No. 18

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Peace.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

There is no war between man's soul And the Eternal Mind. Truth holds all being in control, Freeing while it doth bind: The highest freedom of the human will Is wrought while it doth best the laws of life fulfill

I've searched for God's "atoning grace" In every plane and sphere Of every kingdom, tribe and race Of being far and near Objective to my spirit's sense of thought. And this the lesson they to me have taught.

It is no part of Nature's plan, Or system to destroy A single element in man That leads to peace or joy; 'Tis Darkness only that begets abuse Of that which Light unfolds to highest uso.

That penalty and recompense,-The kiss, the cross, the rod Are symbols of the war of sense Within ourselves toward God. While God or Supreme Wisdom calmly onward moves Evolving evermore divinest truths and loves.

That our redemption safely lies Fast in eternal laws, Drawing, as from the earth and skies The soul of seedling draws On Love's securities, and Wisdom's bonds divine To bring them into blossom, and the purple wine.

And thus I find that "peace with God" Is simply to fulfill. Dreams of the sense are cross and rod, That fade before the will Of the immortal mind when it doth come to know That 'tis from time and sense that all his sorrows flow.

Through flood, and flame, and seas of blood Slowly mankind hath learned What our fair brothers, Christ and Buddh With clearer sight discerned; That nothing can be raised or "quickened save it die, "And in foregoing self the Universe grows I." Baltimore, Md., Dec., 1884.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal HAND VS. MIND.

Or How One Skeptic was Made a Convert.

BY J. FREDERICK BABCOCK, D. D. S.

It has occurred to me that the relation of the means employed to destroy the skepticism of the writer and make of him a warm convert to the truth of spirit return and communication, might possibly prove of as much general interest—especially as the methods used were unusual—as anything else he might tender as a Christmas offering. If you should, perchance, think likewise you are at liberty to use the relation as you may best think desirable, but there is one feature of the evidence which each to be overlooked and dence which ought not to be overlooked, and that is that it is nearly, if not quite, impos-sible to convey any adequate idea of its force to others, because it is so wholly personal—for instance: If my hand is controlled to write by some power other than my own volition, and that hand, so controlled, writes truly upon things and events occurring miles away, of which my brain or mind knew nothing, no mortal being but myself can, in the very nature of things, have any evidence but my say so, and though the evidence may be to me entirely satisfactory, so that I can say beyond all peradventure, "I know," yet I cannot convey to any other person the same strength of evidence that is accorded to me.

Previous to July, 1882, I had, to say the least, an extremely conservative opinion of that phenomena usually connected with what was termed Spiritualism; in fact, it was impossible to convince me that there was anything in them which could not be explained by some natural law, even though they did not come under the head of gross and willful fraud. I felt a certain degree of contempt for all who urged the contrary, and looked

yet, like so many others, I felt sure that those who had, and who became converts, were mistaken and laboring under a delusion. Such was my general opinion previous to July, 1882. At that time I met a gentleman friend who related to me the details of a most remarkable alleged interview which he had recently held through a lady medium, Mrs. Daniel Smith of Hampden, Me., with his deceased brother who had only shortly hedeceased brother, who had, only shortly before, met his death by a drowning accident at Bar Harbor. The story as told me, coming from one in whom I could place every confifrom one in whom I could place every confidence as a sharp and not easily humbugged man, impressed me so fully that I determined to accept the first opportunity and make some investigations for myself: Accordingly upon Sunday afternoon, July 2nd, 1882, I rode to Hampden, six miles away, and called upon Mrs. Smith, informing her that I had come for a citting to which she assented come for a sitting, to which she assented after assuring me that she could not, in advance, promise me that she could not, in advance, promise me the least satisfaction. I purposely refrained from giving her my name, having previously determined that from me she should get "no points" whatever, if the most rigid reticence upon my part could prevent. The sitting proceeded and after entering the trance condition she made saveral attempts to exticulate senmade several attempts to articulate sentences, which I could not clearly understand tences, which I could not clearly understand and I became at once suspicious that she de sired me to say something in response from which she might stand a chance to gain a clew to my desires, but I merely asserted that I could not understand her, when she suddenly reached forward and took my hand tracing in the paim of it, with her foreinger, the name of a formerly warm friend who died in Massachusetts who never lived in Bangor. Massachusetts, who never lived in Bangor, and one whom very few, if any, in this vicinity knew that I was acquainted with. As the name was written I became interested, but I name was written I became interested, but I would not accept its identity written in that manner, as I feared some trick in connection with it, therefore I said: "Please repent" and as she did so she snelled each to throw off the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise and take the pencil, by all possible means, and as she did so she snelled each to the pencil, by all possible means, and the pencil of the impression of the impression of the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise and the pencil of the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise the pencil, by all possible means, and the pencil of the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise the pencil of the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise the pencil of the pencil of the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise the pencil of the pencil of the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise the pencil of the pencil letter of the name aloud, "F-a-n n-i-e."

Of course there could not then be any error in connection with the certainty of that name being the one written, a name far from my immediate thoughts at the time, since I was earnestly thinking of my deceased father. Still I was suspicious, though the medium and myself were utter strangers. There were a great many "Fannies" in the world and out, and I said: "Well, if you are Fannie, please give me your full name? How many sisters have you, and their names? (Her family resided many miles from the place.) How many photographs have I got of you, and where are the members of your family at the present time? (I did not know.) Also please name some of the places where we have been together?" These are questions which no possible trick could truthfully answer and yet all of them, together with many others of a test character, were properly replied to. She also volunteered the remark: "Do you remember that I took one of my photos away from you?" Which was true enough. Suddenly, to forther pressing the alleged Fannie as to further proof of her identity, she exclaimed:

"Fred my given name unknown to medi um), we are only wasting time in talking through this medium. You are possessed of far more mediumistic ability than she is, and all your spirit friends can converse with you much more readily in your own room at home. Take paper and pencil to-night in your room. Place yourself in position to write and patiently await results; we will surely come to you and control your hand.

Promise me that you will do so."

She proceeded to urge me in the most earnest and impressive manner to comply with her request. I scarcely knew what to think, I was taken so utterly by surprise. I had relaxed none of my skepticism, but I gave the promise, feeling that I could do so safely enough, even though I was, or might be, the subject of a delusion, when seemingly very much pleased she bade me "good-by," and departed. Other purported spirit friends came and identified themselves perfectly, but I need not recount what occurred, since it is not essential to the continuation of my story. Suffice it to say that what had occurred was amply sufficient to arouse the most earnest thought and reflection. I left the medium's presence in an exceedingly perplexed frame of mind. I knew not what to believe. I could not give up my prejudices so easily, and I had a vague suspicion that in some un-known manner there had been an attempt made to delude me, but how? The lady medium was not a professional, simply an aged farmer's wife, bearing the highest reputation among her neighbors. She certainly knew nothing of some of the most private and secret things which these purported spirit friends had conversed with me upon; therefore, how had the knowledge been obtained? I finally reasoned that there must be some subtile and unknown law acting upon her organism and my own which must account for it however unsatisfactorily. That it could be spirits of the dead seemed to me then utterly preposterous and inadmissible, whatever else might prove to be the solution, but that night, brushing all previous theories aside, I took paper and pencil in hand and awaited results; meanwhile I interested myself in reading a newspaper which I manipulated with the unengaged hand. I had no

upon them as possessing a "weak spot" in their make up. I had never made any personal investigation of the phenomena, and further attempt at investigation, when sudfurther attempt at investigation, when suddenly my hand commenced to twitch or jerk itself over the paper, and while such action served to secure my undivided attention and arrest my design of ceasing all endeavor, still I regarded the action as an involuntary one caused by probable fatigue of the muscles caused by probable laugue of the muscles controlling my hand and arm, or else some other form of nervous muscular action, but as I reached such a couclusion the hand steaded down and slowly, very slowly, wrote the name "Fannie," which was repeated many times, together with simple "yes" or "no" answers to questions asked. I watched the hand move slowly and laborately ed the hand move slowly and laboriously, and intently studied its action. I knew that voluntarily I had absolutely nothing whatever to do with its motion, but I decided that unconscious mental and muscular action must account for it associably as there was must account for it especially as there was nothing written, on this first occasion, which was necessarily in opposition to that theory. This experiment continued for some two hours, but it was in its action almost like a child's first attempt at tracing letters or words. The sentences were short, containing but a single idea, and it was only as I became developed that they wrote easily, in their own natural hand, many pages at a time, embracing many ideas and subjects. At this time, however, Sunday evening, July 2nd. 1882, I was lost in amazement and I determined that whatever the phenomenon might be due to it was decidedly interesting, even if exceedingly perplexing.

My experiments continued at intervals, but without conquering my skepticism, until the night of the 4th, when I retired to bed exceedingly tired and sleepy; I think never more so in my life, but I found that I could not sleep, something wholly unusual. I was never before so restless, various muscles in my body seemed to be continually in motion. It was midnight, and I could assign no cause but in vain. I tried to ignore it as a delu sion connected with my nervousness. I reasoned upon it as such and to get up was most to be avoided because I was so exhausted; and as a result of that reasoning I finally decided that I would not get up, and defiantly said so aloud; but instantly a crash occurred (I can liken it to nothing else) in my head, together with a noise like an explosion, accompanied by an appearance of "zigzag" lightning, and in my fright I rose up leaning upon my arm. It all occurred in the fraction of a second and seemed exactly as though a heavy charge of electricity had been stored in my brain and instantly ex-ploded, but I quickly changed my determination and concluded that I would heed the im-pression and get up. I took my pencil and placed its point upon the edge of a magazine eaf, when the hand commenced to move and the word "Dress" appeared. "Dress!" I re-peated aloud in astonishment.

"Yes, dress," said the hand.

For the first time I began to grasp the idea that my "unconscious-mind" and "dormant-faculty" theories were nonsense, because for me to willingly dress under such circumstances was mere folly. I hesitated when again the word "Dress" appeared and I began to speculate in my mind that perhaps something was to occur that needed my pres-ence, dressed and ready. I put on my pants and vest very reluctantly, because I could not overcome the feeling that after all it seemed very ridiculous, but I inquired: "Anything more?" The hand replied:

"Yes; your coat, boots, necktie and collar." I asserted that I thought I was already sufficiently dressed to meet any emergency, and the hand wrote:

"Do as I tell you—dress!"
I demurred no longer, but amazed beyond expression, completed my toilet, after which I said: "I have done as you request—what next?" The hand wrote in answer: "My will, my will.

"Your will? I never knew before that you left any will! Do you wish me to do any-

thing about it?"

The hand wrote: "No! no!! My will, my will," and for a moment I was puzzled, when suddenly it occurred to me that she referred to her mental will. "Do you mean," I said, "that this is simply an exhibition of your will nower over me?"

will power over me?"
"Yes, that's it," wrote the hand, and for what purpose? I inquired.

"To show it, and to convince you that I can come back to you."

"Well, Fannie, if that is your object in getting me up at this time of night and putting me to all this trouble, considering how tired I was, you must be satisfied with your

The hand replied: "Yes, thanks! I have often wished you would write for me"—to

which I made appropriate answer.

The conversation thus inaugurated continued for more than an hour, and was of such a character, so wholly foreign to anything contained in my own mind, that I then and there cast aside all previous prejudice and determined to thoroughly investigate the matter upon the basis of spirit return, and from that time I did so. No language can give expression to the emotion of awe that took possession of me that night as the hand wrote: "I, Fannie, am standing at your side, controlling your hand to write;" awe, be-cause of the overpowering realization that

for what was then written. I had exhausted all others that the most earnest skepticism could suggest, but without avail. The hand was inexorable and persistently wrote:
"We are spirits of the dead."

As time passed the writing improved very rapidly. From its "ABC," it went on quickly until it easily encompassed many pages at a time. Three other persons, viz.:

My father, Capt. E. E. S., and Mr. W. R. L., (the last named the Aroyand brother of two they all wrote in their natural, earth-life, they an wrate in their natural, earth-life, handwriting, carrying on at all times a written conversation as freely as would have been the case were all of them with me face to face. Upon very many occasions, in fact it was a common thing, the hand informed my mind of events that were transpring miles away and of which I was uttorly ignormiles away and of whi ch I was utterly ignorant, but which subsequent investigation invariably proved true in every detail.

Upon other occasions the hand would carry on an obstinately contested argument with my mind in exactly the same manner that two individuals in this life might do, the hand frequently arging the mind to do that which sometimes it was exceedingly repugnant for it to do, and several times finally refused to do, after long and earnest entreaty of the hand, though, of course, such refusal was accompanied by reasons which the hand would nearly always asknowledge as satisfied. would nearly always acknowledge as satisfactory. Upon one occasion the door bell rang while writing in my room and I inquired as incredulously as ever: "Can you tell me who is at the door?"

"Yes," wrote the hand; "it is your cousin Willie."

Now I had only just returned from Bar Harbor and had left this same cousin there with no design of returning for several weeks and at such a reply I felt chagrined and disappointed, because I felt that the assertion was not, and could not, under the eircumstances, be true; but the servant who answered the bell came to my door and said: "Your cousin Willie is at the door, and says your sister is coming home from Bar Harbor tochanged their plans since I knew anything about them, and he had come direct from the boat to my house to make the announcement that he did, but how did the hand possess the knowledge vs. my mind, that he was at the door? Again the hand (W. R. L.) gave my mind the details of a friend's—his brother's marriage, the temperature of the day upon which it occurred, its full date, part of those present, the place, and how they travelled to reach it, all events which occurred thirteen years ago among strangers to me at the time, and of which I personally knew nothing whatever, but careful inquiry certified to the facts as known and related to me by my hand.

Once more, the hand told me that a gentleman friend of mine had secretly gone on a certain day to visit Mrs. Smith, the medium at Hampden. I went to the gentleman and flatly told him that he had done as the hand had informed me he had. His astonishment was intense, as he acknowledged its truth. because he averred that he had not told any living person of it, having taken a whim not

At still another time the hand spoke of my having an "Aunt Ellen" in the Spirit-world, that she was my father's sister, and, upon inquiry, that she died before I was born. Personally I felt sure that the statement was erroneous since I had never heard her name mentioned before, and neither had the remaining members of my family, but some one suggested looking at the record of my deceased grandfather's family bible, and upon doing so there was the entry of "Ellen" who died at the age of six months, many years before I was born. One more illustration and I finish them. One evening while sitting with a warm friend in his office, and writing, I remarked that I did not think raps were of any particular consequence to me, because I could converse so easily by writing, when the hand controlled by my father, said:

"Vest they are let's been them now." "Yes, they are; let's have them now."

Instantly they began, loud and distinct continuing for quite a while in every portion of the room. I have now given a sufficient number of examples—though not a thousandth part either in variety or number—to make the inquiry pertinent: What was the intelligence that caused my hand to be so well acquainted with facts and familiar with publishts of which I personally know nothing. subjects, of which I personally knew nothing whatever? The hand itself said it was controlled by the spirits of my dead friends announcing their names in every instance; and just here let me say that it was a very frequent occurrence for me to desire to talk with some particular one of them, and would so announce, when some other one would take control and say that the one I especially desired to talk to was temporarily character. sired to talk to was temporarily absent, or otherwise engaged, which, of course, was just contrary to my own desire and wishes.

Now those who do not assert that my story is an entire fabrication from beginning to end, and of course I alone can know it to be true, must acknowledge the presence of some intelligent force as the control of my hand, and when such admitted force calls itself a spirit of the dead, what shadow of right has any one to say that it lies or is mistaken?

To recapitulate: What force is it and whence does it originate, which infiltrated my hand with the truthful knowledge of events occurring miles distant? to be cognizant of things which happened years ago? to recognize my felative at the door? to announce the existence of a strange relative? faith whatever in the promise of the after-cause of the overpowering realization that nounce the existence of a strange relative? and meas noon, and at the end of thirty minutes, as the assertion must be true, that there could hall, knowledge that I, personally, was utterly give an idnothing had transpired, I smiled to myself be no other possible explanation to account unaware of in the remotest manner. And country."

what caused the raps to instantly follow the promise of the writing, or induced my hand to carry on a spirited and earnest argument with my mind, contesting it obstinately point by point? If any person can give me any rational theory which will account for these rapidly. From its "A B C," it went on quickly until it easily encompassed many pages at a time. Three other persons, viz.: then I will adopt it willingly, but I caution My father, Capt. E. E. S., and Mr. W. R. L., (the last named the drowned brother of my friend before alluded to) gradually acquired control of my hand and, with one exception, they all wrote in their natural earth-life. as a rational explanation, unless they will demonstrate how any one of these oft asserted theories can be possessed of a knowledge, in hundreds of instances, foreign to that of my own mind? But if, perchance, there are those who are so wise in their own conceit that they regard themselves as equal to the emergency up to this point, let them be not too hasty since I have, in the natural order of things, reserved perhaps the strangest por-tion of my story for its close. For nearly three months this writing continued as freely as in our worldly conversation; it occur-red at any and all times, without regard to place—in fact, whenever I choose. I found the controls evincing all the emotions common to their former every-day life; they were merry, grave or sad as the occasion belitted, their sentiments and affections were the same as when here, but I cannot enlarge further upon these topics. While writing they frequently asserted that this phase was "soon to be alreaded and for a more revisid and satisfactors." to be abandoned for a more rapid and satisfactory means of communication," which they intimated was to be my speech, and during this period they made to me, what seemed, many extravagant promises and predictions which have not been and I do not believe can be, fulfilled. Upon the 17th of Sept., 1882, everything was progressing exactly as usual everything was progressing exactly as usual, when suddenly the control grew weaker and weaker until on the 18th, only a single word would appear at each attempt, and this word was repeated over and over again through the endeavors of the 18th and 19th, when, on the 20th, the control ceased utterly and completely and to this day has never again returned. I, of course, inquired the meaning of such an unusual state of affairs. The hand replied: "You are about to need all the courage you possess." And from that moment to the present time toere has not been vouchsafed me a single word of writing or explanation of any sort whatever, although I have tried hundreds of times to secure the writings return, sitting hour after hour, as patiently as possible, with peneil in hand, hoping, as it has thus far proven, against hope, until now I have almost abandoned all hope.

