Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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No. 3

Resders of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in Items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors: Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organtzation of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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MR. HEAPHY'S GHOST.

The London Artist's Own Version of an Extraordinary Apparition.

Mrs. Heaphy's publication, some months ago in London, of the version sent by her late husband to Charles Dickens of his wonderful ghost story, has recently been presented to the public in this country. Mrs. Heaphy's publication, printed in London by Griffith & Farran, makes a neat little pamphlet of eighty-seven pages. It is enriched with the letter written by Charles Dickens to Mr. Heaphy, referring to the peculiar circumstances which attended the original publication in All the Year Round of an inaccurate version of the story. One curious circumstance these letters adds to the many curious features of this strange narrative, Mr. Dick-ens, it seems, when he received the original version from a man of distinguished reputation in letters, found that no date was given, and, in order to give probability to the story which he supposed to be a fiction, put in the date of September 13. Strangely enough, it turned out to be the case that the series of Mr. Heaphy's ghostly visitations really began in the month of September, 1858. Mr. Dickens's attention was good-naturedly called to the publication by Mr. Heaphy himself, who sent him the whole manuscript account of the experience as soon as he saw the version published in All the Year Round. Mr. Heaphy's communication was, acknowledged by Mr. Dickens in the following letter: GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER,

Kent, Sunday, September 15, 1861. DEAR SIR: Allow me to express to you the sincere regret I feel that your most remarkable story (which I have read with great interest) should have been innocently forestalled in the pages of my journal. At the same time I must add that your own version of the experience is so very curious, and so much more striking than the account sent to me, that I shall be happy to publish it in All the Year Round, if you should feel disposed to intrust it to me for that purpose.

I received the story published in that journal first among the "Four Ghost Stories" from a gentleman of a distinguished position both literary and social, who, I do not doubt is well known to you by reputation. He did not send it to me as his own, but as the work of a young writer in whom he feels an interest, and who previously contributed (all through him) another ghost story. I will immediately let him know what correspondence I have had with you; and you shall be made acquainted with the nature of his reply.

You may be quite certain I feel sure that there has been no betrayal of confidence on the part of any one connected with the magazine for whom you reserved your story. It must have been repeatedly told (though probably never correctly) in more circles than one. It happens that Mr. Layard is staying here with me, and instantly recognized the version printed in All the Year Round as a version of a story he heard at Sir Edward Lytton's in —, Hertfordshire, some time

As I do not feel authorized in retaining your MS. without your consent, I beg to return it herewith. But I am anxious to repeat my readiness to purchase it for publication in All the Year Round as the authentic story. Its interest seems to me to be heightened, rather than impaired, by its having been im-

Again expressing my regret that I should been, however innocently and uncon-

sciously, the cause of a moment's annoyance to you, I am, dear sir, faithfully yours, CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq. Mr. Dickens two days afterwards wrote to Mr. Heaphy: Gad's Hill Place, Higham-by-Rochester,

KENT, Tuesday, September 17, 1861. Spear Sir: I think I can show you in a very few words not only that your lingering suspicion is groundless but that everything associated with your strange experience

would seem to be extraordinary. In the version I received and published there was no sion I received and published there was no date. All that was set down as to time was: "Late in the autumn." When I came to revise the story in the proof for press, the need of some precise date was so clear to me that I myself inserted in the margin of the proof the date you find in the published narrative. Why that date should have come into my head rather than any other I am profoundly unable to say. Mr. Layard remembers that unable to say. Mr. Layard remembers that it is more than a year since he heard Sir Edward Lytton tell the story, and he says he has a strong impression that he laid it on the table in writing. Moreover, Mr. Layard is convinced that he has seen it in print, though he cannot recollect where. I have written to Sir Edward to ask him how he came by it. His answer will, no doubt, have an interest for you, and I will let you know the purport in due course. I read Mr. Layard your own account, and he was quite clear in his remembrance that Sir Edward's version of it fell as far short as my contributor's does. I think it would be best to call it "Mr. H—'s Own Narrative," or "Mr. H—'s Own Evidence," and I will introduce it with own Evidence," and I will introduce it with a few lines referring to the version already printed and calling attention to it as being the authentic story given at first hand. There is no doubt that it ought to appear as soon after the wrong version as possible. I will, therefore, place it in the number I shall make up to-morrow, which will be published to-morrow, which will be published to-morrow, the further office in the course of to-morrow, and I must ask you to have the kindness to refur it on Thursday, as we publish simultaneously in America and London and the long to the version already benefit as Mr. Kirk-large blazing fire threw a flood of light into church, came home to luncheon, and so of the revery corner of the room, and more especially over a lady who, dressed in deep black, through the day, but still no lady, neither every corner of the room, and more especially over a lady who, dressed in deep black, was standing by the chimney-place warming a very handsome foot on the edge of the femily living to visit another fender. Her face being turned away from the door by which I had entered I did not at first see her features. On my advancing in his neighborhood on my return from the north, but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself turned round to accost me, when to my protection in the individual in the first and the course of to-morrow, the door by which I had entered I did not at first see her features. On my advancing in his neighborhood on my return from the north, but should I be mistaken in addressing him, I begged he would not trouble himself turned round to accost me, when to my protection to the course of to-morrow, which will be published at the church of the course of the room, and more especially and the county. The next morning I wrote to this devel of the county. The next morning I wrote to this any reference to her. I then concluded that the church of the county in the morning to visit another she must be some relative who had every landsome foot on taneously in America and London and the sheets go across the Atlantic by the next mail. Dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS. Thomas Heaphy, esq.

P. S.—I observe in your narrative that you mentioned the young lady's eating the beef and drinking the claret. Do you re-member whether the joint was placed on the table or carved on the sideboard? and whether you seemed to see the figure served as the three mortals were, or seemed to flud it already carved without noticing the progress OFFICE OF "ALL THE YEAR ROUND,"

FRIDAY, September 20, 1861. DEAR SIR: Mr. Layard has not been able to remember where or when he saw some version of your story in print. Sir Edward Lytton received his version in writing from Mr. Edward Ward. Sir Edward informs me that his version was very superior to that published here. I therefore suppose it is told nearer your own. He is searching for the MS., but has not yet been able to lay his hand upon it. Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thomas Heaphy, esq.
Mr. Heaphy's version of the "Ghost Story" was finally published with the following editorial note in All the Year Round:

There was lately published in All the Year Round a paper entitled "Four Stories." The first of those stories related the strange experience of a well-known English artist, Mr. On the publication of that account Mr. H. himself addressed to the conductor of the above journal (to his great surprise) and forwarded to him his own narrative of the oc-

currences in question. As Mr. H. wrote without any concealment in his own name, in full, and from his own studio in London, and there was no possible doubt of his being a real existing person and a responsible gentleman, it became a duty to read his communication attentively. And great injustice having been unconsisted done to it in the version published as the done to it, in the version published as the first of the "Four Stories," it follows here exactly as received. It is, of course, published with the sanction and authority of Mr. H., and Mr. H. has himself corrected the proofs.

Entering on no theory of our own towards the explanation of any part of this remarkable narrative, we have prevailed on Mr. H. to present it without any introductory remarks whatever. It only remains to add that no one has for a moment stood between us and Mr. H. in this matter. The whole communication is at first hand. On seeing the article, "Four Stories," Mr. H. frankly and good-humoredly wrote: "I am the Mr. H., the living man, of whom mention is made. How my story has been picked up I do not know, but it is not correctly told. I have it by me, written by myself, and here it is."

MR. HEAPHY'S OWN NARRATIVE. I am a painter. One morning in May, 1858, I was seated in my studio at my usual occupation. [A paragraph or two is omitted, as only introducing a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck.]

My new visitors were strangers to me. They had seen a portrait I had painted, and wished for likenesses of themselves and their children. The price I named did not deter them and they asked to look around the studio to select the style and size they should prefer. The inspection proving satisfactory, they asked whether I could paint the pictures at their house in the country, and there being no difficulty on this, point, an engagement was made for the following autumn, subject | Tord again on its way oack from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway prise she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not afterwards introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway prise she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not afterwards introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not afterwards introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not afterwards introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had as I might be supposed to be more especially introduced. I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had as I might be supposed to be more especially introduced. I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had as I might be supposed to be more especially introduced. I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had as I might be supposed to be more especially introduced.

to my writing to fix the time when I might who had either known me personally or by be able to leave town for the purpose. This report. There was in her manner a kind of being adjusted, the gentleman gave me his card and they left. Shortly afterwards, on looking at the card left by the strangers, I was somewhat disappointed to find that though it contained the names of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck there was no address. I tried to find it by looking at the Court Guide, but it contained no such name, so I put the card in my writing-desk and forgot for a time the entire transaction.

Autumn came, and with it a series of engagements I had made in the North of England. Towards the end of September, 1858, I land. Towards the end of September, 1858, 1 was one of a dinner party at a country house at the confines of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. The party was a numerous one, and as the meal approached its termination and was about to subside into the dessert, the conversation became general. I should here mention that my hearing is defective, at some tion that my hearing is defective, at some times more so than at others, and on this particular evening I was extra deaf—so much so that the conversation only reached me in the form of a continued din. At one instant however, I heard a word distinctly pronounced, though it was uttered by a person at a considerable distance from me, and that word was—Kirkbeck. In the business of the London season I had forgotten all about the visitors of the spring who had left their card without the address. The word reaching me under such circumstances arrested my attention and immediately recalled the transaction to my remembrance. On the first opportunity that offered I asked a person whom I was conversing with if a family of the name in question was resident in the neighto reply to my note. I gave as my address The Post-Office, York. On applying there three days afterward I received a note from Mr. Kirkbeck stating that he was very glad he had heard from me and that if I would. call on my return he would arrange about the pictures; he also told me to write a day before I proposed coming, that he might not otherwise engage himself. It was ultimately arranged that I should go to his house the succeeding Saturday, stay till Monday morning, transact afterwards what matters I had to attend to in London and return in a fortnight to execute the commissions.

The day having arrived for my visit, directly after breakfast I took my place in the morning train from York to London. The train would stop at Doncaster, and after that at Retford Junction, where I should have to get out in order to take the line through Lincoln to A——. The day was cold, wet, foggy and every way as disagreeable as I have ever known a day to be in an English October. The carriage in which I was seated had no other occupant than myself, but at Doncaster a lady got in. My place was back to the engine and next to the door. As that is considered the ladies' seat, I offered it to her; she, however, very graciously declined it and however, very graciously declined it and took the corner opposite, saying, in a very agreeable voice, that she liked to feel the breeze on her cheek. The next few minutes were occupied in locating herself. There was the cloak to be spread under her, the skirts of the dress to be arranged, the gloves to be tightened, and such other trifling arrangements of plumage as ladies are wont to make before sitting themselves comfortably at church or elsewhere, the last and most important being the placing back over her hat the veil that concealed her features. I could then see that the lady was young, certainly not more than two or three and twenty; but being moderately tall, rather robust in make and decided in expression, she might have been two or three years younger. I suppose that her complexion would be termed a medium one; her hair being of a bright brown or auburn, while her eyes and rather decidedly marked eyebrows were nearly black. The color of her cheek was that pale transparent hue that sets off to such adventors large approach to the color of her cheek and the color of her cheek as that pale transparent hue that sets off to such adventors large approach to the color of her cheek as the color of her cheek as that pale transparent are compared to the color of th vantage large, expressive eyes and an equable, firm expression of mouth. On the whole the ensemble was rather handsome than beautiful, her expression having that agreeable depth and harmony about it that rendered her face and features, though not strictly regular, infinitely more attractive than if they had been modelled upon the strictest rules of symmetry.

It is no small advantage on a wet day and a dull, long journey to have an agreeable companion; one who can converse and whose conversation has sufficient substance in it to make one forget the length and dreariness of the journey. In this respect I had no deficiency to complain of, the lady being decidedly and agreeably conversational. When she had settled herself to her satisfaction she asked to be allowed to look at my Bradshaw, and not being a proficient in that difficult work, she requested my aid in ascertaining work, she requested my aid in ascertaining at what time the train passed through Refford again on its way back from London to York. The conversation turned afterwards on general topics, and, somewhat to my surprise she led it into such particular subjects as I might be supposed to be more especially familiar with; indeed, I could not avoid remarking that her entire manner while it

confidential reliance when she listened to me that is not usually accorded to a stranger. and sometimes she actually seemed to refer to different circumstances with which I had been connected in times past. After about three-quarters of an hour's conversation the train arrived at Retford, where I was to change carriages. On my alighting and wishing her good-morning, she made a slight movement of the hand, as if she meant me to shake it, and on my doing so she said, by way of adieu: "I dare say we shall meet again;" to which I replied: "I hope we shall all meet again," and so parted, she going on the line towards London and I through Lincolnshire to A——. The remainder of the journey was cold, wet and dreary. I missed the agreeable conversation and tried to supply its place with a book I had brought with me from York and the Times newspaper, which I had procured at Retford. But the most disagreeable journey comes to an end at last, and 5:30 in the evening found me at the termination of mine. A carriage was waiting for me at the station, where Mr. Kirkbeck was also expected by the same train but as he did not appear it was concluded he would come by the next—half an hour later; accordingly the carriage drove away with

myself only.

The family being from home at the moment and the dinner hour being 7, I went at once to my room to unpack and to dress. Having completed these operations I descended to the drawing room. It probably wanted some time to the dinner hour, as the lamps were not yet lighted, but in their place a large blazing fire threw a flood of light into round astonishment, I perceived that it was none other than my companion in the rail-way carriage. She betrayed no surprise at seeing me. On the contrary, with one of those agreeable, joyous expressions that makes the plainest woman appear beautiful, she accosted me with: "I said we should meet again."

My bewilderment to my property in the bed the second night more puzzled than ever. On the servant coming in in the morning I ventured to ask him the name of the lady who dined at the table on the Saturday evening, to which he answered:

"A lady, sir? No lady, only Mrs. Kirkbeck sir."

"Yes the lady."

My bewilderment at that moment almost deprived me of utterance. I knew of no railway or other means by which she could have come. I had certainly left her in a London train and had seen it start, and the only conceivable way in which she could have come was by going to Peterborough and then returning by a branch to A——, a circuit of about ninety miles. As soon as my surprise enabled me to speak, I said that I wished I had come by the same conveyance as her-

"That would have been rather difficult," she rejoined.

At this moment the servant came in with the lamps and informed me that his master had just arrived and would be down in a few minutes.

The lady took up a book containing some engravings, and having singled one out (a portrait of Lady A———), asked me to look at it well and tell her whether I thought it like her.

I was engaged trying to get up an opinion when Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck entered, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, apologized for not being at home to receive me; the gentleman ended by requesting me to take

Mrs. Kirkbeck in to dinner. The lady of the house having taken my arm, we marched on. I certainly hesitated a moment to allow Mr. Kirkbeck to pass on first with the mysterious lady in black, but Mrs. Kirkbeck not seeming to understand it, we passed on at once. The dinner party consisted of us four only, we fell into our respective places at the table without difficulty, the mistress and master of the house at the top and bottom, the lady in black and myself on each side. The dinner passed much as is usual on such occasions. I having to play the guest, directed my conversation principally, if not exclusively, to my host and hostess, and I cannot call to mind that I or any one else addressed the lady opposite. Seeing this, and remembering something that look-ed like a slight want of attention to her on coming to the dining-room, I at once con-cluded that she was the governess. I observed, however, that she made an excellent dinner; she seemed to appreciate both the beef and the tart, as well as a glass of claret af-terwards; probably she had had no luncheon or the journey had given her an appetite.

The dinner ended, the ladies retired, and after the usual port Mr. Kirkbeck and I joined them in the drawing-room. By this time, however, a much larger party had assembled. Brothers and sisters-in-law had come in from their residences in the neighborhood, and several children, with Miss Hardwick, their government were also introduced to me. I saw governess, were also introduced to me. I saw at once that my supposition as to the lady in black being the governess was incorrect. Af-ter passing the time necessarily occupied in complimenting the children, in saying some-thing to the different persons to whom I was introduced, I found myself again engaged in conversation with the lady of the railway carriage, and as the topic of the evening had referred principally to portrait-painting, she

"Yes, I think I could, if I had the opportun-

"Now, look at my face well; do you think you should recollect my features? "Yes, I am sure I should never forget your features."

"Of course I might have expected you to say that; but do you think you could do mo from recollection?"

"Well, if it be necessary, I will try; but can't you give me any sittings?"
"No, quite impossible; it could not be. It is said that the print I showed you before

dinner is like me; do you think so?"
"Not much." I replied; "it has not your expression. If you can give me one sitting, it would be better than none."

'No; I don't see how it could be." The evening being by this time pretty far advanced and the chamber candles being brought in, on the plea of being rather tired, brought in, on the plea of being rather tired, she shook me heartily by the hand and wished me good-night. My mysterious acquaint-ance caused me no small pondering during the night. I had never been introduced to her, I had not seen her speak to any one during the entire evening—not even to wish them good-night—how she got across the country was an inexplicable mystery. Then, why did she wish me to paint her from memory, and why could she not give me even one sitting? Finding the difficulties of a solution to these questions rather increased upon me, I made up my mind to defer further on me, I made up my mind to defer further consideration of them till breakfast time, when I supposed the matter would receive some elucidation.

The breakfast now came, but with it no lady in black. The breakfast over, we went

ed in black?"

"Perhaps Miss Hardwick, the governess,

"No, not Miss Hardwick; she came down afterwards."

"No lady as I see, sir."
"Oh, dear me, yes; the lady dressed in black that was in the drawing room when I arrived, before Mr. Kirkbeck came home? The man looked at me with surprise as if he doubted my sanity, and only answered, "I

never see any lady, sir," and then left. The mystery now appeared more impenetrable than ever. I thought it over in every possible aspect, but could come to no conclusion upon it. Breakfast was early that morning to allow of my catching the morning train to London. The same cause slightly hurried us and allowed no time for conversation beyond that having direct reference to the business that brought me there; so, after arranging to return to paint the portraits on that day three weeks, I made my adieus and took my departure for town.

It is only necessary for me to refer to my second visit to the house in order to state that I was assured most positively, both by Mr. and Mrs. Kirkbeck, that no fourth person dined at the table on the Saturday evening in question. Their recol-lection was clear on the question, as they had debated whether they should ask Miss Hardwick, the governess, to take the vacant seat, but had decided not to do so; neither could they recall to mind any such person as I described in the whole circle of their acquaintance.

Some weeks passed. It was close upon Christmas. The light of a short winter day was drawing to a close, and I was seated at my table writing letters for the evening post. My back was toward the folding-doors leading into the room in which my visitors usually waited. I had been engaged some minutes in writing when without hearing or seeing anything, I became aware that a person had come through the folding-doors, and was then standing beside me. I turned and beheld the lady of the railway carriage. I suppose that my manner indicated that I was somewhat startled, as the lady, after the usual salutation, said, "Pardon me for disturbing you. You did not hear me come

Her manner, though it was more quiet and subdued, than I had known it before, was hardly to be termed grave, still less sorrowful. There was a change, but it was that kind of change only which may often be observed from the frank impulsiveness of an intelligent young lady to the composure and self-possession of that same young lady when she is either betrothed or has recently because a matter. She naked may be that I had come a matron. She asked me whether I had made any attempt at a likeness of her. I was obliged to confess that I had not. She regretted it much, as she wished one for her father. She had brought an engrav-ing (a portrait of Lady M. A.) with her that she thought would assist me. It was like the one she had asked my opinion upon at the house in Lincolnshire. It had always been considered very like her, and she we

of the Mind.

BY GEORGE WYLD, M. D., IN PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW.

[CONTINUED.]

With reference to clairvoyance being degraded by being turned into the selfish channels of betting and business speculations, Mrs.

Billing told me the following story:
A young gentleman went to a clairvoyante in New York, and begged she would give him some sittings for speculation, as he was just going to be married, and 5,000 dollars would be most useful in furnishing his

The clairvoyante replied that she never sat for such purposes; but he pressed her so hard that she consented to give him three

sittings, and no more.

