable books (as often small as large), the words of representative men, and certain great movements (like modern Spiritualism), are like milestones by the wayside, telling the traveler of his progress. To us, as we look back, they give the distances of the path our ancestors have traveled, and so indicate that it is for us to move on and follow the light.

"In Adam's fall We sinned all." "Proud Korah's troop Was swallowed up." "While youth do cheer Death may be near." "Young Timothy Learnt sith to fly."

After these is "The Short Catechism agreed upon by the Reverend Assembly of Divines at Westminster"—107 questions and answers, the condensation of the work of the famed gathering of 120 English divines who sat over five years to frame a body of theology which bore wide and strong sway for generations, and is now dying out—its dogmas dying, its truth to live on.

This Short Catechism is the first milestone for us to look back at—the especially significant part of this Primer, telling what thoughts and ideas bore sway then. Some of its questions and answers will give insight of its character:

"What is the chief end of man? Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever.

What rule hath God given to direct how we may glorify and enjoy him? The Word of God, which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is the only rule to direct us how we may glorify God and enjoy him.

[The outward authority of a book, not the soul or spiritual discernment within, was their idea.]

What is God? God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and unchangeable in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth. [This is a gleam of light.]

What are the decrees of God? They are his eternal purpose, according to the counsel of his own will, whereby by his own glory he hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass. [What pitiful and selfish pride in the words for his own glory.]

Did all mankind fall in Adam's first transgression? The covenant being made with Adam, not only for himself, but for his posterity, all mankind descending from him by ordinary generation, sinned in him, and fell with him in his first transgression.

What is the misery of that estate wherunto man fell? All mankind by that fall lost communion with God, are under his wrath and curse, and so made liable to the miseries of this life, to death itself, and to the pains and miseries of hell forever.

Did God leave all mankind to perish in the state of sin and misery? God, having out of his mere good pleasure from all eternity elected some to everlasting life, did enter into a covenant of grace, to deliver them out of a state of sin and misery, and to bring them into a state of salvation by a Redeemer.

What benefits do believers receive from Christ at their death? The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory, and their bodies (being still united to Christ, to rest in their graves till the resurrection.)

Next after this Westminster Catechism, comes "Spiritual milk for American babes,"

drawn from the breasts of both Testaments, for their soul's nourishment," by John Cotton, an eminent minister. Of this milk a single draught may suffice.

"Are you born a sinner? I was conceived in sin and born in iniquity."

"A dialogue between Christ, Youth and the Devil," ends this book, once so widely read. Not forgetful of the good of those old days, we may well be grateful and glad that these painful dogmas are fading away, and that we have passed the mile-stone by which The New England Primer was studied and believed.

We will now look at another mile-stone, whiter, fairer and near to us. Last year Arthur Penryhn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, eminent in the Episcopal church of England, preacher in the same Westminster Abby, in which the old divines sat five years to frame that old Catechism we have quoted from, visited this country and preached and spoke to fine audiences in our eastern cities. He represents the liberal thought in the churches, pointing beyond dogmas and creeds, and his words tell of this onward march of thought.

To the Episcopalians of New England he spoke on Liberal Theology, and said: "The crude notions which prevailed twenty years ago on the inspiration of the Bible have been so completely abandoned as to be hardly anywhere maintained by theological scholars. . . . The doctrine of the Atonement will never again appear in the crude form common both to Protestant and Catholic churches in former times. The doctrine of the more merciful view of the future punishment, and of the hope of a universal restitution, has been gradually advancing, and the darker view receding. . . . The question of miracles has at last reached this point—that no one would now make them the chief or sole basis of the evidence of religious truth." To the students in Union Theological Seminary, New York, (Presby-terian) he said: "Let me entreat you to look facts in the face, whether facts of the Bible, of science or of scholarship. Do not be afraid of them. Go as far as you possibly can in the comparison of the sacred volumes of the Old and New Testaments with the sacred volumes of other religions. Make the most searching investigation you can, with light from whatever quarter as to the origin of the sacred books."

On Religious Inquiry his word was: "The most excellent service that churches and pastors, authorities of State or of religion, universities, or teachers, can render to the human reason in this arduous enterprise is not to restrain or blindfold it, but to clear aside every obstacle, to chase away the phantoms that stand in the road. . . . Robert Hall says: 'Whatever retards a spirit of inquiry is favorable to error. Whatever promotes it favors truth. Nothing has greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than a spirit of party.'"

Discouraging on the Nature of Man he nobly says: "All human authority, civil or ecclesiastical, must in the last resort be alike subordinate to the one divine authority which speaks to us through the voice of conscience. When the apostles declared, and when we after them declare that we must obey God rather than man; it was not the repudiation of the laws of ruler or magistrate; it was then the assertion of the supremacy of conscience against the authority of a Sanhedrim, of priests and scribes, as it may still be against the authority of a Pontiff, a Synod, or a Council."