If there are those who assert that I or some subtile power connected with myself, did all the writing unaided and could be secret-ly possessed of knowledge that I was wholly unconscious of possessing, and will inform me why it is that under the same circum-stances I am not able, but perfectly powerless, to accomplish the same results now, they will greatly aid me in my perplexity. I apprehend, however, that I cannot look forward to any encouragement from that source worthy of consideration. I am perplexed be-yond measure because of the long silence, and I ask myself many times: "Can it be possible that my spirit friends should wantonly excite my interest to the extent that they did, and in such a manner, and then abandon all further effort?" And as I think, it seems incredible; it seems unworthy of them; still, I am. so to speak, in the "slough of despond," and if there is to be no future in this connection I frequently feel that my last state is worse than my first, and wish that I had been left contented in my ignorance, and yet the hand once wrote: "Pin your faith to us. We will never deceive you." To my friends in the faith I would say: Have you ever known of a similar case, and how has it resulted finally? I should be gratified could I learn its details, hoping therefrom to find renewed courage and an incentive to continued effort.

Bangor, Maine.

Now is the Accepted Time.

I know it is a hard doctrine to preach, that now is "the accepted time." But this death-screen, which hangs before us, is as certain to fix upon each the effects of habits and mental conditions as that to morrow will be the natural result of the causes and conditions of to-day. Each person can in this world select his associations after death. It is, therefore, important to get a pas-port to harmoni-ous central societies in the Summer-land. You should feel no enmity toward any human being, however much you have been injured. The lion and the lamb lie down together only within the *purified* human spirit. The hidden, cave-like cerebellum, the backbrain, is a den full of untamed animals. Spiritual Truth is the only conqueror that can enter and still the passions, tame them to peace, and hold them in abeyance until the outward disturbance is gone. Jotives, when high, lift up the soul, which is thus prepared to be a better neighbor and more successful in all the genuine enterprises of present life.—Andrew Jackson Davis.

This is from the Santa Ana (Cal.) Herald: A log cut from a blue-gum tree on H. H. Roper's place was sent to the New Orleans Exposition lately. It was of seven years' growth, would weigh probably 500 pounds. and measured three feet through. It will give an idea how rapidly trees grow in this

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Not Dead.

BY AMARALA MARTIN.

The roses that bloomed through the summer day, The belies of the garden, in bright array, Have paled and trembled and faded away.

But where their dea i patals and leaves are lain, Is the germ of life that will burst again In the spring's sunshine and refreshing rain.

The violets, on hing their soft blue eyes, Will lift them up to the melting skies. While faint and sweet will their fragrance rise.

The woodbine will know at what happy time To put forth verdure, and reach and climb, And fill its tendrils with flowery rhyme.

After rest, sweet Nature will glow once more With the wealth of life from her hidden store, And gladden our souls as she did of yore.

And so when in earth, we our loved ones hide, We know their freed souls do not there abide-But only the visible form which died:

That when by earth's trials their hearts were torn. And Justice and Truth seemed as ghosts forlorn, Their souls did but ripen. Heaven to adorn:

That the sunshine of an immortal strand, Will strengthen their spirits as they expand In beauty and joy in the Summer Land. Caire, Ills.

> For the Religio-Philo-ophical Journal, Knowing from the Essential.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER. In our human experience there is a point

at which science must stop and yield the place to a higher knowing. The endeavor to set metes and bounds to the universe will always fail, and we may not hope to comprehend the operations of the cosmos, moral as well as physical, within our limited scope of idea. There will come cyclones to sweep away our ephemeral superstructures, and earthquakes o dislodge the foundations. All that we learn by corporeal sense and include by the measuring-line of our understanding, must be placed in this category of the unstable and perishing. It is no way into the sky to build a tower like that of Bab-El; and confusion of speech will always fall upon such builders. When they have passed the boundaries of their ken, they find themselves embraced in a chaos and void of great darkness, which they declare to be the unknowable. In due time the hail will sweep away the refuge of

Knowledge is from a supreme fountain. It is not a collection of gleanings from this field and the other, not a compound more or less heterogeneous from numerous specifics, but an energy over all, transcending all, and including all. It pertains to the faculty of intellection, rather than to that of understanding; in other words, it is not a boon from the world of time and limit, but is of the infinite and eternal. It employs no cere-bration for its processes, but may employ the corporeal organ for its mirror and medium. As science is concerned with things which are apparent, so intellective knowledge is the perception and possession of that which is.

What, therefore, we know, is that which is remembered from the Foreworld, wherein our true being has not been prisoned in the world of sense; namely, motives, principles, the things immutable. Love which seeketh others' benefit, justice which is the right line of action, beauty which means fitness for the supreme utility, virtue that denotes manly instinct of right, temperance which restrains every act into due moderation—such are the things of the eternal region, which true souls remember in the sublunary sphere of the senses; and which, thus remembering, they put aside the aspiration for temporary expedients and advantages, for that which is per-

manent and enduring.

"Where your treasure is," says Jesus, "there will your heart be." Our knowledge is our treasure. What we know we possess. It is of us, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Knowing love without selfishness, justice without perversion, beauty which is beyond superficialness, virtue which is no mere outside negation or artificial merit, temperance which is the equilibrium of soul, we embody them all and have our home and country in that world where they are indigenous and perennial. They are the constituents of our being. Flesh and blood will never inherit the everlasting kingdom, nor will any thing abide long that is the outcome of flesh and blood; but these will never change or perish. and those who are con-tituted from them, will be enduring as they, and however they may seem to be circumscribed by space, temporal limitation and condition, they live in eternity. Fire will not burn nor floods drown them, nor will death kill them and extinguish their being. They lived before death was born, and will continue after the scorpion shall have stung itself to death.

I once heard a voice that no man uttered. The ear cognized it not, but the sensorium did. It was an utterance none the less real. because no corporeal sense had been its medium. I had no alternative but to obey. It would have been idle to sit in judgment upon it, or to have wasted endeavor to explain it by logical methods. The spiritual man discerned where the psychic could find no cause for inquiring or considering. Came such a voice, with an utterance of the most immediate importance, from a being outside? I trow not. But certainly it was no phantasm, no artful work of the imagination, no outcome of the understanding. All these would have failed. It was a being or principle closer to me than my own thought—a something of me, not me. It may be God, tutelary spirit, my own noëtic selfhood, of and beyond me; I believe thus much. Let no one be alarmed: they are gods to and with whom the word of God comes into form, and speak the words of God. From fetish to highest archangel and Logos, this is so. Hence I heard, obeyed unquestioningly, and saved my life from destruction that was immediately impending.

I do not seek to hear such voices. I do not think it right or wise to do so. I would expect to be trapped presently by delusions, and led I can hardly guess whither. We are placed in this world of sense with faculties to exercise and discipline through the understanding; and it may be a kind of irreverence, and perhaps of profanation and sacrilege, to reach out continually further. We have the principles of love and justice to constitute our daily illumination; we need not demand to be taught by those who came from the dead. Once let us be well grounded by work as well as word, in these principles, and the other will not be withheld. Great signs and wonders are pretty likely to distinguish false

Yet when I do perceive the voice, I take heed to obey it. I notice that much argumentation smothers it; yet it seldom evinces any effort to appear to be something transcending my other faculties; nor does it act sensibly on the emotional nature. It gives the clear- springs." He said: "Pshaw! fix up the buggy."

ness of conviction, the sense of certainty that the utterance or direction is right. It will revive a memory, arouse me to the fact that something would better be done promptly, that such a thing is right or such a thing is wrong; but it seldom or never shows a reason Many things which are forbidden by custom it declares lawful; others may not be permitted. It speaks as man does not, and its utterance is the word of divinity. So Socrates found it, even to the hemlock; so every illuminate finds it. But let no one exuit. can not be brought into rules and held. If one endeavors to exhibit it, he will be unable; it will elude him. There is a knowledge which one may possess, but he cannot impart it or really tell that he has it. Hence the frequent assertion of the objectivist, that the thing is not or cannot be proved. No matter. The more absolute a truth is, the more impossible it becomes to prove it—whether it be the shining of the sun at noonday, the love or one's dearest friend, or the Divine Source of all. Still, God is, and men worship. The word objectification, expression of God, is eternal.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Interesting Experiences.

FISHER DOHERTY.

I have regularly taken the Religio-Phil-OSOPHICAL JOURNAL from the first number to the present time, and I look back on its course with pleasure. You severely criticised the Woodhuli delusion, and I sometimes thought you had not enough charity, but now I am satisfied that if Christian professors had battled with polygamy with as much zeal as you did, it would have ceased to be long ago. But my object in writing

is to give you a few facts in my experience. In 1849 I was lecturing on the responsibil ity and crime of the general government in the treatment of the slaves, and said: "Within twelve years martial music will be heard all over our land, and slavery will go down baptized in the blood of the nation." This remark so deeply impressed a Methodist minister who was present, that he noted it in his memorandum, and in 1861 he visited me with his son, and reminded me of what I had said. Then the tramp of the soldier and the roll of the drum were heard through the length and breadth of our land. He desired to know what the result was going to be. I said it would terminate as I had told him twelve years ago. He lived to see the prediction fulfilled, and his son was going with me to dinner last thanksgiving day, and we talked of the past and conjectured the future.

Another singular fact occurred some years ago. I lectured on Temperance in a village where very few persons favored the cause. My remarks were so pointed that the whole community became hostile, and organized a mob to deal with me at my next appointment. The day on which I was to fill this appointment came, and a certain Rev. Mr. Campbell requested me to fill his engagement at another village where he was to lecture in the interest of the Rible society. I consented to do so, provided the Rev. Charles Brooks, a Methodist minister, would supply my place at the former village, which he said he would do. As soon as he began to speak, a howling mob came rushing into the house, armed with eggs and stones, and opened a terrific shower of these missiles upon him, supposing that they were directed at me, and they did not discover their mistake till after he had jumped out through a window and made his escape. I went to fill Mr. Campbell's appointance discourse. At this village there was a large distillery owned by two wealthy men. I was fearful that I might say something that would reflect on the minister that got me to fill his place. In order to guard my language I prepared notes. But I was sadly mistaken. I could not speak from notes. As I had a fine audience, and the two distillers and their families to hear me, I put the notes in my pocket, and followed my inspirations. I dis cussed the subject on general principles, and these distillers to show their independence and self-importance would nod and wink at each other, and laugh in order to let me know that I had not enlisted their sympathy or en dangered their interests. But behind me stood insulted angels; and when I had spoken one hour and a half. I attempted to close the meeting, but a new idea forcibly impressed me with an irresistible desire to follow the chain of thought. It was this: "You call me an advocate of a higher law than the constitution. You pride yourselves on being law-abiding citizens. It is true that you and your friends have made laws which enable you to sell men, women and children, and appropri ate others' labor to yourself and your child ren. And another law allows you to buy your neighbor's corn and still it into whiskey; but you forget that you are amenable to high er law than that which allows you to apply every gain to your own interest, and in you avarice you often violate your own laws with impunity, but inside of six months you will both be candidates for the penitentiary." The remarks excited the audience, as, there was no apparent cause for them, only to insult two wealthy gentlemen who were making a good market for corn, and building up the town. I discovered the mob spirit gathering, and therefore dismissed the meeting and started directly for my horse. Before I got out of hearing they let me know what they would do with me when they caught me. But before six months expired both these distil lers were indicted for larceny by the grand jury. The case continued in court for three years, and was not further prosecuted on ac count of a free use of money. There are, per-

haps, over one hundred persons yet living who were at that meeting. Another circumstance occurred a few years ago, more laughable than serious, yet de monstrating the vigilant care and communicative character of guardian spirits. The president of the First National Bank of this city is a very close dealer. I built him a buggy under a warranty. He is very corpulent, and when he and his family were in it the springs would come together sometimes. He came to me and demanded on the warranty, that I should put an additional thickness on the springs. I told him that it would be worth \$6.00 to do that, but that I would put new and stronger springs on for nothing. He would not consent to this, but insisted on an additional thickness to the old springs. I put it on and charged him \$6.00, but when he came to get the buggy he positively refused to pay the bill, claiming it on the warranty. turned to my book and gave him credit for the \$6.00, and asked him if he was now satisfied. He said he was. I turned to him and said: "William, I am sorry to tell you the spirits tell me to say to you, that you will have to pay for the springs inside of a week; your horse will break your buggy and you will have to pay for the springs." Before the end of the week his old, gentle horse turned round quickly and upset the buggy and broke it badly. He brought it to the shop, and I said: "William you ought to have paid for the

no pay for my work on the springs. When I went to help him hitch to it I said: "William, I am sorry to tell you that the spirits say you have not paid for the springs, and that you will, inside of two weeks have your buggy badly broken sgain." So before the two weeks expired, while his buggy and horse stood be-fore his bank door, a countryman, in backing a wagon heavily loaded with potatoes, could not control his horses, and the wagon literal-

ly smashed the buggy to pieces. I have had many more very singular things occur in my life experience; but I will stop for the present, and if these facts can be explained on any other hypothesis than the spir-itualistic, I would like some one to do it.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "I Remember, Therefore I Am." BY ASTRA.

In many ways we have the power of recall ing events, thoughts and impressions, and how great a proof this fact furnishes of personal identity here, and how vivid a prophecy of its continuance hereafter! A flower's perfume, the outline of a tree, a

feature in a landscape, live in our memory, and not only recall where we first noticed the like, but also the circumstances which envi-roned us at the time, our relations to those then intimately associated with us, the joys and sorrows that were our lot when we first saw them, besides the manner of effect they had on us, the special emotions they called up, with the influence these exerted on our character, and the part they had in shaping our course—perhaps a whole life-time's changes were being wrought in usas we were passing the object at which the outward eye gazed, almost unconsciously, but which, nevertheless, has become a part of our very life. We may say with the German poet, translated by Colebridge in the ode to Mont Blanc: " gazed on thee, till thou still present to my bodily eye, didst vanish from my thought. but whenever the vanished object is seen again, or its simulachre, thronging about it come all the long unthought of, but only dormant ideas which formed our association with, or were parts of, our consciousness as we saw it in the far-away past.

It is one of the joys of the idea of the fu-ture home, that no thought can perion; they are living entities. True of the happy and worthy ones, it is also true of the painful and sad ones—they have their use, and will sub-serve the great end of our life, which is growth, which, no manner of doubt, will coninue to be our being's law the other side of

the ocean of life as it is here. One reason why we dread painful reminisconces is that we do not understand their use I do not think, be it well understood, that sin and error are creations of our heavenly Father, but since they needs must be, while we exist in an imperfect condition, our part is to understand that sin is a departure from rectitude, produced by the exercise of free will, taking which away would be to extir-pate from humanity all its dignity. If we had no liberty to do wrong, that is, to exercise our free will, human nature would be perfect, that is without responsibility, a crystal formed, of course, in a certain way, because following set and unvarying laws—no room for deviation, no differentiation, no individuality, in a word, we would be men and women according to a pattern, like so many parts of engines produced by mechanism.

We have given to us all the variety of faculties and organs which constitute the maidentity which makes each one of us a variety of the species, having an eternity before us in which to unfold the possibilities of our ego, which shall differ from every other, filling its own special niche, and exerting influences which no other ego in all creation could

This view makes somebody of each individual, imposes a responsibility from which there is no escape, and gives a significance and value to each human integer.

We are existing in this phase of life in a sphere of limitations; some look on it in its material phase only, cultivating the bodily faculties in reference only to the outward, scarcely conscious, seemingly, that the actual is only the vestibule of life eternal, the initial stage of that which is to be endless. I do not by any means undervalue this life nor misunderstand its duties. I only wish to express the profound conviction that it is only the primary stage, and that no condition is or can be, fixed. As the whole creation of universes is in progressive motion, so no spirit can come to a stand-still, at any period of its career; one height gained, only enlarges our horizon, and shows how much we have to do and to conquer.

Our philosophers talk of the laws governing our common humanity, how much of the field is still a terra incognita! A world of study lies in the little universe of each individual being. We may only understand of each other's individuality what each is pleased to reveal by word, action, and course of conduct; into the sanctuary of each spirit, how little way we are permitted to penetrate. Each one of us dwells in a solitude, and there are hidden depths in each spirit's nature un-

suspected by the heart's nearest and dearest. I think when we reach the next condition, that the first study will be our own being, and the heredity which launched us into being what we are, and the meaning of the various degrees of growth through which we have been led, why they had the effect upon our development which we perceive, and a perfect understanding of our new point of departure, so that we may start anew in a more intelligent course of life with a conscious use of all our faculties, knowing all the possibilities of our being, no longer "seeing through a glass, darkly," but realizing why we tread our paths, and seeing why we are induced to walk in them. Science has, in many directions, grown wonderfully in the last half century, and seemingly has conlast half century, and seemingly has conquered so much that it is now "in order" to investigate the manifest union of spirit and

body, and the laws governing the process. The raison d' etre of the body I understand to be the individualization through its mechanism of a spirit, so that the body is created by the spirit, as a man builds a house to shelter the body, which when it has grown to the hominal plane of life can no longer bear the unhoused contact of the elements. While life had reached only the animal plane, nature furnished all that was needed; caves and hollow trees sufficed for shelter from cold and rain; as it progressed to a higher grade, life needed more perfect shelter, and constructive talent, provision against climatic changes, and certainly recurring needs, in the form of storing up food, and providing a safe, soft, warm home for expected progeny. began to awake. When these dawnings of the home instincts were awakened, then came a differentiated condition of life, a grade higher, the prophecy of which is to be found in some organ, as yet in a germ state, merging the type into a higher form of life, bearing a resemblance to that from which it was

I repaired it at a cost of \$8.00, but still got differentiated, in the brain of which will be no pay for my work on the springs. When I found registered, at different stages of its embryonic condition, the past degrees of existence of its progenitors. This is most in-telligibly registered in the human embryo; examined at different stages of its development, in the female is found no prophecy of an undeveloped organ, so that in her the race culminates.

So here the revelations of anatomy and physiology teach us, that the next stage of inquiry must relate to the functions of the human brain, and the connection its workings have with the unseen and spiritual. How to develop its possibilities to the utmost, wisely and intelligently, so that while still a spirit incarnate, living in contact with the lower forms of life, the elements of which enter into its physical constitution, the spirit grows by assimilation of the life elements beneath its own exalted condition. It receives into its own life, the elements of grades of life beneath its grade, and so is nourished, "not by bread alone" but by the life existing in all things; that is by forms of spirit manifesta-

Science has read so much of life processes, that it must now take the next step of the investigation, which relates to the manner in which spirit, while still in the initial stage of growth, is connected with the spiritual

condition. Why are the nerves hollow? What is forced through them, and by what power? Why are the ganglia relays for electric force, and what is the inner element which they transmit? Shall we in this class of investigations find a way over which thought, the spirit's own function can travel, and intelligently commune with those who have "gone before," but have not forgotten to love those they left behind? There is still a life of progression. and an unfolding of latent powers, of which we now have no more conception than the new born has of the life and its possibilities, on which, with a wail, it has just entered.