He sat three times and gained his 5,000 dollars; but not contented he returned a fourth time, and implored one more sitting. She reminded him of his promise to be content with three sittings; but he so urged it that she consented, but with a warning. The result was that he lost his 5,000 dollars.

8. Clairvoyance as produced by the use of Anæsthetics.—In the "Life of Sir Humphrey Davy," by his brother, we read how this brilliant chemist in 1798 made experiments in breathing nitrous oxide. His words are: "On fully inhaling the gas I lost all connection with external things. Trains of vivid visible images rapidly passed through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a world of newly connected and newly modified ideas. I theorized—I imagined that I made great discoveries—I exclaimed that nothing exists but thought. The universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures and pains. The delight was intense and sublime and for a moment so intense and pure as to absorb existence. I felt as if possessed of new organs. I seemed a new being—a sublime being newly created."

Now, it would be difficult to give a more vivid conception of the ecstasies of some of those who, by mesmeric entrancement, become lucid, clairvoyant and prophetic, and it is very surprising that psychologists have never, after the manner of this chemist, poet and philosopher, experimented with anæs-

One day, in the year 1874, I took chloroform to free myself from the intense agony I was suffering from the passage of a renal calcuins, when suddenly I became conscious that I was out of my body. I distinctly saw myself, in a long robe, standing in my bedroom about two yards from my unconscious body in the bed. It was not a dream, but a con-sciousness of existence outside my body.

I mentioned my experience to many, but I took little further notice of it until one evening about the 6th of January, 1880, when it suddenly struck me that in the use of anæsthetics we possessed an experimental method of demonstrating the existence of the soul

freed from the body.

We have seen what were the sensations of Sir Humphrey Davy when all but asphyxiated by the use of nitrous oxide. We further know that those who have been asphyxiated by water, and all but drowned, have said that their consations were those of ecstasy instead of pain, and that the history of their whole lives was brought as in a tableau before them; while the oriental fakir can by practice learn so to retain his breath as almost to produce asphyxia, and thus to entrance himself and, as he says, plunge into the divine abyss.

I wrote at length upon this subject in the Spiritualist of January 9th, 1880. The idea being, that as atmospheric air is the natural stimulus of the lungs, and essential to life, so any form of asphyxia, whether produced by entrancement or by means of foreign gases, or by suffocation as in drowning, drives, as it were, the life out of the body, and thus expels the soul or mind.

In all these forms of asphyxia the physical condition is almost identical, and the psychological experiences are often identi-cal also.

We have a body perfectly impervious to pain, and we have often an ecstatic soul that is, a soul operating independently of the body, and, as I maintain from my own experience and that of mesmeric ecstatics, a soul operating externally to the body; and if so, then the existence of the soul as distinct from the body can be experimentally demonstrated. The facts regarding the double, alone demonstrate that the soul during life on earth can at times leave the body and be-

A young lady, for fifteen years a patient of mine, on one occasion during life walked as a ghost or double into the kitchen, and was seen for a brief time by her two servants. I have given the details of this case in Light, of January 21st, 1882.

When I say that the sensations during asphyxia are ecstatic, I mean generally so; but I have met with exceptional instances in which the experience has been beyond conception appalling.

To the reply of the skeptic, that these experiences are simply hallucinations and dreams, those who have passed through them declare on the contrary, that they have entered by this means into the world of realities, of which this earthly life is but the shadow.

At all events, I think it will be admitted that it is a most remarkable fact that, under certain circumstances, the lucidity and imagination of the soul are in exact relationship to the apparent deadness of the body.

The publication of my paper called forth much corroborative evidence. "M. A. Cantab," declared that he had experienced exquisite and heavenly delight when under the influence of chloroform, and others said that they felt as if actually in heaven, and regretted being called back to earth.

Mr. Coffin wrote that a patient of his when recovered from the effects of the gas, said, "I thought that I had in some way got to the bottom of and behind everything and saw the cause and reason of things, and under-stood the mystery of life and the great secret that all have sought to discover.

Another gentleman wrote to me that under the influence of chloroform he got behind the veil that covers creation, and saw unceasing

power working chaos into form. Miss C. M. Brown writes to me that when under gas she found herself in a new world, with a mind full of activity and eager for investigation, while she was filled with awe, amazement, and intense delight, as all the puzzles and mysteries of life seemed to be gradually unfolding themselves successively like maps. "I seemed," she says, "to make discoveries and longed to give them to the world, but I saw how infinitely beyond understanding these things were. All vanished from my memory as I returned to daylight, but I shouted with laughter as I saw the com-

parative trivality of this world. These are remarkable words, and bear a newlar resemblance to those used by Sir | terialistic clue to its solution, is destined at

Clairvoyance; or, the Auto-Noetic Action | Humphrey Davy under similar circum-

The experience of another is recorded as follows: "I saw that the substance of matter was spirit, and that the external form of matter was but a shadow; and I laughed heartily at the idea of the material being the real world.

Those who have had these experiences may be in part able to comprehend the words of the entranced Paul when he says "I knew a man in Christ fourteen years ago (whether in the body or not, or out of the body or not, God knoweth). Such a one caught up even to the third heavens; how that he was caught up info paradise, and heard unutterable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

which it is not lawful for a man to utter."
Another writes thus: "When under the gas I became conscious that I was, as it were, outside my body, contemplating the operations being performed on my body."
The following instance is given by Mr. A. Duguid, Kirkealdy: A relative of his when

Duguid, Kirkcaldy: A relative of his, when under the influence of chloroform during child-birth, said, "I see mother in heaven, and baby is with her." The mother had died a few days before, but owing to the daughter's critical condition she had been kept in ignerance of her mother's death; the infant ignorance of her mother's death: the infant

was born dead. I think these cases show that chloroform, and some other gases, when inhaled, can produce clairvoyance; and I may add that my views on this point have been confirmed by information obtained at the Dental Hospital in Leicester Square; and it appears to me that if all medical men would record their psychological experiences in connection with anæsthetics, materialistic views would less frequently prevail among them. Moreover, as in Europe and America there cannot be fewer than one million cases put

ty for testing my views must be immense. In this paper I have recorded the details of twenty-five cases of clairvoyance occurring within my own experience, or that of my personal friends, and, if one may judge from the number of records (and I could easily have doubled them), which one investigator has met with, the amount of cases known to

under anæsthetics annually, the opportuni-

the community must be immense.

If one single instance of clairvoyance is demonstrated, it will prove that there is a faculty, or auto-noetic power in man as yet unrecognized by science; and there can be only three ways of disposing of these records: 1. That the narratives are all instances of falsehood or hallucination.

2. That they are merely cases of coinci-

dence.
3. That they are records of facts. But to those who know the sources of these narratives, the suggestion that they are instances of either falsehood or hallucination is absurd. The known variety of the narrators excludes the first hypothesis, and there is no room for hallucination, in the fact that Mrs. De Morgan's clairvoyant saw water, wine and biscuits in a room, or in Mrs. Thompson's clairvoyant seeing a certain document in a certain box at 3 Gray's Inn; or in Mrs. Ford's clairvoyant seeing and describing the little. dog; and no falsehood, scribing the little dog; and no falsehood, hallucination, or coincidence could enable the brothers Didier, when perfectly blindfolded, to correctly play games of cearte, or games of billiards; or enable Wilson to inform me correctly of the particular events which occurred to myself an hour previously, and three miles from his house.

I think one may be excused if he sometimes feels a little impatient with what appears to be stolid skepticism in these matters.

folded clairvoyant read a sentence from a book, as held to his forehead, replied, "Well, it would have been more satisfactory if he read with the back of his head."

But a third skeptic, when a clairvoyant read, with the back of his head, said, "That act alone aroused my suspicion; for how do you know he did not place the page to the back of his head, in order that he might, by the aid of a small mirror concealed down his sleeve, catch a glimpse of the page!"

A fourth said, "Eyesight in the usual way was sufficient for him; and even if clairvoyance were true, he took no interest in it."

A fifth said, even if I showed him a case of what he called clairvoyance, he would simply say he was deceived.

But my sixth skeptic was the worst of all; for although he is popularly believed to be one of the greatest philosophers of the day he yet, when I assured him I was as certain of my occult facts as I was of the existence of my right hand replied, "I am not bound to admit the existence of your right hand, and as to your occult facts, if they were true, they would upset the laws of the universe.'

In the face of objectors of this quality, may one not say—There are none so blind as those who won't see, and no credulity is so childish or so pedantic as some specimens of incredulity?

Doubtless, in matters of this kind, the evilence should be as exact as possible; for, although verbal variations will not shake the belief of those who know that clairvoyance is true, they yet afford excuses for the disbelief of those who assert that clairvoyance is impossible.

For myself, I may be permitted to say that believe the statements I have made in this paper to demonstrate that there is a faculty in man of clairvoyance; a faculty which might be called Auto-noetic, or mind seeing, independently of the physical senses.

As to the modus aperandi, a clairvoyant, when in trance said to me, "Electricity is the arm of God;" and Boovee Dods says, "Mind can only touch matter through electricity." It may be that in clairvoyance mind employs an electric telegraph, using as its afferent and efferent wires magnetic lines of will force, analagous to the line of light in the photophone.

Many years of observation of these matters have convinced me that there is such a faculty-of this I have no more doubt than I have of ordinary vision.

The faculty of clairvoyance is comparatively rare, and is so far extraordinary, but to my mind it is not more wonderful than is the

faculty of ordinary vision. If one single instance of direct clairvoyance can be demonstrated, then one thousand failures to produce a second instance would in no degree invalidate the integrity of the first instance, and yet one continually meets with those who, having perhaps devoted a few hours to the investigation of this difficult subject, and failed to obtain a uniform series of results, denounce as dupes and simpletons believers, who may have given twenty, thirty or forty years to the in-

I can foresee that thought-reading, as the most common form of clairvoyance, in as much as the physical theory of sympathetic brain vibrations may seem to afford a ma-

vestigation.

no distant day to be widely accepted by the scientific world. But this explanation does not satisfy my mind, and I believe further experiments will prove that all thought-read-

ers are more or less psychics.

But in any case sympathetic brain vibrations cannot explain that form of clairvoyance which sees distant objects, through, it may be, miles of streets, or it may be through a segment of the earth's crust; nor can sympathetic vibrations account for the revelation of secrets unknown to any one present. Nor can brain vibrations explain how Mrs. De Morgan's maid persisted in seeing wine, water and biscuits in a distant room when all the vibrations of Mrs. De Morgan's brain desired that the psychic should there see cof-

Somnambulism has always been recognized as a fact by the medical profession, namely, the faculty manifested in an abnormal condition of sleep, of accomplishing feats of physical and mental ability far beyond the normal powers of the individual.

In Chamber's Encyclopædia the Archbishop of Bordeaux narrates how a student rose from his bed in sleep and composed and wrote down a sermon, and wrote out music, and corrected it, and continued to do this al-though a sheet of pasteboard was interposed between the face of the sleeper and the pa-per on which he was writing.

This was spontaneous clairvoyance, and if so, why should there be so much difficulty in admitting the facts of mesmerically-induced clairvoyance?

Psychology, as it now exists, is, as the word literally implies, a mere talking about the soul and its powers; but if Psychologists were intimate with the phenomena of clair-voyance, they would then be able to construct a saines of the soul as founded on psychical a science of the soul as founded on psychical

I have said that clairvoyance is not more extraordinary, but that it is not more wonderful than ordinary vision. The eye itself is an inscrutable mystery, for how rays of light impinging on the infinitesimal terminal points of the optic nerve can so vibrate in the brain as to give visions of form and color of exquisite beauty, is a problem as yet be-yond the power of science to solve; for how can the brain, which is itself but a mechanism of albumen and fat with some phosphorus, see and comprehend such things

To myself it is much more difficult to conceive how any mechanical arrangement of albumen, fat and phosphorus can know the glory and seek the mystery of the universe than to believe that there is in man a faculty or auto-noetic power called thought, mind or soul, which can, under peculiar conditions, and at rare intervals, see physical things independently of mechanical optics by a faculty called clairvoyance.

I have thus by examples of each stage of clairvoyance attempted to show how step by step we advance from simple thought-reading to deeper brain-reading, and from that to the still deeper diagnosis of internal bodilly disease hidden from the eye of sense but ily disease, hidden from the eye of sense, but revealed to the penetrating eye of the soul, and from that to the traveling of the soul to distances on this earth beyond optical vision, and thence to the highest powers of the soul as an independent mind, knowing the past, the present, and the future, and leading to that ultimate climax of the soul, whereby it ascends, as in hely entrancement, and enters the regions where the Immortals

ters.

For instance, one skeptic, being forced by the evidence to admit the possibility of clair-voyance, said to me, "At least, let us be thankful so little of it is to be found."

Another skeptic, when a norfect folded clair-voyance, when a norfect folded clair-voyance, when a norfect folded clair-voyance, when a norfect folded clair-voyance.

is no such thing as the destruction of matter, but only its ever-varying transformations; and just as physics can prove that although power may disappear in one place, it is only that it may reappear in another place, in obedience to the law of the Conservation of Energy,-so the soul of man, as a thinking and auto-noetic power—although its exter-nal clothing may pass through various transformations and regenerations—can be demonstrated as a unity incapable of subdivisions of decay; and thus as an immortal life is destined to survive "the War of Elements, the Wreck of Matter, and the Crash of

We may sit in a darkened theatre before the act, and by some minute chink in the dark curtain which separates the audience. from the stage, obtain a glimpse of the splendid spectacular luminosity which awaits us; and I would ask, Do not the rare glimpses which clairvoyants sometimes obtain perhaps reveal that there may be a world of light, as Milton says, "Above the din and stir of this dim spot which men call earth," to which the highest form of saintly entranced clair-voyance may possibly reach and show "that some there be who by due steps aspire to lay their just hands on that golden key which

opes the palace of eternity." Thus the highest entranced soul knows, as an absolute fact, that materialism is false. It beholds its immortal life, and in the innermost secret of its own essence, it listens to the still small voice of the eternal God.

· THE END.

In the sixth lecture of his course on "The Sun and Stars," in the Lowell Institute, Prof. Langley said in substance: When we see a rose leaf, we say that we see a color in the leaf; but we do not see a color. What appears to be the beautiful red in the rose is really the sensation in the eye. There are no experiences of color apart from the seeing eye, and that finds its fountain in the The limit of the ear in detecting the musical note is about 40,000 vibrations to the second. Above that number, the human ear is not fine enough to discern the musical note, only the dull thud of the hammer sound being heard. So it is with light. Of the rays shown, there are 60,000 to the inch; and, as light travels, there come to the eye 706,000,000,000,000 light waves in a single second. There are light waves which fail to operate upon the eye, precisely as the highest notes fail to operate upon the ear. From these facts given by Prof. Langely, it is evident that luminousness depends not less for its existence upon ethereal vibrations or waves than upon retinal sensibility, and that the popular belief that the universe itself is radiant with light is without foundation. Where there is no ear, there is no sound; where there is no eye, there is no light.

One thing obtained with difficulty is far better than a hundred things procured with

Those days are lost in which we do no good. Those worse than lost in which we do evil.

The Horsford Almanac and Cook Book, mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

A Pamphlet on the Subject of Inspiration Eliciting Correspondence.

WILLSONVILLE, ALA., April 11th, 1881.

DEAR JIM: As it seems only yesterday when we were fishing together at Tuskaloosa, not to speak

of wild oats that we sowed, I won't adopt the formal mode of address. I got your pamphlet and have read it, but I don't approve it, though I am not noted for "intolerance." I am a member of the Methodist church, to which fact you allude, but scarcely worthy to be so called. I am just a

broken-down old reprobate, ashamed and sorry for my past misdeeds, and trying by the grace of God to attain to a better condition in a better world, since I have lost all my chances in this.

If we should be placed together in a burning house, Jim, in great danger, and I should see a way for ! oth to escape, but should find you madly bent on taking a course which I knew would bring you to certain destruc-tion, I don't think I would stop to consider whether I ought to drag you out by the heels or by the head, nor would I consider you entitled afterwards to any special apology for any course I might take. We are in a position just as bad—indeed, infinitely worse—

and I am in just such a quandary, to try to

save you even in spite of yourself. Since I read your pamphlet, I have seen a short description of Spiritualism in a heological dictionary attached to a large Bible. After enumerating a great many immoralities committed openly by many members of the sect (if I may call it so) without any interference on the part of more respectable members, it was stated that at Chicago, during a certain great Congress of Spiritualists, it was resolved formally that no Spiritualist should ever be expelled from the Association for any act whatever, how-ever immoral. I quote the substance only from memory. This is probably the reason why no Spiritualist has ever left that body.

You having been a "mourner at the Methodist altar," amounts to nothing, as I can plainly see; for in reading your pamphlet I found no trace whatever of any "spirit" that could be truly called "Christian," but, on the contrary, much that as a Christian man I felt bound to condemn. There can be no I felt bound to condemn. There can be no possible connection between Christianity and Spiritualism, for they stand in direct antag-onism. If you are really sincere in desiring to take on a religious character, let me take the liberty as an old friend to urge you to cast away all these false doctrines, together with the great pride and self-sufficiency that crop out always so naturally in the "natural man," and to seek the only possible means of escape that is afforded you, from the certain judgment that awaits all infidels of whatever sort. I don't mean to offend you, but merely to declare that Spiritualism is the rankest sort of infidelity. If you will seek Christ with the final determination to follow him humbly as he commands all to do, you can easily find him, but so long as you continue to mix up any little notions of your own with his gospel, you will stray further and further away from him, until your antagonism will become irrevocably fixed, and then it will end in perdition.

I have lent your pamphlet to a friend, and so cannot refer to it particularly. It is well enough, since I could only offend you by any detailed criticism. Present my kindest regards to your father and mother, and his family and yours, and also to the Major and all inquiring friends. I am teaching, and making a tolerable living. I would en-ter more into detail in regard to private matters personal to myself, but I have reached the proper limit of my letter.

R. S. OWENS. Yours, as ever,

Tuskaloosa, Ala., 1883. DEAR BOB:-Your very welcome letter has just been received and read with much pleasure. The very mention of your name always revives the most pleasant reminiscences of my boyhood. I can assure you from the bottom of my heart, that I am rejoiced to know that you have joined the church, for I know your motives are good, and that you have boldly taken a stand for what you regard as right. I honor any man who stands up to his honest convictions. I am amused with your notice of my pamphlet, but I know you have expressed just what you believed, looking at its contents from your stand-point. Now, as I wish to answer your letter, all my thoughts are diverted to the subject of Spiritualism, as you have proposed to taboo it as corrupt and immoral. Certainly it will be for me to endeavor to extricate myself from this thraldom of corruption and immorality by disabusing your mind of errors, and if I had time, to enlighten your benighted mind with incontrovertable facts. You denounce Spiritualism as the rankest sort of infidelity, tending alone to the darkest perdition. Well as for myself, Bob, I glory in all the infidelity that's in it, and as regards your hell, I am an infidel of no small proportion; of course simple belief don't make anything true, but we deal in facts; that is substantial knowledge, just the reverse of blind faith, the evidence of things unseen As to the immoral feature, the charge always flaunted in the face of every Spiritualist, I admit that the proceedings of the Chicago Spiritualists referred to, were conceived in the spirit of the grossest moral turpitude; you should have called it free loveism, of which not a vestige remains to this day, not a living soul to champion its foul and damnable doctrines. You are ignorant of the fact that Spiritual-

ism has as yet no national organization; besides, the grand object for which the Christian Church was established is endorsed by all good Spiritualists, but the creeds and dogmas are alone distasteful, even odious. I am confident that if Spiritualism had not been founded upon truth, free loveism would have killed it out long ago. In fact, nothing can be accepted by the enlightened Spiritualist but what appeals to his understanding: every man has his tastes, and of course noth ing is acceptable but what is in harmony with it. Spiritualism, old as man himself hás always been his inseparable companion The Bible is a history of Spiritualism. Spiritualism as a religion was really all the religion Jesus Christ had. It is said John baptized with water, and Jesus with the Holy Ghost. And, can you believe it? this very baptism of Jesus is what man receives when converted to Spiritualism. Spiritualism does not propose to proselyte the world, and no one is expected to accept it but those who have a positive knowledge of its truth; there's its chief beauty; facts, yes, tangible facts will only do; they are indispensably neces-

When you have put yourself in a condi-tion so that our spirit friends come and appeal to your intellectuality through your different senses, giving the most irrefutable proof of their identity, you certainly would feel like Peter did at the transfiguration: you undoubtedly would be in a condition to regard the facts alone and not the consequences. Spiritualism says and proves that Continued on Third Page,

THE CELEBRATED

KIDNEY-WORT"

THE SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY DISEASES LIVER TROUBLES, CONSTIPATION,

> PILES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES AND RHEUMATISM.

