

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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Gleanings and Comments.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* suggests to the clergymen of the country the wisdom of burning all their old sermons, as a sort of burnt offering to the departing year and taking a fresh start. It thinks new sermons would tend to fill the pews which the constant use of old ones now keep empty. It is not proven that this is the main cause of empty pews, though certain it is that pews are not overcrowded. The idea, however, is a good one. Old sermons are about the stalest of stale things, but if the new ones are written in the same style, where is the gain? As sermons are usually composed and delivered it is safe to say that the hearers cannot tell whether they have ever heard them before or not. There is such a sameness that there is no point on which the memory can lay hold. We extend the good advice still farther: Burn the old sermons, take a new start, by turning the eyes forward instead of back. Get hold of the inspiration of fresh thought and practical life, and talk about the things which interest the men and women of the present day. The Bible is well enough, but God is not shut up with all his truth in its lids. The Pharisees may have been a sinful race, but they lived 2,000 years ago, and will harm no one now. Cease talking about them, and devote a little time to the Pharisees all around and about and within the churches; men who are loud-mouthed in praising Christianity while they traffic in the blood and the immortal spirits of men. In short, return to primitive Christianity and make it a living religion instead of a dead sham.

The *Akron Beacon* is alarmed about the condition of church exits. In view of the terrible disaster at the theater in Vienna, it thinks no church properly provided so that were an alarm of fire given, there would not in the confusion be great loss of life. Akron is not an especially godly city, but it must be very different from any other in the land, for if the constant complaints of scanty attendance mean any thing there is not a Protestant church in the Union but an alarm of fire would empty in two minutes.

The Rev. Dr. Fulton, the noted Baptist preacher, speaks of American women as "extravagant, frivolous, have a passion for dress and a morbid love of admiration, a distaste for home and domestic life, use half their husbands yearly income in getting an outfit for a months sojourn at a watering place." If politeness allowed calling this accusation by its right name we would say it was a lie, an infamous, slanderous lie. There may be a few women who are extravagant, but the "American woman" is a pattern of thrift and economy. Fulton himself, whatever he may now be, in his early ministerial days was a patron of fast houses, and is certainly a poor judge to decide the question of economy and extravagance. The love of quiet domestic life, of home comforts and enjoyments is a charac-

teristic of American women, and we hope the American men fully second her in this direction.

The *Jewish Chronicle* says: "Judaism can welcome without reserve all the truths that science can conclusively prove, and need claim only the right of diligent inquiry before acceptance, a right which is by no means incongruous with the true method of scientific inquiry." This is a brave admission, and is as true as brave. What other religious system can assert the same? There is nothing so much feared by Catholic or Protestant, as science, and their great fear of Spiritualism, is because it brings demonstration, the true scientific method to the aid of religion; for they know that such aid once evoked, is like the whirlwind, which passing out of control will blow all rubbish and chaff from the truth.

Good Bishop Staunton, of North Queensland, Australia, is not an ardent advocate of a devil or hell fire, but his heart is full of Christian kindness. When a shipload of emigrants landed on that remote shore, worn from the sea and homesick for the fatherland so far away, they found a nice repast spread by him for them, and he gave them a speech full of fatherly direction and advice.

The *Sootsman* thinks that although the "converted Jew" is one of the most interesting specimens produced at the meeting of the Mission Boards of the churches, his coat is rather appalling. This is quoted at a late meeting at \$5,000.01, and in times of great scarcity as much as \$20,000 have been expended in gaining one single convert, and even then he was such a poor miserable specimen as scarcely to be worth the noise made in taking him in. But, then, there are men who are "inspired" to become missionaries, and they must draw salaries whether their labors are blessed or not.

Now for the test of prayer. A preacher in Tennessee advertises to pray for any body and any thing for a reasonable compensation. He asserts that his prayers will be surely answered, but he does not insure against failure. At the ridiculous price asked, he could not afford to do so. Fifty cents will secure a prayer from this holy man, and the question arises, if he receives the money and the prayer is not answered, is he not liable to prosecution for receiving money under false pretences?

The Chaplain of the House of Representatives has the arduous duty of attending each session of the house and offering a prayer. The shorter this prayer the better, for commonly it is not heard. The house usually meets for eighty days, which requires eighty prayers. For this service he receives nine hundred dollars, or \$11.25 per prayer. These prayers average, say ten minutes in length, and hence he receives about \$1.12 per minute for his time. If in all this nation of 50,000,000 people there was one who could assign the least good reason for this Chaplain opening the session with prayer, or point to the first direct result of anything coming therefrom, we would not raise the question of the appropriateness of the office. But there is no reason; only the following of an old custom, a superstition, a waste of time and a waste of money.

The *North American Review* has been published for sixty-six years, and has always been regarded as the most solid and thoroughly cultured of our magazines. Last year by an agreement, articles by Ingersoll were admitted to its pages, provided Judge Black would condescend to answer them. In the contest the infidel came to the front, as might have been known from the beginning. Judge Black is in politics a fossil of unknown age, and in religion a fossil at least anti-silurian. His arguments were such as might have had force a century ago. They were not new, nor had they a spark of life. In consequence of this management on the part of the Editor, the house of Appleton & Co. would publish it no more, and it has taken its departure to a new house, setting up for itself, where its proprietor proposes to be free and not a slave.

This action of the Appletons of course was most for the ministers of the churches, who seized the occasion to hurl their spite

at the *Popular Science Monthly*, a magazine exerting a thousand fold greater influence. Darwin, Spencer, Tyndal, Huxley, and their expounder Youmans, are the deadliest foes of superstition. Prof. Youmans instead of coming squarely out on the ground of the right and justice of his cause, attempts an elaborate defense of science, and of these writers claiming that it is false to charge them with "atheism." This is pettifoggery of the most debasing kind, bad in law, but abhorred in science. What is meant by atheism? If it mean denial of the existence of a personal God; of the trinity of co-equal, co-eternal Father, Son and Holy Ghost, one in three and three in one; of God as a direct creator, as a listener to prayer, then all these great scientists are atheists. If it mean denial in scorn of all the theological dogmas cherished by the Christian churches, then they are atheists. The God of Spencer is the *Unknowable*, and his school accept his lead. They all claim to know nothing of anything but matter and its forces, leaving the question as to the existence and nature of God in abeyance. This, in the nomenclature of theologians, is rank atheism. But the *Monthly* is too popular to be cast away even by the pecuniary piety of the Appletons. It may do as a blind to exercise a sham zeal in regard to Ingersoll, but hardly safe to directly oppose Huxley, Darwin, Spencer, Tyndal, and the whole scientific world arrayed in solid phalanx.

Encourage Them.

BY A. B. FRENCH.

Reader, do you walk the great highway of life with your eyes open to see all whom you meet or pass in the curious journey? Do you listen to the songs and sighs; curses and prayers, which go out from the hearts and lips of those you meet? How diverse the objects they seek and the means they use to attain them! The thoughtful observer cannot fail to be impressed with the irregularities which exist in society. Some are born with a legion of knights before and behind them to fight all their battles. They are rocked in a golden cradle, and carried by strong arms through colleges and universities. Not infrequently they are presented with diplomas they never earned, and given place and power, for which they have never done a meritorious act or made a heroic endeavor. Around this class gather the fawning sycophants of society, who include in their ranks a time-serving press and pulpit ready to magnify every act they do, and make it appear of great importance. The class in society who need the most encouragement, generally get the least.

Look at that poor but honest man, plowing in the field, tunneling in the mountain, blowing at his forge, or battling with the giants of the forest! Day after day he goes to his toil with a heavy heart. During long weeks and years his tired limbs have scarce known needed rest. The shadow of poverty rests over his humble home. His sick wife and crippled children bring a great anxiety, which robs life of sleep and rest. He has no amusements, no holiday! From Monday morning until Saturday night he grinds at the ragged wheel of toil, and then bends his weary steps homeward only to drop a great tear his honest heart cannot conceal, by the couch of the suffering wife; behind whose pale wan face he sees the only girl he ever loved. His hands are hard, his clothes soiled and worn. He cannot pay pew rent or mingle with fashionable society. *Encourage him.* There is more wealth in his honest, manly heart a thousand fold than his millionaire neighbor dreams.

See the widow yonder! She is stitching by the midnight lamp. Not a sound greets her ear save the song of her needle, singing a requiem over her wasting strength, and the weary breath of her sleeping babes, over whose humble couch she casts anon a pitying glance made mellow by the tear through which it is reflected. That couch and an unpretending mound in the little grave yard, are the most sacred places on earth to her. Hope's star is dim and waning, yet over the waste of weary years she sees her children grown to manhood and womanhood, and they will care for her then until God sends a kind angel to bear her over to him, whose love does not forsake her in the long years of her widowhood. *Encourage*

her. There is more true heroism in her faithful struggle with poverty and bereavement than can be found in the deeds of many a battle field.