The developed brain registers its thoughts as the embryo does the changes through which its physical has passed, and we shall find them again by an act of memory inscribed on its indestructible tablets.

The ancients understood the power of trained memories, and thus handed down to us the records of the past, and the latest researches have vindicated the statements even of the father of history, Herodotus, inscrip tions having been found verifying his record of oral traditions.

Oh! that we understood the full value of the word Immortality! Oh! that we could fully impress it on the mind of the age! Let us hope that the psychic will follow all the ex-ternal science taught, and so the coming race will be prepared to enter on the spirit life at once on transition, instead of completing its education after it has been born into a condition for which it ought to be prepared on its exit from this.

Orange, Texas, Dec. 6th, 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Early Spiritual Experiences.

BY B. B. ANDERSON.

Many persons of the present day would be pleased to look back through the vista of past years—back to the dawn of Spiritualism and to watch its early struggles for position and recognition; to notice the attitude of the ministry and the friends and foes of the newly fledged infant. How often there flit across the writer's mind a panorama of his experiences in 1849. He was a mere boy then in his olu enough to comprehend some thing of the grand import of the movement. In the winter of 1849 and '50 he was an extremely green school teacher, in a small village on the Illinois River, in the State of Illinois. The name of this village was Florence. This immense city at that day comprehended from three to four hundred inhabitants. But, then, thirty-five years have as silently vanished as the fog-down into the ocean of eternity, and Florence has now become a city of one hundred or "less," as the guide books indicate. One day a long, lank, lazy-looking youth came across the river from Scott county, where he had been chopping cord wood. This lad was introduced to the writer by a minister whom we will call Wheeler (all names hereafter are fictitious, but facts, actual). After the ceremonies(?) of introduction were over, Wheeler said: "Mr. Young, whom I have just introduced to you, possesses a very extraordinary gift. I do not know what to think of it. He places his hands upon a little stand or sew ing table and in a minute or two it begins to rock, and finally spells out names of persons. Last night it actually spelled out the name of my sister who died nine years ago, and answered all questions relative to her." Of course the writer expressed unfeigned astonishment, but how could this spirit talk through a table or even spell?

Thirty five years ago the writer knew as little of Spiritualism as the good people of Central Illinois do to-day. The subject seemed to be like that of astronomy in the good old days of Galileo, when the priests forbade laymen from looking through the telescope, as it was "humbug," works of the devil," etc.

Well, never did day draw so slowly to a close as that one did. The writer was to witness something supernatural, and could scarcely bide the time. At last half-past seven o'clock came—the moon floated grandly far away over the fleeting ice, which was covered with sparkling snow in the rapidly flowing river. The shadow fell well defined from Beeson's frame store, and the few other one and one-half story buildings. The breath condensed into fog-like vapor as it came from the mouth. Approaching Mr. Green's pleasant little home, you could hear the great steps creak as the invited few stepped up to the stoop. Then a light flashed out—a face of inquiry would peer forth—a kind face; then another happy one would enter the Sanctum of Wonder-world; the door would close, and the light was again barred. I, too, entered that palace of enchanted expectancy. How queer that some could sit there and talk of the beauty of the night, or of the frosty condition of the air—aye, earthly lit tle. Mrs. Green even spoke of the problem atic propriety of "leaving the potatoes" in the cellar uncovered. Young sat and whittled. I watched Young-watched the stick and thought: "Oh! how can you?" Suspense at length came to an end. We all sat around the stand with Young. But what is that— what mean those little tiny taps. My mouth felt parched, chills attacked my spinal col umn, my hair seemed rising-none of these from fright, but it was the inspiration of sublimity. It was sufficient to know that the cause was shrouded in mystery, and the sound might have come from the dead(?). All were solemn as tombstones newly entering

The Bible was placed upon the table by sweet little Mrs. G., to keep the devil away Then Mr. Wheeler opened service as follows:

"Are you a spirit?"
"Yes" (3 ticks).

"In the name of the Lord Jesus, are you a good spirit?" Yes" (slowly and solemnly).

(After a pause): "We will call over the alphabet and shall beg that you will spell your The alphabet was called, and "Christ" was spelled out. After a reverential pause,

dear little Mrs. Green said: "If you are really our dear Savior, tell me

my father's first name." James" was spelled out. Mrs. G. said that was near enough she supposed, as the name was John. I was permitted to ask a question, and pro-

pounded the following sagacious conundrum:
"How much money have I in my pocket?" That was a Democratic administration, and had exactly ninety-five cents. The answer made it out some seven millions. I saw that the audience was skeptical. Here for the first time Young put in a left-hander. He said:

"If you are Jesus Christ, make the table stand on two legs."
This was finally accomplished amidst feel-

ings of great solemnity.

As I wended my way home I thought: That was not Jesus, but what rapped? Could it be electricity?" This one circle was characteristic of most of those held in that early day. Ministers at first seemed inclined to favor the manifestations, but just as soon as this doctrine became known, (viz., that the Bible was not inspired), they began to vilify and to slander the mediums. As in this in-

stance, it seemed to be conceded generally that spirits must of necessity, be omnipotent. My next spirit experiences were in the mining regions of California. Here the auditors thought only of having them locate gold strata. I knew of no one who succeeded, but learned enough to see that the type of correspondence was the same in all of these places. Next experience was in 1851 among the Sandwich Islanders, in their own country. Here I witnessed some indications of trance-it was still the same phenomenon. My next experience was in the Arctic Ocean on shipboard in the summer of 1851, from 75° to 77° north; next in the south eastern part of China, at Amoy, the séance being composed of two British officers, three Chinamen, the writer and a friend, which resulted in automatic slate-writing phenomenon. Probably a dry narration of occurrences at these various sittings would be unprofitable. l learned at least, that in all latitudes and among all people, these phenomena were the

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Two Angels.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It was the day before Christmas in heaven. and as a class of beautiful children gathered around their teacher, she told them of the scenes of earth-life, and how in the coming Christmas-tide the broken family circle would be re-united under the old home tree, and around the warm hearth or social board the recollections of childhood would arous he rerecollections of childhood would again be revived. The tall columns of the portico beneath which they gathered, were of crystal-like garnet, and the floor was transparent like green water. Along its front trailed or climb. ed flowers innumerable, filling the soft air with delicious perfume.

Of that group there were two who had no recollections of Christmas, for they had been transplanted in the earliest hour of promise, and two others who only remembered the girl, whose eyes were crystalline in the purity of thought they expressed: "If the family circle is to be reunited in my dear old home, then I ought to be there. Brother Ben will come from the West, and sister from the East, and, oh! would it not be sweet to see the welcome they will receive?"

"And I, too, long to go," exclaimed another, for it has been a whole year since I met the riends I left."

There were others who desired to go, and others who did not, for the earth with its common aims had no attraction for them. Its shadow and light had passed from them, and there was nothing to call them from their

present uninterrupted delight. Then the teacher said to the two anxious ones: "You may visit the earth and remain as long as you desire with your friends, but while there you must record the most meritorious action you observe, and report when you return."

"How shall we find the earth and then our homes?" asked the gratified angels in one

"I will lead you," replied the teacher, and taking them by the hands the three passed away over the headlands and down the glittering way to the earth, which spread out like a vast map, with its white continents and dark seas beneath. Before they were aware each one found herself in her old home, and tears wet their glad eyes at the sight of the familiar scenes. They mingled with their friends, but no one knew or recognized them; and they wearied, and went out into the street to observe the good deeds, the records of whichthey were to bear like a priceless treasure. After long wandering they returned, and bade their homes good-by, and impelled by volition, passed the ether like a flash of thought, and appeared before their teacher. They gave and received a hundred kisses, and the mellow voices of welcome floated out on the ambient air, where the flowers listened in heir loveliness.

Then the eldest and tallest, whom they called Azalia, said softly: "In the city were a great number of orphans, who had no one to give them food or care for them, and when all the world were happy on Christmas, they were cold and hungry. A good lady heard of this, and in a large hall, where for once these orphans could be warm and comfortable, she brought them, and gave them a splendid din-ner, like the best in the land."

"A noble deed of charity," replied the teacher, "and earth would be the better if there were more like her." Turning to the other who was white as a white rose, she said: What has our darling Camile to relate?"

"Of little importance to the deed of the great lady," replied Camile. "At the feast was a little boy, pale and ill clad. He ate not the viands given him, but carried them to his mother, who was prostrated by overwork and famine in a cold and darksome attic, and although himself famishing, tasted not until she had satisfied her hunger."

The teacher threw her arms about her, drew her close, kissed her white forehead, and in a voice of sweetest melody said: "The deed you relate is worth ten-thousand such as the great lady performed; for out of her abundance she gave, nor felt the loss or deprived herself of a single pleasure; but the boy sacrificed himself for the good of another. He gave all he had, and that without expecting return. It is such deeds of love which make the night of earth hopeful of the brighter day."

Susan B. Anthony is about to pay a visit to-Louise Michel in her French prison.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [28 Greenwich Avenue, New York City.]

HOLIDAY MUSINGS.

Night's solemn hush is o'er me. Lo! I bend Before the beauty of this mystic hour,
No still, small voice, no sounds supernal, blend
Their strains with all the sweet, uplifting power
Through which my soul utters its grateful cry, And yet a blessing falls through all the hallowed

Soul of all Life! the heart within me thrills In reverent worship for the love divine With which thou clothest all the vales and hills In beauty; for the fruitful corn and wine Of Earth's abundance, for its flocks and herds, For flowers, and streams and verdure and the

I thank Thee for the sunshine flecking o'er The grassy meadows, for the burnished gold Of morning, and the rainbow tints, before The sun goes to his couch, when the fair day

And for the clouds that flock in pageant by, In grandeur sailing down the radiant western

I thank Thee for the smile and clasp of hands, When friend meets friend upon the devious way Of life's strange journey o'er the shiftin' sands Of tortuous years where pause we not or stay,

E'en when a loved one sinketh to his rest, Breathing his life out gently on the earth's broad

Thanks for the benediction of Thy love Celestial, falling with a heavenly grace From out those heights where angel ones, above The scene of our temptations, gladly trace The paths by which our steps may safely climb Those shining heights above where Life shall grow sublime!

I thank Thee, O our Father! that we live! That endless cycles roll beyond our ken, That all the pure affections we receive And give, that bind us to our fellow men, Shall bloom and ripen in that home above. Wheredwell we evermore in light and joy and

ONE CHRISTMAS.

Early one Christmas morning Mrs. Edson was preparing breakfast with the aid of her grandchild. Mr. Edson, the invalid husband, had just dressed and hobbled into the dining room where a glowing fire in the grate shed its rich light over the plain but pleasant room. In the center stood the table with its snowy cloth, which Mrs. Edson soon covered with the simple dishes of their morning meal.

Without, snow covered the ground, and the air had the true Christmas sparkle. Merry sleigh-bells were occasionally heard, and all the village was astir. But the three, sitting silently at the board, noticed nothing of this. All were occupied with their thoughts. The grand-parents had the usual patient, sad, far away look which affliction, long-continued, is apt to bring. And the little maid, Marion, was silent as themselves, though she was usually the soul of merriment. Many a wrintle did her provide merriment. kle did her prattle smooth away from those brows prematurely furrowed and aged.

But, spite of silence, there was a sparkle within Mrs. Edson's eye and an expectant look upon her face which her husband had not seen for many a month. In him, there seemed little elasticity left. The impassive look, the sad droop at the corners of his mouth. gave an expression utterly foreign to his nature. Mrs. Edson thought of this, as she glanced up from her plate, and recalled the look of the bright, handsome man she had married. A brilliant, hot-headed, generous fellow he was, and life looked to them like a long holiday then. Impetuous everywhere, sometimes no failog and sometimes succeeded. The prince of good fellows, he always touched the extremes of life. The placid, disciplined woman who went over all these years in memory, inwardly gave thanks that he was not totally wrecked; that through all the years he had remained a loved and loving

They had suffered much and the causes of sorrow still remained. The children had in-herited their father's recklessness, and had left them to breast the storms of life alone. The only daughter, a gay, fashionable woman, was almost totally estranged from them. They had not heard from her in months. And the only living son, the handsome boy who was their pet and pride, had grown to be a dissipated wanderer over the earth—where, they had not known for years. Little Marion, sitting between them, was his only child, by the young wife who had died broken hearted soon after her birth.

The company of this little one was their solace, the one bright ray in a clouded existence, since illness had confined Mr. Edson to the house. That morning, noticing that Ma-rion was unusually silent, Mrs. Edson inquired the cause, while Grandpa looked anxiously at his pet. The little thoughtful face was upturned to her Grandmother's, as with a happy light in her eyes, Marion burst out

"O Grandma! I had such a dream last night! You know I have told you about dreaming of Mamma very often, and how sad she looked. Well, last night she came to me again, and her face lighted up so bright! Then I dreamed she smiled and kissed me, and said: 'My darling, rejoice! your Papa, who was lost, is found again. You shall have the best Christmas you ever thought of, tomorrow.' Then she disappeared, and I awoke. It seemed so real! it made me so happy!" At this Mrs Edson grew pale and dropped

her knife and fork. Looking up at her hus-

band, who seemed vividly affected, she said: 'How strange that is! I've never told you, Harvey, about my dream, but I must now that Marion has dreamed about her father and mother. One night, about three months ago, my heart went out so tenderly to our first-born, that I seemed to go to him in my sleep. He was alone in his room, after leaving some boon companions. It seemed to me that, standing beside him with my hand upon his head, I prayed agonizingly for his re-formation. I asked that he might be moved to return to his parents and this dear little

"Strange as it may appear, I was aware that he was conscious of my prayer and was affected by it. I saw, too, that this was just at a time when, like the prodigat son, he was ready to return. Then I felt that he registered a vow to begin a new life and to come back

"How strange," said her husband, "could you tell where he was?"

'Yes! It seemed to be in a cottage in Honolulu. I saw that he had been in the Sandwich Islands for some time, and that he had been going through experiences which soft-ened him and made him ready to feel my prayers and be affected by them. God grant it be so, Harvey!"

Mr. Edson looked up and shook his head. "Oh, no! Marion, little one, look to me alone as your father, you will not see any other on

"I don't know, Grandpa. My Mamma look-ed so happy that I should not wonder if some-

thing good was going to happen. If Papa came back, wouldn't that be better than anything else?"

"Wait, husband, I have not told you all," resumed Mrs. Edson. "I seemed to see every thing about our son. Through the open side of the cottage I perceived others, like pictures we have seen, and the blue water and bluer sky. But the most singular thing was this— Lucy, Marion's mother, was with us. She had a beautiful form, clad in robes of misty white like woven moonlight. She looked at George with shining eyes in which sparkled love unutterable. She, too, prayed for him, and he perceived her presence as he did mine. He seemed sleeping in his chair, but his spirit felt that we were with him, and he was melted into a softness which was new and hopeful. Then I-thought our daughter Susie joined us and looked on wistfully, as if she would gladly take part in our prayers, but could not. It was all so striking and real, that it may be properties who knows?" that it may be prophetic-who knows?"

Marion looked from one to another and clapped her hands, "Oh! how nice 'twould be to have a Papa! Wouldn't that be a true Christmas present?"

At a late dinner hour they sat down to the Christmas turkey. Nothing had occurred; no token had come from the wanderer or the absent daughter.

But just as Mr. Edson was beginning to carve, there came a ring at the door. Marion opened it, and, with a cry of joy, sprang into the arms of a man who caught her passionately to his heart. There, too, stood a lady buried in furs, who pushed her way into the house and greeted her parents tenderly. Explanations followed; the years rolled back and to the happy family seemed as if they had never parted.

Upon taking up the thread of their lives, after a joyful dinner, the strange story of Mrs. Edson was confirmed. George Edson had been saved and restored to his friends by what he supposed to be a dream. The better nature had begun to stir within him, when, seated in his chamber in Honolulu, he saw and felt the presence of the two who had been as saints to him through all his devious wanderings. He felt his mother's hand upon his head; he saw her uplifted face as she pleaded for his salvation and return. On the other side he perceived the angel wife, who had gone down to the grave, as he believed, never to rise again. The fountains of his heart were unsealed, and he arose from that peculiar somnolence born unto a new life. Closing out his business in the Sandwich Islands, he had opportunity to test his resolution and strength and find them equal to the task. Like the prodigal he had come, anxious to make amends for his follies, and to secure the welfare of his child, as well as solace the last

years of his parents. Susie, too, the former heartless daughter had dreamed of the same interview and at the same time. Her heart, then, had been melted within her, and after making due arrangements, she determined to leave the world of fashion in midwinter, and come for a long visit to the humble home where dwelt those whom she had neglected. And, as they sat and talked far into the night, Marion asleep with her head upon her father's breast, he softly said: "These are no dreams which have resurrected one who was dead in trespasses and sin."

OOK REVIEWS.

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

THE DESTINY OF MAN, Viewed in the Light of His Origin. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. Price, \$1.00. Mr. Fiske is an author and a scholar widely krown, and this book is his last, and in some re-spects his most significant work, inasmuch as it indicates the trend of his thought away from Material-

ism and is one among other proofs of a wholesome reaction which is beginning in the same direction. He says: "The primal origin of consciousness is hidden in the depths of the bygone eternity. That it cannot possibly be the product of any cunning arrangement of material particles is demonstrated by what we know of the correllation of physical forces. The Platonic view of the soul, as a spiritual substance, an effluence from Godhead, which under certain conditions becomes incarnated in perishable forms of matter, is doubtless the view most consonant with the present state of our knowledge.... Nothing can be more grossly unscientific than the famous remark of Cabanis that the brain secretes thought as the liver does bile....The question is:
Are man's highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all this creative energy has gone,
to disappear with the reet? Has all this work been

done for nothing? Is it all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? Are we to regard the Creator's work as like that of a child who builds houses of blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down?

... On such a view the riddle of the universe because a riddle without a meaning. comes a riddle without a meaning...... The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolu-tion by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the per-formance of the spiritual element in Man is to rob the whole process of its meaning....I believe, there-fore, in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work."

This belief he speaks of as "relating to regions

quite inaccessible to experience."

Accepting the theory of evolution he gives it a high spiritual significance, and says: "With the Darhigh spiritual significance, and says: "With the Darwinian biology we rise to a higher view of the workings of God and of the nature of Man than was ever before attainable... It enlarges tenfold the significance of human life, places it upon even a loftier eminence than poets or prophets have imagined, makes it seem more than ever the chief object of that creative activity which is manifested in the physical universe, and shows us distinctly for the first time, how the creation and perfecting of man is the goal toward which Nature's work has all the while been tending."

