

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

LO Draper wash, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XXXVII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

No. 18

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Peace Hand vs. Mind.—On How One Skeptic was Made a Convert. Now is the Accepted Time.
SECOND PAGE.—Not Dead. Knowing from the Essential, Interesting Experiences. "I Remember, Therefore I Am." Early Spiritual Experiences. The Two Angels.
THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Book Reviews. New Books Received. Magazines for December not Before Mentioned. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
FOURTH PAGE.—Special Notices. Mrs. Woolley's Defence of Unitarianism. Spiritualism Still a Pioneer Movement. Unitarian Need of Spiritual Philosophy. To the Clergy. No Difference in Honor or Value. A Young Friend of Ours.
FIFTH PAGE.—General News. Truth Triumphant. The True Theory. Notes from a Prominent Medium. Prof. Buchanan and His New Philosophy. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
SIXTH PAGE.—My Christmas Gift. Fairy Talk in Literature. A Problem for the Philosophers. The Importance of Overcoming Evil on Earth. A Christmas Dream. Salvation from Florida. The Resurrection and the Life. Love the Children. Tests of Spirit Power Thirty Years Ago. A Leaf from Life.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Fill Hang the Baby's Stocking. Starting Anew. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—A Woman's Word for Unitarianism. Spiritualism vs. Materialism.—A Christmas Lesson Based on Facts. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For the Religious-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.
We 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 use.
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 Buddha
With clearer sight discerned;
That nothing can be raised or "quicken'd save it die,
"And in forgoing self the Universe grows I."
Baltimore, Md., Dec., 1884.

For the Religious-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 ought not to be overlooked, and that is that it is nearly, if not quite, impossible 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

upon them as possessing a "weak spot" in their make up. I had never made any personal investigation of the phenomena, and 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 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 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 sitting, to which she assented after assuring 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 several attempts to articulate sentences, which I could not clearly understand and I became at once suspicious that she desired 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 palm of it, with her forefinger, the name "Fannie," which certainly was the name of a formerly warm friend who died in 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 would not accept its identity written in that manner, as I feared some trick in connection with it, therefore I said: "Please repeat," and as she did so she spelled each 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, while still pressing the alleged Fannie as to further proof of her identity, she exclaimed:

"Fred (my given name unknown to medium), 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 unknown 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 subtle 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 faith whatever in the promise of the afternoon, and at the end of thirty minutes, as nothing had transpired, I smiled to myself

at the thought of my own foolish credulity, intending in another instant to abandon any further 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 controlling my hand and arm, or else some other form of nervous muscular action, but as I reached such a conclusion the hand steadied 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 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 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 for such an unusual state of things. I essayed to throw off the impression which had taken possession of me that I ought to arise and take the pencil, by all possible means, but in vain. I tried to ignore it as a delusion 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 exploded, but I quickly changed my determination and concluded that I would heed the impression and get up. I took my pencil and placed its point upon the edge of a magazine leaf, when the hand commenced to move and the word "Dress" appeared. "Dress!" I repeated 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 presence, 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 an will! Do you wish me to do anything 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 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 experiment."
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, because of the overpowering realization that the assertion must be true, that there could be no other possible explanation to account

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 "A B C," 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 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, 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 transpiring miles away and of which 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 urging 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 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 circumstances, 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 tomorrow." It seems that the entire party had changed 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 of 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 to do so.

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 bill, 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 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:

"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 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 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 relative at the door? to announce the existence of a strange relative? All, knowledge that I, personally, was utterly unaware of in the remotest manner. And

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 instances, nay, any one of them, outside that of the hand itself, viz.: spirits of the dead, then I will adopt it willingly, but I caution them now that "nervous action," "unconscious cerebral action," "unconscious muscular action," the "dormant faculty theory" or any similar hypothesis will not be accepted 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 portion of my story for its close. For nearly three months this writing continued as freely as in our worldly conversation; it occurred 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 befitted, 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 place was "soon 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, 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. That word was "courage, courage, courage." 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 there 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 pencil in hand, hoping, as I have thus far proven, against hope, until now it has almost abandoned all hope.

If there are those who assert that I or some subtle power connected with myself, did all the writing unaided, and could be secretly possessed of knowledge that I was wholly unconscious of possessing, and will inform me why it is that under the same circumstances 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 beyond 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 harmonious 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 back-brain, 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. Motives, 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 country."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Not Dead.

BY AMARILIA MARTIN.

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

But where their petals and leaves are laid, In the germ of life that will burst again In the spring's sunshine and refreshing rain.

The violets, opening 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, Cairo, Ills.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Knowing from the Essential.

BY ALEXANDER WILDEE.

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 to 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 Babel; 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 lies.

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 species, but an energy over all, transcending all, and including all. It pertains to the faculty of intelligence, 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 cerebration for its processes, but may employ the corporeal organ for its mirror and medium. As science is concerned with things which are apparent, so intellectual 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 sublimity sphere of the senses; and which, thus remembering, they put aside the aspiration for temporary expedients and advantages, for that which is permanent 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, one 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 these who are constituted 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 noetic selfhood, or of 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 prophets.

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 set sensibly on the emotional nature. It gives the clear-

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 for it. 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 illumined finds it. But let no one exult. It 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-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL from the first number to the present time, and I look back on its course with pleasure. I severely criticized the Woodhull 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 responsibility 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 Bible 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 appointment, but turned the lecture into a temperance 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 discussed 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 endangered 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 appropriate others' labor to yourself and your children. And another law allows you to buy your neighbor's corn and still it into whiskey; but you forget that you are amenable to higher law than that which allows you to apply every gain to your own interest, and in your 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 distillers were indicted for larceny by the grand jury. The case continued in court for three years, and was not further prosecuted on account of a free use of money. There are, perhaps, over one hundred persons yet living who were at that meeting.

