

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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

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

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THE GOOD OF SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

An Address by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, before the First Society of Spiritualists, New York—Also an Impromptu Poem, "The Message."

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL BY GEORGE M. MELLER.

What good do spiritual manifestations do? This is a subject that must be common to your thoughts, as the question has been propounded by every one whose intention to investigate Spiritualism has been made known. It is a question which is asked by materialists and sectarians alike. What good, even if these things are all true, can it do? What is its end, aim and object? The true Spiritualist has a ready answer, but those to whom the subject is new, the answer is not so ready, therefore we shall speak upon the subject this evening. A person asking that question might be directed to the public teachers, or the published writings of Spiritualists, and while they might derive a great deal of information, and learn much in that way, of the truth, yet it requires demonstration to give the correct answer to this question. To a materialist or sectarian, to whom the subject of Spiritualism is comparatively new, you might give the pure philosophy of Spiritualism, but it would be so far beyond their reach, they being unprepared to receive it, that it would not bring one ray of light to them; it would not enter in any more than the light can penetrate the bud of the flower which lies asleep and encased by its outer covering, or any more than the light can pierce the shell of the acorn. You cannot receive the philosophy unless your mind is prepared for it, and before you are prepared for it you must grow spiritually. Spiritualism has a dual existence or double life, and the first leads directly up to the second. It is really like John the Baptist speaking to the people, "Prepare ye the way, make the path straight, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." The Christian believes in the phenomena of Spiritualism as we find it in the Bible. The first question asked is, Why does it exist? The fact that it does exist, ought to be an answer. There is in the land a class—and it is growing year after year—of persons whose thirst cannot be slaked from the springs of sectarianism. They are not reached. Suppose to-day you had listened to the sermons preached in this city? Those sermons reach a class of people who, Sabbath after Sabbath, assemble in these various places of worship. If you were to consider the number of people in the city and the number who do not attend any religious service, you would realize how large the number not reached by the gospel truth.

Sermons against sin and immorality—do they reach those who are specially immoral? The people who assemble in the churches are orderly; they are not the criminals, the degraded; if you seek for them you find them herded together, and the gospel is about as far from them as the pure snow on the mountain's top is from the sidewalks in your city streets. If materialists and infidels are not in the habit of going to church, is there any way of reaching them? Here and there a missionary with dainty tread may visit some of the worst of the places; but they will make their escape from them as soon as possible. The power of the gospel is not felt as it will be some day. We are told the whole world is to be christianized. We believe it, but we do not believe the whole world is to be sectarianized. If it has taken nearly nineteen hundred years to convert the few that claim to be converted, the work may seem to some to be discouraging. The churches do not reach the masses. Here and there occasionally only an outsider strays in, but those who come from the outside world are few in comparison to the whole. They have said if we can produce a religious excitement, from that the gospel will be spread further than ever before. To accomplish this work we see them having evangelical alliances, and large meetings

are held in the great cities, clergymen of different denominations meet together, all believing in one God, all trying to help humanity, and all honor to them for that we say. They commence their great revival meetings, the news spreads far and wide, and you hear the music of their songs on every corner of the street whistled by boys or hummed by men as they go to and from their places of business. The revival news is carried far and wide, and they do reach in that way those who could not be reached in any other. They say we must fill up our churches in this way; we must have some great excitement to bring the people in.

We know of a fire that spreads far and wide, destroying business places, manufactories, dwelling houses, churches, all alike; in the wild wind the fire helped to create, there were borne up into the air small fragments of hymn books, and twenty miles away from this fire, tiny pieces of paper floated down like snowflakes, and there were some few words still legible on the burnt paper. So in this wild tempest of religious excitement, ideas are taken up and are spread farther and wider than by the ordinary process they could ever be carried. Still the church asks, What shall we do to stay the tide of skepticism. Science has questioned the age of the earth, the uses of the stars and the glory of the sun itself. Subject after subject has been brought up and investigated by science. It has taken the human body and analyzed it. We can not locate the soul of man, we cannot find any space it leaves when it departs from the body.

Some have said that human life is the result of certain chemical combinations; when this spark of life goes out, that is the end. When science has said these things, what has theology answered? It has answered in mere assertions and statements. Theology answers, Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life. You hear it stated, "To die is gain." Did you ever see that engraven on any tomb-stone? We have not. Again, if some clergyman shall stand by the side of one whose spirit has passed away from the earthly tenement, plain-stricken in life, but blessed, pure and beautiful in death, if he says the words, "To die is gain," the mourners draped in the heavy folds of black garments, with sorrowful faces and weeping eyes, seem to contradict it. Theology says it is not for you to question, it is for you to receive; the church tells you the soul of man is immortal and you should believe it. If believing were a voluntary thing, how pleasant it would seem to be. You cannot believe because you wish to believe. Believing is the result of evidence. The only thing that answers the question of the materialist, is modern Spiritualism. Theology from the very first ignoring investigations, has declared the phenomena in Spiritualism to be the work of the Devil; it says it is not from God, it is from the Devil. Notwithstanding all this Spiritualism stands firmer to-day than at any time in the past. But it is asked, what good does it do. Some listen to the philosophy and say, "It is very pleasant and easy to believe in this, but when you talk of the phenomena in Spiritualism, we do not wish to have anything to do with that; it is degrading, and it is so intermingled with fraud and error that we do not want to touch these things." Philosophy is at a beautiful height, but like the higher stories of a building, you cannot reach it unless you have stairs or ladder, and he who having gained the top looks with scorn to those who are climbing up to him, shows his own folly.

What good do manifestations do? They are not new, for do we not read of angels returning to man? An angel led Peter out of prison, and at last as he drew near to the place where his friends were speaking of him, they sent from their midst a young woman to open the gate, and when she came back and said, "It is Peter," they said it could not be, and sent the young woman again and she returning said, "It is Peter." They believed Peter was dead, knowing he was in prison; and they supposed he had been put to death.

To-day a Spiritualist tells you he has heard sounds, and these sounds give intelligent communications. The unbeliever looks on with a smile of derision and says, "You believe in that, do you?" The unbeliever turns to his Bible and reads that the friends of Peter, when the young woman came and said he stood without and knocked at the gate, said distinctly to her, "It is his angel." In those days they had faith in spiritual communications, a great deal more than some of the Christian followers have to-day. In those ancient days we read of this and many other wonderful things. Sometimes we hear it said in the light of ridicule to-day, that Spiritualists must be devoid of common sense, or they would not believe in the absurdities of Spiritualism. The matter of slate writing is ridiculed by some, and they declare it to be one of the greatest delusions of the age. We take the Bible and we read that Moses went up to the top of a high mountain, and there God communed with him; that there were two tables of stone and on those two tables of stone the ten commandments were written. The people who call themselves Christians, believe in those ten commandments, and that they were given on the mount and were written on tables of stone; but they will not believe in the writing by a friend of theirs in their own view on a single table of stone which we in modern language call a

slate. When they read it in the Bible, they believe it. When they see it with their own eyes, they believe it not. Seeing is not believing. We are to teach you that it is something that you can see—it has consciousness, intelligence, identity, and is really your friend whom you loved on earth that you communicate with. In a friend whom you love you may see a change coming over them; it may be gradual or rapid, but it comes through disease, and you watch and wait; you may bring a flower into the sick room, smooth the pillow, press the aching head, speak softly words of love, tenderness and support, but the time will come when you can do no more. The body is rapidly passing into that mysterious change. It will retain the looks you know—that which you love, the speaking eyes, the pearly lips, the hands you clasped in your own, but the spirit has gone. Where? Theology can not tell you where. It will tell you it is immortal. It cannot demonstrate it. It will tell you to be satisfied. In this trying hour materialism has nothing for you.

There is comfort in the thought that we live hereafter; there is something in that thought which is attractive. Though materialists may try to cover it, yet away down in the soul there is a hope of immortality. As I stood on the storm-beaten rocks and saw and heard the dashing waves of the ocean as they rolled ceaselessly and magnificently in, a pearl fell into the water, a pearl that was more precious than all the world. I saw the dark waves swallow it up and close over it; it was lost—gone; it was my pearl no more forever. But Spiritualism says seek and ye shall find, ask and ye shall receive, and the promise is fulfilled to every earnest seeker.

From the opposers of the doctrine of Spiritualism, we hear this: "Do not go near Spiritualism unless you wish to be convinced of its truth." Every person who honestly investigates it, is convinced of its truth; he knows, understands and believes. Some believer takes the sad mourner by the hand where he can listen to something that will convince him. They hear sounds produced by a spirit. We would here say that it is impossible to imitate sounds made by spirits. When these sounds are first heard the question is, "What is it?" The sectarian might say it is the devil, but he is in the habit of using this word and is incapable from force of habit of using any other. But the friend says, ask it. Then an intelligent answer is given, names are given and identified. Some say it is done through electricity, but that is the most foolish of all answers. What is it? The name of one who has gone through the shadows of death is given. What is it that gives it? It is a spirit, and Spiritualism has truly demonstrated the fact. To the believer, to the doubter, to the mourner, whose heart is breaking with grief, Spiritualism brings comfort. Seek and ye shall find, ask and ye shall receive.

THE MESSAGE.