In direct and simule, yet fitly chosen language, the

In direct and simple, yet fitly chosen language, the upward steps of the race are set before us, and the conclusion reached that there will be no higher being on earth than man, the process of evolution and

selection working for his perfection.

The "Platonic view of the soul," which Mr. Fiske thinks "most consonant with the present condition of our knowledge," is intuitive and spiritual, and external science has not disproved, but will help to

confirm it. Perhaps this scholarly thinker has not learned that Andrew Jackson Davis,—then a poor boy of twenty, with small stock of book-lore and little knowledge of the world,—brought out the evolution theory be-fore Darwin, treated it as a spiritual process as clearly as this work now does, and with a finer insight, stating, too, that man, as an immortal being, was the last and highest product of creative energy, in these words: "The intention of Nature, everywhere manifest, is the creation of man," and in other and

mannest, is the creation of man," and in other and fuller statements.

I find indeed all the leading conclusions of Mr. Fiske reached in the writings of Mr. Davis, and in those of Hudson Tuttle (an Ohio farmer) dating back fifteen to twenty years, and these spiritually gifted men are familiar with rich and wide realms of the west undergovered by him.

of thought undiscovered by him. In his "Arcana of Spiritualism" Hudson Tuttle

says:

"Nature, by one plan ever pursued, seeks one grand and glorious aim,—the elimination of an immortal intelligence. From the chaotic beginning, through the monsters of the primeval clime, through all the evanescent forms of being, up to man, that plan has been undeviatingly followed, and that aim kept in view. Without this attainment creation is a companie followed. gigantic failure. The great tree of life strikes its roots deep into the soil of the elemental world, and stretches up its branches into the present. Its per-

fect fruit is man, immortal in his spiritual life. Such is the necessity of his constitution. Through no other being can the result be reached. After a perfect tiger or deer is attained, what then? Nothing. Causation in that direction is satisfied. After a perfect physical man is created, what then? Everything. Only a small fragment is gained. He walks on the boundaries of a vast and illimitable ocean of canabilities only the means of attaining which have capabilities, only the means of attaining which have been acquired. Does Nature satisfy herself with the bud, the flower, or even the perfect fruit? Man, as man, cannot fulfill his destiny. There is want of time and opportunity. A being capable of infinite growth must have infinite duration in which to expand. The opportunity, the duration, is bestowed by death."

Not to depreciate the value of ripe scholarship, or to detract from the merit of this able author, are these extracts and suggestions made, but that intuition and spiritual seership may have some just and appreciative recognition.

This work is as good as any man can write on such a topic, while be holds the facts of Spiritualism in fine disdain, and tosses them aside with pitiful contempt, and thus is blind to their high significance and can see only as "through a glass darkly"
the philosophy to which they point.
To ignore the experience of a goodly company of
men and women who are his peers in culture and

character is a sure way to be ignorant. To flout at the conclusions, touching the real presence of the de-parted, of a host of earnest and thoughtful persons, is a sure way to lower and dwarf one's own range of thought. With more wisdom John Fiske will reach higher, and write a still better volume. G. B. S.

THE ROBERT BROWNING CALENDER FOR 1885.

Chicago: Colegrove Book Co. The Rev. J. L. Jones, the editor of Unity, has a most protound admiration for and appreciation of, Robert Browning. He has been the inspiration of the Browning Club, an outgrowth of the London so ciety—connected with his church in the south part of the city. This calender was prepared by a few members of that club, they say, "With the simple hope that it may lead some to try for themselves the writings of one who combines in an exceptional de-

gree the elements of a singer and a thinker in whom the philosopher merge."

The calender is neatly gotten up; has a picture of Robert Browning in one corner, and appropriate se-lections for each month of the year follow.

New Books Received.

DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA OR JUST A CAMP-IN. By C. C. Post. Chicago: J. E. Downey &

THE HIGHER BRANCH OF SCIENCE OR MATE-RIALISM REFUTED BY FACTS, By H. J. Browne. Melbourne, Australia: W. H. Terry. NOTES ON INCERSOLL. By Rev. L. A. Lambert Buffalo, N. Y., Buffalo Catholic Publication Soci-

FARNELL'S FOLLY. By J. T. Trowbridge, Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, cloth bound, §1.50.

Magazines for December, Not Before Mentioned.

CHAUTAUQUA YOUNG FOLK'S JOURNAL. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Contents: The Children of Westminster Abbey; Souvenirs of my Time; The Temperance Teachings of Science: Boy's Heroes; Ways to do Things; The Making of Pictures; Search Questions in American Literature; All the world Round.

THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER. (Wm. W. Payne, Northfield, Minn.) Contents: Pending Problems in Astronomy; Lick Observatory; Original Graduation of the Harvard College Meridian Circle in Situ; Editorial Notes; Etc.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) December closes another volume of this progressive magazine and is a number of much interest, containing Sermons from the best preachers and orators.

Number one, volume one, of this monthly is received. We find it devoted to the care of infants and young children and the general interests of the Nursery. THE SHAKER MANIFESTO. (Shaker Village, N. H.) This monthly is published by the uni-

ted societies, and contains interesting matter to members. THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) A magazine for young readers with pretty

stories and illustrations. LADIES' FLORAL CABINET. (Floral Cabinet Co., New York.) A monthly devoted to Flora-Culture.



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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 27, 1884.

Mrs. Woolley's Defence of Unitarianism.

We thank our friend, Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, for her courteous letter printed elsewhere in this issue, in which she comes up loyally to the defence of Unitarianism. With much of her letter we heartily agree. Nobody shall go before us in strong appreciation of the large work which Unitarianism has done during the last hundred years, nor in reverent admiration for the noble workers through whom this work has been wrought. But this appreciation does not blind our eyes to the pressing demands of the work which needs to be done in the world to-day, nor to the fatal weaknesses which prevent some modern Unitarians from doing this essential work, and so reaping the great harvest for which their noble fathers sowed the seed. The good physician runs his probe deep. If we expose what seems to us the fatal weakness of these Unitarians, we do it in no unfriendgenerate humanity.

As we said above, we agree with much of Mrs. Woolley's letter. There are several minor points on which we think she is mistaken, but it is not worth while to dwell upon them. There are two or three vital points of the greatest importance in which she is in error, and in which her position is as typical as was that of Mr. Blake's letter, in defense of which she writes. To these

points we ask attention. Mrs. Woolley says of our remarks: "The general charge brought against Unitarianism is the old one, which alleges a preponderance of mere intellectualism over spiritual warmth and vitality, and a positive lack of moral force and inspiration." In saying this our critic is mistaken; as completely mistaken as it is possible to be. We cannot understand how Mrs. Woolley's keen analytic brain so entirely mistakes the whole tenor of our article. If she will carefully read it again we think she will see that our complaint was based on lack of intellectualism. not on too much of it. We charged Mr. Blake with depreciating the value of the demonstration of immortality, with valuing probable proof above demonstrative proof, with thinking only of this little span of earthly life when a whole eternity of life is within the scope of knowledge if only he will study the evidences. For the cure of the follies and excesses of materialism we prescribed knowledge of the infinite dignity and eternal life of every soul; we complained that Unitarians were not using their freedom to think, that they were not stating truths in evidence of their thinking at all, that they were falling away from distinctive principles, that they were lapsing into agnosticism and materialism, which are to-day the refuge of those who refuse to consider evidences and to think on certain topics. We did, indeed, say that they needed inspiration, but we had distinctly shown that this lack of inspiration was due to lack of thought and knowledge. And the remedy which we proposed to our Unitarian friends, was not that they should acquire a warmer emotion, a more effervescing enthusiasm, but that they should acquire a knowledge of spiritual things. The emotion and the enthusiasm which we said they would then possess, we affirmed, would grow out of the knowledge which we had recommended to them. Never was critic more completely at fault than is our present one in the basis of her complaint. Our whole charge was that some modern Unitarians lacked knowledge, thought, principles, philosophy, intellectualism. And yet this usually keen-eyed critic can only see that we are repeating stale charges of too much intellectualism! Mrs. Weoliey says:

The term 'distinctive' is very misleading. So far as it signifies mere divergence from the accepted be-liefs and standards of the times it possesses but little

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religion.

value, but in so far as it defines an aspiration tow-ards and an effort to attain something better than present conditions afford, its meaning is very noble."

Let us consider this. We had spoken of

the fact that some Unitarians were disposed to ignore all distinctive teachings, and to confine themselves to themes that could as appropriately be discussed in the secular papers or in other denominational papers Now our critic, coming to their defence. says: "The term distinctive is very misleading." And what reason does she give for its being so misleading? Really, she gives no reason. But she goes on to say that so far as it signifies mere divergence from the accepted beliefs and standards of the times it possesses little value." But why has it little value? If the accepted beliefs and standards are irrational and irreligious they certainly ought to be distinctively rejected and the one who rejects them should be able to give distinctive reasons for the rejection, and distinctive reasons for the thought, what ever it may be, that he puts in their place. We are entirely unable to see wherein our use of the term distinctive was misleading. or wherein it is of little value. Again our critic says that in so far as the term distinctive "defines an aspiration towards, and an effort to attain something better than present conditions afford, its meaning is very noble." Now an intelligent man does not have aspirations toward something better unless he has distinctive thoughts as to something that is inferior and undesirable and of something else that is superior and desirable. He must have some "distinctive' thought on the subject, and we suspect that the more high and clear that thought is, and the more cleverly he can state it, the better for himself and for others. Then as to any "effort" that he may put forth, it seems probable that such effort will be valuable in proportion as it is rationally planned and rationally guided; that is to say, in proportion as it is a "distinctive" effort. Aspiration and effort both can exist only as they have basis in thought, and the more rationally distinctive that thought is the better for all. Alike in what she disparages as of "little value" and in what she commends as "very noble," our critic must have a basis of intellectualism, of distinctive thought, ideas. principles, teachings—call it by what name you will. This whole sentence of our critic is an admirable illustration of the want of distinctive thought which we at first charged. It is a sentence which, in slightly varying forms, is often met with of late years among those Unitarians who are hazy in their perception of intellectual principles, or who, being conscious that they have given up the essential thought for which their fathers fought, are seeking for excuses for their own torpor in having no better thought to put in its place.

Our correspondent speaks of the basic prinly spirit; but only in loyalty to the thought | those of Spiritualism. She says also that "a | darken the upper path beyond. which we believe has in it the power to re- trusting belief in the existing universe and in the life that now is," is superior in moral force and impulse to Spiritualism. We are glad she has introduced this subject, for it enables us to make an explanation and a statement in regard to Spiritualism which it is very important should be made.

> We have often spoken of Spiritualism as if it dealt only with the two ideas of life after the death of the body, and of the communion between that life and this. This is a convenient way of speaking, because it makes prominent the "distinctive doctrines" of Spiritualism, just as in speaking of the Baptist denomination we may speak of it as believing in immersion, without mentioning other teachings in which Baptists agree with other Christians. To say that Spiritualism believes in spirit life and in spirit communion, is true, but it is not all the truth. To all thoughtful Spiritualists, Spiritualism means much more than these two ideas. It means the spiritual origin of the universe and of man: that there is at the center and source of things a Spiritual Power of infinite wisdom and goodness, of which the whole universe is an expression. From the very beginning of modern Spiritualism its principal teachers have taught this with clearness and positiveness. The spiritual nature of man they find in this spiritual origin. The fact that men after the death of the body can communicate with men still in the body, they regard as of very great importance because it proves the continuous life of man, and so becomes an inspiration and a consolation of inestimable value. But with the thoughtful Spiritualist this communion has another value of scarcely less importance; it gives a very strong confirmation to his philosophy of the Spiritual Power at the centre and source of all things. That is to say, the fact that man lives after the body is dead, proven by the fact that he can communicate with man still in the body. is a strong confirmation of that philosophic Spiritualism which has been in existence for many hundreds of years, and which is the foundation of all the best religious thought and life. Philosophic Spiritualism is a theory of the spiritual origin of the universe, including man. Modern Spiritualism is a demonstration of man's spiritual nature, and so corroborates the theory of his spiritual origin, and of the spiritual origin of all things Modern Spiritualism, thus founded on Philosophic Spiritualism, has all the elements needed for the purest, loftiest, most practical religion, a religion that insists on duty, justice, love, reverence, holiness; and, offering, as it does, a demonstration of man's spiritual nature, it has an advantage over every other form of religion to which man has attained. Our critic will see that this fuller statement of what Modern Spiritualism is, protects it entirely from all rational objection to it as a

But we must pause. There are several other points in our critic's suggestive paper, with which we should like to deal, gladly accepting some of her acute criticisms and opposing others, but we are unable at present to enter upon them for lack of space and can only commend the whole letter to the careful at tention of our readers.

Spiritualism Still a Pioneer Movement.

It is well-nigh forty years since the singular phenomenon of the "Hydesville rappings' attracted wide attention, and much comment, wise or otherwise. The strange story of invisible intelligence, independent of any human form, went round the world. It fell on many incredulous ears, but a few waiting souls heard it gladly. Some of these were in the plain walks of common life, as were the tent-makers and fishermen who sat at the feet of the young Nazarene and heard his good words of fraternity and peace. A small minority were of higher worldly position and power. In Judea there was but one centurion among the little company of spiritual wor-

shipers. This is the way reforms begin-small and insignificant to the outward eye. It is so in nature. The child, seeing a little crack in the mould by the wayside through which a tiny leaf reaches up to the light, would hardly think it possible that a hundred years would make that leastet a towering and massive oak, strong to meet the tempest, giving grateful shelter from summer heat to man and beast, and promising to stand for centuries. Man's maturer wisdom and larger experience would make plain to him what the child would hear with incredulous and unreasoning amazement. The world is full of spiritual children, still listening with open-eyed yet blind wonder to the true stories of spirit-presence and power. Even if they witness these remarkable phenomena it may well be said: "Having eyes they see not." The outward sign is like the flash of a meteor, of its inward significance they see nothing.

All this is to be expected, and the pioneer in reform must learn to possess his soul in

patience, and work and wait "Without haste and without rest."

This is not easy or pleasant, yet it is far nobler and brings far more and higher enjoyment and inspiration than to be false to the light within, and fall back among the shams and shows of the multitude to wait until others make the truth popular.

There is a deep significance in the words of James Russell Lowell:

"Some great cause, God's new Messiah, Oifering each the bloom or blight, Parts the goats upon the left hand And the sheep upon the right, And the choice goes by forever 'Twixt the darkness and the light,'

Far better is it to choose the light, even if but few choose with us, for if we go into the darkness its chill may hang over us all ciples of Unitarianism as being superior to through our lives on earth, and its shadow

The Spiritualist surely can see large results from his steadfast work. No parallel of latitude, or mountain range or sea, limits the extent of this movement. From frozen Russia to the Island continent of Australia in the far south.

"From farthest Ind to each blue crag, That beetles o'er our western sea,"

are thinkers and investigators in the light of this New Dispensation. No like movement ever spread so fast and so far in such brief time. But it is "all Greek"-some strange mystery to which they have no key, and would hardly care to use it, if they had, to the large majority. The Spiritualist stands alone. The good minister in the church can give the deep-souled woman who is one of his members, yet a Spiritualist, no help. He cannot see as far as she does, forsooth, and so the pious man either pities or condemns her. but has no inspiring sympathy, no knowledge or light to impart.

In social life it is impossible, in many cases to tell of beautiful spiritual experiences that fill the soul with joy and peace, and give larger range to reason and judgment. There is no warm response. One meets a chill as though touching ice, or a stroke of contempt as though smitten with the war-club of a savage.

The bigotry of sectarian dogmatists in theology, assails us on the one side, and the bigotry of materialism deals blows equally blind and cruel on the other; while the pride of science, falsely so-called, gives us its complacent pity, thinly gauzing over a strong con-

For all this the compensation is that we learn to stand, and to stand alone if need be. We have chosen our place and not for the wealth of the world would be in theirs. We recognize the good in these our fellow men. We grant their merits in many ways, but on this great matter they must live and learn. We cannot go back to them and be true to ourselves. We are gaining, too, and our views win more respect, our experiences are more earnestly sought for than in past years. Never was there so much private seeking for spiritual light, never so many seekers for good mediums and for select and quiet home seances (the best of all) as to-day. Of course the truth wins, just as inevitably as the healthy leadet peering up through the earth becomes an oak.

If we feel alone we can associate. "Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together." is good scripture and good sense. Let us have our meetings in private and pub lic, our home circles, our broad Declarations of Principles, our Societies for Psychical Research, our golden books by the wisest writers, our journals well sustained, true and fearless, yet self-poised and serene in spirit.

A waiting world is ripening for our harvest work. It is narrow and blinding self-

ishness for us to cease or weaken our efforts to spread spiritual truth. All the while we must bear in mind that ours is yet a pioneer movement, and so be ready to meet the toils and thus win the inspiring joys of the

pioneer. It was an old and wise pagan saying: "The gods help those who help themselves." The Spirit-world helps us when we put forth our own efforts and cultivate our own interior faculties. That it does help us, and is indeed to a large degree the inspiring source of what is best here, we may well learn from Lowell's golden words:

"We see but half the causes of our deeds, seeking them wholly in the outer life, And heedless of the encircling Spirit-world, Which, though unseen is felt, and sows in us All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.'

Unitarian Need of Spiritual Philosophy

In our editorial two weeks ago on Mi Blake's letter, we pointed out the great need of Unitarianism to-day. That need, as we asserted, is to accept the two great affirmations of Modern Spiritualism, the reality of a spirit life, and of open communion between that life and this. If to its present great affirmations it adds these two, it will have, as we believe, the thought, the morality and the emotion which are essential in a great and helpful religious movement.

When our editorial was written we had not seen an article recently contributed to the New York Independent by Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, minister of the Unitarian society in West Dedham, Mass., entitled "The Unitarian Defect." Mr. Cooke is one of the most thought ful of the middle-aged men in the Unitarian ministry, and a careful student of principles. He finds that "the chief defect of Unitarian ism lies in the fact that it has no philosophic principle which is capable of giving unity and direction to its thought." In the course of his article he adduces proof of this, in which he clearly shows the correctness of our statement that not a few of the Unitarian clergy are drifting towards agnosticism and materialism.