Another circumstance occurred a few years ago, more laughable than serious, yet demonstrating 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 \$5.00 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. I 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 springs." He said: "Pshaw! fix up the buggy."

I repaired it at a cost of \$8.00, but still got 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 again." So before the two weeks expired, while his buggy and horse stood before his bank door, a countryman, in backing a wagon heavily loaded with potatoes, could not control his horses, and the wagon literally 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 spiritualistic, 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 recalling 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 environed 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 us as 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 Coleridge in the ode to Mont Blanc: "I 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 simulacrum, 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 future home, that no thought can perish; 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 subserve the great end of our life, which is growth, which, no manner of doubt, will continue to be our being's law the other side of the ocean of life as it is here.

One reason why we dread painful reminiscences 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 deprive 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 machinery of our being—plus the personal identity 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 do.

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 unsuspected 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 consciousness 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 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'être* 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 unsheltered 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

differentiated, in the brain of which will be found registered, at different stages of its embryonic condition, the past degrees of existence of its progenitors. This is most intelligibly registered in the human embryo; examined at different stages of its development, in the female is found no prophesy 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 manifestations.

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 connect 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, with a will, 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, inscriptions 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 external 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 E. 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 fit across the writer's mind a panorama of his experiences in 1849. He was a mere boy then in his teens, yet old enough to comprehend something 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 sewing 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 feeble 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 little. Mrs. Green even spoke of the problematic 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 column, 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 service.

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 name?"

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 pronounced the following sagacious conundrum:

"How much money have I in my pocket?"

That was a Democratic administration, and I 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 feelings 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 instance, 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 a shipboard in the summer of 1851, from 75° to 77° north; next in the south-eastern part of China, at Amoy, the seance being composed of two British officers, three Chinese, 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. I learned at least, that in all latitudes and among all people, these phenomena were the same.

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 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 climbed 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 gifts of that time. Then spoke one, a slender 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 friends 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 voice.

"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 which they 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 their 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 dinner, 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 Camille to relate?"

"Of little importance to the deed of the great lady," replied Camille. "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, draw 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 superna, blend Their strains with all the sweet, uplifting power...

Soul of all life! the heart within me thrills In reverent worship for the love divine With which thou clovest 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 songs of birds.

I thank Thee for the sunshine decking 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 grows old, And for the clouds that flock in pageant by, In grandeur sailing down the radiant western sky.

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 shifting sands Of tortuous years where pause we not or stay, Even when a loved one sinks to his rest, Breathing his life out gently on the earth's broad breast.

Thanks for the benediction of Thy love Celestial, falling with a heavenly grace From out those heights where angels once 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, Where dwell we evermore in light and joy and love!

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 wrinkle 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 he failed 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 husband.

They had suffered much and the causes of sorrow still remained. The children had inherited 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 only bright ray in a clouded existence, since illness had confined Mr. Edson to the house. That morning, noticing that Marion was unusually silent, Mrs. Edson inquired at the cause, why Grandpa looked anxious at the house. The little thoughtful face was upturned to her Grandmother's, as with a happy light in her eyes, Marion burst out with:

"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 husband, 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 reformation. I asked that he might be moved to return to his parents and this dear little girl.

"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 prodigal son, he was ready to return. Then I felt that he registered a vow to begin a new life and to come back to us."

"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 softened 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 earth."

"I don't know, Grandpa. My Mamma looked 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 prophetic—who knows?"

Marion looked from one to another and clasped 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 sought 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."

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL 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 known, and this book is his last, and in some respects his most significant work, inasmuch as it indicates the trend of his thought away from Materialism and in 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 correlation 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, and the production of which all this creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? 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 of the matter, the universe becomes a riddle without a meaning. The more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the performance of the spiritual element in Man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. . . . I believe, therefore, 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 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, not in the workings of God, but in the creation and perfecting of man is the goal toward which Nature's work has all the while been tending."

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—a poor boy of twenty, with small stock of book-lore and little knowledge of the world,—brought out the evolution theory before 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 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 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 illumination of an immortal intelligence. From the chaotic beginning, through the monsters of the primeval slime, through the evanescent forms of winged up to man, that plan has been unflinchingly followed, and that aim kept in view. Without this attainment creation is a 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 best 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 limitless ocean of capabilities, only the means of attaining which have been furnished. 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.

This 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 he holds the facts of Spiritualism in fine detail, and tests them in the light of their content, 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 conditions, looking at the real presence of the departed, 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 CALENDAR FOR 1885. (Chicago: Colegrove Book Co. The Rev. J. L. Jones, the editor of *Unity*, has a most profound admiration for and appreciation of Robert Browning. He has been the inspiration of the Browning Club, an outgrowth of the London Society—connected with his church in the south part of the city. This calendar 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 degree the elements of a singer and a thinker in whom the philosopher merge."

This calendar is neatly gotten up; has a picture of Robert Browning in one corner, and appropriate selections for each month of the year follow.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED. DRIVEN FROM SEA TO SEA OR JUST A GAMBLING. By C. C. Post. Chicago: J. E. Downey & Co. THE HIGHER BRANCH OF SCIENCE OR MATERIALISM DEFEATED BY FACTS. By H. J. Brown. Melbourne, Australia: W. H. Terry. NOTES ON INGERSOLL. By Rev. L. A. Lambert. Buffalo, N. Y. Buffalo Catholic Publication Society. FARNELL'S FOLLY. By J. T. Frowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, cloth bound, \$1.50.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED. CHAUTAUQU 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 SIDERAL MESSENGER. (Win. 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.