It is a long way, not only in years but in thought, from the Westminster Assembly in 1645 to the Dean of Westminster in 1877. Verily, the march of man is onward, and this last mile-stone—these discourses of Dean Stanley—marks a space traveled, and points still on and up.

We have looked back to take these bearings and distances along the road, and now before us another milestone stands. We are marching on toward it, and the host will come up to it in due time. It is modern Spiritualism. The clouds of bigotry, the stumbling-blocks of intolerance and superstition, and chilly mists of materialism, dim our sight of it, and hinder our way toward it; yet we move on, and it stands out white and fair, its shaft lit up by a soft and brilliant radiance from the light of heaven. As the stern theology of the Westminster Catechism made an era in the thought and life of the past; as Dean Stanley's words represent the larger, more charitable thought which a new era brings to many in our churches,—so modern Spiritualism represents the opening of the closed gates, the actuality and nearness of the life beyond, the real presence of our dear friends from the Summer-land, the knowledge of the inner-life of man, the indwelling soul of things, a spiritual philosophy to supplant materialism, a rational religion, an abiding faith in the progress of humanity on earth and in heaven, a system of ethics and morals based on obedience to law and to the voice of the soul. Its coming is a great epoch, its growth wonderful, the conquering power of its facts and central ideas and inspirations sure to gain at last. We may well plant a mile-stone by the wayside to mark this newest era, and take heart at its sight as we go on.

According to the London Globe, Dr. Rudolph Falb, an eminent philologist, has traced the language of the aboriginal Indians of Peru and Bolivia, to pure Aryan roots held in common with the Semitic race. He concludes from this that America was peopled first, and that the highlands of Bolivia, was the cradle of the human race; or, in other words, Adam and Eve were Americans! There is not the least value in this hypothesis, yet it shows the uncertainty and restlessness of those who receive the account of the creation as given in Genesis literally.

The quarterly meeting of the Spiritualists held at Omro, Wis., and closing, Jan. 25th, was a decided success. Prof. Lockwood, J. O. Barrett, and J. R. Talmadge, were the principal speakers. The meeting took a decided stand against giving one man or any body of men the exclusive right to practice medicine in the State.

SALVATION OF SOULS.

Mr. Kiddle Denounces the Orthodox Doctrines of Christianity.

Ex-Superintendent Kiddle lectured lately in New York, on the "Salvation of Souls." It appears from the report given he said that in Christianity nothing takes precedence of the salvation of the soul, and the man, in the Protestant orthodox faith, who does not accept the dogmas of the church will be lost in hell. With the Christian the question is not, "What shall I do to be saved?" but "How shall I escape eternal damnation?" Mr. Kiddle went on to say that the eternal punishment, and "hell fire" passage in the New Testament were not in the original manuscripts of that work, but were evidently the inventions and interpolated forgeries of monks and priests. He quoted from Jonathan Edwards and similar churchmen of an earlier day, showing how terrible were their ideas of the tortures that awaited all unbelievers in the future life. The torment, and agony, and endless punishment to be inflicted on innocent but unbelieving souls would take place in the presence of God, the lamb and the angels of heaven. This spirit of revenge and unmercifulness the speaker regarded as the product of human invention, which had given the world a devilish theology. The Roman Catholic doctrine was not so bad as the Protestant faith, because it admitted of an intermediate state—a place of repentance and possible salvation. Luther began well, but his career ended in blind and despotic dogmatism. A reaction followed the first Reformation, and Protestantism would never recover from the Calvinistic blight.

To remedy the errors of these fanatical teachers—modern Spiritualism had come with love to God and man. The brotherly spirit of Jesus Christ had taken the place of revenge and unforgiveness. Mr. Kiddle pictured the spectacle of a "paid divine" professing to believe that his friends and loved ones would be eternally damned, spending his leisure hours at watering places or in the art galleries of Europe. If he really believed what he preached, he would sit up nights and spend every moment in beseeching his friends to escape the awful fate he depicted. The present Christian doctrine was too horrible for even Satan to accept. Mr. Kiddle closed by quoting from alleged spirits who had been out of the body 200 years and gave the result of their interesting experiences for the benefit of the faithful Spiritualists who were to come after them.

Somnambulism.

