

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO ALL PHILOSOPHICAL, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOL. XXXVII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 3, 1885. No. 19

CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—The Poor. A Discourse by Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, at Republican Hall, New York City, Sunday Morning, October 26th, 1884. Prof. Buchanan and His New Philosophy.
- SECOND PAGE.—Let Us Be Joyful. Our Home Angels. Retribution. Seehing and Believing. Voices. Is Religion Salem or Cherub?
- THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Magazines for January Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—Special Notices. Terms to New Subscribers. Personalities—Is Harmony at the Expense of Truth Desirable? A Word with "Unity." The Edison Electric Light Company. Unitarianism to Episcopacy—Why? "The Georgia Wonder." "Spiritualistic Blotter." The Evening Journal on Henry Slade.
- FIFTH PAGE.—Woman Suffrage. Wait—Stephen—Genius of Steam. General Items of The New Technical Department of Girard College. A Band of Union. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—The Advent of Woman—Silver-Wedding Song. The Christmas Holiday—Progress. Notes from Brooklyn, N. Y. A Leaf from My Life's Experience. Items from the Pacific Coast. Appreciative. A Personal Chapter. Our Little Girl. The Angelic Ministry of Birds.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—How the Old Sea Captain Died. Christmas Questions. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Seventeen Full Form Materializations. Thoughts on an Orthodox Funeral Sermon. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Poor.

BY SERENA MILNER.

How my heart goes out for the suffering poor
When the bleak winds blowing from over the moor,
Come mingled 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 cozy 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 idle ease,
For this would be give far worse than disease;
But work would I cure for all willing hands,
And pay that would meet all our needful demands.

Oh! they must be brave to battle with want,
When the rich go by with a sneer and a frown,
If they grow not wiser, and shiver with cold,
When they see no way to earn 'em 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 will 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,
Will melt away like snow in the sun,
And you be left withering and shivering with cold,
When 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 spoil?

Send them out from your cities in great working bands,
To build the waste places of these fruitful lands;
Like the Incas of old, let each own a share,
That their interest may centre, a home to prepare.
Send them out with tools, with teams and tools,
And forget not the need they will have for schools,
Thus empty your prisons 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. Sulpes.)

INVOCATION.

O 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 seeest 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 thee 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 unfailing; that nothing can destroy the truth; 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 comfort, strength and consolation. May we hunger after thy bread of life, and lift up our souls to thee for light.

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

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

ANSWER.—We are always glad to find an earnest inquirer after truth. Some who call 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 truth-seekers, investigators and free thinkers are as narrow in their prejudices 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 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 Spiritualism to prove immortality; that it is something 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 uneducated in regard to immortality are fragmentary and incomplete; they do not match, we might say, when they are brought together, that they are often involved in mysteries and superstition. Belief and knowledge are not the same. The believers 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 to be for man, because of his resurrection, 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 rose 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 immortality. Many things suggest it; your intuitions and aspirations suggest it. The common belief in some forms of 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 immortal!"

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, although 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.

Now, if you patiently and earnestly inquire into this one phase of spiritual manifestations, you will learn that something which you cannot see, can demonstrate its presence by sounds, and that each spirit purporting to communicate, still possesses its own individuality. When you hear persons in another 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 peculiarities in the signals they employ. Now suppose you heard these sounds and investigate earnestly and honestly, you know they are not produced by the mediums, nor are

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 substance itself to vibrate with the force, the question arises, What is it? One says: "Oh! 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 be defused by an intelligence, but it is not intelligence itself. If these spiritual knockings, as you call them, come to you and 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 that 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 identity? Does it follow because they have died, as you say, or because we say they have been born into a broader life as buds of human mind and immortality, that they suddenly become perfect in wisdom in a moment? If such were the case you would need an introduction to your nearest neighbor, and something to explain the mystery of yourself. Those who come to you are 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 do you see their minds? Do they not veil themselves from your sight spiritually, mentally and morally, and sometimes when 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 spiritual 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 never 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 than that those we love and called dead are with us yet."

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, pianos 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 is no doubt about the matter. Seeking for further evidence you will find it coming from every quarter. Take, for instance, independent slate-writing, when between two slates, securely fastened together and watched all the time, there is a message written, and you

hear the writing, the dotting of each i and the crossing of each t, the underlining of certain words, and when at last the message is finished, you open the slates, there in the old familiar handwriting you know so well 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 also incidents from its past life, leaving you no room for further doubt. This independent slate-writing is one of the most valuable and beautiful of manifestations, because it is given you so clearly and unmistakably. If you seek to be guarded against delusion, it will raze this Doubting Castle to the earth, 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, 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 furnishes sufficient foundation on which to build your knowledge, but it is the accumulative evidence that scatters all doubt and leaves you strong and earnest at last, as one who knows the truth of Spiritualism and yet is eternally "an inquirer." If in your investigation of Spiritualism you find that which shakes your faith, and are disgusted by frauds and delusion, remember you are not to say: "Here is a beautiful rose, but see what I have found!" Its outer leaves are dried at the edges and worn-ent, therefore let us reject all roses." No! Let us take into consideration that these things must be. We know how grandly ships travel on the wide ocean, as in a highway marked out for them, yet there are barnacles adhering to them that must be 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 deception?" 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 you 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 reconciling 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 began 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 over them has been given to human reason and conscience, and when you come to understand that human nature gradually rises, and the angelhood within you is awakened and slowly developed, and then comes the dawning of a better day. It cannot come in