BABYHOOD. (18 Spruce Street, New York.) 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 united 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 Floriculture.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, alum, phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St., N.Y.

A NEW BASIS OF BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY. BY JOHN S. FARMER. This book was especially mentioned by Canon E. Wilberforce at the Church Congress. He said: "The exact position claimed at this moment by the various advocates of Spiritualism is set forth ably and eloquently in this work, which I commend to the personal of my brethren. Cloth, pp. 162. Price 75 cents, postage 8 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

THE PIONEERS OF THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION. LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. JUSTINUS KERNER AND WILLIAM HOWITT. The two Pioneers of new Science, whose lives and labors in the direction of Psychology, forms the subject-matter of this volume, will be found to bear a strong similarity to each other in their directions than the one which now links their names, lives and labors. Cloth bound, pp. 325. Price \$2.50, postage 15 cents extra. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

DYSPEPSIA Causes its victims . . . miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed . . . mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy . . . It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases. "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache "For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." Mrs. E. E. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn. Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

KIDNEY-WORT THE SURE CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, PILES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. PHYSICIANS ENDORSE IT HEARTILY. "Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I ever used." Dr. P. G. Bellou, Monkton, Vt. "Kidney-Wort is always reliable." Dr. N. N. Clark, St. Henry, Vt. "I have used this medicine for two years and have never seen any other so successful." Dr. C. M. Sumner, Sun Hill, Ga. IN THOUSANDS OF CASES it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient. CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases. It cleanses the Blood and Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthily. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system. PRICE, \$1.00 BOTTLE OR BOTTLES, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. LRY can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington Vt.

KIDNEY-WORT

OPTUM - HABIT

CURED SEVENTEEN YEARS. FRANCIS T. CURTIS, in treating and curing the most obstinate cases of Catarrh of the Eye, has discovered a new and reliable method of curing the same. He has a large number of testimonials from those who have been permanently cured. Address Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind.

COLEMAN Business College, Newark, New Jersey. LARGEST, BEST, and most complete facilities, the CHEAPEST in the U. S. Life Scholarship only \$40. Situations for graduates. For particulars address H. COLEMAN, Principal.

CATARRH! CURED BY DR. H. S. HALLER. The best time to treat Catarrh is when the brain is cooled off and circulation is equalized. This is the condition of the system during the hours of sleep. Dr. Haller's Catarrh Cure is a simple, cheap and effective. It furnishes a continuous current of Ozonized and Medicated Air that goes directly to the diseased parts, and its penetrating, purifying and healing. Physicians recommend it. It is purely "common sense." No case incurable if questions properly answered. Write for treatment and complete list of testimonials. CATARRH CURE CO., 10 Public Square, Cleveland, O.

DELAND & CO'S CALISTAF SALERATUS SODA Best in the World. Full and Comprehensive Instructions HOW TO MESMERIZE. ANCIENT AND MODERN MIRACLES BY MESMERISM; ALSO IS SPIRITUALISM TRUE? BY PROF. J. W. CADWELL. For 5 years the most successful Mesmerist in America. This pamphlet contains full instructions as given ever by Prof. Cadwell to his pupils for Ten Dollars each. Ancient and Modern Miracles are explained by Mesmerism, and the book will be found highly interesting to every Spiritualist. It gives full instructions how to Mesmerize and explains the connection this science has to Spiritualism. It is pronounced to be one of the most interesting books upon this important subject. Paper cover, pp. 128. Price 50 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book. (new) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton Street, New York. LOVE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and disclosures for married or single. This handsome book of 100 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

70 ChromoCards and Tractlets Poems mailed for ten cent stamps. Anna Mfg. Co., Ironton, Ohio. PHONETIC SHORTHAND. For Sale. Price, \$1.50. Special Instruction by Mail, \$6.00. W. W. USGODD, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

"Cutler" DESK the BEST Desk in the World—Sole low price. For old or young. Extraordinary printing facilities. In OFFICE Furniture & Fittings of all kinds, 103 WABASIT-AV., Chicago

3 Printing Press Do Your Own Printing! Card and Label Press \$1. Larger sizes 5 to \$7.50. For old or young. Extraordinary printing facilities. In OFFICE Furniture & Fittings of all kinds, 103 WABASIT-AV., Chicago

FREE TO ANY LADY Who has a chance to win a large sum of money. Send for our new book of 100 pages, mailed for only 10 cents by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

OPIMUM NICHOLS' BARK & IRON CURED with double strength. For all cases of weakness, nervous prostration, dyspepsia and all troubles arising from GENERAL DEBILITY. FOLK'S SENSE CATARRH CURE CO., DUBLIN, ILL.

BARNES' Patent Post and Steam Power Sewing Machine. Complete outfit for actual work. Sewing Machine, Lathes for Wood, and all kinds of Machinery, Saw, Scroll Saws, Form, Mortar, Planers, etc. Agents, E. Ross & Co., Patent and Sole Manufacturers, Warsaw, Ohio, also Dealers in Rug Patterns.

Novelty Rug Machine. [Pat. Dec. 27, 1881.] Makes Rugs, Tildes, Hoops, Mittens, etc. For single machine, with full directions, sent by mail on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Apply for circulars to E. Ross & Co., Patent and Sole Manufacturers, Warsaw, Ohio, also Dealers in Rug Patterns.

Fertile and Healthful Highlands of Florida. A Northern colony invites you to invest. In its institutions and investments, good school, church, city, excellent water, two railroads. A strictly temperate town. Agents wanted everywhere. For full circulars, etc., address J. H. ROSS, Gen'l Manager, Belleview, N. 10th St., Florida.