The Boston Herald, in commenting on the recent Hamilton Place tragedy, gives an exhaustive resume of somnambulism, describing its strange influence over human actions, and showing that its "victims" are morally and legally irresponsible for acts committed while in that state. The writer of the editorial relates many strange incidents, the greater number of which are old, and as a story-teller is interesting, but when he attempts to enter the domain of causæ, he is not at home. He says in an autocritical way:

"The phenomena of somnambulism are similar to and help to explain, the condition and performances of clairvoyants and mediums who frequently exhibit much more mental and bodily capacity in their unconscious than in their conscious state. Mediumistic trance is, in fact, only somnambulism artificially induced, of which, indeed, it is a familiar example. The alleged spiritual mediums who, in a state of more or less unconsciousness, talk with so much fluency upon matters of which they can only speak with halting accents, when in their normal condition, are really, indebted for their faculty to an artificial somnambulism. De Boismond, the French psychologist, previously referred to, recognizes this condition of things, and the distinction between it and what may be called natural somnambulism. In referring to the elements which differentiate the case of the person in whom the somnambulant tendency has been induced by the power of human agent from that of the individual who is affected by causes which are the result of the conditions of his own organization, he makes these remarks: 'The natural somnambulant seems only to avail himself of a single sense; he only directs his attention to one order of events, viz., that with which his mind is occupied; his thoughts are on only one object, and it is with that only he concerns himself.'"

A cursory examination of the phenomena of Spiritualism, will show how erroneous this explanation is. It is true that somnambulism may shade into and become trance and clairvoyance. What this writer regards as a single, well defined state, really is most complex, and presents incalculable phases. A person may, during sleep, become mediumistic, while far removed from that state during waking hours; or clairvoyant sensitiveness may become quickened by the depression of the bodily functions.

DAVID M. KING.—This active and energetic worker, whose whole soul is engaged in the cause of Spiritualism, as well as his favorite subject, Phrenology, is now lecturing in Michigan on the science of man. He is a hard worker, close student, and has received flattering press notices, wherever he has been. From personal knowledge, we can affirm that in delineating character, he is the equal of any phrenologist we have ever met, not excepting O. S. and L. N. Fowler, the founders of the science. Wherever he may go, we assure the friends that they may repose the utmost confidence in his ability and integrity. Mr. King is a graduate of the American Institute of Phrenology, class 1867, and received flattering mention from the eminent professors of that institution.

Death of Jules C. G. Favre.

The death of this distinguished statesman recently announced, takes another name from the list of well known believers in the philosophy of Spiritualism. With his equally distinguished brother, Leon, he early received the teachings of Spiritualism, and was a firm and consistent advocate of its claims. Mr. Peebles speaks of these noble brothers who have been always on the side of scientific Spiritualism and opposed to the re-incarnation theories of Kardec. Mr. Champenown in a list of eminent names published in the "Year Book" for 1871, mentions those of the Favres.

Jules was born in Lyons, France, in 1800. He became an able lawyer and liberalist, and through all the vicissitudes of the reign of Louis-Napoleon, strenuously led the opposition in the face of every danger. In 1855, when the would-be Christ was in need of counsel, Favre at once offered himself, and ably defended him. He vigorously opposed the Franco-German war, predicting with wonderful prescience the results, and after the fall of Sedan became vice-president of the provisional government, and minister of foreign affairs, and took a prominent part in the negotiation of peace. In 1871, under Thiers he retired from public affairs and devoted himself to the pursuit of literature and law.

The Journal, published at Kirksville, Mo., says:

Rev. A. J. Fishback's discourses last Sunday were listened to by large and appreciative audiences. His lectures exhibit a broad culture and a deep and fervent morality. The interest in Spiritualism is increasing rapidly, and many persons are now turning their attention to the subject earnestly, that heretofore have treated it as an illusion or the product of the imagination. There are now two mediums in Kirksville, through whom independent slate writing is easily obtained. Communications from departed friends are written without human hands touching the pencil, under fraud proof conditions. These demonstrations can be witnessed in the broad day light, and are occurring daily and hourly in Kirksville. Intercommunication with ours and the Spirit-world is a demonstrated fact, and any person can be convinced of the same that will honestly and patiently investigate the matter, and the time is speedily coming when all can know this fact even from the least to the greatest.

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

Jesse Shepard held a séance at 461 West Washington street, last Monday evening.

We refer our readers to the suggestive article of Judge Holbrook on our eighth page.

B. F. Underwood lectures at Albany, N. Y., February 15th, and at the Parker Memorial, Boston, the 22d.

Drs. Vogl and Allen have removed to a larger field of usefulness, and their address is now Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. R. Shepard will speak in Washington, D. C., during February. Her address will be 1,230 I street, Northwest.

Mrs. Hyzer has resumed her labors as the regular speaker of the Brooklyn Spiritual Society in Everett Hall, 393 Fulton street.

Frank T. Ripley is now in Dayton, O., at the Arlington House, where he will remain during the months of February and March.

W. E. Coleman has moved from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, and his address will hereafter be Chief Quartermaster's Office, Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Das Neue Blatt, (A. H. Payne, Leipzig, Germany) has just published a biographical sketch of Andrew Jackson Davis, and speaks in high terms of him.

A subscriber at Urbana, Ohio, renewed his subscription to the JOURNAL on Dec. 24th, but failed to give his name. We will credit when he lets us know his name.