PHYSICIANS ENDORSE HEARTILY. "I have found Kidney-Wort to work like a charm, doing all that is claimed for it. After using it several years in my practice I, a 'regular physician,' can endorse it heartily. It has done better than any remody I ever used."—R. K. Clark,

M. D., South Hero, Vt.
DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASE. "A stroke of paralysis prostrated me, also dangerously dis-easing my kidneys. The doctors falled, but Kidney-Wort cured me.".-E. Slade, 18 Blackstone St., Boston, Mass. "My kidney troubles had lasted for 8 years. Loften passed blood, Kidney-Wort cured me."-Michael Coto, Montgomery

KIDNEY DISEASE AND RHEUMATISM. "Two of my friends had my trouble," says Mr. Elbridge Malcolm, of West Bath, Me. 'I was given up to die, by my physician and friends. We all had kidney disease and rheumatism. Mine was of 30 years standing. Kidney-Wort has

entirely cured all three of us." "I had kidney troubles for many years. Kidney-Wort cured me."—J. M. Dows, of Diebold Safe Co., 28 Canal St., New

CURED AFTER 20 YEARS. "I devoutly thank God that I found out the virtues of Kidney-Wort," writes C. P. Brown, of Westport, N. Y. "It has cured me of a 20 years case of terrible kidney disease.

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND CONSTIPATION. "The most satisfactory results," writes Jas. F. Reed, of No. Acton, Me., "in cases of kidney and liver troubles and constipation, have followed from the use of Kidney-Wort, by nbers of my family."

Kidney Troubles and Rheumatism. "My attending physician gave me up. I'd had rheumatism and kidney troubles for 30 years. Many doctors and numberless remedies did me no good. My friends, too, thought my death was certain. Kidney-Wort has entirely cured me," so writes Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Me. LIVER DISORDER.

"Please tell my bro. soldiers, and the public, too," appeals . C. Power, of Trenton, Ill., through the St. Louis Globe-Dem. and Home and Fireside, that Kidney-Wort cured my liver dis. orders, which Pd had for 20 years."—12-2-82. RHEUMATISM.

"I have tried a great number," truly remarks Mr. W. N. Grose, of Scranton, Pa., under date of Dec. 12, '82, 'but there is no other remedy like Kidney-Wort, for curing theumatism and diseased kidneys."

INFLAMMATION OF BLADDER.
"Chronic inflammation of the bladder, two years duration was my wife's complaint," writes Doctor C. M. Summerlin, of Sun Hill, Ga. "Her urine eften contained mucus, pus, and was sometimes bloody. Physicians prescriptions—my own included—and domestic remedies only palliated her pains. Kidney-Wort, however. has entirely cured her."

INTERNAL PILES. "I had internal piles for several years," said J. B. Moyer, of Myerstown, Pa. "Nothing helped me except Kidney-Wort. It

LADIE'S TROUBLES. Respect the confidence reposed in you by Indies. "It has belped me in intricate diseases," writes Mrs. Annie Rockbold, of Jarrettsville, Md. This lady correspondent wrote us about Kidney-Work's curative effects.

RHEUMATISM. "Nothing else would," tersely cays Justice J. G. Jewell, of Woodbury, Vt., but Ridney-Work aid cure my times years rheumatism."

DYSPEDSYA. "Our correspondent, Mr. Josiali Kenney, of Landisburg, Ps., says, "Ridney-Wort cured my dyspepsia. I had it in its worst

A WILLING OATH. "I will swear by Kidney-Wort all the time," writes Mr. J. B. Kaussman, Lancaster, Pa. (All its patrons do tho same, Mr. K.)

DELICATE COMPLAINTS.

Another lady, Mrs. J. B. Clark, Amitee City, La., writes us: "Kidney-Wort has cured me of habitual constipation, pain in the side, as well as some other delicate complaints."

Rev. Father Wilds. EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother to the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"18 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

Messas J. C. Axer & Co., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor, affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intolerably at night, and burned so thensely, that I could scarcely hear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarth and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the Sarsaparilla, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.

Yours respectfully.

Z. P. Wilder.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

Cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debitity, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.

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NORA RAY, THE CHILD MEDIUM. A CAPTIVATING BOOK.

This is a story of Remarkable Spiritualistic power and beau-ty, depicting in glowing language the wonderful events in the life of the calld Nors, and the phases of mediumship which Paper, 170 pages. Price, 50 cents, postage free. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHI-CAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

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flow Dwelling in the Spirit-World.

These wenderful articles were dictated the rugh a country, while in a transe state, and are of the net intest treasing nature.

The sale of this extraordinary work is cor — sit and at

Price, \$1.50; postage l. ...uts. ale and retail, by the RL ... alo-Patroso House, Chicago.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. iMetuchen, New Jersey.]

"He is dead whose hand is not open wide To help the need of a human brother; He doubles the length of his life-long ride Who gives his fortunate place to another,
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies.
To deny—is to die.

[Anon.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

Under the above title Helen Campbell has compiled sketches of her own actual experiences in the City of New York, among that class which, in its depraved conditions and consequent vicious tendencies, forms the most threatening aspect of our times. Many a noble philanthropist has agonized in vain over a problem so intricate and far-reaching in its consequences.

The great brain and warm heart of our writer has brought to it profound sympathy, rare insight and practical suggestions. The latter of themselves will commend the book to the attention of the humanitarian and the social economist. Between its lids are powerful sermons preached from living texts of degradation and vice, as well as of benefi-cence and unselfishness. Such sermons we cannot ignore, treating as they do of truths which affect the remotest circles of human

These graphic narrations touch the tenderest chords of woman's loving nature. Those who sit by pleasant firesides in sheltered homes with all their cares and blessings, little understand in what dens of infamy and filth, youth are trained to wickedness and womanhood degraded. And it brings a blush of shame to the cheek of such to learn what the poor do for the poor, when once they are smitten with the love of their fellows. The descriptions of the Water Street Mission, founded by Jerry McAuley—of that remarkable man and of his wife—of the typical experiences of men and women told by themselves, are given in lines of wonderful pathos and simplicity. The story of "Nan, a girl's life," of "Max," and of "One Woman's Work,"

are a revelation to the ordinary reader. THE MAGNETISM OF GOODNESS.

We are struck in reading with the powerful magnetism of goodness. When once the seeds of unselfish love of his fellows is planted in one great soul, that becomes a living, vital center to dominate vice, it is positive to the powers of darkness, and in the end must. We feel this inherently prevail, and facts tend to prove it. All the strength of the mighty and everlasting Good re-inforces, then, the individual worker. In "A Radical in Water Street," are instances of this saving tendency. "Angels and ministers of grace" are at work loading the dice on the right side—and the universe is not à failure.

TENEMENT HOUSES.

Does it seem possible that a Christian city can enclose such places as these?

"One hundred and eighty-two people in that one house! Where do they put them?" I

"I'll tell you how they do it," said Mrs.
McAuley's quiet voice, "There's six floors
with the basement. To begin with, there's four families to a floor. They're packed, because they have to be. The men get little work, and have nothing to pay for better rooms. The top floor has a family for every room, that is, if you choose to call it a family. They're ragpickers mostly. Four men and three women live together in one of successful and pay four dollars a month. Married? Oh, no! There's one widow on that floor; she has author of "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism." Until this article in your valuable wallism." Until this article in your valuable has been boarders. I did not seen the floor thick with them at night .. Just below is another widow that takes in servant girls without employment for ten cents a night. You'd never think what decent looking girls come here, but how decent do you think they go back to their places? Some come because they've just so much money and got to make it go as far as it will. And then people let them look after their little innocent children and wonder, after a while, where they learned their wickedness. Next to her there is another ragpicker, bones and rags; he has four boys he employs, and one of the dark rooms where they sort, is as bad as a slaughter house....There's a washerwoman in front with four small children, and she has three men that lodge there, and two boys, eighteen and twenty. Yes, all in one room and the closet back of it. The animals ido better, for they do have a stall a piece. I've thought many a time these poor things were far below pigs and cows..... they're past knowing what's dirt and what

The next floor's the same. Four families on that, and they all drink. Somebody's arrested for assault and battery about every week and the children fight day and night...... I know just how it feels. No air. The sun never gets in. Why, in that very house there are thirty-two dark rooms that never get a breath except from the ones they open into. You sleep in one once even when you're used to it, and there's a band round your head when you wake up as if you had an iron cap screwed on, and a sinking and craving at your stomach. You don't want to eat. There's nothing answers it but whiskey, and with the smell of that you forget other smells. You do with less food after a glass of that. Darkness means the devil's own deeds. Ah! I couldn't tell you what sights I've seen."

Do we turn from these horrible pictures with disgust? Not the less are we compelled to face these "Problems of the Poor." Women-sisters, mothers, wives-can we rest in peace while womanhood reeks and grovels, reproducing her hideous kind, in such slums as these? Shall we not try to probe the depths of pollution, aye, more, to get at the very foundation of their cause and perpetuity? Individual charity, organized charity,

only ameliorates and temporizes. We must begin higher up the ladder-at the selfishness of the comfortable classes Where true Christianity prevails such things are impossible. Churches would turn out en masse, and instead of listening to flowery sermons, lolling in magnificent structures as they hear the story of the good Samaritan, they would rout, not only these tenea:ent houses, but those who fatten on the very lives of their occupants. Let us listen to the words of the gentle woman physician of the Water Street Mission as told by Mrs. Campbell.

THE WILL OF THE LORD.

"It is his will," she says, "that something better shall take the place of this thirteen miles of gin shops, and that a man shall not be tempted at every corner, and made weak to resist by the stench that is his only vital air. There are many houses with every plank in them steeped in sin and misery. Law should be strong enough to order their destruction, and if law will not do it, a vigilance committee might better...I think some-times there must be another Luther preaching against indulgences not in personal worthy the attention of parents, and this character, he must achieve by diligent effort.

transgression, but vicarious transgression. We wonder why pauperism has become a profession, and we build stately asylums for our idiots and insane and crippled, while at the same time we allow twenty-one thousand hot-beds for the production of such species to do their work under our very eyes. If it goes on at the present rate, ten asylums must rise where one stands now, and State taxes double and treble to cover the cost per head of what one might judge to be a personal luxury. each tax payer requiring his special pauper or idiot; askings once had each his own particular fool."

Again the writer says: "In one tenement house in the center of the city, seven hundred and fifty people were so packed that each family had a living space of ten feet by eleven, and an average sleeping place of but eight feet by ten"—and "if Christianity had been something more than dead doctrines, a formula outside of all common daily life, such evil could never have had birth.....Deep in doctrinal problems, the fathers took small account of sins against the body, and it has account of sins against the body, and it has remained for this generation to discover that we are still in the alphabet of living. Only when full measure of God's gifts of sun and air and water are given, can there be one hope for that sound body in which a sound mind may find a fitting home. The long, pitiful list of insane poor, of idiots, of juvenile criminals of every sort, of crippled and hopelessly diseased children, is the burden this generation must carry and deal with as it can. It remains for the same generation to read between the lines of these lists, the story of a neglect and indifference as criminal as any thing to be found there.... as any thing to be found there....

DIET AND ITS DOINGS.

Under this title Mrs. Campbell discusses with discrimination the home-service of the very poor. There's great need seems to be for Industrial Education, and for the proper nourishing food. The incidents she relates furnish arguments that temperance workers must consider, or their efforts are useless. In the words of one of the characters of the book, "Some of them have plenty of foud, but what sort? Steak fried to a crisp, soggy potatoes, underdone cabbage and pork, bread rank with alum, and coffee whose only merit is warmth. These men are filled but not fed. The bread alone is condensed dysnen. fed. The bread alone is condensed dyspepsia. In an hour the weaker stomachs will have what they call a 'goneness.' They will crave something and poor R—. will have half a dozen half-drunk or wholly so on his hands by night. He will pray and exhort and bundle them up to the mission, if he can. And so it goes. Women must get hold of this thing. Its the first item in your temperance crusade, and till the people have better food, there is no law or influence that can make them give up drinking. I wouldn't, if I were they.' Here the talk ended....The knowledge that is broad enough to ensure good food, is broad enough to mean better living in all wavs: and not till such knowledge is the property of all women can we look for emanci-pation from some of the deepest evils that curse the life of woman in the slums and

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL.

STARTLING FACTS IN MODERN SPIRITUAL-ISM. By Dr. N. B. Wolfe.

I was highly gratified to notice in a late number of the JOURNAL a communication from Dr. N. B. Wolfe of Cincinnati, Ohio, the know whether the Doctor was living, or had passed on to the after-life. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance—never having met the gentleman; but he has certainly written one of the best spiritual works I have ever read, giving an account of his investigations, covering a period of twenty-five years, He is no superficial investigator, but tests the spirits, and exacts from all concerned an unqualified and undisputed demonstration of the phenomena. He is a terse and forcible writer, a bold and fearless investigator. His style is exceedingly pleasant, partaking more in character of an attractive novel than an unvarnished narration of demonstrated

facts. He is a ripe scholar, and being a gentleman of large fortune, as we have been informed, has had superior advantages in giv-ing the subject a thorough and exhaustive investigation. The book should be in the hands of every individual, whether he is an investigator or an advanced Spiritualist. I have no interest or motive in recommending the book so highly, other than the "Startling Facts" it contains regarding modern Spiritualism. In thus commending the work to the reading public I do not intend any disparagement to other standard works of high character upon the same subject. I am well aware of the valuable contributions to our spiritual literature by such distinguished authors as Davis, Denton, Peebles, Watson, Tuttle, Sargent and others, and know they have all accomplished a vast amount of good and are still the successful champions of our

Harmonial Philosophy. Dr. Wolfe's "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism" has just been sent home by a friend. I have not seen its familiar face for more than two years, and judging from its appearance, it has been faithful and untiring in its missionary work, disseminating the truth to the unconverted. After reading it again, which will be the third time I have perused its interesting pages, I know I shall feel greatly refreshed and my faith strengthened. I shall then send it forth once more, hoping it will have power to allay the gloomy apprehensions of some troubled heart as to

the conditions of the future life. There was some talk at one time that the Doctor had reneunced his former faith in Spiritualism. This I was glad to learn from his published letter in the Journal wasn ot true. Indeed, this report could not have been true, unless he had suddenly shown unmis-

takable signs of insanity. The reader will find a fine steel engraving

of the author on the frontispiece. The book

numbers 543 pages and is appropriately il-Instrated. Towanda, Pa.

How to Fred the Baby to Make It Healthy and Happy. With health hints. By C. E. Page, M. D. 160 pp. Paper, 50 cents; extra cloth, 75 cents. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Dr. Page has made the study of infant dietetics a specialty for many years in his own family, and in that of many of his patients, and he has found that it is not necessary that the human infant should be so much more subject to disease, and the rate of mortality among children should be so greatly in excess of that among the young of the lower animals. Everything which tends to secure health and comfort in childhood is

The author of the above named booklet has

long been known as a so-called Rosicrucian, and during the earth-life of P. B. Randolph was much afflicted with that erratic character's mysticism; and the present book is claimed to be, in the main, an embodiment of the principles of the Rosicrucian fraternity. In my mind, whether any such fraternity definitely exists in America at the present ity definitely exists in America at the present day is more than questionable, and even did it exist, what good it ever did humanity it would be difficult to determine. Mr. Dowd asserts that the Rosicruciaus were known in history as the Essenes, and that "it [sic] was evidently once the universal religion—long ere written history began;" for both of which statements there is no substantial evidence existent, neither, in all probability, having existent, neither, in all probability, having the least warrant in truth. Roscierucianism was and is simply a form of the so-called magic of the Medieval Ages, with charlatanry and pretence largely permeating its basis of action. All such absurdities ought to have passed away with the Dark Ages.

The present work seems to be a series of speculations concerning the nature and powers of the human soul. It contains much that is measurably true and useful, mixed with much, in my opinion, untrue and useless. In so far as it inculcates and exalts mysticism in opposition to modern science, is its influence misleading and harmful. In so far as it encourages the cultivation of the nobler qualities of the soul to the suppression of the baser instincts, emotions, and feelings, its influence is healthful and inspiring. It claims to contain the fundamental princi-ples of all religions, the philosophy of manhood, and the road leading to a true life and immortality here on earth. This claim, I think, is not borne out by the contents. A book containing such irrational and inaccurate statements and teachings as the following, is far from being a safe guide to mankind: (1) Jesus being in possession of the Divine mind, it was impossible for him to be sick, to suffer pain, or to die, save as he willed it; hence he did not die, except in appearance. (2) Jesus meant physical death, when he said he was the bread of life, of which if he said he was the bread of life, of which if a man eat he shall not die. (3) Pre-existence of the human soul in animal forms prior to its becoming a spermatozoa [on]. (3) Ninetenths of all crimes are due to vampirism—that is, obsession by evil spirits in or out of the flesh. (5) The acceptance as historical facts of such baseless legends and myths as that Jesus fasted forty days, John was cast in a cauldron of boiling oil without injury, etc. (6) To love nothing, to hate nothing. etc. (6) To love nothing, to hate nothing, to have no likes or dislikes, no prejudices, no tastes, no preferences,—this it is to be free, and to have power through the freedom thus obtained. (7) Keep silent; silence is strength; never debate, think, read and study, but keep silent. (8) Our meditations should be of a gloomy and sombre character. It is the thoughtless who laugh; inspiration comes from despair. (9) Resist not evil, but use it, learn of it; evil is the foundation of everything, and he that would transcend it, must build thereon; evil is a friend in disguise. These and similar blemishes detract much from the value of the book. Taking it all in

W. E. C. ty it may be of value. PLAIN TALKS ON AVOIDED SUBJECTS. By Henry N. Guernsey, M. D., Ex-Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children in the Homeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania; Ex-Professor of Materia Medica and Institutes in the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia and Dean of the Faculty; Author of Guernsey's Obstetrics, including the Disorders peculiar to Women and Young Children; Lectures on Materia Medica to Hancoura Manhor of the Abaneman Medica, etc. Honorary Member of the Hahneman-nian Medical Institute of Philadelphia; of the Homeopathic Medical Society of the State of New York; of the Instituto Homeopatico, Mexicano; of the Hahnemannian Society of Madris de Tulio, Spain; Member of the American Institute of Homeopathy; Consulting Physician to the West Philadelphia Homeopathic Hospital for Children, etc., etc. Philadelphia, Penn'a: F. A. Davis, Att'y,

all, however, it is about as sensible a work

as could be expected from one calling him-

self a Rosicrucian, and as a literary curiosi-

This work treats of the following subjects:
"The Infant;" "Childhood;" "Adolescence of the Female;"
"Marriage—the Husband;" "The Wife;" "Husband and Wife;" "To the Unfortunate;"
"Origin of the Sex." The ideas advanced and appropriate product of the Sex." and suggestions made cannot fail to have a beneficial influence.

STATE OF NEW YORK: Embracing Historical, Descriptive, and Statistical Notices of Cities, Towns, Villages, Industries, and Summer Resorts in the various parts of the State, together with a Complete List of the Post Offices, Counties, and County Towns, Lakes, Rivers, Railroads, &c. Compiled and edited by Henry Kollock. Illustrated with nearly 200 choice engravings. Published by Henry Kollock, 22 Vesey Street, New York City.

