

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

## VOL. XXXVII.

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### For the Religio Philosophical Journal. The Poor.

### BY SERENA MILNER.

How my heart goes ont for the suffering poor When the bleak winds blowing from over the moor, Come miogled with rain and a frozen sleet---How I pity the poor little bare red feet And shivering shoulders with garments thin, The cold pinched faces with purplish skin.

When I sit by my warm fire's cheerful glow, Thinking they have none or else burning low, Or when resting on my downy pillows I list to the winds sigh through the willows, I draw up my blankets, so fleery and clean, Shivering to think of theirs, threadbare and mean.

Then my heart throbs forth a great sigh of pain, And I wish I could all the poor maintain, Not with food and clothing, and falle ease, For this would be curse far worse than disease; But work would I give for all willing hands, And pay that would meet all needful demands.

## CHICAGO, JANUARY 3, 1885.

tality of the soul as proved by communication with the spirits of departed friends. Is it true that such com-munication is had?"

ANSWER .- We are always glad to find an earnest inquirer after truth. Some who call themselves such, remind us of swallows in themselves such, remind us of swallows in their flight, which going across a river, stoop and just touch their light wings in the water and fly away; so some idlers touch this great crystal river of truth with the wings of their investigation or inquiry, then leave it as though they thoroughly understood it and were satisfied; but the "earnest inquirer" is willing to consider the subject on every side. He has never been unappreciative. Some self-styled truthseakers investigators and self-styled truth-seekers, investigators and free thinkers are as narrow in their prejudice as were any of the old-time bigots, and are

as were any of the old-time bigots, and are only willing to accept what comes to them in a certain way or bearing certain credentials. The best inquirer after truth knows that it is a diamond, the most precious of all gems, crystal-pure, and without a flaw. He knows he may turn it in any direction and it is still beautiful perfect in its cutting and rafles. beautiful, perfect in its cutting and reflection. This truth which you are seeking, which gives light through the shadow of death and reveals the blessed life beyond the grave, is a diamond whose shining prisms

reflect the light of God. Some tell us the world does not need Spirit-ualism to prove immortality; that it is some-thing the Christian always believed in; that it has dwelt as an inherent principle in the human understanding and belongs to man in his divine intelligence. We find, however, that the ideas of the uninstructed in regard to immortality are fragmentary and incomplete; they do not match, we might say, when they are brought together, that they are often in-volved in mysteries and superstition. Belief and knowledge are not the same. The be-lievers in immortality are "legion," but those who know it is true, are comparatively few. Many who are called Christians, claim to be satisfied, but when asked upon what they base their hope and belief, you are told that "life and immortality were brought to light through Jesus; that he died as we shall all die: that as he rose so we shall all rise some day-at the resurrection"-and they say as he was the model and type of that which is and because he broke the bars of the tomb, they are satisfied with this blessed consciousness. But there is a flaw in their argument, an absence of perfect logic in their teachings, for they claim Jesus was God and not a man: and if we are simply human, and if he, being God, died and rove again, shall man, being only man, die and rise again also because he did? The cases are not parallel, and we cannot say, therefore, that which happens to the one is also true of the other; and in our poor humanity, with its frailty, weakness and lack of hope, where shall we find the foundation on which to stand without doubt and trembling? Where shall we stand to be outside of "Doubting Castle." There is nothing aside from Spiritualism that proves immorfality. Many things suggest it; your intuitions and aspirations sug-The common belief in some forms of gest it. immortality has been held by the different races as far back as we can read and understand, but these are only suggestions or indications; there is nothing palpable about them. There is a beautiful unanimity in human hope that points toward the future life, but aside from Spiritualism of the past or present, there is no substance of fact to stand upon; there is nothing reliable and positive to convince the doubting. But what is there in Spiritualism to prove immortality by communion with departed friends? Is it true that such communications have come? If we say to you "Yes." that "yes" is like a bubble, very beautiful to look upon, bright with its many hues of light, but it is a bubble nevertheless. If this unsupported affirmation is all we can give, what better is it than the old oracles or the statements of the priests, that the "The human soul is immor-

you hold in your hand or upon a door on which your hand is resting, causing the very substance itself to vibrate with the force, the question arises, What is it? One says: "Oh! electricity!" That is the explanation of an imbeging and therefore we mill not think imbecile and, therefore, you will not think of it. We all know electricity has no brain and can not think. It is only a force like heat, and manifests in certain ways. It can bejused by an intelligence, but it is not inbejused by an intelligence, but it is not in-telligence itself. If these spiritual knock-ings, as you call them, come to you and you question them, and they are silent while you speak, and then give you the answer—one rap for no, and three for yes, what is proven? By repeated experiments you receive the first proof of immortality. Whatever it is that rapped, it heard your question and not only understood it but possessed the power and intelligence to answer you. Now what is there in this wide universe that can think, ask or answer a question that is not mental, that does not possess the power and individuality of a mind?

It is sometimes said that the answers given by the invisible are often untruthful, and hat their statements are sometimes frivolous. Well, suppose they are, does that fact prove they are not from a spirit? Are not men and women sometimes untruthful, and have they not been known in the course of human existence to be frivolous? There are thousands that come back to you from the other world, but does any one among Spiritualists believe they are anything but men and women? Shall they not still manifest their own iden-tity? Does it follow because they have died, as you say, or because as we say they have been born into a broader life as buds of human mind and immortality, that they sud-denly become perfect in wisdom in a moment? If such were the case you would need

they most long to have you understand them, do you not most sadly misunderstand them? In this "Valley and shadow of death," if the morning could come and hill tops could be climbed by you, if the mists could roll away and you could see each other truly, no longer in part, then, indeed, it would be a glad and blessed day; but this comes with the change which you call death, which is a birth of the spirit instead. By these little sounds which you call spir-itual knockings, by this beautiful round of the great ladder of manifestations of life, love and law, you will learn your friends can and do come back to you; that you cannot bury them-only their bodies which they will nev er need again. Thus you receive the proof of the continuance of life, memory and love, and when you are comforted you will think of others who are hungering and thirsting after knowledge, and will bear the glad tidings to others earnest inquirers after the truth. When Spiritualism first manifested in this way, and the hearts of those who had been convinced were filled with joy and gladness, they said: "There can be nothing better than this; there can be nothing that can give us more evidence while we live on earth that those we love and called dead are with ns vet." Then the spirits sent back this message through the sounds: "We have only just begun. It is the first hour of the dawning; the sun has not risen yet. The time will come when men will no longer doubt; they will know there is no such thing as death." Then commenced another phase of manifestation. The majority in this audience can tell you. if called upon, that they have seen heavy pieces of furniture lifted without human contact, planos played upon by invisible hands, flowers carried from one room to another, and some have even seen levitation, although this is not very common; and when you have testimony of reliable, substantial matter-of-fact men and women, not enthusiasts and dreamers, but those whose word would be taken on any other subject, is there not evidence in this of something which, although itself unseen, can yet move that which is visible and ponderous? Yet if spirits returned only to perform wonders in this way and excite astonishment at the force used, it would be a very small thing to do, and we should certainly not stand here to tell of its great glory. The wind uprooting the oak of a century is a sublime manifestation of force. but the smallest movement indicating reason and intelligence impresses us much more deeply. When the unseen, addressing itself by signals to the sense of sight, proves its presence, comprehends and answers questions, conviction takes the place of mere astonishment. The mass of evidence in Spiritualism is so great that when we commence to sum it up we feel it is like endeavoring to number the stars of heaven, or to count the flowers of the field; but these things which we have mentioned lie at the very root of the question of modern manifestations, and they have been proved so many thousands of times that there further evidence.you will find it coming from

they the result of trickery. If they come in a distant part of the room from that occupied by the medium, if produced upon the paper you hold in your hand or upon a door on which your hand is resting, causing the very is a message bearing the name of your friend whom you call dead! What will you say of this? How is it done? You know it is done, or if you do not, you have friends who know it, and it lies with you, if you are an earnest, honest investigator, to see these things for yourself, and so find the evidence that the unseen is present, giving its own name and and in its wreck and ruin you will find no room for sadness and fear. An understanding of this will lead you to better appreciate the manifestation which, we believe, was given in like manner to Moses when, on the "tables of stone," the ten commandments were presented, which are so valued by the Jewish and Christian world, but which to us only seem like a blossom of one phase of Spiritualism of ancient times.

There are other evidences to all the senses, each bringing its own peculiar testimony, true materialization. It is not one point of evidence brought home to you, which fur-nishes sufficient foundation on which to build your knowledge, but it is the accumuleaves you strong and earnest at last, as one who knows the truth of Spiritualism and yet is eternally "an inquirer." If in your inves-tigation of Spiritualism you find that which in all mental contact that gives education introduction to your nearest neighbor, and something to explain the mystery of yourself. Those wh. to me to you are in-"Unseen, yet they are themselves. "Unseen," you say; "would that we could see them." We ask you can you see each other? You see the bodies of your friends, but see their minds" Do they pot in the degues and worm-eaten, therefore let us reject to n that these things must be. We know how grandly ships travel on the wide ocean, as but delusion, remember you are not to say: "Here is a beantiful rose, but see what I have degues and worm-eaten, therefore let us reject to n that these things must be. We know how grandly ships travel on the wide ocean, as but do you see the bodies of your friends. "Here is a beantiful rose, but see what I have degues and worm-eaten, therefore let us reject to n that these things must be. We know how grandly ships travel on the wide ocean, as the degues and worm are then wet there to you see the bodies of your friends. "Here is a beantiful rose, but we see the degues and worm-eaten, therefore let us reject to n that these things must be. We know how grandly ships travel on the wide ocean, as the degues and worm are then wet there the degues and worm are the set to be the set and to be are the set and to be and to be and to be are the set are are the set are are the set are are the set are t it do you see their minds? Do they not in a highway marked out for them, yet there veil themselves from your sight spiritually, are barnacles adhering to them that must be mentally and morally, and sometimes when scraped off. If Spiritualism only had power to bring its grand white-winged ship into the dry dock, and scrape off its barnacles, what happiness would be ours and what multitudes would be borne swiftly over the sea of doubt to the certain shore where we learn of life that knows no fading. You ask: "Why should we have fraud or de ception?" Do you think Spiritualism is something so divinely perfect that there could be no mixture of delusion in it? Can we hope to be more fortunate than the little circle of laborers. twelve of whom long ago followed 'the Master," and one of them was named Judas Iscariot? We cannot hope to escape all that is wrong or false, and we are compelled to use our own reason and judgment. Do not imagine it is the province of Spiritualism to correctly answer all human questions, giving correct advice on matters of business and other things upon which you so often vainly seek for light. If it could be done you think von would be most fortunate: but you are not placed in this world to be a mere automaton.a piece of mechanism to be run by some unseen engineer. No! You are something better than that; you are a creature who, like a little child, learns to walk through stumbling, and who will rise therefrom full of bruises and pains, stronger and better educated than before. He maketh his angels ministering spirits, but they are only helpers of those who toil and wait. While in the advancement of this grand subject there must be many things to regret, because of the selfishness and misunderstanding of the people, yet these conditions always lie along the path of human progress, and their lesson teaches us to be discriminating, and repeats the words of long ago: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try them and see whether they are of God." QUESTION.—How do Spiritualists reconcile their belief with the Darwinian theory? ANSWER.-We find no difficulty whatever in econciling them in a spiritual sense. Certainly man has risen from a degraded condition. There was a time when man was so low in the scale of being that he had not yet learned the use of fire. The story of Prometheus, who stole fire from heaven, although a growth of mythology, had its root far back in the time of humanity when man be-gan to rise above the level of the brute creation, and when, delighted with the use of fire, he believed it was stolen from heaven. It was reserved for the bigot and sectarian to make men believe that the original and eternal fire was not in heaven but in hell. Think of the power of progress, which has given man "home, sweet home," instead of caves or holes in the earth, which were once his only shelter, and which has advanced the idea of greatness from mere muscular force or brute cunning, to that of goodness and the grander conceptions of heroism. We know that man has risen from the degradation of the brute. You have been told of the Garden of Eden and of the time when God gave man dominion over the beasts of the field. It is true there are elements in human nature that can be typified by the fox, the tiger, the serpent and the lion, or by any of the beasts you see roaring on the face of the earth, yet dominion is no doubt about the matter. Seeking for over them has been given to human reason further evidence, you will find it coming from and conscience, and when you come to underevery quarter. Take, for instance, independ- stand that human nature gradually rises, ent slate-writing, when between two slates, and the angelhood within you is awakened securely fastened together and watched all and slowly developed, and then comes the and the angelhood within you is awakened gate earnestly and honestly, you know they securely fastened together and watched all and slowly developed, and then comes the are not produced by the mediums, nor are the time, there is a message written, and you dawning of a better day. It cannot come in

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hear the writing, the dotting of each i and | a moment, and we should feel no discouragement in its slow attainments. There are men ment in its slow attainments. There are men to-day who scorn the Darwinian theory of human origin, who from their daily lives give sufficient evidence that they are not far enough above their four-footed relatives to enable them to feel that they are strangers. Humanity has a long life of growth, there-fore there is hope for all.

A man who is not an artist sees a block of the whitest marble; it seems common and coarse as it was taken from the guarry and coarse as it was taken from the quarry and lies before him, and as he gazes he thinks. "I know all about it; it isonly a stone—hard, cold, white and rough—and I know its length breadth and thickness." He knows this and he is satisfied. Another man gazes upon it, he sees more beyond the surface than meets the ave. He was a place only the eye. He says to the other: "You see only the material in it; let me tell you what I see. In that block of marble lies an angel of most exquisite beauty." The other says: exquisite beanty." The other says: "Wny, you are insane; there is nothing of the kind there;" but the artist replies: "Wait; give me time and I will show you what I see now." So he commences, chisels and cuts patiently, day after day, until the other says: "How strange! I see the outline of a figure. I am certain I can see the limbs, the head and the shadowy outline of a human face." And the seuloter says: "Yes, you are beginning the sculptor says: "Yes, you are beginning to see what I have seen all the time. Wait each one convincing. It is not just giving the name of some dead friend, nor even the appearance of that which you believe to be true materialization. It is not one point of evidence brought home to you, which fur-nishes sufficient foundation on which to build your knowledge, but it is the accumu-lative evidence that scatters all doubt and leaves yon strong and earnest at last, as one rough, common humanity, not only its length breadth and thickness, but the angel also, shakes your faith, and are disgusted by frauds and development, in all struggle and unfold-

Oh! they must be brave to battle with want, When the rich g ) by with a sneer and flaunt, If they grow not bitter, and think of crime, When they see no way to earn e'en a dime. Affliction more dire one can not conceive Than begging for work which no one will give, Whilst children are starving and freezing with cold, Which they with despair are forced to behold.

Give work to the poor, their sorrows assuage, In your book of life 'twill make a bright page. Look not to India, China, Japan, But help the poor at your doors as ye can; Don't starve them and grind them down to the dust, But do as ye would be done by-be just!

Or your wealth abused when life is done. Or your weath abused when the is uone, "Will all melt away like snow in the sun, And you be left starving and shivering with cold, "Where food and clothing are not bought with gold; But let your good deeds be like balls of snow, The more you roll them the larger they grow.

With millions of acres of arable land, Why should there be one poor in our land? Why huddled in garrets and cellars of crime, When beneath the broad sun there is no fairer clime Where the millions may till the rich teeming soil, And gather its wealth like the victors the spoli?

Send them out from your cities in great working bands Send them out from your cities in great working ban To build the waste places of these fruitful lands; Like the Inca's of old, let each own a share, That their interest may centre, a home to prepare. Send them out with tents, with teams and tools, And forget not the need they will have for schools. Thus empty your prison's and crime will decrease, And our land will enjoy its blessings in peace.

#### A DISCOURSE

By Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, at Republican Hall, New York City, Sunday Morning, Oct. 26th, 1884.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by J. F Snipes.)

#### INVOCATION.

() thou who art the light of day, the day of eternal life, the soul of the universe, our God, we pray to thee. As the vine that has laid upon the earth is lifted by a kindly hand and trained to climb upward, so our souls climb by prayer, finding it never fruitless, but always bringing an answer in some way. Some do not see clearly, but their prayer is like the lifting of a curtain that hangs between them and thee. It benefits them in the expression of a feeling which relieves their pain and need, the hunger and thirst of their spiritual natures. Thou seest all things; nothing is veiled or hidden from thee, for thy sight is clear beyond all shadows and mists, and every where is the lifted curtain between the praying soul and thee. It is our aspiration that bids us see thes clearly. Oh! thou who art forever with us, knowing all our pains and needs, we thank thee for thy loving care and providence which are unfail-ing; that nothing can destroy the truth; that which are not hits that is a set of the truth is that while error, like chaff, is soon blown away, good endures forever; that evil is only like the mists that must roll away in the advancing day, and that good is quenchless.

God of good, God of truth and wisdom, God of everlasting love, let us feel that thou dost reign on the earth so that our doubts and fears shall pass away. Let us feel the spirit of growth that rules the whole earth, and moves all human souls toward thee, and so, O Father, may we come to thee and find com-fort, strength and consolation. May we hunger after thy bread of life, and life up our souls to thee for light.

QUESTION.-An earnest inquirer after truth is most anxious to hear you upon the evidences of the immor-

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In the proofs which have been given in modern Spiritualism, if we commence with the first phenomenal features, the physical manifestations, we find that the raps, al-though ridiculed and misrepresented, have brought the sublime truth of spirit presence home to one of the senses. There is enough in this one phase to demonstrate the power of the unseen to comprehend your inquiry and to respond to your questions. In the early manifestations of the spiritual knockings, there was great opposition, and many in every possible way attempted to explain them, but when in private families, mediums were developed from among the fathers, mothers and little children, when their powers rose and expanded, the doubters ceased their doubting and began to wonder and at last to believe.

tal?

Now, if you patiently and earnestly inquire into this one phase of spiritual manifesta-tions, you will learn that something which you cannot see, can demonstrate its presence by sounds, and that each spirit puporting to communicate, still possesses its own individuality. When you hear persons in anoth-er room, you can distinguish them by their voices, even when you do not see them, and if you are sensitive to sounds you know the difference in the foot falls of men and women. Something of the distinct qualities of the individual enters into the voice and step. It is just as true, that when your spirit friends come back to you, manifesting their presence by raps, you learn to know them by the pecultarities in the signals they employ. Now suppose you heard these sounds and investishall see at last as plainly as those who hope and believe and know the most.

QUESTION. —If a man is living in the middle existence of life, does it hold good that he shall require as much time to arrive at the state of angelhood as he has occu-pled in traversing from the brute creation?

ANSWER.-Yes; it seems to us that it will require as much time for the development of angelhood in man as it has required for him to climb from the darkness and dust of his ignorant and debased condition. Let us remember in this grand work of human progress, humanity seems like an army in motion. Its leaders, generals and heroes are in their places, but at the far end of the moving mass come the stragglers. No one judges the solid center by these. When you think of humanity and of Spiritualism, keep it in mind. We have our heroes, our soldiers with hearts of steel, and we have our stragglers also, but all are surely marching on.

### Prof. Buchanan and His New Philosophy.

Under the above heading the Boston Transcript of December 6th, has a long communication. We make the following brief extract therefrom:

"In every session of the college he gave not only the rationale of the American celectic system of practice, but special instruction in original researches, showing how much of truth and how much of error existed in the doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, Bell, Carpenter and other physiologists; how incomplete was the physiology of the schools, and how vast a territory of unexplained science still remained unknown and almost unsuspected, as America was unknown and unthought of before Columbus.

