

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY
ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE
NOTED TO
GENERAL PHILOSOPHY
ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOL. XXXIX. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13, 1886. No. 25

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

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Libogen, the Spirit of Ujae Island. The Spirit Land. A Case of "Projection of the Double."

SECOND PAGE.—Heaven.—What is it, and Where Located? Sunday Papers. Mediumship and its Import, Past and Present. Mixed Inspirations. Universalism. Prof. Dana on "Evolution."

THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. Partial List of Magazines for February. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.—Universalism.—What it Has Done and Can Do. Remarkable Physical Phenomenon in a Sick Child. Recognition, but no Return. Off for California. Restoration to Health Under Peculiar Circumstances. General Items.

FIFTH PAGE.—Report of Interview with Dr. Henry Slade. A Vigorous Defense of Charles H. Foster. General News. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.—The Hand Unseen. The Moon and its "Shine." Servants—How Should they be treated? Letter from Thomas Harding. Can God Forgive Sin? Do Devils Know Our Thoughts? The Cause in San Francisco. Haverhill and Vicinity. President Eliot's Essay. Whall Versus Whall. The Metaphysical. Personal Recognition in the Spirit-World. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Perpetual. Just as It is Painted. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—"Sir Them Up!" The Faith Cure. Was It a Phylax? A Plea for Common Sense. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Libogen, the Spirit of Ujae Island.

[We publish this article, thinking it will be of special interest, owing to the fact that it is from a publication having no spiritualistic bias, and which is rather careful as to what it publishes.—ED. JOURNAL.]

We are assured by the writer of the following remarkable story that it is strictly true in all its details. Our readers in Yarmouth, Maine, will recognize the author by his initials. He was first officer of the large Bath built ship, Rainier, which was wrecked on Ujae Reef, in the North Pacific Ocean, Jan. 2, 1884. The crew was rescued as related below by the U. S. Ship Essex, April 13, 1884. The second mate had been sent out with the long boat, and was picked up by an English bark, one of the crew having died of exhaustion, and the rest being taken to China. Capt. Morrison had built a schooner and sailed with thirteen men for assistance, leaving the writer of this sketch among the savages, with his wife who was very sick, and with eight men. The natives, after taking all they could get from the shipwrecked crew began to show signs of hostility. Accordingly our correspondent made preparation to leave the island in the two quarter boats, intending to steer for China, 3,000 miles distant. We now take up his narrative.—EDS. TRANSCRIPT.

members of his family, who took but little notice of our arrival, so interested were they in the spirit's manifestations. The king continued talking with the spirit for some time, and could be distinctly heard first in one part of the house then quickly changing to the opposite side, now over head, again alongside of me, and with my slight knowledge of the language I could distinctly distinguish some of the words spoken. The voice sounded or spoke in the form of a whistle, and was fully as wonderful as it was mysterious.

After a while the king said: "Libogen, speak to mate." So I gave the king to understand that I wanted to know what had become of the long boat and the schooner with their crews and were we ever to be rescued from this lonely island.

The king commenced talking again asking my questions, and the spirit informed him that the second mate had been picked up near an island called "Poimette," (an island which they had never known existed and where the long boat's crew was rescued) and the Captain had arrived in the schooner at "Jaluit," but he was sick and could not come; that all the schooners were away; but the Captain was all right and in one week a schooner would come to the island and that the Captain would send one as soon as one could be got ready. But in two weeks a big schooner would come and we would be rescued; and said that the spirit of the steward, who had died and was buried on Ujae, was with her. The conversation lasted some time and when it was finished I was told to say, "Good-night, Libogen," which I did and was answered "Good-night, mate" in as plain English as I could speak myself. Mrs. H. was also told to do the same, and was plainly answered "Good-night, Emma." Such wonderful and important information was more than my brain could conceive to be true, and each day of the following week seemed a life-time, and not the short period of twenty-four hours.