a moment, and we should feel no discouragement 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, therefore 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 quarry and lies before him, and as he gazes he thinks, "I know all about it; it is only 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 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: "Why, 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 sculptor says: "Yes, you are beginning to see what I have seen all the time. Wait and I will show it all to you." He labors on day after day, cutting and chiseling, toiling and polishing, until at last there it stands on its fair pedestal, the angel with uplifted brow! Any man can see it then; but the beauty and glory were seen by the sculptor when it lay only as a block of marble on the earth untouched. Thus God sees in our cold, rough, common humanity, not only its length, breadth and thickness, but the angel also, and day by day in every discovery we make, in all mental contact that gives education and development, in all struggle and unfoldment, in pains, trials and victory, the angel begins to show. In humanity to-day we see it being unwrought. We do not behold it perfected with serene, pure brow, the wonders of heaven shining in its face, but we see it veiled, and not what it is to be. Therefore we bid you watch, wait and toil, and you shall 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 occupied 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 eclectic 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 controlling 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 greatest 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 principles of cerebral physiology. A similar demonstration as to the brain and pulse was publicly made by Dr. B. in a lecture with experiments 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. Sympathizing 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 Lower at the Monroe Conservatory of Oratory, Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass.

The great holiday season of the year has come 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 merry chimes of bells 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 glorious 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 martyrs 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 assuaged only by food not fit for beasts; where stench 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 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, infants 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 Murder 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 gulf 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 ruthless 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 glided 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 wrested 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 printing 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 beheld a fiery steed rush over the wondering globe. The silence of primeval forests is broken by his puffing breath, and his shrill voice invades the home of solitude. The eternal ocean has been covered with the ships of nations driven by this wonderful demon steam. Science has filled the world with light, and banished the credulous weakling Faith, and gave us instead the mighty giant Knowledge. For the cell of the monk, she has given us the laboratory of the student; for the crucifix she 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 earth.

The martyr's stake has been replaced by

the liberty pole, from which floats the starry flag of freedom. The altar is being replaced by the desk of the scientist, and superstitious prayer is giving place to the voice of Reason. Acts of providence have become operations 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 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 fading 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 slow but surely retreating from the land, and soon Justice will be queen of earth. Superstition 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 Offense'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 embalmed 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.

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 grand-father, 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 fair 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 mediums 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 distaste 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 Ninnette 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 spirit-land had taught her, and it was not long before 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 means 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

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 angels, for she daily voices messages for spirits unable to control; dealing both with abstract 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 seem 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.

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 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 (total) 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 sooner the world would approach a common sense millenarian condition of happiness, than under the present orthodox swindle of abolition. 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!

Without pausing to discuss the principle of a reciprocal condition of retributive 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.

P. W. —y was a rich and miserly farmer who lived at Maspeth, Long Island. He had become rich by every penurious method. By extortion and distrust 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 Newton 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 distained family relics: several paintings by the old masters; ox-chains, plow-cables, silver-mounted harness and several silver headed canes, etc., etc., which had accumulated through distrustful possession.

It happened that a hard-working widow (Irish) woman occupied one of his small tenements, a Mrs. F. —m. Unfortunately, through protracted sickness she fell in arrears in the payment of her rent. No sympathy was given her; her pleadings were in vain. Espying her spinning-wheel, he attached 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 bequests, and left an appropriation for the building of the Maspeth school house, which appropriation was to be placed with the Society 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 a 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 good—harm 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.

Williamburgh, L. I. D. BRUCE.

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

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

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Seeing and Believing.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

There is much criticism upon the command to believe, and threatening for unbelief. We are told that belief depends on evidence; that "seeing is believing;" but is it true? Certainly belief does not depend wholly nor mainly on external proof. There are many 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 waltz, 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 honest 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 "agnostic." 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 scientific demonstration, while in any spiritual things they exact experimental knowledge for each and all, and then when the senses accept the facts, they ignore or deny the conclusions to which they lead, while admitting their inability to explain them on any other hypothesis. The theory of gravitation is accepted 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 evidence 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 phenomenon, 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 yet 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 exhibitions 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 something entirely unlike any thing ever known on earth." To convince some whose senses have little or 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 within 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 spiritual 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 its prophetic aspirations and ardent feelings. Let it be rational and we cannot believe too much.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Voices.

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 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 droll 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,

and found the grave of Longfellow. I carried with me a blank book and pencil, hoping in that spot I might come on a support 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 laugh, and so they may, for my attention was little ridiculous. I waited some time. All was silent. I had about determined to leave, when, as it seemed to me, several feet above the air I heard a voice speak clearly these lines, and at the same time 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 her last left, and were weeping in other parts of the room. I then went up to the bed, and seeing the little head had fallen (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 subtle 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 DUCHANAN.

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 joyful boy that whistles on Sunday is warned of his alarming peril, and the graceful maiden who pleases and enravens 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 inner brightness, the external charm of manner, 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 ignorance and the misery of this world, they feel it weighing upon their spirits 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 influences 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 energies of all around him. "Toujours gai," is one of the highest compliments the French bestow upon a hero. Let us then cultivate gaiety as one of the soul-lifting and health-giving virtues, and think not lightly of the sports 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 alone, which he should cherish as a part of his superiority. The overtaxed scholar and the wearied toiler are in danger of losing 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 unburdened 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 works of both Longfellow and Emerson are read in the French schools.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.
[28 Greenwich 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.