"As a physiologist he claims to reveal the action of the brain on the body as its con-trolling physiological organ. This was not attempted by Gall and Spurzheim, nor has it been attempted by any physiologist except in a very limited and fragmentary manner. Dr. Ferrier's demonstration of the location of the sense of feeling was more than thirty years subsequent to its discovery by Dr. Buchanan. As the author of a new science, a complete Cerebral Physiology, he must command attention as either the greatest physiological discoverer, or the victim of the great-est delusion in the whole history of science. That he is a real discoverer has been attested to not only by the faculty of the institute for many years, and by numerous classes of students, as well as by the faculty of the Indiana State University, but was attested by a committee of physicians in Boston forty years ago, before whom he made numerous demonstrations, and controlled or changed the pulse of one of the committee by operations on the brain, according to the princi-ples of cerebral physiology. A similar dem-onstration as to the brain and pulse was publicly made by Dr. B. in a lecture with experments in the medical department of the Louisville University several years later, and these demonstrations have been repeated during every course of his collegiate lectures.

Fortunately science has not made him an agnostic, as it has some who are eminent as scientists. Sympathising with the most advanced and spiritual Unitarians, he is earnestly interested in the progress of a rational, practical Christianity, and has shown in his luminous work on 'Moral Education' how its speedy triumph may be achieved.

### LET US BE JOYFUL.

**A** Class Oration Delivered by Solon Lover at the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory, Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

The great holiday season of the year has some again, when men make merry and forget their woes; when children laugh in glee and hug the gifts of Santa Claus; when homes are filled with joy and smiling faces beam on every side, when the coal fire glows within the grate and bids defiance to the blasts without; when Christmas trees are bending with the bounteous gifts of love, and poverty's children are made glad for once; when the marry chimes of belts peal out upon the frosty air and sing their notes of joy to cheer the world; when the snow flakes float from out the leaden sky and chase each other through the air in merry sport; when all the world seems glad and every heart beats high with new-born hopes. If we take a glance back over the history of the world, and compare the past with the present time, we shall see that we have abundant cause for joy. The world is better than it was two thousand years ago, and the sun of the new day has but just peeped above the horizon.

Night's dark shadows, that brooded over the face of earth so long, are now dispelled by the giorious beams of the sun of science. For ages the world has been filled with the smoke of war and the smell of blood. Man has grasped his brother by the throat and in the name of religion has filled the earth with the cries of fatherless children and the moans of widows. The lurid flames of myriad martyr-.res have leaped toward heaven, and their red tongues have sung praises to a god of wrath and vengeance. For opinion's sake men have been thrown into dark and noisome dungeons, where the clank of chains was the only sound that fell upon their ears; where hunger gnawed their vitals and was appeased only by food not fit for beasts; where fifth and noxious odors made existence a horrid nightmare filled with leering fiends and all frightful shapes of hell. For cherishing the light of reason, men have been tortured until sweat-drops of agony

For cherishing the light of reason, men have been tortured until sweat-drops of agony fell to the ground in place of the tears which could not be wrung from their manly eyes. Homes have been made desolate, fair fields have been devastated, men have been torn limb from limb, women have been outraged, infunts have been dashed upon the rocks, all in the name of Religion, sweet daughter of the skies.

In defense of the gates of heaven man has become a fiend of hell. For love of God he has hated his fellows. To bring about the age of peace, he has conducted bloody and relentless wars. To save from the sulphurous fires of hell, he has kindled about the martyr's limbs the consuming flames of religious hate. For centuries men lived in fear and trembling beneath the despotic rule of tyrants, and were cowed into meek submission by the force of arms. Red-handed Mur-der sat upon the thrones of earth, and wrote his laws in the blood of men. Injustice stalked throughout the land. Gaunt Famine sat in many a door, and pale forms of pestilence glided among the people taking their quota from every home. Sweet Charity hovered in the distant horizon with veiled face and tearful eyes, looking in sorrow upon the crimes of men. Stern Justice sheathed her sword and cast her scales aside, until the lapse of time should crown her queen of earth. Fair-faced Hope with sunny smile made frequent visits to the noble souls who were laboring to save the world; but dark Despair came oftener, and flapped her sable wings over the habitations of men, and pointed with her skinny hand to the black and yawning guif of hell. Phantom forms posted on the winds and cast their shadows on the face of earth. Black demons from the realms of night, held carnival in halls of state, and danced in horrid glee. Proud Wrath stripped the cloak from the back of Poverty, and left him shivering in the wintry blasts. Bloat Gluttony snatched from the hand of Hunger the crust that had kept the lamp of life from flickering out. Might trampled beneath his rathless feet, all the unfortunate oppressed who cried for justice. The world was filled with woe and pain, and men cried out in piteous tones for death to cut the cord that bound them to so many ills. All noble souls who raised their voices against oppression and injustice were tortured and put to cruel death. Heroes were murdered for defending justice, and persecution filled the world with cries of pain. If every cry and every groan wrung from the pallid lips of martyrs by the bloody hand of persecution could be united into one chorus to-day, such a mighty wail would roll to the dome of heaven as would drown the very music of the spheres. But at last came fair-eyed Science to dwell with the sons of men. She pointed the way to truth and wisdom. Heroic souls devoted their life to her, and often lost it in her service. Years rolled on, and the evil forms of darkness began to glide away, as the light of the coming day gilded the horizon in the east. In a few centuries she has revolutionized the world. Science, a grander savior of the human race than ever descended from the distant skies, has made the earth almost a heaven, and quenched the sulphurous fires of hell. She has driven from out the minds of men all the foul shapes of dread and horror that superstition fathered in an ignorant age. She has filled the heart once more with hope, and banished the demons of despair. She has made the world worth living in. and shown us heaven here below. She has brought smiles to the faces of mothers, and united families in the ties of love; she has declared to the world that all men are brothers, and taught them how to dwell together in unity and peace. After a long and trying conflict Science has wrenched from the hand of Hate the bloody sword of persecution, and the clank of chains is no longer heard in damp and gloomy vaults. The pen and the print-ing press have banished the thumbscrew and the rack; and the light of science now shines where once brooded the thick darkness of ignorance and superstition. Science, like a fair enchantress, has turned the arms of the gods into instruments of peace. She robbed great Jove of his gleaming bolt and made it a messenger of love and joy. She took water from the stream and coal from the bosom of the earth, and behold! a fiery steed rushes over the wondering globe. The silence of primeval forests is broken by his puffing breath, and his shrill voice inrades the home of solitude. The eternal seean has been covered with the ships of na-tions driven by this wonderful demon steam. Science has filled the world with light. She banished the credulous weakling Faith, and rave us instead the mighty giant Knowledge. For the cell of the monk, she has given us the laboratory of the student; for the crucifix the has given the telescope; for the cross she has planted the telegraph pole; for the heretic's chain she has given us the telegraph wire, to bind together all the nations of the earti

the liberty pole, from which finate the starry flag of freedom. The altar is being replaced by the desk of the scientists, and supersti-tions prayer is giving place to the voice of Reason. Acts of providence have become op-erations of nature, and the will of God is called the reign of law. It has been learned that sickness yields more quickly to practice than to prayer, and that as a preventive of disease, sanitary measures are more efficient disease, sanitary measures are more efficient than the supplications of priests. The earth is covered with happy homes, and in one country, at least, the power of tyranny has been broken. Food and clothing are produced in plenty, and a few more years will see the gaunt form of famine vanishing from the sight of men. Pestilence is in her dying throes, and is making her last frantic efforts to regain her power on earth. The new day has dawned, and the shades of night are fad-ing fast away. The mists are rising from the face of earth, and the bright beams of the new sun are filling the world with life. Men are beginning to love one another, and war is almost a thing of the past. Injustice is slowly but surely retreating from the land, and soon Justice will be queen of earth. Super-stition is dying and her scepter has passed into the hand of God-like Reason. Once more Charity walks unveiled, and casts her tender glances on Offence's face. Hope dwells on earth, and never again will leave the sons of men. The demon of Despair has winged his heavy flight to realms of night, and never more shall show his face on earth. The martyrs of the past are crowned with the laurel wreath, and their memory is embaimed in the lasting page of history. The Christs of earth have come into their glory, and in the merry Christmas time we celebrate their names with joy. Not one Christ alone does this day and season commemorate, but all the Christs who have lived and died to save their fellow-men. Their deeds live in the blessings of the present age, and their victories fill our hearts with gratitude and joy. Let us then be merry, and sing songs of gladness for victories past and to come. Let

bells ring out their notes of joy! Let happy children laugh in glee, let all our faces show the joy within, as we celebrate the merry Christmas time, in memory of the victories won by all the Christs of earth.

#### For the Beligio-Philosophical Journal. Our Home Angels.

#### BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Mediumship may often bring with it troubles and cares, but there is a true Christmas side to the ghost story of to day, which can brighten a home as it was never brightened by the blood-curdling tales of our grandfather, told whilst the Yule log snapped, and its flame flickered into the weird light specially adapted to the occasion.

My most intimate friends are a loving couple, whose home life has been shared for many a year by a household sprite calling herself Ninnette. She was a fairy child of but three years of age when she first came to her medium, and the grave spirit who brought her, had often to check her childish exuberance of fun. She had to be taught our language, and has practically grown up as a child with her mother, taking all the liberties of a somewhat spoiled daughter, and demanding her share of everything that was counted as enjoyment.

One of her first lessons was to learn that she could not indulge all her desires without injury to the medium. Her medium cannot eat oranges as they make her throat sore, but Ninnette made many a trial before she would accept the situation, and it was only after burning her medium's fingers on one or two fourths of July, that she learned that medi-

phenomena which is only shown when she takes "inside " control, and sees, as she says, the spirit side of mortal life. This is the side she shows to all but the very few with whom her soul life seems to blend; and the work she does as a spirit has caused hundreds to count her as an angel friend.

Somewhat of the childish manner is still retained as most natural to her control, but the wisdom is that of a guardian angel; yes, of many guardian angel, for she daily voices messages for spirits unable to control; dealing both with abstruse subjects and foreign languages, of which we have every reason to believe she is as ignorant as her medium.

No oracle at Delphi ever directed the destinies of a nation more faithfully than Ninnette watches over those she loves. Nothing seems to escape her notice, and her counsels seems always to be practical and wise. When her medium has been sick and suffering, I have known Ninnette to take control for hours at a time, bearing the pain herself that her medium might go unhurt.

her medium might go unhurt. The limits of a Christmas article forbid my giving more of this interesting double life history, but I cannot forbear suggesting that were it not for bigotry, superstition and ignorance, thousands of families throughout our land would have a Christmas greeting from just such a loved angel friend; and it is because the JOURNAL is doing its utmost to hasten that time; and because I feel to love all its readers, that I send this true narrative as a remembrance of what Spiritualism in its simple purity may do to gladden human life.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to our worthy editor and his "completeness," and to the office friends who share in the good work, specially including the "devil." May a plum pudding blazing in (tetotal) brandy, and a turkey done to a turn, be to each an outward sign of brotherly love filling every heart. New York.

## For the Religio Philosophical Journal, **Retribution.**

A spiritual friend once remarked to me: "I would rather have a dozen enemies in the flesh than one malignant or vindictive enemy in the Spirit-world."

I have reflected much at times on the truth of his remarks and have thought them worthy of consideration, and if this idea could become popularized and fairly understood, how much sconer the world would approach a common sense millenarian condition of happiness, than under the present orthodox swindle of absolution. This doctrine of irresponsibility, of forgiveness of all crimes murders, cruelties and injustice—by merely asserting a belief in the atoning blood of a crucified Jesus, the only son of God, is pernicious in the extreme!

Nicious in the extreme! Without pausing to discuss the principle of a reciprocal condition of retributory punishment between this and the spirit domain, let me relate an historical event that may become the basis of reflection—the apparent fulfillment of an anathema or malediction of a much-wronged laboring woman. Although the events took place a little short of a century ago, they have, of course, become now in the neighborhood, merely traditional, yet I had the facts directly from some of the interested parties, then living in my boyhood days.

y was a rich and miserly farmer who lived at Maspeth, Long Island. He had become rich by every penurious method. By extortion and distraint he would take every mean advantage of his neighbors in a trade. As the story goes a blind man's dog or a cripple's crutch stood no chance of redemption, could he trump up a claim to their ownership. When the Society of Friends of New ton resolved to emancipate their slaves, he refused to conform, consequently he was read out" of the Society. His house was a spacious, comfortable, two-story mansion, and its attic was stored with many distrain-ed family relics: several paintings by the old masters; ox-chains, plow-colters, silvermounted harness and several silver headed canes, etc., etc., which had accumulated through distrained possession. It happened that a hard-working widow (Irish) woman occupied one of his small ten--m. Unfortunately, ements, a Mrs. Fthrough protracted sickness she fell in ar rears in the payment of her rent. No sym pathy was given her; her pleadings were in vain. Espying her spinning-wheel, he at tached this necessary auxiliary of profit. He carried it to his mansion and placed it in his loft among the other trophies of his unfeeling barbarity. As time moved on, Mrs. F-----'s unpaid rent continued to accumulate, and he finally coolly laid claim to her cow, now the sole support of herself and children. This last act made the poor widow frantic, and as the docile animal was driven from her mansion she fell on her knees, and clasping her hands above her head, ejaculated something like the following malediction: "You old viperous wretch! As gold and silver is your god, may gold and silver be your portion; may you live on it as food, and may you starve in the midst of plenty. She then instantly swooned and fell dead! This frantic curse literally came to pass. Three weeks subsequently the old miser's throat closed to the extent that he had to be fed through a silver tube; but his mental condition underwent a remarkable change before his death. Being unable to articulate by a will written by himself he emancipated his three slaves, gave several charitable be quests, and left an appropriation for the building of the Maspeth school house, which appropriation was to be placed with the So-ciety of Quakers of Newton, L. I.; but as the Friends do not recognize the term Quaker, they could not assume the management of the fund. However, his executors, Dr. Mott and Anthony Betts, fully appreciated the intention of the donor, therefore the old wooden building, long known as "Brook" school, was erected. In conclusion, when it becomes popularly understood as a fixed fact, that death is but change of existence of the individual, and that the spirit carries with it into its new abode all its earthly characteristics, love, hatred, envy, cunning, hypocrisy and vindictiveness, what a tremendous power is placed in their hands to do us either harm or goodharm by misleading us by impression into the fascinations of vice, crime and misery; good, by inclining us to the cultivation of the higher qualities of our natures, universal love for all humanity, and a kindly feeling for all animated creation. D. BRUCE. Williamburgh, L. I.

## Fir the Beligie-Philosophical Journal. Scolng and Balleving.

## BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

There is much criticism apon the command to believe, and threatening for unbelief. We are told that belief depends on evidence; that "seeing is believing;" but is it true? Cer-tainly belief does not depend wholly nor mainly on external proof. There are many who have had all the proof possible to the who have had all the proof possible to the senses that spirits do return and yet glory in knowing nothing of life beyond the grave; while others equally as intelligent and accurate in their methods, having had little evidence through physical phenomena, never doubt. Some thirty-two years ago a Baptist clergyman and wife visited at the house of Levi Boardman (Mrs. Howe's uncle) in the town of New Albion, N. Y., and Spiritualism was discussed. Finally a circle was proposed. Soon the center table showed signs of life Finally all hands were withdrawn and still it moved. Mr. Boardman being a fine violinist, played a waitz, and to the amazement of the guests the table waltzed to the music while no one was near it. The minister looked at the table and then at his wife in awestruck wonder, and said: "Wife, do you see that?" She looked amazed, but replied in true agnostic spirit: "I don't believe it." "But," added the houest clergyman, "Don't you see it?" "Yes. I see it, but I don't believe it," was the characteristic reply. Many, like Thomas of old, want the sense of touch satisfied to corroborate sight; but when that is granted, they still doubt. Let every sense be touched with proof and still they are "ag-nostic." Why? Because seeing is not believing; nor do phenomena ever compel us to believe. They may help us, as steps and stairs help us to climb, but the most inviting stair-way never compels us to ascend.

There is no end to the objections and demands of obstinate unbelievers, because the facts which only touch the senses fail to impart qualities and conditions to the mind: and the conditions and capacities of the mind are what determine belief or unbelief. Agnostics accept without question the conclusions of scientists without ever witnessing or asking to witness the processes of sci-entific demonstration, while in any spiritual hings they exact experimentals knowledge for each and all, and then when the senses accept the facts they ignore or deny the con-clusions to which they lead, while admitting their inability to explain them on any other hypothesis. The theory of gravitation is ac-cepted because it accounts for the manifestations of nature as no other theory ever has; but the agnostic should say: "I don't know it may be true, but I have never had the evi dence to satisfy me that there is any such spirit as gravitation." We assume that light emanates from the sun, but the agnostic should say: "I don't know; I see the phe-nomenon, and when the sun is in the heavens, and no clouds obscure it, there is light on the earth, but I don't know it comes from the sun, for it does not shine at all times and in all places, and it may be due to some undiscovered force in the atmosphere that is not so active when the clouds are thick and heavy and what we call the sun may be after all only a myth, and the wonderful phenomena that we witness and attribute to the sun may be some occult force in nature that will vet be discovered not far away. I have never been to the sun, and all the manifestations we get from it are very similar to the exhi-bitions of matter on this world, and to convince me that sunlight (so-called) comes ninety millions of miles through space from a great ball of fire many times larger than this whole world, it must bring comething entirely unlike any thing ever known on earth."

and found the grave of Longfellow. I carried with me a blank book and pencil, hoping in that spot I might come en rapport with him and receive one of his beautiful poems. I therefore seated myself on the corner of the lot and waited. Perhaps some of my readers will langh, and so they may, for the situation was a little ridiculous. I waited some time. All was silent. I had about determined to leave, when, as it seemed to me, several feet above me in the air I heard a voice speak clearly these lines, and at the same times as I looked upward, I could see the ethereal spirit form looking down toward me as he gave these words:

"O why do you sit here waiting, Does this bring you nearer to me? The place where my form is mouldering, Is not where my spirit would be."

The voice then ceased. Then I thought: "I will arise and learn a lesson from this." The living thoughts which he imparted are of great value to me. Other places would certainly draw me nearer to his soul than this. One other experience that has always shone

out beautifully in my memory, illustrating how near the Spirit-world is to this, happened about four years ago when in Brooklyn. A little girl in the house where I was boarding, died of diphtheria. All in the house loved little Lelia. They were all sitting in the parlor, waiting for the moment when her spirit would finally leave us. When she breathed her last the friends who had surrounded the bed left, and were weeping in other parts of the room. I then went up to the bed, and seeing the little head had failen (as it relaxed) off the soft pillow, I took it between my hands to place it back again. Our spirit friends tell us that the brain is the place wherein the last connection of the spirit to the body is broken. Although we called her dead, it seemed that as I touched her head, the contact brought me into her

spiritual presence at the same time that the wondrous beauties of the new life burst upon her vision. I was so close to her that my spirit or clairaudient sense caught the first exclamation of surprise. Her first sentence was: "Oh! what beautiful things I see!" and then: "Why, they say I am dead! Oh! Mrs. Lillie is here, too." Her voice, natural and child like, expressed all the astonishment and sweet surprise (increasing with each sentence) as only a child's voice can. Then I heard a chorus of voices singing. I could clearly distinguish the different parts, and also the male and female voices. With her spirit attendants she seemed to be borne away, and I caught a glimpse of the subtile bonds by which the material and spiritual worlds, as we call them, are united, and how distance and space are almost annihilated.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Is Religion Solemn or Cheerful?

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

The universal stereotyped conception of religion associates it with a stern and solemn countenance, ready to frown upon any levity in the universe ruled by a "jealous God" before whom all should stand in terror of his awful power and boundless malignity. The jovial boy that whistles on Sunday is warned of his alarming peril, and the graceful maiden who pleases and enlivens all by her spirituelle dancing is warned by her minister: "Dance on, young woman—yes—dance down to hell!" Such was the warning actually given by a celebrated Methodist divine.