Slowly the days passed until Saturday night and we all commenced to await anxiously the coming morrow with wavering faith. During the evening the king came to our hut as was his custom every evening to get a few whiffs of my pipe of oakum, as the tobacco had all gone many weeks before, and a smoke of oakum or dried leaves was a luxury. I yet had a little tea which had been wet in salt water and dried, which I was saving to give the king to smoke in payment for some coconuts and bread-fruit when we were hungry. The king seated himself on the floor and I filled the pipe with oakum and gave it to him. After smoking a few moments he said, "Libogen speak—to-morrow schooner come," to which I replied "Libogen too much lie." "No, no, no," said the king, "To-morrow come sure finish and schooner no come, Libogen lie. Libogen no lie—always speak true."

It must be remembered that all kinds of crafts were schooners to them since having seen our schooner built and sail away. No doubt it was the largest vessel many of them had seen, though the king, who was an old man, may have seen larger ones and, from what I could learn, had at one time seen a man-of-war, and seen them fire their big guns, as the mention of man-of-war caused him great uneasiness and often times he would say "s'pose king good, man-of-war no bum bum king?" To which I would reply, "s'pose king good, and give white Kanakas plenty kai (food) man-of-war no bum bum king," and with this he would go away satisfied and invariably sent us some coconuts. Sunday morning came at last and found ten eager watchers for some signs of deliverance from our island prison. The hours dragged slowly by and the sun was nearing the western horizon and anxious eyes had grown dim when a shout was heard coming from one man and another the whole length of the island. The king, who was standing by me, cried, "schooner come; Libogen no lie."

Island was aroused. The shouting was indescribable, the natives running this way and that in apparent confusion. So, quickly grasping my glass I started for the other end of the island off which the sail had been seen, and with long strides, followed by the rest of the crew, soon reached a point from which a sail could be dimly seen bearing down toward the island.

With my glasses I could distinguish a curiously built craft, with a large, strangely-shaped, three-cornered sail, and on its near approach could see many naked savages with which the vessel was swarming. I immediately made up my mind that our deliverance was near at hand—of life but not bondage; so I determined to return to my hut and arm the crew with the rifles which we had, and hold out for our lives as long as possible. But my fears were quickly dispelled by the king, who said "Never mind, Kanaka no hurt mate," so I returned to my house to inform the anxiously waiting Mrs. H. that our deliverance had not yet come.

The following Sunday was set by Libogen, the spirit, that the second mate should come in a schooner to rescue us. The following week dragged slowly by, and the weather which had been fine and pleasant with a strong breeze, we living on the windward side of the island, now became hot and disagreeable, and the rain came down in torrents, it being the change of the monsoons, and the mosquitoes came in swarms seemingly bent on eating us up, and as we had no shoes we were obliged to hang our feet out of the door to keep the mosquitoes away, and ran the rest of our lives to be able to live in peace.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

Spiritualism Discussed by a Firm Believer in Guardianship by the Disembodied.

[Fargo, Dakota, Republican.]

In speaking of the Storey will case, you refer to the fact that Mr. Storey, having investigated the subject of Spiritualism, after denouncing it, became an ardent Spiritualist. A few years ago a college professor, well known throughout the West, became much wrought up over the subject of Spiritualism and determined to prepare a lecture proving its falsity. After spending some days at his work, he began to realize how little he knew of the subject and cast about for light. He made a trip from western Minnesota to Chicago with a view to coming in contact with the mediums of that city, confident that he could confound the most noted of them. His whole soul was in his mission, and his purpose was to do humanity a justice. In an omnibus, on the way to a hotel, he inquired of a gentleman by his side concerning mediums, and was referred to Mrs. O. A. Bishop. He immediately left the omnibus, took a cab and drove rapidly to her residence lest he should fall into some prepared snare. The medium went into a trance, and while in that state told him who he was, from whence he came and the purpose of his visit, and gave him