In the silence of the night
When the stars are beaming bright,
When all your souls are wrapped in sleep,
And the angels watch and keep,
Sometimes dreams are sent to you
Bringing the dear loved in view,
From the bright eternal sphere,
Those whom earth holds dear,
Sometimes words of love are spoken
To the hearts by sorrow broken,
And straightway they rise from pain
For angel touches heal again;
And from that bright land of morning
Where eternal suns are dawning,
From the sphere there comes a token
To the hearts by anguish broken;
And we take those words of love
Flowing down from realms above,
And we bring them to your spirits
From the land that each inherits,
Sometimes when some friend shall come
From the bright immortal home,
You long to send some word of love
To the dear friends there above,
O, lift us to that land of light
Where forever all is bright,
And we long to meet them there
Beyond this vale of grief and care,
And the spirit slow departing
While your bitter tears are falling,
May take a message to your friends
Where love in that fair land still blends,
Would you see those friends that love you?
Continually they bend above you;
They bring a message from above,
It is a message fraught with love:
"Day by day we stand beside you,
Day by day our spirits guide you,
And the comfort in your sorrow
Whispered of the heavenly morrow,
And by and bye your soul shall greet us,
And the lamps of light shall meet us."
This is the song the angels sing,
This the message which they bring.

Progression.

From our lecture platforms, in our spiritualistic conferences, in the indistinct utterances of many France speakers, in the songs of our public meetings, in the dreams of the new-born Spiritualist, and the veteran of a thousand, come the words, "Progression—upward and onward," uttered as if with intensity of conviction that this is the *summum bonum*, thing for which all matter exists, all spirit moves.

Words are sometimes the materialization of a thought—too often a concealment of, or substitute for, thought—symbols whose significance has been forgotten. It is common in our meetings, especially by the lower range of our speakers, to say that members of orthodox churches are led by words which had a meaning once, but lost it; that, as Emerson says, "Most people go to church because they are too lazy to think," and I am just waking up to a perception that what is charged on them is true of us also, and that Spiritualists, too, have their words

of no meaning—to them, their "unknown God whom they ignorantly worship" with an adoration profound in proportion to the absence of clear conception.

Now I quarrel with no man's ideal. If I cannot accept it for myself I would not destroy its beauty for others. If one chooses to idealize Jesus of Nazareth, counting all good, loving, helpful thoughts as inspired by him; if every exaltation, every joy is his gift, every sorrow lighted by his sympathy, every difficulty removed by his careful love, if all of intellect, all of imagination, all of time all of eternity, all that is divine, and all that we conceive of as a perfected humanity, is made to center on him—it is well. True the Spiritualist will ask, how do you know this? Is there any evidence outside of your own conception? Have not you made an idol, which you daily sacrifice to, and crown with perennial flowers? And when they answer, as they do: "I know in whom I have believed; and if you could shake my faith you would poison my life, take away all its joy, prove yourself my deadliest enemy." Brother, that is true to you. I will not try to do this. I will question, that your thought may grow clearer, and you may, if in error, perhaps convert yourself, but I will not deny, nor attempt to dethrone your ideal. What matters it whether you call your ideal Good Buddha, Christ, God, Progression, Law or Free Thought? That you have an ideal, a conception of highest good, is the essential thing. I doubt not the name you give it is just as good as the one I use, for no name means more than we endow it with.

As I question the Christian, so I demand of the Spiritualist: What do you mean by "progression"? It is advance—you say—from what or where to what or where. Upward is just as impossible of conception as onward, in a boundless universe, unless there is a fixed point to which all must tend, which, if not in time, surely in eternity, would throw things out of balance.

The trouble is, we are always trying to actualize our ideal. The man who through long years had felt the sweet influences of so much of nature as he could perceive, did not discover God thereby. The very limitations of his senses suggested infinity; the very mutations of all things made him dream of eternity. The good of life, the sweet influences of human love, told, obscurely, of a love larger and completer. Man worshiped God long before he spoke the word. O for the spiritual philologist who could tell how this word, any word, was born—why that sound and no other, was chosen to represent the grand thought. But the word having been made, man was impelled to explain it, to tell what he meant by it. Trying to do this, he measured his conception by the greatest being he knew, and evolved an infinite man, his own passions became minor expressions of the infinite love and hate, and creeds grew born of man's attempts to formulate intuitions all true, into utterances which were all false.

Spiritualists, embryo angels as they like to proclaim themselves, are held as firmly as other men and women by all laws and limitations of the race. Dream as they will of absolute freedom, they, too, inevitably tend to a creed; they, too, must have words which are symbols of uncomprehended truth, which take the place of ideas, and because they are the expression of an infinite unknown, undefinable except approximately, kill thought—the name being accepted instead of the thing. Of such, noticeably prominent, is the word "progression." What does it mean? Are we to be better—ourselves and by ourselves? Nature says, No! Take what you call the newest manifestation of spirit forces and find, if you can, where improvement is possible. Is not the crystal perfect? Is not the roughest, most unsightly thing (these terms only express a delusion of your senses) perfect in its range of being? Could it be improved without making it something else—destroying it? Behold, all things were very good.

Yet we have a clear conception that some things are good, and others bad; we say some plants are "improved" by cultivation, and when we say this, we mean the thing improved is better for us or some one—not one whit better in itself. This is the standard the scientist adopts: that thing is highest which has most relations to other existences, the most useful thing, or the thing which may be made most useful, is highest in grade. By cultivation of a plant you may develop what to you is greater use and beauty, and when you have done this, you have the right to say the plant has progressed. You may do the same with a man or woman and judge by the same law—there is no other—they may progress, become more useful to the race. All that we call education, whether of muscle or brain, or spiritual sensibility, means only this. In plants, in animals, in men and women, in angels, archangels—progression means greater powers to help, getting better for others, not absolutely.

If this be the true meaning of progression, are we really trying to progress? Has not the word lost its meaning in a great degree for us, and become a "fetish word," a charm, with no distinct idea, attached to it. Power in larger measure, joy in richer abundance, a selfish greed of good for ourselves, an indistinct idea that some way, some how, we are to expand eternally—this has been, is, the idea—not true, unless we do it for others. Power—what is it if unmanifested, if it touches no other life? Joy—there is no joy but in giving—it is

scientifically true that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." If you had all earning, and could neither speak nor write; if you had all the wealth of earth, and there was no other wanted any of it; if all gifts of prophecy were yours, and you could tell no one your prescience—is it not clear we can not stand alone? Our neighbors are necessary to us. We believe they will progress—we can not afford, for our own sakes, to stand aloof, indifferent, let them be unhelped. Whether by progress or not, your need is to help them, that we may progress.

So, in future, let the word have its true meaning, and be to us a call to work for others, an incentive to self-sacrifice. Because we would progress, let us be foremost in every good work, in every effort to heal the miseries and remove the evils surrounding our neighbors—those nearest to us in space. Let us not leave truth to find its own way, but do our best to spread it. No longer be afraid to give, for giving enriches us. No longer afraid to work for the cause, for work makes us grow. No longer dreamers of abstract truths, which are relatively false, but men and women of today, alive to all that affects humanity. Working, giving, helping, guiding, teaching, this will produce a very real and practical progression!

Brooklyn, N. Y. D.M.C.

Semitic Polytheism.

There are many church goers, doubtless honest adherents of the Christian faith, who are nevertheless deplorably ignorant of the religion they profess to follow. Two principal reasons may be assigned for this state of things: (1), an irrational and unnatural condition of mind, caused mainly by a fear to investigate the truth or falsity of religious doctrines; (2), by following too blindly the teachings of an emotional, sensational and frequently deluded clergy.

The fact that the Christian religion of today was evolved from a monotheism that in turn arose on the ruins of a polytheistic faith, is often denied by the church. Even "Him" whom Paul came to declare unto the Greeks was a unity of gods, which the Hebrew text represents by the appellation "Elohim." The plural word, although followed by a singular verb, was expressive of a Deity, one in government, but not one in person. We must remember that Jehovah in the Semitic conceptions of Deity, could not have been understood as a personality, but the essence *in toto* of the "Elohim." Hence Jehovah at once assumes, a plural instead of a singular character.

The polytheism of the Tribes of Israel betrays itself again in the person of Jethro, the Midian priest and father-in-law of Moses, for when Moses told him all that God (the God of Moses) has done for him, Jethro declared that this God was greater than all the gods—"Elohim." Nor could there have been any clear conception of the unity of God in the days when the Psalmist sung, "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord, neither are there any works like unto thy works."

Of the ancestors of Abraham and Nochor and their fathers also; Joshua speaks as dwelling on the other side of the flood and serving other gods. If no people in Joshua's time had understood the unity of the Godhead, there would have been no necessity for exhorting them to make their choice as to what gods they should serve.

In the days of Abraham there was not only a well-defined Polytheism, but the images of the various gods were kept in the household to embody the weak conception of a host of Deity outside the realm of nature.

Lastly it should be remembered that the so-called spirit of prophecy, did not begin until about eight centuries before the Christian era. Until then Jehovah, the "Elohim" of the Hebrew (the Ho! Theol of the Greek) was worshipped in the form of a brazen bull. But this idolatry must not be taken as a Semitic conception of a personal God, but as a unity of Deity, which the Greek represented by Polloi, Theoi and which in New Testament times was worshipped under the monotheistic name of O Theos, or The God.

—E. H. SELLERS.

Detroit, Mich.

A spirit, claiming to be Sir Humphrey Davy, speaks as follows, in the *Medium and Break*:

Many, nay very many, of those who labor down in the deep mines, the source of the wealth and power of the mine owners, are better tutored in their conception, simply because they accept no other guide than that of reason. The immortal soul is capable of being changed in its substance, not being formed of an immutable essence. These hardy toilers in the bowels of the earth will have forms of glory to call their own, while many that are first among the children of men—those who have neglected their duty, and ignored their work on earth, rendering many homes desolate through their negligence, will find their soul-form distorted and clouded by their bad earth deeds. The lowly employe, the miner, so formed, shall be devoid of all earth emanations, while the weight of matter shall bear the spirits of the wealthy back again to the scenes of their misdeeds; they shall find in the life of their spirit form a rational existence.