Yet if the divine being is a God of love, and if, as defined by Jesus, love is the essence of all religion, then there is nothing in the world more serenely bright and joyful than the soul that is filled with true religion. The iner brightne ner, and "the peace that passeth understanding," are the unerring tests of a religious life, as the cold, morose and stern countenance is the unerring evidence of the absence of true religion. And yet so poorly is the world instructed on this subject that the countenance of a Shylock would often be more acceptable in the church than that of a bright and joyous nature. The most repulsive countenance and manners that I have ever seen in any public character was in the case of a fashionable clergyman of a wealthy New York congregation who was called upon to officiate at one of our college exercises. But why not? If the chief purpose of the ruler of the universe is to torture forever the vast majority of his offspring, why should not his ministers assume an equal severity of manner and action? On the other hand the intelligence which comes to us from ten thousand mediums and inspired teachers assures us of a boundless world of life, love and joy above, and all who come into harmony with it find their cares lightened, their burdens lifted and their serene joy expressing itself in smiles and cheering thoughts. And yet as the lovers of humanity look out upon the crime, the igno-rance and the misery of this world, they feel it weigting upon their spiri's with gloomy power. The Jesus described in the New Testament felt sadly indeed the gloom of his surroundings and many a noble soul has sunk in gloom overpowered by the oppressions and miseries of this life. But is it the wisest and best thing to yield to the gloomy influances which more or less surround every life? Is not the hopefulness of the beloved disciple St. John more attractive than the solemnity of his leader? "To err is human," and it is the error of human weakness to give way under any circumstances to gloom or despondency. The truly divine element knows no surrender to evil. The perfect hero is not only firm and vigorous under all trials, but buoyant and cheerful when the clouds are darkest, and by his cheerfulness rouses all good and happy sentiments, and restores the flagging energles of all around him. "Toujours gaie," is one of the highest compliments the French bestow upon a hero. Let us then cultivate gaiety as one of the soul-lifting and healthgiving virtues, and think not lightly of the ports of Christmas, the ringing laughter and the joyous dance which animate all the powers of life and refresh our weary virtues as the evening dews refresh the flowers.' Sport belongs to the whole animal kingdom, and laughter is its culmination in man aloue, which he should cherish as a part of his superiority. The overtaxed scholar and the weariest toiler are in danger of lesing the brightest portion of their nature in the weariness and gloom of exhaustion. Let them go among the merry and cheerful, and be happy again as they were in the unbur-dened days of childhood. Learn, oh! solemn thinker and anxious planner, that when you cannot smile your barque is nearly wrecked. Go then among the cheerful and do your part to make life joyful around you. Then with renewed energy you shall go on triumphant to the borders of the 'beautiful river" beyond which more thrilling joys await you.

The martyr's stake has been replaced by

ums have rights that spirits are bound to respect.

It was deeply interesting to watch the "child-angel" trying to behave like a little woman whilst giving us one by one words she could not understand, though they were messages from spirit friends of some one present. She soon announced her determination to learn how to keep house, and her needle and thread has given her medium many a job of picking out stitches, and repairing damages before the little witch got handy at her work; and even to-day I notice that the medium's nose points heavenward, if anybody suggests that Ninnette should come and help finish the sewing.

Ninnette has two distinct phases of manifestation, which she calls "inside" and "outside" control. In both, her medium is unconscious; but when "outside," Ninnette is practically a denizen of our work-a-day world, and with wonderful shrewdness she takes her full share in whatever may be going on. She has a name for everybody, always speaking of her medium as "Snowbird," and calling her medium's husband "that boy." She has promised him a "nice" name if he will give up using tobacco. The writer of this article she long ago christened with the somewhat slanderous title of "Thistle," which is about the only serious mistake he has known her to make.

In this "outside" control Ninnette is a busy body, and takes a remarkably practical view of matters in general. If her medium has lost anything, it is probable that Ninnette can find it, even if it is something that has laid forgotten in a trunk for a year or two, and you would enjoy watching the fussiness of her ladyship when she is busy packing the "Saratoga" of her medium for the usual summer excursion with "that boy." But Snowbird assures me that nothing is ever forgotten, and that neatness and order reign supreme in that trunk.

Ninnette has learned to write, and delights to receive and answer letters. She composes a charming letter, often containing the wisdom of an ancient, but she is very loose on the days of the week whose names she has never mastered. There is a woman who is called in once a week for special domestic duty, and that is the event by which our celestial correspondent counts mundane time. It is with her "Mrs. Bradley's day, or so many days before or after Mrs. Bradley's day."

She early developed a fondness for games but until quite lately showed a marked dis-taste for cards. It happens that both the medium and her husband enjoy a social game of cards; "bazique," or as it is now called "penunkle," being their favorite game. At such times Ninuette became conspicuous by her absence. Suddenly she made her appearance as a full blown accomplished player at the favorite game. She explained that one of the medium's friends just passed to spiritlife had taught her, and it was not long be fore we found out that she knew our cards and her own, too; and nothing but remarkably good hands could save us from being beaten every time. Making every allowance for the fact that she evidently knows our cards, we acknowledge that she insists on fair play, and moans audibly when she has lost a trick. All this is but a glimpse of our household friend who has thus continued to play the child for fifteen or sixteen years of full control.

But there is another side to these wondrous

Charles Dickens did more for Christmas than any man that lived during the last sev enteen centuries.

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

no spirituality behind them to digest and apply facts, they ask that spirits bring something to us from another world totally unlike any thing ever seen in this world! Should this be done it would be counted proof against the spiritual source of phenomenon, because it would be beyond the reach of all our senses and none but the spiritual seer could realize it.

Because spirits are natural, and come with in the order of natural law, it is assumed they belong to this world only, and if they were unnatural, ignored and defied law, they would be relegated to the sphere of hallucination, disease, insanity, or diabolism. Clear. concise arrangements of facts, obtained by scientific methods that leave no chance for uncertainty, are important ground work for the eternal temple we are building; but these facts without a rational theory to explain them, and mental and spiritual growth to appreciate and use them are of no more value than a "Punch and Judy" show to amuse or disgust according to the tastes of the observer. Intense appreciation of the infinite blessing we are sharing, is indispensable to spiritnal devotion and working enthusiasm. Belief is more than pretense or echo. It inspires to action, and if need be to sacrifice, and fills the soul with light and earnestness that carries conviction and delights to bless all with ts prophetic aspirations and ardent feelings. Let it be rational and we cannot believe too much.

> For the Religio Philosophical Journal. Volces.

### BY MRS. R. S. LILLIE.

Among the gifts which have been mine as a medium, I know of none that has given me greater pleasure or afforded a wider field for thought than that which I call clairaudience, or the hearing of spirit voices which are inaudible to others, yet clear and distinct to me. To attempt a description of them seems almost useless. One must hear them in order to fully realize that they make a clear and distinct sound, perhaps in a distant part of the room, which arrests the attention of the medium, causing him or her to look around to see who has spoken. I well remember that in my earlier experi-

I well remember that in my earlier experiences, so audible did spirit voices seem to me, that I would be startled thereby, expecting others in the room would acknowledge that they also had heard them. They are, many times, freighted with wisdom, giving counsel and instruction; sometimes they are prophetic, telling of things that will transpire in my own life; again, full of the drollest humor, keen wit and even sarcasm; and always characteristic of the individual having the peculiarities of voice, intonation, accent, etc., while in earth-life.

Many bright gems of thought and useful lessons have been given me, which at the time I thought I would surely treasure up for the good of others; but when I sought to recall them I found they had been crowded from memory's tablet. Among the many which I now recall, was a lesson I gained from spirit Henry W. Longfellow. As those who have heard my inspirations know, I have the gift of improvisation. I have also in like manner received through automatic handwriting similar productions. In May last, being in Boston, I visited Mount Auburn,

The works of both Longfellow and Emerson are read in the French schools.

## JANUARY 3, 1885.

## **RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.**

## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. 128 Ggeenwich Avenue, New York City.]

#### NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that live and die, In want, and hunger and cold; That one may revel in luxury, And be lapped in its silken fold, And ninety and nine in their hovels hare, And one in a palace with riches rare.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms And the forest before them falls; Their labor has builded humble homes: And cities with lofty halls, And the one, owns cities and homes and lands And the ninety and nine have empty hands.

But the night, so dreary, and dark and long, At last shall the morning bring; And over the land the victor's song, Of the ninety and nine shall ring,

And echo afar from zone to zone, "Rejoice! for labor shall have its own." -- Anon

#### OF HOME.

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, Superintendent of the Chicago Training School of Cookery, and lecturer on Domestic Science in the Iowa Agricultural College and at the Chautauqua Summer School, gave an address before the Liter-ary Circle at the latter place in July last. To the writer's mind, Mrs. Ewing has failed to make due allowance for the disabilities under which woman has always suffered. It is an impatience which is frequently manifested by those who, having great natural ability eq by those who, having great hatthat ability or opportunity for climbing heights rapidly, cannot see why others cannot get over the same ground in an equal length of time. They fail to remember that many have un-developed intellectual as well as physical muscles, and that others are content to dwell in the lowland and never climb until forced in the lowland and never climb until forced to do so. To such Mrs. Ewing utters plain truths in a forcible way. Her address from which we extract is called

#### A PLEA FOR HOME.

"Woman has been in all ages and climes what the dominant mind of man required her to be; and as the mind of man enlarges and expands the sphere of woman widens and her power for good or evil increases correspondingly. It is so hard, however, to break away from the old time traditions that very few women realize this fact; and a majority of mothers are still so firmly imbued with the moss-covered belief that they can not train their daughters to be useful, self-sup-porting, womanly women without depriving them of their feminine graces and attrac tions, that the mischievous education of girls is begun almost in the cradle. At a very early age it is impressed upon their minds that the chief mission in life of woman is to be ornamental! They are taught to make themselves agreeable in society, to cultivate 'the sterile nothingnesses called female accom-plishments,' to study the art of dressing, and other things as they have time and strength.

"But, unfortunately, many of them are so frail and weak, physically, that they never get beyond the art of dressing-that alone requiring all their time and energies. And although it may not be a very high ambi-tion to attempt to keep up with the fashion in dress, the women who 'make the effort' are the most terribly overworked class in the community; and are, perhaps, deserving of pity

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any very marked moral or social advance until the average home is reformed and becomes what it should be? During the last w years I have been in a great many where families lived in apparent content- And where the home surroundings are al-ment and where they called it home. But ways pleasant and cheerful, and the home the number of them wherein genuine comfort and cheerful happiness dwelt peacefully together, was comparatively small. You in-quire the reason? Glance over the houses to which you have free access, and in the slack, almost slovenly manner in which most of them are ordered, you can scarcely fail to discover it. Comfort with most people is es-sential to happiness. The peace of a whole family is often destroyed for the day by such a seemingly trivial matter as having burnt toast or muddy coffee for breakfast. And in a neglect of what are called minor household duties, lies the secret of much domestic discord. "It may be deemed a very little thing to trim a lamp, to make a bed, or to prepare a meal. But human happiness is seriously affected by little things. Life is largely made up of them. And the wife, or mother, or sister, who sees that each lamp is carefully trimmed, each bed properly made, and each meal skillfully prepared, in the house under her super vision, makes every nook within that household brighter for her care, and exerts an influence for good that widens and expands illimitably. "The air is full of cheap talk about 'a sacred home life,' pleasant home memories,' etc., but in spite of all this poetic glamour, the woman who cares to keep herself proper-ly acquainted with the details of her house and home duties is, in the estimation of a majority of her sex, a 'household drudge'and 'drudgery' is the reproachful epithet in which their sentiments in regard to domestic labor are voiced. But if labor of any kind is honorable, why is it not as dignified, as elevating, and as well in every way to make beds, sweep rooms, cook dinners, and perform other household duties, as it is to plow fields, build houses, construct railroads, administer medicine. or buy and sell merchandise? And when a woman's duty lies in the line of the former occupations, why should it be distasteful to her to acquaint herself thoroughly with all the details of housekeeping? Or why should she consider it 'drudgery' to de-vote some of her time to learning the best methods of preparing food? Or to spend a portion of it in doing in the most perfect manner those various household labors that add so much to the comfort and happiness of home? Why should the ordinary work of the farmer, artisan, merchant, doctor, journalist or law-yer, be any more pleasant, interesting or refin-ing to them, than ordinary housework is to the wife, mother or daughter? Is there not as wide a field for the use of brains in the home department as in any other department of industry? Is there not as broad a scope for chemical experiment in the kitchen as in the laboratory? Is there not material for illimitable scientific research included within the economy of the household?" It seems to me why the ordinary work of the artisan or merchant is more pleasant than ordinary housework is, that the woman has too many kinds of work at once to do them well. In the complexity of modern life, her brain is over crowded with a variety of details which no one human being can attend to skillfully. The baker bends his whole energies and attention to the making of bread and similar food. The housewife does this as only a very small part of her bi-weekly work. She has one thousand things to think of every seven days of her life, and no ner- reading matter.

vous system can long stand the strain of all the supervision of modern family life, among cultivated people, and have it perfectly done. Such a woman soon loses elasticity. freshness and interest in anything outside of her own house. She becomes a mere ma-chine, a housekeeper and fades out into a nonentity. We all know such women, nerv-ous, overstrained, eager creatures, who go down to their graves the victims of good housekeeping according to modern methods. A division of labor, such as shall take a portion of it out into co-operative neighborhood bakeries and laundries, and, above all, a return to simpler methods of life-these are the only way out of the trouble, as it seems to me. What would be thought of the farmer who ground his corn and wheat and cut and made his own clothing? Yet this goes only a little way parallel with woman's work. These following sentences of Mrs. Ewing

are as noble as they are true. Every young person in the land should be taught such truths from babyhood. We may style this extract:

#### THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

"That certain kinds of labor are genteel and ennobling, and certain other kinds menial, is one of the most pernicious ideas that ever entered the mind of a human being; and whoever teaches, directly or indirectly, that young women should avoid what is absurdly called the 'drudgery' of housework, and aspire to be teachers, and dress makers, and clerks in stores and offices, is placing a stumbling block in the path of thousands, and doing incalculable damage to the cause of human progress. It is the heart we put into labor of any kind, the motive underlying it, that makes its performance either elevating 

and boarding houses, for the purpose of es-caping domestic duties, and thus encourage their daughters to grow up in ignorance of the various branches of domestic economy, are among the worst foes of society. Girls whose training in household duties has been performed at the foes of the performance to neglected, are apt to flee, after marriage, to these places of refuge to escape the penalties of such neglect; thus hotels and boarding houses perpetuate the system of which they are the legitimate result—that wretched system under which women are reared without a knowledge of housework, and are encouraged to shirk the cares and responsibilities—thereby losing all the joys and com-forts of a home. And the revolt against 'do-mestic drudgery'—as the phrase goes—is sim-ply a revolt against the home, and against the duties and responsibilities that attach to and are inseparable therefrom. It may be an outgrowth as the fallacious teachings of the past-transitory and temporary in character -but until it is succeeded by a truer and healthier belief, reformatory movements for

the improvement of society must be attended with comparatively trifling success. The social reform must begin in the home and work outward; and society will never be reformed until the home is made as pleasant and fascinating as the club-room, the restaurant and the saloon.

"For most women a thorough knowledge of housekeeping is a much more desirable boon than an entire exemption therefrom; and if the time wasted in devising ways to evade what is termed 'drudgery,' and 'menial work,' were spent in learning to do properly the things that make home pleasant, healthful and attractive, we would have more wellordered homes and fewer saloons, less licentiousness and more domestic felicity. Home ties are strengthened and home attachments rendered more binding with each added home comfort. The inducements for leaving home to seek enjoyment elsewhere diminish in exome attract t nron ways pleasant and cheerful, and the home table always spread with healthful, well prepared food, the barriers of rectitude are well nigh impregnable.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (New York City.) The January number of the North American Review is an excellent one. It presents a wide variety of unusually readable articles. We are now over the crisis of the presidential election and men of all parties can consider calmly Bishop Huntington's essay on "Vituperation in Politics." Under the title, "The Reunited South," Henry Watterson presents with great clearness the Southern and Democratic view of the political situation as it now stands. Another question of universal concern is that of labor and its compensation; Col. Hinton, in "American Labor Organizations," shows with what equip-ment it will take the field. The literary reader will first turn to Frederic Harrison's brilliant and incisive discussion of "Froude's Life of Carlyle;" the religious or philosophi-cal reader to Courtney's "Socrates, Buddha, and Christ." For the scientific reader, Mr. Proctor discusses learnedly "Herschel's Star Surveys," and Prof. Le Conte presents and explains some curious facts in relation to "The Evidence of the Senses." Mr. Mulhall's paper on "The Increase of Wealth" is a successful endeavor to render large masses of figures popularly intelligible.

& St. Louis Railroad.

DOES WONDERFUL

CURES OF

KIDNEY DISEASES

and functions, thereby

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: A Glance at the Jury System, by C. H. Stephens; Agnostic Metaphysics, by Frederic Harrison; Last Words about Agnosticism, by Herbert Spencer; Influences Determining Sex, by Professor W. K. Brooks; My Schools and Schoolmasters, by Professor John Tyndall; Gladia-tors of the Sea, by Frederik A. Fernald; Study-ing in Germany, by Professor Horace M. Kennedy; State Usurpation of Parental Functions, by Sir Auberon Herbert; Bloody Sweat, J. H. Pooley, M. D.; Protective Mimicry in Marine Life, by Dr. W. Breitenbach; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Wil-liams; Advantages of Limited Museums, by Oscar W. Collet; The Architecture of Town-Houses, by Robert W. Edis, F. S. A.; Mountain Observatories; Sketch of Sir Henry Roscoe; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

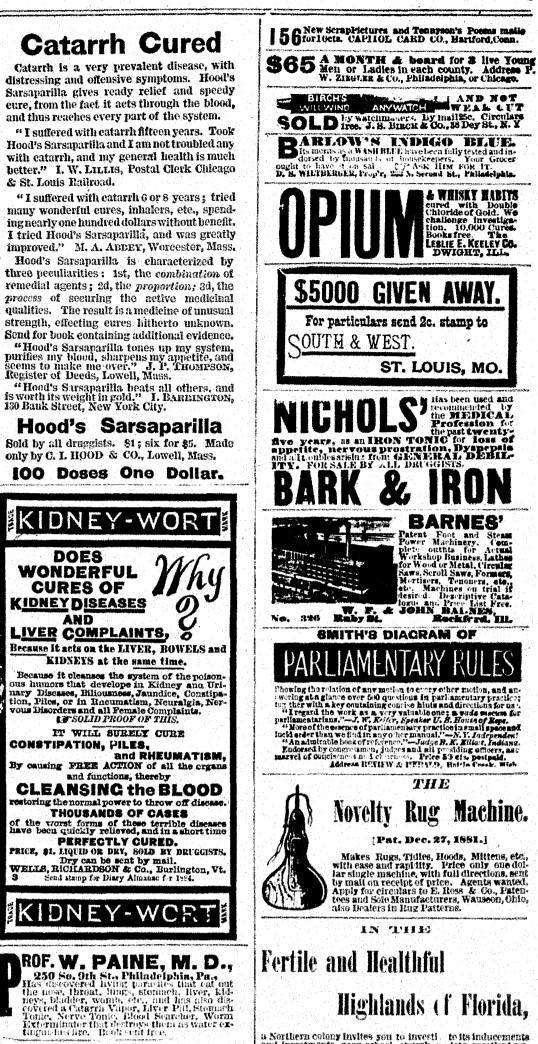
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mif-flin & Co., Boston.) Contents: The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains; A Canadian Folk-Song; Childhood in Greek and Roman Literature; The H Malady in England; A Marsh Island; The Christ of the Snows; A Salem Dame-School; A Story of Assisted Fate; Madame Mohl, Her Salon and Her Friends; Winter Days: A Country Gentleman; The Star in the East; The New Portfolio; Vedder's Drawings for Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat; Culture of the Old School: Recent American Fiction; Studies of the Renaissance; The Contributors' Club; Books of the Month.