Mrs. Ophelia Samuel lectured again last Sunday to the First Society of Spiritualists, corner of Monroe and LaSalle streets. Her address was listened to with much interest.

The Kirksville (Mo.) Journal says: "Mr. Fishback lectures at Owago, Milan and Unionville, regularly. He is engaged to deliver ten discourses in Illinois, in about a month from this time."

Dr. H. P. Fairfield lectured in Tyringham, Mass., February 5th, 6th and 7th and Sunday the 8th. He would like to receive calls to lecture or hold parlor circles for the manifestations and teachings of the spirits. Address him Greenwich Village, Mass.

A correspondent from St. Louis writes: "Mrs. Ophelia T. Samuel has been lecturing for us during the months of December and January, to full houses. We regret she was compelled to leave us to fill her engagements at Chicago and Whittier, Ill. She is one of the best lecturers in the field. We hope to have her again in our city."

Robert Courtney, of Toronto, Ca., writes: "Our late president, Mr. J. L. Chaney, and Mrs. Dr. A. Hull, of Philadelphia, have started through Canada with the intention of establishing spiritual societies and furthering the cause of Spiritualism. On his leaving, he was presented with an address and album from members of the association. The society have engaged the services of Mrs. C. Lawson, of Corliva, Eng., for the coming month."

Dr. D. P. Kayner, of 94 La Salle street, Chicago, is almost daily in receipt of letters coming from different parts of the United States and Territories, acknowledging the correctness of his clairvoyant examinations, and also of favorable results from his prescriptions. Although the doctor does not claim perfection for clairvoyance or any other of the human faculties, it is safe to say, from what we know of his practice and from the letters of endorsement he is receiving, that he comes about as approximately near to it as any one we know of.

Prof. J. M. Allen is again busy in Battle Creek, where he is filling his engagement for the five Sundays of February. He spoke during January in Sturgis, closing with a scientific lecture on Language and Alphabets, Monday, January 27th. He spoke in Middlebury, Ind., January, 28th and 29th, closing each lecture with a psychometric test reading. Address till March, Battle Creek, Mich., care P. O. drawer 55.

Original Answers to Interesting Questions.

The brilliant improvisatrice, Emma Hardinge-Britten, has been lecturing in San Francisco, to literally packed houses of eager listeners. At one lecture folded papers were drawn from a hat and instantly answered when drawn, as follows:

Question.—Why do we pray?

ANSWER:—Prayer is the efflux of a full heart addressed to a superior power. In hours of trial it is the spontaneous cry of the soul in search of inward strength; for a silent witness is in every heart, before whom the guiding ray of faith and holy trust becomes manifest. The true scholar never petitions blindly to have his own self-will ignorantly substituted for the perfect will of God, as ordained and expressed in his works. Prayer is an advertisement of our wants, and when humbly addressed opens the door of hearts by aspiration that inspiration may shine in. By humble prayer the weak come into more intimate rapport with the Great Spirit and receive strength, but conceited forms attempting to instruct the Infinite are ostentatious mockery.

Ques.—What is the difference between dreaming and sleeping, and what causes both?

ANSWER:—Sleep is a physical condition of human bodies. Man's body is fitted with voluntary and involuntary nerves, each set capable of independent action. In wakeful hours they act harmoniously. When bodies become weary, the contractile property of the muscles becomes incapable of responding to the will, and the whole form sinks into that state of torpor called sleep. Then only the involuntary nerves act while the voluntary rest. The indwelling soul of man never tires, but becomes temporarily liberated during sleep, when the soul, clothed in its spiritual envelope leaves the flesh on short excursions and becomes refreshed by spirit communion, always prepared, however, to return instantly when proper to awaken the body. Upon returning consciousness, after unquiet sleep, imperfect recollections of the soul's experience when absent become mingled in strange likenesses, impressed from the soul's memory on the mortal memory of the human mind, by a process somewhat similar to photography. These communicating forms upon the brain produce memory, partly of fact and partly of distorted fancy. Visions, which are rare, are spirit pictures, impressed by other souls upon the brains of human organizations sensitive to their influence. These may be prophetic, instructive or impart special intelligence, and do not necessarily occur when the body is sleeping or unconscious. The brain of flesh is then in part magnetized by the soul power of some disembodied spirit, who displays to the subject's vision images formed in the magnetizing spirit's mind. Thus dreams are sometimes significant, but not necessarily so. During ordinary sleep, our souls, absent from the body, talk with others in spirit forms, but remain connected by a subtle magnetic cord. The body's sleep of death differs only in the fact that this silver cord is severed, and the soul, enveloped in the form of such spirit as its life on earth has attracted to itself, abandons forever its form of clay.

Ques.—When does the individual spirit of man begin to exist?