LIFE WITH THE SPIRITS. By Ex Clerics.

My volume, "Spirit-Intercourse," being at length fairly before the public, there immediately came upon me another important enterprise through the suggestion of the ever active spirit intelligence and power which seemed then to hold me quite firmly within their grasp.

All the details of the plan having been arranged while yet at Hopedale, I finally went to Boston, on the 20th of Sept, 1863, at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street, I opened what I advertised as "a free reading and conversational room for the friends and investigators of Spiritualism from all parts of the country, its leading object being to give and receive light on this most interesting and important subject of inquiry."

This registry-book has proved to be an interesting reminder of persons and events of the time, as I thus accumulated a large list of early believers and investigators. Of course the names of publicly known Spiritualists of that part of the country were pretty generally to be found upon my list.

That Mr. Garrison was a decided and outspoken Spiritualist at this early stage of the movement, I have ample reasons for believing, or rather knowing. It is true that he did not give public prominence to his belief, as his energies were taxed to the utmost in his specialty of reform—the great and all-absorbing anti-slavery movement.

This is one of the most interesting of the works that have yet appeared in relation to spiritual manifestations, and we commend the perusal of it to all candid inquirers upon the subject. Mr. S. evinces commendable caution and good sense in his presentation of the question. He is not impulsive or given to blind credulity, but strongly inclined in the opposite direction.

During my occupancy here my own mediumistic tendencies seemed to concentrate in the direction of a developing power, which was freely used for the benefit of the many half-developed ones who called from time to time. In almost every case some help was thus imparted, and at times the power was such as to astonish even myself.

In this kind of action I seemed to be simply a conductor of the spirit magnetism. It required no conscious effort on my part, excepting to remain as passive as possible, generally with my right hand resting upon the head of the subject; sometimes, however, I would feel impressed to take hold of the hand instead.

although the main magnetic current came from spirit helpers, yet that to a certain extent, my own vital force had to be made use of also, even as the stream carries with it some portion of the channel through which it flows. And this gradual exhaustion of my own magnetic life was one important reason why I made an early surrender of my position into the hands of another.

George Thompson Reviewed.

Through that talented medium, Mrs. Richmond, the spirit of George Thompson, in his discourse on, "One Year's Experience in Spirit-life," makes some remarks regarding his life in the Spirit-world which would seem to take us back into the vague and shadowy speculations of the past, regarding that "Bourne," from which the poet sings, "No traveler returns."

Evidently George Thompson has become imbued with the principles of Brahma and Buddha, a self-satisfied condition of absorption in some ideal being. He has gone back to that condition which actuated the religious world prior to the advent of Spiritualism, a state in which all material objects were despised, when all principles of beauty were ignored for a Puritanic bare existence; a state which would expel the noble architecture of a Michael Angelo, the paintings of a divine Raphael, the music of a Hayden or Handel, would prevent roses from blooming, would destroy vegetation, and sunlight, would do away with the glory of sun and moon, and would deprive the Spirit-world of light and sensation, a condition which cries there is no Summer-land, "I live in an atmosphere of minds."

Before the advent of Spiritualism, it was the custom of Christians to despise the handicraft of the great Creator, to call man a "vile creature," and the beautiful earth a "charnel house;" to consider all the wonderful mechanism of human life as below the notice of a sanctified soul. Man, who with all his intellectual thought, is not capable of producing the simplest bud, the humblest shrub, the most infinitesimal worm, looked upon these works—these thoughts, if you please—of the Deity as something beneath the notice of his regenerating soul—a state of asceticism was the fashion, and he who would deprive himself of material comforts, was considered more holy than he who surrounded himself with beautiful creations; he who would not laugh or dance or exercise his limbs as nature taught him, was thought to be more holy than he who lived with God daily, by enjoying intelligently all that the wise Being had placed before him for his use.

The time is past when Simon Stylites uplifted upon his pillar, is better than he who falls below on the plain in this world or any other. The long avenues of waving trees, smooth lawns and bright stretches of flowers, which, the spirit says, "would be practically meaningless" to his soul, but which may, perchance, greet the weary pilgrim upon his entrance in the Summer-land, would be as generative of great thoughts as the conjunction of spirit with spirit.

How do spiritual things differ from material ones? Only in degree do they differ. Mr. Thompson says, "But for my life there is no temple, there is no shrine, there are no trees; I am living in a world of minds—my thought flows toward them and theirs toward me continually; if I hunger it is for their thought," etc. What is thought? Is not a tree a thought? Is not the life principle of it the thought of the master mind, and its form his expression of that thought?

Oh! George Thompson, wise and free spirit, do not teach us to despise the very conditions which have awakened all the sublime and reverential thoughts of which we are capable! The mountains, the trees, the Niagara, the sunsets, the clouds, that have taught us to commune with a superior spirit, to acknowledge a greater mind than our own, that taught Shelley and Byron, Bryant and Longfellow, Shakespeare and Burns, that taught Plato and Aristotle, Socrates and Christ!

Medium for "Strange Visitors," Park Place, Saratoga Springs.

An Excellent Medium in Detroit.

For two years past the attention of a coterie, comprising a few persons prominent in business and social circles, has been directed to spiritual manifestations, in its higher phases through the mediumship of a young lady belonging to a well connected French family residing on Fort St. West.

spirit controls her organs of speech, thus talking and writing with coherent facility at the same time. Her personations include Chinese, French, Indian, negro and other characters with the correctness of a dialect artist; and suddenly awaking from trance, writing the profoundest answer to abstruse questions. In reply to a query: "What should be understood by the love of Jesus?" the answer was instantly written:

"Love, the essence of purity, innocence, strength, power of good, and this is you! Jesus. The great Creator—love Him with all your heart and your best of conscience." Apart from the merit or demerit of subject and discourse, answers are given with the promptitude of trained and matured methods of thought, entirely at variance with the culture and surroundings of the artless school-girl. As yet the young lady's mind and physique have been so thoroughly under the control of a heterogeneous "band," who use her delicate and undeveloped organism for such a variety of purposes, that she has not shown her possibilities in any given direction.

We see but half the causes of our deeds, Seeking them wholly in the outer life— Heedless of the encircling Spirit-world Which, though unseen, it felt, And sows in us all germs of pure and world-like purpose.

From one stage of our being to the next, We pass unconsciously over a slender bridge— (The momentary work of unseen hands)— Which crumbles down behind us: Looking back we see the other shore— The Gulf between— And wonder how we won to where we stand; Content, also! to call the builder—chance!

A brother of the medium has a partly developed faculty for sketching ancient personages, purporting to represent King Solomon, Greek sculptors, poets, etc. I have given a hasty sketch of a subject entitled to a more careful consideration to illustrate the peculiarities of this little glimmer of light from hidden sources as illuminating much which the churches vainly attempting to demonstrate on the authority of musty records and tradition, capable of verification only by the aid of concurrent events, and to be "understood of men," in the same sense these cognate realities were known by discerners of spiritual things in past ages.

Detroit, Mich.

Medium or Mantac—Which?

The New York Observer, a paper claiming to be "the best family, religious and secular paper," under the heading, "Prayer with one deranged," relates how a Mr. Bedell, then a young clergyman, now bishop in one of the church organizations, forty years ago, while at a meeting for prayer and reading a psalm of David, on reaching the word "Messiah," was interrupted by an unearthly shriek that chilled the currents of his blood, a shriek that haunts him still, after forty years, and which proceeded from a lady communicant, specially valued for her gentleness, quietness and devout and amiable traits and habits. It relates how after a moment's pause he resumed the reading, without interruption till the word "Messiah" was repeated, when again came the same unearthly shriek. At this date, at a Spiritualist's meeting, this might pass away without creating much disturbance. Not so there at that meeting for prayer. The congregation was dismissed and the young minister persuaded the utterer of the shriek to retire to a neighboring house. Here she upbraided him for the dishonor done to her infant son whom she affirmed to be Messiah, by (as she states it) terminating a meeting which had been gathered in his honor, and persuaded him to recall the congregation and resume the services. She insisted, however, not one word of the original service should be altered. When he reached the word "Messiah," again came that shriek, so unearthly it froze his blood's current, "his lips refused their office." He "shut his bible." When the lady, taking occasion in, and advantage of the silence, said, "Let us pray." We will let Mr. Bedell tell the rest in his own words as given by the Observer:

"We knelt, and she poured forth such a prayer as I can imagine the saints to utter before the throne. It was joyously faithful and full of hope. It was perfectly coherent except when alluding to her son as Messiah; for she mingled the thought with remembrances of the infant of Bethlehem. But it was redolent of praise, full of love to the redeeming Lord. Her lips seemed touched with the fire of the altar. When she had finished, she said, 'Now, Mr. Bedell, give out a hymn, and I gave out—'

My chorister had gone, all music had by this time deserted my soul. I knew that my friend (the lady) had no ear for music; had never turned a tune in her life, could not even sing a lullaby to her children in the nursery. There was no one to sing. She arose, and then, from that voice, all ignorant of song, came forth the hymn, to a familiar tune, as true and pure and musical as ever was heard on earth. It was such a song as angels sing. Explain it who can. It is a psychological phenomenon not mentioned in the books, so far as I know. She sang every verse of the hymn, no one accompanying her. All listening in amazement and when she had sung, 'God is his own Interpreter, And he will make it plain,' she said, 'Now, Mr. Bedell, dismiss us with the Benediction.' She returned quietly to her home. In one week we carried her body to the burial. Mr. Bedell says that afterwards it came to his knowledge the lady 'was suffering under the incipient symptoms of brain fever.' That is the whole story. Minister and re-

ligious paper can't account for the phenomenon. They say, "Explain it who can." They say it twice in the article. The paper heads the article by stamping the lady as "deranged," whatever that may be, but does not question the facts. Here we have a spirit claiming, through the mouth of a medium, that she is the mother of the "Messiah," and who shrieks at the style and manner in which his name is introduced at a meeting professedly held for his honor. The cold and formal, pompous reading in the service, don't suit her. She tells them to try it over again, and when the critical point is reached, she paralyzes the tongue of the officiating man and gives the audience a sample of the spirit in which the services should be conducted. That seems simple. But the paper calls the lady deranged, and the "minister" while twice exclaiming, "Explain it who can," and declaring such a case not mentioned in psychological books, regards her as incoherent "when alluding to her son as Messiah, for she mingled the thought with remembrances of the infant of Bethlehem."