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.

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 Literary Circle at the latter place in July last.

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.

What reasonable hope can be entertained for any very marked moral or social advance until the average home is reformed and becomes what it should be? During the last few years I have lived in a great many houses where families live in apparent contentment and where they called it home.

"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 properly acquainted with the details of her household 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.

It seems to me why the ordinary work of the artisan or merchant is more pleasant than ordinary household work, 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.

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.

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.

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 well-ordered homes and more domestic felicity.

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 substantial that will sustain life; it is the workshop 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.

Magazines for January Received.
THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Portrait of Edward Everett Hale; Recent Architecture in America; Edward Everett Hale; The Knight of the Black Forest; The Making of a Museum; Mariana; The Rise of Silas Lapham; Christianity and Popular Amusements; How Squire Coyote brought Fire to the Cahroes; To a Race at a Concert; Orpiment and Gamboge; Unlooked-for Return; The Freedman's Case in Equity; Longing; Recollections of Foote and the Gunboats; Operations of the Western Florida; The Kailspal County; Solerspect; Jim's Inventions and King Bolterman; An Autumn Meditation; Topics of the Month; Open Letters; Bric-a-Brac.

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 "Vitalism in Politics." Under the title, "The Reunited South," Henry Waterson presents with great clearness the Southern and Democratic view of the political situation as it now stands.

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; Gladiators of the Sea, by Frederic A. Fernald; Studying in Germany, by Professor Horace M. Kennedy; State Usurpation of Parental Functions, by Sir Auberon Herbert; Bloody Sweat, by J. H. Pooley, M. D.; Protective Mimicry in Marine Life, by Dr. W. Breitenbach; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mattieu Williams; 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, Mifflin & 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. (Magazine Co., St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: A Christmas Greeting; Old and New; Christmas Church Decorations; Called Back on Christmas; Happy New Year; Snow Flakes; The New Year and the Old; Editorial Marginalia, etc.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-St., N.Y.

FREE TO ALL
Introduces our goods to every home, we will send, free of charge, to any person sending for papers, 25¢ a valuable book printed in large type on 32 paper: "Ladies' Book of Fancy Work"; Manual of Embroidery; Standard Letter Writer; 4 Winter Reading Recreations; 5 Temperance Poems; also, a present for ladies will appreciate two Gossamer Waterproof Garments.
W. H. BARBOUR & Co., Centerville, Conn.

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

Catarrh Cured
Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

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

KIDNEY-WORT
DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

PROF. W. PAINE, M. D.
250 So. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Has discovered living parasites that eat out the flesh, throat, lungs, stomach, liver, kidneys, bladder, water, etc., and has also discovered a Catarrh Virus, Liver Pills, Stomach Tonic, Nerve Tonic, Blood Purifier, Worm Expeller, etc., that destroy the parasites and cure the disease.

ROCKFORD WATCHES
Are unequalled in EXACTING SERVICE.
Used by the Chief Mechanic of the U. S. Coast Survey; by the Admiral commanding in the U. S. Naval Observatory; for Astronomical work; and by Locomotive Engineers, Contractors and Railway men. They are recognized as the most accurate, and in which close time and durability are recognized. Sold in principal cities and towns by the G.M. PAINES' exclusive Agents (leading jewelers) who give a Full Warranty.

OPIMUM HABIT
CURED Painlessly at home by one who has had TWENTY SEVEN YEARS' PRACTICE in treating and curing this disease. For full particulars send for THE TEST OF TIME containing testimonials of hundreds who have been permanently cured. Address La Porte, Ind.

Burlington Route
GOING WEST. ONLY LINE RUNNING TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY FROM CHICAGO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS, THROUGH THE Heart of the Continent by way of Pacific Junction or Omaha to DENVER, or via Kansas City and Atchison to Denver, connecting in Union Depot at Kansas City, Atchison, Omaha and Denver with through trains for SAN FRANCISCO and all points in the Far West. Shortest Line to KANSAS CITY, and all points in the South-West. TOURISTS AND HEALTH-SEEKERS Should not forget the fact that Round Trip tickets at reduced rates can be purchased via this Great Through Line, to and from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and the Mountains of COLORADO, the Valley of the Yosemite, the CITY OF MEXICO, and all points in the Mexican Republic. HOME-SEEKERS Should also remember that this line leads direct to the heart of the Government and Railroad Lands in Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, Colorado and Washington Territory. It is known as the great THROUGH CAR LINE of America, and is universally admitted to be the Finest Equipped Railroad in the World for all classes of Travel.

156 New Scriptures and Temperance Poems made for the BIBLE. CAPITOL CARD CO., Hartford, Conn. \$65 A MONTH heard for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIMMERMAN & Co., Philadelphia, or Chicago.

OPIMUM & WHISKY HABITS
CURED For Good!
\$5000 GIVEN AWAY. For particulars send 2c. stamp to SOUTH & WEST, ST. LOUIS, MO.