THE AMERICAN ART MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) Contents: "Farewell, Farewell! One Kiss and I'll Descend"; The New Forest; Poems and Pictures; The Color-Sense of Poets; Some Oriental Brass-Work; Pavis De Chavennes; "Parting"; The Romance of Art; Hatfield House; Early Sculptured Stones in England; The New "Romeo and Juliet"; Profiles from the French Renaissance; A Dead March; The Chronicle of Art; Current Exhibitions; American Art Notes.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The judgment of the publishers in bringing out an American edition of The Quiver has been sustained by the public. The contents of this number is up to the first issue and no one, we think, will deny that with its bright pictures and words of cheer, it will be a welcome visitor in every household.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (Maga-zine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: A ChristmasGreeting;Old and New;ChristmasChurch Decorations; Called Back on Christmas; Happy New Year; Snow Flakes; The New Year

and the Old; Editorial Marginals, etc.



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### ANOTHER STERLING TRUTH.

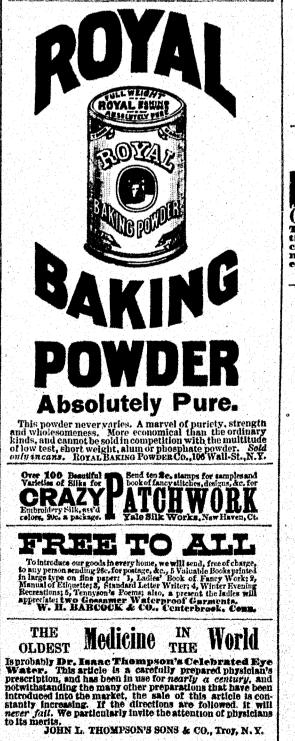
"The stomach is one of the most important and one of the most delicate organs in a human being. It is not merely a receptacle for luxuries that have tickled the palate, or for substantials that will sustain life; it is the work-shop in which are prepared all the materials essential to the building up of perfect men and women, and its needs and demands should be treated with thoughtful consideration. The cultivated stomach appreciates contrasts and harmonies in taste as keenly as does the cultivated eve or ear in color or sound: and it is as much jarred and disarranged by inharmonious tastes as either eye or ear by inharmon-ious sights and sounds. Food is an important factor in the solution of the problem of hu-man destiny. The manner of men and women we are depends greatly upon the nature of our diet. Our thoughts and acts are emanations of the things we eat and drink. The food we consume contains the principles of comeliness or deformity-health or disease. life or death; and has a positive quality for good or evil, in shaping our character, habits and disposition. Personal purity, physical stamina and mental vigor are the perfect products of a rich home life. But to yield such results its formations must he embedded upon both æsthetic and hygienic laws. Neither alone is sufficient. They must sup-plement and aid each other. No department of the home must be considered inferior or subservient to any other department. Each must harmonize with the other, and the kitchen rank with the parlor in neatness and dignity, if not in attractiveness and splendor.

.... And if the girls who are to be the future wives and mothers of our country will qualify themselves to conduct and govern in a successful manner, the house holds over which they are destined to preside, the reign of slovenly, domestic ignorance under which we now groan and suffer, will be superseded by one of orderly intelligence; and then there will be no brighter, pleasanter or more attractive place on earth than the average American home." 23

## Magazines for January Received.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAG AZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) Con-tents: Portrait of Edward Everett Hale; Recent Architecture in America; Edward Eyerett Hale; The Knight of the Black For-est; The Making of a Museum; Mariana; The Rise of Silas Lapham; Christianity and Popular Amusements; How Squire Coyote brought Fire to the Cahrocs; To a Face at a Concert; Orpiment and Gamboge; Unlookedfor Return; The Freedman's Case in Equity Longing; Recollections of Foote and the Gunboats; Operations of the Western Flotilla: The Kalispel County; Retrospect; Jim's In-ventions and King Sollermun; An Autumn Meditation; Topics of the Month; Open Letters; Bric-a-Brac.

CHOICE LITERATURE. (John B. Alden, New York.) Contents: Wurzburg and Vienna; Goethe; Greek, Cities under Roman Rule; Honey Dew; The Progress of Social Science; Mr. Gladstone; Thunderbolts; and other good







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

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 3, 1885.

## TERMS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Rapidly increasing interest in subjects within the scope of the JOURNAL'S field has caused many friends to ask the publisher to supply the paper on trial to those not heretofore subscribers. Yielding to this request he will until February 1st, 1885, send the JOUR-NAL Three Months for Fifty Cents, on Trial, to Those who have never been subscribers. This is a propitious time for continuous readers to extend a knowledge of the JOURNAL among their liberal-minded sequaintances. Try it. Every friend of the JOURNAL should feel that he or she has as much interest in its circulation as the publisher. If all who express their admiration for the JOURNAL will work for its interests with a tithe of the assiduity the publisher and editor labors the year round in the intorests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

fers its columns for the expression of their best thought. To its friends the JOURNAL extends the compliments of the season; and to its enemies it offers a truce long enough for them to respond to the sentiment: May the fittest survive!

### Personalities-Is Harmony at the Expense of Truth Desirable?

Many object to the outspoken manner with which the JOURNAL treats fraud and rascality, and to what they style its personalities. With those who honestly differ from us, we have full sympathy; for, occupying different standpoints and viewing things differently, conclusions often are wide apart. Yet what is the public journalist to do, whose province is to record facts and state the truth? He must call things by their right names, and not for the sake of peace and harmony cover up with sweet sounding phrases, or pass in silence great and crying wrongs.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has from the beginning been the staunch and unchanging friend and supporter of true mediums, and its pages have ever been open to record the results of their mediumship. So consistent has been its course in this respect that it would seem impossible for any one to misunderstand its position or its purpose when it attempts to shield the Spiritualist public from those who endeavor to prey upon it. When mediums are proven fraudulent, it is for the welfare of the cause that the facts be published; and to say that such publication is a "war on mediums," is unwarrantable and untruthful. When a professed Spiritualist uses the garb of his belief to go over the country, a dead-beat and fraud, filching from every one who listens to him, it is the duty of the Spiritualist papers to show him in his true light, and the accusation of "unjust personality" is uncalled for.

An inspirational lecturer of high standing writes that as a matter of policy the JOURNAL should be less severe, even though every word it has published was true. He says:

"I do not think that many who are prejudiced against the JOURNAL, really desire to countenance fraud or rascality, but they are not critical judges of the in-tricate problem that lies between psychic facts and selfish frauds, and when they think they have tested a medium, and know, they cannot be persuaded they have been deceived and their sacred confidence abus-ed, especially when scores of witnesses arise and testify to having witnessed all these things under test conditions, and that the JOURNAL and all Bundvites are secret Jesultical enemies of Spiritualism."

This good brother thinks that if the Jour-NAL had pursued a less decided course it would have been better for the cause. Singularly in narrating his own experience he furnishes the most conclusive evidence of the correctness of the JOURNAL'S position. He writes:

Where I am well known, nobody would have the hardlhood to accuse me of being an enemy to medi-ume or in any way opposed to all the genuine in Spiritualism, nor of being unkind or uncharitable to any body..., When I moderately in a kindly spirit related some facts—of fraud—that had come under my own eye where there was no chance for mistake, at the same time vigorously advocating phenomena and commending many genuine mediums that I know and could vouch for, I was informed that if the spiritual societies of New England should hear me say that, I could not get an engagement to speak among them. But I replied: 'I have abused no one;

ing light of truth. There is every indication that the tide of thought has strongly set in favor of the principles advocated by the JOUR-NAL, and that Spiritualism will soon free itself from the incubus, designing selfishness and credulity have fastened upon it.

## A Word with " Unity."

Our neighbor on Wabash Avenue, the Unitarian Unity, in an editorial in its issue of Dec. 1st, speaks in general approval of a Soclety for Psychical Research, but objects to the society being under the direction of Spiritualists. It says:

"Looking at it from the standpoint of the Spiritualist, it will be better for him to submit his facts to the test which non-committed experts would devise than to still endure the suspicion that he had succeeded in persuading those who already believed."

We assure Unity that it has never been our purpose to seek investigators only among believers in Spiritualism. We thought we had made this clear as the noon-day sun from the first. It is our desire that the most able and obdurate opponents of Spiritualism shall investigate the phenomena. If the Society for Psychical Research is ever organized, it will at once endeavor to have the phenomena tested by the best-trained scientific men in America and in other countries. It will endeavor to offer such inducements to these men that they will no longer ignore this subject, or pass it by with a sneer.

In regard to the society being under the direction of Spiritualists, we are very confident that so to have it is the only way to secure efficient and long-continued work. Spiritualists have for many years studied these phenomena, and have tested them in numberless ways, and are convinced that a percentage of them emanate from disembodied spirits. They are convinced moreover of their great value to all men as irrefutable proof of continuity of life. All rational and moral Spiritualists will rejoice, too, in having their errors pointed out, if they are in error. Spirit ualists, then, are directly and profoundly interested in this matter of investigation. They will see to it that investigation is abundant and thorough; that the most complete facilities of all kinds are afforded to investigators; that the conclusions, whatever they may be, are published. There is, at present, no other body of men who have sufficient interest in the phenomena thus to do the work which will be necessary.

Furthermore the work will need large funds, which must be wisely managed and secured from perversion. In the Society which we propose we hope to see a large endowment, in time, and we desire that such endowment shall be administered by men and women who will have no wish to pervert it. Unity further thinks that the best results would not come from a large national organization, but that small companies of truthlovers can do most service. Well, it has never

been our thought that a large national or-

ganization should, as an organization, engage

in testing the phenomena, nor that such tests

Sea. The exhibition at Philadelphia showed the most colossal dynamo ever completed and practically operated.

### It is a pleasant fact to contemplate that the President of the Edison Electric Light Company is that prominent Spiritualist. Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose books have proved so valuable in advancing the cause of Spiritualism, and we have reason to believe that the company will owe a large share of its future success to his sagacity and excellent business qualifications.

### Unitarianism to Episcopacy-Why?

Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn, a Unitarian preacher of some note in the East, has joined the Episcopal Church. He seems to have gone around by the way of a liberal theism. and thence to have turned his course toward the pleasant fold of Episcopacy. In New York, after preaching in Unity Church. where Robert Collyer now is, he started an independent and undenominational society supposed to be more "advanced" than Unitarianism. In Newport, R. I., he raised funds to build the beautiful Channing Memorial Church-a memento to the spiritual minded apostle in the town of his birth, and seems to have been full of activity and zeal.

The Boston Herald has a letter of his "to a dear friend in Newport," in which he says: " I have seriously contemplated it for nearly two years "I have seriously contemplated it for nearly two years now, and finally have decided. This is no new change on my part, as you will understand when I repeat to you the outlines of my history. I was brought up in a strict Presbyterian home from early boyhood, and was an ac-tive member of the church; was educated at williams College, at the Union Theological Semisary in New York city, and at the seminary of Yale College. I was ordain-ed a Presbyterian minister, but found myself rebeiling against the Calvanistic doctrines of that church so seri-ously that I decided to seek the ministry of a more lib-eral church."

Doubts about the trinity and an unexpected call to a large Unitarian Church in Boston, led him among them, but their views and career have been "a constant disappointment" to him, and the Unitarian cause is "steadily declining," churches decreasing and all his hope of its " permanent growth ' lost. He bears them no ill will but only kind remembrances.

Rev. C. W. Wendte, of the Channing Memorial Church, denies this Unitarian decline. and he is right so far as the West is concerned, we think. He holds the new Episcopal convert to have been somewhat impulsive and egotistical, and concludes by saying:

"We are not sorry meanwhile that this somewhat er ratic meteor, who for a dozen years past has gyrated in our denominational horizon, has now passed into an-other and discipline will, we trust, transform him into a fixed if lesser light, shining with more steadfast ray in-to the darkness of the unconverted and skeptical world."

In these days it is not very strange for clergymen to change their denomination. and the Unitarians both gain and lose in this way, with others. Bishop Huntington went from them to the Episcopal Church, as Mr. Schermerhorn has now done. This last gentleman is doubtless a man of some ability, and is also, it would seem, a man of some spiritual life and insight.

The change he has made may be, of itself, of no special interest to many of our readers, but an underlying cause and reason for this,

## "The Georgia Wonder."

**JANUARY 3, 1885.** 

Lulu Hurst, of whom the JOURNAL'S subscribers have read, is in Chicago this week. She is confounding the skeptical and silencing those who cried "humbug" before seeing an exhibition of the tremendous and mysterious power manifested through her while she is in a totally passive state. On Saturday last we made one of a large representation of the Chicago press, especially, invited to witness a private display of Miss Hurst's powers at the Tremont House. A more critical, harder-headed company could not have been selected in the city. A number did not hesitate to avow in advance of sight, their ability to demonstrate that the show was merely an exhibition of extraordinary physical strength combined with dexterous manipulations: these observers had nothing to say of their ability after they had tested the matter. The only evidence they offered was very red faces and complete exhaustion, the result of futile attempts to cope with the force manifested through Miss Hurst, while her muscles were relaxed and she in a seemingly passive condition. No cursory study of the matter will enable even the most expert to formulate a satisfactory theory; and we shall certainly not offer one with our limited observation. The theory put forth by certain would-be scientific men that the exhibition is all a delusion and that the girl is aided by the unconscious action of those who attempt to resist the supposititious force," is an amusing display of ignorant assumption. There may be some by-play and stage "business," but when we see seven strong, determined men get red in the face and short-winded in an effort to hold a chair on which Miss Hurst's hand passively rests. or a trained athlete make a ludicrous spectacle of himself in his confident and determined but finally vain attempt to hold an open umbrella against this " force," we cannot hesitate to say there is something in it no one. has as yet fully fathomed. Central Music Hall is where Miss Hurst's exhibition may be seen for the evenings of this week.

## "Spiritualistische Blaetter."

We presume there are many German Spiritualists in this country who have not been made aware that there is a weekly spiritualist paper in the Fatherland. Some three or four years ago, Dr. B. Cyriax, formerly a practicing physician, at the command of his spirit guides, went back to Germany from Cleveland, O., to do some of the much needed picneer work there. He is now editing the abovenamed paper at Leipsic, and we can recommend it to German readers as a wide awake and able exponent of a healthy, rational Spiritualism. Dr. C. has passed through varied phases of mediumship, an interesting description of which is given in a well written little book of his, entitled: "How I became a Spiritualist." With much hard work as a speaker and writer, and in the face of considerable chicanery from the authorities the Doctor has stood his ground manfully. As near as we can judge, he is laboring cessfully toward winning a respectable hearing for Spiritualism, and bringing it into public view. His paper is now entering upon its third year, and is spreading much needed information toward an intelligent appreciation of a cause so much misunderstood among a people where blind dogmatism on one side and rank materialism on the other, have long been the ruling factors. Dr. G. Bloede of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the JOURNAL'S old contributors, frequently appears in the Blaetter, detailing some of his varied experiences and elucidating, with a trenchant pen. ideas and principles therefrom. We would like to see a large addition to the list of American subscribers. Address Dr. B. Cyriax, 29 Promenaden-Strasse. Leipzig. We refer to the advertisement in another column.



The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL enters upon the new year with a stronger faith in the final success of all it has battled for than ever before. The past year has as a whole been fraught with good for spiritual truth, and the new year is full of promise for still greater progress. Spiritualism as a distinctive public movement in the sectarian sense has made little or no growth in the twelve months past, but this does not trouble the JOURNAL. for it is in no sense a sectarian paper. That spiritual facts are commanding more general attention; that the wide field of mysterious phenomena, covering spirit return and manifestation, is attracting more painstaking workers, and that the near future promises tremendous strides in spiritual knowledge furnishes ground for congratulation sufficient for the JOURNAL.

Regardless of misrepresentation and cavilling the JOURNAL has steadily labored in the interests of the scientific, philosophical and ethical in Spiritualism. The JOURNAL holds that Spiritualism is not the property of a particular sect or party, but is the common possession of all the world; that its advent on earth was synchronous with that of man. and no body of people can arrogate to itself exclusive property rights therein. The JOURNAL sharply draws the line between a spiritist and a Spiritualist. Thousands who call themselves Spiritualists give no sign of ever having had a real spiritual aspiration. The mere belief in spirit return and manifestation does not make a Spiritualist, but oply a spiritist. The JOURNAL is not for spiritists, and does not expect to please them; but for those earnestly seeking after spiritual truths and a better knowledge of spirit, as helps to their own advancement and the betterment of themselves and their fellows here and hereafter, it offers every facility "within the length of its cable-tow."

The JOURNAL enters the new year with greatly increased facilities for the performance of its mission; with a corps of contributors equalled by no other Spiritualist paper In the world; and to the force already enlisted powerful accessions will be added during the year, through the completion of arrangements now already past the point of doubt.

To all who hold loyalty to truth paramount to partisan considerations, to all willing to say: "Let justice be done though the heavens fall "-believing that justice covers and embraces broadest charity and greatest mercy to humanity as a whole-to all such, of whatever religious belief or of no belief, the RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL extends its

have said no unkind word against those even who I know have been guilty of deception. I have only stated facts that I can prove by an hundred witnesses, and I have said no word against any medium or any phase of mediumship.

Yes, I know you mean all right and it is doubtless as you say, but the people of New England are determined not to countenance, tolerate or employ any speaker or medium who speaks against any medium, and your words would condemn you if they heard them, and if you want to work in New England, you must be careful what you say about mediums even if it is true,' was the frank reply."

This brought out the spark from the keen, clean soul of our worthy brother, and he replied:

"Well, sir, I shall tell the truth when I think its ion needed if I never deliver another lecture. to man or society shall awe me into silence when a areat principle is at stake, by threats of ostracism and refusal of support or patronage. If New England does not want my services I can go elsewhere, and if all the spiritual societies in the world reject me because I dare to tell the truth in charity and kindness, I shall not be fettered nor frightened. I can peddle peanuts or dig ditches, but I will not be forced to advocate or defend a lie, or propagate and ustain a known fraud.""

Our brother does not believe this estimate of the Spiritualists of New England, nor do we, yet that there exists not only in that section but everywhere an element such as represented, is too patent to admit of denial. It appears that this brother has met the same treatment for his kind and charitable methods which he urges on the JOURNAL, that the latter has done by its fearless incisiveness.

It is evident, from this illustration and from numerous others of a similar character that have come to our knowledge, that it is not the manner, but the matter that produces the disturbed feeling. It is because this element knows its cause is weak and untenable, because it knows it is wrong, that it writhes under the exhibition of the truth.

The JOURNAL would be glad to welcome all the phenomena purporting to be of spirit origin as true, but it has not yet reached the sublime heights of an Eastern contemporary -that fraud as long as it convinces and makes converts is as good as the genuine!

It is not because the JOURNAL is personal or outspoken that this cry of Jesuitism and war on mediums is raised, but because every word it has ever published editorially, personal or otherwise, has been true, and backed by positive evidence held in reserve. The cry of persecution is raised for the sole purpose of breaking the force of its position.

The secular press, quick to detect a change in the current of thought, both in this country and in Europe, has acknowledged the correctness of the JOURNAL'S views, and more. has granted it a commanding position in the ranks of journalism. The leading papers have widely copied from its columns, with generous endorsements such as have never been given before. Its manner as well as cordial invitation for co-operation; and of- that the cause it advocates can bear the blaz-

were to be necessarily conducted in large public meetings. We agree with Unity that the best work can be done by small companies of able men. It will be the special work of the Research Society to foster such small companies, to interest them in the work, to provide them every facility, to pay their expenses, in every way to give them the best opportunity for investigation. The greater the number of such companies, and the more thorough their work, the better shall we be satisfied.

But we by no means suppose that the Research Society that we propose, is the only one that will come into life. Others will be organized by individuals and companies, some of whom will probably, at first, not believe in the spiritual origin of any of the phenomena. The different societies will all work in the same general direction, and will serve as aids and checks to each other.

Unity closes its editorial by saving Blessed be those who believe because they have seen. None the less blessed be those who believe though they have not seen. Aye blessed are those who can neither see nor be lieve, but who live as worthy of immortality." To all which we say amen, and merely note in passing that our brother of Unity puts the emphasis in his blessing on "those who can neither see nor believe."