ANS.—Spirit and soul of man are separate derivations from the vast primordial spirit, the soul of the universe, and in accordance with that law which is the will of the infinite, numberless stages of gestation have been passed, until attraction has placed them within the nomadic germ of a mortal body, then first surrounded by living tissues capable of retaining and developing its special form of organized life. So I am informed by spirits who have carefully studied the process of life. The original acorn does not contain the full potency of the oak tree, but draws from all about it; so the ultimate material particle, or simple vacant germ cell of the human nomad, attracts, with its initial quickening, the higher life, the gift of immortal individuality, implanted with the living soul by the infinite source—giver and sustainer of all life—after which growth ensues in accordance with the universal law of progress.

Ques.—Is there any perfectly well defined principle of law in existence?

ANS.—Law is a rule which it appears impossible to break with impunity, but what point has even the most advanced scientist discovered its ultimate limit? Not even so fixed a law as that of simple mathematics has been fully fathomed. Law fails at the point where man's perception fails. No finite process can grasp the infinite. Our knowledge of law is but of a fragment of such forms of law as have chanced to unfold to our limited view. There is no point at which man may limit law, except he learn it from the spirit as the expression of the will of God. Spirit is a microcosm of law not yet unfolded. It is mathematical, geometrical and world binding, uniting together all things, but existing in various forms and degrees of condition. Until we understand its action we have not grasped the first great principle of our mathematical being. Law, now limited by man's knowledge of the past, makes boundless advances in the realm of spirit, which we can only understand gradually as we advance successively in our future progress after the death of the body. The immutability of divine law is a perfectly well defined and existing principle.

Ques.—Are the spirits dwelling in the highest spheres, able to come to earth and visit their loved ones, and where do they come from?

ANS.—This question was answered as if limited to spirits in the higher spheres around this planet or system. The telescope reveals myriads of stars, all blazing suns, and nearly all populated. Do you suppose that our earth plane, which is sacred enough for the presence of an omniscient God, is not to be approached by God's highest and holiest, archangels, desirous of ministering to wants of suffering loved ones? The higher the angel the easier he comes to our hearts. Higher spirits can better care for and protect us in emergencies than those of less knowledge, and consequently less power, who are next to us in physical condition of development, and necessarily work only by the similar mechanical laws of being. All such well intentioned spirits are assisted, when desired, and instructed by higher spirit teachers. If you

pray, your soul ascends to the highest, and the nearest to God is also nearest to man.

Ans.—Progress is a universal principle manifest in all parts of God's universe, and "permanent retrogression" is simply words without illustration in fact.

Ans.—Had the question read kindred in stead of friends, the answer would be different.

Ans.—The human form is a perfect microcosm of matter, including every function matter can express.

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Slate Writing.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Recently, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rathbun, No. 440 East 119th street, New York City, Mr. Harry Powell exhibited his powers as a slate writing medium.

Mr. Powell sat in a large arm chair at the northerly end of the room, immediately in front of the pier glass, his face turned toward the south; Mr. Rathbun to the medium's right, and Mrs. Powell to the medium's left.

Mr. Powell.—I expect you are going to do wonderful things to-night. Mr. Powell always has his eyes open at a séance, but he cannot see.

Mr. Powell.—Did he write? Mrs. Powell.—No, he did not.

Mr. Rathbun.—I will move from the right if he does not succeed the next time.

Mr. Powell.—I feel terribly. Mrs. Powell.—Some sugar and water, may relieve his cough.

Mr. Powell.—I am the only one who has a glove on. I do not want to be the only aristocrat.

terized herself as "spoil-sport" played a few airs. Mr. Rathbun.—I would suggest that we lower the lights.

Mr. Powell.—That will make no difference. I think it will be better if you change your positions.

Mrs. Powell exchanged seats with a lady thus taking herself some distance from the medium. Several others exchanged seats.

"Pale Face me am happy to meet you in the wigwam. Tecumseh." "Brave, me tell you on the fence. Tecumseh."

At 9:15 again under control and the medium called especially for "Scratch Chief," referring to a gentleman who was writing in the room.

At 10:30 the medium wrote: "Pale Face, me will say good-night." At 10:35 again under control and the medium said, "Big write," and he was given a slate, but this time it was a failure much to the disappointment of the young lady who had purchased it.

At 10:40 another attempt was made to write on the slate but this time it was a failure. We may here state that he failed to write with the hand that had the white kid glove upon it.

Mr. Powell.—Did he write? Mrs. Powell.—No, he wrote good-night a few minutes ago.

Mr. Powell soon came to his normal condition and the friends dispersed.

A Singular Test.

After the occurrences narrated in your issue of October 4th, 1879, "What made me a Spiritualist," we became better acquainted with our medium, Mrs. H. She often came to our house, and became much attached to our wife, who regarded her as almost divine.

On the thirteenth day of June, 1872, my wife sickened and died very suddenly.

The years flew by. Other friends gathered about my heart, and the cares of daily life engrossed my every hour.