He then goes on to state the philosophy which, as he thinks, Unitarianism needs. We quote his words:

'A great opportunity lies before Unitarianism or any body of religious people, who will keep abrea of the most tolerant and progressive spirit of the time, rejecting sect and creeds, and who will accept a clearly defined philosophy of the spirit, in opposition to materialism and agnosticism. In the ian ranks there is at this moment great need of Emerson's assertion being repeated, which he made in 1838, that 'man should be made sensible he is an infinite soul.' That result cannot come about from preaching until the preacher is deeply convinced of the spiritual nature of the origin of the world and of the spiritual nature of his own being. The remedy for all defects in religious teaching is 'evermore

We did not anticipate that we should so soon find, from a Unitarian source, a corroboration of our statement as to Unitarian needs. Mr. Cooke puts the matter abstractly and philosophically, as becomes a philosophic Unitarian minister writing from near Boston. We, surrounded by the pressing practical demands of this rushing West, put the matter concretely and practically. We said that Unitarians needed a belief in a spiritual life and in communion with that life. Mr. Cooke says they need to be "deeply convinced of the spiritual nature of the origin of the world and of the spiritual nature of their own being." It is a pleasure to us to find that our diagnosis of the Unitarian disease is confirmed by this clear-headed Unitarian doctor.

To the Clergy.

Our ministerial readers will be particularly interested in the personal experience of "H' as told in another column under the title Spiritualism vs. Materialism. We especially commend the narrative to the Talmages, Cooverts, Cooks, and ask them: If Spiritualism can thus help a man, should you not fear to so malign it? You are not susceptible to any sense of justice, you may be to fear! We are well acquainted with "H" and know of the facts he relates, so far as they can be known to another.

In this issue of the Journal are a number of well attested cases of spirit return and manifestation, which we earnestly but kindly ask those in charge of the spiritual welfare of the race to read and ponder. Most of these narratives are from correspondents personally known to us as truthful people, and who are rated at home as above the average in common sense and ability. The evidence of spirit life contained in this number of the JOURNAL is but as a grain of sand upon the sea shore compared with the quantity that can be offered in support of the claims of modern Spiritualism. Gentlemen of the cloth. you owe it to yourselves, your people and your God to come forward cordially, and in a fair spirit investigate and learn of these things by personal observation.

No Difference in Honor or Value.

Not long since we received an article for publication from one who had never before written for the Journal, accompanied with a request that it be inserted on the first page another correspondent, now in the Summerland, who wrote considerable for the spirit ualist press, once requested that his communications appear on the fourth page-a request not complied with. Now, as a matter of fact, one page of the Journal is of equal honor and value with every other; an article is never placed on a particular page because of the reputation of the writer or merits of the matter. As a convenience to publisher and reader the fourth page is used for editorial, but this page has no precedence over any other, and is often of less interest and

Dr. J. K. Bailey can be addressed for the present, Box 374, Bainbridge, N. Y.

A Young Friend of Ours.*

He lived in Detroit. The world is full of

noble boys, but none more manly and noble than he. Our acquaintance began a little more than ten years ago. Harry, that is his name, was five, and his brother Joe three years old. What a delightful home was theirs With an affectionate father, a devoted loving mother, and a sweet sister, some older than they, and all delighting in one another's happiness. A model home: one of the places we always like to visit; and each time, wonder how we could have staid away so long. Harry as a child and youth was a strong, active, fellow; he was not a "little old man." He relished every moment of life, but he was withal industrious, considerate, studious. Whatever he did was done with a will and a vim that did one's heart good to see. He enjoyed hunting and fishing with his father's passionate fondness; even now, on this stormy December Sunday, we can almost hear his shout of delight as we have heard it up in the St. Clair Flats when he had landed a gamey fish. What fine times those were: Clara and Harry, Joe and little Ada-a sister that came after we had known the boys several years-our Gertrude, and the four "old folks." We know one of the older ones who didn't prove a successful fisherman and yet he thinks he got more out of these trips than either of his companions, he absorbed so much pleasure from each. And Sport too; -- Sport is a hunting dog -he was one of us last summer and his intelligent eyes talked eloquently of the fun he was having; he felt on terms of perfect equality, as well he might. He knew how to trim the boat, even if he couldn't talk English. He knew, too, that he was counted as "one of the family." O those delightful days! We told our readers something of them last July after we got to Saratoga. We had hoped to troll the same fishing grounds again next summer with the same company. But we cannot do it now; not in just the old way and with the company unbroken. Harry -" Hap" as we all got to call him-has gone to his spirit home. Eldest son and most vigorous of them all, he is the first to cross the mysterious river. Ambitious, full of buoyant hopes and plans for the years when he should have grown to manhood, he was called upon to go while in his full strength. Death came to this brave boy in one of his most dreadful shapes. Malignant Diphtheria was the name he bore when his cold, relentless hand grasped the throat of his unwarned victim. Harry did not fear him, did not flinch; he knew the mortal struggle that lay before him, realized fully what might be the end, but his courage equalled the occasion.

The Spirit-world was no myth to Harry: from early childhood he had heard it talked of as it can only be, by those who have spoken with returning friends and heard their testimony as to the unseen world. He had no dread or doubt about his future. This world was lovely in his eyes; to leave father and mother, Clara, Joe and little Ada was sore trial; yet if it must be so, he would go in a manly, trusting way.

When unable to articulate he used pencil and paper, and busied himself making rhymes and drawing pictures. One of these pictures represented an old man with a membrane in his hand, which he called diphtheria, going up to a little boy to put it in his throat. After this, Harry's symptoms were more favorable and he could talk some, but on Sunday, the 7th of this month, he began to have sinking spells. As his limbs grew cold he said: "Don't be scared mamma." A little later he took his father's hand and said: "I guess I've got to die, but I am not afraid." On the following morning little Joe brought some flowers for his brother. His father said: "Harry, Joe has brought you some flowers." Harry opened his eyes, nodded, smiled, then gently passed to his spirit home. With the last breath on earth he inhaled the perfume of his darling brother's love-offering; the next moment he was in the embrace of friends from the Summer-land waiting to bear him to fields Elysian, where the aroma of flowers more fragrant than those of earth should greet his new life.

All that was mortal of Harry was consigned to the grave on the day preceeding his fifteenth birthday. But his bright spirit will not thus be confined, and as Christmas morn brings joy to innumerable homes, Harry will return to his, to comfort and console the dear ones who mourn the loss of his visible presence. The Chicago friends will miss him; a tender undercurrent of memory will color their greetings when next they join that family circle. But with them, we know Harry lives. We, too, have a darling boy in that beautiful land, and we have met him face to face since he went there. Boy, do we say? Yes, boy, our boy! who went over there fourteen long years ago, and who has grown to man's estate in that land where we shall join him when our work here is ended. Georgeour little Georgie—it must be you know Harry. Welcome him to your home as cordially as he has many times welcomed papa, mamma and Gertrude to his!

* On Monday, Dec. 8th, at Detroit, Mich., HARRY PULLING LATHROP, son of Joseph and Ada M. Lathrop, passed to spirit-life. Diphtheria.

D. F. Trefry writes: "The Mediums' meeting held by the Peoples' Society at Martine's Hall, last Sunday, was made very interesting by the presence of Mr. Henry Slade, the well known slate-writing medium. He related many of his experiences in mediumship, and spoke encouraging words to mediums and words of cheer to the sorrowing. He is full of courage and magnetism, and well calculated to carry conviction to the seeker after truth, and comfort to those who are seeking to hear from their departed ones."

GENERAL NOTES.

G. H. Brooks will spend the holidays at his home in Madison, Wis.

Subscribers in arrears should at once settle their accounts or state a day certain when they will.

Those who unduly mourn can learn a lesson from the experience of Mrs. Burns, as she tells it on the sixth page.

We have a cabinet photograph of Mrs. Belle Fletcher Hamilton, which we place with our collection.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord is at present in Boston, Mass., and located at No. 94 Waltham street, where letters can be addressed to her.

Mr. William Nicol will conduct the Mediums' meeting at Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St., next Sunday at 3 P. M. Seats free.

The JOURNAL will be sent on trial three months to new subscribers for fifty cents. Send us in ten thousand trial subscribers before New Years! Try at least.

Mr. J. Spencer of Milwankee, Wis., writes: "Mr. A. B. French gave three lectures in Milwankee to appreciative audiences." Mrs. Spencer gave tests after two of the lectures.

Several interesting articles intended for this number of the Journal have unavoidably been crowded out. They will probably appear in our next issue.

A correspondent at Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Mrs. Pickle is regarded as a good materializing medium. She gave a benefit scance Wednesday evening. Dec. 10th, for the

Therapeutic Sarcognomy, by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, is soon to be published in Spanish. The popular demand for the book in English has steadily grown since its first appearance.

A book for the holidays, "Nineteenth Century Miracles," by Emma Hardinge-Britten. Price reduced from \$2.75 to \$1.75, postpaid; a handsome gift book, and now is the time to send for it.

A correspondent from Grand Rapids, Mich., writes: "Mr. Herrick and his mother are here, recently from Jamestown, N. Y., and familiar at Cassadaga. Mrs. Herrick is a fine healer and doing a good work for the sick. Her son is a spirit artist of promise."

Every thoughtful reader will be impressed by Prof. Davidson's contribution in another column to which we have put the head, "The True Theory." Prof. D. is a ripe scholar and profound thinker. His extended travels up and down the world, his familiarity with the various systems of philosophy and his knowledge of what men need to aid them in their strivings after the good, the true and the beautiful, qualify him as an adviser.

L. E. Owen writes as follows from Lapeer, Mich.: "Mrs. Emma Connor of Flint, who has been lecturing for the Lapeer Spiritualists of tion both as speaker and test medium, will again address the public here on the 28th inst., the Sunday between Christmas and the New Year. All the friends both far and near are cordially invited to appear."

The Mind-Cure for December shows that Mr. Swartz, the enthusiastic editor and pub lisher, is getting his enterprise well in hand and is able to make vast improvements on his first attempts at publishing. The original and selected articles in the present number are very good, and the mechanical part of work is most excellent. Those desiring to see the periodical can send ten cents for a specimen copy to A. J. Swartz, 425 W. Madison St., Chicago.

Mr. P. C. Porter, a well known commission merchant of this city, writes: "At a recent sitting with Henry Slade in this city, I got independent slate writing on a slate in my own hand, not touched by Slade and entirely out of his reach. This experience settles for me beyond a doubt the genuine ness of the claims of Dr. Slade and the ability of an unseen human intelligence (spirit) to communicate with mortals. The writing was an answer to a question asked by me after I had taken the clean slate, and was a correct or pertinent answer. We also had writing done on slates on the table in full daylight and on my arm. Dr. Slade only touched the slates. My chair and self were lifted by unseen hands, etc. The sitting was entirely satisfactory and most thoroughly convincing."

The experience of Dr. Babcock as related in another column is most interesting even to those familiar with such phenomena. Having given him in the most forcible and satisfactory manner innumerable evidences of their presence, the primary object of his spirit friends was no doubt accomplished. It is not improbable that he had given or was likely to give more attention to the subject than was or would be compatible with his business or health. Having proven to him the all-important fact of continuity of life and spirit return, it was deemed best to leave him to his own resources to develop in other directions. In this world one must be careful how he leans too heavily upon the staff supplied by spirit-intercourse; it may deprive him of that manly self-reliance and energy so essential both to worldly success and true spiritual growth; though we do not say this as applicable to Dr. Babcock.

On the 11th day of October last, at the Spiritualist camp meeting held at Alameda, Cal., a State organization was formed called "The California Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association." It is the intention of this association to maintain a lecture platform which shall be forever free, under proper restrictions and restraints, for the discussion of all questions relating to human welfare. The education, but to all those influences, mate-

of the association for the ensuing year: H. C. Wilson, President: Wm. M. Ryder. W. S. Reynolds and Hugh Bankhead, Vice Presidents; E. G. Anderson, Recording Secretary; G. H. Hawes, Corresponding Secretary; S. B. Clark, Treasurer. The officers appeal to the Spiritualists of the coast to come forward and aid in building up an association worthy of those fruitful shores. The officers especially desire to be furnished with the names and addresses of prominent and active Spiritualists in every village and hamlet of the Pacific Coast. All the officers reside in San Francisco, with the exception of Hugh Bankhead, who lives at Oakland, Cal.

After a vacation of eight mouths, the Union Spiritualist Society of Cincinnati, Ohio. has reorganized and elected the following officers: President E. O. Hare; Vice-president, M. G. Yeoman; Treasurer, I. S. McCracken; Secretary, W. J. Black; Trustees, J. W. Huzzy, Jno. Winterburn, G. W. Howell, C. G. Helleberg and Robert Hedges. The society has secured the service of C. Fannie Allyn, who will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening, during the month of January, 1885, at Odd Fellows Temple, N. E. Cor. 4th and Home Sts. All communications for the society should be addressed to the Sec., W. J. Black, S. E. Cor. of 12th and Jackson Sts.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal Truth Triumphant.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATEON.

As dew drops eatch the distant gleam Of suns and stars in sky-depths glowing, Till giltt-ring landscapes make it seem That ieweled seus are overflowing,

So do the pure in heart behold The life of God by rare reflection. And in wave sweet and manifold Themselves approach divine Perfection.

And when the Right opposes Wrong, The Wrong at last must needs surrender. While Right, amid triumphant song. Shall rise and reign with undimmed splendor.

And though now Error wears a crown, With all the world to wait upon her, While Holy Truth is trampled down With but a few to do her honor,

The day is swiftly drawing near When Truth no more shall lie recumbent. But breaking every bond of fear, Leap forth, eternally triumphant! Sunny Brac, Cal.

The True Theory.

Its Imperative Demands-New Organization: New System of Education: An Institute for Psychical Research: A School in which the Truths, Old and New, with regard to Spirit and its Relation to the Material world shall be made the basis of Education.

BY PROF. THOMAS DAVIDSON.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I am very ignorant (I hope not to continue so) on the subject of spiritual manifestation; but I am very sure that the views of life and late, and who has given such good satisfactor the moral sanctions upheld in your Journal son Tuttle's address in your last number and I can only say that there is hardly a statement in it which I do not heartily endorse. In the midst of all the infinitely foolish and wearisome twaddle at present talked by materialists, idealists, utilitarians and agnostics on the subject of life and morals, Mr. Tnttle's words seem those of a sober man in the midst of drunken men. Unless every human soul is immortal, there is no right, no justice, in the order of being in the universe, and hence no ground for moral action. The deftest attempts to find a basis for such action on the supposition that the soul is not immortal, have proved absolute failures, and must always do so. Kant was perfectly right in thinking that the existence of the moral consciousness was a proof of the soul's immortality. Still this proof, as well as several others, produces but little impression upon minds not schooled in philosophic thinking, and I cannot but feel that it would be a great gain if we could obtain proofs calculated to impress all classes of minds. This is the reason of my interest in Spiritualism, which promises to furnish such proofs.

If we could say with cogent certainty to

every man-"In every act of your life you are choosing your infinite future, which will be just what you you make it; you, yourself will be the result of your own actions"-we should have a moral lever of unparalled power for that very class of persons for whom a strong lever is necessary; that class for which the attractions of a moral life are weak. It is, indeed, true that dread sequences to oneself is not the highest m. motive; but it is pr. nonsense to say that such a motive should never be used. Ever motive to moral action is good when it is necessary, and fear is often the only motive that has any effect. This, indeed, is so true that the sole purpose of all the punishments in the penal code is to inspire fear and make it a motive for right action. Moral tendencies grow out of good habits, and if we can produce these by any means, even by fear, we are furthering the cause of morality; but it is not merely to the immoral, who are influenced only by fear, that the knowledge of the eternal existence and responsibility of the individual soul is of value. If a moral life is the supreme aim of living, the supreme good, then surely the more of that good any individal can obtain, the more earnestly will he seek to obtain it. Moreover the desire to be forever a moral and benificent being is a most just desire, and if this desire be not satisfied, there is injustice at the heart of things. For this reason the certainty of immortality enhances the attractions of moral life even for the most moral, and affords that most elevating and inspiring conviction that there is absolute justice, absolute good in the constitution of things.

In considering the theory of existence set forth by Mr. Tuttle and other writers in your JOURNAL, a theory which I devoutly believe to be the true one, and which I have reached independently of any spiritualistic experience, I am continually impressed with the conviction that this theory implies and imperatively calls for a new organization of hu-man life and of all the institutions of spirit, religious ritual, society, industry, art, education. Above all does it call for a new system of education, that most fundamental and important of all human institutions. In saying this, I am not referring solely to school education, for that is but a very small part of

following named persons were elected officers. rial, domestic, social, political, artistic, reof the association for the ensuing year: H. C. ligious, that go to make a human being what

It would be very hard, indeed, to say what is the central thought in our present systems of education. Perhaps the most striking thing about them is their lack of central thought and clearly defined purpose. Most of them are a compromise between traditional systems, whose aim was to teach men how to appease the wrath of an angry God and save their own souls, and pure utilitarianism or secularism, which undertakes to teach men how they may obtain the greatest amount of material comfort and ephemeral social distinction. Indeed, most "practical" educators would frown upon any attempt to set up an ultimate aim of education, and insist upon its being at all times kept in view. Practicality, whether in polities, social arrangements or education, means simply the tendency to work along doggedly in old ruts, or in ruts hollowed out by popular demands, without any clear ideal or purpose. Its bugbear is Utopia, by which it means, and means to deprecate, the ideal, as something dreamy, impossible, and too good to be desirable.