SIXTY-NINE DISTINCT TESTS, either one of which would have caused him to wonder. Like the woman at the well he went away and said, "I have found one who has told me all I ever knew." The Christian professor from that day became a Spiritualist. Like Paul he was converted through the flood of light that was thrown upon him when on his way to prepare to persecute. I, too, started out on such a mission. I met the medium and spent an hour telling her of myself and followed with several other visits all with the same object in view—to discover as to her character and power and to "stuff" her, expecting that when she finally went into a trance she would rehearse the main features of what I had told her and tell me to beware of a black-eyed woman having a thin face and brown hair, and that I had an enemy in a heavy man of sandy complexion, etc. She commenced, instead, at the place where I was born and described incidents of my childhood, the countries I have visited, repeated words used by myself at the supposed deathbed of a child, years before, and said from that hour he commenced to get well. She told me of my secret sins, of my secret ambitions, described countries I afterwards visited, even to the color of the box car I would ride in, but did not refer to one word, or one incident I had used in my efforts to stuff her. Unlike the professor I did not surrender and become a Spiritualist, but I found

A NEW LINE OF THOUGHT open to me, and by following it I found one of the widest fields for investigation that God has given to man. I discovered the subject to be a very dangerous one to meddle with because the truths that may be found are so bright that no man can stand up under them. I have seen the hand writing upon the wall as Belshazzar saw it; I have heard, as those with Jesus heard, a voice from heaven saying, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." I have seen an uneducated woman write in language wholly unknown to her when in her normal state; have heard her carry on a conversation in French, German and Spanish with different persons when not knowing a word of those languages; unable to strike a single note with intelligence on a piano, I have heard her play for hours the most charming and most difficult pieces, I have heard pleadings for a pure life and upright conduct from "over there" with reasons given that would commend themselves to the purest and best. I could tell you of a lawyer residing in St. Paul, one of the most eloquent and brilliant of his profession, who was going to wreck as fast as excesses could carry a high strung man to ruin, who was stopped in his downward course by an angel warning. Not one drop of intoxicating liquors—not one profane word has been suffered to pass his lips since, and now if, in Fargo, he could quietly sit in his room and say to what he believes to be

He will learn that where evil is there evil influences congregate, and if of a susceptible nature he will learn to avoid evil associations as he would avoid pestilence. He will learn, not in theory, but will come to know that "where the wisdom and resources of man fail there is an inexhaustible supply yielded us from above through the power of prayer." He will know why the drunkard is BOUND BY A CHAIN that cannot be broken, why some who really mean to be good will lie on all occasions, and then, as the minister said he had done over his exaggerations, "shed barrels of tears because of it." He will know why some good men steal, why many are insane, and he will become a truer and better man in every respect. If naturally of an unbalanced mind, and he comes in contact with "Little Squaw," "Nigger Pete," or others who, in earth life, would be irresponsible, and follows their advice because he believes it to come from spirits, he would land where the speculator would land who would buy or sell options upon the advice of every street gambler with whom he comes in contact. There is an intelligent force within every human being that lives after the mortal passes away, and under proper conditions that living intelligence can and does manifest itself. Now, as in the days of old, where two or three are gathered together in His name, there will the spirit be to bless. Sought not from mere curiosity, sought not for worldly gain, but as the true Christian seeks his closet to confess to himself or to his God, as he chooses to look at it, and ask divine help and divine guidance, so the spirit may now be sought, and relief will surely come. As in the days of old, angels ascend and descend upon the ladder which Jacob in his vision saw ascending from earth to heaven; and that ladder may find a resting place

IN EVERY TRUE HEART. There are millions of Spiritualists who have seen and know, and though you were to crucify and stone them you could not shake their faith. There are those among them who like Thomas doubt, or like Peter deny, or who like Zacchaeus investigate from tree tops, but the evidence in favor of Spiritualism is as strong and startling as the evidence of Christianity. While denouncing Spiritualists for their beliefs, not one in ten of the Christians believe the Bible stories of angel visits and of spirit power; the Spiritualists believe them all.