Other lamps are burning to-night while the wealthy sleep or indulge in midnight revelry. Look up to the attic window where the pale artist has made a home above the "din and jar" of the street. See him toiling there? He hears not the shouts of revelry which ring on the midnight air. Before him is one all-absorbing ideal. How he toils in cold penury to express it in marble, or paint it in canvass. *Encourage him.* The world says he is a dreamer, yet what knows the world of life's higher and tenderer impulses? Genius often shines through the ragged garments of poverty. *Encourage him.*

There is a light in the college building and yet 'tis past the still watch of midnight. It shines through a window from the country boy's room, who came after the term was half gone and the farm work all done, bringing his all in his handkerchief. He is his own cook, washwoman, and chambermaid. There he sits picking out some knotty problem, alone. *Encourage him.* He will win the race and distance all his lazy competitors.

In our moral life the same inequalities are specially pronounced. The man who has no great appetite to subdue, is praised for his temperance, while the real hero who may have been tempted and yet struggles to rise above his passion, gets little praise or recognition.

We call the woman virtuous who never knew vice and shame, and yet the one who has sinned and is battling with a great purpose to rise above it, meets only the frowns of society. Let us encourage every soul who is laboring to attain a higher or better life. The strongest are sometimes weak and the weak always need the encouragement of the strong. A kind word costs nothing and it is worth more than gold to the footsore traveler in the dusty way.

Clyde, Ohio.

The Jesus of the Crows.*

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I will write of the beautiful "superstition" of the Absarokas (Crow Indians). Perhaps you have observed the various Indians when not otherwise engaged, hum or sing in "sotto voce," have you not? This is their mode of worship to Deity. With all their slothfulness, cruelty and indisposition to manual labor, they have some redeeming traits of character, and this their firm belief and unshaken faith in the ever provident and fatherly care of the Great Spirit, is one of them, from which the scornful "pale face" of this generation might pattern without detriment to his moral or physical well being.

All Indians have a "medicine song," or prayer, which no other Indian will use under any circumstances whatever, unless he is invited to do so by the one to whom the song or prayer belongs. This "medicine song" is received from or inspired by the Great Spirit, while the Indian is a child, and is received through the medium of a dream. It is his just as much as his own personality or individuality is absolutely his own. He never arises from sleep without addressing in this way his simple thanksgiving to the Great Spirit; never cries to accomplish a single desire without a prayer for success in the undertaking—as in hunting, that he may be fortunate. If he departs on the "war-path," or a horse-stealing expedition, they are prefaced with devotions and sacrificial offerings to his God. In fact, no matter whatever he essays to do, he first addresses the Great Spirit for assistance, and never forgets to return thanks for the benefits received or for his own existence. His "medicine," some amulet carried around his neck is, in a measure, "bottled prayer"—a constant invocation for protection from all harm, while he consigns his body to the oblivion of sleep. The religious ceremony required to prepare this amulet is very interesting, taxing the strong nerves and constitution of the Medicine Maker to their utmost. Some die during the ceremonial ordeal.

Do not think for a moment these little individual songs each Indian sings to himself, are the same they sing and use on more important occasions; not so. Their "Sun-dances," "War-dances," "Harvest-dance,"

the "Dance of the Braves," in short, all their drummings and dancing are but religious ceremonies. But to the story that I set out to tell, a veritable Indian nursery story, the "old crows" tell the youngsters to amuse or quiet them when they crave fairy stories (I presume), some "Jack the Giant Killer," or "Puss in Boots."

Many snows ago, so many that the oldest and wisest chiefs or medicine men cannot compute the number, the great Sun God used to visit the Crow Indians, in the form of a man, and smile upon them, giving to them wise counsels and protecting them from harm, decreeing perpetual summer with flowers and fruit, ever green and beautiful prairies, and game and fish in abundance. Winter was unknown—no dissections, no sickness, but all was harmony and happiness.

The "Great White Wolf" was the confidential advisor of the Sun God, always accompanying him in his walks and rambles on the earth, which was then a paradise, the Indians wanting nothing, having all their simple habits discerned or required. The Crows then, a happy, happy people, more numerous than the leaves on the trees, had a young maiden, Pine Top by name, who was very beautiful to look upon. Her eyes were like the stars, her hair luxuriant, dark and fine as the fur of a beaver kitten, tall, lithe and supple as the young pine tree—the queen of the tribe! The Sun God one day while walking out, as was his custom, met this lovely virgin queen in the woodland where the heavy shadows were sleeping and became enamored with her, and she with him. They were married according to the simple rites of the Crows. In time a son was born, more beautiful still than the mother. Great were the rejoicings of the braves. As the young son of the Sun God grew up, he exhibited wisdom beyond all the learning of the tribe combined; did many wonders, made powerful medicine, told them when they would be successful on the war-path or in the chase. Many wise men, medicine men and great chiefs, traveled many moons to pay their tributes of devotion to the young mother and son.

As the moons came and went away there gathered a number of bad medicine men, who were jealous of this wise young chief and sought in many ways to kill him and hide their infamy from the people. The Sun God, through the Great White Wolf, learned of these machinations against his son, and he placed the White Wolf to watch over his wife and son, to protect them from this harm. It so happened one sad day while the Sun God was sleeping in a cloud and the faithful White Wolf was overcome by much watching, the evil medicine men came upon them unawares, and stole the young son and put him to death. They spread him on a tree and killed him with a lance, taunting him with his father's, the Sun God's laziness in sleeping while they had him in their power. When the White Wolf had learned what had been done, he aroused the Sun God and told him all. The Sun God became wroth and banished the White Wolf from his presence, an outcast on the face of the earth, to be hunted, he and his offspring forever. His beautiful wife he carried to his home in the sky. He caused the crops to fail, caused pestilence and sickness, and long dreary winters and deep snows to come. Famine and exposure killed many of the people. They had wars and dissensions; the strong preyed on the weak; all the past happiness fled away. The game became wild; many times the people slept in hunger, while the Sun God in his bright beautiful home burned them with the heat of his displeasure in summer and chilled them with the cold of his indifference in winter.

V. E. D.
Stillwater, M. T.

*The Crows once a mighty nation now number about 3,000 souls.

Dr. Talmage, who has always advocated and thus far maintained a free church, has found the plan discouraging, and now resorts to the old plan of selling pews. If he with his great capability for "drawing crowds," cannot sustain the free church plan, no one need attempt it, and this remark applies with equal force to "free lectures." The burden of their maintenance always falls on a few, who sooner or later weary of the constant effort. It is better any way that the support be distributed, for the sharing in it becomes a bond of union and strength.

Mediums.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Much has been said, pro and con, in regard to the responsibility of mediums. My own convictions on this subject were stated in a very general manner some two years since, in the columns of the JOURNAL. The statements in that article brought very bitter words from a certain quarter, but I have as yet seen no hint in fact or philosophy that mediums, like all others, are not responsible, in a general sense, for the character of the communications given through them, for the class of spirits they habitually attract, and for the lives they lead among men.

True, all of us, and especially the sensitive psychics, are much influenced by our environment, but then it is equally true that like attracts like; consequently, if a medium lives a good life, good spirits will be attracted to him, will manifest through him, and will seek to elevate not only him, but humanity at large. Even in this life, the good, the wise, the unselfish, are attracted together, and to a greater degree is this true in the spirit-life. So far as possible, such souls here unite around our mediums to protect and defend them, and they certainly do the same on the other side of life, only in a far more effectual manner. Now the hand of friends in the body would not permit vile persons here to maltreat the medium during his unconscious or negative state, nor would the hand of friends in spirit-life suffer vile influences to habitually control or even influence the mediums at such times. Besides, if the medium be upright, such spirits would be repelled from rather than attracted to him. Do the degraded seek the society of the refined and intelligent here? There is no chemistry in death, to change this law of association. Now while these things are all true, it is equally true that undeveloped spirits sometimes manifest themselves through our best media. Is this a paradox? By no means. There is always, in such cases a wise purpose in view. How many Spiritualists have thus been taught the useful lesson that they are not indolent to follow a "thus say the spirits," but are to toll, yea, earnestly toll in this as well as in all other fields of human inquiry for anything which is truly worth the piling. Again, how many pitiable and to be pitied spirits in the other life have in this way gained a little light, a little sympathy, strength, and help to bear their weary burdens, and to climb the rugged mount of progress. But cases like these are only the exceptions which prove the rule that the righteous life of the medium will attract righteous influences from the other side.