Spiritual Revelation.

Two orders of thought are contending inside modern Spiritualism. The one advocates that utterances through mediumship should be accepted as revelations of God to man, the other that the facts of mediumship are spiritual and physical phenomena, to be observed and classified, so that new principles and spiritual and intellectual laws may therefrom be deduced. The universal experience of mankind attests the value of the latter method, and the value of the former may be now examined. Every week for the last thirty years new truths, both of great and of small but of permanent value to the world, have first been made known at the Thursday evening meetings of the Royal Society, whilst in the same period not a single new truth relating to physics has been presented to mankind through spiritual, mesmeric, or clairvoyant powers.

The accompanying message referred to above, was first published in the Detroit Society News, and since going the rounds of the press, in the original the last line reads: "Waiting and waiting for but one ray of sunlight to blossom fully." The initials are intended to represent William Wilberforce. All the messages are in a similar strain, inculcating the moralities of a better life, and of the spiritual world as practicabilities in this, and counselling virtue and goodness for their own sake. LAYMAN.

Dr. J. K. Bailey's Dream and its Interpretation.

The dream, as Dr. Bailey states, occurred on the Saturday following the nomination of Rutherford B. Hayes for President of the United States, 1876. The dream, and undoubtedly, previous to this time, been anxiously considered the probable results of the then approaching Presidential election, and this dream was the answer to his anxious mind in regard to the matter, and is a most clear and minute foreshadowing of many of the details of the results of that complicated and threatening event. It was equally as correct a revelation as any that was received by St. John or any other of the ancient prophets, and yet not more true than numerous others daily (nightly rather) occurring all over the world; but they are useless to mankind because not understood.

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Justice and prudence are virtues which can exist only in a moderate degree, and which change their nature and their name if pushed to excess.—Macaulay. Well, suppose life be a desert! There are halting places, and shades, and refreshing waters; let us profit by them to-day. We know that we must march on when to-morrow comes and tramp on our destiny onward.—Thackeray.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. (Metuchen, New Jersey.)

"Haply it is angel's duty. During slumber, shade by shade To find down this childish beauty To the thing it must be made, Ere the world shall bring it praise, or the tomb Shall see it fade."

We should see the spirits ringing 'Round thee—were the clouds away 'Tis the child's heart draws them, singing In the silent—evening day. Singing, 'Stars that swim the muted, so is Music all the way.

Softly, softly, I make no noises, Now he sleppeth dead and dumb, Now he hears the angels' voices Folding silence in the room Now he nurses deep the meaning of the Heaven— Words as they come.

Speak not! he is consecrated, Breathe no breath across his eyes, Lifted up and separated, On the hand of God he lies, In a sweetness beyond quenching—held in Cloistered sanctities. Mrs. Browning.

The intuition of every heart teaches that children are very near the Divine fountain of all life. Though dwarfed, stunted or warped by inheritance or unhappy surroundings, still, deep in their little unblessed natures, dwells the divine and eternal attributes of immortality. For this reason, and also, because the child of to-day becomes the man or woman of to-morrow, we cannot afford to ignore or evade the responsibility which rests upon us, of seeing that all little ones possess those inalienable rights into which humanity is everywhere born.

Six years ago, a woman lay dying in a miserable tenement in New York city, with scarce a comfort to soothe her fast passing hour. But, bravely forgetful of her own needs, she begged a kind visitor who offered her help, to interest herself in a poor little girl in the next room, who was constantly beaten and starved by those who should have been her natural protectors. The good Samaritan went to the police, only to be told that no arrests could be made on hearsay testimony. She appealed to several charitable societies, only to learn that they could not rescue the child save by an order from the court. She applied to able lawyers, who told her it was dangerous to interfere between parent and child; that legally, the father was the only guardian recognized by law. With a noble persistence she determined upon rescuing the girl, and finally sought Henry Bergh, whose large heart could not withstand the pitiful story, and by energy and determination the child was eventually saved.

Out of this case grew the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; a society which has kindred affiliations in nearly every large city in this country, as well as in London, Paris, and Milan, Italy. Before this period, if any person chose to take upon himself the trouble and expense of rescuing an abused child, and procuring evidence of cruel treatment, he could do so by round-about methods. Now, this society exists for that express purpose, and any complaint made to it will be investigated at once by experienced officials. The recent arrest, trial and conviction of the Rev. Edward Dowley, is only one of the good results of its labors. It has broken up the padrone system; in itself a most barbarous system; has suppressed the sale of liquor to minors, and rescued many a poor, distressed little one from a so-called home of vice and crime. It has obtained conviction of cruel treatment in two hundred cases, and seven hundred and five children have been transplanted from bondage and misery, into homes or institutions. Blessings on the work and the workers!

Every town in the country ought to have a "Moral Police," who will undertake just such work and a thousand kindred works. These would provide labor for the idle and needy, comforts for the sick, help for the helpless, in time of need. In many cases, with little money but much care and attention, whole families might be transplanted where physical and moral sunshine would enter the dark places of life, and little ones would have the opportunity of healthy development, always having in view a wise use of charity and a constant study to develop self-helpfulness. All this is truly woman's work, as well as man's. Sixteen years ago a "Moral Police" was started in New York city by a well known reformer and philanthropist, but it was in advance of the age. The society of P. C. C. now takes up one of its works; but moral and physical sanitary labor, on a broader scale, is sorely needed.

A bill was recently presented to the Assembly of the State of New York, authorizing women to vote for school officers of all kinds. It passed the Senate unanimously, and the House by only three dissenting votes, which shows a universal sense of justice in our law-givers. Unfortunately, it is found to be technically unconstitutional. The only thing to be done, in order to make it agree with the constitution, was to permit the election of women as school officers, presenting the anomaly of not allowing them to vote for those officers. In this manner it became a law.

Prof. Joseph Longshore, of Philadelphia, who has just passed from earthly scenes, was the first male physician in this country to publicly advocate the thorough medical education of women. Not only that, he labored three years, against much opposition and abuse, in organizing the first regular college for the medical education of women in the world. This was in 1859, in Arch street, Philadelphia. The next year he delivered the first valedictory ever given to a graduating class of women medical students. He lived to see similar institutions flourish in every civilized country save the little kingdom of Holland, where mental life flows sluggishly as the water in its canals.

"Josiah Allen's Wife," and "Samantha at the Centennial," are two books by Mariette Holly, of Jefferson county, N. Y., contain much pungent common sense, couched under a garb of as genuine wit as can be found between the lids of any other two books by American authors. The first named work, exposes in a most felicitous manner, the usual threadbare objections which are made against the work and advancement of women, under the conservative and absurd character of Betsey Bobbitt. In the later book, giving an account of Samantha's visit to the centennial, occur the following passages:

"There was them that said it would have a tendency to onsettle and break up the whole fabric of society for a woman to take part in such heftly matters as would be argued. Not that I think that it is out of character for a woman to talk in public; nay, verily, 'tis in my opinion, no more

wearin' on her throat or her morals, to get up and talk to an audience for their amusement and edification, in a calm and collected voice, than it is for her to keep her voice and sing to them by the hour, for the same reason. But every body has their particular fort, and they ought, in my opinion, to stick to their own forts, and not try to get on somebody else's.

"Now, influencin' men's souls, and keepin' their morals healthy by words of eloquence, is some men's forts. Nailin' on good leather soles to keep their bodies healthy, is another man's fort. One is just as honorable and worthy as another, in my opinion, if done in the fear of God and the good of mankind, and followed as a fort or to be followed. But when folks leave their own lawful forts, and try to get on to somebody else's fort, that is what makes trouble, and makes crowded forts, and weak ones, and mixes things. Too many gettin' on to a fort at one time, is what breaks it down. My fort haint talkin' in public, and I foller it up day by day, as it ought to be follered."

"Then the President of the debatin' society got up and said: 'For a female woman to talk in public on such momentous and weighty subjects—subjects that weigh—I don't know what they won't weigh—but they are heft'—for a female woman to talk on those deep and perhaps awful subjects as they are a bein' brung up, would have a dangerous tendency to make a woman feel as if she were equal to a man. It would have a tendency to infringe on him, and if there is any thing a man can't nor won't stand, it is infringing.' And it would also bring her into too close contact with him; and so, on them grounds, as a Latin author observes in a similar case, I deny her the right in toto, toto."