NICHOLS' BARK & IRON
BARNES' PATENT RUG MACHINE
THE Novelty Rug Machine.
Makes Rugs, Pillows, Hoops, Mittens, etc., with ease and rapidity. Prices only one dollar single machine, with full directions, sent by mail on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Apply for circulars to W. F. & JOHN BARNES, 100 W. F. & JOHN BARNES, Rockford, Ill.

Fertile and Healthful Highlands of Florida.
A Northern colony invites you to invest in its inducements and investments, good school, church, etc., excellent water, two railroads. A strictly temperance town. Agents wanted everywhere. For full particulars apply to J. H. FOSS, Gen'l Manager, Belleview, Madison Co., Florida.

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

HARTER'S IRON TONIC
THE ONLY TRUE
Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and restore the VIGOR and VITALITY of the YOUTHFUL.
LADIES'
Send your address to The Dr. Harter Med. Co., (St. Louis, Mo.) for our "FREE" BOOK.

DOMINOES ABSOLUTELY GIVEN AWAY!
Any reader of this issue of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL that will get three parties to join with them in ordering each set of our improved Dominoes and remitting 80 cents, will not get their own set free; four sets sent post paid for 80 cents. We want a boy or girl in every school in the UNITED STATES to act as agent. Every scholar is bound to have a set as they will be all the rage this fall and winter. They sell for 10 cents per set. We will furnish them to any one wishing to act as our agent, post paid, at the low rate of 75 cents per dozen sets. We will take postage stamps in payment if desired. From 5 to 12 doz. sets can be sold in any school. Now is the time for you to be making your spending money for the holidays. HOW TO DO IT: Order 1 doz. sets; take one set to school with you, and at recess get three of your best friends to join with you in a game and then tell them you are the agent, and they buy them each set for 10 cents a piece. Once started, every child will order. Many teachers are acting as agents. We are manufacturing them in large quantities, which enables us to furnish them at such a low price and we can fill all orders inside of 48 hours after remittance is received. A single set will be sent, post paid, to any address on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps. Address Prairie City Novelty Co., 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 99 LA SALLE STREET, CHICAGO.

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

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

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIMEN COPY FREE.

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

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

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

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line.

Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, 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 JOURNAL 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 acquaintances. 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 interests of his subscribers, its circulation will soon be quadrupled.

The New Year.

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 caviling 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 only 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 RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL extends its cordial invitation for co-operation; and of-

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 intricate problem of being kind and 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; I 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 expression needed if I never deliver another lecture. No man or society shall awe me into silence when a great 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 sustain 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 matter shows to the world that it believes that the cause it advocates can bear the blaz-

ing light of truth. There is every indication that the tide of thought has strongly set in favor of the principles advocated by the JOURNAL, 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 Society 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. Spiritualists, 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 truth-lovers can do most service. Well, it has never been our thought that a large national organization should, as an organization, engage in testing the phenomena, nor that such tests 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 saying: "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 believe, 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 Electric 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 Menlo 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 introduction 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 Arctic steamer, the Jeannette, and with that vessel now lies at the bottom of the Arctic

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 now, and finally have decided. This is no new change on my part, as you will understand when I repeat to you the outline of my history. I was brought up in a strict Presbyterian home from early boyhood, and was an active member of the church; was educated at Williams College, at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City, and at the seminary of Yale College. I was ordained a Presbyterian minister, but found myself rebelling against the Calvinistic doctrines of that church so seriously that I decided to seek the ministry of a more liberal 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 erratic meteor, who for a dozen years past has graced in our denominational horizon, has now passed into another and more congenial atmosphere, whose stricter order and discipline will, we trust, transform him into a fixed if lesser light, shining with more steadfast ray in the darkness of the unconverted and sceptical 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, 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 impecuniosity 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 twenty-four 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 many other country exchanges of great merit on our list, some of which we shall speak of by name and more particularly hereafter.

"The Georgia Wonder."

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 pioneer work there. He is now editing the above-named paper at Leipzig, 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 successfully 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. Blode 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 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 were not 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 have "misunderstood" a remark repeatedly made. The JOURNAL will wager something that Ingersoll will not publicly and squarely deny Chainey's assertion.

Those 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 issue.

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 drunkenness. 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 most 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 suffrage 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 mediums 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 Sarcognomy—size 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.

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. Antledale says he fully endorses the JOURNAL 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 thirty-four 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-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL teaches me the religion of the present and future.'"

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 proper 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 beneficent usefulness from the day of its opening.

The city authorities, members of the press, and many of the leading citizens, manufacturers 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 benefits 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 engine 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 electric lights, power being furnished for the dynamo from this building. Taking it all in all this is one of the finest and best appointed structures of the kind in America.

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 ornamental 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 six 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 world) what a pity that Girard with his millions to dispose of did not also make provision for orphan girls, where they could have received a good literary education and been taught skilled industries so as to become fitted 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,

bake and iron were about all they needed to 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 progress to a higher and better 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. Stanton-Moses, M. A., President of the London Spiritual Alliance, to the annual meeting of the American Spiritualist Association which convened at Lake Pleasant, Mass., in August last; and

WHEREAS said communication contained suggestions of "confederation between spiritualistic societies having kindred aims the world over" on the broad basis therein named, to wit: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, 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 Stanton-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 required." "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: JOHN G. JACKSON, Hockessin, Delaware, Pres.
A. B. SPINNEY, M. D., Detroit, Mich., Vice-Pres.
F. M. PENNOCK, Kennett Square, Pa., Secy.
JOHN WINSLOW, Bristol, Conn., Treasurer.
J. B. YOUNG, Esq., Marion, Iowa, Trustee.
A. H. DAILEY, Brooklyn, N. Y., "
NEWMAN WEEKS, Rutland, Vt., "
J. C. BUNDEY, Chicago, Ill., "
LITA BARNEY SAYLES, Killingly, Conn., "
Jan. 1st, 1885.