Ask your Furniture Dealer for the ROSS TABLE BED. Eight styles from \$13.00 to \$30.00. A Table in day time; Full sized bed at night. FOREST CITY FURNITURE CO., Rockford, Ill. WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS.

HARTER'S IRON TONIC THE ONLY TRUE. Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS and REMOVE THE HEAVY and VIGOR OF YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, and Tired Feeling, absolutely cured. Bounce, nerves and nerves receive new force. Embarrasses the brain and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints of the LIVER and KIDNEYS and find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BOTTLES. (St. Louis, Mo., for our "DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.")

LADIES' ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY! Any reader of this issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that will get three parties to join with them in ordering each a set of our improved Book of 100 pages, and remitting 80 cents, will get their own set free; four sets sent post paid for 80 cents. We want a boy or girl in every school in the UNITED STATES to act as agent. Every scholar is bound to have a set, as they will be all the rage this fall and winter. They sell for 10 cents per set. We will furnish them to any one wishing to act as agent, post paid, at the low rate of 15 cents per dozen sets. We will take postage stamps in payment if desired. From 5 doz. to 12 doz. sets can be sold in any school. Now is the time for you to be making your spending money for the HOLIDAY.

HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a same and then tell them you are the agent, and can supply them each a set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 89 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

DOMINOES ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY! Any reader of this issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that will get three parties to join with them in ordering each a set of our improved Book of 100 pages, and remitting 80 cents, will get their own set free; four sets sent post paid for 80 cents. We want a boy or girl in every school in the UNITED STATES to act as agent. Every scholar is bound to have a set, as they will be all the rage this fall and winter. They sell for 10 cents per set. We will furnish them to any one wishing to act as agent, post paid, at the low rate of 15 cents per dozen sets. We will take postage stamps in payment if desired. From 5 doz. to 12 doz. sets can be sold in any school. Now is the time for you to be making your spending money for the HOLIDAY.

HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a same and then tell them you are the agent, and can supply them each a set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 89 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a same and then tell them you are the agent, and can supply them each a set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 89 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a same and then tell them you are the agent, and can supply them each a set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 89 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a same and then tell them you are the agent, and can supply them each a set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 89 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a same and then tell them you are the agent, and can supply them each a set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 89 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a same and then tell them you are the agent, and can supply them each a set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent post paid, to any address on receipt of 15 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 89 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO.

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year,\$2.50.
 " " 6 months,\$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIMEN COPY FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, McCormick Block, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

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

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 unfriendly spirit; but only in loyalty to the thought which we believe has in it the power to regenerate 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 effervescent 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. Woolley says:

"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 aspiration towards 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 be 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, whatever 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 principles of Unitarianism as being superior to those of Spiritualism. She says also that "a 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 center 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 religion.

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 attention 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 worshippers.

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 leaflet 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,
 Offering each the bloom of blight,
 Parts the goats upon the left hand
 And the sheep upon the right,
 And the choice goes for ever
 '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 through our lives on earth, and its shadow darken the upper path beyond.

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 sea,
 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 contempt.

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 séances (the best of all) as to-day. Of course the truth wins, just as inevitably as the healthy leaflet 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 public, 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 tolls 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 enacting 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 Mr. 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 thoughtful of the middle-aged men in the Unitarian ministry, and a careful student of principles. He finds that "the chief defect of Unitarianism 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 abreast 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 Unitarian 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 soul!'"

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, Coverts, 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 spiritual 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 value.

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 a 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 Summerland 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 preceding 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. George—our 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 FULLING 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."

Voices from the People,

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 gifts to this, that life cannot endure... My greetings go out to the Colonel who dares...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Fairy-Folk in Literature.

By Florence M. Holbrook.

This commonplace people 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...

The Odyssey is a grand fairy-story and has furnished themes to thousands of poets. The Greek tragedians also deal not only in the solemn, terrific gods, but also bring in more homely and complacent deities...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Problem for the Philosophers.

By Mrs. Maria M. King.

When the much needed "Society for Psychological Research" shall have commenced its labors, there will be a multitude of questions to solve and of strange incidents to account for in the realm of psychical phenomena...

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...

neithermost 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 stilledness of nature...

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A Christmas Dream.

By C. Yannie Aillyn.

(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...

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 Rodman, a medium, whose life on earth is ended. He was a fatal stranger to me...

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...

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...

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...

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...

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 Thanksgiving day, a Fast day, a Washington birthday, or any of the holidays, but begin at once and let the work for the remainder of your present existence, and for the good of all.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

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...

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

BY HATTIE J. HAY.

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 pin one little shoe Fast to the tiny stocking, For both I think will do.

I know she'll wonder why 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.

Five lung mine close beside it, For Santa'll come I know. He'll never disappoint us, He does not mind the snow.

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

Pond du Lac, Wis.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Starting Anew.

BY THOS. HARDING.

Forgiveness! There is music in the sound. People 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? 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 bankrupt law, by which unsuccessful business men can throw off a load of debt, too ponderous for them to carry, and then with light hearts and clear heads 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 woes from many a poor, repentant, wrong-doer, 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 compassion, 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 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 holidays (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 happiness of forgiving. Lo! a sunbeam 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.

We 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 passed, our hearts may be just as warm and our hands as open as the 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 way; 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 glorious, Sings sweetly of joys yet unknown to the soul; Harmonious, our atmosphere takes up the chorus, And wafts us along to humanity's goal. Sturgis, Mich.