## The Edison Electri; Light Company.

The exhibit of the Edison Electric Light Company of New York City, at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, is represented as having been of great magnitude and of surpassing brilliancy. The New York Graphic devotes two of its large pages in illustrating the various devices brought into existence through the inventive genius of Edison. The illustrations comprehend a portrait of the inventor. his home and laboratory, at venlo Park, the birthplace of this and many other wonderful inventions, together with numerous sketches of the present lodgment of the various corporate and manufacturing enterprises connected therewith. The inventor is too well known to need any other introductory than the mere mention of his name.

A late report of the Board of Trustees to the stockholders, shows the progress the company has made during the past year. The experimental expenses of the great inventor since 1878, have reached the large sum of \$258,414. The cost of his patents alone in the United States and Canada has been \$426,-355; South America and Mexico, \$33,855. The first Edison dynamo ever manufactured for other than experimental use was placed at the disposal of the officers of the ill-fated | many other country exchanges of great-mermatter shows to the world that it believes | Arctic steamer, the Jeannette, and with that | it on our list, some of which we shall speak vessel now lies at the bottom of the Arctic | of by name and more particularly hereafter.

and like changes may be.

May not that cause lie in the cool air of Unitarianism? Do they not yield too much to the inductive and agnostic spirit of the day? Do they trust the soul, and uplift the power and authority of the inner life as did Channing? Do they not need the light and warmth of a spiritual philosophy? If they do not turn toward that light, will not the shadows grow more dense and the chill more depressing?

The improvement wrought in country papers within the past fifteen years is the most agreeable feature in the American newspaper field. Formerly the typographical appearance of a country sheet was enough to exasperate a saint, and the skim milk on which the impecunious editor sustained a miserable existence, gave all the character his editorials had. In ethics, religion and all the grave questions affecting the public welfare, the country paper, individually and collectively, was inconsequential. In local and national politics it was the pliant tool of the aspiring office-seeker with the largest purse. To the seedy, needy country editor, everything was grist that came to his mill, from the pumpkins and potatoes of some would-be road commissioner to the dollars of the patriotic candidate-for Legislature or Congress. Servility, imbecility and impecunlosity were the prominent characteristics, with of course many honorable exceptions.

How great the change is and how able the country press has grown, cannot be appreciated by any one unless he has access to a considerable number of these papers, representing all sections of the country. The country press has steadily risen in ability and morals, and now enjoys fair prosperity. It wields a wholesome, legitimate influence, immeasurably more potent than formerly, because it is conducted with more courage, more honesty, more independence, and has come into abler hands.

Among the country weeklies that come under the JOURNAL'S notice. The Champaign County Herald, published at Urbana, Illinois, stands unsurpassed. Hon. M. W. Mathews, its editor and proprietor, outdid himself in his Christmas number. It contained twentyfour large pages with 6 columns to the page. Eighty of these columns are filled with advertisements and the remainder with able editorials, original and selected articles. Such a paper as the Herald's every issue is a credit to any county and is a potent factor in the growth of permanent prosperity, which should be duly appreciated. We are proud to note

### The Evening Journal on Henry Slade.

On Tuesday of last week, one of the editors of the Chicago Evening Journal, one of the fairest and most conservative of dailies, accompanied by a reporter, visited Henry Slade. Their report published on the same day fills a half column of the paper. As the manifestations were of the usual sort and familiar to our readers, we only quote as follows:

.Both of these reporters were unprejudiced persons, but if they had any bias at all, it was against Spiritualism..... They left with the unalterable conviction that, whatever interpretation or estimate was to be placed on Spiritualism, the manifestations which they had witnessed were real and true, without the slightest admixture of fraud or chicanery

The Investigator having reported that Geo. Chainey "stated that he had been told repeatedly by Col. Ingersoll that he (the Colonel). was sick of lecturing on Liberalism, and that he would not give another lecture if it werenot that he wanted money," the London Secular Review makes a point to adorn a. quite lengthy article. To all which the shrewd Index says: "We must with the Investigator strongly doubt whether he (Ingersoll) made the remark. Mr. Chainey's statement is more likely to be the result of a misunderstanding on his part." The JOURNAL, fails to see how Chainey could liave "misunderstood" a remark repeatedly made. The JOURNAL will wager something that Ingersoll will not publicly and squarely deny Chainey's assertion.

These who failed to pay their arrearages and renewal to the JOURNAL before New Year's Day, should do so at once. Don't "sin away the day of grace."

The excellent series of articles by Giles B. Stebbins will be resumed again in our next IAATIA.

### Woman Suffrage.

The last place in the world we should expect to find advocacy of woman suffrage would be in the ranks of Catholicism, yet one of its leading journals, the Examiner, not only copies the following from Bishop Spalding's article in the North American Review, but with favorably comment:

"Women are the most religious, the most moral, and the most sober portion of the American people; and it is not easy to understand why their influence in public life is dreaded. They are the natural educators of the race, and they and their children are the chief victims of drunken men. And, since men have been unable or unwilling to form a right system of education or to find a preventive of intemperance, there can be no great harm in giving on these matters at least an experimental vote to women."

To this brave sentiment it adds the following paragraph which would do honor to the mest liberal Protestant organ, and is quite remarkable considering its source.

Who shall say after this that there is not a sentiment in favor of extending the suf-Trage to women? And suppose it was done? We do not believe they would abuse it in the manner in which a very large proportion of our men do. Bishop Spalding points out that for reasons that are obvious they would stand for and advocate morality in public life; that their votes would unquestionably be cast to promote it, and, if they did this, none but good results would follow. The smart men of the press may laugh at the idea of woman suffrage, but we are not sure that it is a thing to be laughed at. One thing is plain; and that is, that there are at present a great many more people willing to allow women to vote than there were a few years ago. The world moves. The end is not yet; and he is a rash prophet who would say that women will not sometime have a voice in the government of the land for which they bear and educate rulers."

### GENERAL ITEMS.

Pay up! Renew! Don't let your subscription get behind.

Send the JOURNAL to your friends. Three months on trial for fifty cents.

Mrs. Brigham's very sensible reply to the question. "Why should we have fraud or deception?" is worthy of note.

Rev. J. H. Harter's large and commodious office in the basement of the bank, corner of South and Genesee Streets, Auburn, N.Y., has been named Ministry Hall.

Mr. William Nicol will conduct the medi. ums meeting next Sunday at 3 P. M., for the Peoples Society of Spiritualists at Martine's Hall, 55 Ada St. Mediums are cordially invited to attend. Seats free.

Mrs. Fanny Spinney of Detroit, Mich., has kindly remembered us by sending a photograph of herself to be placed with our collection. She has our thanks as well as all others who remember us in this way.

The 8th of December last was celebrated as the 79th birthday of Prof. J. B. Turner of Jacksonville, Ill. A large concourse of friends and relatives were present, who will long remember the interesting occasion.

An earnest Unitarian writing from Boston, says: "Your editorial leader in the JOURNAL of December 13th. is especially good. It is the truth spoken at the right time and in the right spirit. I thank you for it." Prof. J. R. Buchanan has published a Psycho-Physiological Chart of Sarcognomysize 21x31 inches, mounted and varnished. With the aid of this chart any man can easily understand the advanced theories of the Professor. Price \$1. For sale at this office. or of the Professor, 29 Fort Avenue, Boston Mass.

Readers are specially requested to heed the first paragraph, under the head "Special Notices," in the first column of the fourth page.

## Watt-Stephen.-Genius of Steam.

This is a Christmas Annual, which, unlike most holiday books, treats of a subject interesting to old and young, and is a veritable volume of instruction. THE GENIUS OF STEAM takes Ned on a trip, gives him the philosophy and elements of air and water, and the phenomena of heat, steam and combustion. It is illustrated with cuts of steam machinery from the days of Hero. B. C. 200, to the giant locomotive of to-day. Cover in four colors; 18 illustrations. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of 15 cents in stamps or postal order, by E. St. John, G. T. & P. A. Chicago. Rock Island and Pacific Railway, Chicago, Ill.

The New Technical Department of Girard College.

#### To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As correspondent of the JOURNAL I took occasion to make a special visit to Girard College a few days ago to witness the formal opening of the New Technical School there and turning over of the building to the prop-er constituted authorities. As I am living on the avenue running along the north side of the College, and near the location of this building, I have watched with unusual interest the past year, the steady progress and final completion, and the putting up of the machinery in a structure destined to a ben-eficent usefulness from the day of its open-

ing. The city authorities, members of the press and many of the leading citizens, manufac-turers and business men, were invited to be present on the occasion. Your correspondent had the pleasure of being present through the courtesy of Mr. Wm. Drayton, Esq., Chairman of the Committee on Technical Instruction.

About 200 guests were present, and a few minutes before 3 o'clock P. M., they formed in line and, preceded by the fine College Band, marched down through the beautiful grounds to the Technical School Building, reviewing as they passed along 1,100 boys drawn up in line. After entering the building and forming in a semi-circle about an improvised platform, we listened to an able address from Mr. Chairman Drayton, giving a short historical sketch of the beginning and progress of the work, the importance of technical instruction and what the College authorities hoped to accomplish for the large number of orphan boys who are year after year admitted to the bene-

its of this great Institution. The building is a fine structure, large, well lighted, and built in the most substantial manner, with all the appointments suited for its purpose. The engine and boiler room are in a strongly built annex adjoining the main building. The Corliss engine is 60 horse power and one of the finest ever made. The boiler room contains eight large boilers, which are capable of furnishing steam for the en-gine and for heating the College buildings, some 14 or 15 in number.

It is the intention of the trustees to illuminate the entire grounds, all the buildings and the wall around the domain, with elec-tric lights, power being furnished for the dynamos from this building. Taking it all in all this is one of the finest and best appointed structures of the kind in America.

bake and iron were about all they needed know

Civilization has advanced and as a Spiritualist who believes in equal rights for all without distinction of race, color, or sex, and in the fullest development and education, physical, mental and moral, that can be attained, I hail the dawn of the better day when men and women, boys and girls, will go hand in hand in the grand march of pro-gress to a higher and b. tter civilization. MILTON ALLEN.

2411 N. College Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

### A BOND OF UNION.

Confederation Between the American Spiritualist Association and the London Spiritual Alliance.

Preamble and Resolutions of the Executive Board of the American Spiritualist Association.

WHEREAS a communication was sent by W. Stainton-Moses, M. A., President of the London Spiritual Alliance, to the annual meet-ing of the American Spiritualist Association which convened at Lake Pleasant, Mass., in August last; and

WHEREAS, said communication contained suggestions of "confederation between spirsuggestions of " confederation between spin-itualistic societies having kindred aims the world over " on the broad basis therein nam-ed, to wit: "In essentials, unity; in nonessentials, liberty; in all things, charity.' And

WHEREAS, through unavoidable circumstances, the communication did not get before said meeting for consideration, and as the good Cause may be delayed if response to said suggestions be deferred to the next annual meeting; therefore, Resolved, That we the Executive Board of

the American Spiritualist Association, well knowing the feeling of our members, as often expressed on matters of cooperative effort, hereby offer brief but hearty and fraternal response to the suggestions of the London Spiritual Alliance made through its President; and declare our willingness to confederate on the level of equality which it suggests, in working for the spread of Truth on the basis defined and explained by it more at length in the following quotations and extracts from the address of President Stainton-Moses, namely:

"It is neither expected nor desired that all should think alike." "That no assent to a fixed creed or confession of faith is requir-ed." "But that we believe":

1. "There is a life coincident with, and independent of, the life of the body." 2. "That, as a necessary corollary, this life

extends beyond the life of the body." 3. "That (under favoring conditions) there

is communication between the denizens of that state of existence and those of the world

in which we now live.' Resolved. That we will cooperate with said Alliance-to use its own language-" in direct and uncompromising opposition to the Materialism of the Age," yet "exercising a serious care in the choice of societies with whom we elect to enter into relations."

Signed: IOHN G. JACKSON, Hockessin, Delaware, Pres. A. B. SPINNEY, M. D., Detroit, Mich., Vice-Pres. F. M. PENNOCK, Kennett Square, Pa., Secret'y. JOHN WINSLOW, Bristol, Conn., Treasurer. . B. YOUNG, ESQ., Marion, Iowa, - Trustee A. H. DAILEY, Brooklyn, N. Y., NEWMAN WEEKS, Rutland, Vt., -. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill., LITA BARNEY SAYLES, Killingly, Conn. Jan. 1st. 1885.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York, have listened to lectures by Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Brittan during the month of Dec.; Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham, in the meantime, has spoken for the society at Glenn's Falls, N.Y. Mrs. Brittan's morning discourses were based upon subjects furnished by the audience, the four evenings being devoted to the four great religious systems of the world. Mrs. Brittan is a powerful and interesting speaker and her audiences have fully appreciated her instructive lectures. She is spending the winter in New York, engaged in literary work. A reception will be given her on Saturday evening, Jan. 3rd, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, All friends who would like to meet her are cordially invited to be present.



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MESSRS, CRADDOCE & CO.: Please find enclosed \$16 for CANNABIS INDICA, Pills and

Ontment. Mr. Findley Barker, who was so low with **Consump-tion**, and only weighed one hundred and twenty five pounds when he commenced to take your medicine, now weighs one hundred and eighty-four pounds, and says he feels as well as he ever did in his life. Yours truty, ROBERT COX.

N. B.—This remedy speaks, for itself. A single bottle will satisfy the most skeptical, and it will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours.

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## **RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL**

### A LARGE EIGHT-PAGE WEEKLY PAPER, ESTABLISHED IN 1865.

A Paper for all who Sincerely and Intelligently Seek Truth without Regard to Sect or Party.

To him who desires to keep well informed, to avoid pitfalls and errors, to be abreast of the times and famlliar with the latest developments and progress in Spiritualism, it is necessary to take a newspaper specially devoted to the exposition of the phenomena and philosophy. In making a selection, if he be an intelligent, fair-minded investigator, one who prefers to know the truth even though it runs counter to his preconceived opinions, who investigates in a candid, receptive spirit, dealing justly, considerately, patiently set critically and courageously with everybody and everything encountered in his researches; if he be this sort of an investigator, or strives to be, he will become a continuous reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The JOURNAL. in the estimation of a large proportion of the leading authorities on Spiritualism, stands pre-eminent as a fearless, Independent, judicially fair advocate of Spiritualism. It is admired and respected not only by reflecting, critical Spiritualists, but by the large constituency just outside the Spiritualist ranks, who are looking longingly and hopefully toward Spiritualism as the beacon light which may guide to higher, broader grounds, and give a clearer insight to the soul's capabilities and de-tiny. It is disliked by some very good but very weak people; it is hated by all who aim to use Spiritualism as a cloak to serve their selfish purposes. The JOURNAL has received more general notice. and more frequent and higher commendations from intelligent sources, regardless of sect or party, than any other Spiritualist or liberal paper ever published; the records will confirm this.

The Journal is uncompromisingly committed to the Scientific Method in its treatment of the Phenomena of Spiritualism, heg fully assured that this is the only safe bund on which to stand. Firmly convincby rigid investigation, that life continues yond the grave and that spirits can and do urn and manifest at times and under cern conditions, the Journal does not fear most searching criticism and crucial ts in sustaining its position.

The Journal is unsectarian, non-partisan, thoroughly independent, never neutral, wholly free from cliques and clans.

The Journal is published in the interests of Spiritualism and the general public; its columns can never be used to grind the axes of individuals, nor as a channel for cranks, charlatans and hobbyists to reach the public.

The Journal never trims to the passing breeze of the hour, but holds steadily to its course, regardless of the storm it sometimes raises as it plows resistlessly through the great ocean of mingled truth and error.

The Journal is proud of the friendship and appreciation of hosts of level-headed, intelligent, progressive men and women, scattered the wide world over.

The Journal is careless of the hatred, malicious antagonism and untiring but bootless opposition which charlatans, pseudo-

mediums and cranks heap upon it. The Journal lends its active support to every scheme adapted to the amelioration of man.

The Journal is ever ready to back all houest medium with all its power, and its bottom dollar; it is equally ready to drive into the bottom of the last ditch every persistent, unrepentant swindler.

The Journal has a large and well-trained corps of regular and occasional contributors and correspondents, not only in America, but in England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Australia, and is therefore always in rethe earnest and most trustworth

information on all subjects coming within

The Journal opens its columns to all who

have something to say and know how to say

it well, whether the views are in accord with

Mrs. J. E. Potter, so long and favorably known in Boston as a very superior trance medium, having rested for some time, is ready to give a limited amount of time to her mediumship. Old friends will be glad to learn of this. Those wishing sittings with Mrs. Potter should arrange the hour by mail. Her address is P. O. box 36, Melrose Highlands. Mass.

In the lecture by Mrs. Brigham published in this number, it will be seen that the views of her spirit guides differ radically on the Darwinian theory from those advanced through another speaker who claims to speak under spirit control and whose address was published, but not in the JOURNAL. The moral of this difference is: Do not take as a finality the word of a spirit merely because it is, or claims to be, a spirit from the next world. In so far as Mrs. Brigham covers the question she has vastly the advantage of the other lecturer.

Henry Slade left the city on Saturday last, after two weeks of uninterrupted success. During the brief stay his medial powers were critically tested by lawyers, doctors and keen business men. He left here for Polo. Illinois. under the patronage of Mr. J. W. Clinton. editor of the Polo Press and President of the Illinois Press Association. From there he goes to Streator, Illinois, at the solicitation of Col. Ralph Plumb, member-elect of Congress. He will spend a few days at Ypsilanti. Mich., to recruit before visiting Philadelphia to fill his engagement with the Seybert Commission

J. W. Pope writes: "Our aged brother. G. W. Antisdale says he fully endorses the JOUR-NAL and considers it the most complete exponent of the spiritual teachings now being published. He is now seventy-eight years old, and has been a Spiritualist over thirtyfour years, having been convinced of its. truthfulness through the various manifestations in his own family, his daughters being mediums. He glories in the rapid growth of the knowledge of the continued life, which was all darkness to the world before. He was a member of the M. E. Church for many years before this grand truth was revealed to him. He says: 'The Bible taught me the religion of past ages. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPH-ICAL JOURNAL teaches me the religion of the present and future.""

and a set the left is such as the set of the set

Of the 1.100 orphan boys now in this great College, every one of them can receive not only a good literary and scientific education. but they can now also receive a technical education as well. They are not taught any special trade or branch of industry, but are trained in the practical use of tools under competent instructors.

At present they will work in wood and iron only. In wood, the boys are drilled in planing, sawing, dovetailing, turning with the lathe, scroll-sawing, etc. In iron, they learn to file, burnish, chip, plane, turn and drill. This is about all at present.

High water mark has not been reached yet in technical instruction in this country, nor as far as I am aware in any other. They are far ahead of us in Europe in this line of instruction, and it is for America to say whether she will lag behind/in this important field of education, or whether she will go to the front. I am just American enough to feel that we ought to be even up with the most advanced people on earth in all educational movements. We have the natural ability, mental and physical, the push and enterprise to go to the front and stay there in any great

movement for the world's progress; but to do this in industrial education we must not be imitators or followers, but must mark out a broad path of our own. We must establish industrial institutions where all the most important skilled industries are taught. We must combine the artistic and the ornament al with the practical and the useful as well as the scientific. And we must open such schools for both sexes and give all an equal chance.

In these schools we must teach theoretically and practically. drawing, designing, wood-craft, metal craft, textile-craft, electrology, nickel and other plating, type-writing and telegraphy; architecture, etc. Such a school ought to be established in every large city and town in the country, and they would be worth more than all the fashionable boarding schools ever built. Each of our great States ought to make liberal appropriations for the establishing of a Central Polytechnic Industrial School, where skilled instructors of both sexes could be trained to become teachers in industrial schools. To the State and not to private individuals is where we must look for the proper aid in this great work.

Stephen Girard and Peter Cooper set a good example for other rich men to follow, and they would do well to do it, and improve upon it if they can.

