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

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Readers of the Journal, are especially requested to seno 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 he 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 authenficated acsounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE BLINDMAN'S WORLD.

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The narrative to which this note is introductory was found among the papers of the late Professor's. Erastus Larrabee, and as an acquaintance of the gentleman to whom they were bequeathed, I was requested to prepare it for publication. This turned out a very easy task, for the document proved of so extraordinary a character that, if published at all, it should obviously be without change. It appears that the professor did really, at one time in his life, have an attack of vertigo, or something of the sort under circumstances similar to those de scribed by him, and to that extent his narrative may be founded on fact. How soon it shifts from that founda-tion, or whether it does at all, the reader must conclude tion, or whether it does at ail, the reader must conclude for himself. It appears certain that the professor nev-er related to any one, while living, the stranger features of the experience here narrated, but this might have been merely from fear that his standing as a man of science would be thereby injured,—Edward Bellamy.]

THE PROFESSOR'S NARRATIVE.

At the time of the experience of which] am about to write, I was professor of astronomy and higher mathematics at Abercrombie College. Most astronomers have a specialty, and mine was the study of the planet Mars our nearest neighbor but one in the Sun's little family. When no important celestial phenomena in other quarters demanded attention, it was on the ruddy disc of Mars that my telescope was oftenest focused. I was never weary of tracing the outlines of its continents and seas, its capes and islands, its bays and straits, its lakes and mountains. With intense interest I watched from week to week of the Martial winter the advance of the polar ice-cap toward the equator, and its corresponding retreat in the summer; testifying across the gulf of space as plainly as written words to the existence on that orb of a climate like our own. A specialty is always in danger of becoming an infatuation, and my interest in Mars, at the time of which I write, had grown to be more than strictly scientific. The impression of the nearness of this planet, heightened by the wonderful distinctness of its geography as seen through a powerful telescope, appeals strongly to the imagination of the astronomer. On fine evenings I used to spend hours, not so much critically observing as brooding over its radiant surface, till I could almost persuade inyself that I saw the breakers dashing on the bold shore of Kepler land, and heard the muffled thunder of avalanches descending the snowclad mountains of Mitchell. No earthly landscape had the charm to hold my gaze of that far-off planet, whose oceans, to the unpracticed eye, seem but darker, and its continents lighter, spots and bands.

Astronomers have agreed in declaring that Mars is undoubtedly habitable by beings like ourselves, but as may be supposed, I was not in a mood to be satisfied with considering it merely habitable. I allowed no sort of question that it was inhabited. What manner of beings these inhabitants might be I found a fascinating speculation. The variety of types appearing in mankind even on this small earth makes it most presumptuous to assume that the denizens of different planets may not be characterized by diversities far profounder. Wherein such diversities. coupled with a general resemblance to man might consist, whether in mere physical dif-ferences or in different mental laws, in the lack of certain of the great passional motors of men or the possession of quite others, were weird themes of never-failing attractions for my mind. The Ei Dorado visions with which the virgin mystery of the New World inspired the early Spanish explorers were tame and prosaic compared with the speculations which it was perfectly legitimate to indulge, when the problem was the conditions of life on another planet.

It was the time of the year when Mars is

season, I had spent the greater part of several successive nights in the observatory. I believed that I had made some original observations as to the trend of the coast of Kepler Land between Lagrange Peninsula and Christie Bay, and it was to this spot that my observations were particularly directed. On the fourth night other work detained

me from the observing-chair till after mid-night. When I had adjusted the instrument night. When I had adjusted the instrument and took my first look at Mars, I remember being unable to restrain a cry of admiration. The planet was fairly dazzling. It seemed nearer and larger than I had ever seen it before, and its peculiar ruddiness more striking. In thirty years of observation, I recall, in fact, we according when the absence of experiences. in fact, no occasion when the absence of exhalations in our atmosphere has coincided with such cloudlessness in that of Mars as on that night. I could plainly make out the white masses of vapor at the opposite edges of the lighted disc, which are the mists of its dawn and evening. The snowy mass of Mount Hall over against Kepler Land stood out with wonderful clearness, and I could unmistakably detect the blue tint of the ocean of De La Rue, which washes its base—a feat of vision often, indeed, accomplished by star-gazers, though I had never done it to my complete satisfaction before.

I was impressed with the idea that if I av-

I was impressed with the idea that if I ever made an original discovery in regard to Mars, it would be on that evening, and I be-Mars, it would be on that evening, and I believed that I should do it. I trembled with mingled exultation and anxiety, and was obliged to pause to recover my self-control. Finally, I placed my eye to the eye-piece and directed my gaze upon the portion of the planet in which I was especially interested. My attention soon became fixed and absorbed much beyond my wont, when observing, and that itself implied no ordinary degree of abstraction. To all mental intents and purposes I was on Mars. Every faculty, every susceptibility of sense and intellect, seemed gradually to pass into the eye, and become concentrated in the act of gazing. Every atom of nerve and will power combined in the strain to see a little, and yet a little,

and yet a little, clearer, farther, deeper The next thing I knew I was on the bed that stood in a corner of the observing-room, half raised on an elbow, and gazing intently at the door. It was broad daylight. Half a dozen men, including several of the professors and a doctor from the village, were around me. Some were trying to make me lie down, others were asking me what I wanted, while the doctor was urging me to drink some whiskey. Mechanically repelling their offices. I pointed to the door and ejaculated. "President Byxbee—coming," giving expression to the one idea which my dazed mind at that moment contained. And sure enough, even as I spoke the door opened, and the venerable head of the college, somewhat blown with climbing the steep stairway, stood on the threshold. With a sensation of prodigious relief, I fell back on my pillow.

It appeared that I had swooned while in the observing-chair, the night before, and had been found by the janitor in the morning, my head fallen forward on the telescope, as if still observing, but my body cold, rigid. pulseless and apparently dead.

In a couple of days I was all right again. and should soon have forgotten the episode but for a very interesting conjecture which had suggested itself in connection with it. This was nothing less than that, while I lay in that swoon, I was in a conscious state outside and independent of the body, and in that state received impressions and exercised perceptive powers. For this extraordinary theorv I had no other evidence than the fact of my knowledge in the moment of awaking that President Byxbee was coming up the stairs. But slight as this clue was, it seemed to me unmistakable in its significance. That knowledge was certainly in my mind on the instant of arousing from the swoon. It certainly could not have been there before I fell into the swoon. I must therefore have gained it in the mean time; that is to say, must have been in a conscious, percipient

state while my body was insensible. If such had been the case, I reasoned that it was altogether unlikely that the trivial impression as to President Byxbee had been the only one which I had received in that state. It was far more probable that it had remained over in my mind, on waking from the swoon, merely because it was the latest of a series of impressions received while outside the body. That these impressions were of a kind most strange and startling, seeing that they were those of a disembodied soul exercising faculties more spiritual than those of the body, I could not doubt. The desire to know what they had been grew upon me, till it became a longing which left me no repose. It seemed intolerable that I should have secrets from myself, that my soul should withhold its experiences from my intellect. I would gladly have consented that the acquisitions of half my waking lifetime should be blotted out, if so be in exchange I might be shown the record of what I had seen and known during those hours of which my waking memory showed no trace. None the less for the conviction of its hopelessness, but rather all the more, as the perversity of our human nature will have it, the longing for this forbidden lore grew on me. till the hunger of Eve in the Garden was

Constantly brooding over a desire that I felt to be vain, tantalized by the possession of a clue which only mocked me, my physical manners, and even your literature and lancondition became at length affected. My
health was disturbed and my rest at night talking with you in English, which is cerlengthens, it strengthens its hold on you,

most favorably situated for observation, and anxious not to lose an hour of the precious from which I had not suffered since childhood, recurred, and caused me frequent in-convenience. Such had been, in general, my condition for some time, when I awoke one morning with the strangely weary sensation by which my body usually betrayed the secret of the impositions put upon it in sleep, of which otherwise I should often have suspected nothing. In going into the study con-nected with my chamber, I found a number of freshly written sheets on the desk. Astonished that any one should have been in my rooms while I slept, I was astounded, on my rooms while I slept, I was astounded, on looking more closely, to observe that the handwriting was my own. How much more than astounded I was on reading the matter that had been set down, the reader may judge if he shall peruse it. For these written sheets apparently contained the longed-for sheet degraded record of these hours when but despaired-of record of those hours when I was absent from the body. They were the lost chapter of my life; or rather, not lost at all, for it had been no part of my waking life, but a stolen chapter—stolen from that sleepmemory on whose mysterious tablets may well be inscribed tales as much more marvelous than this as this is stranger than most

It will be remembered that my last recollection before awaking in my bed, on the morning after the swoon, was of contemplating the coast of Kepler Land with an unusual concentration of attention. As well as I can judge,—and that is no better than any one else,—it is with the moment that my bodily powers succumbed and I became unconscious that the narrative which I found on my desk begins.

THE DOCUMENT FOUND ON MY DESK.

Even had I not come as straight and swift as the beam of light that made my path, a glance about would have told me to what part of the universe I had fared. No earthly landscape could have been more familiar. I stood on the high coast of Kepler Land where it trends southward. A brisk westerly wind was blowing and the waves of the ocean of De La Rue were thundering at my feet, while the broad blue waters of Christie Bay stretched away to the southwest. Against the northern horizon, rising out of the ocean like a summer thunder-head, for which at first I mistook it. towered the far-distant, snowy summit of Mount Hall.

Even had the configuration of land and sea been less familiar, I should none the less have known that I stood on the planet whose ruddy hue is at once the admiration and puzzle of astronomers. Its explanation I now recognized in the tint of the atmosphere, a coloring comparable to the haze of Indian summer, except that its hue was a faint rose instead of purple. Like the Indian summer haze, it was impalpable, and without impeding the view bathed all objects near and far in a glamour not to be described. As the gaze turned upward, however, the deep blue of space so far overcame the reseate tint that one might fancy he were still on Earth.

As I looked about me I saw many men women and children. They were in no respect dissimilar, so far as I could see, to the men, women and children of the Earth, save for something almost childlike in the untroubled serenity of their faces, unfurrowed as they were by any trace of care, of fear, or of anxiety. This extraordinary youthfulness of aspect made it difficult, indeed, save by careful scrutiny, to distinguish the young from the middle-aged, maturity from advanced years. Time seemed to have no tooth on Mars.

I was gazing about me, admiring this crimson-lighted world, and these people who appeared to hold happiness by a tenure so much firmer than men's, when I heard the words, "You are welcome," and, turning, saw that I had been accosted by a man with the stature and bearing of middle age, though his countenance, like the other faces which I had noted, wonderfully combined the strength of a man's with the serenity of a child's. I thanked him, and said, "You do not seem surprised to see me, though I certainly am to find myself here." "Assuredly not," he answered. "I knew of course that I was to meet you to-day. And not only that, but I may say I am already in a sense acquainted with you, through a mutual friend, Professor Edgerly. He was here last month, and I met him at that time. We talked of you and your interest in our planet. I told him I expected you." "Edgerly!" I exclaimed. "It is strange that he has said nothing of this to me. I meet him every day." But I was reminded that it was in a dream that Edgerly, like myself, had visited Mars, and on awaking had recalled nothing of his experience, just as I should recall nothing of mine. When will man learn to interrogate the dream soul of the marvels it sees in its wanderings? Then he will no longer need to improve his telescopes to find out the secrets of the universe. "Do your people visit the Earth in the same manner?" I asked my compan-ion. "Certainly," he replied; "but there we find no one able to recognize us and converse with us as I am conversing with you, although myself in the waking state. You, as yet, lack the knowledge we possess of the spiritual side of the human nature which we share with you." "That knowledge must have enabled you to learn much more of the Earth than we know of you," I said. "Indeed it has," he replied. "From visitors such as you, of whom we entertain a concourse constantly, we have acquired familiarity with your civilization, your history, your manners, and even your literature and lan-

approximate the power of ours, after which communication between the planets would be easily established. The progress which you make is, however, so slow that we expect to wait ages yet." "Indeed, I fear you will have to," I replied. "Our opticians already talk of having reached the limits of their art." "Do not imagine that I spoke in any spirit of retalence." my companion reany spirit of petulance," my companion resumed. "The slowness of your progress is not so remarkable to us as that you make any at all, burdened as you are by a disability so crushing that if we were in your place I fear we should sit down in utter despair." "To what disability do you refer?" I asked. "You seem to be men like us." "And so we are," was the reply, "save in one particular, but there the difference is tremendous. Endowed otherwise like us, you are destitute of the faculty of foresight, without which we should think our other faculties well-nigh valueless." "Foresight!" I repeated. "Certainly you cannot mean that it is given you to know the future?" "It is given not only to us," was the answer. "but, so far as we know, to all other intelligent beings of the nuiverse all other intelligent beings of the universe except yourselves. Our positive knowledge extends only to our system of moons and planets and some of the nearer foreign systems, and it is conceivable that the remoter parts of the universe may harbor other blind races like your own; but it certainly seems unlikely that so strange and lamentable a spectacle should be duplicated. One such illustration of the extraordinary deprivations under which a rational existence may still be possible ought to suffice for the universe." "But no one can know the future except by inspiration of God," I said. "All our faculties are by inspiration of God," was the reply, "but there is surely nothing in foresight to cause it to be so regarded more than any other. Think a moment of the physical analogy of the case. Your eyes are physical analogy of the case. Your eyes are placed in the front of your heads. You would deem it an odd mistake if they were placed behind. That would appear to you an ar rangement calculated to defeat their purpose. Does it not seem equally rational that the mental vision should range forward, as it does with us, illuminating the path one is to take, rather than backward, as with you, revealing only the course you have already trodden, and therefore have no more concern with? But it is no doubt a merciful provision of Providence that renders you unable to realize the grotesqueness of your predica-ment, as it appears to us." "But the future is eternal!" I exclaimed. "How can a finite mind grasp it?" "Our foreknowledge implies only human faculties," was the reply. It is limited to our individual careers on this planet. Each of us foresees the course of his own life, but not that of other lives except so far as they are involved with his.' That such a power as you describe could be combined with merely human faculties is more than our philosophers have ever dared to dream," I said. "And yet who shall say, after all, that it is not in mercy that God has denied it to us? If it is a happiness, as it must be, to foresee one's happiness, it must be most depressing to foresee one's sorrows. failures, yes, and even one's death. For it you foresee your lives to the end, you must anticipate the hour and manner of your death,—is it not so?" "Most assuredly," was the reply. "Living would be a very precarious business, were we uninformed of its limit. Your ignorance of the time of your death impresses us as one of the saddest features of your condition." "And by us," I answered it is held to be one of the most merciful.' "Foreknowledge of your death would not, indeed, prevent you dying once," continued my companion, "but it would deliver you from the thousand deaths you suffer through uncertainty whether you can safely count on the passing day. It is not the death you die, but these many deaths you do not die, which shadow your existence. Poor blindfolded creatures that you are, cringing at every step in apprehension of the stroke that perhaps is not to fall till old age, never raising a cup to your lips with the knowledge that you will live to quaffit, never sure that you will meet again the friend you part with for an hour, from whose hearts no happiness suffices to banish the chill of an ever-present dread, what idea can you form of the God-like security with which we enjoy our lives and the lives of those we love! You have a saying on earth, 'To-morrow belongs to God; but here to-morrow belongs to us, even as to day. To you, for some inscrutable purpose, he sees fit to dole out life moment by moment with no assurance that each is not to be the last. To us he gives a lifetime at once, fifty, sixty, seventy years,—a divine gift indeed. A life such as yours would. I fear, seem of little value to us; for such a life, however long, is but a moment long, since that is all you can count on." "And yet," I answered "though knowledge of the duration of your

lives may give you an enviable feeling of confidence while the end is far off, is that

not more than offset by the daily growing

weight with which the expectation of the

end, as it draws near, must press upon your minds?" "On the contrary," was the re-sponse, "death, never an object of fear, as it

draws nearer becomes more and more a mat-

ter of indifference to the moribund. It is because you live in the past that death is

grievons to you. All your knowledge, all

for you to improve your telescopes so as to

tainly not a tongue indigenous to this plan-et?" "Among so many wonders I scarcely observed that," I answered. "For ages," pur-sued my companion, "we have been waiting and memory becomes a more precious possession. We, on the contrary, despise the past, and never dwell upon it. Memory with us, far from being the morbid and monstrous growth it is with you, is scarcely more than a rudimentary faculty. We live wholly in the future and the present. What with foretaste and actual taste, our experiences, whether pleasant or painful, are exhausted of interest by the time they are past. The accumulated treasures of memory, which you relinquish so painfully in death, we count no loss at all. Our minds being fed wholly from the future, we think and feel only as we anticipate; and so, as the dying man's future contracts, there is less and less about which he can occupy his thoughts. His interest in life diminishes as the ideas which it suggests grow fewer, till at the last death finds him with his mind a tabula rasa, as with you at high In a word his concern with you at birth. In a word, his concern with life is reduced to a vanishing point before he is called on to give it up. In dying he leaves nothing behind." "And the afterdeath," I asked,—"is there no fear of that?" "Surely," was the reply, "it is not necessary for me to say that a fear which affects only the meritage of the resistance of the resi the more ignorant on Earth is not known at all to us, and would be counted blasphemous. Moreover, as I have said, our foresight is limited to our lives on this planet. Any specu-

lation beyond them would be purely conjectural, and our minds are repelled by the slightest taint of uncertainty. To us the conjectural and the unthinkable may be called almost the same." "But even if you do not fear death for itself." I said, "you have hearts to break. Is