Mediums are subject also, like the rest of mankind, to the laws of heredity. Are they responsible for this? Just as much as anyone. And, like others, they can, and do overcome those hereditary taints and inclinations which they see are bad. And good men and good angels aid them, as they do others, in their efforts to attain a higher manhood. Mediums, then, are not to be judged by isolated facts, controls or séances; but by the general tendency of their lives and teachings. We hear a great deal in these days about fraud-proof appliances, tests, conditions, etc. Now we would give more for a righteous life on the part of the medium, than for all the fraud-proof mechanical appliances that could be piled between heaven and earth. The former is within and profound as eternity; the latter are without and shallow as time. Given the former, and the latter are as needless as a taper at midday.

But have we mediums the tendency of whose lives is downward rather than upward? Undoubtedly the same as we have clergymen, politicians and people of that stamp in every walk of life. What shall we do with them? Uphold their evil practices on the plea that they themselves are non-responsible? This would be suicide to Spiritualism, fatal to humanity, unjust, unwise and unchristianlike, to the unfortunate themselves, and utterly folly in us. Shall we try jails, penitentiaries, curses, vindictive maledictions, anathemas? Human history shows that all things impelled by that spirit are futile reforms. Moral sanitariums, with loving and wise effort to uplift the fallen beneath the mountain weight of their own iniquity, must take the place of those things. A knowledge of, and an obedience to the laws of heredity, of physical and spiritual development, must take the place of vicarious blood, of prayers (?), and of an indolent, an impotent, (I had almost said indolent) reliance on spirits. Says Huxley: "When our knowledge becomes greater, and our obedience the expression of our knowledge, present evils will disappear."

Appropos to this whole subject I beg the reproduction of an article, published years since in the JOURNAL, from the pen of Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson. I was conducted to it by spirit influence, on the morning next succeeding the evening that I first felt sensible spiritual awakening. It was in a strange room where I had never before slept, and the article was in a paper which had been put in behind the back of an old picture frame. I believe its perusal and study has saved me much pain, and I am thankful alike to Mrs. Wilcoxson and to the spirit who guided me to it. I wish all mediums and all Spiritualists might read and ponder it. C. W. COOK.

Quincy, Ill.

MEDIUMSHIP, ETC.—FACTS TENDENTLY EXPRESSED. BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

Coming in from a long walk, and weary with the busy hours of the day, I am prompted by a letter before me, to forego an hour's rest, and make immediate reply in your columns—for in this article, I hope to answer more than one objector of the same type.

Says the brother in his letter, "I decline to take any active part in spiritual subjects. Others, I presume, will feel more interest than I do, and will give you much aid in forwarding your mission. I have seen very few persons professing Spiritualism, who live up to the doctrine. Believing is not sufficient to satisfy me. One's daily life should accord with the holy and eternal truths taught by our best advocates. I hear—etc., etc."

Then follows a recital of the brother's complaint against some of our prominent mediums, accusations of immorality of various kinds, which have frightened the timid brother off the public track, and after all, with a characteristic tenderness he says, "It may be purely a slander." Surely enough! Now, every true Spiritualist will most heartily endorse all he has said in favor of a practical Spiritualism, but when it comes to putting out his light, or hiding his talent or influence because some Spiritualists or mediums may be "immoral," (not even granting it "may be slander,") how can we hold our peace? Does my salvation, my religion, my present usefulness, my eternal reward hang simply upon the morality of this or that advocate of the same faith. Were it all true that such and such test mediums had become "habitual drunkards," would the fact prove anything against Spiritualism?

What filthy robes the tender-footed among us would veil their trembling forms in! Spiritualism is a science as well as a religion. It is a system of moral and religious ethics, a

solution of one of the most important problems in human life; the question of cause and effect.

As I write, cast upon the receding shores of the bay I look upon a giant old hulk now neglected and going to decay. A picture of departing strength, it lies there, now dismantled, and the waves go sighing and sobbing as they leave its seaward side, and whispering zephyrs seem to repeat the story of its palmy days and proud conflicts with the ocean storm, as it bore on so victoriously through all, to its transient haven. Thousands on thousands had stood upon that firm old deck, to be landed upon the soil of liberty, and millions on millions had by the hand of commerce been safely entrusted to the monarch of the wave, and long years had blessed the gallant craft and its pilots, till at last, shattered and unseaworthy, it was laid up for the waters to kiss and comfort, and the bleak, icy storms of winter to mock in its silence. Oh, it made me think of the poor, uncompassionate medium, never lying by, never kissed by the sweet and holy whisperings of the grateful—almost a slave to these purse proud or pharisaical critics, never resting, except to snatch a hasty crust of comfort from some temporary friend, and then on again! On with the sighs and burdens, the selfishness and sickness, on with the chains and tortures, the cargo of countless waves and sympathies, the wants and exactions of a hungry, struggling multitude of human souls! On! on! in fire or snow, in fair or foul weather, some one is after you, and the strained harp must ever breathe the song that has been awakened, till at least the lightest touch may call for its reflection for weal or woe.

No one ever thought the fact of the old ship's stranding could prove an argument against either navigation or commerce! Why should such arguments as the brother gives be repeated as an excuse for "lack of interest?" Those mediums mentioned by our correspondent have led millions, either directly or indirectly, to an honest conviction of immortality and spirit intercourse. How many have dated their reformation from that point of conviction? How many have at once set up a moral standard upon the solid basis of such convictions, that has stood impregnable in its proud victory over the draped and deadly shams of popular morality! This is not mentioned at all by the brother. One or two cases of immorality or debauchery must be made to tip the opposing majority of thousands, perhaps, who have at least been benefited, and tumbled down the whole respectability and value of Spiritualism!

We do not deny that added to this sin of debauchery however it may originate, is another, if not so deplorable, as heavy to carry along, and that is the sin of cowardice, the same sin that actuated both Judas and Peter! But to return. There is no class of people living on earth to day, who have begun to meet the war of the elements of both these worlds as, have mediums, and it were impossible for any mere spectator to judge correctly of causes and effects that spring from this magnetic unfolding. To judge understandingly, one must have a mediumistic experience, and know from positive contact with all these forces, pro, and con., what only mediums can know. And all true mediums do know that there is a great domain of influences which some one is made to traverse, in order to educate the world to a knowledge of its perils as well as its victories. Some Jesus descends into hell.

For long years have mediums been the agents of the heavenly world. For long years have they stood amid these great psychological waves, single-handed and alone, beating back the sharks of bigotry under every form, parrying the thrusts of foes within and foes without, and rescuing from utter atheism and skepticism countless believers and adherents to our cause. Overworked and literally robbed of all magnetic balance, you tell us now that these lives have become of a "questionable character," if it is not "purely a slander," which is reported of them. Now we ask, suppose it is not all a slander, whose fault is it? Have you by your superior sagacity or morality, ever helped to avert this result? Haven't all these timid, conscientious, and scrupulous critics usually left the heavy burdens to the backs of the medium? Have you ever stood in their places, known their trials, met their needs, and experienced the countless shocks that must inevitably undermine the magnetic health unless counteracted? Thousands have we who can enjoy mediumship when served up in fine style and seasoned with savory offerings; but when it comes to a warfare with the most deadly and persevering foes, they are not to be found upon the battle ground! The poor and maimed may go to the angels with their scars and mangled, bleeding hearts, while our captious and heartless or un sympathizing professors will shirk off to a pew in Rev. Mr. Popular's church, and hide their spiritual papers through very fear of Mrs. Grundy!

We object to all this shallow, false-hearted, and cowardly sort of Spiritualism. If mediums get sick, have we no balm of Gilead? Plenty of it, indeed, if only a little devotion or sacrifice would apply it! Do people get scared away from oil wells, gold mines and rich benefits, because there are some unfortunate, some licentious, some even rascally operators there? Why! we never heard of such a thing!

Reverend Mr. _____ of Bridgeport, Connecticut, was recently treated to a great notoriety for "taking liberties with the young ladies of his parish." The excitement ran so high that he resigned, and his congregation "recommended him" as a preacher of the true Gospel!

We do not recommend any unprincipled conduct, and deplore the influences that may at times demoralize our mediums, but the laws of mediumship involve a vast field of philosophy, and we sincerely think there are states or periods in which the best mediums are the moral subjects of a psychological tempest, or a positive usurpation.

A very fine medium, and one of a high organic quality, once suffered from a strange obsession. He afterwards told me that a young man who seemed infatuated with his company, was much addicted to the use of liquor, not to become intoxicated, but to increase his hilarious propensities, and that he could not endure the presence of this young man, who was a powerful magnetizer, but he (the medium) would almost immediately pass into an absent state, or with every appearance of intoxication, and from that point the young man would seem to hold him for hours as by a spell. But having learned it, he forbade his young friend the house, which broke the friendship between them, and likewise the spell he had exercised. I should add that this same young operator availed himself of every such opportunity to replenish somewhat his empty purse at his victim's double expense. Now, many important ideas force themselves upon our minds in connection with this theme. Why do the translated make use of such a questionable agency as an unfortunately dissipated character, "if it is not purely a slander" that they are dissipated? We think it is clear that they make use of the most susceptible and negative temperaments. The very susceptibility which makes a subject for spirit control, makes a subject for all other preponderating influences, unless especially fortified

by strong repugnance and good superior control. Many seeking the oracles, carry directly into the mediumistic and magnetic sphere the intoxicating atmospheres which they live in—the medium parting with the magnetic oxygen of his being finds the vacuum immediately filled with a foreign commodity, either agreeable or painful and torturing, and from sheer ignorance or torture, the result is soon attained.