Should any want to investigate this subject, in every household where peace and harmony dwell will be found the means. The fortune-tellers and advertising mediums who play upon the susceptible for pay are almost invariably frauds, but a list of genuine Chicago mediums can be obtained at any time by application to Col. John C. Bundy, editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, Chicago, and they may occasionally be found throughout the country.

I believe in God and the angels and have seen nothing in genuine Spiritualism that cannot walk hand in hand with Christianity.

A Case of "Projection of the Double."

[The following communication has been recently received by an officer of the Theosophical Society, and is published by permission for the information of those whom it may concern.—ED. RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

531 West Jackson Street, CHICAGO, Jan. 6th, 1886.

MR. STANLEY B. SEXTON:—At the beginning of this year—a little past 12 o'clock, midnight—I saw you suddenly appear before me, having a key in your hand, holding it in a peculiar position. Your visit was brief, as you seemed to be outward bound on a long, astral journey. You appeared pale and under much nervous tension, but the "shade" was distinct, and distinctly shadowed a clear spiritual purpose. I can show you the manner in which the key was held more easily than I can describe it.

Very truly,
M. L. BRAINARD.
Sec'y C. E. T. S.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 12th, 1886.

DEAR SIR: I have waited before answering your letter, till I could send you something authentic. I will state that on New Year's eve, about midnight, I took an ivory key in my hand, which is a symbol of a secret order to which I belong. I composed myself and started on my journey for the Lodge of the said Society, when, remembering that I had promised that I would visit one of our T. S. on that evening, if possible, I made a detour in my astral flight, visited a member in my Lingasarra or astral form. I remained a few seconds in my astral form, so that I could be seen; then resumed my journey to the Lodge. I will also state that I held the key in a particular manner between the two fore-fingers and thumbs of each hand, and that after the meeting, on the subsequent occasion, the percipient showed me the manner in which I held the key, this being the same as in my astral projection. You are at liberty to publish this account, with names and also the accompanying note to me. Some time I will try and visit you in my double, wearing a certain jewel in my possession. Fraternally yours,
STANLEY B. SEXTON, F. T. S.
Pres't Chicago Branch T. S.

I was seated in our little hut conversing with Mrs. S., and smoking a pipe of oakum, when Norma, one of the king's wives, came to the door and in Kanaka with a little pigeon English, which Mrs. H. had taught her, informed me that Libogen had come to the island and wanted to talk to me, so the king had sent for us to come to his house. Previous to this the king had often spoken of Libogen, and at one time had said "White Kanakas belong Libogen," and when asked what he meant said: "So long time Libogen speak king—One night king take canoe—go down reef—find two big canoe—all bloke—plenty white Kanakas—s'pose king no good to white Kanakas—bum-bye man-of-war come and Bum-Bum king—So he go down to reef one morning and see two big canoe all bloke—he get white Kanakas—so white Kanakas belong to Libogen." So to Libogen we must owe the assistance which we received from the natives in landing through the surf; as no land could be seen from the ship, and what had brought them down the lagoon at so early an hour was a mystery to us all.

On further inquiry I found that all their movements on any journey by canoe were governed by a spirit, called Libogen, of some one who had died in the house in which we lived (formerly the king's palace), whether a woman or child I could not find out; but some human being whom they all worshiped and whose spirit still came at times to visit the king and his family. They were the only ones who could converse with the spirit, so they said. The body had been buried on a small island some twenty miles down the lagoon, and no native was allowed to land there except the king and his family. After the king had given me this information, I told him to tell me when Libogen came again as I would like to talk with her; but not being a believer in Spiritualism thought no more about it until the king sent for me.

I was somewhat awe-struck at the king's request, and more so was Mrs. H.; but grasping my arm with a nervous grip we proceeded to the king's hut, a rural cottage, the frame-work of small saplings covered with leaves from the Pandanus tree. We found the third officer and the seven men gathered outside the door; and many of the Kanakas listening with eager faces to the story of his capture, and of the manner in which he was rescued.