This work is fully described in the above title. The engravings are very fine, and the information furnished invaluable.

Magazines for March not before Mentioned.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook, M. D., New York.) Contents: The future Education; Fashions and Physiology; Treatment of Constipation in Infants; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month; Studies in Hygiene for Women.

THE SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Wm. W. Payne, Northfield, Minn.), Contents: Parallax of a Lyrae and 61 Cygni; A large Meteor; The present state of the theories of Celestial Motions; Double Star Observations; Editorial Notes, etc.

GOLDEN DAYS. (James Elverson, Philadelphia. Pa.) An excellent story paper for boys and girls published weekly.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (The Russell Publishing Co., Boston.) Contents: The Monkey's Story; The Troublesome Gnat; Snowing; Where Tom found his Manners; Baby Brother; Jamie and the Pear; The Donkey that lives in a Castle; A Goat in trouble; Grandpa Lynn's Picture; Catching the Colt; The Baby Cage; The Moon Cloth; Harry's Winged Mouse; A Queer Conductor; Two little feet; My little Primrose flower.

General Debility and Liver Complaint. B. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N.Y.: Dear Sir— My wife has been taking your "Golden Med-ical Discovery" and "Pellets" for her liver

and general debility, and has found them to be good medicines, and would recommend them to all sufferers from Liver Complaint, Sour Stomach, and General Debility.
Yours fraternally, N. E. HARMON,
Pastor M. E. Church, Elsah, Ill.

Man cannot dream himself into a noble

work, while suggesting many new ideas, is filled with good common sense, and both practical and reasonable.

THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS. The Soul; its Powers, Migrations, and Transmigrations. By

Continued from Second Page.

revelation has not ceased. To know that the door between this and the Spirit-world is wide open, constitutes any man a Spiritualist, although he may prostitute himself and make merchandise of his religion. To have proof certain that the gate is ajar, and that there you can meet the dear departed ones with heart bounding with joy and love, with face radiant with smiles, would certainly explode all your material hell theory, and that they were not confined to any circumscribed space, that the spiritual body not only had an independent existence, but that the natural hody was not needed hereafter.

This is what the church people call infidelity. Old Paul must be having a hard time, indeed, for having taught this heresy. Spiritualism is not swayed by the ipse dixit of any man. Paul says the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit with all. At your own quiet fireside you are instructed to go, where there is no chance for delusion or collusion, and you will obtain the proof just so soon as your eyes and ears become impressible to the truth. You need not go to the land of Israel nor to the banks of Jordan, nor even to Chicago. The angel world is all around you; the purer you are in heart, the better your spirit companions

It is said old Mother Eve ate forbidden fruit, and as a consequence, we have the strange anomaly of knowledge being condemned to a moral death; poor Eve, for the exercise of her reason simply, she is branded with a curse.

You say I am incarcerated in a burning You say I am incarcerated in a burning house, and propose to rescue me even if you have to pull me out by the heels. On the other hand, suppose I should be safely ensconced in your self-satisfied amen corner, will I, too, as was expected of Madam Eve, have to stultify myself by denying the evidences of my away sansas Eva's snirit addences of my own senses. Eve's spirit adviser was a snake, and the Jews said Jesus's was the devil himself. What little advice there has been vouchsafed to your humble servant, has been of the most benign nature; it has awakened in my heart real love for my fellow-man and most profound adoration for God. It has served me a good purpose in giving me a correct appreciation of Jesus Christ in all his grandeur and sublimity. Spiritualism needs the defence of no man, for it has got to stand on its merit; it can't be accepted by hearsay. Seek it in the spirit of sincerity and you will find no antagonism with your sober reason, not the slightest jar with pure religion, nor any conflict with the spirit that animated Jesus himself. Of course, what you mean by infidelity is, that the teachings of Spiritualism emanated from a finite mind, and were moulded to suit the whims and caprices of man! This is untrue as evidenced in the free loveism failure; every fraud is gladly exposed by every true Spiritualist as a direct imputation upon himself.

Yes, Bob, death before a great while will terminate our earthly career, and we will go into the Spirit-world just as we leave this, and the accusing angel, Memory, will be there, waiting to visit all our short comings with a terrible retribution. Man's real faith can't be controlled always, but he has absolute control over his conduct. What belief I have relative to things spiritual, can't be shaken, except by perverting my reason. My conduct is far from being what I desire it to conduct is far from being what I desire it to be; the conflict of this life is such that it takes an immense amount of grace to keep us straight.

In conclusion I will say that I went into the investigation of Spiritualism from the Methodist altar. Had I not been serious upon the subject of religion, it would have ed this letter I fully intended to tell how I became a Spiritualist, but I've said enough. JAS. GUILD, JR., M. D.

All that can be supplied towards making the natural hair beautiful and abundant is contained in Ayer's Hair Vigor. It keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy. It stimulates the roots to healthy action, and promotes a healthy, vigorous growth.

The Irishman's definition of prophecy—the memory of events that have not transpired.

Bed-Ridden and Cured.

W. E. HUESTIS, of Emporia, Kansas, says that his wife had been sick nearly seven years, and for the last four months bed-ridden. She has been treated by a number of physicians and only grew worse. Her attention was called to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Med-ical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," which she commenced using. In one week she could sit up, and in three weeks could walk about. By druggists.

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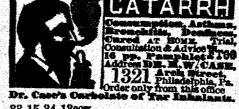
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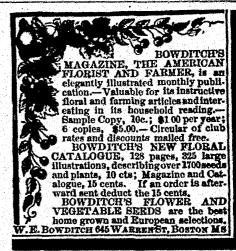
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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the Jour MAL containing matter for special attention, the sender will please raw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 17, 1883.

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Bubscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN AD-VANCE.

Salvation Armies.

A new mania has been developed in many of our cities-religion run mad. Mostly independent of creed, though they make great use of "hell and damnation," the officers of the Salvation Army shout hymns of most | tures are transported to market, and over questionable English construction, to tunes of well-known English songs, make stirring appeals in language from which the letter h has either been eliminated or placed eccentrically, lead or drive all they can to the anxions seats, and then proclaim them saved, and the poor psychologized penitents shout of 650,000 inhabitants, and the latter about of a small number of gentlemen who about ing in omission of familiar "cuss words." | Chicago at any one time would doubtless | er crematory to be located in or near the Saved, not one by one, but by wholesale. The range far above these figures, as its floating | City of Philadelphia. On reaching the creexhortations and thanksgivings are not spe- or transient population is enormous, running | matory the clothing of the deceased was recially reverent. "Major Moore was there. and so was Jesus Christ," we have heard quoted from one of their bulletins, and the conjunction did not seem to us a happy one.

craze. They talk about the ignorant masses. who cannot be reached by other means, exult in the enormous number of conversions, so-called; yet crime is more rampant than ever in our cities, and the leaders of the army furnish their quota. Here and there we find a corporal, or captain, or major who has had officially to proclaim that "Jesus saved him, and keeps him every hour,"stealing the funds or endeavoring to lure some female corporal from the true path, not without success What may be the case among the privates we know not, for the names of the privates are not published. We would not be understood to say that the Salvation Army have any especial proclivity to evil, but only that they are men and women not of a high order of intelligence, who are not taught-anything. who have submitted themselves, temporarily to the influence of an enthusiasm which affords little help against familiar temptations, that they are likely to become hypocrites, likely to offend against all other laws as well as the laws of good sense; not likely to learn, for they rely on the Holy Spirit to teach them, and will be sure to mistake promptings of their heated fancy or their physical organization for divine impulses. If this is the best way to teach men religion, it was a mistake to give men the power of reason, they should have been all nerves.

But, after all, there is a good side to their folly. Enthusiasm is better than indifferentism; better a superstitious belief than no belief at all. Better a mistaken love than utter ignorance of anything worth loving. Better a false ideal than no ideal. Better spiritual excitement, wild, visionary, false, than spiritual deadness. Better erratic life, than pulseless death. If we could give to them the steady foundation of fact and knowledge we have for our faith, and take in exchange some of their "fire and fury." if we could make them understand that theology not only can, but must be reasonable, to be true, and they would in return vitalize some of our dreary abstractions, so that their life would grow toward a pure ideal and ours become more objective we would share the empire of the world's thought, be the conservators and wielders of its mightiest forces, and be the most potent power the world has yet seen, for its salvation.

"What! adopt Salvation Army methods, march the streets, sing absurd songs, make noisy, foolish, wicked prayers, shout out subjective delusions and call on all to share them. Is the editor crazy?" Not quite; to erty and intellectual and spiritual freedom,

know to be truth. We would even be willing to see them a little less intellectual if they would only be a great deal more fervid. We should like to see a Spiritualist Salvation his sure knowledge of immortality, his clear understanding of what it meant, an intense desire that all others should know what he knows, who would think no effort too great, no expenditure too vast, if thereby men might be sayed from bondage to opinion, from subjection to false creeds, might learn to win heaven for themselves. There are hosts of Spiritualists, would there were more spiritual energy among them.

Three Days with the Wolverines.

"We both need rest; a long, hard winter,

with no relaxation from daily cares, has left its impress; let us run over to Detroit and spend two or three days. We shall have an enjoyable visit with our old friends, the L-s we shall meet Stebbins, Spinney and others whom we've not seen this long time." Thus spoke the editor to his wife. "Really I don't see how it is possible for me to go: the new cook is only twenty-four hours in the house, and, too, Gertrude, will be lonesome and we can't take her away from school." Thus answered the wife. "You have fairly earned a respite," says the editor, "so let us go tomorrow morning." "Well, I think we can manage it," replied the excellent manager, as with redoubled energy she resumed her office work, in haste to get home and straighten out the house. By the next morning every thing is smoothed and the religio-philosophical couple find themselves occupying one of the elegant cars of the Michigan Central Railroad, and with perfect comfort flying over the identical stretch of country across which some forty-five years before, their fathers had laboriously picked their way through the mud on horseback, afoot or in stage coach as the exigencies of the day required, Now, it is easy to make forty miles an hour; then four miles was good average speed. Then Michigan had not a rod of railroad, now more than four thousand miles of steel furnish a roadbed on which her vast stores of lumber, salt, wheat, fruit and manufacwhich millions of passengers are yearly carried in comfort and almost perfect safety. The Michigan Central is a favorite road for travel between Chicago and New York, the two great commercial centres of the United States, the former containing in the vicinity incoherent exultations, not always succeed- 1,500,000. The number of people actually in | concluded to begin the experiment of anothup into figures that can hardly be credited. The traffic passing between these two cities daily is very large when one considers that they are within a fraction of 1,000 miles There are those who think well of this new apart. Boston also has a large traffic with an alum-soaked sheet, lifted into the iron Chicago, and to give an idea of the accommodations necessary to provide for the passenger business alone between the three cities, it may be stated that the Michigan Central Railroad runs five express trains dailythree on Sundays—made up of fine new day coaches, smoking cars, drawing-room cars, palatial sleeping cars, and last and best the famous dining cars. These dining cars have done more toward making the journey from Chicago to New York and Boston comfortable and enjoyable than any other modern invention, as they do away with the old custom of getting out at wayside stations and devouring poorly cooked victuals, with the momentary expectation of seeing your train pull out and leave you, as an accompaniment. In the Michigan Central cars you have plenty of time to enjoy your meals, and those who have already dined in the cars hold that it is one of the pleasantest experiences in the over the smooth steel rails, with the whole you. Other great features of the Michigan Central Railroad are that its through trains for New York and Boston run out of Chicago along the Michigan Lake front within a stone's throw of the city's costliest mansions, through South Park and the magic city of Pullman, affording an extensive survey of this marvel of a marvelous age, and later passing in full view of Niagara Falls. It is for this latter reason known to all travelers as "The Niagara Falls Route."

> Reaching Detroit soon after dark, the cheery voice of Dr. L. was heard in words of welcome, and soon the Chicago pilgrims are In the midst of his delightful family, where long into the night reminiscences of past years are recalled.

> The next morning the editor made it his first duty to call upon those stanch friends of political, religious, and social reform, Mr. and Mrs. Giles B. Stebbins, whom he found in pleasant winter quarters, and just as sunny and hopeful as of yore. Though Mr. Stebbins has seen sixty-six winters come and go. his heart is as light and his hopes as bright as one could wish. "I've forgotten his name," said the aged Emerson on returning from the grave of Longfellow, "but his was a sweet spirit." As time rolls on the name of Giles B. Stebbins may be forgotten, yet thousands will say when seeing the beneficent results of his life labors, "his was a sweet spirit." In the long contest for human lib-

us the Salvation Army, its methods, its creed, this man's work has contributed in a thouwhat there is of it, is altogether repulsive. sand ways toward the grand achievements We do not endorse any of them. But we do outwrought. He is just now taking things wish, often, that Spiritualists had vigor easy, but after awhile when the weather enough to live as if Spiritualism were true, grows balmy he will work his way Eastward, enthusiasm enough to spend more of time, and his welcome voice will be heard among and effort and money to spread what they | the groves of New England at the summer's cam, meetings.

Accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins we called on Mrs. A. B. Spinney, whose face is familiar to the Spiritualists and Liberalists Army, every man of whom could proclaim of Michigan, and found her happily situated in a cosy little home. The next day, Dr. Spinney returned from one of his periodical trips, and we had a most profitable and refreshing time, discussing the spiritual outlook and the demands of the movement.

Detroit is a handsome healthy city, most advantageously situated on the Detroit river, between Lake Erie and Lake Huron, with fine transportation facilities both by land and water. Her population has doubled since 1870, and she has a splendid future before her. There is a large liberal element in the city and many Spiritualists. The people generally are liberal and tolerant. We know of no more desirable place in the West to live than Detroit.

· A delightful evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. completed the time allotted for the vacation, and the next evening the JOURNAL folks opened their own door in Chicago to meet with a rapturous reception from the fourteen-year-old Gertrude, the scotch terrier, Florence Nightingale (called Flossy for short), the sweet little singer just from the Hartz Mountains, whose name is yet in debate, and all the rest of the household. A good night's rest and once more the daily routine is assumed. We feel sure our readers are glad that we could rest, and will with the interest of old friends read this familiar talk of how we got a little new strength.

Incineration of the Seventeenth Body in the Le Moyne Crematory at Washington, Pa.

An exchange says that seventeen human bodies have found their way into the Le Moyne crematory Washington, Pa., and there reduced to ashes. The custom seems to the casual observer to be growing into favor. It is but five weeks since the remains of a child of Dr. Hahn, deceased, of New York, were incinerated there. The child's father was also cremated a few years ago. A large proportion of these incinerations have been of persons from New York. The one disposed of March 7th was the corpse of Henry Seybert, a wealthy though not extensively known individual of Philadelphia, the first subject from the City of Brotherly Love. Mr. Seybart was born in the year 1801, and was consequently 82 years of age. He has been an advocate of cremation for years, and was one of the executors, who was anxious that no foreign matter should find its way into the ashes. The corpse was then wrapped in crib. and shoved into the retort. But two hours'elapsed when the body was satisfactorily reduced. All that is left of the deceased will be placed in an urn and deposited in the ground near the graves of Mr. Seybert's parents, in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

A Fiddle Plays the Mischief.

The Crisfield, Md., Leader gives an account of a very amusing scene, which illustrates the superstition and ignorance of the colored people on the Peninsula, and which occurred in the hotel at Milford a few nights ago. A lad had been playing a few tunes on an old violin, and the others had been dancing to his music in a merry mood. When bedtime arrived the boy hung his fiddle near a window, and all were in the act of retiring, when low strains were heard to issue from the fiddle, which was untouched by human world to calmly relish a good meal as you fly hands. There was at once a general stampede from the house into the snow, and cries outside world in panoramic motion before | that the fiddle was bewitched. One colored man said it was the ghost of Samuel Mason, who was murdered a few weeks since at Milton, and another declared that he had recognized the shadow of his dead father. Finally, the bravest peered into the kitchen and heard the fiddle still making the mysterious sounds, and getting a pole, he knocked it from the nail and burned it, just as our Puritan fathers of New England punished witches. But none of the colored people would sleep in the house that night. "It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add," says the Leader, "that a current of air was playing upon the violin."

> In a recent lecture Dr. Andrew Clark (Mr. Gladstone's doctor) said: "I do not forget that, through hereditary influences and unsuitable but inevitable environments, many persons are doomed to be constantly ailing, without being really ill; that their normal state is one of suffering; that no physiological readjustments and no specific indications can give them the pleasant sense of health; and that attempts to effect what is impossible issue only in greater suffering or in disaster. But, making full allowance for such cases, there remain countless numbers who are willing and eager to make any and every sacrifice necessary to recovery, and who are left to continue in suffering because the physiological principles and compensations applicable to relief are derided, disregarded

Current Items.

Last week Rev. M. J. Savage lectured in this city before the Ethical Society; he also had a satisfactory sitting with Mrs. Simpson, of which we shall speak more at length next

Grave charges have been made against the Servite Sisters, in their treatment of little children under their charge at the refuge maintained by them on Van Buren street this city.

The Theosophist for February has just been received. This number contains, as usual, much interesting matter on the subjects: Oriental Philosophy, Occultism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc. For sale at this office. Price, 50 cents.

Rev. Jacob B. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., continues his good deeds in the "Church of the Divine Fragments." He is an earnest, conscientious laborer, and is doing a good work for humanity. Many a poor soul can date his first step in reformation to Mr. Harter's efforts.

Miss Mary Wolfe, daughter of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, graduated last week from Pulte Medical College in Cincinnati. Dr. Mary Wolfe has distinguished herself throughout her course of study, receiving unusual honors and mention for her ability and assiduity. The JOURNAL wishes her the greatest success in her chosen field of labor.

It is said that a cremation society is to be formed in Chicago, with a capital of \$100,-000. It is intended to establish a regular crematory in this city, as it is thought that there are a large number of people in the Northwest who believe that the most decent and most economical method of disposing of the dead is by incineration.

P. L. Henly is about to start Sunday religious services in Baltimore, Md., to be followed with a scance. Mr. Henly is trying to establish a fruit farm in Florida or elsewhere, to be called "The Florida Home of Distressed Gentle People."

A Hamburg correspondent writes to a Nuremburg paper that the divers who have been down into the steamship Cimbria, report that there are over three hundred corpses in the wrecked vessel, in every imaginable attitude of sudden agony; the action of the water causes them all to sway to and fro in the most chastly manner, so that the scene is one of inconceivable horror.

The census returns of the northwest provinces of India and Oude enumerate more than 3,000 aerobats, 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers, 140 curers by incantation, 33 gamblers, 97 snake-charmers, 50 match-makers, 10,006 singers and dancers, 4 poets, 4 story-tellers, and 7 thieves. There are more than 7,500,000 cultivators of the soil, nearly 10,000 landholders, and nearly 40,000 money lenders.

The editor of the Journal is again obliged to ask correspondents, whose letters require his personal attention, to exercise patience, as his time is so fully occupied that considerable delay in answering private letters is unavoidable. He is always glad to receive letters and hopes his inability to reply will not discourage friends from writing as often as possible.

The Nacogdoches (Texas) News says that Mrs. Mary Dana Shindler, a prominent Spiritualist and a frequent contributor to the columns of the Religio-Philosophical Jour-NAL. passed to spirit-life in that place the 9th ult. She leaves many relatives and a host of admiring friends to mourn her loss. Mrs. Shindler was the author of an interesting work entitled, "A Southerner among the Spirits."

On January 30th, 1883, the Rev. Dr. John P. Newman, officiated at the funeral services of an aged lady at No. 561, Madison avenue. New York City. The sermon he delivered on the occasion sparkles with beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and will be read with interest and profit. Emanating from the source it does, it will prove of great value to those who are seeking the truth. We have received from Mr. Geo. H. Jones, 2,000 copies of the sermon for gratuitous distribution. We will forward a half-dozen copies to any of our subscribers who will forward us a three-cent postage stamp.