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 Cathartic cures all these disorders in a promptly removing the cause thereof, and induces a rare degree of comfort and health.

A deceased Frenchman has left \$5,000 to be given to the wounded in the next war with Germany.

Victory at Last.

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 scrofulous diseases—consumption is a scrofulous 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.

The number of immigrants to this country this year has decreased 35,000 from last year. Too well known to need lengthy advertisements—Dr. Sarg's Catarrh Remedy.

A Silo.

Mr. William M. Slingerly, who has experimented for the last four years on his farm at Gwynedd, Pa., in raising 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 2-inch lengths. A ten-horse power engine will cut one hundred tons a day.

Would You Believe It. Nature's great remedy, Kidney-Wort, has cured many obstinate cases of piles. This most distressing malady generally arises from constipation and a bad condition of the bowels. Kidney-Wort acts at the same time as a cathartic and a healing tonic, removes the cause, cures the disease and promotes a healthy state of the affected organs. James P. Moyer, carriage Man'r. of Myerstown, Pa., testifies to the great healing powers of Kidney-Wort, having been cured by it of a very bad case of piles which for years had refused to yield to any other remedy.

P. T. Barnum says that the receipts of his show for the season of 1885 were \$1,100,000.

Dr. S. B. Brittan 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 enfeebled 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.

A Happy Thought. Diamond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them. Equally good for dark or light colors. For sale at druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 22 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Stretch is the name of the newly elected Sheriff of Snohomish County, W. T.

Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Berlin house is making cravats and scarfs of paper.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best-selling. JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

MASON & HAMLIN

Exhibited at ALL the important WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL COMPETITIVE EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS. Mason and Hamlin Organs have after rigid examinations and comparisons, been ALWAYS FOUND BEST, and AWARDED HIGHEST HONORS not even in one such important competition. Organ found equal to those ON HUMAN BREED STRINGS, adapted to all uses, from the smallest size, yet having the characteristic Mason & Hamlin excellence at \$22 to the best instrument which it is possible to construct from materials at \$90 or more. Illustrated catalogues, 45 pp. 4to and price lists, free.

The Mason & Hamlin company manufacture UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES, adding to all the improvements which have been found in the original, and through their pianos we contemplate those we love.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO., BOSTON, 151 Tremont St. CHICAGO, 149 Wabash Ave. NEW YORK, 46 East 14th St. (Union Sq.)

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCEATION, PALLID AND DEBILITATED, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL REMOVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE OBSTINATELY CASED HEMORRHOIDS THERE CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCE, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND BELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

IT RELIEVES OF HEAVING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

AS ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE RELIEF OF DISEASE AND THE REMOVAL OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN OBLIQUELY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass., and is sold in bottles for \$1. Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, postpaid, in the form of this or Leavenworth on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR Washing and Bleaching

In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water. SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, hotel or room, should be without it.

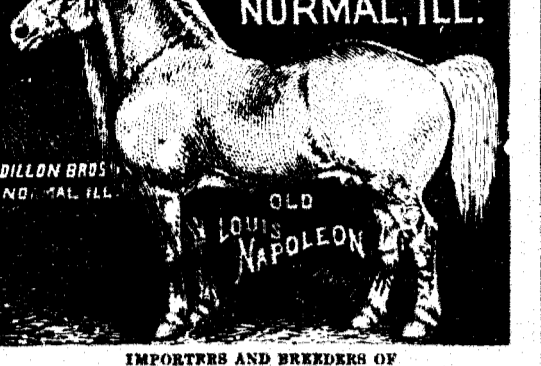
Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound and always best of its kind, and without it.

JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE. CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC.

Table with columns: Leave, Arrive, Train Name, Time. Includes routes to Davenport and Peoria, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, etc.

ISAAH DILLON ANIMON. LEVI DILLON AND SONS.



NORMAN HORSES

Importers and breeders of Norman Horses. Formerly of E. Dillon & Co. New information. Arrived in fine condition June 15, 1884.

STABLES AND HEADQUARTERS LOCATED AT NORMAL. Opposite the Illinois Central and Chicago and Alton Depot.

MAN--WHENCE AND WHITHER

BY R. B. WESTBROOK, D. D., LL. B. Author of The Bible--Whence and What?

This work is a robust answer to the assumptions of Materialism and the myths of bookish and puny agnosts about all that can be said for the existence of God and the future life of man. 1 Vol. cloth. Price \$1.00.

FREE GIFT!

A copy of my Medical Book will be sent to any person afflicted with Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, or Nasal Catarrh. It is elegantly printed and illustrated; 144 pages, 12mo. 1874. It has been the means of saving many valuable lives. Send name and post-office address, with six cents postage for mailing. The book is invaluable to persons suffering with any disease of the Nose, Throat or Lungs. Address R. B. WESTBROOK, CHICAGO, ILL.

A MAN WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY TRY HIM BY EXAMINING THE MAP THAT HE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Thirty Days with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts. Its equipment is unequalled and magnificent, being composed of most comfortable and beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Patent Electric Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous "ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kanawha, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and intermediate points. All Through Expresses, Trains on East Express Train.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada. Baggage checked through and rates of fare all ways as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE, at your nearest Ticket Office, or address R. C. OBLE, CHICAGO, ILL., Gen'l Trk. & Pass. Agt. Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Mgr.

DR. HECHINGER'S GALVANIC BATTERY

CURES ALL DISEASES. DR. HECHINGER'S GALVANIC BATTERY PATENTED.