As I pulled away from the ship's side to carry the glad tidings to Mrs. H. and those that remained on shore, three cheers rent the air from the crew of 150 men, of that proud ship, and were responded to by the boat's crew, though faint in comparison; but they came from hearts filled with gratitude to those who sailed under that dear old flag, the stars and stripes. And on that Easter Sabbath, April 13th, 1884, while the many thousands were commemorating the resurrection of Christ, none were more sincere in their adoration than the little band of castaways rescued by the American man-of-war "Essex," A. H. McCormick, commander—through the humane kindness of Colonel Mosby, American Consul at Hong Kong, China, Admiral Davis, commanding Asiatic squadron, and Secretary Chandler, U. S. Navy.

We found to be true all the spirit of Libogen had said in regard to the Captain's being sick and unable to come to our assistance, on our arrival at "Jaluit," an island some three hundred miles to windward of Ujae, and that a schooner had sailed to our assistance manned by natives, and in command of Will Jackson, a young man who had been in the schooner,

and sailed with the Captain in the schooner. The within facts are true ones, and I leave the reader to judge if the spirit of the departed Libogen spoke truly or not.—O. J. H., in Portland Transcript.

Patli had some odd experiences at Washburn. The ladies of the audience, however, by throwing a handful of money, saved him from the hands of the police.

The Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will be at Grand Rapids, three days, Feb. 26th, 27th and 28th.

Sidarth, whose articles in the JOURNAL have attracted so much attention, has just finished a course of thirteen lectures on the "Nature and Destiny of Man," at Prof. Dickson's School of Elocution and Dramatic Art.

G. H. Brooks is giving splendid satisfaction in Atlanta. His lectures are eloquent and logical. The audiences are increasing in numbers and are composed of an intelligent class.

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

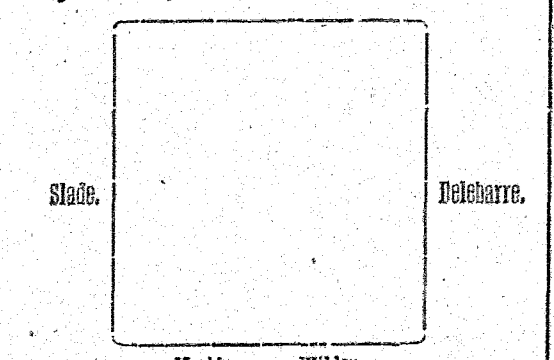
Report of Interview with Dr. Henry Slade.

Professor Zollner of Leipzig, in a recent work entitled "Transcendental Physics," has given the results of personal investigations upon the varied phenomena of so-called Spiritualism.

A short mark was then made upon the slate, a short pencil laid upon it and covering it, and a long pencil laid against the framework.

The next occurrences of interest were three soft touches, as of a human hand, upon the knee of the person opposite Slade, and raps upon the chair in which another was sitting.

When the examination was concluded we seated ourselves about the table in the following manner, leaving the fourth side entirely unoccupied.



Dr. Slade seated himself sideways, so that his feet were always in sight. During the entire sitting Slade engaged in conversation with us, and from time to time remarked that the strength of the current pained him.

A VIGOROUS DEFENSE OF CHARLES H. FOSTER.

A Recital of Remarkable Phenomena.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Since the departure of that phenomenal man, Charles H. Foster, to the higher life I have seen a number of "recollections" of him published in both spiritual and secular papers.

In 1870, while in New York City, I received a letter from home (California), which had been detained two weeks in St. Louis.

raised his pencil between them, but the marks of punctuation, quotation, underscoring, etc., were given as above.

As Slade announced that he felt a mediumistic power from some of us, the slate was asked if any of us had such power. Two of us were said by the slate to possess it.

To vary the manifestation, Slade held the slate beneath the table and let go of it, bringing his hand back upon the table.