there no pain when the ties of love are sun-dered?" "Love and death are not foss on our planet," was the reply. "There are no tears by the bedsides of our dying. The same beneficent law which makes it so easy for us to give up life forbids us to mourn the friends we leave, or them to mourn us. With you it is the intercourse you have had with friends that is the source of your tenderness for them. With us it is the anticipation of the intercourse we shall enjoy which is the foundation of fondness. As our friends vanish from our future with the approach of affections is as it would be with you if you forgot them by lapse of time. As our dying friends grow more and more indifferent to us, we, by operation of the same law of our nature, become indifferent to them, till at the last we are scarcely more than kindly and sympathetic watchers about the beds of those who regard us equally without keen emotions. So at last God gently unwinds instead of breaking the bands that bind our hearts together, and makes death as painless to the surviving as to the dying. Relations meant to produce our happiness are not the means also of torturing us, as with you. Love means joy, and that alone, to us, instead of blessing our lives for a while only to desolate them later on, compelling us to pay with a distinct and separate pang for every thrill of tenderness, exacting a tear for every smile." There are other partings than those of death. Are these, too, without sorrow for you?" I asked. "Assuredly," was the reply. "Can you not see that so it must needs be with beings freed by foresight from the disease of memory? All the sorrow of parting, as of dying, comes with you from the backward vision which precludes you from beholding vour happiness till it is past. Suppose your life destined to be blessed by a happy friendship. If you could know it beforehand, it would be a joyous expectation, brightening the intervening years and cheering you as you traversed desolate periods. But no; not till you meet the one who is to be your friend do you know of him. Nor do you guess even then what he is to be to you, that you may embrace him at first sight. Your meeting is cold and indifferent. It is long before the fire is fairly kindled between you, and then it is already time for parting. Now, indeed, the fire burns well, but henceforth it must consume your heart. Not till they are dead or gone do you fully realize how dear your friends were and how sweet was their companionship. But we-we see our friends afar off coming to meet us, smiling already in our eyes, years before our ways meet. We greet them at first meeting, not coldly, not uncertainly, but with exultant kisses, in an ecstasy of joy. They enter at once into the full possession of hearts long warmed and lighted for them. We meet with that delirium of tenderness with which you part. And when to us at last the time of parting comes. it only means that we are to contribute to each other's happiness no longer. We are not doomed, like you, in parting, to take away with us the delight we brought our friends, leaving the ache of bereavement in its place, so that their last state is worse than their first. Parting here is like meeting with you, calm and unimpassioned. The iovs of anticipation and possession are the only food of love with us, and therefore Love always wears a smiling face. With you he feeds on dead joys, past happiness, which are likewise the sustenance of sorrow. No wonder love and sorrow are so much alike on earth. It is a common saying among us that, were it not for the spectacle of the earth, the rest of the worlds would be unable to appreciate the goodness of God to them; and who can say that this is not the reason the piteous

sight is set before us?" "You have told me marvelous things." I said, after I had reflected. "It is, indeed, but reasonable that such a race as yours should look down with wondering pity on the Earth. And yet, before I grant so much, I want to ask you one question. There is known in

For the Keligio-Philosophical Journal. CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

BY O. W. BARNARD. Listen to the Christmas chimes, Coming down from olden times-Mear its music round us pour! With its merry ringing rhymes, Sounding on from shore to shore.

Yes, we heard them long ago, Like a silver streamlet flow, And again they come to-day-Pealing through the falling enew, Sweet as songeters of the May.

And these chimes they sweeter scom Than fair childhood's swootest dream, Follow on the listening ear Male the music of some stream. Dippling through the garden near.

O'er the eges of the past, All Its Glory das been cast Round all hearts, made light and free-Warming in to friendship fast, es mozora a emisav ominomo da

-And the leughter that we hear, An the feative day draws mear-Chiming with our joyful licarts. Drived away all dread and fear, And the sweetest thrill imparts:

And the children's artices comes All our usalth of joy prolongs-Stirring all the depths within, While all chades of rights and vectors Seem as though they no'er had been.

And the lover's voice is low, At he means the hour to go-Dut the plighted vow is made. And the moments legging clow Till the wedding feast is laid.

And the music of the bells, All its gladsome story tells On the day when all rejoice-Herv with love each besom swells, Utjaring forth a single voice.

Thus we hear those silver chimes Coming down to modern times— All they cay in, "owest, good will;" Blessing all with ounny climes, Though the winter's durk and chill.

WASHINGTON LETELL.

The Mother's Meeting.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Last week I was invited to attend what is called the Mother's Meeting, at the house of a prominent lady in this city. On my arrival I found the parlors filled with a goodly number of ladies who showed upon their faces, and, by their sensible dress, that their hearts were in the work they were about to take up. Most of thom were advanced in life, and their gray hair gave them the right to opinions founded upon experience. The talk was led by the lidy of the house, a zealous worker in the cause of women. She was very earnest in soliciting the opinions of the mothers present upon the questions that should come up during the meetings that were to follow, which would include birth, government in the family preparatory to that of the State; the first steps towards education; food and

its effects; dress, etc.

At the meeting on Wednesday evening the questions presented for consideration related to the entrance into life. This society discusses these questions more from the moral point of view than otherwise, leaving to the Anthropological Society those questions relating to the anatomical and physiological portions that would properly belong to it. It is, however, impossible not to encroach somewhat upon these provinces, as it has been many times remarked, one science hangs upon another. I was surprised at the attention all other races but our own had paid to this first step toward man, or womanhood. An account of the ceremonies attending the care of both mother and infant during the first few months of the life of the child would make a very interesting volume. In almost all lands these ceremonies differ with the sex of the child. Our American Indians held very peculiar views in this respect, and were very elaborate in their ceremonial directed toward the education of the boy or girl, and lasted until the boy attained full manhood, a period that differed a good deal among different tribes; or, until the girl left the lodge for her husband's home.

My connection with the W. A. S. gives me many opportunities for study in this partic-ular direction, as the time of its very able president has been directed to a study of the home life and religious practices of the Zunis and kindred people. She has lived among them and gained their confidence to such an extent as to be admitted to view ceremonies never before witnessed by a woman outside

Mr. Herbert Bancroft has an account of the ancient Mexican manners and customs in respect to birth, some of which are very curious; as also those of the old Maya nation, or the people of Central America. The love of offspring is the "one touch that makes the whole world kin," and fills the mind with awe and pleasure. The solemn mystery of life never opens so grandly to our view as when the time for the advent of another soul draws near. What wonder that we are filled with anxiety as well as pleasure. Another soul is to enter "this body of death," to march onward toward—what? Who shall answer! The scientist of to-day tries his experiments upon the poor dogs and cats, and thinks he proves that the nerve cell of gray matter of the brain or spinal cord is the seat of thought. Indeed, they announce from the platform that the nerve cell generates mind, for what is mind but the consciousness of a thinking faculty. They show that by removing portions of nerve, or even brain, they remove the power of motion and indeed of the wish to exert the will. I saw one poor kitty who had had a section of the pneugastric taken from the side of her neck, and she could only make a hoarse cry, but she seemed to be as kindly disposed as ever, and made attempts to purr. Poor thing. I thought the will was there if she could only have exerted it. To be sure it was only one side, and the learned Professor said if the other side of the nerve had been removed the animal would not be able to recover its voice, or, indeed, its health, but would in a short

I don't know whether animals have souls but have always had a leaning towards a belief that they have; it is a weakness of mine I suppose.

But, Mr. Editor, I am bringing in matter that does not belong to my subject, so I will return to the Mother's Meeting. Most of the ladies present were members of the orthodox churches and would naturally be more acquainted with the laws and customs of the Jews than any other nation. They announced one idea in connection with the seclusion of the mother after the birth of a child that

I had never before heard. Mo es directs that. after the birth of a daughter, the mother shall remain at home for two months, just as long again as after the birth of a male. This they said was because of the greater drain upon the mother. The human female organization is the most complex of any of which we have cognizance, and it is said to require a greater strain upon the physical system of the mother and consequently a longer period of rest. This is a knotty question and I leave it for those more learned than myself to settle. But the whole tenor of the Jewish law in regard to women can be given this same construction. The law of oaths and others will come up to any one at all familiar with this subject. One thing more: It seems a touching thing to me that this stern law should have given the command, "Thou shalt not seethe the kid in its mother's milk." Even in the animal creation, the sacredness of motherhood was not to be violated.

One of the ladies present had lived in Rus-

sia, occupying a high position under our Government. Before the birth of her little daughter she inquired into the habits and customs of the country. On asking about the bath, they brought a section of a log of wood hollowed out to form a cradie; the un-derside was unfinished. She naturally ob-jected, but was told that the royal ladies had no better—it was the custom of the country. It looks like a fetish to me. They fold a soft towel for the infant's head to rest on and pour warm water over the body; no soap is used. They continue the use of the wooden bath until the child can sit up. This seems to be a superstition in the case of the Imperial family. Perhaps Peter the Great was washed in the wooden bath, and they ascribe some virtue to its use. Washington: D. C.

> For the Religio Philosophical Journal. CHRISTMAS.

BY J. F. SNIPES.

The origin of the celebration of Christmas is assigned to Telesphorus, about the year 133. The first certain evidence of its observ ance was in 180. In 284 A. C. (after Christ) Diocletian learned for the first time that a company of so-called Christians had met together in Nicomedia, to memorialize the Nativity, and ordering the church doors closed, he set the building on fire, and all the inmates perished in the flames. The date was not formally and uniformly observed by the first known churches. Sometimes it was in May, and again in January. The 25th of Decomber was probably not the correct birth-day, as the shepherds, at that season, were not in the habit of watching their flocks by

Whatever the inspiration or origination of this day, whether because the heathen na-tions regarded this as the most important time of the year, or because of the transfer of many of the customs of the old German and Roman people to Christianity, the day and the observance still survive, more as a social than as a religious occasion. The Presbyterian churches of Scotland and all the English Dissenters have rejected it as "a human invention," although observed in En-gland as a holiday for social enjoyment. Take away the festivities associated with it, the unrestrained interchange of personal good wishes and presents, and it would soon be discounted by the birthday of Washing-

We should, therefore, appropriate and appreciate the privileges of the Christmas holidays, regardless of their religious meaning exclusively. In fact, so long as the pleasures of innocent nature are not embargoed by reents, or pretentious church pastors, or domestic tyranny, the thoughtless, and, therefore, happy children of the land, as well as children of a larger size, will take the reins of hope and ride a merry race.

The world moves, not only physically, but in its evolution and revolution religiously and Spiritualists everywhere, known by the name or not, and other Liberalists, in public or in private, are the first to dare to naturalize the awful superstitions of the past, to properly estimate the probabilities of ancient wonders, and to compare them with the actual personal experiences of the present age and natural law.

Gen. Lew Wallace, in his Christmas article in the December number of Harper's Monthly, ventures upon the "naturalizing" process in a reverent yet suggestive manner, although disclaiming his affiliation with the modern Spiritualist, but illustrating with artist skill the little Jew baby as very like all other babies of his race and time, tutored by his "virgin" mamma in the back porch while his reputed father is sawing wood in the yard; and later, in the fields as a child

"listening to the voices."
Without much danger of shocking the tender sensibilities of modern orthodoxy, the General might have extended the portrait of the probable life of the child, as chided by his father in his carpenter shop, and as washed and spanked by "the mother of God."
The apocryphal New Testament represents
him as making mud birds with other children, and shooing them away, and as pulling out for his father timber too short by miscalculation. Certainly with the freedom and courage of thought born of modern experience, we cannot belittle our God by profess ing to believe that after so many preceding ages, he suddenly determined to revise his mind and invent a scheme of salvation for the benefit of the following ages, to circum-vent the schemes of a formidable rival, by condensing Himself to the size of an os tinca! It is degrading to our highest conception of divine omnipresence, and the sooner we naturalize such conception, the sooner we shall properly revere the power of the In-conceivable and Impersonal that formed and

enstains infinitude. Once acknowledge the magnitude of creation, and the probability of other larger and innumerable globes being inhabited by equally cherished children of the Father of all spirits, and you dispel at once the notion of a necessity for the undivided attention of the Omnipotent to us alone; or you must argue the like need of numberless Sons of God, for equal effect in other worlds, born under the like shadow of a materialized ghost, preaching radical doctrines opposed to the prevailing religions, and prematurely suffering a fashionable death for the salvation or pre-

servation of everybody else. It was this progressive spirit of free thought that inspired the educated ministers of the day to take away and add to the ancient Scriptures, and it is the present era of reason and progress in science and religion that shall yet complete the demolition of the theoretic structures of superstition, and substitute hope for despair, facts for faith, and

knowledge for ignorance. But clipping the wings of generalization, at this season if not during the rest of the year, let us fly near the earth and its inhabitants; let us lay aside all puzzling conun-drums, such as, Why does not God kill the (d)evil? Why does Divine Providence seem so

improvident? Why is it that certain communities and individuals of correct lives and good service to society and their families are suddenly wiped out by earthquake, flood, or disease, leaving helpless wives and tender this contract the marries of the page 1 Let us children to the mercies of chance? Let us try to forget the hypocrisies of individuals in social, business and religious professions, and like self-repenting Scrooges, open our house and heart to needy relative, friend and neighbor, at all times and especially at Christmas.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Thought Transference as a Therapeutic Agent.

BY ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D.

Those who know that spirits can make themselves manifest, can easily understand that while yet on earth one mind can influence another. If an individual understands the law of spirit influence, it is not necessary to be freed from the body to exercise that

One may, though still in earth life, if he choose, communicate with those near or far and never utter a spoken word. Incidental-

ly all have had proof of this fact.

How often in common conversation when one broaches a new subject another says, "I was just thinking of the same thing!" How often, too, though far distant, does parent and abild or hysbrad and wife get sigidly. and child, or husband and wife, get vividly the thoughts and experiences of each other! This is only a law of mind or spirit and is equally true and available in this life as in spirit-life.

The application of thought transference in the treatment of disease is usually called Mind Cure.*

It is said that thoughts create, or more truly make manifest what already exists. We know that one's real self cannot be sick; that is, the spiritual man is whole, and only in the fleshly manifestation can he suffer pain. One can approach a patient, and by strong thoughts of wholeness and health, convey the veritable idea to the mind of the sick person, and by a strange law, health will be made manifest in the flesh. The transference of a thought of health makes health real This is a fact easily demonstrated by every one. In the presence of the sick, adroitly prevent the relation of symptoms and the history of the case. Let the patient's mind be diverted by the recital of a story or some in-

teresting reading.
While thus entertained convey the strong, positive thought of health and strength to his mind. Should he understand the law, a quiet, passive state will make him more receptive. Say to him, in thought: "You in your real self are not sick; your spirit is whole, is endowed with strength and power! Arise, assert the real, the true existence. Deny! deny the power of the flesh; deny the evidences of the senses. You, yourself, are not sick. Come, be strong in your own soul; the spirit commands; mind holds sway; you are not sick; you have strength, health, life

In this way convey strong thoughts of health over and over again. The response is sure to cure; your friend with a warm grasp of the hand will bless your visit.

Why do we convey the healing thought in silence, and not by the spoken word? The evidences of the senses are contrary to the thoughts of health, hence the spoken word arouses companyees in the mind of the manufacture. arouses combativeness in the mind of the patient. The encouraging word can be made helpful, but the thought carries the strongother therapeutic measure.

Thought transference may also be used as the "ounce of prevention" par excellence. Avoid suggesting bad results from certain habits, and thus creating a fear of sickness. Avoid words like the following: "If you go out of this warm room, you will certainly take cold." "Don't sit in that draught." "Don't get your feet wet, you will surely have the neuralgia." It is far better to assume a contrary attitude. "Why, you take cold from a draught; surely one so busy and useful has no time for that." "Neuralgia from wet feet; one so young and robust, or one so good and helpful, or one so experienced, certainly can not be harmed by so slight a thing! Deny it!

Do not make your friends ill by suggestive fears, and especially should children be freed from the bondage and blighting influence of anxious thoughts. By thought transference daily and hourly, give to all not only health and strength, but truth, purity, love, power and goodness. We are, and ever shall be of the spirit, and can do the blessed work of the

Chicago, Ill. *This does not at all include Christian Science or

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your last issue I notice a proposition to raise an endowment fund for the purpose of scientifically investigating the alleged phe-nomena which lead to a demonstration of the proposition that "death" is merely an inci-dent in the transition of the individual mind, intellect, soul, to a higher and improved existence or condition. The general proposi-tion that mind is "immortal" no one will venture to dispute. The point to be demon-strated is that "I" shall continue on in my individual career after so-called death; that my life, soul, intellect, mind, whatever one chooses to call it, will not on the occurrence of "death" become absorbed by other animal or vegetable organizations. We see, we know, if we know anything at all, that in this sense at least life, soul, mind, etc., are immortal. Nothing that is once in existence can suffer annihilation. There is a conservation of matter, of mind, of energies of all kinds, in what is called the universe.