Communication from Melbourne.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Your issue of August 30th, 1879, contains a letter from Mr. J. B. Wilson, of Sydney, N. S. W., in reference to Mrs. Britten, in which he not only challenged the correctness of the following paragraph (which appeared in the Harbinger of Light of Feb. last), but deliberately asserts that there is not one word of truth in it. As I am the editor of that paper, and the writer of the paragraph, I wish, in justification of myself and the Harbinger, to prove to you and your readers its truth and correctness in every particular. It has reference to the unfortunate misunderstanding between Mrs. Britten and the Victoria Association of Spiritualists, and my duty as a spiritualistic newspaper editor, renders its publication necessary.

"Mrs. BRITTEN'S LECTURES:—The Committee of the Victorian Association of Spiritualists, through their secretary, have been in correspondence with Mrs. Britten with the view of arranging for a series of lectures here, to follow Mr. Walker's. The correspondence was read at the committee meeting on Thursday last, and disclosed the fact that Mrs. Britten ignores both the Association and Mr. Walker, and has determined to come at her own time, whether Mr. Walker is lecturing or not. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Britten has taken this course, which will certainly lower her in the estimation of many who were her friends. A full committee of eighteen have unanimously passed a resolution to ignore her and her movements here.—Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Feb. 1st, 1879.

It will be necessary to explain that the correspondence indited by our secretary in January with Mrs. Britten (who was then in Sydney) in reference to a second visit here, was replied to by Dr. B., who acted as her amanuensis, and the following extract from his letter of Jan. 27th, proves the correctness of statement number one:

"Mrs. Britten will come to Melbourne, speak there on the first Sunday in March, and if your association determine to run Mr. Walker's lectures against her, do so with a full understanding of the case."

I may mention en passant, that Mr. Walker was engaged as the permanent lecturer of the association, and was at the time drawing full honors at the Academy of Music Theatre, Melbourne.

With regard to the second paragraph, it was then but an expression of opinion, which subsequent events fully justify, and the fact that at a meeting of the members of the association, ninety-seven being present, a vote of censure was passed on Mrs. Britten with only two dissentients (one of whom had been Mrs. Britten's ticket agent) is sufficient proof of the correctness of what I wrote without going outside for more.

Mr. Wilson reads several hundred miles from here and is certainly not in so good a position to know the facts as I am, and as an evidence of the unreliability of his letter, I may refer to his assertion further on that the "association subsidized a lady to lecture in opposition to Mrs. Britten." This is absolutely untrue. The association withdrew their lecturer, though a prominent Spiritualist offered to guarantee them against loss if they would continue, and accepted the voluntary and gratuitous services of Mr. Fielden, a trance medium, to accommodate those members and friends who declined on principle to attend Mrs. Britten's lectures. This was done by special request of members—a small hat taken for the purpose, and although it was found inadequate to contain all that came, the committee declined to take a larger one, as it would be construed as in opposition to Mrs. Britten. I have not made one single statement here that I am not prepared to fully substantiate, and only regret that the necessity should have arisen for me to make these matters more public than they are. I have no personal animus against Mrs. Britten, but admire her as an able and talented worker in the cause of progress, and am more truly her friend than those who indiscreetly write to justify her errors.

W. H. TERRY. Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, Dec. 6th, 1879.

REMARKS. We publish Mr. Terry's reply, and trust that the good sense of all parties concerned will deter them from further display of their private differences before a public thousands of miles distant from the scene of the difficulty. Certainly we shall hope not to be asked for further space for a subject that can in no way advance the interests of Spiritualism.

Tenderness is the genius of simple minds. If passion knows no bounds, tenderness knows no bounds. Passion is the attitude of a soul which no longer controls itself; tenderness, that of a heart which no longer belongs to itself.

What a power there is in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard, in whose presence even passion himself stands abashed, and stands worshiper at the very altar he came to despoil.—Moore.

New Books Received.

CHRIST'S WORDS. As Related to Science, Law, Government, History, Philosophy, Religion and Universal Human Experience. By Prof. J. B. Turner, pp. 425. Cloth, \$1.00. Springfield, Ill. H. W. Rokker, Chicago: for sale by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

THE POST MAGAZINE ALMANACK AND INSURANCE-DIRECTORY; pp. 154. Pamphlet form, sixpence. London, England: William J. Stokes, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street.

CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS. Adopted and Ratified in 1870, and Amended in 1877; pp. 54. Springfield, Ill.: Weber and Co.

REPORT ON THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1878. By John M. Gregory, LL. D., and Osborn K. Keith, Commissioners of the State of Illinois, pp. 75. Springfield, Ill.: Weber & Co.

MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE TWELFTH CLASS OF THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK; pp. 87. Pamphlet form.

THE LADIES MEDICAL ALMANACK AND FAMILY ADVISER FOR 1880, containing interesting Reviews and many useful Household Receipts, etc., never published before. London, England: M. A. Orr, Clapham, S. W.

We have received the following books from Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago, who have them for sale:

SHORT HISTORY OF GERMAN LITERATURE. By Prof. James K. Hosmer; pp. 628. Cloth, \$2.00. St. Louis, Mo.: G. I. Jones & Co.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF ART. Being the second part of Hegel's Aesthetics, in which are unfolded historically the three great fundamental phases of the Art—Activity of the World. By Wm. M. Bryant; pp. 194. Cloth, \$1.75. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

KEY TO GHOSTISM: Science and Art, Unlocks its Mysteries. By Rev. Thomas Mitchell, pp. 249. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: S. & W. Wells & Co.

HOW TO EDUCATE THE FEELINGS OR AFFECTIONS. By Chas. Bray, Edited with Notes and Illustrations, from the Third London Edition, by Nelson Sizer; pp. 236. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: S. R. Wells & Co.

Partial List of Magazines for March.

Scribner's Monthly. (Scribner & Co., New York.) Contents: The Tile Club Abroad; Vita Nuova; Louisiana; Notes of a Walker; The Grandissimes; Extracts from the Journal of Henry J. Raymond; Victoria; Two Views of Napoleon; Peter the Great; Youth to the Poet; Cham; Success with Small Fruits; Dwelling Places; Gifts; Over Sunday in New Sharon; The Wards of the United States Government; The Lover's Answer; Topics of the Time; Home and Society; Culture and Progress; Communications; The World's Work; Brice-a-Brac. This number contains some fine illustrations.

Eclectic Magazine. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: Russian Nihilism; First Impressions of the New World; A Teetotaler's Wine-Cellar; A Turkish Effendi on Christendom and Islam; Justinian; The Origin of Species and Genera; Fighting Fitzgerald; White Wings; The Chinese Drama; To Portia at Belmont; Mademoiselle de Meraac; Rejected MSS.; Autobiography of Prince Metternich; Let it Pass; Charles Reade; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art; Varieties. This number contains a fine steel plate engraving of Charles Reade, the Novelist.

Revue Spirite Journal D'Etudes Psychologiques. (M. Leymaire, Paris, France.) This Magazine contains articles from able writers and thinkers.

The Phenological Journal. (S. R. Wells & Co., New York.) Contents: Dr. Asa Gray, the Eminent Botanist, with Portrait; Unity of the Human Species; Comparative Phenology; Temperance in History; Backs, Faces, and Side Views; Lambeth Palace; What Seven Women Did; About Boys; Young Folks of Cherry Avenue; The Care of the Teeth; Cold Feet in Bed; A Mistake; Critic; A Receipt or Two; Poetry; Notes; Editorial Answers to Correspondents.

The Western Honey-Bee. (E. M. Harrison & Co., Lebanon, Mo.) Devoted exclusively to Bee Culture and the production of Pure Comb and extracted Honey.

The Nursery. (John L. Shorey, Boston, Mass.) A Monthly Magazine for young readers is filled with pretty stories and illustrations which will please all who read it.

Babylonia. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, Mass.) This Monthly is for children just beginning to read and each number contains a slate picture for "Baby" to draw.

Andrews' American Queen. (W. R. Andrews, New York.) A Magazine devoted to Art, Music, Society and Literature.

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

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

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

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Volume Twenty-Eight.

With this number of the JOURNAL, we commence a new volume. In looking back over the history of the past six months, we find great cause for congratulation in the steady progress going on within the ranks of Spiritualism.

The policy and methods of the JOURNAL, as they become better understood, meet with a constantly increasing degree of appreciation and approval, and so we are greatly cheered and encouraged in the work we have before us.

To the editor who is his own publisher, the subscription list is a matter of intense interest and vital importance, and thus it is that we again call the attention of our readers to the necessity of promptly paying their arrearages when due, and renewing.

The most cultured and philosophical Spiritualists declare the JOURNAL to be the best spiritual paper ever published, and the great mass of intelligent, thinking, non-Spiritualists, have come to look upon the paper with respect, and to lend attention to its statements, regarding it as the highest and most trustworthy exponent of modern Spiritualism.

Woman's Words.

Woman's Words, an original review of what women are doing, is published monthly in Philadelphia, Mrs. Juan Lewis, editor and proprietor. The February number is especially valuable, containing an excellent likeness of that distinguished lady, Mrs. Clemence Lozier, M. D., (republished by request) and one of Mrs. E. L. Saxos, whose name stands deservedly high among all Spiritualists.

Editorial Notes of Travel Continued.

While in Boston, we had, for the first time, the pleasure of meeting Mr. Francis E. Abbott, of The Index; his ability as a writer and philosophical thinker, is as our readers know, of a very high order; coming into his presence our good impressions were deepened, and our respect for the man increased.

On Saturday, February 7th, we spent some hours with Mr. Epes Sargent, at his home in the Highland district of Boston, where he has kept himself carefully housed most of the time during the winter, by order of his physician. Though weak in body he still pursues his literary labors, and is bringing to a close his extended work on which he has been engaged for Harper Brothers; and he also has about ready for press a small work on Spiritualism, which is likely to be of more importance than either of his previous volumes, valuable as they are.