As a result of the magnificent bequest of Girard we have here one of the finest colleges in the world, with a splendid domain of 65 acres in the heart of the second city on the continent, with an increasing fund larger than is needed for the entire support of over 1,100 boys at the present time, ranging from ix to eighteen years of age.

The thought will occur to many who visit Girard College and see the fine array of marble buildings (finest of the kind in the marble buildings (finest of the kind in the world) what a pity that Girard with his mil-lions to dispose of did not also make provision for orphan girls, where they could have re-ceived a good literary education and been taught skilled industries so as to become fit-ted to earn a good living. But in Girard's time it was not thought necessary to do much for girls in the way of education. Reading, writing, arithmetic through fractions, the geography of the home, to sew, knit, wash,

THE MIND CURE AND SCIENCE OF LIFE, 425 Madison Street, Chicago, has entered a special field, and claims to represent true spirituality and advance claums to represent true spirituality and advance thought in a manner differing from the ordinary methods. It is attracting able talent, and gaining rapidly. Among the many choice contributions for the January No., 1885, are, "The Reality of the Un-scen World," by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., "Prac-tical Hints or Eight into Two won't go," by Charles Dawbarn, "The Lamb of God that Taketh away the Sive of the World," by Prof. Bener Kiddle, and "The Sins of the World," by Prof. Henry Kiddle, and "The Nation's Safest Attitude toward the Cholers." The Jan. issue will be very choice, single numbers ten cents, but all who send six cents in stamps before the 3,000 extra copies are disposed of, will receive this issue. News Dealers, write for special offers, and for the Publisher's other *qift* to you.

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## Lassed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit-life at Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 11th, Mrs. Matilda wife of Reuben Doane,

A noble woman; a loving wife and mother is thus trans-ferred to the higher life The undersigned administered the funeral rites, on the 13th inst. J. K. B.

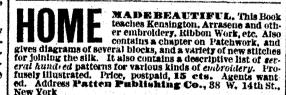
Passed to a higher life, December, 1884, Mrs. H.B. Homer of New Orleans, La.

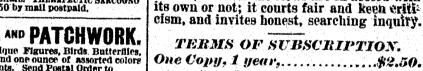
She was one of the oldest and brightest Spiritualisis in New Orleans. Her life was an example, worthy of the cause, and she has made the earth better for having lived. An earnest worker in the spiritual ranks has been added to the bright hosts above; one who will be greatly missed by relatives and friends.

Departed Thursday night, December 11th, from New York City, Mrs. Eliza Foster Stillman, in the 5Brd year of her age.

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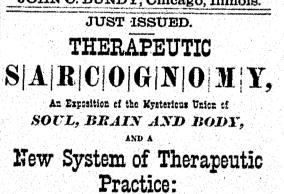




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test at the small plitance of \$1.00 per pair. These INSOLES not only warm the feet, but they insulate the body, and pro-tect it from the damp, oold ground, thus remeving all achee and pains from feet and limbs. The wearing of these INSOLES DEMONSTRATES the beed of our other and more powerful Shields, which have no equal in conquering disease-our common enemy. If we state the truth, all the sick should know it. That we do state nothing but the truth, we are ready to convince the most skeptical. An investigation al-ways results in solid belief; TRN IT. In these Insoles and in all our Shields, is found that great, grand, LIVING and AC-TIVE RIEMENT and ENERGY, by which all diseases can be cur-ed. Those who will not investigate our claims and test our Shields, must of necessity suffer on, while those who do test the Shields get well. We send the Insoles by mail at \$1.00 per pair; 3 pairs for \$2.00. Send for our new BOOK, free.

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## JANUARY 3, 1885.

## Voices from the Zeople, A ID INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

## For the Roligio-Philoso shical Journal.

The Advent of Woman:-Silver-Wedding Song.

You ask a song-what shall it be? What theme befits an hour like this! Which marks a quarter century Of true, "old fashloned" married bliss? At such a blissful gathering Where fronty autumn blooms like spring, Sure 'is a fitting time to sing. The bells should chime, the drums should beat, Viols lead on with music sweet Glad booyant hearts and bounding feet. When wedded lovers freely bring To Cupid's shrine their offering, And with the blissful past in view, Their welcome marriage bond renew. Hnce lis a wedding song you claim Woman should surely be its theme: Woman! In every age the same, Our earliest, fondest, latest dream! Many conflicting views prevail of woman's rank in being's scale, They've gauged her skull, they've weighed her brain Her real sphere to ascertain. Let good St. Paul preach as he may, Forbid in church to preach or pray, Let raity D. D's have their say Let rusty D. D's have their say, Learned M. D's measure, cut and weigh, We spurn their upturned, sneering noses, Their egotistical supposes. Our view on firmer ground reposes, We build on science, fact and Moses. Science and true theology In this creative creed agree, That nature, though exceeding slow, Works upward with untiring blow, Evolving high things from the low. This all the rocky records show, As was well proved by Miller's wit, Who by a sbrewd and "bappy hit," Making six days to ages fit, Confirmed the science Moses writ. By every "geologic" test We find the last creations best. Tis proved earth first was melted dust, The proven earth next was mented dust, But nature with progressive hand Covered Gehenna with a crust, And made it good warm farming land. Of plants the first born was the fern, Fit only for the coal we burn. Next came in rising grade (they teach) The gushing grape, the melting peach. So sentient life low down began, But up the scale of being ran But up the stale of being ran Through dust and monkeys up to man. Upon that lovely Friday morn, When Adam from the dust was born, How glorious must the world have been! Uncursed by toil! Unsolled by sin! Frushed with new life and wild glee Fish sported in the sunlit sea, Flocks gamboled on the flowery lea. From every honled flower and tree The song bird and the humming bee Chanted their morning jubilee. The "heavens were finished;" moon and sun Shed on the enchanting scene their light, But yet to the "All-seeing One" "Twas still imperfect in his sight; He say his world so wall begun He saw his world, so well begun, Yet lacked its crowning, topmost stone. "The sons of God," with eager gaze, Peered through the heavenly gates of pear? Wondering in mute and wild amaze "Thet Heaven formatic a girl!" That Heaven forgot to make a girl! The wedded nightingals and thrush In rapture swelled their tuneful throats, But from beneath the apple bush Where Adam slept, sad wailing notes That would have pierced a heart of stone, Ascended to the pitying throne. In sad response to sigh and groan, Echoed the burden of his moan, Alone! alone!! alone!!! alone! !! Heaven saw his need; once more he spoke! The "morning stars" began to whil! Shouting with Adam as he woke, The world is done! A girl! A girl!! Where placed by God, let woman stand, Creation's climax, manhood's crown, And palsied be the tongue or hand, That tears her regal banner down. Hail! Woman-Hail!! Come every

## Notes from Brooklyn.

# It the Editor of the Heligio-Philos It the Editor of the Heligio-Philosophical Journal: Among the many activities of the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, none has in the last two years done a more effective but quiet work than the "Ladies Aid Society," whose aim has been to assist the deserving poor to tide over the unforce misfor-tune, by kindness, sympathy and material aid. Among the earnest workers have been Mrs. D. M. Cole, Mrs. A. H. Dailey, Mrs. S. B. Nichols, Mrs. Kipp, Mrs. Cur-tia, Mrs. Byce, Mrs. Bundage, Mrs. Beard, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Claggett, Mrs. Davis, and many others. This organization has under its new president, Mrs. Bum-dage, becan its winter's work, meeting in the parlor dage, began its winter's work, meeting in the parlor of the church every Thursday P. M., and in the even-ing giving a substantial supper of cold meats, tea and coffee, etc., for the nominal sum of fifteen cents. There was a large gathering on the evening of Dec. 11th, and the time was passed very sociably. There is a lower hall in the building where suppor is served, a lower hall in the building where supper is served, and where the young people can have musical and literary entertainments and occasionally skip the the light fantastic toe. Among others present were Hon. A. H. Dailey and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Coons and daughter, Mrs. J. T. Lillie and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Bawson, Mr. John Jeffreys, Mr. Joseph Kinsey, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dr. V. P. Shorme and wife Mrs. Br. Jackson a clair-Dr. V. P. Slocum and wife, Mrs. Dr. Jackson, a clair-voyant physician and medium of Cincinnati, Mr. Charles Nelson, a test medium from Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, and Mr. and Mrs. Lowis.

The supper was served promptly at 6:30 P. M., and the hearty appreciation by those present caused beaming smiles to overspread the faces of the ladies in charge. Many others came in later in the even-ing and a happy and fraternal feeling prevailed. Dr. N. P. Slocum tendered an invitation to the society in behalf of the Ladies Spiritualist Society of New York City, to meet with them on the evening of Dec. 13th at Mr. H. J. Newton's. Dr. S., who has recently moved to Brooklyn, said he was much pleased with the friendly and cordial welcome that he and his wife and others were receiving from the church, and it was in marked contrast with Spiritualist societies generally.

generally. Mrs. J. T. Lillie by request gave several typical readings of character, the control being the child spirit "Lorie," who has endeared herself to many people all over the land. Mrs. Dr. Jackson gave for the benefit of the Ladies Aid, clairvoyant examina-tions, and was kept busy all the evening, giving ex-cellent constraints. cellent satisfaction. Mrs. J. was also controlled by an Indian maiden who talked to several present. Mr. Nelson gave quite a number of tests in an informal manner to several who pronounced them satisfac-tory. Mrs. Bundage and her daughter, Mrs. Smith, were unwearled in their efforts to make all feel at

were unwearied in their enorts to make an teel at home and happy. Heavy, leaden skies did not prevent an unusual large audience attending our Mediums' meeting Sun-day P. M., Dec. 14th. The exercises were opened by an invocation by Mrs. A. C. Henderson of New York City. The chairmau read the poem, "My Spirit Home," given through the inspiration of Miss Lizzie Doten. After the meeting was over a lady came to him

After the meeting was over a lady came to him who said she was a medium from Boston, on a visit to our city; that Miss Sprague often controlled her, and that while the chairman was reading the poem, she saw clairvoyantly the spirit of Miss Sprague on the platform beside him. On his shoulder there appeared a stanza of poetry which she could not clear-

is read from the place she occupied in the hall. We were favored with the presence of Mrs. Good-win of New York City, who in a graphic manner told of her conversion to Spiritualism from the Bap-tist faith, and at the first circle held in a friend's house her arm was controlled to write, and she was entranced there, and for thirty-three days she sat no food. She told how during the last four years the Spirit-world had educated her; that her whole heart was in the work; that she had a large practice as a clairvoyant physician in New York City; that many physicians came to her to have the diseases of their patient ingnoved. She found among the intelli-gent casses a very deep interest in the subject. She also told of the sudden death of her only son whose transition to the Spirit-world made her almost heart-broken, and that he was able in two hours after his entrance to the world of spirits to control and speak through her organism. She gave a few messages to friends in the audience from their own loved ones, although this was something that had never been

tering angels. She told of the trials and persecu-tions experienced from her church and old friends. She gave many saustactory tests to be in th audience who were strangers to her. A lady in the audience under control, clothed in the habiliments of woe, then came to the platform and told how thirty-three years before the gift of mediumship was give 1 to her, and how she was not willing to be thus controlled. She related how all of her family had passed to the other world, the last being her daughter, who died of consumption in August last. She urged upon those present to cullivate the gifts of the spirit, and told how through sorrow and suffering the soul attained peace and joy. She read a beautiful poem given through her hand at the time of her daughter's death. The writer requested a copy of the poem and her name and address, but it was refused. The lady was dignified and intelligent, and while she was speaking a nin could have been heard to fall, as the whole audience listened with a deep interest to her narrative. Mrs. Lillie addressed a good audience in the even-ing from the words: "Life, Light and Liberty,"--the controlling spirit taking the birth of the butterfly from its encasement as typical of the bursting of the soul from its mortal surroundings into the full glory of eternal life and light. An earnest appeal was also made for the elevation of woman to all the rights and priviliges of manhood, that she could thus become the mother of the race. The exercises were closed with an improvised poem on the subject \* Mercy."

### and the genuineness of the phenomena on that even

# Inc. Mr. Larned, recently from Cincinnati, after years of investigation had been convinced of the facts of Spirituation through the mediumship of Mrs. Maude R. Lord, F. O. Matthews and others. He related his investigation medium. Mrs. Casexperience with a materializing medium, Mrs. Cas-

well, who was giving public exhibitions in our city. He said Prof. Dean had told him such conflicting stories about this medium that he induced a friend to go with him to one of her scauces last Thursday evening. The circle was a small one and the stran-gers present were compelled to take back seats. When a form came out, he tried to get a glimpse of the features, but the only lamp in the room was turned down so low that this was impossible. In front of him so low that this was impossible. In front of him sat a very large man from Astoria, who front of him sat a very large man from Astoria, who, every time he tried to look, would move his body in front of his, obscuring his vision completely. This man had charge of the circle. When a form ap-peared it held a lot of lace illusion. He asked what was being done and was told that "epirits were weaving lace." His friend caught hold of an end, and found it rent as if it had been torn. He also caught the hand of the supposed spirit and found it to be flesh and blood—a gold ring upon the finger. The speaker said that he got in a position where he could see the profile of the supposed spirit, and it was the medium. He urged upon Spiritualists to ex-pose such performances and deprive such persons of any countenance or support.

of any countenance or support. Dr. V. P. Slocum said that the person mentioned by Mr. Larned was a medium, and he knew that genuine materializations had been given at the home of his wife in New York City; that forms came out of a store room in a light sufficient to be recognized. He said that some friends in Brooklyn had attended one of this person's scances last week, and they pro-

one of this person's scances last week, and they pro-nounced it a fraud and imposture. Dr. Slocum said the question was asked: "What are you going to do about it?" He said our duty is to ignore and repudiate all mediums who simulate mediumship or attempted to give fraudulent mani-festations. He was at a convention in Middlebury, Vt., a number of years ago. Horatio Eldy was pres-ent and had been giving scances. The sheriff of the county had just received new handcuffs for his prisoners, and he said that if Eldy would be able to prisoners, and he said that if Eddy would be able to produce any phenomena with a pair of them on his wrists, he would settle the hotel bill of the Eddy party, composed of six persons. Dr. Slocum said that after the evening meeting several persons met in his room at the hotel. There was a bedroom ad-joining, and Eddy was placed in it securely hand-cuffed by the Sheriff. The spirit George was heard whistling, and on entering the room the coat of the medium had been taken off and his hands were behind his body securely handcuffed. The door of the room was closed and hands were seen reaching through the transom over it between the two rooms, and a part of the cuffs were dangling from the top and a part on the floor. Dr. Slocum said he tried to spring the links of the cuffs together and he found it impossible. The Sheriff settled the bill of the Eddy party, and said he was satisfied that what was done was independent of the medium. We had a very interesting meeting. S. B. NICHOLS. very interesting meeting.

#### For the Religio Philosophical Journal. A Leaf from My Life's Experience.

In 1875 in company with a brother who has al ways been near me, we took a trip East, attending the yearly meeting at Old Hemlock Hall, which we enjoyed very much with the friends there. Then we went to the Adirondack Mountains, the home or our childhood, to visit a sister we had not seen for forty years. We found her with a family of grown-up children, some married and settled near her. She and her hushand had been, and still were devout Methodists. None of the family knew any thing about Spiritualism. Brother and I being Spiritual-ists we talked in reference to it, which interested the young people, and they wanted to see some of the phenomena. I told them I never had obtained physical manifestations, but if they would sit around the table I would let the influences control me, as I had often been made to talk in the Indian language, had orden been made to tank in the indian inguage, which was comprehended by those present. The circle was formed and my influences talked about twenty minutes. My sister was very much excited; tried to throw off the influence, thinking prayers would prevent all the manifestation of phenome-na. I then asked the spirits to produce the raps, With wonder even to myself they came on the table. Then we asked questions and not any argument. attempted before through her mediumship. Mrs. A. C. Henderson also gave some of her ex-periences. She sat for one year and ten months without any visible signs of the presence of minisand that was done. All were eager to see what did it. We put a light under the table, another on a

#### A Personal Chapter.\*

My descent is Angle-German on both sides of the family, but as my grandfather on my father's side was a soldier of the Bevolution, and my grandmoth-er a cousin of Commodors Perry of Lake Erie fame, er a cousin of Commodore Perry of Lake Krie fame, I may safely claim to be an American. My maternal grandmother was German, and my grandfather was of English descent, born near Brantford. In Canada. He was an elder of the Baptist Church, and preach-ed the gospel without money and without price for over forty years. He believed that God had called him to preach a frag manal which call has headed him to preach a free gospel, which call he heeded and led a sincere Christian life according to his convictions.

victions. My parents were married early in life, and came to Michigan in 1823, and in 1823 I was born. My par-ents were engaged in peaceful industries, overcom-ing the obstacles in their path by persevering effort, and hewing their simple home out of the almost un-broken forest. There was a kindly atmosphere of neighborly feeling among the early pioneers, each lending a helping hand when needed, and each con-tributing to the basoninees and welfare of all

renting a neurong natid when needed, and each con-tributing to the happiness and welfare of all. My early life was spent in the school of nature, a simple, unartificial life. I felt myself to be in sym-pathy with the beautiful world around me. I did not wholly escape the influence of the hard theology of these days, for I was taught that God exercised a half and the school and the school of the second school of the second school of the second school of the second school of the school o jealous supervision of mankind, and a feeling of re-sistance was developed in my mind against what appeared to me to be an unfair advantage. The coun-try was full of infama and gaseous effluxia which aided in engendering terrific thunder storms. I list-ened to the roar of the thunder with awe and ador-ation, and watched, in the flashing lightning, the ex-pressions of his mighty power. It often happened that some giant tree or a horn stored with grain that some giant tree or a barn stored with grain would be struck by it and be consumed to ashes, and my little soul would recent that want of magnanimity in a Being so mighty when dealing with such deenseless creatures as we. The impression from nature moulded my organiz-

ation into sympathy with the grandeur and beauty everywhere displayed. I saw God everywhere. In a glowing sunset I beheld his smiling face; in a storm, his power; in a flower, his love; in darkness, the opexacted; and in the morning light, the day-spring of hope in his love. This has been the religion of my life—infinite trust and love for the Being who made the world and gave to each thing in it an appropri-ate place.

All that is, is of him, and everything which is, is right. When we are able fully to understand the meaning of life, the soul will rejoice that God rules all and is in all, the good and the evil, the darkness and light alike.

When I was twenty-three years old I had a long and serious illness. I was married and the mother of four children. Our home was in St. Clair. From the effects of calomel I became a chronic invalid. My nervous system was so enfeebled that I could not control my emotions, but gave way to nervous hys-teria on alight occasions. For five years I could not mount a step or lift my feet over the slightest eleva-tion, and my husband built a house without a single about without meeting any obstruction. All known remedies failed to restore my strength, and I had re-signed myself to my condition. My life was tranquil

signed myself to my condition. My life was tranquit and quiet and my soul at peace with God and man. I found occupation for my mind and heart in the love and care of my children and family. A new and strange element suddenly invaded my life at this period. One evening, while sitting quiet-ly reading by a table, my right hand became slightly benumbed, a contraction of the muscles took place, and it was slowly moved toward a slot and it. and it was slowly moved toward a slate and pencil I wrote, with no knowledge of what I was writing. The writing looked like mine, but the words convey-ed but little meaning to me. It was a medical prescription, giving the botanical names of various plants. I felt very little surprise, but wondered in a passive way what the names meant, when my hands eized the pencil and began to draw rapidly and perfectly leaves, flowers, and roots of plants, affixing the common name to each, and adding the advice to get and take them. I now know that the prescrip-tion was an antidote to calomel and a remedy for

nervous debility. Various things were written rapidly: names of persons whom I knew and names of many whom I did not know. A long word, or no word was writ-ten-an unintelligible mixture of all the letters of the alphabet. I turned the slate over, saying, "write that again," and it was immediately reproduced on the slate, letter for letter. After comparing them I rubbed out all the writing with the exception of one

parties. I promised on my part to remounce my op-position to their influence and to obey their behests as far as I was able, while they in turn agreed to guide me into truth and protect me as far as pos-sible from the errors and ills of life. After twenty-three years of experience, I can truly say that their part of the compact has been faithfully performed, and I am grateful to them for the good I have re-ceived, and the aid and comfort I have been able to bring to hundreds of suffering souls and bodies. From the foregoing the reader learns that there was nothing erratic in my parentage, and that my surroundings and sumplicity of life were not calculat-ed to develop the abnormal in character. Also, that this influence came to me unsought, and was accept-

this influence came to me unsought, and was accept-ed only when my reason was convinced that its er-rand was beneficient and its power such that resistance was useless. It has never counseled me to a mean or ungenerous action, but striven constantly to develop all the better instincts of my nature.