THE MIND CURE AND SCIENCE OF LIFE, 425 Madison Street, Chicago, has entered a special field, and claims 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 Unseen World," by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, M. D., "Practical Hints or Eight into Two won't go," by Charles Lawler, "The Cause of God that Takes away the Sins of the World," by Prof. Henry Kiddle, and "The Nation's Safest Attitude toward the Cholera." The Jan. issue will be very choice, single numbers ten cents, but all who send six cents in stamps before the 3000 extra copies are disposed of, will receive this issue. News Dealers, write for special offers, and for the Publisher's other gifts to you.

As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known, are experienced after every exposure. The thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

You can save half your time, labor and money by learning SHORTHAND, LONGHAND and TYPEWRITING at KIMBALL'S AMERICAN SCHOOL, 24 Hershey Hall 83 Madison St., Chicago. Superior instruction by mail.

FOR TEN CENTS. The St. Louis Magazine, distinctly Western in make-up, now in its fifteenth year, is brilliantly illustrated, replete with stories, poems, timely reading and humor. Sample copy and a set of gold colored picture cards sent for ten cents. Address J. Gilmore, 213 North Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Magazine sent one year for \$3.50.

Business Notices.

HUDSON TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attendees furnished. Telegraphic address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

The complaints of the season—colds, coughs, catarrhs—may be effectively dealt with by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. To neglect prompt treatment for these ailments is to risk consumption, which is said to cause one-sixth of the mortality of all civilized countries.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit-life at Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 11th, Mrs. Mattilda wife of Heuben Doane. A noble woman; a loving wife and mother. Is thus transferred 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. Homes of New Orleans, La. She was one of the oldest and brightest Spiritualists 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 host above; one who will be greatly missed by relatives and friends.

Departed Thursday night, December 11th, from New York City, Mrs. Ellen Foster Stillman, in the 53rd year of her age. Mrs. Stillman will be remembered by multitudes, from the Atlantic to Colorado, for her fine medical gifts, in the diagnosis of disease and the healing power of her hands. She was a woman of rare force and energy of character, with a warm heart and active sympathies, whose life record is full of pleasant memories to those who knew her. For some years she had been a great sufferer from consumption. With a firm faith in the reality of spirit-life she was fully prepared and eager for the welcome change. Mrs. T. E. Little ministered with her accustomed grace and feeling at the beautiful funeral services, which were held at her late residence, the home of Dr. Denmore, 180 West 44th Street, New York, on Friday, December 12th. The remains were taken to Schenectady County, her early home, for interment. C. M. PLUMB.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York, have listened to lectures by Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britton during the month of Dec.; Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham, in the meantime, has spoken for the society at Glenn's Falls, N. Y. Mrs. Britton'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. Britton 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.

The Sun.

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Politicians or Manipulators; Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most Interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality; and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

Table with 2 columns: Rate, Price. Rows: DAILY, per Year \$6 00; DAILY, per Month 50; SUNDAY, per Year 1 00; DAILY and SUNDAY per Year 7 00; WEEKLY, per Year 1 00.

Address, THE SUN, New York City.

From one Cured of Consumption.

Thornton, Boone Co., Ind.

MESSRS. CRADDOCK & CO.: Please find enclosed \$16 for CANNABIS INDICA, PHIS and Ointment. Mr. Bindley Barker, who was so low with Consumption, 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 truly, 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. \$2.50 per bottle, or 3 bottles for \$6.50. PHIS and Ointment, \$1.25 each.

CRADDOCK & CO., 1632 Race Street, Sole Proprietors, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. S. F. PIRNIE, Trance Medium, Magnetic Healer.

No Medicines Prescribed. 523 WEST VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO.

MRS. R. C. SIMPSON, Medium for Independent State-Writing; also clairvoyant and clairaudient.

45 N. SHELDON ST., CHICAGO. Lake or Randolph cars.

DR. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, 29 Fort Avenue, Boston.

I am giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases, aided by porchometric diagnosis and the use of new remedies discovered by himself. His residence is in the most elevated, healthy and picturesque location in Boston, and he can receive a few invalids in his family for medical care. Mrs. BUCHANAN continues the practice of Psychometry—full written opinion, three dollars. THERAPEUTIC SARCOSINO is now issued. Price \$2.50 by mail postpaid.

GRAZY QUILTS AND PATCHWORK. One dozen beautiful Applique Figures, Birds, Butterflies, Flowers, etc., for 50 cents; and one ounce of assorted colors in Embroidery silk for 40 cents. Send Postal Order to THE BRADLEY & ALBRIGHT CO., 469 BROADWAY, 621 MARKET ST., New York, Philadelphia.