But there is no proof that "I" shall con-tinue as "I" unless the phenomena of what is now known as Spiritualism are demonstrated facts. Mere "logic," "reason," prove nothing. We must have facts about which to reason. "Faith," based upon the state-ments or "revelations" of a man or men similar in all respects to ourselves, who can "know" no more than "I" do, is the confi-

dence of an idiot. There is probably no "human being," be he a Plato or a boot black, who does not in his "soul" desire such a demonstration as I have suggested. It would eclipse in import-ance all the "discoveries of the past six thousand years. It would instantly revolutionize the moral conduct of all the earth's human inhabitants. The practical rascalities of "men" can be accounted for only upon the assumption that they, in fact, do not "believe" that they are to continue their identity after "death." The "lives" of many men are now simply lies. Their professed beliefs are not their true beliefs. They cannot be so. A miser, a perjurer, a "boodle

alderman," must really believe that "death" is the end of him as the identical fellow he now is. A demonstration to the contrary would quickly make all men honest, which is the desideratum of our present society. Let us have the demonstration.

To this end why not open a subscription in the Religio-Philosophical Journal for a fund of, say one million of dollars, of which the interest shall be devoted to the thorough practical proof of the proposition above stated? Let a suitable building be erected in which experiments may be conducted as rigorously as those of Sir Humphrey Davy resulting in the discovery of sodium. Let the work go on until the Spirit-world becomes as familiar to our daily life as is any other knowledge. other knowledge.

There are millionaire Spiritualists who could at once head the subscription with enough to remove the need of a charge for admission to witness the developments as they Are made. All incentive to deception of any kind should be eliminated from the plan of operations. What say your readers to this suggestion?

New York, Dec. 18, 1886.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. HOLIDAY REMINISCENCES.

BY DR. J. K. BAILEY.

On the 30th day of December, 1860, my first experience of a positive, mechanical control, or a complete subjection of the physical func-tions of my being, to the will of other minds, cocurred, in a startling and vigorous exercise of the muscles of the arms, hands, feet and other organs of action, with complete mastery over the use of the body. At the same time, my mind was apparently free from the influence of other minds.

I was vigorously exercised, in movements of the bands feet and entire passon in a

of the hands, feet and entire person, in a manner to indicate intelligent response to questions, of the few visibly present, as well as to my own questions, criticisms and suggestions; all, notwithstanding my desire and determination to act differently than I was made to do.

And besides these unexpected, unsought and undesired functional exhibitions of subjective acting, I was also lifted from the floor, by the external application of a per-ceptible force, which seemed, to my consciousness, to involve the pressure of com-pressed atmosphere, of sufficient force to lift and push me on to the table; which force was immediately transferred to my shoulders, pressing me down and preventing my getting from the table, while striving, with all the determination of my rather positive will, to extricate myself from the bondage which so obdurately held me in subjection.

Again, I was hurled prostrate upon the carpet, my limbs rigidly straightened out, the arms and hands fastened, as it were, to my sides, and rolled, by the sensible application of the aforesaid force, across the carpeted floor, to and fro several times—with a rapidity that would be utterly impossible to any person, through normal volition and action. Various exercises, of similar character, were thus forced upon me, at slight intervals, during forcer are consentive by tervals, during four or five consecutive hours; although I constantly asserted my determined will to prevent, and to divest myself of this outward power.

with all those visible persons, I did will and struggle to act accordingly; but in no instance, during the evening's experience and repeated experiments, did the invisible minds. evidently directing and focalizing the manifestations, fail to overcome the influence of

all. visibly present. From that time forward, daily experiences of spirit control occurred, and new phases unfolded—I began to "discern spirits;" to 'speak in unknown tongues;" clairvoyantly and psychometrically to cognize the physical, mental and moral status of individuals who came into my presence; to heal the sick by "laying on of bands" and by prescribing remedies, under spirit direction, etc.

The present holiday season, marks twentysix years of daily spiritual experiences; twenty-six years of devotion to the injunction of spirit guides, and the "still, small voice" of conscience and conviction of duty, in the effort to inculcate a nobler comprehension of life's needs, auties and possibilities, that society—in this world—may attain to more of the mastery of self and selfishness, which alone can bring to earth the rhythmic beauties of truly ennobled and ennobling human society.

And these holiday seasons bring vividly to mind, reminiscences of "happy days gone by," and of darling ones "gone before," and in-spires the following brief recital of some re-markable incidents, in the brief earth-life of a precious son—"Jimie"—who "passed on" to join his mother and sisters in the fall of 1862, at the age of about five years and ten-months; hoping that the reading thereof may be a source of enjoyment and profit to the youthful readers of the good Journal, if not, indeed, to the older patrons.

· A few weeks after my experiences, as above related, I awoke in the night time, out of a peaceful eleep, and found little "Jimie" then about four years old—sitting upright in bed. I was startled, and asking him, what was the matter? when he immediately said: "Pa, the wall opens and I see"—describing to me several persons whom he had never seen "in the body," and whom I readily recognized by his descriptions. He also described visions of scenes, landscapes and objects, which indicated the quickening of clairvoyant powerful. loving child.

He afterwards gave almost daily evidence of his delicate and remarkable mediumistic powers; often playing with (to others) invisible children, as if they were in the physical body. Once, when playing beneath some large pine trees, in front of the house, he impulsively went to a neighbor's door and said to the lady of that habitation: "Mrs. P——, an old man—a spirit—came to me, while playing under the pines, and told me to ask you if you ever knew Joe Miller, that used to live in 'York' State." Mrs. P——, thinking the child was "chaffing" her, threateningly bid him "go along off" under penalty.

Mrs. P——'s mother had borne the maiden name of Miller; and, on investigation, we ascertained that there had been a veritable Joe Miller," who lived and passed on, years before, in the State of New York. "Jimle" personated so-called dead people, so as to be readily recognized; in one marked case, a crippled boy, claiming to be "Dell"—the name of the one personated. On several occasions, he told where I was, what doing and when I would return, when away from home. When about five years old—we were board-

ing—one morning, as we were about to pass out of our sleeping apartments, to breakfast —when there had been no talk of "spiritual things"—he spoke in an explosive manner things"—he spoke in an explosive manner and tone, saying: "Pa, if God made everybody, who made God? And how could God make himself out of nothing? Oh! I'll tell you, pa, it's just like that string (at the same time drawing a string gradually from his pocket); it's all together!"

Pray, what sage is able to give a more comprehensive, concise and legitimate answer to those questions? To my mind, clear evidence

those questions? To my mind, clear evidence of spirit inspiration, is involved therein.

And now, let us, with every recurring holi-day season, drink refreshing draughts from the founts of knowledge and wisdom, through every-practical source of a higher, nobler and wiser inspiration—forever, and forever.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, PSYCHICAL POWERS.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

The mosquito is a troublesome insect. The music of it's wings is anything but soothing to the fired person seeking repose. It will not only suck the blood of its victim, but with wanton cruelty inject a subtle poison in its place. Physicians recently have started the theory that it communicates microbic entozoa, which propagate in the system producing diseases previously attributed to malaria. This still remains an undemonstrated

While in the pups and larva state the mosquito is aquatic, and darts through the water with great facility, much like little fishes. Let a tub of water stand in the open air in warm weather a few days, and these larva can be seen floating upon the surface with outspread wings partly grown; soon they rise and fly in their second element and seek their

It is only according to the analogy of these insects to suppose that human beings are possessed with psychical faculties in a germinal state, which may, by favorable conditions, be quickened into activity during the life of the body; and will universally be developed on the spirit emerging from the body at dissolution at dissolution.

Many, not taking this into account, say "if one man can get spirit messages through the aid of a medium, another can." This is rea-soning from material science to psychical science, and is not true of the latter. The writer has before him a fac simile of twelve messages written in twelve different languages on a small slate, at a single sitting, under absolute test conditions. There is evidence that preparation was made for this in the Spirit-world, for a good purpose; and the one who received it had cultivated his psy-chical powers for more than thirty years. Zamloch, a successful prestidigitateur, had a sitting with the same medium, but could not get the scratch of a pencil. He had publicly "exposed" Spiritualism—believed it all trick ery and fraud, hence his psychical faculties were so far in the undeveloped, germinal condition as not to afford the requisite aura to assist the medium in getting the writings; or it may be that the communicating spirits were so wise and discreet that they would not cast their pearls before one so illy propared to receive them.

The writer has received slates full of writing, between closed slates held in his own hands, the medium sitting passively at the To test the source of the thus inciting, intelligent will, I suggested to the friends, visibly present, certain experiments to determine on which side of life—the realm of the mundane or spirit—the directing will to the same medium. This was the only time the same medium. This was the writings did est healing potency. In practice all success-ful physicians avail themselves more or less of the benefits of mind treatment. It can al-ways be used as a powerful adjuvant to any they may have exercised their discretion, and thought best not to write at that time. There may have been a temporary condition of the sitter not favorable to psychography. In fact, evidences are plain to the writer why this was so, but which cannot readily be made plain to the reader. To get satisfactory spirit communications is a personal achievement which has to be sought for in accordance with the conditions pertaining to psychography, the same as the attainment of any material good in the ordinary affairs of

> This is not written with an idea of convincing skeptics, but in the hope of interesting parties to investigate for themselves; and to afford hints and suggestions to such that may help them in their endeavors. It is a painful thing for men and women to live along in painful doubt as to whether death is the end of existence, or the beginning of a better one; and yet there are thousands in just that condition. Let them be assured that efforts directed by the same intelligence and perseverance necessary to achieve any-thing valuable in life, will bring peace and assurance to their souls.

I have read Tyndall's and Carpenter's accounts of their investigation of spiritual phenomena. They are absolutely trivial compared to the phenomena within easy reach of investigators at the present time. Knowing that it only affords cumulative evidence I wish to present my last experience in slatewriting, which seems to be of a crucial test character. Not long ago in San Francisco, I bought two slates at a stationer's. With my pocket knife I cut one of my initials in one frame, and one in the other. These were cut very rudely so as to defy imitation. I took the slates to a medium: he sat opposite to me by a table in full day light. Without leaving his seat, or any delay, he took the slates and bound them together with a twine and sealed them with wax in five places and where the twine went over the ends and sides, and where the twine was tied, and handed them back to me. I held them in my hands, he occasionally touching the fingers of one hand. A bit of pencil had been placed behand. A bit of pencil had been placed be-tween. The writing could be heard distinct-ly until the ticks, which indicated that the writing was finished. I put them in my grip sack and did not open them until I reached home, sixty miles away. Then I found four messages, signed—two by my spir-it relatives, one by S. and one by a party I do not know to this day. During this writing a clean slate was thrown upon the carnet beclean slate was thrown upon the carpet be-yond our reach with a bit of pencil underneath, which was filled with a message signed "Matthew Allyu," a brother who passed over thirty-five years ago. If my senses are good for anything, trickery and fraud were mpossible.

For three thousand years the greatest minds of earth have been trying to get some knowledge of the soul or spirit, which might be considered scientific. Would not the ideal Piato, as well as Zeno, Pythagoras, Aristotle, or Cicero have gone into ecstacies to witness with a phenomena? Would not Corrected such a phenomena? Would not Carpenter, Tyndall and Spencer be dumbfounded to see that intelligence could manifest itself without regard to the "molecular action of the brain?" But also for Huxley, "even if such phenomena are true, they do not interest

To sin we may be led by others; to virtue we must be led by ourselves.

Woman and the Kousehold.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 29th Street, New York.]

AWAKENING.

With careless feet and dim, unseeing eyes
We plod along the weary ways of life,
Closed are our earsito angel harmonies
Hidden from eight the deeper mysteries With which the spirit-world is ever rife.

One touch of the enchanter's hand, and lo! We waken up to a new heaven and earth, O balmy air, —O golden sunset glow! O wondrous fragrance of the flowers that blow In the glad sunshine of the heart's new birth

O soul of mine, that trembles to the touch Of fairy fingers never felt before, A viewless Presence broodeth like a dove, Fills and enfolds me with a perfect love Unknown, undreamed of in the days of yore.

Tis the sweet token of the great "To Come".

Thro' gates ajar soft falling on me now,
Then, it will be the earthly part must die
Before we bask in immortality,
Oreatch the radiance from a heavenly brow.

—Elecabeth P. Mathews.

THE NEW YEAR.

Once more the bells ring out upon the midnight air, and the year 1887 is born! What-ever gifts he may bring, we may be sure they are good—if we make them so. Sorrow and loss, happiness and gain, these are banes or blessings, as we will. The New Year may bring fresh inspiration, high resolves, and a determined will to make them efficacious, if we only put ourselves into that attitude which co-operates with divine energies. Individuality, independence, courage, hereism, are magnets which attract forces of the same kind, and grow by what they feed upon Shaped by intelligence and guided wisely, their possessor undertakes and accomplishes what would appall feebler souls.

what would appall feebler souls.
In the past, women have generally lacked that self-reliance which later days have taught as necessary. It is in process of evolution, and she is fortunate who can keep her perfect sweetness and yet rise above conformity to judge and decide for herself. Patentials and the standard tendentials are readered. tionce! we shall win a higher standpoint, and live more truly and nobly. "If we live truly we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak....Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself It is only as a person puts off all foreign support and stands alone, that he becomes

The soul makes its own dates, and our New Year begins when we have reached a higher level and gained a better vantage ground. Every upward step is a new growth and a new era. It is not so much matter how swiftly the months fly. Gray hairs may show upon the temples and wrinkles creep along the face,—the spirit within knows neither seasons nor age nor decay. If it marks upon the dial of consciousness increasing power and sweetness,—those two hands upon the face turned world-ward,—then shall the years bring that inward joy and peace that rise superior to age and decay, and stamp ineffaceable lines of beauty upon the chastened features. They are celestial cosmetics, unpurchasable upon the street. Through prayer, which is only holy aspiration, and by the aid of untiring efforts of the will, are they evolved from the interior sources of being. May such be our New Years, friends everywhere!

WOMAN IN TEMPERANCE. An Address to all Knights of Labor, Trades

Unions, and other Labor Organizations.
Under the above heading, the W. C. T. U. have issued a circular, only a portion of which can be copied into this column. There must be sympathy with the noble, uplifting object of the Union, and admiration for the character of the prime movers in it, in the hearts of all who love humanity. It may be doubted if the methods of the Union are sufficiently radical, since temperance means something more than abstention from strong drink but it has done vast good. Its stamp upon the next generation will be much greater than upon this, since it is upon children that a lasting impression must be made. To be kept from evil is better than repentance. Every woman will be more than glad to help lift the load of suffering that now presses so hard upon innocent and helpless families, through this great bane of civilized life. And every one will heartily join in this preliminary recognition of the advanced stand taken by the Knights of Labor, for which they skould receive the thanks of womankind. After an introduction, the circular goes on to say: We rejoice in your broad platform of mu-

tual help, which recognizes neither sex, race nor creed. Especially do we appreciate the tendency of your great movement to elevate women industrially to their rightful place, by claiming that they have equal pay for equal work; recognizing them as officers and members of your societies, and advocating the bal-lot in their hands as their rightful weapon of selfhelp in our representative government.

"As temperance women, we have been especially glad to note your hostile attitude toward the saloon, the worst foe of woman and of the workingman, and of the home. We read with joy of the vow made by the newly elected officers of the Knights of Labor at the convention in Richmond, Va., when, with hands raised to Heaven, they pledged themsolves to total abstinence....Permit us to ask your careful consideration of this statement of our belief:

"The central question of labor reform is not so much how to get higher wages, as how to turn present wages to better account. For waste harms most those who can least afford It. It is not over-production so much as under-consumption that grinds the faces of the working men. Fourteen hundred millions annually drawn, chiefly from the pockets of the working men, by saloon-keepers and cigar-dealers, means less flour in the barrel, less coal in the cellar, and less clothing for the laborers' families. We grieve to see them give their money for that which is not bread. and their labor for that which satisfieth not. We suggest that if, by your request, pay-day were universally changed from Saturday to Monday, this would do much to increase the

capital at home. "The life insurance statistics prove that while the average life of the moderate drinker is but thirty-five years and a half, that of the total abstainer is sixty-four years. The successful explorers and soldiers, the famous athletes, pedestrians, rowers and shots are men who do not cob web their brains, or palsy their nerves with alcoholic drink.

"We believe that the work of our societies. resulting in laws by which nearly one-half the children of the United States are being taught in the public schools the evil effects of intoxicating liquors upon the tissues of the body and the temper of the mind, merits your earnest co operation, and will prove one of your strongest re-enforcements in the effort to elevate your families to nobler levels of opportunity. We believe that the study of hygiene, including a knowledge of the

most healthful foods and the discovery that | more an Eden and of us all more Christ-like or these are of the cheaper and non-stimulating class, with a careful consideration of the scientific methods by which, in the preparation of food, a little can be made to go a long way in home economies, are well worthy of your attention. We ask you to aid us in our endeavors to have taught in all the departments of our public schools, those beneficent laws of health which relate to wholesome living in respect to diet, dress sleep, exercise and ven-tilation, so that this teaching shall be given to every child as one of the surest means to its truest happiness.

We ask your attention to our White Cross pledge of equal chastity for man and woman; of pure language and a pure life. We ask your help in our efforts to secure adequate protection by law for the daughters of the poor and rich alike, from the cruelty of base and brutal men. We ask your help in our endeavors to preserve the American Sabbath with its rest and quiet, redeeming it from being as now the harvest time of the saloon-keeper, when he gathers in the hard earnings of the working man, and we promise you our co-operation in your efforts to secure the Saturday half-holiday, which, we believe, will do so much to change the Sabbath from a day of recreation to one of rest at home and for the worship of God. We rejoice to note that the Central Labor Union of New York City patitioned its municipal officers to local City petitioned its municipal officers to close the saloons upon the Sabbath day, and we earnestly hope that all such societies may soon petition for their closing every day, and order a perpetual boycott upon the dealers in alcoholic poison.