Business, Rheumatism, Gout, Swollen Joints, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Aches and Pains, Pain in the Bones, Sciatica, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Ulcers and Sores, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Chills, Nervous and General Debility, Loss of Manhood, Female Complaints, Barrenness, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, Kidney Disease, Diabetes, Catarrh, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Pleurisy, Constipation, Hysteria or Fits, Heartburn, Weak Stomach, Quinsy, Piles, Hypochondriasis, Deafness, Dropsy, Gravel, Spinal Diseases, Paralysis, Weak Back, and a Disordered Condition of the

LIVER, BLOOD AND KIDNEYS.

STATE OF NEW YORK, MONROE COUNTY, vs: DR. HECHINGER, Rochester, N. Y. The two batteries I purchased of you when you were at the Albany House, have given me perfect relief from the nervous headaches which I have been subject to for the last three years. Gratefully yours, GABRIEL ABRAHAM.

DR. HECHINGER, Rochester, N. Y. I bought one of your batteries about six months ago, hearing they would cure headaches, from which I suffered every other day for more than three years, and at the same time I was worn out with neuralgia in my left arm, from both of which I received instant relief. WILLIAM SIMP.

MR. L. HECHINGER. When I heard of your batteries, I went and bought one for 50 cents, and after wearing it for five weeks, can say I am cured of rheumatism in my limbs, and I want to say, also, of rheumatism, but if not cured, I have been wonderfully helped. I am respectfully yours, BARRY MOHLE.

SAGINAW, MICH. JAN 18, 1881.

We will Mail a Battery to any one Postpaid on Receipt of 50 cts. Postage stamps can be sent if desired. Our ELECTRIC SHOES sent to any address for 40 cents per pair.

ELECTRO GALVANIC HEALTH CO., 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

DR. HECHINGER'S GALVANIC BATTERY INSIDE SOLES.

ONLY 40 CENTS PER PAIR. Why Suffer with Cold Feet, when for 40c you can keep them warm for a year. It is easier to prevent Coughs and Colds than to cure them. Electro Galvanic Inside Soles prevent all troubles arising from imperfect circulation of the Blood, and give life, vigor and warmth to the whole body. They are made to fit any boot or shoe, and will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address, on receipt of 40 CENTS.

Do not confound our goods with the poor trash that has been peddled off on the public, made of pasteboard, with a few magnets in them. Ours are genuine Cork Insoles, well made, and each one contains a Galvanic Battery. Address all orders giving No. of Boot or Shoe worn to ELECTRO GALVANIC HEALTH CO., 69 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE FINEST PILE REMEDY

Believes instantly and cures thoroughly (in two to four days) External Piles. Sent for 50 cents to any address. A. HAF FENSTERBERGER, Springfield Ohio.

DR. SOMERS'

Turkish, Russian, Electric, Sulphur, Mercurial, Roman, and other Medications. Baths, the FINEST in the country, at the GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, entrance on Jackson-st., near La Salle, Chicago.

These baths are a great luxury and most potent curative agent. Nearly all forms of Disease Rapidly Disappear Under Their Influence when properly administered. All who try them are delighted with the effect. Thousands of our best citizens can testify to their great curative properties. Try them at once and judge for yourself.

ELLECTRICITY A SPECIALTY. The Electro-Thermal Bath, as given by us, is far excellence in Nervous Diseases and General Debility. Open for Ladies and Gentlemen from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Sundays 7 A. M. to 12.

SARAH A. DANSKIN, PHYSICIAN OF THE "NEW SCHOOL"

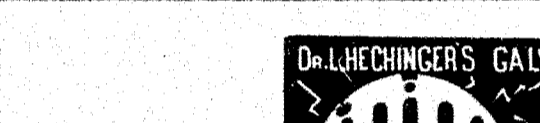
Office: 481 N. Gilmore St, Baltimore, Md. During fifty years past Mrs. DANSKIN has been the pupil of and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

THE AMERICAN LUNG HEALER,

Prepared and Magnitized by Mrs. Danskin. Is an unfailing remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. TUBERCULAR CONSUMPTION has been cured by it. Price \$2.00 per bottle. Three bottles for \$5.00. Adress SARAH A. DANSKIN, Baltimore, Md. Post Office Money. Orders and remittances by express payable to the order of Sarah A. Danskin.

CHILD'S CATARRH

Treatment For FLORENCE SILK MITTENS.



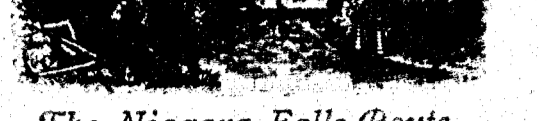
The pattern and perfect shown here is lined in wool and silk, and is made of the finest Florence Silk Mittens. It is a marvelous triumph of engineering science. All MICHIGAN CENTRAL trains will soon run solid over it, stopping long enough to give passengers the best views of the great catarrh without additional detention or expense.

F. J. WHITELEY, O. W. RIGGLES, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED for the MISSOURI STEAM WASHER!

It will pay any intelligent man or woman seeking profitable employment to write for Illustrated Circular and terms of Agency for this Celebrated Washer, which by reason of its superior quality is meeting with such wonderful success J. WORTH, CHICAGO, ILL., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL



The Niagara Falls Route. THE SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT.

The most comfortable, and the only route under single management, between CHICAGO, BUFFALO, AND NIAGARA FALLS making fast time and close connections at all junction points FIVE FAST EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY

each way between Chicago and Detroit, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

THE ATLANTIC EXPRESS makes 4 or 5 hours quicker time than formerly from Chicago to New York and Boston, and the EAST NEW YORK EXPRESS, leaving St. Louis at 7:30 A. M., except Sunday, Chicago at 4:30 P. M., makes faster time than any other line from St. Louis to New York, and with increased advantages, has grown to be the most popular train out of Chicago for the East. The Express Trains are made up of new and elegant DINING, SLEEPING, PARLOR and SLEEPING CARS, in which the most comfortable and convenient accommodations are provided. The dining cars are furnished with the best of food and the most attentive service.