HOME MADE BEAUTIFUL. This Book teaches Kensington, Arras and other embroidery, Ribbon Work, etc. Also contains a chapter on Patchwork, and gives diagrams of several blocks, and a variety of new stitches for joining the strips. It also contains a descriptive list of several hundred patterns for various kinds of embroidery. Fully illustrated. Price, postpaid, 15 cts. Agents want. Address Patten Publishing Co., 88 W. 14th St., New York.

WAX 26 WAX DO! In order to secure new customers, we will send the Choice Wax-Boxed Pictures & German Dolls, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599,

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 locking clicks till each man sinks. Under the shade of a funeral pall.

The waves of the ocean each other chase, And gliding 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-spiced 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 flew at the window pane, As he babbled of brooks and the cat by the shore, And the loved ones loathed that he saw again.

And gliding in thought through the ocean air, He saw by the way where the old wreck lay, And caught a glimpse of the faces there, Of those who died with no time to pray, 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 skeletons' skulls with a hideous leer, As they rock with the waves in the hurricane's breath, And mimic life on a restless tier.

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 Religio-Philosophical Journal: Are the phenomena of Spiritualism without purpose or intent? Do they not indicate that the world is entering upon a new and more spiritual development—an Age which differs in kind from others preceding it?

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 competition 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 relates man more to the animal than to the angel? And as the divinely creative forces of nature are commingling 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 cooperation?

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 Caesar the things that are Caesar'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 existing?

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 merely in the "word that perisheth," but in the spirit that giveth life," is the resultant condition of mankind likely to be one of struggle and dissatisfaction, or of "Peace and good will to men?" I leave those who are interested to reply. Killingly, Ct. LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Deane St., Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

We send a good deal of beef from this country to England, but the quality folks will not buy it knowingly, because they get the impression it isn't as good as theirs. An Englishman who was here a few weeks since said he considered it the best beef in the world, but if he should order it for his own table his servants would not touch it.

They Will Surely Find You.

They are looking for you everywhere. Drafts of air in unexpected places, going from hot rooms to cool ones, carelessness in changing clothing,—in short anything which ends in a "common cold in the head." Unless arrested this kind of cold becomes seated in the mucous membrane of the head. Then it is Catarrh. In any and all stages this disease always yields to Ely's Cream Balm. Applied to the nostrils with the finger. Safe, agreeable, certain. Price fifty cents.

"The Seventy-Seven Devils; or the Grandfather's Revenge" is the title of a Chinese drama recently presented at San Francisco.

The Nineteenth Century Club is an organization that will consist of an equal number of men and women. It is hardly to be expected that they will agree on all subjects; but it can surprise no one to learn that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is unanimously pronounced the most successful remedy extant, for pulmonary consumption, as has been demonstrated in hundreds of cases; it positively arrests this disease and restores health and strength, if administered in its early stages. By druggists.

A man was fined in Sonoma County, California, the other day, for knocking a neighbor down with a fifteen-pound bunch of grapes.

Do Not Be Discouraged

even if you have tried many remedies for your Kidney disease or Liver complaint without success it is no reason why you should think your disorder incurable. The most intractable cases readily yield to the potent virtues of Kidney-Wort. It is a purely vegetable compound which acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels at the same time and thus cleanses the whole system. Don't wait, but get a package to-day and cure yourself.

An Indian horse thief was hanged to a tree fifty miles from Socorro, N. M., six months ago, and his skeleton still hangs there.

It is a Well Known Fact! In the Diamond Dye more coloring is given than in any known Dyes, and they dye faster and more brilliant colors, too, at all druggists. They are a great success. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Tennyson's song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud" was rewritten some fifty times before it was finished.

Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weakness as quinine is for the prevailing chills and fever.

London has had more snow so far this winter than Chicago. "I have no appetite," complain many sufferers. Hood's Stomachic is a good appetite and enables the stomach to perform its duty.

A Bank Failure

may fail, and yet, by wise management, regain its credit. So, also, if wise counsels are followed, the strength and vigor of a failing constitution may be restored. Many cases like the following could be cited: Frank Lapeise, Salem st., Lowell, Mass., says, that on account of impure blood, his whole constitution was shaken. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla freely for a month, his health was restored, and his original vigor regained.

to get the best remedy at the outset, involves, in case of sickness, not only a waste of money, but useless suffering. John H. Ward, 9 Tilden st., Lowell, Mass., says: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of boils, sores, and itches, which no other remedy could remove. I tried several other so-called 'sarsaparillas,' but received no benefit from them." William H. Mulvin, 122 Northampton st., Boston, Mass., writes that

Speculation The Cause

as to what will cure Dyspepsia, vanishes before the light of such evidence as that furnished by O. T. Adams, Spencer, O., who says: "For years I suffered acutely from Dyspepsia, scarcely taking a meal, until within the last few months, while enduring the most distressing pains of indigestion. Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. My appetite and digestion are good, and I feel like a new man." "Two bottles of

of all his sufferings, "enough to kill a dozen men," was the failure of his kidneys and liver to properly perform their functions. He was permanently cured by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. George Edwards, Boston Highlands, Mass., was cured of liver and bilious troubles by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Warren Leland, the famous hotel proprietor of New York city, writes: "I have personally used Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

saparilla cured me of Dyspepsia," writes Evan Jones, Nelson, N. Y. Mrs. A. M. Beach, Glover, Vt., writes: "A humor of the blood debilitated me, and caused very troublesome scrofulous eruptions on my neck. Less than one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla has restored my appetite and strength. It has also greatly lessened the swellings. I am confident they will be entirely removed by continued use of the Sarsaparilla." Irving Edwards, Ithaca, N. Y., was afflicted, from boyhood, with scrofulous sore throat. Four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him, and he has

for Rheumatism, with entire success. There is no medicine in the world equal to it for the cure of liver diseases, gout, the effects of high living, and all the various forms of blood diseases." Benj. Couchman, Bronson, Fla., writes: "I suffered for months from debility, and pains in the lower part of my chest. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have made a new man of me. I am entirely cured." Doctor T. Porter, Cerro Gordo, Tenn., writes: "I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my practice for a number of years, and find its action admirable." It never