We next requested that we might see some of the phenomena described by Professor Zollner, such as tying knots in endless cords, etc.

The next occurrences of interest were three soft touches, as of a human hand, upon the knee of the person opposite Slade.

We have given this report merely as a description of the phenomena as they actually appeared to us, and we agree perfectly with one another in every particular as to what we really did experience.

Respectfully, E. B. DELEBARRE, C. F. MARBLE, H. H. WILDER.

office, found him alone, but two ladies soon entered, to whom I agreed to give place on condition that I might witness their séance.

"Can she tell me anything about home?" "All well in California," was his reply.

In an excited way he added, "She says Mary is getting well and will be as well as ever in her life."

With my knowledge of the incurability of cancer, I continued: "I cannot believe it, but if she will give the date of death, I can believe it is my wife."

The following is hearsay: A distinguished M. C., an intimate friend, firmly believed mediumship a humbug and Spiritualism a delusion.

"When I had become cool enough," continued Mr. B., "to test the Colonel's presence, I inquired what he did with a document he took from the office when he last left it?"

"I was about to start home, and when I reached our city, I went directly to that office, opened No. 18, and there lay the paper, and this is my first and last experience in Spiritualism."

Mr. Murray seems to have regarded the Pioneer civil (i. e. the intelligence of Foster appearing simultaneously at five different places) as unworthy of attention.

While I know I am giving too much importance to the Pioneer's flimsy theory of slate-writing, I will name the following to clearly disprove it.

General News. An academy of Oriental languages is to be founded at Berlin this year.—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will remain in Boston until spring.—General Longstreet is writing his military memoirs.

Sick Headache. Thousands who have suffered intensely with sick headache say that Hood's Sarsaparilla has completely cured them.

"The Flowers that Bloom in the Spring" are beautifully illustrated and described in the exquisite Seed, Plant and Herb Catalogue just received from Vaughan's Seed Store.

The stirring editorials, "Personality and Identity," "Evolution," "Is God a Person?" in last three issues of Mental Science Magazine, 151 La Salle Street, Chicago, are each in 36 pp. pamphlets.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, ITS USE IN LUNG TROUBLES.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co. in this issue of our paper.

THROUSAINS ARE BORN with a tendency to consumption. Such persons, if they value life, must not permit a Cough or Cold to become a fixture in the lungs and chest.

German Sulphur Soap, best for the skin, 25c. German Corn Remover, Kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

Business Notices. HUDSON TUTTLE lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. Flint, No. 1327 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cent postage stamps.

MR. CHARLES DAWBARN will lecture for the Southern Reunion of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 28th to April 1st.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York. Church of New Spiritual Association, 410 Adelphi St., near Fulton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The Peoples Spiritual Meeting of New York City, commencing Sunday at 10:30 A. M., and at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., at Miller's Arcadium Hall, 175 West 12th St., N. Y.

The Society of United Spiritualists. The Society of United Spiritualists, Chicago, meets each Sunday at 2 P. M. at the Madison Street Theatre.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. will hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening.

DOMESTIC DISCORD Has often arisen from a petulant disposition over bad bread. As a family yeastmaker nothing equals WARNER'S SAFE YEAST.

AMMONIAPHONE For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

WARNER'S SAFE YEAST NEVER FAILS! It is put up in packages; 10 cakes in a box. Price, 10 cts. a box.

AMMONIAPHONE For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

For voice culture, catarrh, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs. It has no equal in developing, strengthening and elastic properties.

WANTED LADIES AND GENTLEMEN who wish to make \$5 to \$4 a day easily at their homes.

WORK FOR ALL. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Quilt worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. WEEKLY Augusta, Maine.

"WE THREE ARE ONE." A good book sent free. Address Prof. W. Payne, 270 S. 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods.

BUSINESS AND MEDICAL PSYCHOMETRY MISS. FANNING BROWN. 500 W. 9th St., New York City.