Again, there is doubtless one side of this subject, "which, as the 'undeveloped good' of Spiritualism, the so-called 'evil' of Spiritualism, may be called sorcery. This is where a selfish, unprincipled motive prompts investigators. They care only for pure personal gain, at any hazard. They consult the oracle with only visions of wealth before them. Their influences are all worldly. They consult spirits in sympathy with their own objects. They may promise to bless humanity if they can make fortunes, but have no idea of sacrificing any personal appetite or enjoyment. They are captious, tyrannical and destructive often, in their discordant dealings with mediums.

Again, mediums are all as naturally human and imperfect as the majority of the world's people. Ignorant of their own best conditions, and often most cruelly robbed of them, they are neither altogether blameless or altogether guilty. Indeed, considering the extreme difficulty of their calling, and the little true sympathy they get in this respect; considering the fact that the most wonderful claims are pressed upon them at all hours and stages, is it not a matter of surprise that they do not get distracted oftener than they do? That a few have been deliberately and habitually guilty of gross deception, we believe is true.

But it is no excuse for my laziness or your lack of interest, my brother. So much the more should we all stand in the ranks, nor basely and cowardly desert. If we have traitors, much the more do we need our true steel, and he that lets his sword rust in the scabbard to day, just in this crisis of agitation, had better never have volunteered.

We would urge upon all the perusal of "Death and the After Life," by A. J. Davis, p. 80, etc. Is not Bro. Davis's triumph to be attributed in great measure to such and orderly and consistent regimen. How many of our public mediums have had a quiet home temple and systematic preparation for so holy a work? Why, it would almost confound the stoutest heart, should we unfold our own private observation and knowledge of this modern martyrdom; a shame to any civilized land.

In conclusion, would it not be well for all mediums to aim at the independence which has so richly rewarded our Bro. Davis with a pure and happy control?

Religion of the Unbeliever.

BY THOMAS HARDING.

"Why," says Jesus, "do you call me Lord, Lord, and not do the things that I say?" That sounds like good sense, for certainly no one can be called a learner or disciple of a master who does not learn of him and respect his discipline.

Now, when we inquire what it was that this teacher said as proper for his disciples to do, we are astonished to find that those who to-day are calling him "Lord, Lord," and who contemptuously call others unbelievers, are, in almost every instance, denying his teaching in practice, and in many things are doing diametrically the opposite of what he said his followers ought to do. And stranger still, that the "unbelievers" respect the spirit of his teaching and, in some matters at least, observe the very letter of his instructions.

"If you do not love man, whom you have seen, how can you love God whom you have not seen?" So say the so-called unbelievers. The best service we can render God, admitting that such a being has a personal or other existence, is to benefit man. Belief with Jesus was of small moment compared with action; he "went about doing good." That is what the "infidel" does, or at least what he claims ought to be done. The unbeliever "stands up for Jesus" on the question of the Sabbath; he says that the Sabbath is our servant, not our master. Jesus repudiated love of self, pride, vanity, self-inflation, persecution, judgment of others, insincerity, making an exhibition of religion, public prayer, love of money, the trade of preaching, forms and ceremonies. In all these and many more the unbeliever is on the side of Jesus and, therefore, is opposed to the orthodox antichristian churches of the 19th century and of the dark centuries which preceded.

Religion is aspiration intensified by a love so universal as to embrace all. Does not the unbeliever experience this, even though he possesses no definable belief in a Deity or a future life? He simply says, "I await the evidence, as soon as my judgment is convinced, I will believe." Isn't that fair between the Deity and him? The depth of a man's religion is not to be measured by the intensity or frequency of his pleasurable emotions. Jesus is not recorded as having had any. "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He wasn't a Methodist! He never soared so high in his ecstasies as to be beyond the reach of humanity; he never rioted aloft in the thin air of lunacy. His religion consisted in substantial fruit borne day by day, in storm and in sunshine, in summer and in winter. Jesus bore this fruit, it is said, and that was the fruit he asked his followers to bear. In nearly everything that constitutes infidelity to-day, Jesus was an infidel, and the orthodox of his day so pronounced him.

Jesus was the friend of publicans and sinners, and if he were here to-day he would be the friend of the unbeliever; he would be the friend of the orthodox, and orthodox would turn him out doors. The religion of the unbeliever condemns orthodox superstition because it was, it is, and it ever will be, the oppressor of mankind; teaches its votaries that they alone are the aristocracy of God, and that all outside its pale are the mudsills of the devil. The quickest way to exterminate heresy is to kill it; that is the spirit of orthodox to-day, as it ever has been, and the accustomed plan would be adopted now, but for the good, square and honest "religion of the unbeliever."

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins in a lecture in Sturgis, Michigan, said that the churches were our "natural allies." I deny the allegation. To what end should we be allied with them? Is it to the destruction of human liberty or the subversion of truth? Fava upon the churches and they will spit upon you! They despise a Spiritualist even more than a Materialist. They will spurn you from their footstool! Mr. Stebbins ought to remember what Henry O. Wright said to him years ago: "Keep on, Stebbins, the devil isn't dead yet." Wright was right, and until the devil of tradition or the devil of vanity and intolerance is dead, a true professionalist can never ally himself with an orthodox. The religion of the unbeliever teaches him to ask no questions as to what his neighbors private opinions may be, but if he is a true man stand up with him shoulder to shoulder, and do battle for the rights of humanity. The truth will take care of itself. Does Mr. Stebbins think that an unbeliever

must necessarily hate a man because he is orthodox? No, but he loves him too well to countenance his weakness.

True religion undified, seeks no alliance with darkness. She speaks her highest truth, let who will reject or receive it. She shows an open hand and carries a warm heart, and is fed by the acquisition of knowledge. The Materialist may say hard things against Spiritualism, and the Spiritualist may claim the possession of a knowledge which the Materialist has not, and he may do it in a spirit of self-opinionatedness, so to speak, and in individual cases offense may be given and a hard word said, but inasmuch as both are contending against the greatest incubus that ever rested on the shoulders of a weary world, they are one; and if the world is to be saved and man delivered, they must bear and forbear—they must work together.

You cannot advance a new truth in the camp of the conservatives; they are arrayed against all innovation. Their God, they say, "is the same yesterday, to-day and forever," and we believe it. The idea of progress in spiritual things is with them out of the question. Upon the unchangeableness of their plan of salvation is based their hope, and the very moment the restraints imposed by intelligent public opinion are removed, hell will be just as hot as ever, and persecutors will "rule the roost." The priest "can smile, and smile and be a villain." The spirit of priestcraft is changeless. Of course, there are many progressive men in the pulpit, but they are out of their proper sphere, and many wear the gown who are not priests at heart; but in my humble opinion these facts do not justify Rev. Dr. Saml. Watson in repudiating liberal meetings and publicly announcing his determination to have nothing to do with them in the future. If Dr. Watson saw unpleasant things at one or more of those meetings, I feel assured his truthful heart and progressive head would find things much more ungenial in orthodox gatherings. Dr. Watson, if the spirit of orthodox were rampant as it was and as it longs to be, would have been burned at the stake long since for his opinions.

The Spiritualist says there is a future world; so does the orthodox, and therefore, say Mr. Stebbins, Dr. Watson, and others, they are "our natural allies," but the systems diverge from that point; they disagree in everything else; they have no other belief in common. The Materialist says, "I don't believe in a future life, but I am open to conviction; as soon as the fact is proved to my satisfaction I'll believe it. I won't be able to help myself, a fact proved is irresistible; but whether I am convinced of this or not, I stand up for religious liberty, the secularization of the State, and the safety of the people from the inroads of a superstition by which they are menaced; yea, I am with you in everything that concerns the welfare of humanity. I am your true friend. Let us agree to differ and labor together unselfishly to lift a benighted, priest-ridden world."

What is the experience of the past? We can only judge of the future by what the past has revealed. The church has never lost an opportunity to persecute and enslave, when she had the power; but when did a scientist, materialist, freethinker or philosopher ever persecute any body? Never! We are the "natural allies" of all such. We are "unbelievers" together, and our religion teaches us to hold up each other's hands, that ultimately the sincere Christian, the honest infidel, and the progressive Spiritualist, and with them all mankind, may be safe from the arrogance and insolence of a dangerous superstition.