Never Fails

shame been troubled with the disease.

to vitalize the blood and expel impurities.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A. For sale by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles for \$5.

SWEET GUM & MULLIN'S advertisement with image of a person.

FREE GIFT! A copy of my Medical Book will be sent to any person afflicted with Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, or Nasal Catarrh. It is elegantly printed and illustrated, 144 pages, 12mo, 1879. It has been the means of saving many valuable lives. Send name and post-office address, with six cents postage for mailing. The book is favorable to persons suffering with any disease of the Nose, Throat or Lungs. Address DR. N. H. WOLFE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ALBERT LEA ROUTE advertisement with map and text.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND advertisement with image of a woman.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RY advertisement with text.

Sedgwick Steel Wire Fence advertisement with image of a fence.

THE PILE REMEDY

Believes in family and cures thoroughly in two to four days. External Piles. Sent for 50 cents to any address. A. HAEFENBERGER, Springfield Ohio

RAILROAD TIME-TABLE. CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC. Table with columns for Leave, Arrive, and various train routes.

SARAH A. DANSKIN, PHYSICIAN OF THE "NEW SCHOOL," advertisement with text.

THE AMERICAN LUNG HEALER, advertisement with text.

INVESTORS WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE CO. advertisement with text.

AGENTS WANTED FOR "CONQUERING THE WILDERNESS" advertisement with text.

CHILD'S CATARRH Treatment For advertisement with text.

DR. HECHINGER'S GALVANIC BATTERY advertisement with image of a battery.

DR. HECHINGER'S ELECTRIC BATTERIES advertisement with text.

LIVER, BLOOD AND KIDNEYS advertisement with text.

ELECTRO GALVANIC HEALTH CO., 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO advertisement with text.

DR. HECHINGER'S ELECTRO GALVANIC INSIDE SOLES advertisement with image of a shoe.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE MISSOURI STATE LOTTERY advertisement with text.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL advertisement with image of a train.

The Niagara Falls Route advertisement with text.

THE GREAT CHURCH LIGHT advertisement with image of a light.

AGENTS WANTED FOR "CONQUERING THE WILDERNESS" advertisement with text.

DR. HECHINGER'S GALVANIC BATTERY advertisement with image of a battery.

DR. HECHINGER'S ELECTRIC BATTERIES advertisement with text.

LIVER, BLOOD AND KIDNEYS advertisement with text.

ELECTRO GALVANIC HEALTH CO., 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO advertisement with text.

DR. HECHINGER'S ELECTRO GALVANIC INSIDE SOLES advertisement with image of a shoe.

DR. HECHINGER'S ELECTRO GALVANIC INSIDE SOLES advertisement with image of a shoe.

Seventeen Full Form Materializations. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: What next? Permit me to sketch a synopsis 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 south of the above-named town. Though a stranger here, I met with a cordial greeting. I found myself at once initiated into the balmly grades 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 commensurate 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 supervising 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 scene 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 returned. 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 presented. 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 withdrew, 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 full view before us. Her angelic mien thrilled all with deep emotions. She was a child of premature birth, and would now have been some 25 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 quite 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 curtains and moved right out in all the majesty of a spirit 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 embroidery of artistic beauty—the raised figures and gorgeous edging plain to view, and oh! how bright and gay. With her angelic fingers 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 precision; 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 lingered 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 doubtless an unbelieved 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, 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 attire, displaying flashing jewelry and gorgeous bedecked garments of finest. One must see in order to approximate an adequate conception of the sublime grandeur of the realization of the destined realm of the Summer-land of immortal happiness. Those two scenes 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 previous investigation. Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhall are now located on West Franklin Street, Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind. HIRAM GREGG.

Thoughts on an Orthodox Funeral Sermon. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In the published notice of a memorial sermon 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 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 dusty 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 clearest 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 genera and species, to those recorded in the Bible; the only difference being that as they approach more modern times and occur in the midst of more scientific and better cultured peoples, their authenticity is better established 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 consistent in its allusions "to death and the great future." Memory recalls just now only a few texts showing its wavering testimony as to man's immortality. Paul (1 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 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 always" (Job, 7th, 16). He continues (7th, 21): "For now shall I sleep in the dust; thou shalt 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 rest in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the 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 worshipped 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 me." Compare her with numerous mediums of this day, who by like true prophecy show the reality of their spiritual powers, and indicate 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, "Sis-we-ka" who is almost daily giving abundant evidence of intercourse 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 even used with reluctance in naming what to them is a birth to a more exalted life. Since even the appearance of Samuel before 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 communications 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

churches, our present modern, growing Spiritualism) modern history far outshines the Bible in the authenticity 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 authenticity cannot be impugned, and yet how much more can be gathered from it indicative 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 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 improbable and more highly imaginative accounts 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 Pennington (one of the greatest writers the Society called Quakers ever produced), in her testimony 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 unadvised 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 whisperer 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 overlap the grave. Now, my dear friend and editor, you are well aware that I make no war with the facts and illustrations of spiritual communion related in the Bible, and yet that we 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 discourage 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.