#### Our Little Girl.

#### To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Was it the novelty of the new tie and new member of the family, or was it fear of not being leved and admired as much as she had been that made my little girl of three years rebel against the baby eister? This little one prattles fast, and was foud of long words, and withal had quite a will of her own, and did not delay to tell the household that own, and did not delay to tell the household that ehe was not pleased with mamma's pretty one. Father, mother and auntie thought she would be, but when Bessie (as shall call her, for this is a true story) heard the crying voice, and saw her wee form and pretty face, she said: "I don't want that little sister—take her away, take her away!" And for days she repeated often: "I don't like that little sister. I aint going to kies that little sister," and she kan her word for a whole fortnight. Then she she kept her word for a whole fortnight. Then she must have begun to see something winning in her, for she hovered about more and more, and one day for she hovered about more and more, and one day (what do you think she did?) actually kissed the darling. From that time she did not ask to have her go, but came by degrees to love her very much. Bessie called Annt Katrina "My Tatie" (Katie), for the Auntie was her devoted lover, and she loved her Auntie dearly. When annt Katie was sewing in the great chair by the window, Bessie would climb up on the arms and march upon the birth back and hock on the arms and perch upon the high back and look down archly saying: "Now I come, boboo (bother) my Tatle din (again)." Then knowing how charm-ing she was, she would twine her arms round Auntie's neck and look into her face till the work was put away, and they had a real delightful play together.

When her little sister was more than two months old, Bessie's mother told her one morning that she would take her out to grandpa's to visit a little would take her out to grandpa's to visit a little cousin she had never seen, and in reply to her ques-tions, that it was aunt Katle's baby, she said at once: "I ain't a going to kiss that little cousin, cause I ain't a kainted with she." They rode three miles into the country, and when she had seen the baby, she said: "I don't love my Tatle's baby—take her away—I ain't a going to kiss her." Being with her far less than with her sister, it was several weeks be-fore she did kiss her, and then she confessed that she loved her, and wanted to stay at grandma's and see her.

This little girlie that we all loved so much, had a way of screaming at people when she was cross, and she would aunounce it before she began; so at times when she was in the mood, she would say: times when she was in the mood, she would say: "Now I am going to scream at m-y T-a-t-i-e-'s baby," screaming and prolonging the words. But as the months went by, her love grew stronger as all good things do, and when the baby cousins could walk, she would delight in taking a hand of each, and leading them about the rooms and gardens. After the blossoms had gone from the trees and the amall finits were rived during the scread automar small fruits were ripe during the second summer, grandma and the mammas were sitting in the shade of the pleasant trees near the garden, preparing gooseberries to can, while the maid and the bables gooseberries to can, while the maid and the babies went to and from the bushes, the little ones bring-ing half a dozen berries at a time in their bib-aprons. All agreed that the babies were to be kept in sight, so when all at once no head was seen and no volce to be heard, there was a general run and search hither and thither. At last Mrz. Katrina heard musi-cal but low volces above the summer kitchen, and search of the summer kitchen and search of the summer kitchen and the ascending the somewhat parrow and open flight of stairs, she saw the sweet pair sitting at play with a basket of beans. She stopped and enjoyed it, for they were unconscious alike of their danger and our concern. Not one of us saw them creeping up, one after the other, the unsafe stairway; perhaps if she had, they would not have landed safely, but if they had not seen the watching, it would have been a pretty sight indeed. They were talking away in their lovely fashion, unconscious of harm. If the little folks would like to know more of them another time, I will tell how they were named, and how long they were without any but "baby." ELFLEDA.

Of sires who fought with Washington, And for themselves the ballot won, Pledge "sacred honor," fortune, life To march with mother, sister, wife With beaming eyes, and streaming locks Through sneers and jeers or battle shocks To freedom and the Ballot Box!

S. L. TYRBELL.

### The Christmas Holiday-Progress,

#### To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The annual return of the Christmas holiday ha always been anticipated by the young folks with the greatest pleasure and delight. It was the case also with the slaves at the South previous to their emancipation. The expected gifts, with a week's holiday from study, toil and labor, with a general good time of pleasurable enjoyment, free from care, made all happy.

The day is celebrated as the birthday of Jesus of Nazareth, but named in honor Christ, the controlling spirit of the med um Jesus. It is substantially Christian institution, and matured Christians observe the holiday event in honor of the birth of their Savior, while Spiritualists generally recognize the humble Nazarene in the light of a grand reformer and exemplar, and purely a spiritual teacher, whose kingdom was not of this world of material things, So on the whole I feel like an old slave of the South, who took an active part in his master's election to the Legislature. The master being elected, on start-ing for the meeting of the Legislature he inquired of his faithful slave what service he could render him. The slave's reply was: "All I axe is, master make Christmas come twice a year."

I enjoy the process of going back in memory to those youthful halcyon hours rendered pleasant by a Christmas holiday; it brings back mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness. The word "change" is written across the dome of heaven, and on all things in this sublunary sphere. Whole families have since been broken up or become extinct. In every depart ment of life within the last half century, vast changes have taken place, and more progress has been made in the arts, sciences and civilization; more tolera tion allowed, and liberalism prevails to a greater extent than at any period during a thousand years previous. All peoples and things, whether in heaven or on the earth, have come under the refining, divine and immutable law of progression. While virtue brings its own reward, the law of compensation has leveled all peoples by the plummet of justice, whether of a mundane or supramundane existence Notwithstanding the large amount of crime preval

ent, the changes now going on are for the better. The day is coming when the inventive genius an perseverance of man will have conquered the world: when neither briars, thistles or venomous reptiles will be s en. The day is coming when there will be no more death. The gates that now stand ajar between the two worlds, will be thrown wide open Fifty years ago people wondered what hats would be made of when fur-animals were exterminated Now the question is propounded: What will we do to produce moter power when coal shall have been exhausted? That can be answered when the sun light is extinguished.

A few years ago, Professor Morse petitioned Con-gress for a small appropriation to make an experiment with his proposed telegraph. A wise member moved to refer the petition to the man in the moon. The motion carried. Senator N. P. Talmage a short time afterwards, introduced a bill to make a scientific investigation into the alleged spiritual phe nomena occurring; it was rejected with derision The phenomena, however, has continued to expand throughout the world, and to-day is embraced by thousands of the leading minds of all nations. Then followed a request to certain scientists of a universi ty to investigate the phenomena; that request was declined, and these wise men took up for investiga-tion that grave subject, the philosophy of a "Tumble bug," and still the world moves.

JOHN FDWARDS. Washington, D. C.

Prohibitionists have begun a campaign in Tennes-see for the submission of a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Petitions urging this course are in circulation, and will be presented to the next ses sion of the Legislature.

-page Series Reg WHAN

NOTES FROM BROOKLYN CONTINUED-ONE WEEK LATER.

Mr. W. C. Bowen addressed the Conferance at its ast meeting, filling a vacancy occasioned by the illness of the speaker announced. Mr. Bowen took for his subject "The General Outlook of the Cause." He spoke at length of the efforts now being made to establish Societies of Psychical Research, with which he was in hearty accord, and which should receive the hearty endorsement of Spiritualists and mediums. All honest mediums should hail with joy such efforts to banish a class of tricksters who dishonor medium ship. bring disgrace upon the cause, and repel inves tigation on the part of those who would be glad to receive the same evidences we had. To him, any phenomenon that could be explained in two ways, was of no value. He cited a case of a medium in Brooklyn who had been endorsed by some Spiritual ists as a medium for independent writing by placing blank paper in a box and locking it up. The medium would not allow any of the papers to be marked, and where, in several instances, persons had marked them in a private way, they found that the supposed communication was written upon another piece of paper. The speaker said that such pretended phenomena could not satisfy any one, even the most credulous. We had heard much from defenders of doubtful phenomena and fraudulent mediums, that we must not "destroy conditions." Any conditions that aid in the perpetration of imposture should be destroyed. Psychical Research Societies would aid honest mediums, and he hoped to see them organized. When we could examine phenomena with the same care that Prof. Hare, Prof. Crookes and Prof. Zöllner did, a step would be made in the right direction. He closed with an eloquent peroration, giving the beneficent results to humanity of the practical demonstration of the continuity of life, and the power of disembodied spirits to prove their presence and identity.

Mr. Wm. R. Tice was invited to give an account of a scance held at Judge Dalley's, in which Dr. J. D. Hagaman was the medium. He said that he was not entirely satisfied as to that scance, and before fully expressing bimself he would like to have an other trial. In this case it was claimed that independent writing was produced after the box had een locked in the presence of members of the circle Mr. Tice gave an account of some mediums whom he had in his home several years ago, and who impos-ed upon him by giving bogus manifestations. He asked a woman if she would be willing to give a dark circle under such test conditions as he might name, and she consented. He held the hands of her husband, and his housekeeper those of the woman, and the musical instruments were played upon, which satisfied him that mediums could give scances under such test conditions as would prove their honesty Mr. Thomas S. Tice expressed his doubts in regard to the scance with Dr. Hagaman. Col. John D. Graham, who was at the Hagaman circle, expressed himself in the belief of the honesty of the medium

shell near by, and all saw that no hand did the mov ing. The circles were continued at different houses; at one place I told the controls to hold the table down. A number tried to lift it, but could not, when one man took hold of the leaf, gave a lift and broke

The excitement was great, and those interested in-vited their class leader to attend the scances. The last night he came and the manifestations were excellent. Names were spelled out, of which I knew nothing. When the table was moving, I asked the class leader to try and hold it. It was then swing-ing back and forth, with the hands of six or eight ersons on it. He took hold of it, but it still moved He said: "I want to get on the table." The lady of the house gave permission, and he go on to it. To the astonisment of all it began to rise (I was not in the circle, but stood about six feet from it). I raised my hand, and the table ascended until the "leader's" head touched the ceiling. This was repeated three times. Stepping off the table he said, "I am satis-fied." Some one asked him what made him bend his knees. "If I had not done so," he said, "my head would have been thrust through the ceiling, or my neck broken.'

Since then I never have had any physical manirestations. Grand Rapids, Mich. SARAH (FRAVES.

### Items from the Pacific Coast.

To the Editor of the Rolloin-Philosophical Journal: I cannot well do without the JOURNAL. I admire its bold and uncompromising attitude. If there is one thing that is despicable, and demands exposure and condemnation more than another, it is that of trading upon the tenderest and most sacred, affec-tions of the bereaved soul. I appreciate the JOUR-NAL, because it stands out holdiy for a clean, pure and honest Spiritualism.

Spiritualism in our city is receiving new life through the inspired utterances of our worthy sister; Susie M. Johnson. She has adopted the plan of an-swering questions, which gives great satisfaction. Many mediums of various phases are finding their way to this city. At present it is not a rich field pecuniarily for them; but if a desire to do the work of the angels has brought than here there is work I the angels has brought them here, there is plenty f work and their reward will be certain. Some evidently have been influenced to come here by our glorious climate, hoping to regain their wasted en-ergies, and some, I am glad to say, are finding new

We have had the materializing medium, Mrs. Mil-ler, here, giving scances with various results. Some are satisfied that they saw and clasped their spirit friends; others that the manifestations were part even in a sector of the sector of the sector. genuine and part fraudulent; others, again, are certain they were all fraudulent. Mr. Gary and others offered to give one hundred dollars if the medium would allow certain reasonable test conditions, but no! After exhausting the credulous, curious and earnest elements, at two dollars per head, she left. I understand that Mrs. Hurst is to visit our city

ere long. It is reported that she is an excellent ma-terializing medium. I learn that Jennie Loys is still a martyr to her idea. JOSEPH TILLEY. Los Angeles, Cal.

### Appreciative.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, the distinguished lecturer an medium, writes as follows from Baltimore, Md.:

I have kept track of your noble labors in the cause of our great Philosophy of Life, through the col-umns of the good, clean-faced old JOURNAL. God bless you and it! With the dawning of every day my soul grows gladder, and my mind freer and clearer under the divine illuminations of the eternal truth it serves. For more than thirty years its heav enly light has shone upon my earth-paths, and nevel has it grown dim through tears of sorrow or weakened in inspiring power to uplift and sustain me un-der life's hervicet burthens. It has brought the Spirit-world into so full and beautiful a reality to me, that I have long felt that the change called death or transition from the outer form would scarcely be appreciated by me as a change. I have just returned from my evening labors upon the rostrum; it is nearly twelve o'clock and I am outwardly weary. Good night; and again I say, "God bless you and your labors for truth."

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The next day my hand became rigid and partially benumbed, but, strangely enough, I did not think of the experiences of the previous day, but got some hot water and bathed it and rubbed it vigorously without affecting it in the least. I was troubled, fearing some new malady had come to afflict me. After exhausting all the remedies I could think of. I suddenly remembered the slate and that there were similar sensations in my hand the previous day, only less intense. I got the slate, and mindful of the word on t, presented the other side and asked that the word be again written. The great number of letters and their fantastic and unmeaning arrangement would make this a difficult feat, but it was done immediately, as I found on comparing the word written. A request was added that I should sit in a quiet and darkened room. Out of curiosity I complied, and received almost immediately on entering the room an electric shock from head to my feet, which vibrated through every nerve in my body. This experience was repeated each day for several days, no more slate writing appearing, and then I made a discovery. I found I could go up and down the steps from the plazza without a sign of the weakness from which I had suffered so long. My nervousness had disap-peared, and I was restored to health. There was no room for doubt. I knew that there was outside of myself an intelligence which had directed and per-formed the cure, but fearing ridicule and the criticism of the world, I determined to keep the knowledge within my own breast. But I was not permit-ted to decide that matter. I went one day to a hall where the ladies met to sew for the soldiers, for those experiences began shortly before the com-mencement of the war of the rebellion. While sitting at a table, busily at work, a soldier, Lieutenant ---came into the room, shaking with an ague chill. A lady sitting near me called to him that she could tell him of a cure, and he came to her at once and took a seat nearly opposite me. In a moment I had the chill and he was free from it. It lasted some twenty minutes and was followed by a fever. Previous to this the gentleman had suffered from chills for several weeks, but he never had another.

Every one present was surprised, no one more so than myself. I denied being able to give any explan-ation of the phenomena and went home firmly determined to be free from this influence or magnetism, or whatever it might be, and entered on a mental warfare against this unknown power. I did not succeed in banishing it, but was commanded and compelled by an indescribable force to visit a lady who was supposed to be suffering from cancer on her face. I resisted until I could resist no longer and then, still protesting, I went, explained her case, pre-scribed for her, and treated her face magnetically with my hands, my first experience of that kind of treatment; and, although I did not see her again, she was actually cured in three weeks. Of course she did not have cancers. I concealed the source of my knowledge and actions and said to myself, if she gets well it is something beside myself or my fancies; if she does not, I am certainly insane.

Clairvoyance was established the Sunday that Fort Sumter was attacked and Major Anderson was forced to march out of the burning fort. I became aware of a dual condition. I saw and felt my physical body with all its powers, at the same time that my intelligent inner-self was transported to Charleston, I was looking at Fort Sumter from a hill near the town. I saw the movements of the gun boats, saw Fort Moultrie and the city, and comprehended the struggle which was going on. I saw the shells burst Inside the fort and the consequences of the fire caused by the explosions. When the vision passed, I felt a conviction that I had seen a real action—the attacks of the Confederates on the doomed fort. The telegraphic news of the next day co ifirmed my strangely gotten information, and henceforth my clairvoyant eyes were open, and I began to study life from the most intelligent point of observation—the spiritual side.

My will had no power over the new faculty of sight, and after some further experience I held a council of peace with the no longer invisible beings who were the agents in developing those powers, and an agreement was formally entered into by both

\* From "Magnetism Clairvoyantly Described." By Mrs. Sarah Cartwright. For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

#### For the Religio Philosophical Journal. The Angelic Ministry of Birds.

Can birds be mentally controlled and guided by superior intelligences to aid in works of love and be neficence? An interesting inquiry this one, that might be made to fill volumes with facts and speculations of no ordinary interest; for all adown the ages have there been occurring well-attested in-stances to show that something more than conjecture is rightly included in our inquiry. Even in Bible-history comething of the kind is found when, as we are told, a raven was sent to feed the prophet Elljah in the wilderness, or when Noah made use of a dove to find out if the waters had yet subsided from the highlands of the earth. It is true that in these instances there is a claim, spoken or implied, that the spe-cial control was God; but if through the natural laws of instinct, infallible guidance can be given to birds by God himself, is it not possible that the same law may at times be made use of by angelic spirits who are constantly becoming more God-like in their at-tainments? But it is not intended in this brief article to discuss the general claim; I have it only in mind to give a recent incident of my own experience as a further illustration of the angelic instrumentality of birds in human affairs.

About a year ago, while still a resident of Califor-nia, where I had a pleasant garden of my own, thickly peopled with feathery inhabitants, especially of the humming-bird species, the following beauti-ful experience was granted me: It was on the anniversary of the departure of a dear one, who with our two children has for many years been an inhabitant of the Spirit-world. I had been thinking much of her, and just at the time I was slitting close to a win-dow of my study, writing out some of my tender thoughts and memories of her as she was once with me in our happy earthly home; and now to my pleasant surprise, one fine-looking humming bird flew close up to the window, and for quite a length of time fluttered back and forth close to the glass, looking directly in upon me, not seeming to be in the least afraid of my movements, even when I at length stood up very near the window, and by my motions seemed to invite the bird to enter. But when I opened the window the tiny beauty darted off a short distance, though not seemingly from fear, but rather from a playful coyness. At any rate no sconer had I closed the window than my little visitor was back again indulging in what still seemed much like a loving, pantomimic playfulness.

There were no flowers or any other material at-tractions for such birds near the window, outside or a-so I could but regard this as decidedly exceptional conduct on the part of my lively neighbors. Such were the facts. Comments and inferences I leave to the reader. My own thoughts might not, perhaps, bear the scrutiny of a hard-shelled skepticism, so I will keep them to myself. HERMAN SNOW, 19 Dover St., Boston.

### Mrs. Jennie Cross, an excellent medium reiding in Boston, writes: The JOURNAL makes many hearts glad; it comes to me as a ray of sunshine. have been a constant reader of its pages for five years and have drawn many inspirations from its teachings. I send the papers after I read them, to those who have no means of learning the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, and many bleesings have in consequence gone up from their souls which had been previously groping in darkness and in doubt. For many years I have been a medium and under all circumstances I have tried to do what is right and make the cause of Spiritualism something to be honored by honest, respectable, intelligent people. The same has been your course until your name has become a household word among honest and candid

Frank Henry, keeper of the Presque Isle Beacon for sixteen years, has resigned. He saved fully 100 lives from drowning. During the days of the under-ground railroad he was one of the conductors, and ran off more negroes to Canada, it is said, than any other one man.

Spiritualists.

## JANUARY 3, 18-5.

## **RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.**

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. How the Old Sea Captain Died.

#### BY A. D. MARCKRES.

He lay on a couch in a mansion's hall. Bound with a chain of four-score links, Forged by the years with strokes that fall In ticking clinks till each man sinks, Under the shade of a funeral pall.