The religion of the unbelievers teaches them to have patience one with another; to eschew envy and malice, and where they have not a good word to say of a brother or sister, to say nothing. Its literary organs excuse and do not accuse one another. The shafts of a wit are not leveled against the bulwarks of a brother reformer, but against the foe of reformation. Those who do such things, "know not what manner of spirit they are of," they possess not the "religion of the unbeliever." The mediums of this religion are not so small as to be jealous of one another, nor so mean as to slander any living creature behind his back, but in all the simplicity of truth and love, they hold themselves as empty vessels waiting to be filled with the nectar which is yet to make glad an entire world.

Glorious "religion of the unbeliever!" inspired by the holy spirits who watch and wait to spread the glad tidings, for which a sad world has yearned—oh, how long! Thy mission is to teach mankind to love one another; to wipe away the tears of bereavement and replace them by the smile of hope; to make rich the home of poverty by spreading upon its table the bountiful fruits from the gardens of God; to enlighten the dark and weary road of skepticism and hopelessness; to protect a too submissive world from ignorance and the rampant lion of superstition; to cast the water of extinguishment upon the fiery faggots of the bigot, and to give liberty of thought and action to every human being.

God and Humanity, speed the Religion of the unbeliever! Throw no stumbling blocks in her way; you who profess to love her, but patiently work and wait, hopefully toil and forbear. The night is far spent, the day is at hand, the morning star appears—the sweet prophesy of a bright day to come, wherein the stone will be rolled away from the sepulchre, and man will come forth, and the voice will be heard, "Loose him, and let him go!" Sturgis, Mich.

An Extraordinary Man.

Mr. Fawcett, the Postmaster-general of Great Britain, is a most extraordinary man. He was made totally blind when a young man by the bursting of a gun. But in spite of that he is one of the best informed men of the day; a profound mathematician, and widely read in literature and history. He can handle a rod and fly with wonderful success. In the House of Commons he is greatly respected by all parties. An attendant guides him to the door, and there ready hands are always to be found to direct the sightless minister to his place. When he is addressed he turns his head as though he could see the person to whom his reply is directed. The most remarkable feature about his speech is his wonderful command of facts and figures, which, thanks to his acute memory, he masters with marvelous rapidity and retentiveness. He is greatly aided by his wife, whose attainments are almost equal to his own. Since he was made Postmaster-general he has introduced many reforms improved the postage-stamps, introduced a new system of money orders or checks for small sums, and a plan by which the post-office receives stamps as deposits in savings banks, in order to carry out his favorite idea in offering the poor every possible facility for practicing thrift.—Anon.

(Jackson Daily Patriot.)

Happy Friends.

Rev. F. M. Winburne, Pastor M. E. Church, Meria, Texas, writes as follows: Several months since I received a supply of St. Jacob's Oil. Retaining two bottles, I distributed the rest among friends. It is a most excellent remedy for pains and aches of various kinds, especially neuralgia and rheumatic affections.



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Has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Cherry and Chamomile Pills; their popularity and sale is unprecedented.

They supply a need long felt and must become a household remedy. Just think—to be cured in a few weeks of these terrible nervous troubles and awful suffering from Sick Head-ache, Neuritis, and Dyspepsia, and the nervous system put in a natural and healthy condition, destroying the possibility of Paralysis, Angina Pectoris and sudden death, which is carrying off so many noble men and women in the full tide of life and usefulness.

This simple remedy of Extract of Cherry Seed and Chamomile Flowers, combined in the form of pills, is a boon to humanity. It has saved the lives of thousands of Nervous, Headaching children in our school and out every year. No nervous person or sufferer from Headache, Neuritis, Diarrhoea, or Paralysis will do themselves justice until they try them.

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FOUR ESSAYS CONCERNING SPIRITISM.

WHAT IS SPIRIT? WHAT IS MAN? Organization of the Spirit-Body, Matter, Space, Time.

The author, Heinrich Toddman, M. D., is a German scholar, he presents many thoughts in relation to "spirit" subjects that are worthy of careful consideration. Price 50 cents, postage 3 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.

Woman and the Household.

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

LARVAE. My little maiden of four years old— No myth, but a genuine child is she, With her bronze-brown eyes, and her curls of gold— Came, quite in disgust, one day, to me.

They were words to the thought of the soul, that turns From the coarser form of a partial growth, Reproaching the infant patience that yearns With an unknown glory to crown them both.

It is stated by those who are competent to know, that there are 310 women lawyers in this country. But the number is, doubtless, exaggerated.

The Christmas number of the New Northwest is a large, handsome paper, double its usual size, and full of excellent original matter.

Mrs. H. M. Robinson has recently published a book of two hundred and fifty pages, called, "Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement, its general political, legal and legislative history from 1774 to 1881."

A HEROINE. The New York Herald this week records the close of a heroine's earthly life: Miss Rebecca W. Bates, one of the heroines of 1812 died at Scituate, Mass., yesterday in the 89th year of her age.

The following description of one who was driven desperate by the tragic loss of her entire family, is from a western correspondent of the Sun, who writes for its truth: Calamity Jane is a tall, slim woman of about 35, active and of phenomenal endurance.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN. The following description of one who was driven desperate by the tragic loss of her entire family, is from a western correspondent of the Sun, who writes for its truth: Calamity Jane is a tall, slim woman of about 35, active and of phenomenal endurance.

And the joys we have known, as they are pure, helpful, elevating, they touch with sunshine the ever-springing fountain of the spirit.

Though the "gods help those who help themselves," many are not yet in a condition to do this. They are imprisoned in sepulchres of circumstances or organization, and need angels in human form to roll away the stone.

THE HOME OF EMERSON. In one of Walt Whitman's inimitable letters from Concord, Mass., to the Critic, is this picture of a calm and beautiful home life: "Several hours at Emerson's house and dinner there.

YOUNG WOMEN AT HARVARD. We are glad to chronicle the following: The second year of the Harvard Annex for women has been a successful one: Forty-seven ladies have attended the classes and have shown themselves eager, devoted and thoroughly well conducted students.

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a high grade of instruction, and who may be said to have reached the point where they require it. More and more the young women in the preparatory schools are inclined to take a classical course and qualify themselves for the annex."

CAUSE INSTEAD OF EFFECTS. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson is a philanthropic woman of New York City, who earnestly desires to help people to help themselves.

At the time of the late war, the other halls were the same speakers annually. Mrs. Nellie Brigham comes with her usual taste and tact to answer such questions as this from the audience: "Before creation, where was light for God to walk in?"

At Steck Hall, Mr. Davis has given a notable lecture entitled "Marching on Rome," which may have urged him to repeat, dealing as it does with a momentous question.

Another valuable lecture was upon the origin of temperaments, and their influence is to be considered at a future day.

Mr. Davis has also lectured upon "Arabia and Man's Earthly Mission," in which he defined the objects of the Harmonical Association to be work under three departments, viz.: Popular Instruction, Publication, and Benevolence.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis held a reception at the hospitable residence of Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn, on the evening of Jan 6th, at which about seventy friends extended to them the congratulations of the New Year.

And so the year 1891 is shrouded, coffin and knelled! Poor old fellow; he did his best, but his gay young successor must do better. The king is dead, long live the king.

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MEEETINGS IN BROOKLYN. Since writing you last, our Brooklyn friends have kept on in their usual way. The Friday evening lectures have been by Dr. Monck, on "Healing by Magnetism, Judge Coit on "Worship," Col. Hemstreet of "Aeternum."

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WATERBURY'S ILLUSTRATED HOME GARDEN. For 1892 is an elegant book of 150 pages, a colored frontispiece of flowers, and 1600 illustrations of the choicest flowers, fruits and vegetables.

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JOHN C. BUNDY, Editor. R. FRANCOIS, Associate Editor.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate many old subscribers who through neglect or inability do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is continued, but we wish it clearly understood that it is purely as a favor to our patrons and our terms are PAYMENT IN ADVANCE.

The Banner of Light on the Cradle Fraud.

If the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has been at times seemingly too sharply critical and antagonistic, it has not been from a desire for controversy, for it is far more in consonance with the philosophy of Spiritualism and the wishes of the editor, to preserve perfect harmony. Besides it is the easiest and most profitable to move with the stream and not attempt to direct one's course by a defined line of policy.

These remarks are called out by the following editorial in the Banner of Light of January 14th:

"With all due respect to the belligerents in the Crindle-Reynolds controversy, we offer no opinion, as we have never seen the lady, and therefore know nothing personally in regard to her mediumship. One thing is certain, however, in regard to this matter, and that is, that equally respectable people conscientiously differ in regard to the validity of the lady's mediumship; hence there seems to be no necessity for crimination and recrimination. It decides nothing, and is positively injurious to the cause, besides keeping up useless contention in our ranks. Like other mediums who have been condemned by captious Spiritualists, if Mrs. R. is a bona fide medium time will set her right before the public. Nous verrons. All we desire in the pending controversy is, that our correspondents shall eschew personalities. Otherwise their articles will not be admitted into these columns."