Now, it seems to me that, with what, for brevity's sake, I shall call the spiritual view of life-that view which maintains that spiritual and moral perfection are the end of all activity, and that this perfection can be reached only by personal effort aided by brotherly kindness—education has a most distinct aim, an aim which must determine its entire character and method. If the aim of life be intellectual and moral perfection, perfection in insight, in love, in courage, then every thing in education and everything in life must be subordinated to that aim. In a word the entire material side of life must be subordinated to the spiritual. Men and women must be taught that the material-wealth. food, drink, clothing, shelter and even the body itself-is but a means, a stair upon which the eternal soul may ascend to perfection, to that blessedness which the material world can neither give nor take away.
You know how much I am interested in the

establishment of an Institute for Psychical Research, as a means of increasing our knowledge of spirit and its powers. I am still more interested in another thing, in the establishment of an institute in which the truths, old and new, with regard to spirit and its relation to the material world, shall be made the basis of education in all its grades. The tendency of education at present is toward the material and away from the spiritual. The result is that material possession has come to be the main object of life, and that men are tending more and more to sink to the animal level. Before the spiritual view of life, which is the only one consistent with manly and womanly selfrespect and freedom, can bear life-giving fruit, capable of re-invigorating and renewing the world, it must take shape in a system of spiritual education extending to every period and department of life. The first step toward this ought to be the establishment of an institute of higher education, in which all the sciences, the physical as well as the intellectual and moral, should be taught from the spiritual point of view. Of this institute, the School for Psychical Research ought, in my opinion, to be an integral part, bearing the same relation to it as a school for chemical research now bears to our higher scientific schools. Instruction should aiways be combined with research, and every branch of science, if it is not to dwindle down into a mere hobby, which has always a blinding influence, should be continually regarded in the light of the fundamental principles of all science, the ultimate laws of spirit. It gives wonderful clearness to an investigator's ideas to have to communicate them to minds less developed than his own, and it gives a wonderful breadth and meaning to these ideas to see them in their universal connections. It is only by thus combining research with instruction on the one hand, and with philosophy on the other, that we can ever attain that intellectual clearness, truthfulness and precision, which are essential as the basis of spiritual progress

and calm. The foundation of the spiritual life of the future must be wide knowledge reduced to spiritual (not material) principles, and this knowledge must be applied, lovingly indeed, but unflinchingly to all the institutions of life. If such knowledge shows us that any of our existing social arrangements, such as our competitive industrial system, is prejudicial to the progress of spirit, we must not hesitate for an instant to declare war on such arrangement, taking care, at the same time, to build up a better to take its place. The spiritual view of life means universal love, universal helpfulness, the utter abandonment of competition and all selfish ends, and, therefore, a complete spiritual breach with the existing world, in which selfishness is the ruling principle. The truth is, Spiritualism is a view of life as different from that which shapes our present institutions as the heliocentric theory of astronomy is from the geocentric, and as much nearer the truth. It might, indeed, be fitly called the anthropocentric or psychocentric theory of the universe, as contradistinguished from the old theory, which was

theocentric. What are the holders of the psychocentric theory thinking about, that they are not working their theory out into a life, a New Life, full of knowledge, love, heroism? I there no one ready to come forward as a leader and surround himself with other leaders, so that the truth may have free course and be glorified? Is there no one with heroism enough to retire spiritually into the desert. spending his forty days or forty months in stripping off the old world, with its narrow ing, degrading materialism and in resisting the devil of selfishness, who with false promises is trying to induce us to fling ourselves from the temple pinnacle of spirit into the abyss of matter?

Notes from a Prominent Medium.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am importuned so much by letters from all parts, asking my whereabouts and what I am doing, I conclude that I had better answer them through your valuable columns. I am busy, working day and night in the highways and byways, disseminating the grand truths of spiritual light and love to hungry mortals who are seeking communion with the loved ones gone before. I have been working constantly, not only among the rich and educated, but with the humble poor and lowly to whom this glorious spiritual truth seems a never ceasing joy and a blessed benediction; working ever with only the object in view to disperse the dark clouds of ignorance, doubt, super-tition, materialism and infidelity, from the troubled minds of humanity; calling loudly, earnestly and prayerfulir upon the blind world to awaken out of its more than Rip-Van-Winkle sleep, and behold with unprejudiced eyes the rosy dawn of this spiritual light that is touching hill top and valley to the great joy of the thinking masses, and demonstrating beyond all doubt

a future conscious existence where we shall know and love each other. The chasm of death has been kindly bridged by the evangels of truth and love from the soul's great father-land.

In this grand outward and onward march it falls my lot to be a Torch Bearer, that others may see and be guided in the right way, knowing the reward is sure at the end. Oh the speechless joy of my soul that I am thus gifted with these spiritual talents, so that I can help doubting, despairing ones to eatch a glimpse of the white robes worn by visitants from the bright Elysian shere, and hear the divine words from their lips.

Dear readers of the JOURNAL, would that I could lift the veil from your vision (as I fain would do for the whole world), that you may see as I do the loved forms of angel friends bending over you to uplift your spirits, to feed and strengthen your spiritual needs, and make you better, stronger and wiser.

As far as the spirit can fathom we find the divine evangels ministering to our needs, sympathizing and sustaining us even when the world mockingly laughs and cruel sneers at those who dared be what God had made them, upright, brave, honest and true.

Yes, it is the loved ones who have passed to the other side, that come and minister to us removing as far as possible the sorrows and care from our brows, wiping away the tears that dim our eyes and helping us out of the faults and frailities that have damped our ardor and enshrouded our spirits in gloom. It is our own loved ones who are bringing us the "glad tidings of great joy," who are "preparing the way in the spiritual wilderness of unbelief" for the coming of the emancipator, whose power and glory shall fill the whole earth.

Even now I begin to hear those joyous hristmas carols that renew old friendships and form new ties, so I will improve this opportunity to send a glad greeting to you and ours. A thousand thanks for your many kindnesses, and a merry Christmas to all of my many friends everywhere.

Boston, Mass. MACD E. LORD.

Prof. Buchanan and His New Philosophy.

Under the above heading the Boston Transcript of December 6th, has a long communication written by the late Rev. W. P. Strickland. We make the following brief extract therefrom:

"It was more than thirty years ago that I became acquainted with Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, at Cincinnati, O., where at that time he was the zealous and eloquent champion of reform in the medical profession, and actively engaged as dean of the faculty of the Relectic Medical Institute, editor of the Eclectic Medical Journal and Buchanon's Journal of Man.

"No other member of the faculty did so much to extend its reputation, to liberalize its principles, to introduce woman into the medical profession, and to bring medical ethics into closer harmony with the divine principles of the founder of Christianity.

Book of the Dog.

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Voices from the Leople, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

To Col. J. C. B.

BY EMMA TUTTLE,

The first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure forever...... Meanwhile it is singular how long the rotten will hold together provided you do not handle it

My greetings go out to the Colonel who dares To stir rotting things if they need it. It is no use to cry, "Do not raise such a smutch," For still he will work and not heed it.

He does not believe it is always the best To fold up your hands and wait ages For lies to decay in a peaceable way, When stirring them brings their last stages;

One wastes so much time-and this life is so brief-In waiting, and wond'ring, and moping; An ounce of executive action is worth A whole pound of indolent hoping.

While many cry "Peace, let us handle with care, The sweet little lie may recover!" The Colonel will lay out the corpse and at once

Get the hearse—and the funeral's over.

The mourages may weep, and throw charity flowers, Lamenting a lack of protection; However, the Colonel goes stirring about Effecting complete disinfection.

So wise folk, and weak folk, the best we can do Is not to demur if infernal Is just the appropriate term for some things,

But try the plain deal of the Colone!. It is Christmas, and things take a personal turn O'er much of this mundane dominion, I ve nature to send you my greetings, and gift,

> Which is only a woman's opinion. For the Religio-Philesophical Journal

Fairy-Folk in Literature.

BY FLORENCE M. HOLBROOK.

To us, com no replace possile in this work-a-day world, the delightful and uncanny Elf-folk are but a fancy and have an existence only in the dreamy imagination of the idealistic poet. Yet to our aucestors, and those not so remote, the elves and fairies, the trolls, dwarfs and hobgoblins, were not merely names, but were embodied spirits with local habita-

Starting with the first historic pair in the Garden of Eden, or with the Caucasian race as far back as we can trace it, we discover all along the line of those great ones who make the world's history, legends of the presence, power and popularity of these peculiar people; for they are peculiar and change their characteristics and appearance with the traits their characteristics and appearance with the traits of the tribe and locality they frequent.

In the Talmud we have a description of the Mazikeen, by whose aid all enchantment is accomplished. They are like angels in their power to see and not be seen—in their power to fly and to know the future:—like mortals in that they eat and drink, marry and are subject to death. They also can assume any form they please. In all these respects they are very like the Jinu of the Arabs. In Africa the Yumboes are white—as everything supernatural is in that country. These creatures attach themselves to fami-lies and, like the Banshee of Ireland, lament the loss of a friend, but dance on his grave. Unlike the white people generally, however, these Yumboes have a strong peculative tendency and desire to convert to their own use whatever property of another they may bappen to fancy.

A very curious superstition prevails among the Slavonians, of a demon in the guise of a widow in mourning, who inflicts terrible punishment on those who do not kneel and do her reverence. It makes us think of the immortal Weller and his "Bevare of the

widows; that is by contradicting everything they say and not allowing them to have the last word.

All the peoples of Europe, Celts, Teutons and the Graeco-Latins, from earliest times, have believed in Elves or Fairles; and so also have the nations of Western Asia and Northern Africa. The Brownies of Scotland, the Kobolds of Germany,

the Nisses of Scandinavia, the Fates of the Latins and the Furies of the Greeks, all have common characteristics. It is interesting to notice that as the Greeks call their Furies Eumenides, so the Fairles of Scotland and Ireland and even of Africa are also called "Good People."

All this care and worship of the Fairy Folk is evidently the simple and child-like awe of phenomena of nature not understood, and a relic of former relig-

The Nymphs of Greece and Rome find graceful images of themselves in the Lorelei of the Rhine and the Peri of Persia. The white elves or fairies repre-sent all that is bright and beneficent in nature, while all that is unpleasant is embodied in the dark

In level England the fairy superstition is simple and connected with the details of ordinary home life. The Brownies are very convenient features of domestic economy and would be highly prized in these days of lady-help, as they had the delightful habit of performing household tasks of various kinds when ordinary mortals were asleep. Alas! that they are so rare! Like the Brownie is Robin Goodfellow of England and the Kobold of Germany, showing a common origin of the various legends

In Scandinavia and the Highlands of Scotland, the fairy people are connected with storms and convulsions and betray people to death or fly away with them into cloudland. Fairies among the Germans are harsh, fierce and deformed; but among the Celts are graceful and comely. Mr. Crocker says: "The Irish Elves are a few inches high, airy and almost transparent in body, so delicate in their form that a dew-drop, when they chance to dance on it, trembles, indeed, but never breaks. Both sexes are of extraorbeauty and mortal beings cannot be compared with them?

The dark Elves dwell in caverns or under hills where they pile up the gold of which they are all so fond. They indulge in child-stealing or they exchange their own offspring for mortal children and the only redress a mother has is to cause the changeling to cry with pain, when the Elves appear and restore the stolen child. The Elf-arrows, which we know belonged to the ancient race conquered by the Celts, were believed to be the weapons with which these malicious Elves destroyed cattle. As in Greece the Pelasgicremains were referred to a giant Cyclope so the Scottish hillocks and vestiges of ploughshares on hill tops were thought to have been made by lives. Various are the theories concerning these strange creatures: that they are condemned spirits excluded from the abodes of the righteous; a remnant of the fallen angels, or, that they are human beings meta-morphosed, making fairy-land a place of purgation, and that the living have power to extricate these souls. To persons endowed with such powers due deference was paid. All possible care was taken not to offend them and everything known to please them was gladly performed by the peasantry.

In France, at the present day, in Provence, the be-lief is prevalent that on the night of the 31st of December, Fairies enter the dwellings of their worship-ers. They hear good luck in their right, ill luck in their left hand. The doors and windows are left open. In a retired room a white cloth is laid on a table with a loaf, a knife, a vessel full of water and wine and a cup, and a wax taper is set in the center of the table. It is the general belief that those who treat them generously may expect all kinds of prosperity, while those who acquit themselves grudgingly may look for the greatest misfortune. Wonderful stories are told of the beauty and wealth of their cayernous homes and of the merry dance. Mortals who have joined it for what seemed a single night, have found on the next morning that a hundred years

have passed away. The Nymphs of Greece were more beautiful than the Elf-folk of other nations, and we are all familiar with the various classes found in the Odyssey. They are the attendants of Calypso and Circe; are of divine origin, and "They spring from fountain and from secred groves, and holy streams that flow into the sea."

The second se

The Odyssey is a grand fairy-story and has furnished themes to thousands of poets. The Greek tragedists also deal not only in the solemn, terrific gods, but also bring in more homely and complai-sant deities. No literature with a touch of poetic feeling can be free from the charming influence of

The Romans borrowed all the folk-lore of the freeks and made additions of their own. The Persians, Jews and Egyptians had reveled in the beauty of Fairy-land. The "Arabian Nighta" is one long dream of the mysterious influences believed by simplicity to surround us all. The mimic singers, Trouveres, the troubadours of all nations sang of fairy entertaints for the street less than the sangers. chantment, love and elfin power. The north countries abound with lore of Dwarfs, Brownies, Kobolds, of powers malignant, helpful and mysterious that are to be feared, defined or propitiated.

In Spenser's "Fairie Queene" the most complete mythology in poetry of Anglo-Saxon England is given us, and we find Una and the Red Cross Knight,

the Magician and Belphebe are surrounded by wood nymphs and guided by angels or moving nature to do their bidding.

"Heaven lies about us in our inf mey," the poet says, and in the infancy of the human race together with many ignorant supersitions, there were more beautisticated. tiful visions of animated nature, not gross, not untrue, which should be perpetuated by our poets, our story tellers and by all of us. And we have a fairy literature! The library of children is filled with tales of blessed Haus Anderson, the brothers Grimm, and many other child-loving hearts. For children of a larger growth the poets are the fairy story tellers. What fairy-lore we have in Longfellow, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Mrs. Browning, in the Culprit Fay, Stella's Slippers, and in many isolated poems. What a trio are "Puck," "Oberon" and "Ariel!" The Master-Poet shows his power in forming his

fairies as perfectly as he does his heroes, kings and maidens. And Shelly says of our fairy-elf: "On a poet's lips I slept,

Dreaming like a love adept In the sound his breathing kept; Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses, But feeds on the cerial kisses Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses. He will watch from dawn to gloom The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be; But from these create he can, Forms more real than living man, Nurslings of immortality!" Chicago, Illinois.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. A Problem for the Philosophers.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

When the much needed "Society for Psychical Research" shall have commenced its labors, there will be a multitude of questions to solve and of trange incidents to account for in the realm of psychical phenomena, such as have ever been serious puzzles to philocophers and thinkers of every class. Modern revelations throw a vast amount of light upon some of these, and it is no longer a question of doubt with a large class, whence and what much of the strange and weird phenomena of this class, which in this age of scientific inquiry are calling so persistently for thorough investigation. The follow-ing rare incident occurred in the circle of my most intimate acquaintances. Some years ago two sisters were living as neighbors in California. One was being developed as a subject for spirit control, and at the time was exercising her powers as a healer. The other became seriously ill, and was operated upon for some weeks by her sister under spirit con-trol, under which treatment she entirely recovered. In few months after, the sisters separated, the one who had been ill remaining in California, the other removing to an Eastern State. After this—perhaps ten years or more—the sister in California became again, and for some years was an invalid. She suffered so much and became so reduced in strength, that she believed she could not recover, and had come to the point that she rather wished to die and be at rest. When in this condition of body and mind, after having exhausted every means within her reach for the restoration of her health, but without avail, she one night had a strange dream or vision, which, in some way, changed the current of affairs. It was like a vision and yet like a dream. She saw her sister, the medium, enter her room, looking as natural as life, saw her approach her bed and felt her lay her hands upon her and rub her over her whole body, which she felt infused new strength and vitality into her exhausted system. At the same time the most intense sensations stirred her soul. Her heart overflowed with the tenderest sisterly love and she felt such joy-such a genuine spiritual uplifting, as she had rarely if ever felt before. awoke and repeated the dream to her husband, then slept again, when the same thing was repeated. The strangest part of this true story is, that from that time commenced her recovery. She wrote the par-

ticulars of this strange experience to her sister, ask-ing for an explanation. She was not a Spiritualist. How will the wiseacres explain it, who deny spirit interference in the affairs of men? To me, there is but one explanation. Spirit friends made a special effort on that occasion, in behalf of the invalid. For some cause, conditions were specially favorable on this night. Probably she had become so reduced physically that she was more than usually susceptible to spirit forces. As her spirit helpers had formerly used her sister's magnetic forces as their medium for healing her, so now they did, though without the bodily presence of the healer. It was after the manner that other healers sometimes exert their healing powers at a distance, by spirit aid. Psychological power of a spirit caused her to recognize her sister in her vision as her helper. Her whole being -her physical and spiritual simultaneously-were aroused to unwonted susceptibility to spirit forces, as witness the deep emotions which actuated her spirit at the same time that she felt the healing palm infused into her weak body. In fact, it was real spiritual baptism, shown to be such by its hap-

ny results. Such incidents, in the light of our faith, show neaven and earth linked by the bands of love, which death does not sever, but which draw spirit helpers to every suffering mortal, who administer help, give hope and comfort, to the extent that the spiritual susceptibilities can be aroused to appreciate them.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Importance of Overcoming Evil on Earth.

BY IMOGENE C. FALES.

When we confront and conquer evil upon the earth, we do not merely overcome it in the individual, but through the individual we antagonize and

repel the forces of hell.

There is a spiritual relation, just as there is a material one. On the earthly side we stand connected by long lines of descent with all our predecessors. Ancestral and the ctrails of long-gone years reapbear in modified form in those of to-day. We stand connected with the past, individually and socially, by an unbroken line of descent. The same law of relation holds in the Spirit-world with greater force and potency. It, on the one side, we are in a measure constrained by the power of inherited tendencies t certain courses of action (and that we are, there is no manner of doubt), on the other, those tendencies, whether good or evil, bring us into rapport and close affiliation with spiritual beings in whom tendencies and thoughts have crystallized into character

and form. Every evil thought impinges upon and communicates with the thought of an evil spirit. And no evil spirit stands alone,—he is bound by irresistible law with every other evil influence. The chain there, as here and as in the angelic world, is unbroken. The hell of wickedness in a human being on this earth is in direct relation to, and communication with, the nethermost hell in the world of spirits. When a spirit delighting in evil impulses, leaves the body, it gravitates unerringly to those with whom it is in correspondence. It is dead in trespasses and

The laws operating on the lower plane of life, whereby like seeks like, and the human becomes the vehicle for the transmission of devilleh impulses to the utter ruin and loss of the soul, exert their force for benign purposes in higher states of existence where goodness reigns supreme in the soul. Every endency and action of the mind vibrate with unerring power on the minds of spiritual intelligences Thought echoes thought; and through action and interaction of the spiritual with the material, humanity, as it becomes spiritualized, becomes the medium for the perfect expression of angelic beings, and the transformation and redemption of the world; for, as the souls of the wicked converge toward the

nethermost depths of despair and death until there is nothing beyond—but God's saving grace—so the souls of the pure converge through all grades of being until they become a similitude of nature,—one with their source and life. The law of relations works on the one side toward utter ruin and bound-less suffering,—and on the other toward salvation

and happiness.
52 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal A Christmas Dream.

BY C. FANNIE ALLYN.