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It was here suggested that some one play upon the piano. Mr. Powell remarked that it might help him. The lady who charac-

I liberals meet in the hall at No. 214 West Madison street, every Sunday at 2:30 P.M.

Business Notices.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL—the world's great remedy for Colds, Coughs, Consumption, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat.

THE RECEIPT for Gilt-edge Butter Maker was obtained from one of the most extensive dairy farmers of Ireland, noted for the excellent and superior keeping qualities of his butter.

FROM A Distinguished Physician.—Prof. Green, a distinguished allopathic physician, wrote to the Medical Record of Atlanta, Ga., to the effect that after all other means had failed, he sent for the Kidney Cure, (Safe Kidney and Liver Cure), and to his astonishment, cured a serious case of Bright's Disease by administering the Kidney Cure.

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

COUGH AND COLIC are often overlooked. A cough indicates for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs or bronchitic throat disease.

MRS. D. JOHNSON, Artist, 165 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. Water Color Portraits a specialty.

J. B. CRIVER, of Warner, Minn., says: "The Great Spiritual Remedy, Mrs. Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, are doing wonders here. They have cured lots of sick out of bed, and lots more dead."

DR. D. P. KAYSER, the oldest Medical Seer now in the field, can be consulted daily for Clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions, from 9 to 11 and 2 to 4, at Room 22, Merchants' Building, N. W. cor. La Salle and Washington Sts., Chicago.

Reader, the price of my book, "The Truths of Spiritualism," 400 pages of startling facts together with my photo, a fine one, is only two dollars.

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

Passed to Spirit-Life. Passed to spirit-life, January 29th, 1880, from the residence of her son, Thomas H. Smith, in Illinois, Fayette Co., Iowa, RUTH S. SMITH, in the sixty-first year of her age.

Mrs. SMITH was born in the State of New York, near Saratoga Springs. She remained in Iowa in 1824, and in the winter of 1827, she came to a knowledge of the truth of spirit communion, and has ever since been a true and faithful spiritualist.

Each day that we live some gem may store The work of our own hands, and the valley cover. For only we shall wear in the bright Summer land.

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Letter from Dumont C. Dake, M. D.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Change, change, is written everywhere. Progress is indeed a modern gospel...

At that time I was so ignorant that I knew absolutely little or nothing about Spiritualism; the Harmonial Philosophy. I never had heard of Mr. Davis. I followed their instructions, and after some trouble procured several of his works...

But I thank God, it teaches principles and not mere universality and individuality. It does not lead us around Robin Hood's barn, but makes out a pathway for human feet to tread, with the seeming wisdom of the Infinite.

Wrongly Reported.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In the report of the Annual Exercises of the First Harmonial Association of New York City, published on the 24th ult., the types somehow made me say exactly the reverse...

Richard Calhoun writes: I must confess that since I have been reading the JOURNAL that the subject of Spiritualism has been presented to me in a new and most delightful phase.

Lucy Brigham writes: The JOURNAL has become a very dear friend of mine. Every week it comes freighted with spiritual instruction to cheer my lonely life.

Report of the Northern Wis. Spiritu- alists' Convention, held in Oromo Jan. 23, 24 and 25, 1880.

The meeting was called to order by Pres. Lockwood at two o'clock p. m. Friday attendance was smaller than usual on the first day of convention.

Musical by Pres. Lockwood. Saturday morning the meeting was called to order by the President, after which Pres. Lockwood gave us one of the finest and most logical lectures ever given in this place...

Sunday morning—A goodly number was present when the meeting was called to order by the President. J. O. Barrett then gave one of his concise and spiritual discourses...

The two o'clock p. m. meeting was called to order by the President, after which the extending of same courtesies by railroads to Spiritualist and Liberalist speakers, as to clergymen, and the bill now before the Wisconsin Legislature...

Evening, seven o'clock.—The first thing presented to the meeting was the following report, which was unanimously adopted.

The Spiritualists and Liberalists assembled in Oromo this 23rd of January, 1880, do hereby resolve.—That we are utterly opposed to all laws giving one person, or any set of persons, the exclusive right to practice medicine and surgery in this State...

Also the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously passed.—The Spiritualists and Freethinkers constitute a large body of citizens in Wisconsin, representing a commendable share of intellect and influence...

W. F. Jamieson writes: I am pleased with the manner in which you have handled and exposed pretended mediums, particularly Mrs. Stewart.

A. Arnold writes: Hudson Tuttle's article on the Indians, in a late JOURNAL, is the best I ever read on the subject. It sums up the whole thing in a nutshell.

Mrs. A. J. Bump writes: We have taken the JOURNAL, with the exception of two years, since its first publication, and it is growing in interest to us from year to year.

W. W. Carrier writes: The JOURNAL grows better and better. I trust the day is not far distant when you will be appreciated for the noble stand you have taken in defence of Spiritualism.