Right in front of NIAGARA FALLS the MICHIGAN CENTRAL has just built a new steel, double-track bridge, that is a marvelous triumph of engineering science. All MICHIGAN CENTRAL trains will soon run solid over it, stopping long enough to give passengers the best views of the great catarrh without additional detention or expense.

F. J. WHITELEY, O. W. RIGGLES, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Chicago, Ill.

And Diseases of the HEAD, THROAT & LUNGS:

Can be taken at home. No cure incurable when our questions are properly answered. Write for circular, testimonials, etc. REV. T. T. CHILDS, Free, Ill.

FLORENCE KNITTING SILK.

Whichever the design, all well Florence Silk Mittens are made one pair in a day, requiring the least "FLORENCE" on one end.

The pattern and perfect shown here is lined in wool and silk, and is made of the finest Florence Silk Mittens. It is a marvelous triumph of engineering science. All MICHIGAN CENTRAL trains will soon run solid over it, stopping long enough to give passengers the best views of the great catarrh without additional detention or expense.

F. J. WHITELEY, O. W. RIGGLES, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Chicago, Ill.

A Woman's Word for Unitarianism.

A Talented Chicago Correspondent of Liberal papers and a Zealous Unitarian Worker Enters the Lists in 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 discussion on the formation of a society of Psychological 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 Unitarian 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 Unitarians to serious reflection upon their position; 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 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 JOURNAL represents a spirit and method quite above the average, that it has come to command 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 with the truth, whatever it may be, as 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 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 affirmation 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 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 religious 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 manifold 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 eclectic order, the disadvantage is only partial and temporary, and does not greatly affect the ultimate result.

Comparing the essential principles on 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 narrower 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. High 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.

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 narrower 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.

High 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 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 bring me?

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 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, 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 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 existence. I knew that my heart was beating that peculiar "death-rattle." 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 upwards 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, sinful 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 I now discovered myself to be, in long, white and flowing garments. They were in double file, and as they proceeded, I saw "my place," towards which I was naturally drawn. But when about to enter that body of spirits, a loud, warning voice thus earnestly admonished 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 helplessly 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. I 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 recovered to see my wife kneeling at my bedside, thanking God for returning me to her. I wondered why that pure and trusting face had not, of itself, previously convinced me of immortality for there was a something in its

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. I know that suffering here has its reward in itself.

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 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 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 annihilation.

What has Spiritualism done for me? Let 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 stiling 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.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

VALUABLE MEDICINE. Dr. W. H. PARMLEE, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."

It is estimated that the average daily consumption of eggs throughout the United States amounts to 45,000,000.

The South lost in the late war more men than England did in all her wars from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria.

Rheumatism has increased in New England since the production of cider fell off, according to the New York Medical Times.

Lulu Hurst, "the Georgia Wonder," is billed for a week in Chicago, at Central Music Hall, beginning on the 29th. Our city readers will all want to see this girl of whose wonderful powers so much has been said.

WHAT CAN CUTICURA DO FOR ME? EVERYTHING that is purifying, beautifying, and curative for the skin, scalp and blood. THE CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. Nothing in medicine so agreeable, so speedy, and so wholesome. Guaranteed absolutely pure by the analytical chemists of the State of Massachusetts, whose certificates accompany every package. For cleansing the skin and scalp of Birth Humors, for allaying the itching, burning and inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scald Head, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and blood diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c. RESOLVENT, 50c. POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOS. TON. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases"

Neue Spiritualistische Blätter Die einzige Wochenschrift in Deutscher Sprache, welche den rationellen Spiritualismus vertritt. Preis für die Welt, St. Pauli 1/2 per Jahr incl. Porto. Man adressirt: Dr. E. Crix, Redacteur der Neue Spiritualistische Blätter, Fromentstrasse 20, Leipzig, Germany.

THE CARRIER DOVE. A 10 page Monthly Journal devoted to SPIRITUALISM AND REFORM. Edited and Published by MRS. J. SCHLESINGER at No. 854 1/2 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year. 1391 1/2 BUSHELS OF POTATOES PER ACRE. from our new Green Mountain Potato. A wonderful variety. Send for particulars and triple year crop. Our new Catalogue of Seeds, Potatoes, Grain, &c., describes all varieties. A great reduction in prices for '85. As the introducers of the Mammoth Pearl Potato, Yankee Prolific Oats, the wonderful Martin Amber Wheat, and scores of other good varieties, we claim the confidence of the public. Handout Catalogue published sent free. J. A. EVERITT & CO., Seedsmen, Watsonstown, Pa.

INVESTORS SHOULD CONFER WITH FARNSWORTH & WOLCOTT, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. If you wish to loan money on mortgages, buy a farm, a mill, or business property in the Northwest, write to us.

THE COLEGROVE BOOK CO., 135 Wabash Ave., Chicago. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Booksellers and Stationers.

Catalogues of new and standard books will be sent to any address without charge. Illustrated list of works of American authors sent on receipt of 4 cents in stamps.