The Trenton, (N. J.) Times says that Percy F. Crisp, the lad of nine years, whose death was published recently, was in every respect a most wonderful child. He possessed a mind far in advance of his years, and was never happier than when debating or discoursing upon some scientific subject with persons four times his age. For the last month or two this child has studied an old translation of the Iliad. Story books or light literature had no attraction for him. On matters of ancient history, astronomy, physiology and geography he stood in a position to be envied by many of the teachers of those studies. Only the other day this child-sage was looking with his mother at a picture of "Atalanta's Race," in a State street window. His mother inquired of him as to the history of it, and without hesitation the child related the incidents which the engraving illustrated. Even on his sick-bed he insisted on being read to. and would glance under the spoon or glass in which his medicine was being given, in order to read whatever might be on the stand by his bed. His death was caused by a severe attack of diphtheria.

Nine tons of postage-stamps, 32 tons of envelopes. 113 tons of postal cards, and 17 tons of newspaper wrappers were sold at the New York post-office during 1882. The total receipts of the office were \$4,228,575,29.

Courtesy is a powerful refiner. Treat even a base man with respect, and he will make at least one desperate effort to be respectable. In Lyons, France, the cold-bath method of treating typhoid fever has been adopted with marked success.

Joseph B. Loomis, lately hung at Springfield, Mass., made the following sad confession from the gallows, illustrating the evil effects of intemperance:

"I hereby confess this day that I, with my own hand, slew David Leavitt. I now seek the forgiveness of my fellow-men as I have tried to seek God's. I have to thank all the officers who have had charge of me since I have been in jall for the many tokens of love and their consideration of my feelings during the long confinement. Let it be known to you all, and to coming generations that rum nerved my arm to strike down my friend, David Leavitt, as it has been the inspiration of what has been wicked in my career to the

The Methodist Episcopal pastor of Birmingham, Ala., published a card in which he said: "My church is for white persons exclusively, and colored people are not invited or expected to attend." Revival meetings were being held, and negroes were attending them in considerable numbers. The excuse for their exclusion was that their presence hindered the work among white sinners. The minister's course has been strongly condemned, but the Atlanta Methodist Advocate defends him, declaring that "the conference in the South need at least twenty more like him."

The hymnology of the poets of the Salvation Army puts the efforts of Pusy and Roundell Palmer in the shade. The newest thing in the shape of refrains is as follows:

"If you can't get in at the golden gate, Get over the garden wall."

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Wheeling. W. Va., has published an order directing his flock to withdraw from the Knights of St. John, a local German Catholic society, under pain of excommunication. The Knights recently gave an entertainment at which the members not only indulged in the alleged soul-destroying round dance, but also had the temerity in the face of Episcopal prohibition to refresh themselves after their saltatory exercises with the beverage of their native land. It does not appear that either of these enormities was perpetrated within the sacred precincts of a church, and the society entertains the idea that their spiritual pastor's bailiwick was not trespassed upon. So one idea follows Episcopal denunciation. and on the other defiance of what is looked upon as an unwarranted exercise of priestly interference with the innocent amusements of the people.

The Worthington Advocate says that the State Auditor of Minnesota is being overhauled by some of the church people for placing parsonages on the list of taxable property. The St. Paul and Minneapolis papers have been printing letters of some pious gentlemen claiming that parsonages ought not to be taxed. "Well," says the Advocate, "if there is a State religion in America, if Church and State are united under our constitution, these pious dodgers of the tax are probably correct, but if there is no State religion they are wrong. Parsonages should no more be exempt than the homes of school teachers, or editors or lecturers, or any class who are engaged in educating the people." School teachers and editors are doing a thousand fold more to educate the people and 'preserve the State' than the clergy, and why their homes should be taxed and the preacher's home go free, is more than any reasonable man can explain.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, who has lived five years in Alaska, recently stated in a lecture on that subject in Philadelphia, that a record kept by the Russian Government for fortyfive years, shows the astonishing fact that only four times in that long period did the thermometer fall to zero. The average winter temperature, he says, is the same as that of Kentucky; the summer temperature, similar to that of Minnesota. Its coal and iron deposits are so extensive that half a dozen Pennsylvanias could be carved out of it. It has also vast forests where can be cut logs ninety feet long and forty inches square. The Indians of South-eastern Alaska, though revengeful and cruel in war, are, when well treated and not under the influence of liquor, hospitable, brave, industrious and intelligent; not honest, but easily led for good.

Chicago Celebrates.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The thirty-fifth anniversary approaches. The birth of Modern Spiritualism dates from March 31st, 1848, when the "mystic rap" was first intelligently questioned and interpreted. After twenty years, when it had won its way to the hearts and homes of millions and established the claim of its spiritual origin beyond all reasonable question, the day of its advent began to be regarded with public interest, and to be appropriately celebrated. This practice has now become general wherever societies have sufficient strength and enthusiasm to rally and do honor to the name of Spiritualism. Such commemorative demonstrations have an important influence in arousing the dormant energies and interest of believers and calling public attention to the movement. They also inspire the workers with new courage, and furnish an opportunity for pleasant and profitable entertainment in which we may realize a fresh baptism of spiritual life and power. In view of these facts, arrangements are being made to cele-brate the 35th anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street, the programme of which will be announced in due time. Let all who love the cause and respect the name of Spiritualism, unite for a grand rally and make this one of the most interesting and succes ful anniversary celebrations ever held in the Great West.

Correspondence solicited with mediums, speakers, musicians or any one who may have time and ability to help make this occasion a success and entertain the public acceptably. Societies in the country who do not celebrate at home may find this a good time to come to Chicago and join in the grand hallelujah.

D. F. TREFRY, SEC'Y. 602 W. Lake St., Chicago.

Lyman C. Howe at 55 South Ada St.

Brief synopsis of his address.] Last Sunday morning, Mr. Howe selected as the subject for his address, "Persecution." He assumed that there never was a cause that even approximated towards being sacredthat did not meet with more or less persecution in its effort to establish a permanent position before the world. Persecution, however, does not consist solely in bitter criticism or analysis of, or severe out spoken opposition to, any creed, but it frequently takes the form of personal violence, and reason or argument is not permitted. Just in proportion to the perverse ignorance of humanity. persecution will rage, and superstition step boldly to the front. Persecution is not the direct product of religion, theology or any system of creeds, however much they may have seemed to cultivate it. Persecution is the result or direct product of ignorance and undevelopment. It seems to originate from the ridiculous assumption arising in the mind of man-"I am right, and everybody else is wrong!" This self-conceited proposition, rising like a threatening weapon in the mind, "I am right!" whether it has been inherited, or is the result of education in some one of its many ramifications, or from whatever source it may have emanated, it is at the bottom of all persecutions.

In religion, when we assume that it is infallible, infallible as authority in all the relations of life, we are bound to implicitly obey its authority. Those who believe in the infallibility of the Bible, and who entertain a decided belief in the existence of a hell where God's children are unmercifully punished forever and ever, it is perfectly natural for them in the darkness of their minds to want to compel others to entertain precisely the same views that they do, and thus save them from the impending ruin which they think will befall all incorrigible sinners. Persecution, then, in all its varied manifestations, is the legitimate outgrowth of a system of education, whose God is really an insatiable demon, whose very nature is composed of wrath, injustice and vengeance. To persecute, to lacerate the human frame in the most cruel manner, to kill outright those who are incorrigible, or imprison them in dark, filthy, dismal dungeons for the sake of warning souls from the wrath of an infinite fiend, is esteemed as mercy by these erring There is no telling, the speaker claimed,

the extent of the wonderful psychic influence, in molding the mind and directing the impulses in such a way that a human being becomes in some respect a heartless monster when carrying out, as he supposes, the direct will of God. Thousands raised under its pestilential, bigoted influence, become really insane in regard to the obligation that they think they sustain towards the providence of God. The dogmas of one are always absurd to those who believe differently. Humanity see through different faculties and take cognizance of the world in different ways. While we may agree with s things that the various creeds present, we heartily and sincerely disagree with others. To you the dogma of endless wee to any of God's children, is absurd, but to that eminent divine, Jonathan Edwards, it was eminently rational. While he was finely balanced in many respects, the psychical influence resting upon him, arising from past generations, had made a deep and lasting impress upon him. However much a person may differ with you in essential particulars, yet in heart and nature he may be quite as good as you. A man may entertain an earnest belief in endless torture for the wicked, and yet, in other respects be rational, tender hearted, humane and sympathetic; but in that direction, in that view of divine justice, he is calloused to every gentle, kind impulse. Some in their ignorance and infatuation believe that in order to serve the world, heretics must be cruelly persecuted, for the good that inhuman treatment will do in warning others, causing them to stop and consider, and turn from their supposed evil ways. Goodness of purpose or intent no doubt actuated many to execute the supposed wrath of God.

There is a controlling selfishness, said the speaker, in human nature, inducing it to have its own way, and compel others to blindly follow therein, and that, of course, gives rise to persecution. Some, in ancient times, refused to look through the telescope or examine into the philosophy of its construction, fearing that they might become convinced that they were wrong in their preconceived views in regard to astronomy; persons of like nature and instincts refuse to some to a spiritual circle, fearing that they might become convinced of its grand and beautiful truths.

However, outside of the church and prevailing theology, an intolerant spirit is manifested to a certain extent among a few Spiritualists, Liberalists and Materialists, but which, however, will easily give way under proper influence, to a humane feeling towards all of God's children. The various sects, however cruel and remorseless they may have been, have been instrumental in doing some good. The Reformation left a broader feeling and a grander outlook, for it completely demolished the almost universal belief in the infallibility of the Pope. In that respect, Protestantism did a mighty work, though the persecutions that have followed its pathway will ever remain a dark stain upon it. No bible, it is now believed, can exercise any absolute authority over the meral sense and reason of man. Inheriting a vicious tendency from their parents, Protestants have become persecutors in turn.

Spiritualism itself is really the legitimate Myrite and Part Avenue, at 140 F. M.

outgrowth of antecedent conditions. It began with religious trammels around it. for Spiritualism as a power is now, and has been

in the past, divine and omnipresent. The speaker, while deploring the gross absurdities existing in the Mother Church, saw some evidence therein of spiritual growth. Its widely extended systems of charities are actuated by noble impulses, and he paid a high tribute of respect to those who unselfishly devoted their lives to others, even if misguided and blind in some respects. He pointed out some good among the manifold evils of persecutions. The regular practitioners of medicine, under the authority of their diplomas and laws enacted for their special benefit, had basely persecuted medical clairvoyants and magnetic healers, and that persecution had led the latter to inform themselves, to study, to become familiar with the science of medicine, and thus supplement their inspiration and spiritual power with a potent tactor for good. Persecution has often, through perpetrating manifold evils, been instrumental in opening the eyes of mortals, and finally placing them on a plane much higher, though not intended to do so by those who had the malignant work in hand.

The lecture was a good one throughout, interesting all, and containing much food for the mind.

A correspondent writes: "Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn has been lecturing at Flint, Grand Rapids and Pierson, Mich., to crowded houses. She will be at Flint during April.

Twelve perpendicular feet of water are annually evaporated from the surface of the Red Sea between Nubia and Arabia.

Business Aotices.

The most refined ladies and gentlemen use Dr. Price's Unique Perfumes, which are really the deightful gem of all odors.

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CURES EVERY CASE OF PILES.

Lassed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit-life from Wolcott, N. Y. February 19th 1883. Nathaniel W. Tompkins, aged 83 years, 3 months and 22 days.

22 days.

The subject of this notice was born in Waterbury, Conn. but in early life moved into Oneida Co., N. Y., where he grew up to noble manbood and in 1821 married Bethlah Hubbard, sister of the late Marmus Hubbard, a well-known Spiritualist, of Waterville, N. Y. In 1832 he moved to Wolcott, N. Y., where he conducted a successful mercantile business until 1841 when he retired and located on a farm in Butler, near the Village of Wolcott, where he enjoyed all the comforts of a pleasant home till invited to his home above. He was, however, called to mourn the departure from earth-life of his first wife, two sons and one daughter, leaving one daughter who is now the faithful wife of the Hon. J. H. White, of Port Huron, Michigan, one of the most active and influential Spiritualist in the State. In 1862, Mr. Tompkins married Jane Porter Wilson, by whom he had three children, only one now remaining in earth-life. Mr. Tompkins was for many years an earnest and devoted Spiritualist, having the full confidence and esteem of those who knew him best. He had served his town as Supervisor and also for several years as Post Master. His funeral took place on the 22nd of February and was attended by a large concourse of people to whom, in harmony with his request, a spiritual address was given by J. H. Harter of Auburn, N. Y. COM.

Passed to spirit-life from her home near Spartansburg, Pa., January 6th, 1883, Mrs. Mary E. Webb, one of earth's purest souls. Spiritualism was her light and life. She was active, and with her husband, B. F. Webb, chiefly instrumental in securing the use of the church and getting lectures there, and much good rewards their effort. She saw loved friends awaiting to guide her hence, and went joyfully to meet them. Her life leaves brightness and beauty in theyearth. She was seen by a clairvoyant at the church during the funeral services and in various ways signaled satisfactorily to her sorrowing friends. There was a very large attendance at the funeral, in the Baptist Church, where the writer, at her request, made when first taken sick, delivered the address in her memory. We shall meet her bye and bye.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Conference.

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Conference will hold a four days Meeting in Spiritual Hall, Omro, March 29th, 80th, 81st and April 1st, 1883. Dr. Henry Slade, Mrs. H. S. Lake and Judge E. S. Holbrook will be at this Meeting. Prof. Lockwood will give a lecture on the "Eternity of Matter," some time during the Meeting. Fhe thirty-fifth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be observed on Saturday, March 81st. by appropriate exercises. Reduced rates at Hotel. Usual courtesies by the Omro friends.

WM. M. Lockwood, Pres. F. Howard, Vice-Pres.

Spiritual Meetings in Chicago.

SECOND SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS meets regularly in Martine's Hall, No. 55 South Ada Street, between Madison and Washington Streets, Services at 10:45 A.M. and 7:45 P.M., Lecturer: Lyman C. Howe.

The Chicago Progressive Lyceum convenes at 12:80 each Sabbath at Martine's Hail, 55 South Ada Street, to which all are cordially invited.

Medium's Meeting at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street, each Sunday at 2:30 o'clock P. M.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New

NEW YORK.—The New York Spiritual Conference, the old est Association organized in the interest of modern Spiritual ism, in the country, holds its seedons in the Harvard Roome on Sixth Avenue, opposite Reservoir Square, every Sunday from 230 to 5 P. M. The public invited.

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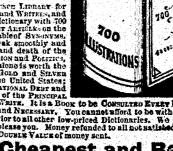
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Victuals and Drink.

"There once was a woman, and what do you think, She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink. Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet, And yet this poor woman could never be quiet.

And were you so foolish as really to think, That all she could want was her victuals and drink? And that while she was furnished with that sort of

The feeling and fancy would starve and be quiet? Mother Goose knew far better, but thought it suf-

To give a mere hint that the fare was deficient; For I do not believe she could ever have meant

To imply there was reason for being content.

house.

Yet the mass of mankind is uncommonly slow, To acknowledge the fact it behooves them to know, Or to learn that a woman is not like a mouse, Needing nothing but cheese and the walls of a

But just take a man-shut him up for one day-Gethis hat and his caue, put them snugly away, Give him stockings to mend, and three sumptuous

And then ask him at night, if you dare, how he Do you think he will quietly stick to his stocking, While you read the news, and "don't care about talk-

O, many a woman goes starving, I ween, Who lives in a palace, and fares like a queen, Till the famishing heart and the feverish brain Have spelled out to life's end the long lesson of

Yet stay; to my mind an uneasy suggestion Comes up that there may be two sides to the ques-That while here and there proving inflicted priva-

tion, The verdict must often be "wilfull starvation"— Since there are men and women would force one to They choose to live only on victuals and drink.

O, restless, and craving, and unsatisfied hearts. Whence never the volture of hunger departs? How long on the husks of our life will ye feed, Ignoring the soul and her famishing need?

Bethink you when lulled in your shallow content, Twas to Lezarus only the angels were sent?
And 'tis he to whose lips but earth's ashes are given
For whom the full banquet is gathered in heaven.
MES. A. D. T. WHIFNEY.

Some Experiences from the Dawn of Spiritualism to the Present Time.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am specially interested in perusing the experiences which are often published in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. I have taught penmanship and free-hand drawing in many cities, including Boston, Buffalo, Ciacinnati, also in many villages and seminaries in Vermont, New Hampshire and Long Island, all since the first tiny raps were heard at Hydesville. I have also assisted in rearing a family of nine children, including twins and triplets, and have by these arts been enabled to prepare three of my daughters and one son to teach these branches, so that they have secured good salaries. I speak of this because so many of our worthy citizens still believe that woman's sphere should be confined to household duties exclusively. In 1861, after advertising to teach penmanship at 24 Tremont Street, Boston, in one of the rooms of the Commercial Colors while well-time for business. lege, while waiting for business, I attended a school taught by Prof. Asa Fitts for developing mediums. Here all classes were represented, including city police, a professor from Harvard University and a cler-gyman who spoke while entranced, and went away much mortified at what he considered a mistake. In this school I was partially developed in different phases of mediumship, singing opera music (thortrolled with a pencil to make ovals, and then a moss was drawn, commencing in the center and working outward; then at another time I watched the movement, making a cluster of grapes as I thought, and when the figure was finished it proved to be a peacock; the grapes were spots on the tail. I drew an angel with hands and feet in position. I did not understand until a rope was placed in the hands; it proved to be a girl tripping the rope. I am no machinist, but I drew difficult machines and in-verted flowers with which I was unacquainted.

As I was walking one evening alone, I said mentally, "I will go home to Vermont to-morrow and develop in mediumship." A voice said, "No, you cannot." I felt sure I could, however, but in the morning two private schools were offered, and I accepted the position to teach penmanship, crowding out the mediumship I most desired. While boarding with a family in Vermont, I often witnessed the manifestations by their daughter when she retired to rest. Loud raps came on the head board, that could be heard across the street. A communication came through the alphabet, directed to me, "Be a little more calm in your school." It was very good advice. At another time what purported to be a band of musicians, came rapping in harmony. Her bed was often moved with her across the floor by unseen hands. She requested them to be still, for

In 1864, while teaching in Buffalo I attended se-ances at Mrs. Swain's. The company were seated around the table, over which was a thick spread reaching to the floor. Musical instruments were often played upon under the table. A sheet of drawing paper and three lead pencils were at one time, by request of the spirit, placed under the table, and in 15 minutes the picture was finished with a death scene in the centre, and around the margin were faces of all nationalities, looking at the scene.

In 1859, I visited Mrs. Weaver, 94 Longworth St., Cincinnati. We were seated alone as strangers; she

commenced by saying, "Julia Pretlaugh has come with you from Covington." "I don't know her," I said.

"You are acquainted with my cousin, Mrs. Morse," this spirit said through Mrs. Weaver.

I was then teaching Mrs. Morse's boys. I asked Mrs. Morse who Julia Pretlaugh was. She replied, "Don't you recollect that my boys stayed out of your class two months ago to attend her funeral?" which was true. Next Mrs. Weaver says: "Enos is here." I You are acquainted with my cousin, Mrs. Morse, "Father, if this is you, have you seen my mother in the epirit-land?"

er in the spirit-land?"
"I have seen your mother twice. I am not living with your mother. I am living with Lydia, my first wife. I was most attracted to your mother here, but Lydia and I understood each other better." "Father, what is your occupation now?"

"I am teaching Orthodox ministers."
In Hartland Four Corners, Vt., I was acquainted with this circumstance I am about to relate: Miss Jane Field, a stranger to Spiritualism, had a swelled neck; she was entranced by an Indian spirit who told her of a well that was made five hundred years ago. It was under a lilac bush near the house; the water would cure her neck. She in vain urged her friends to dig for it. She commenced to dig for it herself. At last her uncle dug down eight or ten feet and found the well all stoned up. She was told to drink one glass of its water before each meal, and bathe her neck, which she did. In one or two months her neck was cured. This well became famous, and many persons of the same disease were cured. I am glad to see false creeds crumbling while passing the crucial tests of science and the light of spiritual truths. I walked by faith with the orthodox church of Dr. Morrell, of Middlebury, Vt., till spiritual light enabled me to be guided by knowledge.