To this we rejoine: we are not "belligerents" in this controversy. The JOURNAL is a newspaper, and as such publishes the spiritual news of the world. It contained a thorough expose of Mrs. Crindle with legal evidence which would have convicted her in any court of Justice. She said her self that she was guilty. The paraphernalia was captured, including the masks which were at once recognized as the materialized faces. They are to be seen now by any one, and will be on exhibition at this office. The cause of justice demanded that the exposure should be published, and Spiritualists placed on their guard. It would be a dereliction of duty had we not done so. The cause does not depend on Mrs. Crindle, or ten thousand such; the more it has like her, the worse for it, and our readers should know what she is that they may not be deceived.

In the language of our "harmonious" contemporary we, too, have "never seen the lady and therefore know nothing personally in regard to her mediumship," yet we are not ready to call such men and women as Chester and Wm. Hunter, Mr. Drown, and their wives, with Mrs. Sweetland and A. B. French, "captious Spiritualists!" They are among the most influential and intelligent people of their town. Spiritualists of more than a quarter of a century's standing, and when they go into court and testify, under oath, we do not think it just or fraternal to even indirectly accuse them of false-

hood or being "captious." We are not willing to brow-beat into silence such evidence that we may pettifog the cause of one who has acknowledged her deception. Nor can we lose sight of the main question, which is not whether Mrs. Crindle or any other medium, who has been exposed "is a medium," but whether the exposure was real and complete. It has always been held by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that every manifestation must stand on its own merit, and the test conditions of one, are not evidence for another at which they are not observed. If Mrs. Crindle should now give indisputable manifestations, that would prove nothing in regard to this exposure at Clyde, and to assert otherwise, is to claim innocence for a murderer because he does not commit murder before the eyes of the court.

We say "we have never seen" Mrs. Crindle, and if we had, we could not in that simple manner decide as to her "mediumship." This "test" is certainly characteristic of our Boston contemporary, which most singularly places the claims of an exposed fraud above the oaths of people who have for years been its constant readers, and who are devoted to the cause. We dislike contention, but we regard it preferable when we discover a cancerous excrescence festering and eating its way into the vitals of the cause, to boldly cut it off, and the sharper the knife the better will be the result. Just such a cancer we regard these fraudulent manifestations to be, and if not cut off, they will soon make the very name of Spiritualism a byword of scorn and disgrace. A manifestation through Mrs. C. or other exposed mediums, received under such conditions as to preclude all deception, would be just as valuable as though she had never been exposed, but the exposure takes away all the safeguards of moral character, and demands for the observed facts such precautions as to make each rest on the correctness of the observation. We believe this is the true and safe position to maintain and have never swerved from it. We are not frightened by the cry of inharmonious, for harmony is not desirable if coupled with disgrace. We prefer the inharmonious arising from at once grappling with the real issues of the day, to the apparently more peaceful course of fraternizing with deception, or drifting with closed eyes.

Uriah Heap could smile, and smile, and rub his smooth face with his hand, perfectly acquiescent and harmonious, while his heart burned with venomous deceit and grasping selfishness. There is danger in a constant calm, lest waters exposed to the sun become stagnant and breed poison fatal to life.

And lastly we refer to this oft repeated cry of "personalities." How can a journal "eschew personalities?" Is it not just as personal to speak in praise of a person as to speak in dispraise? If a paper is to "eschew personalities" it must entirely leave out all names of persons, which would be entirely impracticable.

The public press is the stage on which all appear, and have their actions exhibited to the world. That world sits in judgment, and while it is more pleasurable to record the good and loving acts and deeds of magnanimity, the darker sides must also be shown to make the picture complete. When principle is not involved we may drop the veil of charity, but when the individual resorts to such acts as will, if allowed to go on to their legitimate results, subvert the principles which lie at the foundation of Spiritualism and make it a mockery and a sham, the cry of "personalities" has no meaning, and should never stand between the faithful journalist and his duty. If our friends misunderstand our position, we can only offer our profound regrets, fully assured however that the time will come when they will acknowledge its wisdom.

Thanks.

We desire to return our hearty thanks to the numerous friends who are interesting themselves to extend the circulation of the JOURNAL. Nearly every letter is full of promise to aid in the work. Among those who have already sent in lists of subscribers, some of them a hundred and more names, we may mention the following: A. J. Fishback, Dr. M. L. Sherman, S. Hayford, Mrs. Sarah Graves, F. A. Barrick, Hugh Smith, Jos. Beals, J. H. Soule, W. Drury, Walker & Bro., Mary M. D. Sherman, F. Fraitek, J. B. Young, A. B. French, J. G. Jackson, L. Burg, Chester Clark, Helen G. Thayer, Charles Clark, L. H. Warren, Mrs. C. C. Dockray, Mrs. L. Bromwell, J. Taylor, E. Mattoon, Dr. Sara E. Somerby, V. C. Utley, H. P. Hopkins and W. F. Krebs. If old subscribers continue as enthusiastically in recruiting new readers, we shall add 10,000 names to our list before Spring is fairly open. Recollect that thirty cents pays for the paper 12 weeks to new trial subscribers.

The Spiritualist Progressive Society of 994 Milwaukee Avenue, held its first business meeting on Tuesday evening, Jan. 3rd, at the residence of Mr. Jones, 813 Holt Avenue. The meeting was largely attended and the following officers were elected: A. J. Carlton, president; J. McPherson, vice president; Mr. Jones, secretary and treasurer. The society selected G. H. Brooks as their regular speaker for the coming year. This society, but three months old, enters the year with bright prospects, and with that zeal that is the motive power of wisdom. Success is sure to be theirs, for harmony is their watchword.

A RECEPTION

Given by the West Side Association of Spiritualists, to Mrs. Maud E. Lord, A. B. French, and Hudson Tuttle.

Spiritualists rarely have had a better opportunity of meeting in accord, and expressing their fraternal regards to those who stand in the front as teachers of the great principles which are so dear to them, as on Thursday evening, Jan. 18th. It so happened that Mrs. Lord, A. B. French and Hudson Tuttle, were in the city at the same time. Mrs. Lord, who has been eminently successful, is soon to depart for the East; A. B. French came in from Elkhart, where he is speaking to a constantly increasing audience, and Hudson Tuttle is at present speaking for the Association. Advantage was taken of this circumstance and a reception tendered, which proved every way pre-eminently successful.

Mr. J. C. Bundy after a few introductory remarks, in which he said that the friends expected each of those for whom the reception was given to speak, but as they were sensitive, he knew it would be more pleasant for all, were they first brought into direct rapport with the audience by contact of hands, and there would therefore be a season of personal introductions. After a half hour of pleasant friendly recognitions, order was called, and Judge Holbrook, in a brief but eloquent speech introduced Hudson Tuttle. The remarks of Mr. Tuttle were in a spirit of tender sadness illuminated with visions of exalted hope. We have observed that while he never falters in the face of discouragement, he is overcome by the recognition of merits justly his, and shrinks from their public acknowledgement. Most happy was his comparison of Spiritualism 28 years ago and now. He said the meeting with Bro. French brought vividly to mind a picture which had not been thought of for many long years, in fact a quarter of a century and more had gone by. They were then boys, 18 years of age, both subject to control, and set out in a little Democrat wagon, visiting the towns of Northern Ohio, on a lecturing tour. They spoke in school houses, store-rooms, or such places as friends could secure. The churches were closed even on funeral occasions, and the bitter spirit of bigotry made the road a hard one to travel. Now the ministers were teaching Spiritualism, the churches were honey-combed with this doctrine of life, and he greatly feared they would entirely absorb Spiritualism, before Spiritualists consolidated its philosophy sufficiently to make it a distinctive organization. As such it had seemed to fail, but its power by permeating all other organizations had been and was like a great tidal wave in the ocean of thought.

Mr. French followed, saying, "I feel glad that I have come here this evening. Taking your hands, looking into your faces and drinking in the sunshine of your warm hearts, has made me feel better. I have no language adequate to express the pleasure it gives me to meet you." He made some happy allusions to early times, and eloquently gave the broad scope and profound meaning of the new philosophy.

As Mr. French closed, Judge Holbrook arose and said further: "The next one of this trinity is a woman. Some one said, using the poetic diction:

"Oh woman, in our homes of ease, Unseen, coy and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made, When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel, thou."

"Maud Lord is that woman and that ministering angel. She ministers to those whose brows are wrung with pain and anguish, whose souls are bowed to the earth with the loss of dear friends, Rachels weeping for their children and seemingly cannot be comforted. But she opens the golden door and shows to them those who seem to be lost. And those dear children, behold, they become ministering spirits in their turn to those in darkness, and light is sprung up and life is revived! But this advent of woman, such a woman and ministering angel, should be heralded by music and we request that that very appropriate song be sung, "Beyond the Golden Door."