ADIES WANTED, to work for us at their own homes. \$7 to \$10 per week can be easily made.

Curing Disease by Spirit Power. By letter. Distance no obstacle to cures. Those who are able may remit for first letter, \$2.00.

DEAFNESS ITS CAUSES AND CURE. by one who has cured twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit.

FACTS! The Crop and Market Reports alone are worth 5 times the subscription price.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN. You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills.

HAVE YOU SEEN A GLASS PEN. Send 25 cents and we will send you one with a bottle of Livingston's Infallible Ink.

HAVE YOU THE BLUES? IF YOU HAVE, READ FATHER TOM AND THE POPE; Or A Night at the Vatican.

AMERICAN PROTESTANT COMPLY. Washington, D. C.

DICKSON SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION. (170 State St., Chicago.)

90 YEAR—OVER 200 GRADUATES. Pupils prepared for Dramatic Readers, Teachers, etc.

Mason & Hamlin. Highest Quality of Organs and Pianos.

ORGAN AND PIANO CO. 154 Tremont St., Boston. 46 E. 14th St., (Union Sq.) N. Y.

JUST PUBLISHED 12 Articles on PRACTICAL Poultry Raising.

GHOSTLY VISITORS. "SPECTRE-STRICKEN."

A Series of Authentic Narratives, with an Introduction by M. A. (Oxon). Cloth, pp 128. Price 75 cents, postage 8 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

Vaughan's Seed Catalogue. FARM, GARDEN and FLOWER SEED CATALOGUE. 42 LaSalle St., CHICAGO. Beautifully Illustrated. Sent Free.

BANJOS. The Banjo on account of its lively, pleasant music is rapidly becoming the favorite instrument with both ladies and gentlemen.

Voces from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Hand Utmost.

When evening comes like a sweet dream / Soothing the weary brow of care, / While dew drops in the starlight gleam, / And the veiled earth seems hushed in prayer,

No form appears, but I can feel / The presence of a thought divine / Through all my quickened spirit steal; / A royal mind o'er shadows mine

The pulses in those mystic fingers, / With choral music seem to beat / Warm with a mortal love that lingers / And spans the gulf of Death to meet

Gentle as summer's lightest breath / Those greetings time and death defy; / Ah! love is brighter than Death, / For love is immortality.

"Will you pull back the curtains, mamma?" he said; / "There's a beautiful night to-night, / And I want to lie right here in my bed / And watch it so yellow and bright?"

Dear baby! his innocent answer I prize. / It is full of a meaning divine; / When the bright things we wish drift away from our eyes, / May not we, too, rejoice in their "shine."

Servants—How Should They be Treated?

I observed an article in one of your numbers regarding household affairs, and I feel impelled to give a few suggestions. There has been much said and written regarding the difficulty of procuring efficient help for kitchen work.

One great mistake some otherwise intelligent ladies make, is to suppose that a working woman must necessarily be an ignorant one, and treat her as such.

Those who do not feel the binding chains of this slavery, are no intelligently capable of doing work with the judgment it requires.

God punishes no man. Punishment, as we have said before, inheres in wrong doing.

Why let slavery always develop mean principles in the victor, and narrow and ignominious the constant application to physical labor exhausts the mental.

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Can God Forgive Sin?

BY WALTER HOWELL.

In taking a retrospective view, the events and surroundings of childhood, and even infancy stand out conspicuously. The old homestead, the familiar walks, the church and Sunday school, the group of boys at play, our friends and relatives, all take their places in the art gallery of the mind.

There are two kinds of law—civil and natural. The one is enacted by congress or parliament, and is arbitrary; the other is immutable and eternal. You may violate civil law and escape its penalty, or you may violate natural law and suffer the penalty of sin.

What, then, is sin? We should make a distinction between sin and sinful action. Their relation is analogous to that which exists between cause and effect.