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Mrs. Mary J. Ely writes: We continue to receive profit and enjoyment from the perusal of the Journal, and cannot too highly commend your noble and independent course in upholding true Spiritualism and discountenancing everything fraudulent and foolish that resumes the name.

Dr. T. J. Griffich writes: I like the JOHENAL because it dares to do right in denouncing frauds. Let the work of weeding the true from the false, go

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

Mrs. Amelia Lewis, of New York City, gave the opening address at our conference meeting on Friday evening Feb. 23rd. Her lecture on the "Dominion of the Spirit" was listened to by a large audience, who gave close attention, and frequently applauded.
Mrs. L. is an easy and forcible speaker, and her extensive travels in England and on the Continent,
with a keen insight into the higher truths that are being revealed unto all who are receptive, made her lecture not only interesting but instructive. Mrs. Lewis ranks high among literary people, and all such are always cordially welcomed to our platform. In the space allowed me in the columns of the Journal. the space anower me in the commission the John All a brief synopsis is all I am able to give, and I admit that I have often imposed upon the good nature of the editor of the Journal, but when we have a lecture of more than usual interest I am tempted to, make a more full report. The speaker said in sub-

"The dominion of the spirit—this alone proves to me the existence of the spirit. What right have you to use the words, 'The dominion of the spirit?" What right have I to use the words? In existence it is the basis of all things, and we want to know how it can be proved, this dominion of the spirit in all things. The scientist can tell you of what your bod-ies are composed, and he will tell you how these elements go back to nature in accordance with natural law. He may be able to show the process by which the blood goes coursing through the veins, but he is

the blood goes coursing through the veins, but he is unable to find in the soul the moving and indomitable will which causes you to act. Can the scientist truthfully say that this is following the law of matter? What right have I to say that I am a spirit? "In our century we are coming to certain truths, and this in a measure is through the growth of the spirit and by the discernment of spiritual laws. We know that this globe of ours has existed for many hundreds of thousands years. When was if created? Matter cannot evolve itself, unless there is something hundreds of thousands years. When was it created? Matter cannot evolve itself, unless there is something connected with it. You will say, perhaps, it is through natural law, but back of all law there must be the law giver, and there is no foundation in matter except by, first, the involution of the spirit. The change in, or the progress of, the race, has been by this evolution or the involution of the spirit on the brain of men, who were receptive to its influence; and this dominion of the spirit is leading us as a race to a higher life. We want to live better than did the race when simple huts were all that were needed.

"In the dominion of the spirit we find that it is not matter that makes the beauty of nature, but it is the spirit which creates all things. It is this dominion of the spirit, which is to bring all mankind into a universal brotherhood. You know that the man who stops at a public house on a Saturday night and spends his weekly earnings, is not in this

night and spends his weekly earnings, is not in this dominion of the spirit, like him who goes to his home filled with love for his wife and children, and also imbued with a love for his brother man; this man feels in his soul the divine influence, and in a certain sense he lives now in this dominion of the spirit. In the one, this dominion of the spirit lies dead or dormant; in the other, it is quickened into life and action. What I would urge upon each one of you, is to evolve this dominion of the spiritin your own souls. You are surrounded by spirits; they sit own souls. You are surrounded by spirits; they sit beside you here to-night; they live in your homes and walk with you in all the pathways of life. I would have you recognize this, and to overcome by kindly deeds and loving words the evils of sin and ignerance which exist. Before any human soul existed on this planet, the dominion of the spirit was here, preparing our globe for the existence of the race. You need not go back to Asia to find out where race. You need not go back to Asia to find out where man was when matter was first formed. It was un-

der the dominion of the spirit.

"We read in Persian history of Zoroaster, in India of Buddha and Krishna, in Palestine of that great Spiritualist, Jesus of Nazareth, and in Greece and Rome of their progress in sculpture and paintings, but in no age or clime has there been such a grand and universal involution of this dominion of the spirit as in America, where human thought is free; where creeds and bigotry in the church cannot prevent this influx of this dominion of the soul. The spirit what matters it to us if in Europe there is spirit, what matters it to us, if in Europe there is evolution in art—we have the evolution of the spirit; and in this country alone the dominion of the spirit hasfull force and power. It is in this country where all men and women are recognizing this fact that each soul is evolving the spirit; that it has full and free scope with all. This dominion of the spirit is to harmonize all conflicting interests into a brother-

"The storm must come; it may come with the power of the tornado, sweeping all errors, creeds and inharmony on before it. The spirit has no organization; it is only protesting now; you are to evolve it yourselves, in your own lives, actions and deeds. Let that passage of the spirit through your material forms have full dominion. Can you fully realize how much this dominion of the spirit prevails all over your country. When we fully realize in our own lives this full dominion of the spirit, we shall not envy our neighbor because he may, perchance, live in greater splendor and luxury than we, nor envy his lands nor his riches. If we all could fully realize this dominion of the spirit, sin and crime

would pass away. Call it what you may, Jehovah, Jove or God, it is in all things, permeates all. "Sins of omission are greater than the sins of commission. When a man or woman are in this domin ion of the spirit, it brings to them harmony and peace. What is your spirit existence? You are a spirit now, and you have to evolve in your own souls all that is good, pure, noble and true, and you want to make the very best use of this life here for this evolution of your own spirit. Don't be afraid of death. It is the real beginning of your life, for then the spirit will be free from its mortal surroundings. There is no religion but what has been evolved by this dominion of the spirit; no form of religion but what has had Spiritualism as its basis. Men may not have understood nor comprehended it. It mat-ters not whether you call this dominion of the spirit orthodox or heterodox. The spirit will take you any where, and I would urge upon you all to do all in your power to unfold in your own individual lives this dominion of the spirit, for by it you will understand every law of nature and come into the unity of the Divine Spirit.

"Do you realize that you are encompassed with a cloud of witnesses, to quicken your souls into a full comprehension of this great truth? All that is worthy in art, poetry, sculpture, science, invention and religion, has been evolved by what I may call this science of the spirit. I want the power of Spir-itualism to be felt. Let it be seen by your lives, in the prevalence of this dominion of the spirit with you always."

Short addresses were also many.

A. Wilson and Rev. C. P. Mc Carthy.

S. B. Nichols. Short addresses were also made by D. M. Cole, J.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb'y 24th, 1883.

Intuition.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I do not believe in immortality by reason of evidence conveyed to my spiritual conceptions through the eye and car. These are weak, uncertain, deceptive and unreliable channels. The only safe mode of communication between the visible and the invitable models is by and through injulies. isible worlds is by and through intuition. Here atfinity finds its proper place, soul speaks to soul, spirit to spirit; truth comes clothed with an unutterably convincing power, a force irresistible, a reality that

is startling. So long as Spiritualists place a value on supposed physical manifestations, which are mostly the work of tricksters, Spiritualism will remain at a low ebb. Faith in perpetual individual existence, surrounded with all the glories of a Spirit-world, is part of us; it is a prominent feature in our spiritual organization. Add to this an intuitive conception of spirit presence and we can fully comprehend that continued existence is a reality.

ence is a reality. Why do Spiritualists consume so much precious time in searching for evidence to prove a thing, the existence of which they have no doubt. From the lowest development to the highest intellect, there is perhaps not one person in ten millions in possession of a perfect organization who does not believe in life eternal, and generally in perfect ultimate happi-

Thomas Lee writes: I must certainly say that you are proving yourself to be the medium's friend by opposing all fraud, no matter where found. In your editorial of Jan. 27th, headed, "Circles and Mediums for Advancing Low Spirite," I say positively that you have written the truth. Low and degraded spirits are not advanced by the medium, but the me-dium is generally brought down to their level.

E. W. Ripley in renewing his subscription writes: The JOURNAL is worth each year ten times the price of subscription.

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some time since I announced through the RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL the fact that an organization of Spiritualists had been made here, under the style of the "Third Spiritualist Society of Baltimore," and that it had rented a spacious dwelling house, No. 276 Saratoga Street. The organization was made about the first of the year, and since then lectures have been delivered twice each week to attentive listeners, whose number so far exceed-ed our expectations and the number of seats prepared, that many have been compelled to stand during the services; but the society had been in existence only one month, when the owner of the building, C. B. Turnbull, of C. B. Turnbull & Co., cotton brok-ers of this city, notified it in due form of law, that it must vacate the premises on or before the first day of April

of April.

Thinking the gentleman had probably been misinformed about the character of our society, a committee was appointed to wait upon him and ascertain, if possible, the cause of his unexpected and unwelcome message. They were informed that the only cause of complaint was, "It is a Spiritualist society." He had thoroughly considered the matter and was determined that he would not rent the property for any such purpose, and leave it the society must!

property for any such purpose, and leave it the so-ciety must!

Then one of the committee proposed to purchase the property, and a price was agreed upon, but be-fore the necessary papers were executed, Mr. Turn-bult changed his mind and asked to be excused, as he had then discovered that he did not want to sell the property to the Spiritualists, but our friend was firm, and having got him where he could not escape, refused to release him from the contract. Since then the dead has been executed and the property now the deed has been executed and the property now belongs to a Spiritualist. The probability is that a stock company will be formed and the property will ultimately be owned by the society, and thus it will be saved from being thrown into the street as a sacrifice to satiate the vengeance of an orthodox

Christian (Preebyterian), who knows it not. Our friends, Mrs. Rachel Walcott and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, have volunteered their services and lecture

upon Sunday and Thursday evenings of each week, and thus have done much to help the society.

Mrs. Walcott is a resident of this city. She is a clairvoyant and trance medium, and often occupies the restrum here. As far as I am informed, she has never occupied it elsewhere. She speaks with great force and eloquence, and her lectures always furnish rich food for the mind, which it can carry away and digest in its own good time. She also possesses the power of diagnosing a person through the aid of what she calls spiritual chemistry. To comprehensive thinkers it is one of the most interesting phases of Spiritualism, and greatly assists them in their efforts to know themselves.

Mrs. Hyzer has so often appeared in your city and is so thoroughly known, that remarks about her are unnecessary in this communication. The house has been divided off into lecture rooms séance rooms, and one chamber has been reserved

for the use of mediums who may be engaged by the No dark circles are to be held in public, and no mediums will be employed by the society, unless they are free from free love doctrines and are well endorsed as to their capacity and rectitude. The place affords the best conditions, and the society is determined to offer nothing to the public that will not stand the test of the light, as well as the moral

sentiment of the community. Our success has thus far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and we are encouraged to be-lieve that when our local habitation has been firmly established, we will continue to grow in strength despite the efforts of the orthodoxy who cry, "Crucify it! crucify it! because they know not what they do." There are many mediums being developed here in

a quiet way, and most extraordinary manifestations are taking place in all the various phases of mediumship. It is to be hoped that the timidity which surrounds those mediums at present, will soon be dispelled, and the public mind will be illuminated by

pened, and the public mind will be illuminated by the revelations which they can make.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. Walcott was followed by the voteran worker, Thos. Gales Forster, who had just arrived in the city. His remarks were full of enthusiasm and were received by the audience with the greatest satisfaction; indeed, we had a love feast, and all felt the gladdening influence which the occasion brought forth. Bro. Forster, whilst he remains here, will use his efforts to help us along, and mains here, will use his efforts to help us along, and the assistance we now have, we surely cannot CARROLL

Interesting Experience with Mrs. R. Simpson at 45 North Sheldon St.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

You ask for facts in Spiritualism. I submit the following: On Saturday, Feb. 10th., I met Mrs. Simpson at her rooms and noted carefully what occurred. I did not seek to direct anything, but left the medium free to make her own conditions and proceed in her own way, and I am happy to say she made no conditions that seemed to favor the chances for deception. After critically examining the plain stand at which we were seated, facing each other in the full day light, she made some explanations and kept up a lively conversation. This she said was necessary to keep her mind from wandering. She needed to hold her thoughts within the room to con-serve the forces and enable the spirits to concentrate and use them. She gave (in answer to a question some striking mental tests relative to my home and the conditions of persons there. She then took a minute piece of pencil—not larger than a grain of sand—laid it upon the clean slate and set a goble directly over it. She then took the slate on her right hand and held it under the table, apparently pressing it up so that the top of the goblet touched the under side of the table top. After a little waiting, during which nothing occurred save that she continued talking, she asked me to propound a question, which I did in an audible voice. Instantly, almost before I had concluded my question, she exclaimed, "Take i out," and withdrew the slate in the same position resting on her hand—in which it went under the table—the goblet apparently in the same place on the slate, and exactly under the glass was a plainly written answer to my question! The instantaneousness of this writing was to me the most surprising of anything, and it must have been written after of during the enunciation of my question, else how could it have been a direct answer? The answer, too, was not a monosyllable, but a sentence involving several words. After this she gave me several ing several words. After this she gave me several pieces of brown paper, and requested me to write some questions—one on each paper. I wrote four, and on one paper I put two questions. The writing was done in a position and manner that rendered it impossible for the medium to see any part of it. I folded them closely, and all alike, so that I could not tell what any one contained. I then dropped one of them between two slates, which were closed and the slates put under the table. After a little she said, "This has two questions on it and will not therefore be answered!" She then inquired if I wrote two on that. I replied I did not know. I had written two on one and only one, but could not tell which It was. On opening it, I found it to be the one that had two questions on it. Why the intelligence could not answer one or both I do not know. They were each as definite as any of the others.

I then dropped in another which was held in the

I then dropped in another which was held in the same way and on opening the folded slates, while I could see no possible way they could have been opened, as they were laid upon the medium's hand and simply passed under the table, her other hand all the while in full view; there was a definite answer to some question and on opening the paper which lay folded within the two slates the question to which this writing was an answer, was found to be on that paper, and I know the medium had not seen it unless clairvoyantly. There were other features to this experience, but this is sufficient for this time. I would like to experiment further, and make some suggestions and change the order of the experiments some, and apply some other tests within the limits of the median's powers and the spirits' capacity to more fully illustrate and verify this remarkable phe-nomenon. If I should be able to do so, and the resulta give any thing important to add to what I herewith give, I will prepare it for the readers of the JOURNAL. Yours for truth, LYMAN C. HOWE. 217 South Sangamon St., March 5th 1883.

Henorable industry travels the same road with duty; and providence has closely linked both with happiness.

Persecution of a Spiritualist Society in | Phenomena through A. H. Phillips.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: You may deem some of my experiences of interest to your readers—in particular certain phenomena which came through the mediumship of A. H. Phillips, of this city. This gentleman is generally known as an "independent slate-writing medium,"

but this term by no means covers the range of his mediumship. The phenomena I have seen in his presence may be classed under the following heads: 1. Independent Slate-writing. Raps.

3. Tests by automatic writing. 4. Impressions.

Let me take these in the order named: I have seen the independent slate-writing, as it is called, a number of times with Mr. Phillips, and under such conditions as to entirely remove the strong doubts I once entertained respecting the possibility of such a manifestation. Seated opposite the medium at a table five feet across, I have taken two slates in my hand, closely examined them to see that they were clean, placed them together with no pencil between, and held them in my own hands, no part of the medium's body being within four feet of the slates. Presently I heard a ticking sound within the slates and felt a slight vibration, and when three raps signalled the completion of the writing, I found several lines legibly written across one of the slates, signed with the name of a relative—2 name not familiar to conditions as to entirely remove the strong doubts I with the name of a relative—a name not familiar to the medium. The slates did not leave my hands from the time I first examined them until after I had seen and read the writing, and this sitting, as well as every other I have had with Mr. Phillips, was

when I reflected on this occurrence it seemed to me so marvellous and of such weighty import, and it was withal so unexpected, that I almost began to doubt the evidence of my three senses and to question myself as to the reality of the phenomena. To satisfy my mind I called again on Mr. Phillips and with all my senses alert and active, the slate writing occurred a second time under the same condition. tions and in the same way as above described. I have since seen the same phenomenon a number of times. Sometimes, though not usually in my case, it seemed necessary that the hand of the medium, as well as my own, should touch the slates, and on two or three occasions the writing came on the under surface of a single slate lying on the table without contact of any hand. One striking instance of the latter meth-od I remember particularly well. As a test ques-tion I had asked the spirit who purported to be present to mention the name of the place where he died. The medium suggested that I write the names of six places, and among them the name of the one in which the death happened. As it was a summer newhen the death nappened. As it was a summer resort, I wrote, together with the name of the place, the names of five other similar resorts. While we were in the act of trying to get the spirit to make a selection from the names by raps, the sound of writing was heard on a slate lying on the table, and on taking up the slate I found the name, "Watkins Clark written thereon in a clark held heard." Glen," written thereon in a clear, bold hand. It was the name of the place where my friend had passed away, which was, of course, not known before by the medium.

the medium.

Although by these and other experiments equally convincing, I had satisfied my mind as to the fact of slate writing without contact, to "make assurance doubly sure" I invited a friend of strong, clear mind, to accompany me to Mr. Phillips's rooms in order to take his opinion on the subject. This gentleman had never seen anything of the kind and could not believe my representations respecting it. On our way had never seen anything of the kind and could not believe my representations respecting it. On our way we purchased two slates, and on arriving at Mr. Phillips's rooms, the writing came upon them while lying on the table in our presence and without having for an instant left our sight. Surprised at seeing the writing, my skeptical friend rose from the table, took up the two slates he had brought, walked to a wash bowl and commenced a vigorous washing of the slates. Having satisfied his mind that they were thoroughly clean, he laid them again on the table and said emphatically: "If the writing comes on those slates now, I will believe in it. Presently, and without moving them from their position, the tickwithout moving them from their position, the tick-ing sound was heard and on opening them the name, "Emma," was found distinctly written on one,

name, "Emma," was found distinctly written on one, the same being the name of a dear friend. The gentleman acknowledged the fact of the writing with the conditions he had prescribed.

In view of the evidence which has been presented to my senses, I can say that I know independent slate writing does take place, as well as I know any physical fact of which I have knowledge—as well as I know that heat will melt ice and evaporate water. It seems to me the most remarkable and convincing of all the so-called surjuvalistic phenomers. of all the so-called spiritualistic phenomena, and shows that there is a rich field of natural phenomena almost untouched, and little known to the general public, in which trained men of science would

do well to occupy themselves.

I will, with your permission, in another letter, lay before your readers an account of phenomena of a different sort, which I have seen in the presence of A. A. HEALY.

Mr. Phillips. New York, Feb. 24th, 1883.

Tests of Spirit Presence given through the Mediumship of Dr. Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Our mutual friend and medium, Dr. Henry Slade, paid our little city a brief visit, and the slate-writing tests given through him, excite the wonder of the skeptic and warm the hearts of believers. Many of the incredulous who did not have a sitting with him. regret it now that he is away, while others who only require some physical expression of invisible intelligent force to become convinced of this truth, deplore their financial inability to have improved this opportunity to confirm their belief. How shrouded is the human mind by the dogmas of the past, and how slow to recognize conscious force as an element of nature. Bound in chains of mental servitude to the fallacies of supernatural and traditional methods, encased in physical bondage to the appetites of sensuous existence, his intellect biased by the narrow modes of motion through which are expressed the so-called five senses, man's subjective sense but feebly descries the wonderful phenomena and truth embodied in the principles of the invisible. Our mediums may become the willing instruments

through which these subtile truths are partially re-yealed, our Slades may visit every clime of the civilized world, yet their work will prove comparatively futile, and their honest efforts to interpret some of these hidden truths will meet with sneer and calumray, until the popular mind is freed from the infidel teachings and claims of those who interpose a personal God and a sphere of unthinkable supernature as a more potential fact than the revelations of time and space. I would say to any interested, that Dr. Slade's slate tests are beyond honest criticism or doubt, so far as intrigue or trickery is involved. The tests given me were peculiar and of marked character; one, a telegram from Morse, the founder of the telegraph system; another from D. R. Du Mont in Latin text, old style. The slates were sponged clean in my presence and that of several witnesses, were laid together and held upon my forearm in an inclined position by Dr. Slade. In a moment's time the writing commenced, heard distinctly by all present, and did not cease (except as the Doctor removed his hand from that of the party at his left for an instant) until both slates were filled. The room was brilliantly lighted and a large lamp stood upon the center of the table at which we sat. Others received communications of distinct character; all, as far as I am informed, concede Dr. Slade's integrity and candor. I trust wherever he coar your readers. and candor. I trust wherever he goes your readers and all philosophic minds will pay him the attention his mediumistic abilities unquestionably merit. W. M. LOCKWOOD, Ripon, Wis.