"We call your attention to our departments of evangelistic temperance meetings; work for railroad employés, lumbermen, herdsmen, miners, soldiers and sailors; also to our efforts to organize free kitchen and kindergartens, and Bands of Hope; to supply free libraries and reading rooms, temperance lodginghouses and restaurants, and to reach out a helping hand to fallen women as well as fallen men. We have a publishing house at 161 LaSalle street, Chicago, which sent out thirty million pages of temperance literature in the last year, and which is conducted by women, and its types set by women com-positors. Our national organ, The Union Signal, has good words for all lawful efforts made by working men and women for their

own best interests. "We ask you to do all in your power for the cause of prohibition, which is pre-emi-nently your cause. With the dram-shop and its fiendish temptations overthrown, what might you not attain of that self-mastery which is the first condition of success; and what might you not achieve of protection and happiness in those homes which are the heart's true resting places! Your ballots hold the balance of power in this land of the world's hope. We ask those of you who are yours to dest them only for each management. voters to dast them only for such measures and such men as are solemnly committed to the prohibition of every brewery, distillery and dram-shop in the nation. And that wo-men may come to the rescue in this great emergency, also as an act of justice toward those who have the most sacred claim on your protection, we hope that you may see your way clear to cast your ballots only for such measures and such men as are pledged to the enfranchisement of women."

This circular is signed by Miss Frances E. Willard, President, and Mrs. Caroline B. Buel, Cor. Sec., both noble workers and true wumon.

> Thereon. EY R. ORCHARD OLD.

Bible Passages, and Comments

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It is from Mathew, 5, 6, and 7th chapters, containing the celebrated Sermon on the Mount, that I propose to select some utterances of our Palestine brother, for short comments—not that in this direction I can hope to do better than others have done, or as well; but because the occasion and my feelings influences me so to do. Following, then, is my selection of utterances from that old but never

threadbare sermon:—
"Blessed are the merciful."
"Blessed are the pure in heart."
"Blessed are the peacemakers."

Why? Because a person is kindly disposed, is merciful, and must be law abiding and good, it "pure in heart" and a "peacemaker."
"Let your light so shine before men that they may

see your good works." Why? Because all such, as an example of what we should be, are worth following, each being, or becoming, as it were, a "light to the world," "Swear not at all."

Why? Because if the daily life or moral character of a person is not such as to recommend him or her for truthfulness, the taking of an eath no matter of what form or kind, or under what circumstanceswould not better fit either for speaking the truth.
"Love your enemies." "bless them;" "do good to

Why? Because to overlook a wrong and repay an injury with a blessing by doing good (the more practical the good done the better) to whoever has dispitefully used you, is proof of a kind and generous disposition; while to act otherwise than kindly and return evil for evil, would show a cruel tetaliating disposition, and, instead of repairing, only adds another wrong—and by second party—to the wrong or wrongs committed.

"Be ye perfect"—i. e. always striving to be good.

Why? Because to live the highest life—as all should endeavor to do—is, in the sense here meant, to "its parfect."

to "be perfect."

"When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Why? Because to give ostentatiously, or do a kindness only to be noticed of men, do not evidence that sensitive regard for another's frelings that the donor should possess, particularly when such giving, instead of healing, only wounds and makes more apparent the helpless and hopelessness of the

recipient's condition.
"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." Why? Because where one's treasure is, "there will the heart be;" and it is better by kindly acts and just living while upon earth to merit the highest re-ward of the other life while here we build for ourselves, so to speak, such homes as will be found to best suit the condition of each—homes "not made with hands eternal in the heavens;" and where, it may be thought, are the "many mansions" referred

"The light of the body is the eye."
Why? Because it is right we should be known as we are by all, and our sins found out, that, however cloaked, the tell-tale eye discloses; and the more effectually discloses when attempts are made to conceal and cover up the effects of sin upon the body; thus, to the end, that the eye becoming more luminous, our bodies in their pure state shall be

"filled" with the clear brilliancy of its light.
"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Why? Because to "ask," to "seek," or to "knock," requires an effort of the mind or will, and—in the requires an effort of the mind or will, and—in the sense here meant, or that might be construed to be so meant—such an effort is necessary to feel sufficiently awakened to grasp the fact that, unless questioning the why and wherefore of things nothing would be learned or inferred; that, without seeking, no discoveries would be made or ever anything found that should be or has been; and that, without tracking the seel and silence of nature would out knocking, the seal and silence of nature would remain unbroken, her chambers unopened, and

her secrets unknown. "All things whatever ye would that men should do

"All things whatever ye would that men should do
to you, do ye even so to them?"

Why? Because to do as we would be done by,
tends to kindly feeling and to a reciprocal desire to
do right and deal justly by all, doing no wrong nor
conceiving evil of any one; while the life lived (and
with each so living) enlarges for good; and more
and more, in practice and indusnoe, approaches the
inculcation of the Golden Rule, making of earth

Thus endeth the above. Some one has said "the good in this world pre-dominates over the bad." I believe it, and more. I have no doubt but the eternal order of things means for us, the human race, that the good here is ever increasing, while the bad is as ever diminishing; else would creation (so called) be a failure, and God only a divine myth. Christ, then (whose birth, nearly 1900 years ago, is believed by many millions of our earth's people to have been peculiarly signalled) never lived and died for nothing; on the contrary in fact, his life and death all down the ages has told for something, and will more grandly tell for for something, and will more grandly tell for something in future than in past eras, particularly as the higher conception of the truth of his sayings and precepts shall obtain, and their influence for better (with the life work of every other good man and woman) be felt; and the increasing populations of the world by such means be lifted to higher levels of life, with instar ideas entertained at the bilatter. of life, with juster ideas entertained of its object.

Geo. P. Colby's Work in Oregon.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As announced in my last we are traveling through Oregon, holding meetings under the auspices of the Oregon State Spiritual Society. The first place visited was McMinnville, where we held three meetings, at the last of which Mr. Colby gave tests from the plat-form, which were truly wonderful. From McMinn-ville we went to Corvallis, where Mr. Colby held the ville we went to Corvailis, where Mr. Colby held the first spiritual meetings ever conducted in that place. Like every other place he has visited, numbers were convinced of the truth of our grand philosophy. Our next stopping point was Ashland, where a few zealous Spiritualists are trying to keep the banner of truth aloft. The meetings at this place were held to crowded houses. There is quite a spiritual istic sentiment prevailing here. Quite a number joined the society. In Eugene City the hall was packed to overflowing at both meetings, and the people expressed themselves as deeply interested and instructed. Two meetings were held at Junction City and considerable interest was manifested. The following two nights were devoted to Harrisburg, a village of about 500 inhabitants, composed principally of free-thinkers and infidels, with quite burg, a village of about 500 inhabitants, composed principally of free-thinkers and infidels, with quite a sprinkling of Spiritualiets. Great interest was created, and before long Harrisburg will doubtlessly have a local society. Sunday and Monday nights were devoted to Salem, the meetings being held in Reed's Opera House, at the first of which Mr. Colby gave some tests from the platform, and so deeply interested the audience that a great many besieged him for private sittings. Mr. C's method of answering questions the last meeting in each place is conducive of great good. Without doubt his answers cannot be excelled by any other medium. We were cannot be excelled by any other medium. We were cannot be excelled by any other medium. We were somewhat amused by learning that at several places we visited "protracted meetings," had been established just prior to our arrival—probably to ward off the devil! We go to Oregon City to-morrow and thence to Astoria and several other places prior to my journey East, Mr. Colby's and my address is Portland, Ore. Any communication addressed to us there will reach us.

Portland Oro Portland, Ore.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the Religio-Philo-sophical Joursal.]

IDEOLOGY: Mental Anaesthesia Self-Induced Miraculous Cures Self-Made, Involution and Evo-lution in the Human Mind as in the Whole of Things. Part Second.—The Romance and Mir-acle in Ideal Contagion and Mental Epidemics. By Dr. LaRoy Sunderland. Boston: T. P. Mendum. Two Volumes in One, Large 12 mo.

This interesting and instructive work is evidently intended as a more general discussion and illustra-tion of the ideas and principles referred to, but not so fully discussed in the author's former work, "The Trance." This book is written from Dr. Sunder-land's well known standpoint, viz., "There is no God, no Spirit world that we can know anything about— hence there can not be any honest and intelligent is technically used, no mesmerism depending on any influence or fluid passing from the operator or impinging upon or entering the subject.

To discuss this standpoint is too large a subject for a book raview. The author's presented no

for a book review. The author's pre-conceived nonowever, affect the long array of peculiar and instructive facts which he presents. and which in this work he explains from his stand-point. These facts are well worth knowing and studying by all who are interested in the fundamental principles of human nature, whether man is considered essentially as a physical or as a mental being. The author's theme is really human selfhood, selfrecognition, self-knowledge, self-control, self-better-ment, self-development, and what is now so prominently before the public under varying names, as mind cure, psychic healing, metaphysics, etc.,

The key-note of the author's position as to the power of emotion and intelligence over the body is well-voiced in these words from the first pages of the

"There is no proof that there is ever any love, or fear, or hope, or joy not self-induced; always, how-ever, these emotions may be suggested to the mind. If these laws of selfhood be true in one mind, it is so in all minds;... in vitality, nutrition, nourishment and growth, physical and mental." "The wound is self-healed in the body, why not also in the mind?" After citing cases in which fear, surprise, great joy and unexpected news caused death, and others where hope, expectation, and even resignation caused gradual or sudden cures of the sick, as well as cases in which surgical operations—even amputation—were performed, without pain, while the patient was under self-induced anæsthesia,—he says: "Such cases prove that the power that cures, the power that kills—hope, joy, fear—is inside, not outside, as many suppose; and the difference in the degrees by which different persons are effected by sensational ideas is determined by the temperament, and surrounding circumstances at the time." He says: "Our aspirations, our hopes, and our faith are modified by our purely imaginary ideals." "Will and faith have no power outside of the brains in which the ideas are evolved("

Even those who entirely disagree with Dr. Sunder-land as to fundamental principles, will find in this book much to instruct; and his explanation of facts and phenomena, usually accounted for in an entirely different way, is a most interesting and suggestive study. The work is much marred by an obtrosive and egotistic personality, entirely foreign to the sub-ject discussed; and the ill temper displayed towards other authors, and to severe denunciations, charging ignorance, durilisity and from more world ignorance, duplicity and fraud upon many well known and much esteemed people, is a serious blemish in many of his chapters. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, which have no real connection with the main topic discussed, the book has many merits, which so outweigh its defects that it will be a work of great interest and much profit to the careful and earnest student of Ideology. It is a work, however, that needs careful study, and close scrutiny, by which to winnow a good yield of grain from the intermingled chaff.

CHARACTER BUILDING. By Andrew P. Peabody, D. D. LLD., Professor of Theology, Harvard University. Boston: James H. Earle. Price, 30 cents. This essay was prepared for a college occasion by Dr. Peabody. It is in two chapters—one upon Strength, the other Beauty; an excellent book to put in the hands of young people.

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The Relacid-Phelosophical Journal desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibil- cle, high nor low, and most in the higher, is but an invisible, yet real spirit person gard it. ity as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within cerrain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their l

quired as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be re-When newspapers or magazines are sent to the Source containing matter for special attention, the | nalistic work we greatly need more. Could sender will please draw a line around the article to we but be allowed to tell what we know, could which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, Junuary 1, 1887. A New Year's View.

In the world of business, the past year has been one of moderate prosperity for the country. The volume of traffic has been very large, but profits have diminished. Many find that with greatly increased business the savings of the year are less than they had expected. This is not discouraging to those who have been cautious enough not to discount anticipated gains and have thereby kept their affairs well in hand. This week and next will witness many failures, possibly more than for the same period last year, yet few or none are likely to be of national importance and they need not to be taken as indicative of "hard times" ahead. A leading mercantile agency predicts a fair degree of commercial prosperity with no widespread depression for at least three years to come,

provided no unforeseen complications arise. Philanthropists and reformers may look upon the progress made in the past twelve ford Times: months with much satisfaction. New and large accessions of wealth have been added to numerous charitable enterprises. A deeper and more practical interest in the unfortunate may be noted, and this is quite largely due to the combined efforts of women, who have in various parts of the country through national, state and local societies labored effectively in the cause of temperance and morels. The later and more rational methods. The later and more rational methods of dealing with these grave questions is bearing splendid fruit. The more firmly these workers for humanity plant themselves upon workers for humanity plant themselves upon

ed more attention than ever before during the same period. Capital and Labor have often been arrayed on opposite sides in severe contests, and as a rule with results favorable to labor. In so far as the claims of wageworkers are just and equitable, it is to be | What better or higher service could H hoped they will always succeed. But the riet Beecher Stowe render to the world than sooner the chimerical schemes and treason- to make up a book of her beloved husband's able plottings of foreign born revolutionists, experiences and faith and knowledge Is i who live off the discontent they foster, are not a sacred duty to do this? effectually and permanently squelched, the better for all decent people, especially for the often circumstances make silence wise, for a poor and moderately well-to-do. Until wage- time, and we would not meddle in the sacred workers can learn to look with judicial fair- | confidences of the home, but it is sometimes ness, free from undue personal bias, upon all | that "fear of man which bringeth a snare" questions of seeming conflict between capi- far more than anything else that keeps back tal and labor, until they learn to consider the truth. We do not say it is so in this case the interests of the employer as well as those of Mrs. Stowe or others of the family. Sureof the employed, until they learn to think Iv her life has been marked by noble fidelity and act for themselves and cease to be the | to duty, and therefore we need the weight of suppliant tools of charlatans and visionaries, her womanly name for this great truth and until then will they continue to fail in exer- hope that her sense of duty, and of its great cising that power which now lies impotent | importance, may prompt her to give it. in their hands. No amount of selfishness and short-sighted greed on the part of mo- | E. E. Hale, a Boston Unitarian, had the mannopolists, railroad wreckers, stock and grain liness to write to Our Best Words, Rev. Mr. gamblers and manufacturers, and there is | Douthit's fortnightly journal in Shelbyville. plenty of it, can justify acts of tyranny. Ill. This letter we also give: treason or violence on the part of wage-workers. This is a laud where the ballot is mightier than the bullet, where law may be made more effective than lead. Enduring

My Dear Friend,—The sermon regarding which you write is in the new volume of Dr. Bellow's ser-mons. The title is "The Secret of the Lord."

Dr. Bellows often told the story of the birth of this sermon. He has told it to me, and my memory

Being. Both are known to be earnest, truthadvantage can only come by slow, peaceful educational methods. Thousands of sincere

complete, even-handed justice steadily draws In the religious world the trend is steadily forward toward broader, more humane, and rational ground. Sectarian walls gradually

ious, we know of none where the outlook is so promising as that of Spiritualism. During the past year many parasites and excresences have been permanently removed; higher ground has been taken, and it will be held. Let every true Spiritualist take fresh hope with the year and resolve to do all that in during the year of 1887.

Tell the Truth Courageously.

with bated 'reath, feared, shuddered over, and often at last accepted with joy unspeak-"when that which is hidden shall be reveal-

ed." That time is approaching; signs of its noticed. The name and address of the writer are re- dawning day are visible, but the dawn is yet | yet it has been little spoken of faint. More is told of than ever, but how much remains untold! How much the waiting world needs more! In our weekly jouronly the pledge of secrecy that keeps our pen silent and other's lips sealed be made voidour pages would be too narrow to give the

> of an able and courageous editorial on "Faith and paragraphed. whether they were not still in the earthly lic opinion and morals.

it seer, a clairvoyant, a man who believed ratio. and knew the real presence of the departed. In a weekly paper like the Religio-Philo-

nd steeped to the lips in Bible lore—not only this, a scientific basis, the more rapid will be their success; this, many temperance workers are fast coming to understand.

The interests of wage-workers have receiving the interests of wage-workers have receiving and the respectably a keen and critical observer by the very structure of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winess of higher authority on any subject with which it professed acquaintance. And if, as is believed, he has remarkable opportunities—such as they cannot have no matter how earnestly they seek them—for examining and tritical observer by the very structure of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind, and a man noted for his cautious and second judgment—it would not be easy to name a winder of his mind.

no matter how earnestly they seek them—nor examining and testing the phenomena on which the claims of direct spirit communication rest, is it not due to the great interests of truth that his experiences and their results upon his own convictions should not be with

In all these family affairs we know how

Another like matter is a letter which Rev.

He was to preach one of what we call "Theatre Sermons." We had taken the Boston Theatre, the largest in Boston, and one of the largest in the world, for religious services Sunday evenings. Dr Bellows had come on from New York to preach.

He stayed, as he always did, at Dr. Bartol's house—which he used to call, in joke, "Hotel Bartol."

He prescribed servers have in the recording and effort. men in all classes of society are studying the complex social problems; and the reign of le preached somewhere in the morning, and after

mervices came back to his room and tooks pile of MSS. to select a proper sermon for the evening. As he did so, a voice behind him said, "The secret of the Lord is with them that tear Him." Bellows

gaining the necessary information. Silently, gently, but irresistibly it is penetrating everywhere. The close student can find its traces in the pulpits and pews of every religious denomination.