(Impromptu for the occasion.) I ate a hearty dinner upon a Christmas day, Then, feeling like a sinner I laid myself away, And dreamed I'd left the body to moulder into clay.

I wandered up a mountain, and found some children fair,

And said, "Can you inform me the way to heaven's air? I've left without a Bible, map, creed, or book of

prayer," They smiled as if in wonder, but pleasantly replied, 'Keep on this path of beauty and wander not aside; Let nothing outward tempt you, in fun, or wrath, or

pride." I thanked them, and kept onward, and found that

many more Like me, were struggling upward, some weary, faint and core.

And some with smiling faces; some, heavy burdens bore.

But as the air grew lighter, each one seemed brighter far, As if some beacon guided like gleaming northern

To where (we hoped and trusted) the Gates would be ajar.

But sometimes when we faltered, or stumbled, or would fall, Some unseen hand would help us, some sweeter

voice would call, Till each would help the other, which brought a help to all.

And sometimes loving faces would gleam before our sight, While we would feel in spirit, The Diamond Rule, "Do Right."

All seemed to be the nobler, for climbing up the height. I joined a group, and listened to music in a bower;

Then heard a splendid essay on evolution's power: Then 'mid a band of learners, took lessons for an hour. I found again the faces I loved in earthly land,

I met with many others who clasped me by the hand; I listened, thought, and studied life's laws to under-

Again, I met the darlings, first seen upon the hill, And said to them, "No longer I strive to have my will.

Or long to find a heaven where all the cares are still." The child with rare sweet laughter, looked upward in my face,

Then said, "You've found the gateway, by growing to its place, For heaven is but justice, true duty, love, and grace?

There is no special gateway as ancient churchmen

Since Kneeland, Paine and Murray put out the fires of hell: True womanhood and manhood all low conditions

Rejoiced, I then heard voices of richer power and might,

And knew by intuition as well as spirit sight. That loving hosts were working for Wisdom, Truth and Right.

I saw the old-time martyrs were living, grand and etrong, That still their worth and knowledge went forth resisting Wrong,

And every aspiration helped other souls along. In grand unceasing progress, I worked for others gain,

I felt electric flashes that melted earthly pain, Heard messages go thrilling through table, pen and brain;

And then—a door came open—I woke—to feel and know. I'd dreamed—and so did Joseph two thousand years

ago, And dreams are quite uncertain on Christmas days below.

I trust this coming Christmas to dream with stomach clear. Success shall bless the Jouanal, its staff and readers

dear, With many a Merry Christmas and Happy bright New Year.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. Salutation from Florida.

BY S. BIGELOW.

Among the pines this fine sunny day, with an atmosphere that would do credit to the Summer-land to which we all hope to attain in due time, I would (in spirit at least) say: All hall! and a happy greeting to my fellow readers of the good, brave, old RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. But what can one say and how say it, who has for two months een so completely absorbed in, and borne down by, the material," as hardly to realize that there is any other life than wearisome work-a-day battle for subsistence, or struggle for an existence that we call

But I wish I could send to you with my fraternal greeting a realizing sense of this delightful climate; its balmy, balsamic air; the gentle "soughing of the pines;" the beauty and rare and delicate aroma of the flowers blooming perpetually; its lovely moon the flowers blooming perpetually; its lovely moon-light nights and charming sources without a breath of air to stir the most delicate foliage; its many beautiful lakes and ponds with water as pure and clear as crystal and abounding in fish; its fresh fruits and vegetables at all seasons (with suitable effort), and last but not least, the golden luscious orange all about in tempting profusion, but all in vain is my feeble effort. Nothing short of actual participation in this rich repast of nature can enable any one to fully realize the loveliness and beauty of my one to fully realize the loveliness and beauty of the climate of Florida; and when I have exhausted my poor vocabulary in its praise, I can only say: "The half has not been told."

But says some suspicious one, some chronic fault finder: "How about the bugs, files, ants, alligators, red bugs, woodticks, snakes, mosquitoes, maiaria, sand hills, salamanders, orange dogs, wind storms and drouths?" Well—yes—I suppose they are all here somewhere and sometime for those who must first find out all about the so-called bad things and implement features of a country before entering unpleasant features of a country before entering into and enjoying the good things which lie in profusion all about them. But my nature inclines me to "seek first the kingdom of heaven," and take the chances of having all these other things added in due time; hence while I do not shut my eyes to the natural and inevitable disadvantages attending life in a new country, or to the special objections that may be urged against Florida by any disappointed fortune-hunter or sore-head adventurer, I have studi-

ed carefully the advantages, the specialties that one seeks in a change of location, and I am prepared from my short acquaintance, to speak well of Florida, the "Land of Flowers," where Ponce DeLeon sought the fountain of perpetual youth.

sought the fountain of perpetual youth.

And this may be my greeting to my friends and old associates who still linger in, and enjoy the many blessings of, the much-blessed land of the apple and ice, the peach and the base-burner, luxuriant meadows and merry sleigh bells, magnificent lakes and rivers and stately forests; and last but not least, the birth place and nursery of many of earth's grandest characters, heroes, poets, artists, philanthropists, philosophers and scientists; yes, in short, of very many of poor humanity's proudest boast, true men and women! and women!

I have no word of censure for those who remain and no unfavorable comparisons to draw between the North and South, but class them both as parts of "God's country" (though He would seem to have badly neglected or overlooked some parts), in which blessing are equitably distributed, and good things enough for all who seek after them and live worth; of them.
At some future time I may try to give some more

definite hints and information about Florida, to the readers of our much prized weekly visitor and reminder of old associations and present duties, relations and obligations, the ever-welcome Journal; and this just brings me to where I would like to say a few words of commendation for the noble work that you, Bro. Bundy, and others, are doing for the cause of real Spiritualism, that which, alone, is worthy the name, or of the attention of intelligent and pure minded men and women; that which seeks the light, and a solid foundation of undisputed and undisputable facts, a scientific basis, and which sees the paramount necessity of a common sense, busi-ness like organization as a prime factor in giving character and efficiency to our heterogeneous efforts at growth and honorable recognition by the intel-ligence and virtue of the age. I would like to refer to some of the noble sentiments of correspondents of the JOURNAL, and to assure them of my interest in the efforts looking towards association and co-operation for the study and better understanding of the phenomena, and to the development of a truer and higher science of mind and natural (though un-seen and hidden) forces than we have yet attained to. Especially would I like to call attention to some timely words of the worthy President of the A. S. A., good brother J. G. Jackson, whose carefully chosen words are truly "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," but I must close for the present this hasty fraternal greeting with a Merry Christmas to all and a wish that good spirit friends may ever cheer, bless and impress you to good work. Near Sauford, Florida.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. The Resurrection and the Life.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

Twenty-five years ago, or more, I went to Buffalo from my home in Rochester, New York, and saw George Redman, a medium, whose life on earth is ended. He was a total stranger. I found him in a large and plainly furnished room on the third floor of a block on Main Street, seated by a plain table in the middle of the room. I did not give my name or residence, but simply said I would do so at the close of our sittings, to which he assented with the quiet courtesy which marked his whole deportment.

As I sat down opposite him he said: "I saw a spirit come into the room with you," and then described my mother as perfectly as I could have done myself. I only replied that I recognized the description, but gave no names or places. Holding up a newspaper to shield my hand from his sight, I wrote on slips of paper the names of my father and mother and sister, rolled them up and mixed them with like black slips of my own, so that I could not tell one blank slips of my own, so that I could not tell one from the other, and pushed them all out on the cen-ter of the uncovered table. He touched them with his long pencil and soon pushed one out to me, and rapidly wrote my father's name on a sheet of paper and gave it to me before I had opened the slip just handed me. Opening that slip I found the corresponding name, and the names of my mother and sister were given in like manner. Here was recognition of the names before I knew them. He then wrote messages from my father and mother, covering sheets of paper rapidly, and sometimes writing backward from right to left, but from the top of the page down, each line fitly joined to the next. These messages were characteristic in style, and alluded to family incidents of which he was inversely family incidents of which he was ignorant.

I especially hoped and expected to hear from my beloved and only elster, but no word from her came in the whole morning hour. I gave no intimation as to the correctness of what had come to me, but simply said: "There is another person I greatly wish to hear from," when he replied: "Come in this afternoon at three o'clock."

I went again and was no sconer seated than he began a long message from my sister, full of her ha-bitual scripture quotations from the New Testament, full, too, of sisterly affection and of her familiar language, with allusions to matters known only to ourselves. Very valuable and not to be forgotten were those precious hours. Whether my questions were vocal, written or mental, the responses were equally prompt and clear. I would be half through a written question, and the medium would reach across the table, push my hand aside, and rapidly write the answer backward and bottom upward, in a hold and clear hand which I could read as I sat ona bold and clear hand which I could read as I sat opposite him. My mental questions were answered. in writing or verbally, the instant they took shape in my mind. Friends were there, invisible but real. With an inner sense I felt their real presence as a blessed reality, and my outward senses gave full ex-

perimental confirmation of this feeling. The story of the babe of Bethlehem and of the watching shepherds and wise men of Judea. comes to us through the golden haze of eighteen centuries. its truth mingled, perhaps, with something of myth and miracle. I join in the Christmas feetival, glad

"Christ was born among the lilies," but these blessed memories of my visit to Buffalo are near and real, and natural. They tell of "The resurrection and the life." Such assuring experiences come to many in many lands. Welcome, then, not only to Christmas, but to these present proofs that we may

"Find our common life divine And every land a Palestine," Detroit, Mich., Dec., 1884.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal, Love the Children.

BY W. W. CURRIER.

I sometimes think of all the good deeds performed in this life, that of making the heart of a child glad pays the best. Somehow it seems to come right home to one's self, as well as to the better nature of the child, and it not only makes both the doer and the receiver happy for the present moment, but it almost invariably opens the door to the halls of memory while recollection points to a like circumstance in our own childhood days, and we really feel young-er while we go back to the scenes of our childhood and live over again some school-day sports.

In my own case and in our quiet cottage home on the banks of the Merrimac River that wends its way to the ocean along the southern line of this city, very many of the pleasantest hours of our life are spent with the school children who come to our home to spend an hour or two in the evening with We are pleased to say that a large proportion of our social acquaintances are among the school children, and when they are with us, Mrs. C. takes the responsibility upon herself to see that all have their full share of the good time, and we as far as possible try to forget that we are on the so-called shady side of life, and for the hour we come down to the scenes of and in childhood, and to the best of our ability enter the sports of the hour, whatever their nature. with a will. This may seem a little childish, and I really hope

t does for this one reason: I believe, if we would do the rising generation a lasting good, and prepare their minds and bodies for a higher stand-point of usefulness as men and women who are to take the places soon to be vacated by us, we can do no better service than to keep their plastic minds interested in all good things, and carry them forward to their maturity with healthy bodies and minds, always showing them the beautiful side of life and its realities, that they may grow natural in all their make-up I have more hope of bettering the real life of humanity by causing it to develop naturally into true nobleness, than I have in any of the torpedo evangelization schemes extant.

I would say to every reader of the JOURNAL, and all their friends that believe in shaping the trend of the rising generation toward a higher and better

state of civilization, that they may be prepared to do better than we have done or can do, when they shall take our places, do not wait for a Christmas day, a Thankagiving day, a Fast day, a Washington birth-day, or any of the holidays, but begin at once and let the work by for the remainder of your present exthe work be for the remainder of your present existence, and for the good of all.

Haverhill, Mass.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. Tests of Spirit Power Thirty Years Ago.

BY J. SIMMONS.

If evidence were needed to establish the fact that the philosophy of Spiritualism is attracting the attention of thinking minds in all classes of society, the responses to your suggestions favoring methodical investigation of its varied phenomena by unprejudiced representative men of scientific attainments, furnish all the proof necessary to settle the question without looking further. In contrasting the present opportunities and facilities for investigating with those existing in the early days of the movement, only those who were so fortunate as to discover the light in its early dawn, observing its gradual growth and development from that time on up to the present, can form anything like a rational conception of the advancement made during the years that have intervened. In the early days of modern Spiritualism, investigators were affoat upon a strange and mysterious sea of phenomena, drift-ing cautiously amid fascinating experiences without hart or compass, and lured on by increasing evidence of the presence of unseen powers, possessing intelligence which when appealed to did much toward shaping the course that led directly to the haven of

truth.

Being a ploneer investigator, it may not be out of place for me to narrate an experience occurring at a place for me to narrate aver thirty years ago. Some place for me to narrate an experience occurring at a circle held at my house over thirty years ago. Some months previous, a circle was formed, consisting of a Mr. R., my brother, myself, and our wives, with the view of ascertaining whether any manifestations could be obtained. The result was that, after a long time of patient waiting, during which we had two sittings a week, we were rewarded with table tipping, by which intelligent answers to questions were obtained, also communications by calling the alphabet. It soon became noised about that strange things were occurring at these meetings, to which things were occurring at these meetings, to which all were welcome who chose to come. The consequence was that standing room was often at a pre-

At that time I was living on a farm near the city of Ypsilanti. Being in the city I was accosted by a gentleman who introduced himself, and then went on to say he lived a few miles away, and had heard it reported that we were having spiritual cir-cles at which strange things were occurring, adding that he was very anxious to witness them. Before we separated it was arranged that he should come and bring some of his neighbors. A few evenings later a farm wagon, loaded with

men and women, balted at our place, its occupants climbed down and were soon in the house where my new acquaintance introduced his neighbors. My new acquaintance introduced his neighbors. My brother and his wife were asked to come in, when as many as could comfortably be seated at an ordinary sized breakfast table, drew their chairs up to it, placing the hands upon its upper surface. Soon the table began to tip and move about, when I remarked that questions were in order, which should be asked so as to admit of the answer being yes or no. It so happened that my brother and I sat at one side, or against the leaf of the table, so when it tipped in response to questions, some of which were asked in response to questions, some of which were asked mentally and correct answers obtained, suspicion on the part of some that my brother and I were tipping the table, was too strong to be concealed. To me the situation was very uncomfortable to say the least. Turning partly around in my chair I placed my right hand on a work-stand and requestable to the same with his left hand. ed my brother to do the same with his left hand, when I mentally asked the spirits if they would communicate with Mr and Mrs. G., if they would sit down to the stand. The answer was yee. I informed our visitors that I was aware of their suspicions, told them what I had asked, and proposed that Mr and Mrs. G. sit down to the condensations. that Mr. and Mrs G. sit down to the stand by themselves. The table was abandoned and the stand set in its place. Mr. G. seated himself by it, but Mrs. G. had to be urged before consenting to sit in the chair that had been placed opposite her husband. Finally she sat down and placed her hads on the stand with his, when it moved, tipping back and forth in a lively manner. Both were very positive in declaring that it moved without any aid from them. Suspicions rapidly gave way, for in a short time questions were being asked and satisfactory answers obtained. The sitting was continued for over two hours, during which, in several instances, strong evidence of iden-tity was obtained from the intelligence communicating. These manifestations being obtained through the mediumship of two of their own party, carried conviction to all, and they bade us good night with far different feelings from those manifested in the early part of the evening. I hope this narrative will admonish investigators to patiently persevere in their search for this divine truth during the coming year, trusting that ere it closes they will find themselves abundantly rewarded for their trouble and patience. Ypellanti, Mich., Dec., 1884.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Leaf from Lite.

BY JULIA E. BURNS.

Of all the beautiful lessons and comforts I have received through spirit intercourse, there is one above all others that I feel like telling. It may be that some heart-broken and sorrowing mother will find some consolation in it also. Two years ago, on the 8th of the present month—oh! the fatal 8th—my dear little son Kersey passed to spirit life. He was the light and life of my poor home, and I was well nigh heart-broken over his loss, and gave myself up to tears and almost to despair. I frequently visited his grave—that dear little grave so lonely then; there is another beelde it now, and again my arms are empty. I made a practice of going to his grave from three to four times a week, and spending hours in tears and invocation for him to appear to me. About three months after his demise, coming in the possession of some means, my first thought was that I could not make him happy with any of it. Then I remem-bered how very fond he was of flowers, especially of roses. It was the 8th of the month, and I determined to go and cover his grave with roses, the flowers of his choice. I produced a carriage and drove to all the florists and obtained a perfect load of beautiful roses, Marechai Niel roses, his favorite color. On arriving at Crown Hill, that beautiful abode of the remains of mortals, I directed the driver to leave me mains or morais, I unreced the direct was alone at the little ellent mound. Weeping, I set about wreathing that little snow-covered hillock with fragrant bloom, and while busy with my task I suddenly heard my name called, and on looking up, I saw my dear spirit brother standing before menot in ghostly array nor with pallid face, but natural and life-like, with a frown of displeasure upon his countenance. "Get up," he said, clearly but sternly, you will make yourself ill kneeling in the snow. Kersey is not here, never was here; he does not even know that his body lies here. He does not know that he has passed through the change called death. We do not teach infants that in spirit-life, but you will make him understand it if you continue in this manner. These flowers will wither and die and he will be none the wiser of your loving intention. When you want him to see and know that you love him and that you have him in memory, let your de-monstrations be in your own home. He will come monstrations be in your own home. He will come there, but a graveyard is not the home of the spirit."

I arose rebuked, but educated and strengthened. When at home on that same evening, while sitting and musing alone, my baby came to me and in his own sweet lisping voice said: "Mamma, don't fret; me's all yight." I fell on my knees thanking God for the knowledge and belief of Spiritualism, and for my fled-given gift my mediumphic. for my God-given gift, my mediumship. 132 De Kalb St., Chicago.

Imagine yourself standing on one of those shining hores on the margin of the Summer-Land. Looking toward the Earth, and Sun, and Mercury, and Venus what would you see? If you were not a far-seeing clairvoyant, but was contemplating with the first carrogant, but was contemplating with the first opening of your spiritual eyes, you would see an illimitable ocean of twinkling stars overhead and zones of golden suns shining, and you would realize a holy celestial atmosphere, bounding your existence on all sides, and from your feet the departure of an ocean without shore or island, without form, and void of all relations.—Andrew Jackson Davis.

Chinese telegraphic messages are sent in figures, each word being represented by a certain number, and the receiving operator translates the figures into

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. I'll Hang the Baby's Stocking.

BY HATTIE J. RAY.

To-night's the eve of Christmas, It is the time, I know, To hang up all the stockings, For mamma told me so.

I'll hang up one of baby's Here, close beside my own, For this is her first Christmas-Last year mine hung alone.

I know that Santa'll wonder It is so very small, That such a little baby Should hang up one at all.

But then she knows about it. I told her all, you know-Told all about her coming To us a year ago.