Notes and Extracts.

I'm adversity it is easy to despise life; he is truly brave who can endure a wretched life. Nover let your zeal outrus your charity; the for-mer is but human, the latter is divine.

No life can be utterly miserable that is heightened by the laughter and love of one little child. He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of being allowed to command.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it. Baskfulmess may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom ever opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality. Attrition is to the stone what good influences are to the man; both polish while they reveal hidden

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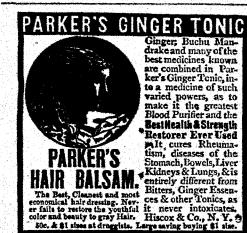
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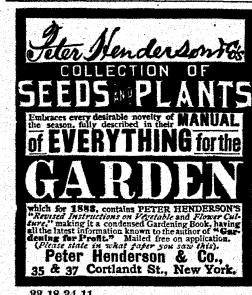
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DISCUSSION.

EL V. Wilson, Spiritualist:

AND Eld. T. M. Harris, Christian.

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A Strange Story.

Recently there came to this city from Kirksville a family consisting of Mr. M. S. Andrews and wife and Mrs. Andrews' stepson, Mr. A. D. Tritt, and his wife, all of whom are people of a good class of society and possessed of fair education, means and intellect, and entirely free from superstition. Just previously to their removal from Kirksville a canary bird flew in at their open window and refused to leave the room. Inquiry failing to reveal an owner, Mrs. Tritt placed it in a cage with a canary bird of her own, and brought it to Sedalia with her, since which time it has lived in harmony with its companion, but never essayed a single note of song. At 2:30 o'clock last Tuesday morning, one week ago, Mrs. Tritt gave birth to an infant, and just as the child was being prepared to be dressed, the bird, which hung in a cage in the adjoining room, warbled forth a song so shrill and melodious as to awaken even the neighbors and cause them to comment thereon. Finishing its song, the little warbler again grew silent, never uttering a note until Sunday night, when Mr. Andrews sat with auxious face holding the babe in his arms. Just as the finger on the clock dial pointed to five minutes of 12 he was startled by a low and melaucholy thrill from the bird in the next room, which continued until the stroke of twelve, when it ceased just as the last expiring breath left the dying child. Placing the dead baby in the arms of a lady who was present, Mr. Andrews went into the next room to throw a cloth over the bird cage, when he was struck dumb with astonishment to find the bird lying dead in the bottom of the cage. With a strange feeling of reverence he removed it to the side of the dead child, and on Monday, procuring some beautiful flowers, he placed it in the centre of them and Recently there came to this city from Kirksville a dead child, and on Monday, procuring some beautiful flowers, he placed it in the centre of them and laid it in the coffin on the breast of the infant, burying them together. None of the family attempt to account for the strange incident in any manner, but say they cannot help but feel there is somehow a connecting link betwixt the bird and the child.—

Sedalia Democrat.

A Somnambulist.

Jesse Miller, a farmer, living in Greenville Township, Somerset County, Pa., is ready to swear that his household is afflicted with a witch. Some time his household is afflicted with a witch. Some time ago he found a saddle hanging on a hook in the chimney. He had placed it on the balusters. This occurred three times, and every member of the family accused solemnly declared that they had not touched the saddle. Miller took it to the woodshed, and again it was displaced. He then removed the saddle to a sawmill and spiked it to a standard. It stays there. His wife was washing one day, and stepped out of the apartment for a few minutes. Refurning, she was amazed to find the articles which Returning, she was anazed to find the articles which she had left in the tub thrown about ofer the floor.

Miller was aroused one night by terrible screams in his front yard. He bounded out of bed, and rushed out and found his daughter there alone. She had no knowledge of how she got there. Every window and done in the bourse got there. and door in the house was locked and bolted as when the young lady went to bed. Twice since she has been spirited out of the house in broad daylight, in the presence of her mother and others. The spirit of darkness that exerts this influence over the young lady is invisible to all others. She described the witch as resembling an old woman, with hoary, hairy face, and wearing a white cap. The Miller family is thoroughly terrified, as is also the entire community. Miller intends to leave the locality as soon as possible. Meanwhile he has been in Meyersdale in quest of a witch doctor, to make the place tolerable for a short time at least. He is firm in his witch belief.—Ex.

Pathetic Incident.

Mr. E. L. Wakeman, in a letter to the Louisville Courler-Journal, relates the following, which is

Courlor-Journal, relates the following, which is strictly true:

"A most pathetic and remarkable incident in connection with the death this week in Quincy of Samuel J. Medill, late managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, has been related to your correspondent by his brother-in-law, Mr. James D. Carson, at present General Manager of the Union Depot Company at Kausas City. Mr. Medill had owned a small, shaggy pet dog of which he was extremely fond, but the care of which had been so great a burden to him in his condition of health that he had given it to a friend near Onincy last fall. The animal had seemed friend near Quincy last fall. The animal had seemed at times restless, but ordinarily well contented in his new home. Of late it had apparently been especially well domiciled and happy. Early in the morning of the day of Mr. Medill's death the dog suddenly disappeared from its home. At about 6 a.m., the dog appeared at the residence of Mr. John B. Carson, three miles distant, where Mr. Medill was already dying. It howled piteously about the place until admitted, and instantly, with some unexplainable and marvellous instinct, dashed up stairs to Mr. Medill's room, bounded upon the bed, and covered its dying master with its loyal caresses. It is stated that Mr. Medill, although already at times almost unconscious, gave recognition of the occurrence, and seemed to realize its surprising impressiveness."

Setting Aside a Conveyance.

Judge A. D. Wait of Fort Edward announced on Wednesday his decision annulling the marriage of Samuel Hides of Ballston Spa to Mrs. Mary Mc-Mahon, and setting aside an ante-nuptial conveyance

by the husband of real estate valued at \$25,000.

Mr. Hides began a suit to annul the marriage and set aside the conveyance. L'Amoreaux & Dake of Ballston, were his attorneys, and E. L. Fursman of Troy, and N. C. Moak, of Albany, his counsel. The wife defended, her legal representatives being Neary & Martin, of Troy, and Gen. Charles Hughes of Sandy Hill. More than a year ago the case was referred by mutual consent to County Judge A. D. Wait of Fort Edward. The issue has since then been stub-bornly and ably contested. Judge Wait conducted the hearings with thorough discrimination and great fairness. Judge Fursman, of Troy, summed up the case for the plaintiff in this village, December 30, 1882, in a brilliant argument and review of the evidence. He maintained that the woman was an impostor among Spiritualists; that she was simply a fortune-teller, a liar and a hypocrite, and that she cheated Mr. Hides by means of his religious convictions.—Ballston Spa.(N. Y.) Journal.

The French call the Salvation Army "The Anglician Plague." The Roy. Dr. Pressense condemns the methods of the army in Paris because so much pride and sectarianism have been exhibited. The Salvationists despise all other missionaries and Chris-tian workers, and refuse to have any thing to do with them. Pastor Chaponierre warns all good Christians of the serious danger involved in intro-ducing into religious work such a system of absolute authority as that engineered by Gen. Booth and his subordinates. Ignatius Loyola never organized any society whose followers were more closely and rigidly bound to obey than the Salvation Army. It is a curious bit of history to read that some of Gen. Booth's most beloved and honored followers were turned out of the army because they failed to account for a collection, or collections, taken at Geneva, Switzerland. In this country, as far as can be seen, the army officers hold their subordinates in rigid

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It is said that cats never display any of the attachment and gratitude to their masters that are shown by dogs. If this be true Louis Blanc's favorite cat was an exception to the rule. This animal was in the habit of waiting for its master on the stairs every evening until his return from the Chamber of Deputies, and it is now said to have died of grief two days after his decease. It refused to take either food or

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12:05 pm +	Kansas City, Leavenworth and At-	
PRIOR PLANE	chison Fast Express	+ 2:30 pm
11:00 am *	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express	* 3:00 pm
		. one hm
11:00 am b	Kansas City, Atchison and Leaven-	a hand
alah sisi dan 19	worth Express	b 3:00 pm
4:45 pm +	Peru Accommodation	+10:10 am
9:15 pmtt	Council Bluffs Night Express	1 7:00 am
10:00 pmtt	Kansas City, Leavenworth and At-	
	chison Night Express	# 6:20 am
9:15 p mtt		4 0.500 10.00
DIAD PANE	press	t 7:00 am
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5:00 pm + 1	(Till	† 7:05 pm
LEMBE		a11:00 pm
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GENTLEMEN: Having been for a long time afflicted with lameness in my right knee, I resorted to one of your Shields, which I wore for some time with great benefit.

A. E. SHALL, M. D.

The thunders shake the trembling sky When Heaven breathes upon the cloud, Where all the Summer roses for Reneath the Winter's shining shroud. The laughing luliables of Spring Go Singing towards the silent sea; And this the song of songs they sing, So fall of life and joy to me.

The Winter is loosening its chains of death; The Soul of the World is abroad again; The flowers perfume her musical breath, And the charms of her voice buck the wallin

We feel a strange thrill from her pulses of fire, Distilled through the Magnetic Shield, As she touches each nerve with her wand of desire, And bids the worst skeptic ne nealed,

These mystical magnets so defily concealed, Hold the songs of the seasons combined; And the sweet breath of Summer is felt in the Shield Through the blast of the wintery wind.

Room 6, CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, Chicago,

Smoking Cap.

READ THE EVIDENCE, EVERY line of which is copied from original letters from the parties as herein given, and can be seen by any one who will call at our office:

omee:
From A. E. Smail, A. M., M. D. President of the
Homeopathic College and Haspital of Chicago; Author
of Homeopathic Practice; Diseases of the Nervous System; Decline of Manhood, and Monographs on Various
Subjects.

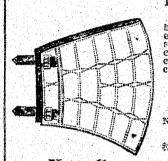
--:0:-Poetry and song are fit Heralds of the Healing of the Nations as accomplished by the unparalleled effi-cacy of Magnetism as utilized and applied by the

MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.

From the Editor of the Evansvillo (Wis.) Enterprise.

Magnetic Shield Co.

GENIS: I am just in receipt of your "Plain Road to Health," and believe every word therein. I think I am getting stronger all the time, by the use of your Magnetic Shields which I wear all the time. Yours truly, C. A. LIBBY.



From James G. Clark, the Poet and Vegalist, Author of the Beautiful Hills, Mountains of Life Leona, Frement's Battle Hymn, &c.

DEAR DOCTOR: I have not forgotten you, but have been waiting till I could try the Insoles long chough to form and its an opinion. I am more than satisfied with the results. They have bankshed all coldness and moisture from my feet and my 'Soles' could not be taken from me by an offer of \$50 if I could not get another pair,

N. E. Bland & Son, Carriago Makers, Harvard, III. \$200 for her Jacket.
February 27, 1838.
J. C. Blake.

Here Cap.

Magnetic Shield Co.

Genta: I cannot praise your Belt any too high, for it has done what was wanted of it. I would not take \$50 for the now if it was offered me. I want two more pair of Incoles by express.

Mannylle, Wis., Jan. 4, '83.

R. M. MCCRIMMON.

Chicago Magnetic Shield Co.

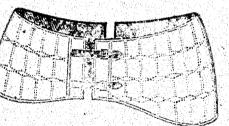
Dean Sing: I have been wearly a the Insoles you cent me some time ago, and must truly say they are the hest things I ever had to my feet. I have not had a cold fost cince I ware them. I put away my oversnows when I got the Insoles and must say they are much better than any overshows a man can get. I will send for more when these are worn out.

No. 6 Poplar St.

THOMAS KNEALE.

GENTLEMEN: I received the Insoles and find them all you represent them to be and I would like to try the Jacket. Turkey Creek, Stouben Co., Ind.

LOTTLE E. GUNSER.



Ladies' Belt.

C. I. Thacher, M. D.—My Dear Sir: It affords me pleasure to say that the "Magnetic Leggings I bought of yen last Spring, I consider one of the best "prescriptions" my physician, who advised a trial of them, cave me. I had suffered a severe attack of inflamman ry rhenmatism in the caves of my legs and ankies. The Leggings helped me from the first, imparting a grateful warmth and a very appreciable support. After yearing them some months I was able to lay them naide and have not had a return of rhenmatism since. In every case where I have recommended the use of your "Shields" to my friends they have spoken favorably of them.

Yery Respectfully Yours.

JNO. P. LENON.

Magnetic Shield Co.

GENTLEMEN: The man that had kidney and bladder trouble is very much better since he commenced wearing your Magnetic Shields. The lady with Consumption and Neuralgia is very much better. She has not had but one attack of neuralgia since she put on the Jacket. She says she would not take \$100 for it if she could not get another. Our family physician, Dr. H. C. Clapp, is a splendld man, and he recommends these appliances very highly.

MKS. O. P. MELLIN.

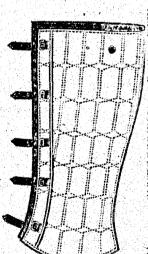
Mendon. Mich.

DR. C. I. THACHER.—Dear Sir: Some three months ago I purchased a Magnetic Belt and Insoles from you.

My trouble was lumbago, of a chronic and aggravated type. I had suffered for years. Had been treated by several eminent physicians without benefit. For eight years I was so bad that if I stood on my feet for twenty minutes the pain in my back would be so great that the perspiration would start from every pore and in a short time I would become so exhausted that I would nearly fall down. After wearing the Magnetic Belt two days the pain left me and I have not had it since. I can now stand up or walk as much as I wish without the slightest inconvenience or pain. Any one you wish to refer to me I will only be too happy to give them particulars. I can tell them much more than I have you in this brief letter.

802 Carroll Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Legging.

Dr. C. I. Thachen—Dear Sir: I am glad to be able to testify to the great value of your Magnetic goods. I wore the Jacket and Insoles about 3 months last year and realized much benefit from them. Within four days after I put them on I felt like a new man. The browdney of my youth returned and I realized a yion I had not felt for years. My feet, which had been chronically cold for years were warin and a gentle glow pervaded my whole heling. The effect was pleasant and invigorating. After wearing them some 3 months I discontinued the Jacket, but were the Soles, and I realized better-conditions all the following season than for many years previous. From these results and the experience of others whom I have interviewed, Lam compelled to regard these gaments as of great value to suffering humanity—worth ten times the cost.

EYMAN C. HOWE.

MAGNETIC SHIELD CO: It is with pleasure that I send you a statement of my experience with your Magnetic Shields. I have been troubled with rheumatism more or less for 25 years. This Winter it attacked me so severely that I was continued to my bed suffering intense pain and entirely helpless. I saw your advertisement in the Sunday Morning News and sent for Belt and Insoles, when they arrived the cords in my limb were so contracted that they were knotted and in this condition the Belt and Insoles were put on. In less than ten minutes I began to feel their soothing influence and in lifteen minutes the pain had entirely left me. In three days I was out of bed and able to walk about with ease. I cannot speak in too high terms of the wonderful healing power these Shields contain. I am 67 years old and was never happier in my life than to be relieved from the infernal pangs that I suffered. My son-in-law had a severe attack of neuralgia during the time, and we applied the Belt which cared him in three hours.

New Amsterdam, Wis., January 24, 1883.

JOHN STEENSTED.

REBURATISM CURDD.

MAGNETIC SHIELD COMPANY.

On the 17th day of last mouth I "hobbled" into your office and put on a pair of your Magnetic Insoles. I had been since February last a constant sufferer from theumatism of my feet and ankies, and was unable to walk without the use of a cane. Four days after nutting on the Insoles I esperienced a relief, and from that day I have not had the slightest pain in my feet or ankies. I can now run up or down a pair of stairs without experiencing any inconvenience whatever.

277 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

JOHN A. MITCHELL,

Magnetic Shield Co.

I received the Foot Batteries and am so pleased with them that I keep both pair. My feet are so warm and feel so comfortable that I advise all my friends to get a pair.

ROSE J. ORR, Crete, Ill.

Magnetic Shield Company, Chicago.
GENTLEMEN: The favorable reports that continued to come in of cures that had resisted the ordinary medication of the country—such as Marian Davis and Austain Woods cures of Epilepsy, we were forced to believe they had merits we had never dreamed of. We have never sold any thing that has given as good satisfaction. We have never sold the goods to a person who has given them a fair trial, who is dissatisfied with them.

Yours very truly, J. F. BRANDON.

Druggist, No. 18 East Anderson St., Anderson, Indiana.

VICTOR, Iowa, Dec. 18, 1882. Magnetic Shield Co.

GENTLEMEN: I have complied with your request and find they all speak in praise of the Insoles as excellent for cold feet. Your most obedient servant, SIMEON B. TETTLE.



GENTLEMEN: Those Magnetic Insoles I received about two
is ago. They are a success. I recommend them.
AUG. HEYM.
Janesville. Wis., January 18, 1883.

HONEY CREEK, WIS. Dec. 12, '82. Dr. Thacher.

Dear Sir: We received the cap and pair of Insoles Saturday. Estella has worn the Jacket a week. She sat up 4 days last week, something she has not been able to do for a long time. She has great faith in it. Respectivity.

MRS. J. C. MCCARTHY.

MAHOMET, Ill., Dec. 21. 1882. Magnetic Shield Co.

I received the insoles and they have given perfect satisfac-Yours respectfully, MILA KOOYLER

tion.

Ladire Magnetic Vest. We have over one thousand letters like the above. CHIGAGO MACNETIC SHIELD CO., NO. 6 CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, CHIGAGO, ILL.

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ile and reiall, by the Restore Pastococci-leves. Chicago.

leave it with me. Then (putting her hand impressively on my arm) she added: "She really would be most thankful and grateful to me if I would do it"—and if I recollect." rightly, she added "as much depended on it." Seeing she was so much in earnest I took up my sketch-book, and, by the dim light that was still remaining, began to make a rapid pencil sketch of her. On observing my do-ing so, however, instead of giving me what assistance she was able she turned away, under the pretense of looking at the pictures around the room, occasionally passing from one to another so as to enable me to catch a momentary glimpse of her features. In this manner I made two hurried but rather expressive shafehas of her which hains all pressive sketches of her, which, being all that the declining light would allow me to do, I shut my book and she prepared to leave. This time, instead of the usual "Good morning" she wished ing," she wished me an impressively pro-nounced "Good-by," firmly holding rather than shaking my hand while she said it. I accompanied her to the door, outside of which she seemed rather to fade into the darkness than to pass through it. But I referred this impression to my own fancy.