In all the various fields, secular and religions, we know of none where the outlook is

The gaining the necessary information. SilentIn all the various fields, secular and religions, we know of none where the outlook is

The world is overrun with platitudes about the sermon, or the secret of the Lord is with them that fear the secret of the Lord is with them that fear the secret of the Lord is with them that fear the secret of the Lord is with them that fear the secret of the Lord is with them that fear the secret of the Lord is with them that fear the secret of the Lord is with them that fear the secret of the Lord is with them that fear them. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear them that fear them the secret of the se gests to me that I shall speak from the text:
"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear

"I do not know where this text is precisely. will find it among the Psalms not far from the be-ginning of the book of Psalms."

Then he preached, substantially the sermon which you find in the collection. But till that moment he him lies to ennoble and benefit the cause he had preached it he wrote it out as we now have during the year of 1887.

The was number interested in the sermon. Arter he had preached it he wrote it out as we now have it. I have seen the MS., and I think there are eighty places noted on it where he had preached it. I think he told me that he had never repeated any

other sermon so often. I know he told me that more than seventy pe

ate scances in this city, and in families where these things have come with sudden and surprising force of conviction, which, if publicly known, would have great influence. Not a church of any name, not a social cir
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Not a church of any name interest and instance of to other papers of larger size that are end out for other papers of larger size that are end out for other papers without preparation. Did not his inspiring cuse. The Journar, is what is technically than it is here." Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the Re- able. What is true here is quite as true else- help in the use of his own faculties come called a "class paper," filled with matter on LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to dis- where. We greatly wish the time to come from an attendant spirit? Such a fact in special subjects not to be found in any other the life of such a man it would seem should paper outside of its class. Its reading colhave gone to every Unitarian home at least, umns are filled almost entirely with original

> the great importance of experiences like services of printers, proof-readers, associate these, and of the world's great need to know | editors and clerks, and goes to subscribers them, and a courageous resolve not to hold fresh and new. And subscribers are taxed them back when occasions come to make them | not quite five cents a week for a large eight-

The Newspaper.

well attested yet hidden facts of spirit presand progress than the history of the news- mechanical labor, blank paper and postage, This is especially brought to mind by some | paper. Intermixed with local news and late revelations. A few weeks ago we noted ephemeral gossip, one large Sunday issue conthe publication in the Hartford Daily Times | tains a small library, vitalized, epitomized of such a paper is not one-quarter that of | truth that when one objects to a medium

in things seen"—really a frank report of the This is the natural outcome of an age with a large margin over, by the profits of fact that Professor Calvin E. Stowe, a ripe and country where he who runs may read, the advertising pages. scholar, especially in Bible lore, a deep and read while he runs. History is recorded thinker, a man of noble character, fit hus- hour by hour while it is being made. Every by declaring that \$2.50 a year is an "exorbiband of such a woman as Harriet Beecher species of trade, handicraft, science, art and tant" price are quite likely to be the people Stowe, had "spiritual visitors so real that he religious faith has its organ or organs. It is who try to palm off stale eggs, diseased meat "was sometimes for a moment at fault as to one of the greatest factors in education, pub- and rancid butter upon the publisher of their

body." It was told that for thirty years In the nature of things the influence of the his almost daily experience revealed to him | press must grow greater, not less. And upon |

Our esteemed friend, Rev. J. D. Hull of Rox- SOPHICAL JOURNAL, devoted to the arts, sci- the poor house. bury, wrote this excellent letter to the Hart- | ences, literature, general reform and spiritual philosophy, whatever relates to the wel-

Among the foremost of these are proofs of immortality through communion with the departed. Such proof is necessary. M. J. Savage has well declared: "Traditional or-"thodoxy has nothing to say to any one who needs to have anything said. What it offers the downward of this date is one of precious richness. I am in the weekly habit of going into the largest reading room in this city (the Mercantile Library) and spending much time with the monthly and weekly publications—the latter religious. I do this in order to keep posted a little on the moving the compare with this issue of the RE-"in the way of proof, is itself sadly in need "in the way of proof, is itself sadly in need thought on religious and spiritual matters. Accept of being proved. Church tradition is authority only to those who have not investigated them all." "thority only to those who have not investi-"gated it." With a judicial spirit besitting this most momentous subject, the Journal must sift and weigh evidence presented through different media, and try to give to

and superstructure of truth. In this subject. partiality would be foolish and error fatal. Given a continued and progressive existence. -and this is assumed as the basis of the Journal,—nothing cognate to the sub- child with orthodox progenitors." ject can be ignored. Even our orthodox friends are now at one with us on this point. At the beginning of the Civil War the clergy were instructed to "preach religion and let

politics alone," religion meaning everything theoretical and nothing practical. To-day it is otherwise. Rev. Lyman Abbott of the Christian Union, says, "Churches must "cease to strive with one another about "things that none of us know much about. "and teach more earnestly the brotherhood " of man."

Such a paper as the Journal has to meet the needs of every temperament, condition and development. One mail brings a com-Being. Both are known to be earnest, truth-

> "What mortals think they know of God A thousand tomes rehearse, What mortals do not know of God Fills all the universe,"

attainment. Constructive work is necessary. A new truth drives out an old error; and they

Animated by this spirit, the duty of the

Five Cents a Week is "Exorbitant."

matter. This matter is "set up" each week Two things are needed. A deep sense of especially for the Journal, requiring the page paper, thus filled.

It is true that weekly papers published in the offices of great dailies and made up of matter selected from the daily editions of Nothing more certainly illustrates change the week at a mere nominal expense, for are sent out at half the price of the Journal -even less in some cases. But the expense the Journal and is usually entirely paid.

Those who answer our friend's solicitation local paper, and when he declines to receive pay for subscriptions in such offal, retaliate by telling him they can get a big weeklythe fact that the so-called dead can and the managers of this engine of tremendous from Chicago or New York for a dollar a year, do return. For that long time he was a spir- power rest responsibilities in corresponding and don't want to patronize such a pesky mean man as he is any how, and have only taken his paper to aid in keeping him out of

> We don't think such people would get any nourishment out of the Journal. They will

The JOURNAL of this date is one of precious rich

LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in high and true

GENERAL ITEMS.

This issue of the Journal will be nearly as large as that of last week. It is astonishing each fact its proper place in the foundation to note the rapidly increasing interest in really first-class Spiritualist publications. The Christian Register says: "Disparage | couple of Board of Trade operators, whose

"Progress From Poverty," is the title of

in last week's Journal. Mr. John Slater writes that he is enjoying California very much. He met with a warm | the value these twins respectively put upon reception there, and is giving tests at Odd | themselves. It will require considerable fine Fellows Hall in San Francisco.

Mrs. Anna B. Carroll of Baltimore, Md., speaks in high terms of the mediumship of Miss M. Gaule. She lectures and describes spirits so that they are easily recognized. The meetings at Conservatory Hall. Brook-

lyn, N. Y., are well attended. Mrs. Helen J. C. Brigham occupies the rostrum this month. J. J. Morse in January, and Mrs. Gladden in March. The holiday number of the Golden Gate selected as the champion crank one Cyrus reached the JOURNAL office two days before

Christmas. It is double the usual size and

contains much valuable and interesting mat-Several articles especially adapted to the Christmas number were unavoidably crowded out. much to our regret. But they will not be out of date in this issue, and may se- | World.

grow thinner and the ties of brotherhood strengthen.

Spiritualism, as a distinctive public movement, has little to show in the way of gain.
But nevertheless its phenomena and philosophy have to-day a far wider, deeper and strength have to-day a far wider, deeper and to-day to-day and bend our energies to help forward need to righteous living, and theorizing.

In order to have a vigorous paper, special even to have a vigorous paper, special even grow and to-day and bend our energies to help forward need.

J. M. Allen has been lecturing in the West-ern Reserve, Ohio. He lectured at Middle-even grow and to-day and bend our energies to help forward need.

J. M. Allen has tention for the feast is past.

Station. During this addition. In the view and to-day and bend our energies to help forward need.

He Lord is with them that tear Him." Belows to the indicators and be

tention of friends on the Pacific Coast.

That grand medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney. conserve strength who help in the process of whose wonderful powers are spoken of at length in another column, anticipates an extended trip through the East next Summer: Journal is to continually affirm the princi- she will be accompanied by Mr. Whitney, and had never planned it nor in any way arranged it.

He was himself interested in the sermon. After ples of justice, fraternity and universal prog- we bespeak for them a cordial welcome among Spiritualists "wherever they roam." -Golden Gate.

Some months ago the natives of a certain An esteemed subscriber at Peru, Nebraska, | district in Australia predicted the approach If all the private and hidden facts of spirit presence and power were made known it
would be a mighty help in the great task of
ing world. We know of experiences in private scances in this city, and in families

I know he told me that more than seventy persons than seventy persons, had come to him or had witten to him to say that they went to hear him preach from curiosity merely, having before yielded whether the Being and subscribers. On the latter subject he says:

I know he told me that more than seventy persons, had come to him or had witten to him to say that they went to hear him preach from curiosity merely, having before yielded whether the Being and presence of God; and that the view of this sermon of the Great Experiment of Human Life had recalled them to faith and worship.

I know he told me that more than seventy persons, had come to him or had written to him to say that they went to hear him preach from curiosity merely, having before yielded subscribers. On the latter subject he says:

I must say to you in a friendly way, that when I approach a man and ask him to subscribe for the called them to faith and worship.

I know he told me that more than seventy persons, had come to him or had written to him to say that they went to hear him terest in the Journal and efforts to obtain subscribers. On the latter subject he says:

I must say to you in a friendly way, that when I approach a man and ask him to subscribe for the higher country. The floods, and left their low-lying villages for the higher country. The floods came several subscribers. On the latter subject he says:

I must say to you in a friendly way, that when I approach a man and ask him to subscribe for the higher country. The floods came several subscribers in the treat in the forest in the bright the higher country. The floods came several subscribers of the higher country. The floods came several subscribers of floods, and left their low-lying villages for the higher country. The floods came several subscribers in the subscribers of

the infinitude of possibilities for the human ele, nigh nor low, and most in the higher, is sermon was clear and convincing far beyond This would be amusing did it not display mind—its great spiritual growth. Its duties trance, of sight or sound whispered about could have spoken to Dr. Bellows? That such parsimony, moral obtuseness and ignorto other souls in this earth-life, and that most others of that gifted preacher, yet given ance on the part of these who offer the ex- heaven is not in the future life any more

Contributions to the Foreign Missionary Board are reported as falling off about onefourth since the Des Moines meeting and discussions. This is what we foretold and expected. The old and hideous absurdity that all heathens are eternally damned is dying out,—as darkness fades before light. The tolls are too large for the grist; the cost too great for the small results. The pagans nearer home need more light. For these reasons—especially for the first—less money goes to the old Board. "Small by degrees and beautifully less" is the tendency.

A correspondent sends the JOURNAL & Drotest against the common objection raised concerning professional mediums, that they receive pay for their services. He says with merely on the ground that pay for services is asked, and requests the name of a private medium, a good reply is: "I don't care about professional preachers. Do you know a good private, preacher?" As this matter had already been touched in editorial comments upon a letter published on the sixth page. before the receipt of our esteemed correspondent's views, we refer him and others

The other day a young wife in the last stages of quick consumption was dying at Creston, Iowa. She had suffered much. For several hours her husband and her mother, so reluctant to part with her, had nursed the spark of life in her. She seemed to have gonebut they struggled to hold her to conscious-

which he offered a book premium, careful investigation was made as to the bona fide nature of the scheme. This investigation resulted in giving the publisher of the Jour-NAL confidence in Dr. Hale's responsibility. and that confidence is still unshaken, but those interested must invariably transact their business with, and make inquiries of, Dr. Hale.

As a rendezvous for cranks Boston has heretofore taken the cake, but Chicago bids fair to wrest it from her Yankee sister. In fact, if the brood now here doesn't swarm before grass grows, Chicago will be entitled to the whole bakery. It is rumored that a Spiritualism as we may, it has come to stay. business has been injured by the suppression Its idiosyncrasies show it to be a heterodox of "puts and calls," are forming a syndicate to deal in cranks. It is said the first venture will be to buy a brace of these carpet-baggers the forthcoming critical review of Henry at their intrinsic value and then by skillful George's "Progress and Poverty" mentioned | use of the clergy as advertisers-a la American Opera Company and Col. Ingersoil-towork up a boom which will effect a sale at work and possibly a dozen pulpit phillipics. but the projectors of the scheme have, so the story goes, invited the preachers to attend an exhibition of crankery and arranged with three daily papers to send reporters around to interview the clerical gentlemen on the matter. This will insure sufficient advertising, and the proprietor of some dime museum. will no doubt be found ready to pay the amount necessary to secure the prizes. The movers of this scheme are reported to have Romulus Teed, M. D., P. S. K., S. A. S. W., B. S. P. These abbreviations belong to the new order of things and may be translated as fol-

> M. D.—Dealer in Mealphorphysics. P. S. K .- President. School of Koreshan. S. A. S. W.-Self-Annointed Savior of the

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE FAMILY EIGHT.

Just twenty years ago to-day,

I traveled to the far "Out West";

And fann'd the fervor of my breast.

Which gives the timed heart despair.

The snow fell fast, the wind blow cold

'Twas on a Happy New Year's Day.

All wet and cold, o'er moor and fen,

When near resigned to fate forlorn,

With trembling limbs I reached the spot.

I travelled from the early dawn.

I spied a smoke far up the glen.

Thomingful whether friend or fce!

The faithful watch dor gave alarm.

Prompt to his care amidst the storm.

His master beek ning. 7 Fear no harm!"

I grasped a hand with kindness warm.

But found it was the humble cot

Of one who lived there long ago

He bade me enter, and the fire

Ambition wild then led the way,

I wandered over many a league,

Faced danger oft without a care;

Nor ald I know of that fatigue

Yet one day in the forest old.

I last my lonely tedions way.

On last Sunday afternoon the spirit of Gen John A. Logan, U.S. Senator from Illinois took its departure from the physical body which had served it so well for sixty years Ere this JOHRNAL goes to press the shock of his sudden death will have been felt the world over. Not since Booth's bullet robbed the country of Lincoln has the death of any nublic man created such a profound sensation. The public was prepared to hear of Gardeld's, and when it came there was great sorrow but no shock. The public had come to look upon Logan as an embodiment of aggressive energy, conrage and endurance, and was not prepared to lose him thus, almost without warning. Logan was the most brilliant and successful volunteer officer devoloned by the Rebellion, and no other had so warm a place in the hearts of the soldiery. We well recollect the last time we saw him: it was on last Decoration Day, in Brooklyn. Walking up Fulton Avenue on the way to Judge Dailey's house, our progress was blocked by crowds on an intersecting street. There we stood, and felt the hot blood of twenty five years ago tingle in our veins; breath came short and quick, as along the

John A. Logan.

that brave army that had responded to the calls of "Father Abraham." Suddenly, from away down the street came the sound of tumultuous cheering and ten thousand voices shouted "Hurrah for Logan! The sound grew nearer and louder and soon a carriage came in view with Logan the solo occupant. As it passed on and the sound of acclamation grew dim in the distance, at least one old soldier was grateful for having been born in the State that claimed the "Black Eagle" as one of its sons.

middle of the street marched remnants of

A brave soldier, a skillful politician, warm friend, a dangerous opponent, an untiring, ambitious man was Logan. While neither a scholar nor a statesman, he made a dent upon the public far greater than some of his compeers who would be called such, and his page in this country's history will be read with interest long after greater men have passed into oblivion.

J. Clegg Wright's lectures are exciting good deal of interest at Newton, Kansas. The address of the Free Thinker's Magazine will be in care of the Courier Company Buffalo. N. Y., in the future. Our subscriber and occasional correspond-

ent. Mr. H. Fletcher, has been elected an Adderman of Lowell, Mass. Mind Cure, by W. T. Nichols, has been reduced in price. The cloth edition is now 50 cents and the paper 25 cents. At this price

all interested in this subject should order a copy. For sale at this office. The Chicago & North-Western Railway Company has arranged an excellent schedule of California excursions with very liberal privileges to patrons. The round trip ticket is \$80. The next one starts on the 4th and there will be one each week up to the middle

of March. Every reader of the Journal will thank Heber Newton for the brave and manly words he is uttering from Sunday to Sunday, in the interests of woman. Newton is no effeminate, drivelling sentimentalist; neither is he a hippodroming sensationalist, like Talmage. for instance. He is an honest, strong, intuitive teacher who keeps in advance of his constituency, and has the courage to essay great tasks and the ability to accomplish them. We call special attention to the abstract of

his last discourse. A short time ago we published an article taken from the Salt Lake Herald, detailing an account of the death of a young man. proved a great shock to her, and from which she never entirely recovered. One day, the article with your statement in the case." Sir Philip Sidney described a model horseman. The postmaster replied as follows: "I know who "Stirred the bridle so gently that it did all the parties mentioned in the enclosed ar- rather distil virtue than use violence. ticle, and there is nothing stranger in the account, than in their belief that God or some of his angels are continually appearing and revealing to them."

Notice to Readers of Advertisements.

The publisher of the Journal does not con duct a purchasing nor mercantile agency. and cannot undertake to buy or examine goods for correspondents nor to handle money intended for advertisers; neither can he answer letters of inquiry concerning the quality of goods or merchandise advertised and the responsibility of advertisers. The publisher aims to insert advertisements for none | good folk evidently think with Cato: "Slackbut trustworthy applicants and with such en the rein and you will afterward strive in Readers will please not forget this notice.