Mrs. Lord said she did not claim to be a speaker, yet her remarks were most admirable and received heart-felt response from her hearers. She bid good-by to her present field of labor, but would return, and should always strive for such good and perfect gifts, as would make her friends glad of the kind friendship they had so generously extended to her.

Brief remarks were made by Prof. Toohy, Dr. Stephens and Mr. Brooks. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Talmage, Mr. and Mrs. DeWolf, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Davis, Mrs. Harold, Mrs. Howard, Dr. Bushnell, Mr. Collins Eaton, Mrs. Lowry, Col. Ralph Plumb, Mrs. Buckner, M. D., Mrs. Brown, M. D., Mrs. Stockham, M. D., Mrs. Julia B. Dickinson, Mr. Harcourt, Mrs. Ketcham, M. D., Miss Ketcham, Mrs. Friesner, Dr. Wilbur, Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, and many others. Mr. Williams and two lady friends added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by their music and singing.

An hour then passed in social intercourse, and adieus were said with a feeling that this had been a most pleasant and profitable occasion.

The revised New Testament, now that the public curiosity is satisfied, is meeting with very slow sale. And no wonder, for its value as a working tool to fill orthodox churches, is entirely dissipated in the revised form.

Psychology.

Prof. Townsend's lectures at the West End Opera House are exciting considerable interest. He had several excellent subjects on Saturday evening last, and the experiments were of a character calculated to amuse every one present. Mrs. ———, a splendid medium, was one of his subjects and he induced her to believe that she was in a beautiful art gallery with her son (another subject), to have their likenesses taken. She sat there in solemn earnestness while a young man (also a subject) adjusted his instrument (a chair) and finally apparently succeeded in taking an excellent likeness of her son in the wash basin that he used as a plate. The son did not at first admire his picture, but afterwards considered it satisfactory, when the artist demanded his pay. It was indeed curious to see his earnestness in demanding compensation for his work.

Mrs. ———, for the time, lost her identity; she acknowledged a young man present, a total stranger to her, as her son; she acted as if she was in a magnificent art gallery, and the incidents connected with the experiment leads one into a field of investigation very little understood, but full of interest. The Professor will continue his meetings this week at the West End Opera House, and those who do not hear his lectures and witness the experiments, will miss a rare treat.

Current Items.

Thirty cents pays for the JOURNAL 12 weeks to new subscribers on trial.

Dr. A. B. Spinney of Michigan, has our thanks for a fine list of yearly subscribers.

A DELICIOUS ODOUR is imparted by Floreston Cologne. And it is always refreshing, no matter how freely used.

Dr. A. B. Dennis, of Cedar Rapids, is contributing an able and interesting series of articles on Astronomy to the Iowa Free Press.

Professor Forbes and Dr. Young have determined by a number of experiments that the speed of a blue ray of light exceeds that of the red by about 1 per cent.

If subscribers who desire their friends to see a copy of the JOURNAL will send us their names and postoffice address, we will send specimen copies with pleasure.

B. F. Underwood goes west from Chicago, speaking at LaSalle, Ill., the 19th, and Peru, Ill., the 20th, 21st, 22d, and numerous other places on succeeding evenings.

Judge Barlow's reminiscences of Judge Edmonds and Dr. Hare, published in this issue, are of deep interest. We hope to give our readers frequent contributions from this able contributor.

Baldwin, once notorious as a traveling "exposer" of spirit phenomena, is now following the vocation of a medium in Cincinnati. When one line of business don't pay, another will.

G. H. Brooks having perfected arrangements whereby he can devote his entire time to lecturing, he would be glad to fill engagements during the week, within 100 miles of Chicago. For terms, address him at 412 Park avenue, Chicago, Ill.

No document in years has met the wants of inquirers among church members so fully as our pamphlet, "Spiritualism at the Church Congress." We would like to send it to thousands of clergymen. Will not some of our wealthy subscribers help us to do it?

These unique Salvation Armies, taking rise in London, have their offices and places of rendezvous, their banners of hope and victory, their striking mottoes of Gospel quotations, their drum corps and other music. These outer means of demonstration are used to attract the attention of crowds and of individuals. Let us hope that they do some good.

Many old subscribers are paying arrears in sums varying from \$3.00 to \$20.00, thanking us for continuing the paper during the time of their financial embarrassment and renewing for another year. Such evidences of approval are very grateful to us. We hope that the several hundred yet in arrears will soon be able to liquidate their long standing accounts.

In January, 1881, Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., founder of the Warner Observatory, announced a prize of \$200 in gold to any American or Canadian who, during the year, should discover a telescopic unexpected comet. When Comet "B" or the great comet, was discovered, effort was made to ascertain who first saw it, and had a conclusion been possible among the thousands of claimants, a special prize would have been given. As none could be reached, Mr. Warner determined to give a special prize of \$200 for the best essay on "Comets, their Composition, Purpose and Effect on the Earth." One hundred and twenty-five essays were sent in to Director Swift, of the Warner Observatory, and after a careful review, the Judges—Professor Elias Colbert, of Chicago, Ill.; Professor H. A. Newton, of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., and Professor H. M. Parkhurst, of New York city, unanimously award the prize to the essay signed "Hipparchus III." by Prof. Lewis Boss, Director of the Dudley Observatory, of Albany, N. Y.

E. W. Wallis is engaged to lecture for the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity during January. Feb. 5th and 12th, he lectures at Williamantic, Ct.; Feb. 19th and 26th, at Chicago, for the First Society of Spiritualists, at Fairbank Hall.

Our Exchanges.

So long as evidence exists that there is an "open Polar sea," the attention of daring navigators will be turned in that direction. If the crew of one or a dozen vessels perish in the attempt, efforts will still continue to be made until something absolutely certain is determined in reference to the unexplored polar regions. Take, for example, the experiences of Capt. A. B. Tuttle. In latitude 81 he noticed an extraordinary dip of the compass, and on taking the soundings discovered the cause of it to be immense loads of a magnetic substance, in five fathoms of water. It was mixed with minerals and fine particles of gold. In latitude 82 he encountered the ice belt, grounded under the water, and extending in height in some places over four hundred feet. It stretched east and west as far as the eye could reach. He here discovered the needle pointed due south, and in his own mind concluded that the magnetic deposit he had passed had some connection with the direction in which the needle usually pointed. By climbing to the highest points on the ice barrier, he could see directly into an open polar sea lying beyond, and by going eastwardly he found a passage that ran into the sea with a depth of five hundred and forty feet. The water was quite warm, and a gulf stream was steadily setting out with a velocity of from four to six miles per hour. He pulled this passage in whale boats, and found it to be about eighteen miles wide. In the north part of this open sea he found nearly fresh leaves of plantains, bananas and other tropical plants flowing on the water, and showing that they had been off the trees only a short time.

These facts are sufficient to arouse public attention, and how can they be explained on any other hypothesis than that there exists an open polar sea, and perhaps a fine region of country beyond? The Alliance may know all about vicarious atonement, original sin, total depravity, the nature and designs of Deity, and the origin of creation, but of the Polar regions it don't talk very learnedly. It says:

"There exists on the map a point known as the north pole. For centuries men have braved the Arctic cold for the purpose of standing on that imaginary point. The nations have striven for the honor of placing their colors upon it. All the expeditions have ended in failure, and many men have died in the attempt to discover it. The latest attempt was made under the auspices of the New York Herald, whose proprietor fitted up the steamer "Jeanette" with every appliance for arctic exploration. The commander, DeLong, had had experience in Arctic voyaging, and planned to temporarily colonize his crew in as high a latitude as he could reach and move towards the pole by sledges. This vessel, however, was caught in an ice pack and crushed, and again failure was marked against the attempts to reach the pole. We trust this useless expenditure of money and lives will now be stopped, and that the polar bear will be allowed unmolested possession of the north pole."

We have in this country several excellent spirit artists—those who are controlled by spirits to execute beautiful paintings. The Potts Brothers, of Harrisburgh, Pa., seem to be an exception to the general rule in this country; they simply place a large piece of drawing paper in a room, and then go about their ordinary business, and when they return after an absence of a few hours they find a portrait, landscape, or some scene in spirit life, photographed, as it were, upon it. The spirits improvise the material they use, and although the results of their labors do not exhibit a high degree of artistic merit, yet the method of execution is of a character to excite the wonder of the world. In Scotland there is a spirit artist possessing a high degree of merit, and of whom the Medium and Daybreak speaks as follows:

Mr. David Duguid was on a visit to his brother in Kirkcaldy, accompanied by his little boy. One day he went out for a ramble to Ravensraig Castle, and while there was entranced, and made a rough sketch of the ruins. On returning he commenced to paint it on canvas of the size named above, working, as is his custom, in the trance-state. On three separate mornings he worked on it, when the picture appeared to be complete. He took it to Glasgow with him on his return home, and Mr. Bowman says he has touched it up a little at intervals extending over three years, always working in the trance-state. Sometimes he has prosecuted the work in the usual spirit-circle and sometimes alone. It is estimated that about twenty hours, altogether, have been occupied in producing this large and finely executed painting. Mr. D. Duguid was not trained as an artist, and cannot paint unless in the trance-state. In that way he has produced a great number of pictures, one of which may be seen in the Reading Room at the Spiritual Institution, 15 Southampton Row, London.