Taking the night train from Boston, we arrived in New York early Sunday morning, where exhausted nature asserted her rights, and obliged us to pass a quiet day much against our inclination. However, we compromised by attending the Spiritual Conference in the afternoon, where we met many old friends and passed an agreeable hour listening to earnest remarks on a great variety of subjects.

On Tuesday evening, by invitation of Mrs. Jewett, we attended the annual reception of Sorosis, at Delmonico's. Our kind, hosts being unable to accompany us we were specially indebted to the courteous attention of Mr. and Mrs. Van-Horn, who did all in their power to assist in rendering the evening pleasant, and succeeded most admirably as they do in every undertaking, and as every man and wife may hope to do who work as unitedly and harmoniously together.

has done a good work in the past, and is destined to do a greater in the future.

Wednesday evening the 11th, we dined with Mr. Bronson Murray, at his home on West 52nd street, where he had invited to meet and dine with us, Prof. Henry Kiddle, Mr. Charles Partridge, Mr. Geo. H. Jones, Hon. J. J. O'Sullivan, Dr. White, Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Chas. D. Lakey, Mr. Henry J. Newton, and Mr. Charles Foster, the medium. The two last named gentlemen were unavoidably absent, Mr. Newton having met with a painful, though not serious accident, and Mr. Foster having to fill a previous professional engagement.

During our stay in this city, we called upon Dr. and Mrs. Speere, Dr. Habbitt and others, and only regret that we found it impossible to see many whom we hold in high esteem. Dr. J. E. Briggs, of 126 West 11th street, has our thanks for numerous attentions. We had a delightful interview with our old personal friend, Robert Collyer, at his residence, on East 39th street, who is doing a good work in his new field, and is the same great, earnest, hearty soul as of yore.

A visit with Mr. and Mrs. Poole, in their cozy country home, an hour's ride from New York, was an event in our trip. Accompanied by Mrs. Bundy and Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis, we arrived there late in the afternoon, and remained until noon of the following day. Here we found that the talented little lady and excellent medium, who so ably and acceptably contributes the Woman's Department for the JOURNAL, is also a most capable and industrious housekeeper as well.

Davis being, apparently, by far the youngest man in the party, could not restrain the exuberance of his feelings, and gave vent to his joy in various mirth-provoking manifestations, demonstrating to our satisfaction that wit and wisdom are component parts of the Harmonical Philosophy.

On Thursday evening, February 12th, we brought our stay in New York to a close amid many regrets at its shortness, and took the train for Philadelphia. Some account of our stay in that city and Washington we shall give in our next.

The Morgan Masqueraders.

The (ardent) spirit-loving cobbler and his spirit-personating daughter, Laura, have again come to grief—this time at Denver, Colorado, where a party of five skeptical gentlemen earned the thanks of the public and the curses of a few dupes, by proving the very earthly character of the purported heavenly visitant.

How much longer must Spiritualism bear the burden of such infernal quackery? How long must the most sacred feelings of the human heart be trafficked in by the Morgans and others who are coining blood-money from the dearest longings of the human soul wherewith to minister to their depraved appetites and support them in their idleness? We wrote Bro. Peebles last summer that what he so confidently believed were "test conditions," were nothing of the kind and had our worthy pilgrim put his arm around the spirit form that so enchanted him, he would have blushed, modest man that he is, to have found himself embracing a very common piece of Morgan clay.

W. Stainton Moses, M. A., himself a medium for physical manifestations, and others are moving strenuously in England to do away with the use of the cabinet, and their efforts have been redoubled since the late disgraceful exposure of Florence Cook-Corner, while personating a spirit.

Having a "Mission."

The following letter is a sample of a great number:

DEAR BROTHER:—I am ordered by my spirit guides from the spheres above to go forth. They have for several years past been putting me through very severe discipline in order to make me willing to devote myself without reserve to the glorious work of demonstrating that man does not, cannot die. I know nothing where I shall go, but I am bid to set forth, and I shall obey. I am told I have a great work to do, and I am obliged to do it. I write to you as advised by my wife, for I am impelled to come your way on my first journey, in which I am ordered to stop at every town and village, doing what I find to do.

We do not suppose any advice of ours will be of use to one who already has been "ordered" by a power he seems to think infallible, yet we venture to suggest, not only for his good but many others, a few practical thoughts. The advice we are about to give may appear ungracious, yet we are impelled to give it. We say to you, brother: You are about to start on the hardest road you ever traveled, and the question is, will it result in sufficient good to yourself and others, to warrant the sacrifice you must make? Do not suppose you owe allegiance to spirits; our first allegiance is to ourselves and those dependent on us.

earnestly advise you and all others like situated to think well before you move.

Is your wife willing that you should thus embark in an adventure, the end an object of which is concealed from you? Does she think it for the best? Are your children so well cared for they will not miss your absence? Are you yourself prepared by perfected mediumship for a teacher? If your mediumship is undeveloped, variable, uncertain and unreliable, you cannot hope to do good, but will be liable constantly to do harm by the cause you wish to assist.

Of all this you must be the judge. We only urge the necessity of carefulness, and the application of the test of impartial judgment to all spirit communications.

Supposed Manifestations of a Murdered Man's Ghost.

This account, gleaned from the Cincinnati Inquirer, illustrates, in a remarkable degree, the power of spirits over matter. It appears from the narrative given, that the people of Lebanon, Ohio, are much excited and bewildered over a wonderful phenomenon of showers of ordinary bird shot falling from the ceiling of John W. Lingo's hardware store. On the first evening quite a number of people were in the store when the shot began to fall in different parts of the room, but principally in the midst of the crowd of persons sitting about the stove.

A correspondent of the Inquirer visited the scene of excitement, and found a large party standing in the back part of the room, perfectly astonished at the strange and mysterious things happening around them. The shot fell about one per second in different portions of the room. It can only be accounted for in the sense of a spiritual manifestation, some one in the room being the medium. This belief is strengthened from the fact that one dark December night in 1874, a desperate character determined to rob the safe of the store, that was known at the time to contain a large sum of money. The clerk who slept in the building, was aroused about two o'clock in the morning by the fall of some heavy substance on the floor below, being no doubt the dropping of a sledge hammer by the thief; the clerk seizing a double barreled shot gun that stood near his bed, crept to the hatchway and found himself in full view of the burglar, who was preparing to blow the safe. At the click of the shot gun hammer, the thief started toward the place of ingress, but was not quick enough to escape the aim of the determined clerk who discharged both barrels at him. A howl of anguish and a few words, evidently from his pals, and all was silent. Nothing was ever heard of the burglar after, but from the pools of blood, he was no doubt killed by the double discharge of the shot gun, and was carried away and buried by his pals. This man's spirit, which left the mortal remains of a burglar killed with a double charge of shot, is evidently hovering about the place where it took its flight from the mortal body, and is manifesting its presence by scattering the little instruments of its mortal dissolution.

A Funeral Sermon.

The following is a telegraphic dispatch from Utah, relating to a recent funeral, and has called out a great deal of comment from the press:

"John Taylor, president of the saints, officiated yesterday at the funeral of a wealthy young man, named Cain, who had been an apostate from the Mormon church, but whose mother and sister are good Mormons. Taylor, after some fitting remarks, said: 'Was he a saint? No, he was once a saint, but departed from the church. He left the faith. Did he die a saint? No, he died a drunkard, and will fill a drunkard's grave. He has gone to hell, and there is where he deserved to go.' The mother, with a wild shriek, exclaimed: 'My God! My God! My only son! And to think that his only fault should thus be made public.' Both the mother and sister of young Cain fainted and were carried home."

We do not see why it should, for such heartless bigotry is by no means confined to the Mormons. It is indulged in by ministers of all denominations in our very midst, not perhaps in such gross form, yet who ever attended a funeral of an infidel where an orthodox minister officiated, and heard any words of hope? On two occasions we have heard language quite as heartless and gross as that used by the Mormon elder.

In the description of the séance with Mrs. Pickering, published last week, we should have stated that during the manifestations Mr. Pickering stood some fifteen feet from the cabinet, motionless, and with his arms folded most of the time, only approaching the cabinet to hand in or receive the slate or handkerchief when required. There was no possibility of concealed wires, or any other surreptitious aid. With printers crying for copy and the press of business, we overlooked this point in our hurry.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS PERTAINING TO THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Poetry by a Mantac.

The following little poem was given to me by Mrs. J. R. Walker, wife of a well known dentist of New Orleans...

I copy the poem verbatim, changing nothing of its names or dates. I can add nothing to its history, as Professor Mort died many years since...

MRS. E. L. SAXON.

MEETING OF KINDRED SPIRITS—SONG FOR PIANO MUSIC.

BY THE IRON HAND.

La Mort: They know not all the truth Who say they never meet, To hold communion sweet, Except through mortal mediums cold...

For in the fairy land of dreams, And in the spirit-world, O'er which immortal brightness beams...

No stronger hand a greeting sends, Brave brother to thine eyes, Love's children are congenial friends...

And while the harp strings of the heart, With heaven's own music sound, The mortal morn'g has a part...

For the geni of the Asylum, Mons. La Mort. Libra, 1857.

What is Liberalism? The Liberalism which attaches itself to Spiritualism, is the only Liberalism which is found safe to have a following...

The Liberalism which attaches itself to Spiritualism, is the only Liberalism which is found safe to have a following. When our religious and spiritual nature is allowed to rise up and take the lead...

I have seen persons who, when I have described certain spirits standing near them, have seemed to shrink back with terror. If a consciousness of spirit presence will have the effect to make us shun evil, and seek only the good...