Blessed influence of one true, loving, human soul to another! Not calculable by al-

han that it will mar her. You remember Gwendolen's plaint con-

cerning the cramping, stifling influence of doll into a citizen and you may gain a woman. I ing people pay for what they get, to do the The other institutes of society may suffer | same thing. Why, instead of supporting a in this change, but they will also gain | number of livings, a man with enough brough it. Should the State wean woman them might almost be supported by then from the home, no gain to public affairs would compensate the loss to the family, and | this; I have the right to bargain away a vathus to the citizenship of the future. But | cancy before it occurs, but if an incumbent. those who so laud the home, as woman's true | should die or resign, it would be criminal to alienation from it. For every woman who | such circumstances would be guilty of simo now betrays domestic duties to the fascina- ny. Now and then a prospective vacancy is tions of the State, I will show you a hundred | put up at auction by some holder of appoint who desert the family for so-called society. I | ments who gets short. It seems rather odd the children, but she had gone out to work assuring the would be buyers that the Rev. in a factory where her husband could get | So-and-so is old and infirm, and that the no employment. That sort of attendance clergyman who secures the privilege of sucupon public affairs will not last long when | ceeding So-and-so will not have to wait long women win their citizenship. The greatest | Yes, the reform crowd stir up a good deal of danger to the future of the family lies in the | fuss about that kind of thing. Here's a cuincreasing tendency towards woman's com- | rious thing that sometimes happens: Suppose petition with man in bread winning, a ten- | Lord A. has four sons; the first succeeds to dency that nothing will so surely counteract | his father's estate and titles, so he's all right; as woman's coming into power in the State. I the second, maybe, is put into Parliament

Men lose their interest in the church because a larger world opens to them. The church is now this bigger world to the domestic world. Open to her the State, and she may care less for the church. But her religious nature may be trusted to cherish the Institute of Religion, while her larger life will then demand in the church that ethical treatment of the problems of society which men now crave. In discharging this duty lies the peculiar mission of the pulpit in the age before Women are now the chief workers in our churches, because men are busied with the larger tasks of the State. Draw woman out into these greater affairs, and the philanthropies of the church, which she now cares for, may be neglected. But this would only inasmuch as she would be busying be self with the truer philanthropies of the State. Most of the works which the church poverty so heart-breaking are largely the result of bad government and bad education. since lost any semblance to the original. It With Justice ordering society, and Wisdom is safe to say that Jesus himself, should h Charity's beautiful ministry. The church exists to inspire the State and mould it into the Divine Order. When woman turns citi zen she will carry the spirit of religion into the organization of society. Let us pray God to push forward his reserves.

Abstract of a Discourse Delivered at Anthon Memorial Church, New York City, by I Heber Newton, D. D., on Sunday, Dec. 26th. and forms a part of, the State; it is as much

reserves for the future of humanity lie in physical organism evolves a head, and so does the social organism: but when we speak sense of politics. Ballots are cast by opinion the less, as the formal investiture of woman lieve that she is inevitably destined ere long

which will place us parallel with ancient England, in which women sat in the Witen What I have to say refers to the yet larger aspect of citizenship involved in the idea of the State as the whole social organism. Two adies on our school board do not constitute a social revolution, but they are signs of the

vain to check the mad career of that unreacareful scrutiny his responsibility ends. soning animal." It is not so easy to unsex while much more low-voiced and much less slangy than the typical girl of the period. The mannish woman of to day is found in Curious, is it not, that the fair women who friends think they have a pull with me, they fear that they would be unsexed are the lask me to appoint him to the next vacancy. very ones, so often, who have no fear what- you know, and I suppose I appoint the fellow ever about being unsexed in the most | that's got the biggest pull; for there's always decollete evening dress, or in the freest fash- more clerics than livings, and that gives rise ion of "the German." The inmates of an to a lot of funny things that would make Eastern Harem would deem themselves un-sexed were they to be called out to the free-vast deal of fuss over there, you know; so dom of American society and to the social ac- | many reformers are all the time wanting t tivities of our pure women. There is reason improve things. This is how it is. Some day to hope that woman's entrance upon the lar- | a man comes to me and says: 'M'lud, my son ger affairs of the State will make her rather | Henry has just taken orders. Now who is the oldest and feeblest curate in your livings? And I think a minute and say, 'There's Smith at-worth; he's over eighty and very dewoman's isolation from the great world's af- | crepit; it is not probable he'll last long airs. Most of the evils that gender in the soul | Then the gentleman says, 'M'ind, I'll give of the average woman would be swept out of | you five hundred pounds for the presentation existence in the rush of thought flowing when the vacancy occurs.' That means, don't through the currents of public affairs. The av- | you know, that he wants me to appoint hi erage man loafing in the country store is lifted | son to the curacy when its decrept incumout of the lowest levels of gossip as he discuss- bent dies. Now I've known such things as a ses with his cronies the President's message holder of livings being so hard up as to be and the coming election, while his wife at | mighty glad to bargain for a vacancy for five home is left to the tittle-tattle of the tea fight. | hundred pounds. And I could name noble It is notorious that the Harem is the hot bed I men who didn't need the money so much, but f the worst feminine vices. Turn the pretty | who believed on general principles in mak-

phere, just because they believe it the di- | sell the privilege of presentation or appoint vine ordination for her, should not fear her ment. Anybody who bought the place under read the other day of a woman who left her | you know, to hear an auctioneer running on husband at home to cook the dinner and tend | about the health of the present incumbent The church may suffer at first from wom- with the idea of getting to be a Cabinet offian's entrance upon the activities of the State. I cer: the third goes into the army; the fourth into the church. Now suppose that when the fourth is ten years old, the very best curacy in Lord A.'s patronage becomes vacant; it's a desirable place for the prospective cleric, but if once filled, he must wait till the incumbent's death before appointing another. So Lord A. finds some young cleric who is under obligations to him; might be the tutor of the elder sons, you know, in the 'varsity, and says to him. Here, I will give you the benefit of this living if you will agree to resign it when my son is ready to take orders.' The young cleric agrees, and the bargain is made. he cleric even giving bonds that he will resign at the stated time. No. that is not simony, and is perfectly legal. Odd, isn't it?"

There's a very odd twist in the law about

A sad commentary, truly, upon the morals and principles of a church founded upon the life and teachings of the lowly Son of Nazais doing to-day are the neglected tasks of the | reth. It is not a matter of wonder that the State. The church can never hope to do them | Christian religion has fallen into disrepute as well as the State is capable of doing them. | among thinking, intelligent men. Pervert-The conditions which make the problem of ed. distorted and corrupted-used as an enreturn to earth. Would not recognize stitution which bears his name.

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t the residence of her son Charles F. Howland, Ruth Howland, aged 70 years and 10 months.

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J. B. C. land, aged 79 years and 10 months.

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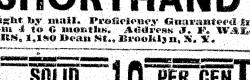
scriber examine and see how his account stands.

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bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf.

and glowing tasseled flower .- George Eliot.

Burned brighter for the weary guest. He clothed my form with new attire, Then to the board he cently pressed. "Yourself, and wife, and children two," I said, " is all I see around, The board is spread for eight, 'tis true-Some guests unseen must here be found' "The nearest friend this sunwy day. (Except the friend who here has strayed) Is more than twenty miles away. Yet our own family here are eight." "But children two, yourself and wife, Are all my wandering eres can see. And yet you say, "Tis true as life. Within my family eight there ba"? "Six little children, wife and me. Payeach von see a chair and plate. Six little children full of glee, Myself and wife,—are we not eight? " Four little dears, on snowy wing, Have fled from earthly scenes away, Though loud in Paradise they sing, They visit us each New Year's Day. "This place is spread for 'Minnie dear." And this for 'Nellius,' bright-eyed boy, And 'Scabrook' there,-speak soft, they'

Mere, 'Ida May,' her mother's log. "Come Violet, Judson, mother dear, And stranger be our welcome guest, Our spirit children all are here. Now let the New Year's meal be bless'd "Thus, stranger, on each New Year's Day Our happy family all unite: Though near the church four bodies lay. Their spirits come from realms of light. " Be calm and you will feel their kiss Of zenhyr mildness on your cheek. And feel the joy, the sacred bliss, Of which for months we often speak." The wind blew loud, the snow fell fast, The good man's heart was all aglow, Methonicht I heard in overv blast. His spirit children's voices low. " Not all the wealth the earth has known Could tempt to take these fore away. The darlings from our bosom flown.-They visit us each New Year's Day."

Thus spoke the good man, and his ton Broke forth in sweet melodious charms, And write of angels sweet he sung. Two children dandled on his arms Full twenty years have passed since then Of lovful life and life sedute. Still fresh the scenes within that glen-And of that happy family. " Eight." Moorestown, N. J. J. A. H.

Woman and the State,

[Special to the Religio-Philosophical Journal.] Aeschylus called woman "the direct evil of Herald says she alarmed her friends by of a man we mean more than his head, and stating that the spirit of her deceased friend when we speak of the State we mean more warning she fell to the floor dead. G. F. power that qualifies her for her civil responsibilities. I do not regard the ballot as her Lewis of Corey, Pa., desiring to know whether the statements of the Herald were really in the affairs of the State, inasmuch as it true, wrote to the Postmaster at South Cot- qualifies alone for the last duty of citizentonwood as follows: "Be good enough to ship, political responsibility, in the ordinary make inquiries of the parties who know the and opinion can be made by those who do not truth or falsity of the account herein detail-truth or falsity of the account herein detail-truth or falsity of the account herein detail-refused to vote. Women need not await the

> with the responsibilities of citizenship, I be to receive the franchise coming to her hrough successive stages. We may thus work on round to the time

reasonably expected from it. Woman herself will suffer, say some. These

woman as these anxious sonls seem to imag-ine. The ideal of the feminine citizen is not necessarily the conventional strong-minded woman. One does not have to wear bloomers gebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bravely against the legion host of evils that must get it through me, you know. I appoint tyrannize in the State are as mild and modest him. So in that way the church in these mannered as most of their society sisters, forty-one livings depends upon me. A living, to any address.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Church of England, the Modern Oligarchy of the World. BY GEO. A. SHUFELDT. The Church of England is blended with.

a portion of the government as are the two ses of parliament. It is represented in the House of Lords by its bishop and is supthe State." Theodore Parker once said, "God's | ported by taxes levied under the laws. B these means religion and politics are united woman." Here we have the old and the new | and operate together for a common end. The view of woman's relation to the State in sharp | result is the pollution of both elements. As John Cauliffe, at South Cottonwood, Utah.

A Miss Gilbert, residing there, had formed a strong attachment for him, and his death strong attachment for him and his death strong attachment for him, and his death strong attachment for him, and his death strong attachment for him nity in its varied forms of association. The the theory works in England. The English Church is organized with two Archbishops, twenty-eight Bishops, six hundred and ten Deans and thirteen thoustating that the spirit of her deceased friend had come to her chamber, and told her that she must prepare to come to him. Shortly after, as she was quietly sitting at a lunch table with some friends, without a moment's when we speak of the State we mean more than government. Woman has for the most part heretofore been held back from this highest sphere of human action. She is wakening to the consciousness of her duties as a citizen. She is moving slowly to demand the list receiving above \$750,000 each—the whole list receiving above \$750,000 every year. These dignitaries, so much like the master. live upon the fat of the land-carriages and horses, servants in livery, the richest of food and the finest of wines. They live in luxury and generally die of the gout. The real labor of the church is performe

by the parochial clergy, whose pay is generally insufficient to support life. At one time n the history of the church there were over five thousand livings of which the income was only \$250 per year each; but the emolu ments of these are by no means equal, as some of them are worth above \$5,000 per year and these high-prices average appointment to of contention. The power of appointment to ie, each Lord, or Duke, or Earl, has the right of filling a certain number of livings,—thi number varying with the different titles: for Instance, one Lord may have twenty livings

statement. A dissolute English Lord (Lonstimes. There are, of course, dangers in this dale) recently came to this country as the oschange, but there are also benefits to be tensible manager of an actress of rather hard repute, and in an interview with a newspa narv statement:

per reporter made the following extraordi ENGLISH CHURCH LIVINGS. "I don't 'support' the church livings, don't you know," he said; "that's all a mistake, I see have a copy of the Journal, will be accommodon't even own the land upon which all of dated if they will forward a list of such names to them are located. I have the power of ap- this office.

at his disposal; another forty, another thirty, and so on. Political, personal and pecuniary influence, are used without stint to seen the rich livings, and money is openly paid for that purpose. The offices of the church of Christ are bartered and sold in the mar-PHREISHER'S NOTICE. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be ket. We are not without authority for this trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to

pointment, don't you see; when a curacy or | The date of expiration of the time paid for, is print ed with every subscriber's address. Let each sub-

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INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Pullosophical Journal. CALLED.

BY MRS. I. B. DUFFEY.

The noonday sun beats on my throbbing brow, I'll sit and rest me in this grateful shade. I look about and others find, ere now, Beneath the sheltering trees themselves have

To seek repose from labore of the day.

I, too, have labored since the early dawn.
In willing toll each hour has passed away. While all my strength into my work has gone; Labored, and rested never, striving still With all my heart and soul to do my Master's will.

The earth is beautiful: the sun, the trees. The flowers, the velvet turf beneath my feet, The trickling stream, the whisper of the breeze Mid quivering leaves, the rose's perfume sweet The clouds that fleat athwart the summer sky, And trail their shadows on the verdant earth, The hum of bees, the sweet bird's minstrelsy, The voice of childhood, and its shouts of mirth My soul at these with rapture runneth o'er; Would it were larger yet—I might enjoy the more

How good it is to rest from labor done, A little while, and in my leisure feel How beautiful is earth, bid care begone, And let life's sweetness o'er my senses steal! One cannot tell how blest, how blest is life, In the quick hurry of the morning hours, When all is work, and weariness and strife; Then let me rest my head upon these flowers, And from my resting strength and courage gain To work begin anew, and bear its care and pain.

Who calls mo? Hark! It is the Master's tone! And has He come to find me thus at rest? I, who have toiled till morning hours were done, And only thought to wait till down the west The sun should circle on. Here, Lord, am I; With hasting footsteps toward my work I go, My soul refreshed, my heart all hopefully Turns to my toil, nor rest again shall know, Till eventide shall come, and work is done For me, and all who live, at setting of the sun.

He calls me, come! My Lord, I cannot come! The day is but half ended; see, the sun Is high above my head; 'tis not my doom That I should leave unfinished what I've done. Nay, let me labor on through waning day;
And when the gloaming comes, and smilight

In evening twilight, solomn, dim and gray,— When all is bright above, below the shades Of night are gathering, then my soul will rise Gladly through gates of pearl to seek the upper

Again Hocalls me! Nay, I cannot come! Spare me one little hour, my Lord, I plead, To finish something; then my lips all dumb, Willing I'll follow Theo where'er Thou lead. Now all is wasted of the morning hours, If I may not my work resume again. Vhy was I spendthrift, then, of all my powers, If all my spending has been thus in vain? Kcannot come! Why summon ma so soon? The day Thou promised me, and now 'tis only noon

Exet still He calls me! Must I therefore go? I had not cared to gather heaps of gold, Nor chining gems to glad my heart: oh, no! Upon my soul these bubbles have no hold, Nor even cared I for the voice of fame, To sound my virtues out through every age; Nor sought to write an imperishable name, In shining lettering, on history's page. Friendship I valued; love I valued more, And life has brought to me of these a generous

Ent I had hoped, if life its fullest span Had stretched for me, to do what I might do. When he should feel to help my fellow man To rise again; and thus the whole day through Stretch out an alding hand unto the weak; Give voice of comfort to the sorely tried; And while I tolled for others thus, yet seek To rest and strengthen my own soul beside, reading of the mysteries divine Which through the book of nature gloriously

Those whom I hold with a sustaining hand Will fall if I withdraw it; whom I cheered In their deep grief, in black despair will stand When I am gone, and all that I have feared Of evil will return; and I have only learned Of my own littleness, and of Thy might, Of my own ignorance, while my soul has burned The more and more to read those pages bright In which Thou stand'st revealed, ob, Lord, one

That I may learn to comprehend Thy wondrous nower.

Yet still he calls, and will not be denied; "Vain child of earth, and dost thou therefore say Thy puny strength with others can abide, When thou thyself oft totterest by the way? My everlasting arms will those sustain Whom thou hast weakly lead, and dost thou

Thy deep desires for wisdom are in vain? That thou in death of Lethe's waters drink? I call to life, not death. Thy soul shall turn To freer, fuller chances to labor and to learn."

Thus spake th' almighty One, and at His voice, My apul is filled with everlasting p ace; On Him I lay my burdens in glad choice, And feel all cares and toils of earth to cease Forever in my soul. I catch the heavenly strain Of waiting angels on the farther shore, There shall I find my Master's work again, And there in wisdom grow forevermore. Gladly I go, for here no more is home, Yea, Lord, I hear Thee; farewell, life, Dear Lord i como!

Roligious Based on the Teachings of Jesus.