For a number of years the spirits have produced pictures, with pencil or paints, direct; that is, the medium's hand is not used at all, but the spirits materialize sufficiently to lay hold of the materials and produce the result in an incredibly short space of time. In respect to this form of mediumship Mr. A. Duguid writes: "One evening, while permitted to sit in the Hated Circle, Glasgow, a painting done in this direct manner was given to me. It turned out to be a view of Ravensraig Castle, a perfect copy of a large one, [engraved by us this week] "but so small that it could be covered with a five shilling piece. A gentleman who was present at the sitting, and was going out to America, took it away with him as a souvenir of the indisputable power of spirits."

Comparatively little is known in regard to the Spirit-world. The descriptions given are in reference to a region that can only be discerned by the spiritual eye, and those in mortal form whose spiritual vision has never been opened, can not, of course, form an adequate conception of the views discerned by the seer. However, we know

Memories of Judge J. W. Edmonds and Dr. Robert Hare—Let Pioneers be Remembered.

BY HON. THOMAS BARLOW.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. As I was personally acquainted with Judge Edmonds and Dr. Robert Hare, and as they have made their impressions upon the age, and departed, I would say a few words applicable to their memory.

The prominence Judge Edmonds attained in the cause is well known far and near to the Spiritualists. He was a man of reserved dignity and high standing of character, a sound and popular jurist, a member of the highest court of the State of New York.

He had better by far have been envied than disesteemed and abused for his exalted belief by those who treated him as they did, as deluded and insane. Peace to his memory.

DR. ROBERT HARE.

The Doctor is too well known to the scientific and reading world to need any thing from my pen to give light on the subject. He was a member of the American Scientific Association, which embraced men of science of America and Europe, from the first meeting of its organization, and no one was more prominent or honored as a member or as a scientific man.

At an early day I availed myself of the privilege of conversing with him on the subject, and when he found that I was free to inquire and listen, he was much pleased and very free to communicate.

Then there was demonstrated to him an unseen, unknown power, and "as to that I was confounded," said he. Next was the fact of that power being governed by a responsive intelligence, and I added "I was carried irresistibly to the conviction and conclusion, that in the background was a secret intelligence, as of the motive power, and I knew of no better name to give it than spiritual. I was irresistibly convinced," said he.

scientific, in all of which he was thwarted. In 1886 the association met again in the city of Albany. Near the close of the session, one day when the large assembly chamber was crowded with members, ladies and gentlemen, and Professor Caswell, of Brown University, in Providence, was presiding in the chair, Professor Rogers, a distinguished scientist, with Dr. Hare, came arm-in-arm along the aisle through the crowd directly in front of the chair, approached near the presiding officer and stopped.

Then Prof. Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, who sat directly in front of me, arose quickly and expressed his regret for the unpleasant aspects of the affair, and said as a friend to science he would not hesitate investigating anything that might be worthy of attention, and as the matter stood, he would second the motion that the Doctor have his half hour. "I am a Christian believer," said he, "have given no attention to Spiritualism, so-called, but as a friend to truth I am free and will think and inquire."

"I am nearly eighty years of age, and for nearly that long period of time the future has been dismal and dark to me. I could carry myself no further than the grave, nor could I find any evidence warranting a speculative belief in immortality, or a spiritual nature. But now, as it were, the windows of heaven were open to my vision and beams of fulgent light are pouring down upon me, giving me positive assurance I am never to die, but always to live. It is not merely to proselyte, but to convince some or all of the truth of life hereafter.

Of an independent spirit and in the fullest enjoyment of his belief, the subject of Spiritualism was his continuous happy theme of conversation, at all times and in all places, before believers or unbelievers, priests or laymen; and I never knew how beautiful a picture could be portrayed of the benevolent character and lovely nature of Jesus until I heard him portray it. It was no orthodox view, but one of his humanity, his practical goodness, moral purity and loveliness. Never was St. John more happy in his ecstasy, than was Prof. Hare seemingly in his confident belief of a spiritual existence hereafter.

CANASTOTA, N. Y., Jan. 9th, 1882.

A Correction.

In your last issue I noticed a criticism by Mr. J. G. Jackson concerning a statement made by Mr. A. J. Davis, as reported by Mrs. B. W. Van Horn and printed in your JOURNAL some weeks ago.

Notes, aided for the most part by memory of Mr. Davis's discourse. The statement he made was substantially this: "The Moon is not old, but comparatively a new body. It is in a mineral stage, and will be for a long period. The first exudation of the mineral constituents is of the consistence of starch; a metalloid or salt in many places mites deep. In the order of progress, water will come as a further development, then vegetation and ultimately animal organizations."

That man is an inconsistent investigator who adheres to science alone, denying the results of clairvoyance. The first deals with external phenomena purely, and has times without number been convicted of the grossest mistakes. The second devoted to the investigation of the interior life of things, has as often discovered truths which science has finally been compelled to accept.

Col. Ingersoll.

ORATION AT A CHILD'S GRAVE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9.—In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery yesterday afternoon, a small group of people with uncovered heads were ranged around a newly-opened grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George O. Miller and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry, a recent victim of diphtheria.

The undertaker gave an affirmative nod. Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the distinguished orator, and then Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and, in a voice of exquisite cadence, delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic.

Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe, each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening and sobs becoming hushed. The Colonel said:

My FRIENDS: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world, where life and death are equal things, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side.

The undertaker who sadly inquires, "What is the state of your soul?" should be gently lifted by the collar and invited out, very fast, into the open air. This would be rough on many of the lay brethren of those churches who seek notoriety through so-called revivals.

Judge Barlow is Delighted.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: The proceedings of the Church Congress as published by you delight me. They took me by surprise that so praiseworthy a step had been ventured upon by prominent persons identified with the Episcopal church. Verily, light is passing the portals and entering the dark chambers of a system of benighted worship in our land.

CANASTOTA, Jan. 9, 1882.

Elegance and Purity. Ladies who appreciate elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color, beauty and lustre.

For children there is absolutely no morality except example, either narrated or seen.

A Varied Performance. Many wonder how Parker's Ginger Tonic can perform such varied cures, thinking it simply essence of ginger, when in fact it is made from many valuable medicines which act beneficially on every diseased organ. See other columns.

Mr. B. F. Underwood, editor of the Index of Boston, Mass., lectured at Union Park Hall, Sunday evening, to a comfortably filled house, although it was a stormy evening. Mr. Hudson Tuttle introduced Mr. Underwood to the audience, in a few well chosen, felicitous remarks, saying that Mr. U. was one of the free thinkers whom he was proud to call friend, and in whose lectures and writings he always found food for thought and instruction.

He enumerated the important history of human progress, and dwelt on the relative influence of the radical and conservative forces in the intellectual social and moral development of the enlightened nations of the world. He made disconcerted, based upon a perception of error and wrong and a disposition to substitute for them truth and right, the essence of Radicalism. He ascribed to the radical spirit and principle all the great upward steps in the career of historical development, sketching in illustration, a number of scientific and social reforms, but at the same time recognizing the need and value of the conservative element which was the sure guarantee of the permanence in individual character and the social organization, of all that is inaugurated and accomplished by radicalism.

The construction of the sentences in the Japanese translation of the Scriptures is decidedly perplexing to those who may not remember that the language reads from right to left. For instance, the sentence, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John," in the Japanese is thus arranged, "God from John called man sent was."

The Interior says that the wandering evangelist, who sadly inquires, "What is the state of your soul?" should be gently lifted by the collar and invited out, very fast, into the open air. This would be rough on many of the lay brethren of those churches who seek notoriety through so-called revivals.

Business Notices.

If persons knew the character of the cheap baking powders sold, there are very few who would prefer the adulterated article to Dr. Price's Pure Cream Baking Powder.

Hudson Tuttle lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attendants furnished. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, U. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

WILLIE DR. PRICE'S True Flavoring Extracts are full measure, strong and pure, other extracts are short nearly one-half what they are said to contain—bottles made to look large.

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Colonel Ingersoll is evidently progressing. His address at a child's grave, as reported on our 8th page, has more spiritual connection with it than his lectures generally have.

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