The simple fact of spirit communion has but little meaning unless it is backed by a true and philosophical religion. I have found in Spiritualism all of this; my reason has become enlightened by it...

John Blatherwick writes: You have passed through a stormy year, but most valiantly you stemmed the torrent of abuse that has been against you; never fear, brother, as long as you are sustained by a galaxy of noble men and women in and out of the form...

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.

Reinhardt Miller writes: The JOURNAL is a welcome friend in our house every week, and I would not like to be without it.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity, Downing Hall.

A deeply interested audience listened to the clear philosophical lecture of Col. Wm. Hemstreet, before our Fraternity this evening, and it shows a growing interest in the great fact of Modern Spiritualism...

The speaker proceeded to quote from Herbert Spencer and other authors, who give varied definitions of the meaning of soul. "It is not necessary for us in handling this subject to go back a priori, to the beginning of all things, nor to try to apply the latest thinking matter, or the other marvel of forming from this mass of thinking atoms an individual soul...

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THE REV. MR. WEBSTER'S VISION.

The Quebec Clergyman Describes His Angelic Visitor.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

[How is it that a man will wake up an unreasonable hour in the night, be interviewed by a spirit, whom he thinks he recognizes; who gives him a message he puts so much confidence in that he dare not reveal it; who sees the same and kindred apparitions frequently, who believes he has an appointed mission to proclaim to mankind, and who is so ignorant of the nature of the communication between the two worlds, and who still has the impudent effrontery to deny most emphatically, holding any views tending toward spiritualism, as a mere fancy, or a delusion, or a mere pride and belief that he speaks to fools, or an ignorance of what Spiritualism is...

QUEBEC, Feb. 17th.—The excitement of the hour is still the Rev. Mr. Webster's vision, and a local paper this morning has the following report of an interview with the reverend gentleman, who, it might be mentioned, is an Episcopalian. Mr. Webster received the reporter courteously, and by no means objected to the interview, which, after a few preliminary observations was somewhat as follows: Q.—Have you any objection to give a more detailed account of the manifestations alluded to in your sermon last night? A.—There are some particulars which I cannot make public.

Q.—Can you describe the time and manner of the apparition? A.—The vision appeared to me while in bed about 2 A. M. on Monday last, and opposite the foot of the bed, between it and the door, which I had locked before retiring.

Q.—What was the form and appearance of the vision? A.—I can best describe it by stating that the figure which appeared to me was quite plain and unmistakable. It presented a most angelic appearance, and was surrounded by a kind of halo or phosphoric light. It must have remained in the same position about half an hour, and it was silent. It was attended in the room by others, which were, however, more or less obscured by the prominence assumed by the central figure.

Q.—Was the appearance that of an angel, or of a disembodied spirit resembling any one with whom you were familiar? A.—I cannot say.

Q.—Then you cannot say whether you were visited by the spirit of a good man formerly resident here, some of whose relatives have surmised that such might have been the case? A.—I am unable to answer this question. Though I have an idea as to the identity, I am by no means certain, however. Even from friends who are not absent, I have received letters, and again on the night of Friday, on each occasion he had anticipated its occurrence, having, as he says, been accorded a sign on the day preceding, which coincided with a remarkable sound heard by him some hours prior to his first appearance.

Q.—Did you speak to the spirit? A.—No. Q.—Did it speak to you? A.—No. Q.—Did you not receive a message by the vision, and how? A.—The vision had a message to me, but it was not spoken. We find in visions that one which is seen never makes itself heard.

Q.—Did you receive the message communicated to you? A.—In the usual manner, by signs. Q.—Do you now feel yourself at liberty to make public the purport of the message? A.—No, not at present, under any circumstances.

Q.—May further information respecting it be expected later? A.—I shall await developments, or further instructions from the Spirit-world. Q.—Did you receive during the vision any revelation of faith or doctrine? A.—Not in particular, but I cannot and dare not reveal what was shown me.

In addition to the foregoing answers, the reporter elicited from the reverend gentleman that he had taken down in Greek the message communicated to him; also, that after the disappearance of the apparition, he had become very much excited, and had decided not to remain in the house at night alone. A young man has ever since occupied at night the adjoining room. Mr. Webster, likewise, claims that the vision has since its first appearance been seen by him twice, once on Tuesday, and again on the night of Friday. On each occasion he had anticipated its occurrence, having, as he says, been accorded a sign on the day preceding, which coincided with a remarkable sound heard by him some hours prior to his first appearance.

The reverend gentleman denies most emphatically holding any views tending toward Spiritualism, but is, of course, a strong believer in the proximity to us of the spirits of departed friends. He expresses the belief that further manifestations of a like nature will be made him, and that it is his appointed mission to proclaim to man their nearness to the Spirit-world, and the fact that communications to some men will occasionally be made in our day through visions. He professes no dread from the further anticipations of ghostly visitors, but only from messages and instructions which they may communicate to him, and holds fast the Protestantism of the present day has erred nearly as much on the side of infidelity as other systems of religion have on the score of overcredulity in the matter of visions.

Mr. Webster's attitude toward Spiritualism, and his apparent mission to proclaim to man their nearness to the Spirit-world, and the fact that communications to some men will occasionally be made in our day through visions. He professes no dread from the further anticipations of ghostly visitors, but only from messages and instructions which they may communicate to him, and holds fast the Protestantism of the present day has erred nearly as much on the side of infidelity as other systems of religion have on the score of overcredulity in the matter of visions.

Letter from an Investigator. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I am an investigator of Spiritualism, so far as an opportunity permits, and I would like some light on the subject. I accept certain physical phenomena as accountable on no other than the spiritual hypothesis. I believe that what the ingenious of a few mediums can do in the way of producing phenomena, they are of human origin, and along the same line of inquiry exercised by the skeptical world, including many learned and scientific men, with the whole "spiritual vision" of the Christian church to assist them, might relieve us of this "stupendous humbug."

Either man is mortal or immortal; the terms are absolute in sense—there can be no half-way station—nature does not contradict itself, but retrogression does contradict progression. If progress is a law of the mind, it may be checked, but cannot be destroyed. Then each step we take is an eternal advance. When man has arrived at a certain stage of progress, morally or intellectually, he can no more go back of it than he can go back in the youth of his life. A pig may be taught to tell the time of day, and yet have no conception of the true meaning of time. So man may be educated in the moral code up to the highest standard, and yet be a moral idiot. He may even know the effect of sin, and yet be pleased in its practice; he may even live a moral life restrained only by fear of disgrace, punishment, or the lack of opportunity, and yet be content that they have not the moral plane? I am sure that they have not. When man loves the right because it is right, then his enjoyment is in its practice, and when he abhors wrong because it is wrong, then it would be misery for him to yield to wrong. No degree short of profane temptation, can entitle him to the high rank of moral elevation. There can be no regression from one step gained. If man fall below it, he will rise above it, he will never fall; and so on through the moral catalogue—he can never fall below his positive rise, hence, Mr. Case has failed to show a case of retrogression from one step of absolute progression.

Life is a pitiless or element of nature, which unfolds the glad through organic force, then mind must be a property of this force, as eternal as itself, which will not admit of retrogression.

E. Matteson writes: I have taken the JOURNAL I think over twelve years, and have never missed a number. I hope you will not let the mischievous spirit of the devil disturb your equanimity. The right is the right, the clouds seem to be lifting and every thing looks promising.

A. Slosser writes: I will work on and ever for the JOURNAL; it is the paper for the million.

Items from the Pacific Coast.

(From our own Correspondent.)

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Leaving the Central Pacific Railroad at Reno, and taking the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, we passed pleasantly down the Carson Valley to Carson City, the capital of Nevada, a splendid little city among the mountains—thence upward along the mountain sides, winding around the points on an angle sometimes of less than twenty degrees, so that sitting in the rear coach and looking out, one would think another train was passing, when in fact he saw only the locomotive which was propelling him along the precipitous heights...

Business seems to be carried on twenty-four hours in a day and seven days in a week, a large portion of the male population being constantly on the streets, and during the day watching the stock reports as bulletined by the brokers. There are some good buildings, a hotel very well conducted, and from the quantity of material exposed to view in the stores, for ladies and family use, it is reasonable to suppose, there are a goodly number of families residing there, though it is remarkable that when one has been fortunate in the accumulation of wealth, he prefers another location soon.

People in the North-western States sometimes advert upon the business in Chicago of buying and selling grain futures, but if they could see how the business of buying and selling stock is conducted on the coast, and note the misery, degradation and crime caused by it, they would close their eyes to their own real or fancied life. One old miner says, "What matters it, if the rich owners pay us large wages, if they get it all back for stock? This explains the whole story—no matter what money the laboring or middle class may make, it is little by little used in the purchase or sale of stocks, which are so manipulated from time to time as to bring the whole money to the manipulators again, hence those inside the ring of a mine on the market, soon secure at least an independence at the expense of both stockholders and outsiders, and depart from thence to live virtuous lives, and thank God they are not as other men—thank God they are not."

Returning to Reno, we take the Central Pacific again in the evening, and passing over the Sierras during the night, leaving the cold and snow behind, and in the morning we emerge into the soft balmy atmosphere known as "the glorious climate of California." The first day of February we see the valleys dotted with men and teams plowing and putting in seed for the coming harvest, and the mountain sides which, twenty-five years ago, we prospectored over, sick and pale in hand, searching to find the "color," we find covered with fruit trees ready to blossom, the miner's cabin having given place to the permanent farm dwelling, and its usual accompanying buildings. If we had known then but a small portion of what we have since learned, how differently things might have been, yet what would be the object of this life, if there was nothing to learn, no progress to make, if these reflections bring to our comprehension the minuteness of our present knowledge, —so desirable a condition being the starting point and the necessity of exercising the spiritual virtues of charity.