To the Editor of the Religid-Philocophical Journal:

The wonderful place that Jesus of Nazareth has been made to fill in the religious world for the past seventeen centuries is worthy of thought. How many have quarrelled, what volumes of dispute, how much hatred engendered—oh! haw much blood has been shed in consequence of difference of opinion regarding him! A system of religion embraced by so many millions of the human family, and regarded as the only one acceptable to God, takes its rise from that one individual, though he preached his doctrines but three years, and was crucified for heresy. We have no word written by him, for his writing in the sand was not copied. The multitude of sects and creede of to-day based upon him, or the position he holds and his relation to God's government, are so many and various that upanimity of opinion seem

The events of to-day are throwing much light upon the mysteries of the past. Jacob's "ladder" is again brought into requisition, and the ascending and descending angels are bringing glad tidings. Mystery, the Babylon has fallen, and life and immortality are brought to light. The letter has slain its millions, but the spirit is bringing life. Christ comes to those who profess to be his, however, and they will not receive him, but each succeeding Christmas will find the New Heaven and the New Earth nearer to us.

We have been favored for several Sundays past with the inspired ministrations of Mrs. Clara A. Field, who is a power for good. Mrs. Brigham gives us one lecture each month. A social is to be ten-dered Mrs. B. in the hall this evening after her lecture. Her usefulness, we think, is constantly in-P. THOMPSON. Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

H. Sabin writes: I received your reminder. and was glad that it came in time, as I do not want to be without the Journal-not even one numberas long as I am able to pay for it, and it continues to maintain its present standard of excellence for I feel that there is a power back of you that will control and see that no backward steps are taken.

He is the greatest man who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, and whose reliance on truth and v rine is the most unfaltering.—W. E. Channing.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Fear Versus Love.

BY LYMAN C. HOWE.

The second second second second

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that fear-eth is not made perfect in love." I John 4: 18.

The first fifteen years of my life were harrowed with fear. The tortures of the fabled hell were my constant companions. Every beauty was shadowed with its impenetrable gloom, every delicate flower was tinged with the grim coloring of Infinite wrath. I trembled at the thought of death, and life was one perpetual echo of the eternal wail. Beautiful child-hood smiled at me through the lurid atmosphere of "Total depravity," and haunting demons touched my dreams with awful bodings and frequent cli-maxes of unspeakable agony. I prayed and wept in secret. The grave was the door to the judgment; and dismal doom hung like a midnight pall ever all herond. All pature was deprayed and of way with beyond. All nature was depraved and at war with its Infinite Author! To love nature was to offend God; to enjoy life was to earn eternal death. To read a newspaper was a moral crime. To join the warblers in their Sabbath song was to invoke divine vengeance upon my helpless head—if not in this world, in an eternity of woe among demons and their prey. At about eight years of age my father chastised me for swearing. For ten or lifteen minutes-which seemed to me as many days-he held the threatening rod over me and discoursed upon the enormity of my sin and the penalty in store for me in the world of lest souls.

He pictured the scene in hell,-my writhing body in the burning lake, with the smoke of brimstone darkening the flames to midnight hues; a sea of fire for my eternal bed(?) and the devil walking over us enjoying our cries, carrying a great trunk full of tools of torture, and a great fork with blazing tines in his hand which he would stab through my body and toss me into the cloud of smoke above; and as I descended another devil would catch me on his burning knife and huri me through the air hissing and screaming and weeping tears of fire and blood, and ere I could reach the bed of molten brimstone another would send me up like a ball of blood among the howling tempests of wrath, and countless mil-lions adding their groans to the gloom, and thus eternity would speed away, and after a million years of this torture, with no abatement of the agony, the

journey would scarcely be begun.

The picture of this horror burned much deeper into my quivering flesh than did the bleed of the beechen rod which followed. Through all these years of my ignorant acceptance of all I was taught, I do not think I entertained a doubt of the literal accuracy of all these pictures of horror. I believed, and therefore I suffered. I have seldom met a believer in the sense that I believed. To escape such a doom was the object of life. It eclipsed all else. It enervated all moral impulses-for morality divorced from religion, was the most danger-ous sin! Life had but one meaning and that was eternal slavery! To satisfy the caprice of an infinite despot was the only thing worth much effort. To meet the devil was horrible, but to meet God was infinitely worse! As years of understanding broadened my views of life, some helps came in to lessen the gloom and ameliorate.

But all the modifications, changing the terture from physical to mental, and grading according to the sins, did not remove the cloud nor give light to the landscape where this despair had so long obscured all but the evil in nature. Verily, "fear hath torment!" Was there any "perfect love" that "casteth out fear "? I had not found it. But after eighteen years of this living death and dread softened and subdued during the last two, an echo broke upon the ear of my soul. It came through a whirlwind of ridicule and theological abuse, but it came, and never was a sound more welcome. It was the echo of the mystic rap. At once I accepted it, be-lieved it and advocated it, and for two years before I ever saw a medium or a manifestation (recognized as such). I stoutly defended it as the only solution ever offered for the mystery of life and the object of death. It seemed so real, so rational, and so com-pletely satisfied my soul and its needs that I insisted, if not true, it ought to be, and ultimately would be realized. Perfect love casteth out fear. Almost in a day the old dream of horror faded forever from my mind. The great world, beneath, around, above me, was suddenly transformed. The black shadows laden with tears, lit up with the hues of a million rainbows. The frowns of divine wrath glowed with love and promise. Eternal hope crowned every cloud. It was not phenomena that converted me, but it helped to confirm. These trilling raps were not only mysterious but to me they were eloquent with the speech of reason and the appeals of love. Eternal progress spoke in every sound. Death had not destroyed our friends, nor alienated their affections. tions. Memory spoke from behind the veil and the music of other years breathed up the aisles of silence, and we were face to face with our loved and They were not in hell nor the grave, nor locked up with God in heaven to mock our prayers of Though unconverted and without the Christian's hope, they were still our friends and able to come and go at will, and as natural as before the change. All of this and much more meant something to me. It not only meant life and progress beyond the grave, but it meant life and progress

O what a change! Unceasing gratitude fills my soul for this priceless revelation. Before it came all was dark before me; sin abounded, and there was no remedy. Christ had not abolished it, nor saved the world, nor any considerable part of it, if any from the dreaded doom. Churches quarrelled over the "Word of God, and the letters of a dry creed were exalted above the revelations of science, or the duties of life, and our eternal welfare consisted in faith and obedience to the doctrines set forth as in-terpretations of the "Word of God." To believe wrong was death, eternal death; to doubt the interpretations of authority was more dangerous than a lifetime of debauchery; to think outside the creed was a crime; to accept the great truths of the gospel in their simplicity, against the time-bonored author-ity, was heresy, "antichrist," and must be punished. Honest lives counted nothing with God, if there was an error in belief! This picture is not overdrawn. It is taught from the pulpit to day. In the face of that scripture, "as a man soweth so shall he also reap, we are informed that all our good works and moral devotion are worthless as helps before God, and have no saving influence without faith in the atoning blood of Jesus Christ! Hence my condition forty years ago is illustrated in the lives of millions to-day (save that I believed with all my soul while I think few really do so believe to-day, though they profess it all) and these millions are moral slaves. 1,800 years of Christian rule has not saved the world. By their own showing the majority still go the down-

ward road to ruin? Is God omnipotent? Is Christ the Lord? and are 1,800 years of constant work inadequate to show the fruits of ommpotent love? But Spiritualism brings the panacea. Accepting all good in Christianity and all other religious, taking the methods of science and the world as it is, it brings to our relief such power and grace as no other system ever has. It shows us God hidden in the least of things, and ever expressing the divine character according to the conditions and opportunity. It accepts not only the divinity of Christ, but enlarges that indefinitely by showing us the divinity of all men and all things. The evils that beset us are rendered comparatively harmless by the knowledge which shall make us the masters and progressively evolve the all-saving power, and we see that "Error shall die of its own dark death, while the good liveth on forever." Spiritualism gives eternal hope, predicated upon knowledge, and lights the "valley and shadows of death" with smiles of immortal millions waiting to welcome us. It proves that this life is simply continued, and all of character we have made here is ours forever. We have everything to live for, work for. A few days or years of struggle and pain are nothing, since we know we shall live forever and "grow in grace and a knowledge of truth." It gives new courage and strength to fight the battles of life, and to work on faithfully, making every day richer with the stores of righteousness, and victories of habit and tempta-tion. Without Spiritualism this world would be a farce, a mockery, a failure—existence nothing to be thankful for.

With Spiritualism this life is everything to be desired, even under adverse fortune, for the sine qua non is not a creed, nor escape from justice, but life with its infinite possibilities and endowments, leading from victory to victory, from glory to glory for-ever. There can be no ultimate failure; therefore we may rejoice in our temporal misfortunes, for we know that the discipline will bring its rewards. Spiritualism sheds a divine light over all things temporal as well as spiritual; while it is glorious to live by, it is better still to die by. If I were offered a cholce to-day, of this whole world and all that is in it, with full power to make all laws, dictate all nations and

peoples, and use it as I please the rest of my life, with the mental and spiritual conditions impressed by my early teachings, and take it subject to all the mocking deepair and eternal woe which made my young life wretched; or to be as I am with the rich world laughing at my weakness, and the necessaries of life coming by daily toil exposure and savings. coming by daily toil, exposure, and sacrifice of comforts, to live and die in obscurity, with the halo of spiritual truth lighting my way and the high outlook before me inviting and cheering as I struggle along, I should spurn the proffer of boundless wealth, and count myself rich beside the slave who accepts, at such a price. There is no enterprise, no humanitary scheme, no vital reform, no religious mystery, no struggle between manhood and monopolies, no sorrow-laden heart, no grief-stricken home, no pillows of pain wet with passion's tears or pressed by an aching head, that is not touched and hallowed by the glory and sweetness, the power and promise that breathe and burn forever from the love-lit mornings and rosy splendors whose dewy kisses fall in tender fragrance from the smiling horizon where angels walk unseen and drop love's blessings down.

Private Letter Answered.

The following letter was written to our valued contributor, Mr. Thomas Harding, who forwards it to the JOURNAL with a request that it be published with such answer as we see fit to make.

DEAR SIR:-I received your letter in answer to mine, asking you to criticise a sermon preached by one of our congregational ministers on Retribution, etc. On looking it over I find that there is but little to criticise. I see the question of the heathen and others who have never known Jesus, as the common saying is, is now agitating the religious (?) world, and the more they stir it, the more absure the question will look to thousands who have never thought much about it heretofore. The subject of Spiritualism I have studied considerably, so much that I am a believer in that doctrine, and yet I find a great many things believed in by professed Spirit-ualists, that look to me as absurd as the question of retribution that is disturbing the orthodox ministry

I see the Spiritualists are a good deal divided; so far as I know, I take the ground that is advocated by the Religio-Philosophical Journal at Chicago. I have never read the Journal much until lately, and the more I read it the better I like it. I pro-nounce it the best paper I have ever read. Its con-tributors are first-class writers, and they seem to take hold of every subject, and explain it to the un-derstanding of all its readers. I have read with in-terest the exercil unblaster that have read with interest the several subjects that have come from your brain and pen. I am much taken up with the JOURNAL for several reasons,—it is independent, always ready to expose any fraud practiced by pre-tended Spiritualists, and these frauds are a dreadful

pull back to Spiritualism. I commenced my investigation by attending scances at private houses, but not of the plan you have adopted. They were held with a half-fledged medium, where an admittance fee was demanded from 25 to 50 cents each. Then fifteen or twenty form a circle; as the dancing master says, "All join hands around"—lights put out, dark as the Egyptian darkness—singing for a while, then the perform-ance commenced. Mr. Harling, I cannot say I ever got much "light" out of dark seances. I finally quit them, reasoning in this way: Why darken the room for our spirit friends to come to us? Why should they choose darkness rather than light? I cannot believe that choice is made because their deeds are evil." No! no! But I do believe that there is much evil done and frauds committed in these dark séances. I cannot reconcile the argument advanced by those who believe in dark séances. I would like your mind on that matter. I read a long expose by a Mrs. Tyler, published in the JOURNAL, Aug. 7th, and the comments made by the advocates of fraud after Mrs. Tyler's expose was published. I think the JOURNAL has the best of it. Another reason: I do not like the idea that Spiritualistsmany of them—make this cause a source of money making. It smacks too much of the old orthodox. That old dogma would not be preached to-day, if it

had been that its advocates were not well paid.
Salaries keep the old dogma alive.

I have been fooled by writing letters, sealed, to spirit friends, and then send these letters to Colby & Rich's "medium box" at Boston for answer. I wrote one to an old friend of mine who died in Chicago; I sent \$2.00, and got answer. I eagerly opened the supposed answer of my spirit friend, and reading it. I found he was not in a condition to write, but a friend of his volunteered to answer it for him. The answer was foreign to the subject I wrote to my spirit friend, and he signed Cornelius Vander-Whether it was the old Cornelius or the younger I have never been able to find out,—and don't care. Here is much humbuggism, I do really believe. Slate writing—I have had but little experience in that. I have tried three times to get a communication from my mother's spirit—always tried to have my mother address me as she used to in earth-life, but have failed everytime. I wanted her to address me by my first name. She has either forgotten my first name or as Hamlet says, is a damnable ghost that attempts to write me, so I have dropped that investigation. It should ever have an opportunity to meet Mr. Slade, I shall try once more. You can see by my writing where I stand. If you can put me on the right track to enlighten me I would like it. I read the Journal, and take great comfort, taking in all that leads me to further knowledge of Spiritualism. Grand Rapids, Mich.

It strikes us that this gentleman would hardly care to have his name appended to a private letter written off-hand to a friend. There is about it a freedom of expression too dangerously akin to looseness and inaccuracy, and in some instances it is positively unfair. Space will permit but brief consideration in reply.

Undoubtedly many Spiritualists do believe things 'as absurd as the question of retribution," if by this the writer means to refer to the position of the eternal punishment" faction. Human nature is much the same, only a little more so, whether it be studied in one class or another. Spiritualists, socalled, who are thus undeveloped, however, stand a better chance to grow than their brothers in the or-

Promiscuous, public dark circles, are usually an abomination and ought not to be encouraged. Dark circles in any case are less desirable than light, and in most instances it requires only firmness and patience to obtain the same results in the light—that is, when the manifestations are all genuine.

Mediums must be kept alive to be useful as medial instruments; for this purpose food and clothing are usually essential, and these cost money. That the love of gain is too pronounced with many mediums is lamentably true, but they are no worse in this than most who patronize them. When people have sufficient love for truth and spiritual growth to cause the permanent establishment of home circles in a majority of households, then it will be time to talk of dispensing with paid mediumship. The clergy as a body earn all they get, and most of them deserve more—and this may be said with no attempt to defend them. The majority who pay the salaries of preachers do it for selfish reasons, and if they did not get more than they paid for, would spend the money in other ways. What Beecher might or might not do in any given case no man can know-not even Beecher. But that he has done much in liberalizing religious thought, and on the whole has done more good than harm, may be reasonably held. Savage and Newton are comparatively young men, both have the courage of their convictions and are always ready to stand for the truth as they see it. No more honorable, kind-hearted, useful men can be found.

Let this friend cease to seek with purse in hand for signs and wonders in the shops where mercantile Spiritualism is dealt out in quantities to order. Let him organize a private circle of congenial friends among his social and intellectual equals, and dilligently labor for spiritual knowledge, and it will come in good time. All real spiritual progress must be from within. Phenomena may stimulate the seeker to cultivate spirituality, but can impart none. Letter from Questa, N. M.,

To the Editor of the Raligio-Philosophical Journal: Leaving Chicago on the 12 M. train on the C. and N. W. By. Thursday Nov. 11th, in company with my son, we made a pleasant trip across the Illinois and Iowa prairies, arriving on good time next morning at Council Bluffs where we changed to the U. P. cars en route on the Denver short line to Denver, with but a single unpleasant adventure on that road. Having been accustomed to a regular mid-day meal it was somewhat unpleasant to find we were obliged to start out on Dr. Tanner's idea, and fast until the train should reach Grand Island—no provision being made for meals for that train between that place and Onaha, and how we managed to get outside of dinner and supper at one meal is still a riddle to us.

The next morning we found ourselves in a region

covered with snow and the grandold Rockies in the distance had put on the white crown. At Denver we took the D and R. G. R. R.—the narrow-gauge we took the D. and R. G. R. R.—the narrow-gauge mountain road—at 8:30 P. M. and just about daybreak, with a full moon to help the light, we left La Veta to climb the Veta Pass—one of the most weird and extraordinary pieces of R. R. engineering in the country. Going up a mountain gulch at an ascent of over 200 feet to the mile, near its head the train doubles so rapidly upon itself that it looks as though you were meeting another train, when you find you are turning the "Mule Shoe," and rapidly climbing on the otherside of the galch along the ly climbing on the other side of the gulch along the craggy side of the mountain overhanging it, and looking down the dizzy precipice, you see nearly under you a dark outlined thread descending the pass, which is the road-bed which but just now you were ascending. The descent on the Ft. Garland side from the summit is rapid, but is along the course of a stream with hings on either side and course of a stream with bluffs on either side, and does not thrill one with the idea of the daring audacity of man in scaling the rocky fastnesses of mountain heights and as it were leaping from crag to crag in his ascent with the iron-horse, laden with human freight, along the edge of the precipices

with human reignt, along the case and mountain gorges.

Arriving at Ft. Garland we engaged a Mexican to take us to "Rio Colorado"—Red River—nearly 60 miles south of Garland, making San Luis in time for dioner and Costilla by night, reaching Red River about 3 P. M. Monday.