I immediately inquired of the servant why

she had not announced the visitor to me. She stated that she was not aware there had been one, and that any who had entered must have done so when she had left the street door open about half an hour previously, while she went across the road for a mo-

Soon after this occurred I had to fulfill an engagement at a house near Botsworth Field, in Leicestershire. I left town on a Friday, having sent some pictures that were too large to take with me by the luggage train a week previously, in order that they might be at the house on my arrival, and occasion me no loss of time in waiting for them. On she returned, she told me that I should not getting to the house, however, I found that see her father again that evening, the state see her father again that evening to the state of the house. they had not been heard of, and on inquiring at the station, it was stated that a case similar to the one I described had passed through and gone on to Leicester, where it probably still was. It being Friday, and past the time of the post, there was no possibility of getting a letter to Leicester before Monday morning, as the luggage office would be closed on Sunday; consequently I could in no case expect the arrival of the pictures before the succeeding Tuesday or Wednesday. The loss of three days would be a serious one; therefore, to avoid it, I sug-gested to my host that I should leave immediately to transact some business in South Staffordshire, as I should be obliged to attend to it before my return to town, and if I could see about it in the vacant interval thus thrown upon my hands it would be saving me the same amount of time after my visit to his house was concluded. This arrangement meeting with his ready consent, I has-tened to the Atherstone station on the Trent Valley Railway. By reference to Bradshaw I found that my route lay through Litchfield, where I was to change carriages to S—, in Staffordshire. I was just in time for the train that would put me down at Litchfield at 8 in the evening, and a train was announced to start from Litchfield for S—at 8:10, answering as I concluded, to the train in which I was about to travel. I therefore saw no expressed the most earnest wish for a por-I was about to travel. I therefore saw no reason to doubt but that I should get to my trait of her; indeed, it was his one thought; and she hoped, if something of the kind could and she hoped, if something of the kind could be reason to doubt but that I should get to my arjourney's end the same night; but on my ar-riving at Litchfield I found my plans entire-ly frustrated. The train arrived punctually, and I got out, intending to wait on the plat- tears. After awhile she continued: "It is no form for the arrival of the carriages for the use hiding from you what you must very other line. I found, however, though the two soon be aware of. Papa is insane-he has lines crossed at Litchfield, they did not communicate with each other, the Litchfield He says he is always seeing dear Caroline, station on the Trent Valley line being on one side of the town and the Litchfield station on the South Staffordshire line on the other. I also found that there was not time to get to the other station so as to catch the train the same evening; indeed the train had just that moment passed on a lower level beneath my feet, and to get to the other side of the town, where it would stop for two minutes only, was out of the question. There was, therefore, nothing for it but to put up at the Swan Hotel for the night. I have an especial dislike to passing an evening at a hotel in a country town. Dinner at such places I never take, as I had rather go without than have such as I am likely to get. - Books are never to be had; the country newspapers do not interest me. The Times I have spelt through on my journey. The society I am

self in writing.
This was the first time I had been in Litchfield, and while waiting for the tea it occurred to me, how, on two occasions within the past six months, I had been on the point of coming to that very place, at one time to execute a small commission for an old acquaintance, resident there, and another to get the materials for a picture I proposed painting of an incident in the early life of Dr. Johnson. I should have come on each of these occasions had not other arrangements diverted my purpose and caused me to postpone the journey indefinitely. The thought, however would occur to me: "How strange! Here I am at Litchfield, by no intention of my own, though I have twice tried to get here and been balked." When I had done tea I thought I might as well write to an acquaintance I had known some years previously and who lived in the Cathedralclose, asking him to come and pass an hour or two with me. Accordingly I rang for the

likely to meet have few ideas in common

with myself. Under such circumstances I

usually resort to a meat tea to while away

the time, and when that is over occupy my-

waitress and asked: "Does Mr. Lute live in Litchfield?"

"Yes, sir." "Cathedral-close?" "Yes. sir."

"Can I send a note to him." "Yes. sir."

I wrote the note saying where I was and asking if he would come for an hour or two and talk over old matters. The note was taken: in about twenty minutes a person of gentlemanly appearance, and what might be termed the advanced middle age, entered the room with my note in his hand, saying that I had sent him a letter, he presumed, by mistake, as he did not know my name. Seeing instantly that he was not the person I intended to write to, I apologized, and asked whether there was not another Mr.

Lute living in Litchfield. "No, there was none other."
"Certainly," I rejoined, "my friend must have given me his right address, for I had written to him on other occasions here. He was a fair young man; he succeeded to an estate in consequence of his nucle having been killed while hunting with the Quorn hounds, and he married about two years

since a lady of the name of Fairbarn... The stranger very composedly replied; "You are speaking of Mr. Clyne; he did live in the Cathedral-close, but he has now gone

away."
The stranger was right, and in my surprise I exclaimed: 'Oh, dear! to be sure, that is the name:

unaccountable things I ever did. Pray pardon me."

He continued very quietly:
"There is no need of apology; it happens that you are the very person I most wished to see. You are a painter and I want you to paint a portrait of my daughter. Can you come to my house immediately for the pur-

I was rather surprised at finding myself known to him, and the turn matters had taken was so entirely unexpected I did not at the moment feel inclined to undertake the business; I therefore explained how I was situated, stating that I had only the next day and Monday at my disposal. He, however, pressed me so earnestly that I arranged to do what I could for him in those two days; and having put up my baggage and arranged other matters I accompanied him to his house. During the walk home he scarcely spoke \$ word, but his taciturnity seemed only a continuance of his quiet composure at the inn. On our arrival, he introduced me to his daughter Maria and then left the room. Maria Lute was a fair and a decidedly handsome girl of about fifteen; her manner was, however, in advance of her years, and evinced that self-possession and, in the favorable sense of the term, that womanliness that is only seen at such an early age in girls that have been left motherless or from other senses. have been left motherless or from other causes thrown much on their own resources.

She had evidently not been informed of the purpose of my coming, and only knew that I was to stay there for the night; she therefore excused herself for a few moments, that she might give the requisite directions to the servants as to the preparing my room. When she returned, she told me that I should not of his health having obliged him to retire for the night; but she hoped I should be able to see him some time on the morrow. In the mean time, she hoped I would make myself quite at home, and call for anything I wanted. She herself was sitting in the drawingroom, but perhaps I should like to smoke and take something; if so, there was a fire in the housekeeper's room, and she would come and sit with me, as she expected the medical attendant every minute, and he would probably stay to smoke and take something. As the little lady seemed to recommend this course, I readily complied. I did not smoke or take anything, but sat down by the fire, when she immediately joined me. She conversed well and readily, and with a command of language singular in a person so young. Without being disagreeably inquisitive, or putting any question to me, she seemed desirous of learning the business that had brought me to the house. I told her that her father wished me to paint either her portrait, or that of a sister of hers, if she had one.

She remained silent and thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to comprehend it at once. She told me that a sister of hers, an only one, to whom her father was devotedly attached, died near four months previousbe done, it would improve his health. Here she hesitated, stammered and burst into een so ever since dear Caroline w and he is subject to fearful delusions. The doctor says he cannot tell how much worse he may be, and that everything dangerous, like knives or razors, is to be kept out of his reach. It was necessary you should not see him again this evening, as he was unable to converse properly, and I fear the same may be the case to-morrow; but perhaps you can stay over Sunday, and I may be able to assist you in doing what he wishes. I asked whether they had any materials for making a likeness —a photograph, a sketch of anything else for me to go from. "No, they had nothing." "Could she describe her clearly?" She thought she could, and there was a print that was very much like her, but she had mislaid it. I mentioned that with such disadvantages and in such an absence of materials I did not anticipate a very satisfactory result. I had painted portraits under such circumstances, but their success much depended upon the powers of description of the persons who were to assist me by their recollection; in some instances I had attained a certain amount of success, but in most the result was quite a failure. The medical attendant came, but I did not see him. I learned, however, that he ordered a strict watch to be kept on his patient till he came again the next morning. Seeing the state of things, and how much the little lady had to attend to, I retired early to bed. The next morning I heard that her father was decidedly better; he had inquired earnestly, on waking, whether I was really in the house, and at breakfast time he sent down to say that he hoped nothing would prevent my making an at-tempt at the portrait immediately, and he expected to be able to see me in the course of the day.

Directly after breakfast I set to work, aided by such description as the sister could give me. I tried again and again, but without success, or, indeed, the least prospect of it. The features, I was told, were separately like, but the expression was not. I toiled on the greater part of the day, with no better result. The different studies I made were taken up to the invalid, but the same answer was always returned—no resemblance. had exerted myself to the utmost, and, in fact, was not a little fatigued by so doing—a circumstance that the little lady evidently noticed, as she expressed herself most grateful for the interest she could see I took in the matter and referred the unsuccessful result entirely to her want of powers of description.

She also said it was so provoking! she had a print—a portrait of a lady, that was so like but it had gone—she had missed it from her book for three weeks past. It was the more disappointing, as she was sure it would have been of great assistance. I asked if she could tell me who the print was of, as, if I knew, I could easily procure one in London. She answered Lady M. A. Immediately the name was uttered the whole scene of the lady of the railway carriage presented itself to me. I had my sketch-book in my portmanteau up stairs, and, by a fortunate chance, fixed in it was the print in question, with the two pencll sketches. I instantly brought them down and showed them to Maria Lute. She looked at them for a moment, turned her eyes full upon me, and said slowly and with something of fear in her manner, "Where did you get these?" Then quicker, and without waiting

what could have made me address you instead? I really beg your pardon; my writing to you and unconsciously guessing your time; it was you that I saw with her, and name is one of the most extraordinary and else. I value them more than all my possessions, except this dear child." The daughter also assured me that the print I had brought to the house must be the one taken from the book about three weeks before, in proof of which she pointed out to me the gum marks at the back, which exactly corresponded with those left on the blank leaf. From the moment the father saw these sketches his mental health returned.

I was not allowed to touch either of the pencil drawings in the sketch-book, as it was feared I might injure them, but an oil picture from them was commenced immediately, the father sitting by me hour after hour directing my touches, conversing rationally, and indeed cheerfully while he did so. He avoided direct reference to his delusions, but from time to time led the conversation to the manner in which I had originally obtained the sketches. The doctor came in the evening and, after extolling the particular treatment he had adopted, pronounced his patient decidedly, and he believed permanently im-

The next day being Sunday, we all went to church; the father for the first time since his bereavement. During a walk which he took with me after luncheon he again ap proached the subject of the sketches, and after some seeming hesitation as to whether he should confide in me or not, he said; "Your writing to me by name from the inn at Litchfield was one of those inexplicable circumstances that I suppose it is impossible to clear up. I knew you, however, directly saw you; when those about me considered my intellect was disordered, and that I spoke incoherently, it was only because I saw things that they did not. Since her death I know with a certainty, that nothing will ever disturb, that at different times I have been in the actual and visible presence of my daughter that is gone-oftener, indeed, just after her death than latterly. Of the many times that this has occurred. Idistinctly remember once seeing her in a railway carriage speaking to a person sitting opposite; who that person was I could not ascertain, as my position seemed to be immediately behind him. I next saw her at a dinner-table, with others, unquestionably, I saw yourself. I afterwards learned that at that time I was considered to be in one of my longest and most violent paroxysms, as continued to see her speaking to you, in the midst of a large assembly, for some hours. Again I saw her standing by your side, while you were engaged either in writing or drawing. I saw her once afterwards, but the next time I saw yourself was in the inn par-

The picture proceeded with the next day and on the day after the face was completed, and afterwards I brought it with me to London to finish.

I have often seen Mr. L. since that period; his health is perfectly re-established and his manner and conversation are as cheerful as can be expected within a few years of so great a bereavement.

The portrait now hangs in his bedroom, with the print and the two sketches by the side, and written beneath is: "C. L., 13th September, 1858, aged twenty-two."

AN ENGLISH GHOST STORY.

A Specter in a Dog-Cart.

The breed of ghosts appears to be not quite extinct in England yet. Seldom, however, has one of these shadowy visitants the hardihood to expose itself to such unobstructed and point-blank investigation as did the phantom which introduced itself the other day in England to Mr. Cson of the well-known Admiral C-One day at the beginning of this month Mr. C G was going to call on the duke of R at B castle, and he probably did not trouble his head much about things hereafter, when he found him-self at a small country station, some miles from his destination, with no vehicle to get him over the muddy country lanes in between. After worrying round a bit, however, he succeeded in hiring a trap—a common-place dog-cart enough, with nothing ghostly about it—and a horse that looked as if, with good management, it might hang together in this life for a few weeks yet. Not a man was to be found who could accompany him to look after the beast; so, having done grumbling, Mr. C—— G—— took the reins himself and started for B-- castle. Nor was there anything to suggest ghosts in the drive there; and the duke of R-- was as real and fleshy as a well-conducted duke ought to be. So far, then, the odds seemed all against a ghost finding room to come into the day's vents. When Mr. C--, however, had got half way back to the station he passed a pond by the roadside which he had not noticed on his way out. Turning round to look at it, he was astonished to find that here was another man on the trap, sitting back to back to himself. The stranger was to all appearances a farm laborer, dressed in corduroy and red neck-cloth. Mr. Cat once concluded that his companion had been sent after him by the inn-keeper from whom he had hired the trap; but what puzzled him was how and where a stout farm laborer with hobnailed boots could have climbed up without his feeling it.
The shortest way to settle this was to ask
him; but, unfortunately, the intruder paid

no attention to the question, and seemed quite unconscious of anything when Mr. C—— shouted comonplaces on the weather at the top of his voice. Nothing remained, therefore, but to whip up the dilapi-dated horse and while away the rest of the journey with cursing the inn-keeper who could find no better man to send him than a deaf and dumb farm laborer. On arriving at the inn Mr. C—— G—— handed the reins back to the stranger and walked into the house. Meeting the landlord his first remark was naturally on the sort of man the

other had seen fit to send after him.
"What man?" was the reply; "I sent no man after you." "Surely you did," said Mr. C-'a man in corduroy, with a red scarf around his neck."

"Good God, sir." returned the other. "that man was drowned an hour ago, and is up stairs now!" "Nonsense. He is in your trap now, come and see."

However, he was not in the trap: that was empty. So Mr. C —— G—— followed the landlord up-stairs, and there on a bed lay his companion of the dog-cart—corduroy, red neck-cloth and all—dead. He had been found

drowned half an hour before Mr. Cthese?" Then quicker, and without waiting for my answer, "Let me take them instantly to papa." She was away ten minutes or more; when she returned her father came with her. He did not wait for salutations, the did not wait for salutations. Our Jubilee.

A Pentecostal Feast-Celebration of the 35th Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spir. itualism by the Church of the New Spirit ual Dispensation, 133 Clinton Avenue, below Murtle, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 30th, 31st and April 1st, 1883.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Friday evening, March 30th, 7:30 P.M., singing by the choir and congregation, of an original ode, written by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Baltimore, Md.

Opening address by Hon. A. H. Dailey, President of the Society.
An address, "The Leaven of Spiritualism," by Rev. C. P. McCarthy.
"Materialism or Spiritualism, which will you choose?" D. M. Cole.

you choose?" D. M. Cole.

Spirit rappings on the platform through the mediumship of Mrs. Julia Hindley, of New York City, at all the meetings.

Saturday, March 31st, 10:30 A. M.: Opening address by Mrs. Milton Rathbun, New York City. Subject: "How can we best sustain, aid and develop True Mediumship." Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, of Boston, Dr. J. V. Mansfield, New York City, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, of Liverpool, England, and Mrs. T. B. Stryker will make short addresses.

will make short addresses.
2:30 P. M.: Organization as applied to local work. Addresses by Miss A. M. Beecher,
Prof. S. Chase, Hon. A. H. Dailey.

7:30 P. M. sharp: A veteran and pioneer meeting. Opening address by Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, of New York City, the first trance speaker ever developed in this country. Charles Patridge, of New York City, will give an account of his visit to Hydesville, his conversion and his bringing the Fox girls to New York City. Dr. J. V. Mansfield will give some early reminiscences, and see spirits and give names. Closing address by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Elm Grove, Mass. Sunday, April, 1st, 10:30 A.M.: How can

we best interest the young in Spiritualism." Addresses by Prof. S. Chase, Miss. A. M. Beecher, W. C. Bowen and Mr. Le Grand Douglass, President of Young Peoples' Union.

Songs and recitations by the children.

2:30 P. M.: Address through the organism of Mr. J. Clegg Wright, Subject: "The present and future outlook for Spiritualism from the spirit side of view."

7:30, P. M.: Retrospective and Prospective. Short addresses by Judge A. H. Dailey, W. C. Bowen, Prof. S. Chase, Mrs. T. B. Stryker, Miss A. M. Beecher, Rev. C. P. McCarthy, D. M. Cole and others.

Spirit Phenomena: Dr. J. W. Mansfield, the world renowned spirit Postmaster, will be present at the meetings Saturday, and see and give names of spirits from the plat-

Spirit rappings will be heard from the platform at all meetings through the mediumship of Mrs. Julia Hindley of New York

Refreshments: The Ladies Aid Society will furnish refreshments in the parlors of the church, to friends who desire to remain at all the meetings. Saturday, March 31st, a cor-dial and fraternal invitation is extended to mediums and members of other societies and all Spiritualists in the vicinity, to help us make this a pentecostal feast.

Admission to all meetings, ten cents. Seven

tickets sold for fifty cents Committee: S. B. Nichols, Chairman; Col.

John D. Graham, Sec'y, Hon. A. H. Dailey, Music Committee: Mr. George Middleton,

Mrs. Minters, Mrs. Wheeler and Mr. Noey.

Cassadaga.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Cassadaga Lake as a summer resort for the Spiritualists, seems to meet the want of this region better than the most sanguine at the commencement had hoped for. Three years ago people laughed at the idea of its becoming more than a resort for local picnic parties, and controlled, as outsiders thought, by a handful of Spiritualists seeking ease and a quiet hour more than the interest of the people at large.

The desirableness of the location, it being but ten miles from Lake Erie and 800 feet above the lake, and easy of access, and charmingly located both as to scenery and susceptibility to catch the cool zephyrs from Lake Erie and the lake it borders, and nestled as it is among the great pines and hemlocks which have been five hundred years or more preparing for its advent, insures its success for all time. To-day, it is not immodest to say that it is an institution which concerns the nation, for such is the fact. Representatives from all adjoining States at least, and from all classes of society, were to be seen last season among the campers and the indications this year are, that the rush will be greater than ever. The design is now to have an amphitheatre erected upon the grounds, with a capacity of seating from three to four thousand people, in time for the August meetings. The building is to be after the plan of the one at Fair Point, with an improvement in the way of a movable platform, which can be easily adjusted to the size desirable for ordinary meetings, for exhibitions of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, for amateur theatrical entertainments, and for semi-weekly dances, which, by the way, are to be an interesting feature of Cassadaga camp life the coming season, as they will be managed by A. J. Damon, and enlivened by his famous orchestra. A brass band will furnish music during the day, led by John Eggers, the cornetist. For the ampitheatre above mentioned subscription papers are already in circulation, and are meeting with good success. It is expected the enthusiasm in this direction will reach a desirable point during the annual picnic which occurs the 9th and 10th of June. The speakers engaged for August are:

J. W. Fletcher, Lyman C. Howe, James E. Emerson, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Mrs. A. H. Colby, W. W. King, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Tuttle, J. Frank Baxter, Judge R. S. Mc Cormick, and Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham. Others are expected with whom engagements have not yet been

definitely made. The Children's Progressive Lyceum inaugurated last season by Mr. Thomas Lees of Cleveland, is from this time on to receive the attention which it needs to insure the perfect success of this very desirable department for present and future benefits. Miss Hattie Myers of Jamestown is devoting considerable time to this department, and it is to be hoped she will meet with that encouragement from friends in different localities which timely assistance gives.

Thos. B. Buki.

Secretary. Laona, N. Y., March 5th, 1883.

Mark Twain says there is something very fascinating about science—it gives you such wholesale returns of conjecture for such trifling investments of facts.

MOTHERS READ.

GENTS:—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of DR. C. Melane's Celebbrated were transported in the committed of the convinced of the convention of mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of DE. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERBIFFER (genuine). I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night, after which she pa-sed seventy-two worms and was a well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same slokly appearance that Fanny did nine years ago. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of DE. C. Ms-LANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 5 years; Charley, 4 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 9 years. Now comes the result: Alice and Henma came out all right, but Charley passed forty-five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in shewing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around Utica, and now have the worms on exhibition in my store.

Yours truly, JOHN FIPER.

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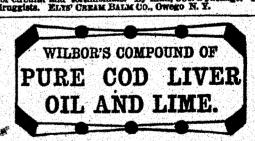
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From Major Downs, Military Instructor. Mt. Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y. During the very cold weather I was suffering with Catarth. My head and threat ached so severely that I was obliged to give up everything and keep quiet. Ely's Cream Balm was suggested. Within an hour of the first application I felt relieved. In two days was entirely cured. W. A. Downs, Feb. 15, '81.

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