TEST YOUR BAKING POWDER TO-DAY! Brands advertised as absolutely pure CONTAIN AMMONIA. THE TEST: Place a can top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell. Ammonia will not be required to detect the presence of ammonia. DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER. DOES NOT CONTAIN AMMONIA. ITS HEALTHFULNESS HAS NEVER BEEN QUESTIONED. In a million homes for a quarter of a century it has stood the toughest test. THE TEST OF THE OVEN. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., CHICAGO. Dr. Price's Special Flavoring Extracts, Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems. FOR SALE BY GROCERS. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

LIGHT HEALTHY BREAD. DR. PRICE'S LUPULIN YEAST GEMS. The best dry hop yeast in the world. Bread raised by this yeast is light, white and wholesome like our grandmother's delicious bread. GROCERS SELL THEM. Price Baking Powder Co., CHICAGO. ILLUSTRATIONS WANTED.—SEE THE SUN. FREE CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM. HAY-FEVER Give it a Trial.

MRS. POTT'S GOLD HANDLE SAD IRON. ADVANTAGES. DO NOT BURN THE HAND. DOUBLE POINTED IRON BOTH WAYS. BEST IN USE AND CHEAP. ONE HANDLE AND A STAND TO A SET. MASON & HAMLIN. BOSTON, 154 Tremont St. CHICAGO, 149 Wabash Ave. NEW YORK, 46 East 14th St. Union Sq.

MASON & HAMLIN. ORGAN AND PIANO CO. BOSTON, 154 Tremont St. CHICAGO, 149 Wabash Ave. NEW YORK, 46 East 14th St. Union Sq. VITAL MAGNETIC CURE. AN EXPOSITION OF VITAL MAGNETISM and its application to the treatment of MENTAL AND PHYSICAL DISEASE. BY A MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS. No Seeds are better than those produced by the Northern Growers. JOHN A. BALZER, 126 Cass St., Chicago.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS. Catalogue Free. J. A. BALZER, 126 Cass St., Chicago, Wis.

ELOCUTION. Murdock System. Entertainments, Classes or Private Pupils. SPECIAL RATES TO CHURCHES. Testimonials furnished. W. W. CANNON, PUBLISHER OF PROF. MURDOCK, WEBER MUSICAL HALL, CHICAGO.

ASOLID 12 PER CT. per annum on first-class real estate security, at one third its valuation. Section 2509 of the Laws of Washington Territory says: "Any rate of interest agreed upon by parties to a contract, specifying the same in writing, shall be valid and legal." Interest remitted semi-annually net by New York draft.

1391 1/2 BUSHELS OF POTATOES PER ACRE. from our new Green Mountain Potato. A wonderful variety. Send for particulars and triple your crop. Our new Catalogue of Seeds, Potatoes, Grain, etc., describes all varieties. A great reduction in prices for '85.

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

Neue Spiritualistische Blätter. Die einzige Wochenchrift in Deutscher Sprache, welche den rationellen Spiritualismus vertritt. Preis vier die Vier. St. zwei voll. Ein Jahrgang kostet 16 Mark. D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

WOMAN. A Lecture on the Present Status of Woman, Physically, Mentally and Spiritually. The Divine Law of True Harmonious Marriage, Marriage and Divorce. BY MRS. DR. HILBERT.

THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM. BY EPES SARGENT. Author of "Flaccidite, or the Despair of Science," "The Error of Rationalism," etc. This is a large 12mo. of 872 pages. In long primer type, with an appendix of two-hundred names in history.

REDUCED IN PRICE. Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten's Great New Work. 19th Century Miracles: SPIRITS AND THEIR WORK IN EVERY COUNTRY OF THE EARTH. A Complete Historical Compendium of the Movement Known as "Modern Spiritualism." This work forms a full and exhaustive account of all the main incidents of a Spiritualistic character which have transpired in every country of the earth from the beginning of the Nineteenth Century to the present time.

BEAUTY'S BATH CUTICURA SOAP. To keep the pores open, the oil glands and tubes active, and thus furnish an outlet for impurities in the perspiration and blood which cause humilating blotches, itching humors, blackheads, and minor skin blemishes; to cleanse, whiten, and beautify the skin, remove tan freckles, sunburn, and oily matter; to keep the hands soft, white, and free from chaps and roughness, prevent contagious skin and scalp diseases, and provide an exquisite skin beautifier and toilet, bath, and nursery essence, replete with delicious flower odors and CUTICURA healing balsams, is the special duty of the CUTICURA SOAP. CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Care and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cure every form of Skin and Head Diseases, from Pimples to Scrofula, sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

KNABE PIANO-FORTES. TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP & DURABILITY. WILLIAM KNABE & CO. Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York. A. REDD & SONS, Sole Agents, 126 State St., Chicago.