Mr. Emmet Hardinge Blitton, now lecturing in San Francisco, is drawing crowded houses, and in our next, will try to give your readers a synopsis of such lectures as we may be able to attend.

Testimonial. R. Rancevan, Jane E. Rancevan, Peter Bellingham, Mrs. A. F. Bellingham, Mrs. Mary A. Folly, G. Elmington, W. E. French, Mrs. Matilda Wilkerson, Dr. Winder, Mrs. C. M. Winder, and Mrs. M. J. Channell send the following endorsement of Mr. Thomas Street: "We the citizens of Carthage and vicinity, Ohio, do concur in this testimonial of our appreciation of the character of our friend, Mr. Thomas Street. We firmly believe him to be a true and faithful medium for the spirits, and through whom we have had some very beautiful manifestations. His moral character is above reproach, and we therefore can cheerfully recommend him to others as a lecturer and test medium. We understand he intends to devote his life henceforth to the glorious work."

Notes and Extracts. The castles of orthodox faith are falling. The new heaven is Spiritualism, which is descending from the highest and brightest angels to illumine the souls of men.

Already the veil is being drawn aside, and like one looking at the bright light that seems to steal from some distant window, you perceive the faces of those you are in search of.

By ourself the evil is done, by ourself one suffers; by ourself evil is undone, by ourself one is purified. Purity and impurity belong to ourself. No one can purify another.—Buddha.

If we consider the "ancient Hindoo" heaven, and the paradise of the Westman, we shall find that the people were looking forward to the ultimate enjoyment of purely material delights.

There is a time coming which shall witness the demolition of useless systems, which shall come to soothe the afflicted, which shall come to strengthen hope, which shall come as a true Comforter.

We must beware of admitting into our souls the belief that there is no goodness at all in argument. Let us rather believe that it is, we ourselves who are not sound; but let us act like men and bestir ourselves that we may become so.—Socrates.

The first apostles who uttered truths at Jerusalem were endowed with powers from on high; the first apostles who were sent forth into the world without scrip and without purse, were told not to think upon what they should speak, for in that same hour it should be given to them what they should say.

When I am assailed with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs rather than remain alone by myself. The hum in heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it it turns and grinds and breaks the wheat to flour; if you put no wheat it still grinds on, but flour is itself it grinds and wears away. So the human heart, unless it be occupied with some employment, leaves space for the devil who wriggles himself in, and brings with him a whole host of evil thoughts, temptations, and tribulations which grind the heart.—Luther.

We have the heaven of orthodoxy—a paradise of rich gold, a locality possessing a grandeur, and magnificence far transcending anything the most fertile imagination could portray; having gorgeous mansions, built of the richest gems, with jasper gates, and streets all paved with gold. The Christian, even to this day, has his slumbers disturbed by his dreams of such a heaven. The Jew has pictured in the Apocalypse such a heaven. Then we have the Turkish heaven, where men only are immortal, and the women having no souls are not permitted to enter.

The sentence, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return," may seem a hard one; but as it can not be reversed or modified, it must be accepted with submission, and in deference to another life, the honest man will make the most of the life he has; not necessarily saying with the sensualist, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," but with the hero reminding himself that he must "work while it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work."—O. B. Frothingham.

The idea that women have a mission and peculiar rights is wrong; but equally wrong, perhaps more foolishly wrong, is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude. This is the best picture of all errors respecting her who was to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow or worthless by a slave.—Quaker.

It is well from this day forward we shall know that in ourselves our safety must be sought. That by our own right hands it must be wrought. That we must stand unproped or be laid low. O dastard, whom such forebodings doth not cheer! We shall exult, if they who rule the land Be men who hold it many blessings dear, Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band, Who are to judge the danger which they fear, And honor which they do not understand.

Wordsworth.

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Leading Railway of the West and North-West. It embraces under one Management 2,380 MILES OF ROAD.

Map of the Chicago and North-western Railway. It is the only Road in the West running the celebrated Pullman Hotel Cars...

RAILROADS.—TIME TABLE. CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN. Ticket Office—41 Clark street, Sherman House, and at depot.

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various train routes like Pacific Express, Illinois and Jackson Express, etc.

CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN. Ticket Office—41 Clark street, Sherman House, and at depot. Depot corner Wells and Kinzie streets.

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various train routes like Milwaukee Fast Mail, Milwaukee Express, etc.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY & DENVER SHORT LINE. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison street bridge...

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various train routes like Denver Express, St. Louis and Denver Express, etc.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY & DENVER SHORT LINE. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison street bridge...

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various train routes like Alton and St. Louis Express, etc.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY & DENVER SHORT LINE. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison street bridge...

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various train routes like Kansas City and Denver Express, etc.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY & DENVER SHORT LINE. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison street bridge...

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CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO KANSAS CITY & DENVER SHORT LINE. Union Depot, West Side, near Madison street bridge...

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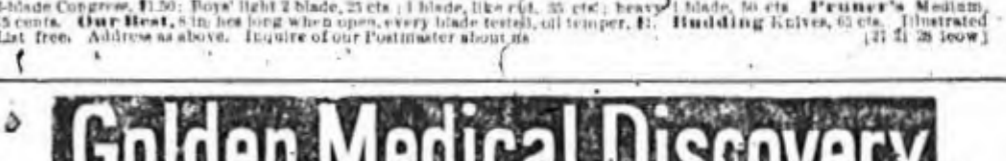
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WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY, WILL EXAMINE THIS MAP. A detailed map showing the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R. routes across the United States.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R. IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST & THE WEST! Its main line runs from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico...

Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various train routes like Overland Express, Overland Express, etc.

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Extraordinary Spirit Phenomena.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The lecture of the Rev. Joseph Cook, published in the last number of the JOURNAL, induces me to relate some extraordinary phenomena that occurred in my house in the summer of 1863. I then lived in Phelps County, Missouri, near the town of Rolla, and was owner of a large stock farm there. I had taken my first drive of cattle to St. Louis, and while there, I had been induced by a friend to pay a visit to Mrs. Eliza Corwin, a rapping medium, then and now residing on Morgan street, near 10th. I investigated the mysterious sounds by daylight and was quite puzzled to account for their origin, and also wholly at a loss to know how it was that so many of my dead relatives were known by name to the medium. Still I did not feel convinced that I had been in actual communication with any of my departed friends, for the belief had grown deep and strong into my consciousness, that when the machinery of the body was laid aside all means of influencing the inert objects of earth were forever gone.

centre table, quite large and heavy. Around this we gathered, and had scarcely taken our seats before Susan, who sat nearest to the door, screamed, jumped up, upsetting her chair and opened the door. She declared some one had put their two hands right on top of her head. We could not persuade her to take her seat again that evening, and she was so thoroughly alarmed and excited that she refused to sleep in her own room, but made up a bed on the floor in Mrs. Tuttle's room, and begged that Jessie might sleep with her. We attempted nothing further until the next Sunday evening, and by that time Susan's mind had grown more familiar with the subject, and she was growing curious herself to know what might yet happen.

nished by the German professors. For instance, how can it account for the production of writing inside of a closed book slate, in six different languages, when the medium (or "psychic," as Mr. Cook prefers to call him) understands not a word of one? Or how can it account for communications being written within the closed slates, in the name of, or a deceased person of whom the medium never heard? The theory that a psychic, by the mere force of his own will, can produce physical effects upon matter, without contact, wholly independent of his knowledge, can be manifested by such physical effects. Another factor must be introduced to explain the phenomenon.

Washington, D. C. An Antiquary's Ghost Story. We have been overwhelmed with letters regarding Dr. Jessopp's narrative. Several correspondents are anxious to know whether the ghost sat on a real chair, whether there is any tradition of a ghost at Mannington Hall, etc. We print the two letters which offer the most plausible explanation.

Dr. N. B. Wolfe's Account of Manifestations in the Presence of Mrs. Cooper. The members of the church consider this as a token of the divinity of their preacher, who is described as a young man of great piety and earnestness. The story has an air of mystery about it, but we have it from eye-witnesses and do not doubt its authenticity. Marcellus (Mich.) News.

Mr. Tuttle would not join us, and taking his little girl, went to bed and left the balance of us to deal with the Evil One by ourselves. In the parlor was an old-fashioned mahogany

Let us concede, however, for the sake of the argument, that "there is in the human organization a power by which physical objects can be moved without contact," and I am still unable to understand how the existence of this "psychic force" can account for some of the facts which the Rev. lecturer admits were wit-

I cannot close this communication without reference to the superlative meanness of the Rev. lecturer, in saying that notwithstanding all that the Leipzig professors have certified, he is still "very suspicious of trickery in Slade," when he can give no better reason for

disappreciation than the reported fact that at a recent materializing séance in London, (which Slade had nothing to do with, being on this continent at the time,) a medium was detected "in one of the coarsest kinds of impersonation."

One of the most remarkable occurrences ever recorded in this state took place in the Flatbush, St. Joseph county, church one night last week. The preacher, who was exhorting, was suddenly enveloped in a ball of fire which descended from the ceiling. He fell forward on his face, some twenty of the members had the power, and the excitement was intense. Subsequently the preacher was raised from the floor and carried about the room through some invisible agency, his body being at an angle of about 45 deg., and in an insensible condition. For half an hour this was enacted; then he was gently laid down and he came out of his

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