Her tiny stocking, mamma, I'm sure is very small; I fear it isn't large enough For anything at all.

What shall I do about it? Perhaps I'd best take two, For one I'm sure won't hold much. Think you that two would do?

Well. I have now decided I'll nin one little shoe Fast to the tiny stocking. For both I think will do.

I know she'll waken early To see the charming sight; I told her to remember This was the very night.

I know she understood me, She looked so wise and good. Yes, mamma, I am very sure That baby understood.

I've hung mine close beside it, For Santa'll come I know. He'll never disappoint us, He does not mind the enow.

And early in the morning You'll surely hear my call; I'll say, "Good morning, mamma, A merry Christmas all."

Fond du Lac, Wis.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. Starting Anew.

BY THOS. HARDING.

Forgiveness! There is music in the sound. Pec-ple love to converse on the subject, and the word is repeated over and over as though it possessed a talismanic power. Like the favorite note of the musician, it calls up long buried memories and sweet reminiscences of bygone days. Can God forgive? He can, because I can. Will God save us? Certain-

le can, because I can. Will God save us? Certainly, because we save one another. A single drop reveals the quality of the ocean. The little "carte" depicts the features of the original, and through their pictures we contemplate those we love.

In some countries and states there exists a bankropt law, by which unsuccessful business men can throw off a load of delt, too ponderous for them to carry, and then with light hearts and clear heads they can giart anew on the road to properly—a they can start anew on the road to prosperity—a truly wise and merciful measure!

The much canvassed Roman Catholic Confessional lifts a load of woe from many a poor, repentant, wrong-deer, and sends him back to duty with gratitude in his heart—a soul filled with love to God and man, and a determination to forgive as he has been forgiven. He who possesses not the sentiment of gratitude is lower in the scale of excellence than many a dumb brute.

Before the Throne of Law all are equal; then, like the angels, let us exercise the attribute of com-passion, and labor to restore peace to the sufferer or the trespasser, and thus (appealing to his higher and nobler qualities) build him up in true manhood, and not pull him down by condemnation and contempt. "Honor where honor is due!" and honor contempt. "Honor where honor is due!" and honor to the old Catholic Church which requires that the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious, the high and the low, shall all worship on one common level; in view of this fact no one need inquire why that old Church holds its own, while younger ones are losing their grip on

the public sympathies.

What a vast treasure house of love and good will is thrown open on each of our acknowledged holi-days (Christmas, New Years and Thanksgiving); on other days we may require an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but when they occur a beaming smile illuminates every face, and many a heavy heart is made glad; then we forget our resentments and experience the heppiness of forgiving. Lo! a subseam penetrates through our clouds of worldliness and gives a foretaste of our future. Why not keep it up all the year round, that earth-life may become one long and happy holiday? Let us start anew.

Ye married folks, was not your courtship a happy time? Why is not your whole wedded life a courtship? It might be just as well as not. Why are friends estranged and lovers parted? Ah! self, self, thou art much to blame! Come, now let us start anew, forgiving and being forgiven, bearing and forbearing that, when holiday times have long pass-ed, our hearts may be just as warm and our hands

as open as they are to-day.

The true philosophy is to enjoy the passing hour, to bear no malice, to not worry or grieve about the past nor tremble in anticipation of the future; but like the mariners at sea, spread our sails to catch every favoring breeze.

We sail to the land of the unfading sunlight, Where there's no sable night-cloud to darken our

Where the highways are paved with the gems of the morning
And light of eternity brightens the day;

Where language, mistaken or misunderstood, Never wipes out the smile from the face of a friend; Where a grasp of the hand is a token fraternal, And none to the depths of hypocrisy bend.

High! high on the mountain top, Truth, ever glori-

Sings sweetly of joys yet unknown to the soul; Harmonious, our atmosphere takes up the chorus, And wafts us along to humanity's goal.

Saving the Lawyers.

"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."
This is rather a blood-thirsty proposition, which we modify by offering to cure this worthy class of people. Most of them suffer (in common with nearly all others of sedentary habits), from the injurious effects of dyspepsia, indigestion, piles. loss of appetite and other ailments caused by a constipated habit of the body. Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" eradicate all these disorders in promptly removing the cause thereof, and induce a rare degree of ing the cause thereof, and induce a rare degree of comfort and health.

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Consumption, the greatest curse of the age, the Consumption, the greatest curse of the age, the destroyer of thousands of our brightest and best, is conquered. It is no longer incurable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain remedy for this terrible disease if taken in time. All scrotulous diseases—consumption is a scrotulous affection of the lungs—can be cured by it. Its effects in diseases of the throat and lungs are little less than miraculous. All druggists have it.

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Mr. William M. Singerly, who has experimented for the last four years on his farm at Gwynedd, Pa., in preserving green fodder in silos, has a silo capacity of 1,200 tons. He says that by the operation of this method he is enabled to easily keep one cow on the produce of one acre of ground. He fills his silos mainly with cornstalks cut in 3/4-inch lengths. A ten-horse power engine will cut one hundred tons a day

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P. T. Baruum says that the receipts of his show for the season of 1885 were \$1,400,000.

Dr. S. B. Brittau says: "As a rule physicians do not by their professional methods build up the female constitution, and they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and to strengthen the enteebled powers of womanhood, and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The new aqueduct for the extension of the New York water works will cost \$2,500,000.

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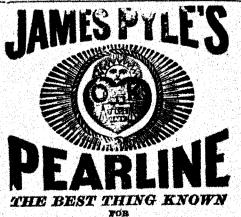
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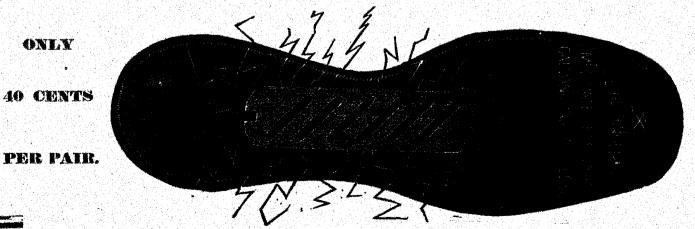
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A Woman's Word for Unitarianism.

A Talented Chicago Correspondent of Liberal papers and a Zealous Unitarian Worker Enters the Listern Defense of Mr. Blake and the Unitarian Faith.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am indebted to your courtesy for sending me copies of your paper containing the dis-cussion on the formation of a society of Psychical Research, an important subject in which I am much interested, though it is not to intrude myself into this discussion that I now address you.

I have just read Mr. Blake's letter upon this

subject and your editorial reply to the same, published in the JOURNAL of Dec. 13th. This reply which takes the form of a general arraignment of Unitarianism, while it manifests a good spirit, reveals much misapprehension, it seems to me, of the present Uni-

tarian position and outlook. tarian position and outlook.

The general charge brought against Unitarianism is the old one, which alleges a preponderance of mere intellectualism over spiritual warmth and vitality, and a positive lack of moral force and inspiration. The charge is very boldly and clearly presented, and will doubtless carry conviction to the majority of your readers, as well as compel many Unitarial your readers, as well as compel many Unitarians to serious reflection upon their position; but you will pardon my frankness when tion; but you will pardon my frankness when I say that, admitting a certain degree of force to your reasoning, it does not reveal that close and discriminating knowledge of the subject in hand, which should supply the basis of true criticism. Brought up amid the surroundings of modern Spiritualism, and making voluntary choice later in life of the Unitarian fellowship, I trust to be able to greek with equal fairness and consideration speak with equal fairness and consideration to both sides, when I say that it has not been my experience to find any greater disposition to charity and mental forbearance among Spiritualists than among Unitarians. If the latter often betray a willful and shallow misconception of the true object of Spiritualism, the average Spiritualist as often reveals an equal degree of pretension, wisdom and intolerance in his judgment upon the teachings of Unitarianism. It is because the Jour-NAL represents a spirit and method quite above the average, that it has come to com-

mand the respect of all thoughtful people.

In selecting a particular sentence of Mr.
Blake's, where he says: "I am not interested
to maintain that anything is truth, but am happy and satisfied when the truth, whatever it may be, is discovered," and making it the basis of a sweeping charge of religious indifference and inefficiency on the part of Unitarians, I cannot but think you do great violence to the true spirit and intent of his letter, which appeared to me exceedingly fair and sympathetic. It is not my intention, however, to enter upon Mr. Blake's defense, who is equal to his own, but only to attempt a brief reply to some of the conclusions drawn by yourself from the above statement, and applied to the Uniterior body at learn,

and applied to the Unitarian body at large. Quoting the words, "I am not interested to maintain that anything is truth," a sentence which, as I read it, seemed to convey but the plainest and most honorable of meaning, viz., an unalterable opposition to any form of dogmatic belief, you proceed to find therein a declaration of Unitarian principles and methods, which if your interpretation of these words be correct, might well be regarded as the sign of fatal weakness and error. But I cannot but feel that this interpretation is unjustified, either in the general context of Mr. Blake's letter or the admitted facts of

Unitarian history. You compare the Unitarians of to-day with those of Channing's and Parker's time, to the disadvantage of the former, who are lacking, you think, in the latter's power of forceful denial of existing errors and broad affirma-tion of new truths. But it is not the mission of modern Unitarianism to fight over again the battles fought and won a generation ago. This mission, on the contrary, concerns the needs and conditions of its own times, which are much more complex and difficult to deal with than any which troubled the faith of the founders of our religion. It is precisely because of the complexities surrounding the social and intellectual life of the times, that the closest and most impartial vision is required to distinguish the real tendency of events. It is because the best religious work of to-day, that in which Unitarians are bearing full and honorable part, and in many respects taking the lead, is of a quiet and unaggressive order, dealing with broad questions of life and character, and dispensing with all noisy parade of sentiment and special belief, that it appears in its external results inadequate and worthless. Yet there never was a time when Unitarians were doing better, more practical work than now, work purely educational and spiritualizing in its effects. Looked at from a certain stand-point they are repeating the work of the early Unitarians, but with a broader intent towards which I was naturally drawn. But and under the influence of a wider culture. They are laboring, as these did, under less perfect conditions, for the establishment of the principles of reason and righteousness in religion. Many others with yourself, Mr. Editor, will urge that these are no longer "distinctive" principles; but even if that were true they are none the less Unitarian. The term "distinctive" is very misleading. So far as it signifies mere divergence from the accepted beliefs and standards of the times, it possesses but little value, but in so far as it defines an aspiring aspiration towards, and effort to attain something better than present conditions afford, its meaning is very noble. If the principles underlying our rational faith are no longer "distinctive" in the sense of being held by ourselves alone, the cause is to be traced to the subtle penetrating nature of Unitarian principles themselves, everywhere felt, but seldom acknowledged; yet even to day there is no other re ligious sect, unless it be the Spiritualist, that places itself squarely upon the principles of reason and morality, and with the Spiritualist such principles are incidental rather than fundamental, as with him the basic principle takes the form of belief in immortality and spirit communication.

It is true that Unitarianism has often sadly lagged in deed behind the brilliant promise held forth in its beautiful professions; it has shown itself lacking at some critical moments, in moral courage and insight, but as much may be said of any other religious sect or body, and Unitarianism has never claimed to be free, either by nature or act of grace from the common weaknesses of our fallible human nature. Despite its faults and shortcomings though, it has never lost sight of its original purpose, and what is even more to its credit it has made manful retraction of its errors. The success that comes with numbers and popular applause, will never be the Unitarians, but that is not altogether to their discredit. If the means of instruction employed are of a somewhat esoteric order, the disadvantage is only partial and temporary, and does not greatly affect the ultimate re-

which the faith of the Unitarian and modern Spiritualist rests, the one standing for the broad universal ideas of justice, reason and moral enlightenment, the other for the nar-rower though still high thought of personal immortality, I cannot for a moment hesitate in my own choice of the first, as that which is most truly fundamental, both in its nature and operation upon the human mind.

Iligh and inspiring as I deem the efforts of an enlightened Spiritualism to attain a knowledge of man's spiritual nature and the eternal life, this knowledge when attained can in no way supersede in moral force and impulse that derived from a fearless, trusting belief in the existing universe, and the life that now is. CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SPIRITUALISM VS. MATERIALISM.

A Christmas Lesson Based on Facts.

It was nearing Christmas Eve. Oh, what had Materialism made of me, what had it brought me to, when that day, eleven years ago, it whirled me, with its cold reasonings and hopeless conclusions, into destruction

into suicide. Reared in affluence, mentally trained, but physically unable to cope with the every-day vicissitudes of a physician's life, I soon succumbed to surroundings that, from unfortunate complications, became unbearable, and having no moral support, no faith of any kind to calm my heart-ache, I hailed death or utter annihilation as Materialism taught it to be, as my only escape. Educated abroad at German Universities, I was as a matter of course a staunch Materialist; full of pity for "believers," ever ready to pronounce Spiritualism a delusion or fraud. Did not spiritualism a decision of fraud. Did not science prove death the end of all? But, alas! when troubles densely crowded about me, did Materialism argue them away? What hope could so spiritually void a (dis) belief

I will not dwell here; I will not linger on that forsaken hopelessness, that barren belief without a future, incapable of instilling hope or any higher impulse towards one hope or any higher impulse towards one more effort for myself and family. I will but call attention to the fact that Materialism, after robbing me of all higher aims and paralyzing my better self, coldly argued me into suicide, and I, having nothing to cling to for relief, cowardly despairing, took the poison, forgetful of my holy duty to my wife, my babe-child, my God and self.

Want of space forbids my entering on the full description of this wonderful experience.

full description of this wonderful experience, this glorious revelation that, in a few hours, rendered spiritual the most materialistic

Materialist. I was dying. I knew I was, and making a full confession to my wife, asked and was granted her pardon. How angel-like that granted her pardon. How angel-like that forgiving spirit of an injured wife, whose main thought it now became, to render her husband's death as easy as possible. I was pronounced dead by the attending physician. What puzzled me was that I should be able to hear him say so. I carefully studied the changes going on within me, all the time wondering whether I would suddenly cease to think, to exist, or whether, after all, I was but to exchange this for another avistage. but to exchange this for another existence. I knew that my heart was beating that peculiar "death-roll," I had so often noticed on patients when pronouncing them dying. A total indifference possessed me; I did not wish to exist, but felt a glow of grateful satisfaction that I was to escape this hated earth-life; that I was to become destroyed, my atoms soon to join in with the world's ceaseless changes, combining here and there with others wherever wanted, only not (as I sincerely

trusted) in the shape of my former self. But what struck me as remarkable was that I soon found myself outside of my own body, however, with a feeling of utter satisfaction, examining my body and pronouncing it dead. This was beyond my understanding. But no time was left me to think. I found myself floating unwards over the great city (Chicago), clearly discerning its known points, till finally nothing could be seen of earth save a little speck afar off. Then a calming, sweet music broke forth, a Song of Praise, mocking me for having nothing to praise. Yet, how grandly happy I felt, how serenely content. Far off on that planet earth, no more visible. were buried my sorrows, all my troubles, and, though disappointed in a continued existence, I was happy to begin a new existence so full of promise, a life without a cumbersome, sin-

ful body. But on, on, I was carried by an unseen force, as it seemed, to my destiny. Finally I approached a smooth and even pathway lined on both sides with bearing fruit-trees. Soon there came towards me a procession of men, apparently lost in deep thought, and clad, as when about to enter that body of spirits, a loud, warning voice thus earnestly admonish. ed me: "Consider, ere you proceed. If you enter our body here, you can never return to your body below. Look downwards to your duty."

Turning my gaze downwards, I saw my lifeless body on a bed, the attending physician standing hopelessly by. I saw my wife, with the little babe in her arms, kneeling and praying for the spiritual happiness, for the soul of the very one who never believed in a soul, for a husband who had so cowardly deserted her. Oh, had I but had her faith, her belief; had I but listened to that "inner voice" instead of to cold Science, I would have as bravely borne life's burdens, as I now saw my poor wife do under so much worse circumstances.

In utter despair I threw myself on my knees, imploring to be allowed to return to my body on earth, to all my troubles, if but I could work for and support that noble wife who had given me so great an example, who had taught me so needed a lesson under greater adversities than ever threatened me. at once felt that her spirituality versus my materiality, caused this difference.

My wish was granted; I could return. Then came a change, a painful one physically. I felt myself sinking and, as I had felt lighter ascending, I now became heavier and heavier as I descended. The approach to earth seemed to deaden my spirit more and more, and a repugnance seized me at returning into my body. It was overcome only by the thought of my wife, and my intense longing to be with her. My sensation on entering my body was "crowded-like," as if entering a prison, a tomb. Every fibre trembled, warmed, as it were, with a strong galvanic current; every

joint pained me. I then saw the physician rush to me with an expression of surprise, calling my wife. Then came another blank, from which I relisadvantage is only partial and temporary, and does not greatly affect the ultimate relisalit.

Included any side and temporary, and does not greatly affect the ultimate relisalit.

Comparing the essential principles on linear and the same and trusting face that not, of itself, previously convinced me of immortality for there was a something in its linear content.

American Unitarian Association.

THE PARTY OF THE P

expression of faith, that must certainly live forever. Oh, how blinded had I been.
I was convinced. I knew that I had crossed

beyond, far enough to teach me a needed lesson, one that has brightened my existence, making me a wiser and better man, indeed. Life's cross has since been no burden to me. know that suffering here has its reward in

What a grand, glorious Christmas lesson had been mine. And, when that eve the Christmas bells were chiming, when the very air seemed saturated with the happiness and air seemed saturated with the happiness and holy emotions of the many thousand about us, when our own Christmas-tree was all aglow with its many lights, my good wife and I felt that this was to us not only the birth of Christ, but so much more of myself, for was I not miraculously "born again"? How different were my sensations, and how then the more was to the good spirits who thankful were we to the good spirits, who rescued me from the darkness of materialism to place me at the throne of light.

What had Materialism done for me? Let

the above narrative answer. It could give me no hope, no aid in trouble. It naturally drove me to what it leads, to nothing, to an-

What has Spiritualism done for me? Let

what has Spiritualism done for their their my happy home answer.

And as in my case, so with nations, with the world. Materialism is destruction to all loftier, nobler aims, breeding selfishness, destroying love for fellow-man, resulting in an aimless, hopeless, barren condition and stifling progress; while Spiritualism, properly understood and applied, is but synonymous to progress.

Our aim must then be to spiritualize the world, for it has become too materialistic. Let us in some way unite to disseminate the truth. Let us do our duty, recognizing that Spiritualism has not only removed the sting of death, but as well the sting of life. H.

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out of the chaotic muddle into which they have been dumped.

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