Mediumship.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: I have read with care and interest the article of Mrs. E. L. Saxon, in the JOURNAL of January 10th.

I think it is to the external manifestations that the evidently pure and true mind of Mrs. Saxon alludes, and as these have caused so much angry bitter controversy of late, it is earnestly hoped that before long the "hay, wood and stable" connected with them, will be burned up.

There are many floating, ignorant persons who are not as in the fact, however connected with modern Spiritualism? Must not all science have facts for its basis? Do we not get them elsewhere? Many true mediums have been falsely charged with frauds...

If I had no confidence that loving friends could throw around me the white arms of their protection, that they sympathized with me in affliction, that they imparted no assurance of a better and more harmonious life in the future, I would be hopeless and despairing.

It is good advice, though given so long ago, to seek for spiritual life, and is the one form of mediumship. No thought is more cheering than that of angel guardianship. In order to be conscious of this, we must have faith in spirits.

from persons who had missed friends, but none of the descriptions given answered, and it was only when a letter was received from Cleveland that any hope of identifying the stranger was felt by the officers of the institution.

When his friends were fully satisfied that it was really Mr. Cowles, steps were taken, though cautiously, to effect his return to Cleveland. It was feared that he would refuse to come back, and his friends placed in a room of imposing appearance.

People, in all directions, seemed intently absorbed in the action of this man at the well, I being also as eagerly watchful of his doings. Suddenly there came upon my vision a seemingly old and very poor horse, traversing a line diagonally to my right, in a slow way with head to the ground...

Attention then turning away from the scene, and while looking in another direction, I was startled by the tramp of the racer. The horse had suddenly sprang to his feet, and was swiftly running down the field, to my left.

My attention then again turning to the man at the well, I noticed that he seemed electrically startled from his work thereat; surprisingly viewed the horse in the stable; threw down his long pipe-pole; ran down to the stable; stooped down in front of the horse; picked, from the ground, some new, ripe apples, and reached them toward the horse, he eating them out of his hand.

It remains to be seen, whether the prophetic symbols of this vision are, in culmination, correctly interpreted; or, if correctly interpreted, whether the prophetic opinion of the inspiring intelligence will be realized; for, in common with most Spiritualists, hold to an infallibility of mind, hence to no absolute certainty of prophecy.

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A STRANGE STORY.

Richard Cowles' Singular Case—A Man Lost to Himself and the World for a Year.

It is just one year ago—New Year's day—that Mr. Richard Cowles, a well-known jeweler of this city, suddenly disappeared, and every identification pointed to suicide as the solution of the mystery; but recently it became known that he still lived, and on Monday last he returned to Cleveland and is once more among his friends.

The disappearance naturally aroused considerable excitement in all circles, and Mr. Cowles' father before him were well known business men. Nothing, however, could be gleaned as to the whereabouts of the lost, and his friends had fully made up their minds that he had committed suicide, and the finding of his dead body was thought only to be a matter of time.

One day in August last a mysterious letter came to the residence of Mr. Cowles' mother, penned in the familiar style of the missing man, who was addressed to his daughter, who at the time was absent from the city with her mother.

from persons who had missed friends, but none of the descriptions given answered, and it was only when a letter was received from Cleveland that any hope of identifying the stranger was felt by the officers of the institution.

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expected, and had only one more book to occupy me, I rose, wound up my watch, and opened a bottle of seltzer water, and I remember thinking to myself that I should get to bed by two after all. I set to work at the last little book. I had been engaged upon it about half an hour, and was just beginning to think that my work was drawing to a close, when, as I was actually writing, I saw a large white hand within a foot of my elbow.

My attention then again turning to the man at the well, I noticed that he seemed electrically startled from his work thereat; surprisingly viewed the horse in the stable; threw down his long pipe-pole; ran down to the stable; stooped down in front of the horse; picked, from the ground, some new, ripe apples, and reached them toward the horse, he eating them out of his hand.

Communication from L. B. Field.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I "feel inclined" to notice the reply of Samuel Watson to W. S. Wood in a late issue of the JOURNAL. While I am pleased in the main with Mr. Watson's paper, it still leaves the impression on my mind that he regards Jesus as divine—semi-divine—or somehow superior by birthright to any other specimen of the genus homo of ancient or modern times.

from persons who had missed friends, but none of the descriptions given answered, and it was only when a letter was received from Cleveland that any hope of identifying the stranger was felt by the officers of the institution.

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Mrs. C. Petry writes: I would feel lonesome without the JOURNAL, which we welcome as a dear friend with good news.