There is no doubt this perception of truth which caused the inspired teacher of Nazareth, to feel that he had his brother, committed in his heart, to remove hatred, and the act of murder cannot take place.

Nature is every thing to us. She ever strives to be the best of our mistresses, and our willful recklessness. When we have sinned the penalty of our folly, she seeks to heal our bodies, and reform our deformity.

God forgives ignorance by the imputation of light. We are ignorant of our own sin, and of the sin which is the cause of our disease.

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

Why let the poor man be driven to the streets, when he has no other means of livelihood?

The Cause in San Francisco.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On Sunday morning, Jan. 24th, the subject was: "Our Future Plans of Organization." J. J. Owen, editor of the Golden Gate, said: "As a prelude to the report of the committee, which will be presented next Sunday, I will speak of organization in general."

Without organization there is chaos. Throughout the universe there is order among the planets. Nature sets the example, and we should learn a lesson of her. The truest knowledge is to know what we are here for.

As to the title of the new society, the name of "Church" is objectionable because it is the synonym of organized tyranny; all progress has been made in spite of the Church.

On Sunday, the 24th inst., the Religio-Philosophical Society had an extremely good fortune to have at its meetings still continue with unabated interest, at Good Templar Hall.

At 7 o'clock P. M., the subject was, "Spiritualism, the Religion of Humanity." Both lectures were brilliant of good, sound thought, and the only regrets were that they were not longer.

On Monday evening, the 25th, Mr. Morse met many of the friends (as could be seen by the large number who stepped into the street) at the parlors of President Charles E. Sturges, and wife, where we were again made more than happy by Mr. Morse.

At a meeting of the Pathological Society of Philadelphia, Dr. Forman presented an analysis of 250 autopsies on drunkards.

The people of the United States eat ten billions of eggs every year.

The people of the United States eat ten billions of eggs every year.

WASILI VERESCHAGEN.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The name of Vereschagen has appeared like a meteor in the artistic firmament. But yesterday he was unknown; to-day his name is on every lip. Vereschagen has had the temerity to treat religious subjects in the light of to-day.

Champagne is now the fashionable wine in England. The death rate from choleraform is, according to a recent estimate, 1 in 1,800.

The people of South Egremont, Mass., are threatening to tar and feather Richard Winchell, who has disposed of his wife at private sale.

The single town of Beaconsfield, in Switzerland, employs over 15,000 persons in watchmaking.

White people of means and education are said to be leaving West Virginia, Ohio, and parts of western Pennsylvania for Arkansas.

In Germany a printed formula at the head of the postal card reads: "Only a few lines to-day."

The old stove mill at Newport has been repaired, every effort having been made to preserve the roughness characteristic of the structure.

The editor of Science, who is an entomologist, learns that the City of Mexico has lately been afflicted with a scourge of mosquitoes.

The Florida Medical and Surgical Journal relates that when Dr. Bowling, a pioneer medical man in the South, began practice he settled in the wilds of Kentucky.

Metaphysics.

The theoretical positions assumed by some of these metaphysicians, while they are instructive, they also have a humorousness.

The theoretical positions assumed by some of these metaphysicians, while they are instructive, they also have a humorousness. When they say this objective, material world is nothing but a shadow; that it is not real; that all is mind; that the earth, rock, physical matter are all mind, it reminds one of the story of the blind men.

When John Bright was advocating the adoption of the American Constitution, the English people, he was asked in private if he really meant it.

At a recent meeting Mrs. Harvey's guides said:—"Your own consciousness is the only personal identity you are acquainted with; believe in that and you need admit of the recognition of friends in spirit-life."

At a meeting of the Pathological Society of Philadelphia, Dr. Forman presented an analysis of 250 autopsies on drunkards.

The people of the United States eat ten billions of eggs every year.

The people of the United States eat ten billions of eggs every year.

The people of the United States eat ten billions of eggs every year.

The people of the United States eat ten billions of eggs every year.

The people of the United States eat ten billions of eggs every year.