N.B. The prices quoted in the catalogues which we send out are the PUBLISHERS' RETAIL PRICES. These, unless marked net, are subject to a uniform discount of TWENTY PER CENT. to individual buyers. Special terms are offered to the trade and to public libraries. Any book in print will be sent by mail on receipt of the net price, with enough added to cover postage, at the rate of one cent for each two ounces. The postage on an ordinary 16mo. book is about ten cents, and other sizes in proportion. Orders by mail are especially solicited, and will receive prompt and careful attention. Liberal books a specialty, our store being the Western agency for the publications of G. H. ELLIS and the AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

NO POISON IN THE PASTRY

DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE USED. Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., flavor Cakes, Creams, Puddings, &c., as delicately and usually as the fruit from which they are made. FOR STRENGTH AND TRUE FRUIT FLAVOR THEY STAND ALONE. PREPARED BY THE Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill. MAKERS OF St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder AND Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems, Best Dry Hop Yeast. FOR SALE BY GROCERS. WE MAKE BUT ONE QUALITY.

Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill. MAKERS OF St. Louis, Mo. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder AND Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems, Best Dry Hop Yeast. FOR SALE BY GROCERS. WE MAKE BUT ONE QUALITY.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder AND Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems, Best Dry Hop Yeast. FOR SALE BY GROCERS. WE MAKE BUT ONE QUALITY.

LIGHT HEALTHY BREAD

DR. PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST GEMS. The best dry hop yeast in the world. Bread raised by this yeast is light, white and wholesome like our grandmother's delicious bread. GROCERS SELL THEM. PREPARED BY THE Price Baking Powder Co., Makers of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.

Price Baking Powder Co., Makers of Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.

LECTURERS WANTED.—SEE THE SUN. Copy free. SUN Box 2483, Kalamazoo, Mich. Ask for them. J. W. STOKES, Milan, O.

FREE WEBER PIANOS. WEBER MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO.

KNABE PIANO-FORTES. UNQUALLED IN TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY. WILLIAM KNABE & CO. No. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. A. REED & SONS, Sole Agents, 123 State St., Chicago.

1885. A CLEAN SWEEP. GOOD TIMES MUST COME.

The people are all mad! The air is full of dissension and strife! The wheels of business are creaking fearfully, and the Ship of State is in a fog! The blue devils have taken possession of the country, and Momus has gone fishing with a slim supply of bait! These things must not continue, or life will become a hollow mockery! The people must be put in good humor! The trouble with the atmosphere must be rectified! The wheels of business must be lubricated, and the "creak" taken out of 'em. The blue devils must be routed and "sat down upon," and the Ship of State towed into clear soundings. Momus must be better equipped, and things generally brought out of the chaotic muddle into which they have been dumped. THE CHICAGO LEDGER will provide for all this by stirring up everybody's liver and making it attend to business. Every edition will be as full of spice and food for laughter as a boy's pocket of incongruities. Humor, fun, wit, path, and point will run through it like mumps through a district school. It will convulse a man more completely than green apples or stale watermelon, and will either make him laugh or kill him. It will send Momus tearing through the land like a yellow dog racing with a tin pan, and will make the people get up on their house-tops and fairly howl with joy. It will be as devoid of heavy topics as an editor's wallet of government money, light as biscuit, and as breezy as the Cave of Winds. It will make people pay their bills as cheerfully as going to breakfast, and prove of more enduring benefit to mankind than wealth in bank. It will be better than going to a circus every week in the year, and all for the small sum of ONE DOLLAR.

We take pleasure in announcing to the reading public the engagement of Mr. E. P. Brown, whose ability as a humorist is well known and acknowledged, to wield the editorial quill for THE CHICAGO LEDGER for the coming year. Mr. Brown was the originator and publisher of the Cincinnati Hires-Kiss Table, and it was his pen which made it so famous for humor during his connection with it. His sketches are to be mostly drawn from real life, and will introduce many new features in a manner dangerous to buttons, and causing readers to keep a sharp look-out for the next number of the paper. Arrangements have been concluded with several very prominent authors for serial and complete stories, which will appear from week to week, and no pains will be spared to make THE LEDGER the most interesting literary publication in the land. Notwithstanding the increased expense incurred by the numerous projected improvements, editorially and mechanically, the subscription price of the paper will remain the same as for the past season, namely, One Dollar per Year. Send in your subscriptions at once and keep up with the procession. Address all letters plainly to THE LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO. State and Washington Streets.

Upholstery Dept.

Previous to the Holidays we will offer a special line of Domestic and Imported

Lap Rugs, Down Quilts, AND White and Colored

Blankets At Very Low Figures.

Inspection Of Our Imported

Brass Bedstead AND "Imperial"

Spring Bed Solicited!

Special! We Invite Our Patrons

To Visit Our Display Rooms, Where We Have on Exhibition

A Rare Collection OF

Novelties AND

Art Fabrics Suitable for Gifts.

DIVINE LAW OF CURE. Dr. Evans, Cloth, 300 pp. \$1.50. Treatise on Faith Cures, Prayer Cures, Mind Cures, etc., teaches the sick how to heal, & disease prevented. Catalogue of health books free. Sanitary Pub. Co., 17 La Salle St., Chicago.

ELOCUTION.

Murdock System. Entertainments, Classes or Private Pupils. SPECIAL RATE TO CHURCHES. Testimonials furnished. W. W. CARNES, Pupils of Prof. Murdock, Weber Music Hall, Chicago.

ASOLID 12 PER CT.

per annum on first-class real estate security, at one third its valuation. Section 2869 of the Laws of Washington Territory says: "Any rate of interest agreed upon by parties to a contract, specifying the same in writing, shall be valid and legal." Interest remitted semi-annually met by New York draft. Money is needed here to develop the country. 12 per cent. is the current rate of the banks. Borrowers can afford to pay and cheerfully do so at this rate. Full information given to those who have money to loan. Address ALLEN C. MASON, Tacoma, Washington Ter.