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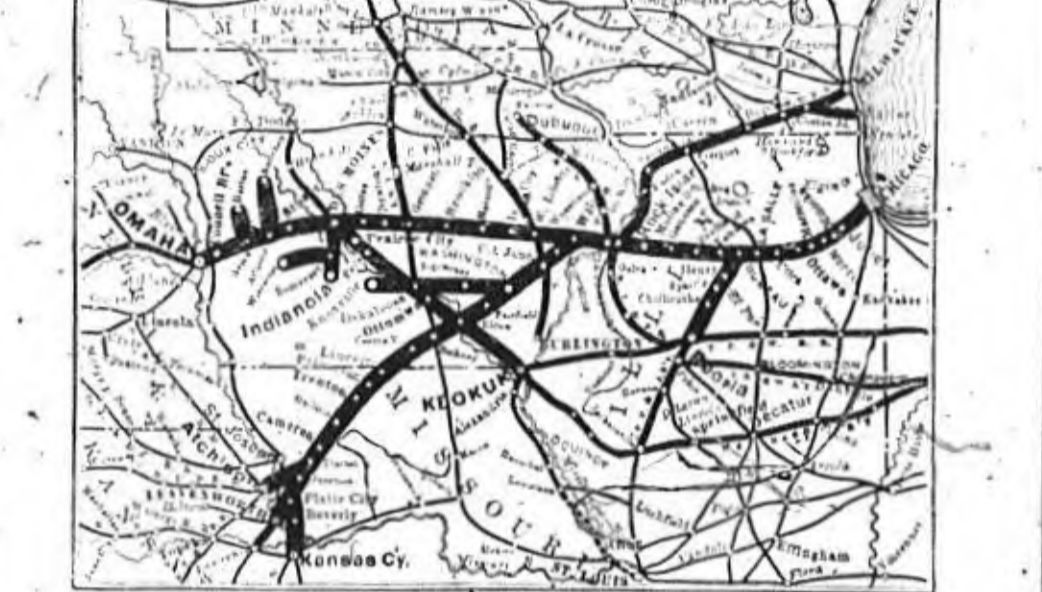
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By BENJAMIN COLEMAN. This pamphlet contains important facts connected with the early movement in England, with which the author was identified, and an account of some of the most remarkable of his personal experiences.

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Continued from First Page.

I stand a moment on the porch, dream on an old dream... As precious as a robin's nest, pored on the air of spring...

WHITE SOULS.—WHITE ROSES. If half our dreams of holy days, when once we gain heaven's holy highlands...

With a strong sense of justice which is at the very root of conscientiousness, Mrs. Tuttle has a charity wide and deep as the sea...

Her impersonation of the heroine in Lady Audley's Secret, is one of her best efforts, but she is as happy in comic as in tragic parts...

Common Sense Applied to Spiritualism. In Spiritualism I find so much, as I look around, that is transcendental, celestial—above the ordinary range of life according to my moderate experience...

COMMUNICATION FROM JUDGE E. B. HOLBROOK. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. In Spiritualism I find so much, as I look around, that is transcendental, celestial—above the ordinary range of life according to my moderate experience...

With a strong sense of justice which is at the very root of conscientiousness, Mrs. Tuttle has a charity wide and deep as the sea, for the weak and erring. I wish there were room for some of her passionate expressions against wrong...

Her impersonation of the heroine in Lady Audley's Secret, is one of her best efforts, but she is as happy in comic as in tragic parts. The press of her native State give her unqualified praise...

come to me so tamely, if I have not been frantic to break whatever was old, simply because it was old, nor fostered those who do, if I have not admired those who looked weird and mysterious, who have affected long hair and short hair and strange manners...

Some spirit (if I recollect right one of great fame in these parts) located something for us tiny mortals without wings, a year or two since, as 'safety five billions of miles from the earth'...

Challenges have been given of like character as to wars in Europe, shipwrecks, and the like, and either no acceptance, or no success. If the happenings of earth cannot be better resolved by clairvoyance, why should it resolve the affairs of the spheres billions of miles away...

Before I close, Mr. Editor, (and doubtless I am writing too much at length) I wish to show, as to the use and propaganda of our knowledge and faith, that I would apply my worldly reason to that as to any thing else...

It is this well proved, I will accept it as I do other things. But common sense is against it. That each one has a guardian spirit seems more reasonable, but this wants proof. Then again, what consolation does this doctrine give in the conflicting struggle for wealth or power?

And yet, Mr. Editor, in all this I have a confession to make that may let me down several degrees in the estimation of some. In the phenomena I have had nothing but the objective, not the subjective, not the personal interior experiences, but only the observation of others...

And yet worse and yet more, Mr. Editor, more humiliating as compared with many bleesed and happy ones that I have seen, I have not had the good fortune to have some intellectual giant overshadow me, some Demosthenes of wonderful eloquence, some Solon of astounding wisdom, some Jehu "that driveth furiously," not even a Jehosophat, not a band of cheaper spirits, no promise of having any special mission, no chance to be "big Injun," not even a guardian spirit,—in fact, no nothing.

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