The waves of the ocean each other chase, And glinting low in the sunlight show A silver trail to the starry space, Where his soul would go with the outward flow Of the spellbound tide in its moon-sped race.

The mind that had wrought by such swift command, And braved the perils of every clime With flashing eye and with ready hand, Was drifting down on the shore of time, To the shaded harbor of spirit land.

Strange phantoms formed in his dying brain, The death-watch ticked on the book-case door, A wild bird flow at the window pane, As he babbled of brooks and the cot by the shore, And the loved ones lost that he saw again.

And gliding in thought through the ocean air, He saw by the way where the old wrecks lay, And caught a glimpse of the faces there, Of those who died with no time to pray, And the nach area cleared from a surged h And their cold eyes gleamed from a sea-weed lair.

On soft sea beds by the tide left bare, On rugged rocks where their lives were lost, Were those who looked with a solemn stare. And others drifted by tempests tossed, In seeming sport with the water there.

And he knew their souls in the earthly sphere, Were bounden fast by untimely death, Where their skeleton's smile with a hideous leer, As they rock with the wave in the burricane's breath, And mimic life on a restless bier.

But his poor old face was lighted with joy, When the heart beat short with a fitful bound, And he died in a shout of "Ship ahoy!" With a voice that seemed like a telephone sound, And that was the end of the sailor boy.

For Charon's boat with its ready oar, Through ethereal seas with silent dip, Had come to earth from a spirit shore, And the old man's soul on the phantom ship, Has sailed away and returns no more. North Craftsbury, Vt.

#### Christmas Questions.

To the Editor of the Beligio-Philosophical Journal: and with pinenomena of Spiritualism without pur-pose or intent? "Do they not indicate that the world is entering upon a new and more spiritual develop-ment—an Age which differs in kind from others preceding it? Do they may be they are a spiritual develop-

Do they not prove that the New Age is the result of the closer union of spiritual and material forces? Is it possible that a new and higher civilization, one of a spiritual character, can still be governed by the law of struggle and conflict, the law of competi-tion which was the natural law of that which is passing away?

Does not this law represent and belong to the purely material plane of life,-the plane which re-lates man more to the animal than to the angel?

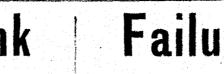
And as the divinely creative forces of nature are comminging with the material, is it not inevitable that the law of struggle and conflict should give way and be held in subordination to the law of love and harmony, that of coöperation?

Are we, as Spiritualists, doing our duty when we do not seek to enter individually into harmonious conditions with our fellows, and to "render unto

Conditions with our fellows, and to "fender thito Cæsar the things that are Cesar's,"—to the working man and woman, the exact equivalent of his labor? How can we enter upon the higher social state, which this Civilization is bringing to us, except by developing potential elements into actual ones,—the application in practical life of principles already ex-isting? isung?

How else can we bridge over the chasm between the old and material, and the new and spiritual of which we continually speak? When we seek, under the law of cooperation, to

make our neighbors interests identical with our own, --to be mutually helpful one to the other, not mere-ly in the "word that perisheth," but " in the spirit that giveth life," is the resultant condition of man-kind likely to be one of struggle and dissatisfaction, or of "Peace and good will to men "? I leave these and good will to men "? I leave those who are interested to reply. Killingly, Ct. LITA BARNEY S LITA BARNEY SAYLES.



may fail, and yet, by wise management, to get the best remedy at the outset, inregain its credit. So, also, if wise counsels volves, in case of sickness, not only a are followed, the strength and vigor of waste of money, but useless suffering. a failing constitution may be restored. John H. Ward, 9 Tilden st., Lowell, Mass., Many cases like the following could be says: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of cited: Frank Laprise, Salem st., Lowell, boils, sores, and itches, which no other Mass., says, that on account of impure remedy could remove. I tried severil blood, his whole constitution was shaken. other so-called 'sarsaparillas,' but re-After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla freely for ceived no benefit from them." William a month, his health was restored, and his II. Mulvin, 122 Northampton st., Boston, original vigor regained. Mass., writes that



as to what will cure Dyspepsia, vanishes of all his sufferings, "enough to kill a before the light of such evidence as that dozen men," was the failure of his kidneys bottles of

Speculation

furnished by O. T. Adams, Spencer, O., and liver to properly perform their funcwho says: "For years I suffered acutely tions. He was permanently cured by from Dyspepsia, scarcely taking a meal, using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. George until within the last few months, with- Edwards, Boston Highlands, Mass., was out enduring the most distressing pains of cured of liver and bilious troubles by Indigestion. Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Warren my life. My appetite and digestion are Leland, the famous hotel proprietor of good, and I feel like a new man." "Two New York city, writes: "I have personally used Ayer's Sar-

# Ayer's Sar saparilla

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What next? Permit me to sketch a synop-sis of a recent visit to Randolph County. By special invitation I left our county fair at Portland, Jay County, Ind., and the express train soon landed me at Winchester, and after a pleasant walk of an hour, I found myself at the threshold of the rural domicile of John Campbell, a wealthy farmer three miles sonth of the above-named town. Though a stranger here, I met with a cordial greeting. I found myself at once initiated into the balmy graces of a highly cultured and well ordered family, in whose hearts the higher attributes were fully enthroned. Mr. Campbell is no dwarf or miniature specimen of humanity, his avoirdupois being 318 pounds; but the two days and three nights in which many of us shared largely of his bounteous hospitality, we found his heart and soul com-mensurate with his physical structure. He is never at rest until he sees all around him comfortable and happy, and our benign, energetic hostess no less mindful in supervis-ing her special department. In the evening, by pre-arrangement I met there Mr. Joseph Mendenhall and wife, and from thirty to fifty others, among whom were Mrs. Isaac Haines and Mrs. Hannah Lewis

The audience occupied a large parlor, and in the absence of a cabinet, an adjoining small room was substituted. On entering this. Mrs. Mendenhall (the medium) requested to be tied, or in some way secured, so as to preclude all suspicion that she was personally in any way identified with the phenomena that might follow. This, however, was waived by the audience, all having implicit confidence in her integrity. The door to the cabinet room was now thrown open, and a dark thick curtain so adjusted at the top as to hang down and fill the entire space of the door, which left the scance room in utter darkness. The light in the audience room was lowered to a bland twilight, and while a number joined in singing, the curtain parted, and a spectral form of a man partially entered, and at once withdrew, but in a moment reappeared, advancing a little further. This was repeated some three or four times, each appearance showing more distinct, and in less than a minute the full manly form stood out before us, and was readily recognized as the son of a lady whose feelings were wrought up to a high intensity. On his final disappearance, another male form, of different stature entered, coming fully out at the second attempt, and was at once recognized; retired, but at once re-turned. Singing was rendered, and as the apparition vanished, a strange voice behind the curtain said: "Massa Gregg's son." Instantly the curtain parted, and a form in appearance that of my son Clayton, was pre-sented. I sat where I had but an imperfect view, but others more favored, who knew him in earth-life, said : "It is veritably him, to all appearance." As he with rew, the same or a similar voice said: "Massa Gregg's daughter will come out." As the singing progressed, the curtain was drawn aside and a female form arrayed in flowing robes of white and phosphorescent lustre, stood out in fall view before us. Her angelic mien thrilled all with deep emotions. She was a child of premature birth, and would now have been some 28 years of age. This is the third time she has manifested herself to me. Others came and went until seven full forms of males and females of various sizes, so plainly visible as to be readily recognized. The next night the audience room was crowded to its utmost capacity. The arrangements were similar to the previous night, with a violin and two harps added to the music. All being in readiness, the singing of a hymn was participated in by many, and anite soon the denizens from the celestial spheres began to appear at the cabinet door. This evening seemed more favorable; the spirit guests seemed stronger, more distinct, came right out at once and stood clear of the curtain. After three or four appeared and were identified. Lydia Haines, whose transition to spirit-life occurred three years since, just as she was blooming into noble womanhood, a gem of high promise, daughter of Mrs. Haines, above named, parted the cur-tains and moved right out in all the majesty of a dignified angel, attired in light flowing habiliments of silvery brightness and gossamer texture. Over this gauzy robe of lustre could be seen a dark scarf or mantle of elaborately wrought lace and rich em-broidery of artistic beauty-the raised figures and gorgeous edging plain to view, and, oh ! how bright and gay. With her angelic fin-gers she threw her golden curls from behind her ears, and as the violin discoursed a lively air, her buoyant, noiseless feet kept time to the music with marked dexterity and pre-cision; on retiring she threw a kiss to her mother and a farewell wave of the hand to the more than astonished audience, who strove in vain to suppress the pent-up sobs and sighs of ineffable emotion which held supreme sway over this dense crowd of investigating spectators. She whispered a message of endearment to be borne to loved ones at home, and as she was retiring her mother, though well nigh overcome with this wonderful visitation, inquired : "Is little Gertie here?" A response from the medium's control said : "She is trying to materialize?" Gertie is a sister to the last spirit, and passed away a few years since in her ninth year. A few seconds more, the curtains parted and out came the little white-robed angel of resplendent grace and supernal loveliness, her countenance radiant and gay as a May morning ; her eyes sparkling with animation and vestal beauty. She bowed obeisance to the enraptured audience, and gazed with a deep solicitude toward her mother and grandmother Lewis. She lin-gered at the threshold of the cabinet with a beseeching look, as if soliciting aid to move forward and embrace the maternal form before her; but doubtles; an umbilical or magnetic chord tethered her to a circumscribed area or sphere, beyond which locomotion was impossible in her materialized form. This, of all others, seemed the most enchanting and overpowering to the almost entranced audience. She threw a kiss toward the mother, with longing expression bowed a good night, and reluctantly retired. Thus they came and went until ten full-form materializations appeared and were fully recognized, save, perhaps, one, a brawny form in soldier costume. A majority were arrayed in female at-tire, displaying flashing jewelry and gor-geously bedecked garments of tinsel. One must see in order to approximate an adequate conception of the sublime grandeur of the realization of continued life and hallowed reunion in the deathless realms of the Summer-land of immortal happiness. Those two scances mark an era in the history of my life, fraught with more exalted revelations and tangible demonstrations of the indestructibility of the human soul, and the return of our loved ones than thirty years of pre-vious investigation. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall are now located on West Franklin Street, Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind.

### Thoughts on an Orthodox Funeral Sermon.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal In the published notice of a memorial ser-mon delivered by Rev. T. R. Creamer of the Scott M. E. Church of Wilmington, Del., Nov.

16th, last, it was thus stated: "He declared that we knew nothing about death and the great future, or whether there is a future, only from what God has revealed in the Bible. A thousand questions are started and a hundred mysteries surround the subject and yet Nature gives no intelligent

subject and yet Nature gives no interrigent answer or [?] solves any mystery." This is a sample of the lifeless preaching of the churches. How sad if it were true. How sad, in the first place, to the countless thousands of the human race who live and die without knowing that such a book as "the Bible" is printed. How sad, in the second place, for those who observe, that however it once may have been regarded, the reliability of this same Bible is now growing more and more doubtful to the ripest scholarship of the world, even among those termed Christian Professors. The patient students of ancient languages, the professors and preachers of so-called theology, see more and more in it to create doubt, more and more to require revision; and more and more, as the poet said, do

## "The letters of the Sacred Book Glimmer and swim beneath our look."

Is it ignorance or perversity that leads many preachers of our time thus to cling to the musty teachings of their divinity schools and to their own overweening reverence for the records of the Jewish people, now so clearly shown to be of doubtful origin and unassured authenticity? How strange such assertions should continue to be made in the face of the cumulative evidence of all the ages since the Bible was written, that the proofs of man's continuity of existence are forever "cropping out" from the world's life in manner and method, similar, both in gen-era and species, to those recorded in the Bible; the only difference being that as they ap-proach more modern times and occur in the midst of more scientific and better cultured peoples, their authenticity is better establish-ed and their nature more rationally inquired

into and more clearly understood. I have neither time nor inclination at present to go into an exhaustive exposure of the falsity and folly of the assertions first above quoted; yet cannot refrain from a few sufficient words, showing the inconsistencies of

the Bible. First. The Bible is by no means consist-ent in its allusions "to death and the great future." Memory recalls just now only a future." Memory recalls just now only a to man's immortality. Paul (I Tim., 6th, 16) alluding, it would appear, to Jesus, says: Who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto." Job (3rd, 11 to 19) in speaking of several extinct conditions says: "Or, as a hidden untimely birth, I had not been"; "as infants which never saw light." "There the wicked cease from trankling and the warm or at react." from troubling and the weary are at rest." ..... "The small and the great are there."

Job's idea of continued life was evidently that of conscious rest. "I would not live al-ways" (Job, 7th, 16). He continues (7th, 21): "For now shall I sleep in the dust; thou shall seek me, but I shall not be."

Even our sermonizer's text, quoted, we may surely presume, as a sample of what "God has revealed in the Bible about death and the great future," is by no means clear as to a real, active, progressive life for us in the future: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the

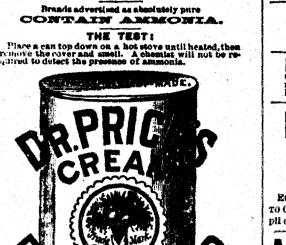
churches, our present modern, growing Spir-itualism) modern history far outshines the Bible in the animenticity and value of its recorded spiritual phenomena in indicating the nature of the continued life of man.

Take for instance the account of the "Seeress of Prevorst" by Justinus Kerner. Its au-thenticity cannot be impugned, and yet how much more can be gathered from it indica-tive of the character of the second sphere of life than can be found in the obscure imagery and too highly visionary character of the writings of "John" on Patmos. Still more indicative, more natural and more pleasing, are the equally authentic accounts of Oberlin, the Alsatian philanthropist, the benevolent pastor of Ban-de-la-Roche, in Alsace, the scene for more than fifty years of his labors of love. Is not his testimony as to the reality of love. Is not his testimony as to the reality of numerous spiritual apparitions amongst his flock in that lonely mountain valley, equally—yes, more authentic than any in the Bible? From rebuking his people for their superstitious beliefs, he was ultimately compelled by overwhelming evidence to adopt them himself. His unswerving conviction became that after the departure of his wife. "Like an attendant angel, she watched over him, held communion with him, and was visible to his sight; she instructed him respecting the other world and guarded him from danger in this." "He considered his interviews with her not as a thing to be doubted, but as obvious and certain." The cry of "hallucination" may be raised, and is hard to disprove, unless the same apparition is simultaneously witnessed by others (and this has often been the case), yet remember this same cry can be raised with still more force concerning the less natural, more im-probable and more highly imaginative ac-counts recorded in the Bible. Another contrast: Which is the best and

most authentic story? That of Paul who said: "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body or out of the body. I cannot tell: God knoweth) caught up to the third heaven"; or the story of Mary Pennington, widow of Isaac Penning-ton (one of the greatest writers the Society called Quakers ever produced), in her testi-mony of him dated 27th of 2nd month, 1680, and prefixed to a volume of Pennington's writings published the same year, as follows: "Ah! me, he is gone! he that none exceeded in kindness, in tenderness, in love inexpressible to the relation as a wife.".... "My bosom one, that was as my guide and counsellor, my pleasant companion, my tender sympathizing friend, as near to any sense of pain, sorrow, grief or trouble as it was possible. Yet this great help and benefit is gone, and I, through mercy, let him go without any un advised word of discontent or inordinate grief. Nay, further, such was the kindness the Lord showed to me in that hour, that my spirit ascended with him in that very moment that his spirit left his body, and I saw him safe in his own mansion, and rejoiced with him, and was at that instant gladder of it than ever I was of enjoying his companionship in the body. And from this sight my spirit returned again to perform my duty to his outward tabernacle.'

We know not what the Bible worshiper may say, but to me this quaint yet evidently sincere and intelligent account, is worth much more than Paul's, in the intimations given that after death we are human still, while love and the spiritual communion of soul with soul overleap the grave.

Now, my dear friend and editor, you are well aware that I make no war with the facts and illustrations of spiritual communyet that we ion related in the Bible, and might go on to select from the able volumes of spiritualistic literature, as well as from other history innumerable authenticated instances of the appearance of human beings after death, better authenticated and more rationally observed, in our view. than those in that ancient book; but let those quoted suffice, even if not the best that might have been selected. They are enough to show all benighted preachers, who limit inspiration and spiritual knowledge to the narrow compass of old Jewish writings, in what directions they may look to increase their store of knowledge, whenever it becomes irksome to continue "blind leaders of the blind," or dead weights upon the progress of the world; enough also to indicate that whenever their minds become attuned to the real harmonies of the universe, they will cease to assert, in speaking of the issues of life and death, that Nature gives no intelligent answer nor solves any mystery." Because Nature, in her extended chain of being, truly studied in the lights of the past and present, is ample to confirm minds attuned to her harmonies, in the truths of the spiritual philosophy we so much desire to inculcate, yet this is no reason we should dis-courage those organizations for "Psychical Research " you are now so earnestly assisting to forward. There are minds whose intuitions do not grasp generalities so well as more minute specialties. To such an accurate psychic science seems a necessity, and unto all it will add completeness of assurance; furnishing at the same time most efficient means of separating the abundant chaff in ancient and modern manifestations, from the golden grains of truth, all sufficiently abounding. We give you "good speed," therefore, in this as in every good work. J. G. J.



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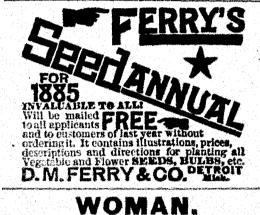
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spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them " (Rev., 14th, 13). This appears little more to the point than Job. It may safely be construed to imply that their blessedness was only that supine rest that Job longed for, and that seems at this day still to be regarded by many as their best idea of future blessedness.

"What God has revealed in the Bible" of future life. This we suppose is a sample:

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years,.....And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus. and for the word of God. and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished.

Notwithstanding we have had visionary and foolish utterances by modern prophets (mediums), have we ever had revelations from them so utterly preposterous, irrational and improbable as this nonsense and much other of about the same value, in the book called Revelations? Let all rational men and women who dare to think, judge for themselves and compare them with the ideas of intelligent Spiritualists.

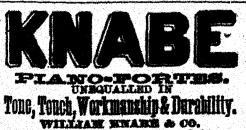
Nevertheless there are historical accounts in the Bible which co-relate and are abundantly illustrated and explained by modern manifestations, as all true students must admit, and more than foolish is any one who states that we know nothing on these subjects save from the Bible. For instance, the woman of Endor," through whose mediumship the prophet Samuel, who had passed through "death," was able to appear to Saul and prove his presence by true prophecy— "To morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with Compare her with numerous mediums me." of this day, who by like true prophecy show the reality of their spiritual powers, and in dicate clearly the attendance of men and women who have passed to the inner life. Take, for instance, Mrs. Simpson, of your own city, and her very intelligent Indian spirit. 'Ski-wa-ke." who is almost daily giving abundant evidence of inter-communion between this and the life beyond. So often have intelligent Spiritualists realized this communion that the word "death," so aptly used in the Bible and by such as our preacher, is to them an entire misnomer and is ever used with reluctance in naming what to them is a birth to a more exalted life.

Since even the appearance of Samuel be-fore the "woman of Endor," and that of "Moses and Elias" talking with Jesus on the Mount, or that of the Angel who (when John the revelator was about to worship him) said: 'See thou do it not, I am thy fellow servant" (Rev., 22, 8). Since these and others of like character named in the Bible all indicate to some extent the nature and reality of the next life. so also do the better authenticated communings of more modern times, being more frequently and carefully observed by a more cultured and less superstitious age of men, yield all the more knowledge of the nature of that life of which our preacher thinks "Nature gives no intelligent" account nor "solves any mystery."

Yes! we say (setting aside for a moment that terrible bug-bear of the orthodox



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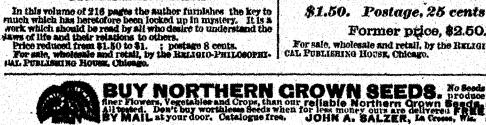
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