The towns along this route are all Mexican; adobe

The towns along this route are all Mexican; adobe buildings, with but few "white" settlers in the coun-try. Each town has its patron Saint. The day of our arrival was patron Saint day at Red River and the usual Mexican games, orgies, and dances as ac-companiments. It is usual on that day for one of the more wealthy Mexicans to get permission of the priest to take to his house the images kept in the church and have a feast and dance in honor of San Antonio,—the presiding Saint of Red River. For this most gracious privilege he pays to the padre nine dollars and collects his tithes for him for the ensuing year. The patron Saint is a tall ungainly image with narrow visage, and is carried with great pomp. This time he was accompanied by "Jesus on the cross" and the Virgin Mary in a box—a glass case similar to those used by bird fan-ciers to put specimens in. As the cavalcade moved from the house towards the church its rear guard was armed with-old fashioned muskets which they kept blazing away at the devil with till "Jesus and the Saints" passed the archway leading to the the Saints" passed the archway leading to the church. At this archway all hats are doffed and the images are then tenderly stowed away in the holy place about the altar.

To see the degradation of this people in which they are kept as in the grip of a vice by their priests in this Nineteenth Century, cultivating their lands still with the wooden plough of centuries ago, and refusing to learn the English language by their order, lest they should learn to unlearn the bondage of priestcraft, furnishes a wonderful lesson of the power of hereditary and early influences, in chaining and enslaving the human mind, and debasing the human intellect.

The priest has things nearly all his own way among them. He orders so much of their crops and herds delivered to him, and it is done. When they marry he charges from \$8 to \$25 for his services; when a child is christened, one dollar: when a person dies, according to what the family possess-from a boro to \$200—no boro, no mass—for the dead; his poor soul is not worth saving! This is New Mexico in the latter part of 1886. Yet these men are not heathen, that Audover theologians think may have a "probation after death; for these have heard

Spiritualism, true and proper, steps in here with to the solution of the problemtime in the infinite future these blinded, ignorant benighted souls will have a light upon their pathway, unobscured by the dark robes of priestly big-otry, and they will be freed from all fear of priestly power and learn that they are all children of the Universal Spirit and alike entitled to the rich inheritance of truth, wisdom and love, under whose intelligent guidance they will rise into the higher spheres of light, knowledge and goodness.

An Interesting Letter to the Inventor of Psychograph.

D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

DEAR SIR:-I received the Psychograph ordered all right, and from my brief experience with it I am able to say that I am sure it is far ahead of any device that I know of for spirit-communion. I have had a great deal of pleasant conversation with my dear daughter Della, who died after a painful illness last spring, through the instrumentality of this little instrument. I found one, mediumistic, to sit with me, and if you will read what follows, you will see how perfect were the answers I received. My dear child came and said through the instrument (spelling of course): "Papa, it is beautiful here. I am

It would take many sheets of paper to record all she has said to us. She seems to be a bright spirit, full of the same love and affection for all as she was in earth-life, and at times it seems as though I was talking with her face to face. Every one who has read the communications, say, "How much they seem like Della." At one time she said:

"Papa, if I had known I was going to die that Sunday, I would have told you and Lewis what to do with my things. I will think it over, and come and

At the next sitting she came and said: "Now, papa, I will tell you how to dispose of my things. Give Sara my black dress, wrap and under-clothes. Give Emma my flanuel skirt, fruit knife

and gloves. Give Carrie my blue silk dress and knit shawl. Give Isie my mother-hubbard dress. Give Libbie my black dress and gingham suit. Give Aunt Phebe my crazy quilt and fascinator. Give Floyd my watch and Willie something that will please These were her cousins, aunt, nephews, and it

would take a full sheet to tell all she gave, and I only give the above as an outline. It took two sittings to dispose of all. A great many of those articles neither I nor the medium knew anything about. After they were all given away, she selected two of her cousins to help me look over her things, and we found everything as she had named them. We took found everything as she had named them. the little instrument and sat down among her things and she came and said: "You have found them all."

I said, "Yes I think so." Then she said, "Papa, have I done right?" I said, "Yes."

Then she said, "Write and tell brother what I have done, Good-by." Her mother came and said, "Della has done right in giving her things away as she did. The friends were all good to her. I saw it all. Good-by." At another time Della said:

Papa, I want you to give all my dear friends something to remember me by. I have trinkets enough to give to all."

I have had communications from many other friends, even from the old settlers whose grave stones are moss-grown in the old yard. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spirit-ualism is indeed true, and the communications have given my heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have had of son and daughter and their mother. D. B. EDWARDS. Orient, N. Y.

C. W. Doubleday writes: The Religio-Philosophical Journal (to which my attention was called by a long time and highly valued friend, Mrs. Hester M. Poole of New York, who is also a contributor,) seems to me honestly and ably edited what more can one say in praise of any thing? The phenomena I have witnessed, and which is called spiritualistic has confirmed in my mind the scientific dogma of the continuity and persistence of

Religion in the South.

BY MARY E. WOODWORTH.

A few lines from this part of the sunny South may be of interest to the great mass of your Northern and Western readers. Montgomery, as you well know, is the capital of Alabama; and was also the first capital of the Southern Confederacy, for it was here that Jeff Davis was inaugurated as President of the so-called Confederate States; and here on the front portico of the Capitol he delivered his inaugural address. The exact spot where he stood in delivering his address is now pointed out to visitors; also the house where he lived while here; and many other places of historic interest as connects ed with the defunct Confederacy. But this city has much to interest the visitor besides its past history It is very progressive for a Southern city, and for the last two years has been on quite a boom and is at present growing very fast. I think it is the only city in the country that the street cars are run entirely by electricity, and are a perfect success. At the close of the war the population of the city was about 10 000, now it is claimed to be about 40,000, and growing fast. The climate here is very fine through the winter, the mercury seldom getting to 25 above zero. It is a great cotton centre, and also quite a railroad centre, there being five roads running from different points. The health of the city is only second to any in the United States. In population the negro element largly predominates, being almost two to one in favor of the negro; and yet the business of the city is almost wholly done by the whites. The negroes only act as servants and common laborers. In education the people here as a mass are much behind the Northern people; not but what there are

some well educated and intelligent people here, but the great mass of the poor whites, and more espe-cially the colored population, are uneducated and very ignorant.

But now I wish to speak more particularly of religion, for that is a commodity that thrives won-derfully well in Alabama, especially in places where ignorance predominates. The churches here are much more numerous than school houses. There is no lack of them. You can't find a neighborhood or hamlet so poor or degraded but what it has a church in full blast, with preachers of the "Suu-do-move" style. So I wish to be understood as saying emphatically, that however much this part of the South may lack financially, or in educational enterprise, or general intelligence, or in obedience to law and order, or in principles of common morality, it does not lack in the least of being abundantly stocked up with the genuine old fashioned religion, founded upon the old bible stories of creation, flood, Jonah, and the whale; but I do not wish herein to be un-derstood that we have not intelligent and progres-sive people and ministers here as well as in the North, but not so many of them. Religion in this part of the country is something as it was in the North lifty-years ago, only, perhaps, on a lower plane.

I notice in my experience and observation, both North and South, that religion and ignorance always go hand in hand; or in other words, that a person is religious just so far as he is ignorant. In order to get religion out of a person it is only necessary to give him science and knowledge. Where science and knowledge step in, religion steps out every time. From this standpoint, which I believe is correct, I have come to the conclusion that the true

definition of religion is ignorance.

The most religious people I have ever come in contact with, are the colored people in the South; but as a mass, they are like little children in knowledge and intelligence. Their religion is good for 100 cents on the dollar every time, but their morals are a great ways below par, and intellectually they are attil lower. still lower.

Liberalism or Spiritualism has not got much of a hold here as yet. The sciences do not grow well in this kind of soil; and until scientific education shall in a great measure banish religion and ignorance, we cannot expect that scientific Spiritualism or liberalism will get much of a root in this part of the South. So far as this city is concerned I have no doubt but what there are plenty of people here that would appreciate the labors of good liberal and scientific speakers; and would do something for their support, for there is an intelligent class of liberals ere, but they are in the minority.

We are much pleased to receive the weekly visit of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Montgomery, Ala.

Mrs. Mary Hallock's View of Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have been reading several different spiritual periodicals lately, sent to me from different parts of the country, and I must say that after all I like your Of course in all papers I see and read articles that do not agree with my opinions or ideas of consistency, and a great many times I think the editor a little too radical on this point or that; a little too hard on some so called fraudulent medium, or a little too lenient, as the case may be; and it looks to me as though it must be a "thankless task" o be the editor of a Spiritualist paper at the present time; for, to say there are no inconsistencies among Spiritualists would be shooting very wide of the mark. There is no denomination or society extant that has any more, I take it. With fraude, enthuslasts, the too radical Spiritualist and the Spirit-ualist who is "dodging the issue," it is no wonder that our banner trails in the dust sometimes ! There s too much cheap phenomena in the ranks that is neither convincing nor edifying. I think a seance that is a cross between a Methodist class-meeting and an Indian war-dance, is not conducive to the

promotion of the spiritual welfare of any one, more especially the youth and children.

Many Spiritualists say to me, "I don't see why my children don't believe as I do! In fact, they are disgusted with the whole thing, and I don't see the

Now, it's just this: Their religion, or the way they live it, corresponds too exactly with the religion of their fanatical forefathers; they overdo the matter, and the children won't even believe the "fish story." When I was a child I was driven rudely against the blank walls of materialism by just simply witnessing the inconsistencies, hypocrisy, and ridiculous enthusiasm of so-called Christians, and but for the intervention of science I should have been a rank materialist yet. Now, shall we drive our children against those same blank, cold walls, by treating them to a diet of cheap phenomena, and what is most disgusting to a pure minded child,—witnessing

demonstrations by the lower order of controls.

Every Spiritualist knows there should be a change in the mode of teaching children spiritual things. I have talked with a good many who admit that. Of course this does not apply to all Spiritualists; but to the majority I think it does. It is a well known fact that the young turn their backs on Spiritualism, and is there not a cause for it, and if so, cannot there be a remedy found?

You are doing a good work, Mr. Editor, and I feel sure that you are interested in the youth, as therein lies the future hope of any great reform, religious or political. MRS. MARY HALLOOK. Big Stone City, Dak.

Dr. Crowell's Opinion of the Psychograph.

The following letter, from one who has given years of close attention to the investigation of spirit phenomena, and whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters the world over, was written to the inventor of the psychograph:

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure must be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known.

EUGENE CROWELL.

The body is the mind's portrait.

Our actions must clothe us with an immortality loathesome or glorious.—Côtton.

Life that ever needs forgiveness, has for its first duty to forgive.

All of us stand in three relations, the first, to-ward the present immediate causes; the second, loward the divine cause, which effects all things: the third toward our neighbors with whom we live.—Marcue Aurelius.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

BY W. S. GODBE.

"Now rises o'er the mud that once was snow, The Sun who marks the dawning of the year; Slow from their couches rise the friends we know, To greet the day and taste its festive cheer,"

"The pure white flakes which floated as they fell, And vanished from the view the other day, Of high resolves and good intentions tell, Easy to form and quick to melt away."

"And as they melted how the moral slush Defouled the ground whereon the soul doth walk! The thought should give our careless words a hush, And make us guard the tongue and weigh our talk! * [*

Thus ran a poet's numbers, true and sweet, Whose thought doth cause still further thought to 11077-

lifay serve, perchance, some cherished hope to meet And aid the mind the deeper truth to know. God doth not leave these life drops thus to die;

With sunlit ray he draws them safe above, Then as His creatures need renewed supply, They come again as tokens of His love. Or should they sink too deep beneath the earth,

And to weak, mortal sight seem ever lost,

Behold! in crystal streams they find new birth, And are on ocean wave in grandeur tossed! And is not lian more precious in His sight Than all the wealth of Nature's boundless store?

Can he be kept in sorrow from the light, Adrift on sin's dark tide for evermore? It cannot be! But as frail flakes of snow,

The' solled and crushed and trampled 'neath the Ascend in beauty, from clear fountain's flow,

And thus fulfil the purpose of their God-So doth the soul its mystic courses run, And live the life assigned it from on high; When earth-born clouds exclude the moral sun,

"Tis then, perchance, bright angel guides are nigh! Oh! ye who deem yourselves in virtue drest, And frown on those the "righteous" ones disown. Take heed lest when thy judge shall make the test, In wealth of heart they may exceed your own.

The soul that sinks doth sink to rise again, 'Tis not man's choice alone that he should fall, And were but one consigned to endless nain-T'would poison bliss and Heaven itself appall!

As God is God in Wisdom, Love and Power, Then nothing fails-all is as He deems lit. And Man, despite his dark and mortal hour, Is heir eternal to the infinite.

· Tests of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal:

It was twelve years ago. I did not believe then in spiritual phenomena. I was on a visit to a sister in Massachusetts. My mother had lived in that house for fifteen years, and died there two years previous to my visit. She had died while "saying her prayers" at the bedside, without sickness. She was seventy-six years old. The next morning, in Washington D C she had controlled a ledy and full the ington, D. C., ehe had controlled a lady, and told the whole story of her death, even to the words of consternation, wouder, grief and sympathy, exchanged between her own daughter and son-in-law, when they found her. She said (the medium): "I did not know that I was dead until I saw my own mother standing beside me, who said, 'Why, Rhoda, you are in the 'spirit land!"

My sister, whom I was visiting, wished me to sit for communications with her and husband, in the room where our mother died. It had never been done, but my sister said: "Perhaps mother can communicate with us in her own room in which she had slept for so many years. She must have magne-tized it." With great reluctance I consented. We three only were at the table. The first evening it tipped. After that there were raps, sometimes on top of the table, but mostly on the leg nearest me. After a week we had satisfactory test communications. I had become very much interested and saw

After about two weeks of these proceedings my sister one evening said, "Mother, do you think you could raise the table from the floor in order to show Henry such a phenomenon?" The answer came, "Yes," and immediately the mahogany table was raised evenly from the floor as high as my own eyes. Our hands were joined on top of the table, We were at an open window about twelve feet from mother's bed. The table settled slowly to the floor without noise. Then again my sister said, "Mother, do you think you can move the table to the

spot where you died, that Henry may see?"
Answer, "Yes."
Suddenly the table moved out of the only open space between the three chairs, without noise, and without seeming to touch the floor, and still not high above the floor. When we three had risen from our chairs, the table was at the bed-post, bowing tow-ards and touching it, which it did three times. As we rushed toward the table it returned to its former place between the three chairs place between the three chairs.

A month after this I had a letter through Charley

Foster, the celebrated medium (now dead) from my mother, in her own handwriting, and in her own affectionate, characteristic language. For a year longer I honestly investigated in a scientific manner so-called Spiritualism. Now I am a thorough believer in its science and religion.
St. Louis, Mo. HENRY S. CHASE, M. D.

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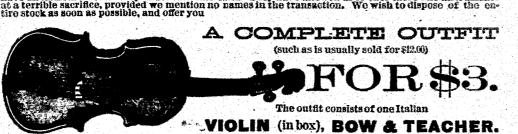
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DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME.

The Blindman's World. (Continued from First Page

our world a certain sweet madness, under the influence of which we forget all that is untoward in our lot, and would not change it for a god's. So far is this sweet madness regarded by men as a compensation, and more than a compensation, for all their miseries that if you know not love as we know it, if this loss be the price you have paid for your divine foresight, we think ourselves more favored of God than you. Confess that love. with its reserves, its surprises, its mysteries, its revelations, is necessarily incompatible with a foresight which weighs and measures every experience in advance." "Of love's surprises we certainly know nothing," was the reply. "It is believed by our philosophers that the slightest surprise would kill beings of our constitution like lightning; though of course this is merely theory, for it is only by the study of earthly conditions that we are able to form an idea of what surprise is like. Your power to endure the constant buffetings of the unexpected is a material confidence of the surpression of t ter of supreme amazement to us; nor, according to our ideas, is there any difference between what you call pleasant and painful surprises. You see, then, that we cannot envy you these surprises of love which you find so sweet, for to us they would be fatal. For the rest, there is no form of happiness which foresight is so well calculated to enhance of the of love. Tell ma explain to you hance as that of love. Let me explain to you how this befalls. As the growing boy begins to be sensible of the charms of woman, he finds himself, as I dare say it is with you, preferring some type of face and form to others. He dreams oftenest of fair hair, or may be of dark, of blue eyes or brown. As the years go on, his fancy, brooding over what seems to it the best and loveliest of every type, is constantly adding to this dream face, this shadowy form, traits and lineaments, hues and contours, till at last the picture is complete, and he becomes aware that on his heart thus subtly has been depicted the likeness of the maiden destined for his arms.

"It may be years before he is to see her, but now begins with him one of the sweetest offices of love, one to you unknown. Youth on earth is a stormy period of passion, chafing in restraint or rioting in excess. But the very passion whose awaking makes this time so critical with you is here a reforming and educating influence, to whose gentle and potent sway we gladly confide our children. The temptations which lead your young men astray have no hold on a youth of our happy planet. He hoards the treasures of his hear for its coming mistress. Of her alone he thinks, and to her all his vows are made. The thought of license would be treason to his sovereign lady, whose right to all the revenues of his being he joyfully owns. To rob her, to abate her high prerogatives, would be to impoverish, to insult, himself; for she is to be his, and her honor, her glory, are his own. Through all this time that he dreams of her by night and day, the exquisite re-ward of his devotion is the knowledge that she is aware of him as he of her, and that in the inmost shrine of a maiden heart his image is set up to receive the incense of a tenderness that needs not to restrain itself through fear of possible cross or separation.

"In due time their converging lives come together. The lovers meet, gaze a moment into each other seyes, then throw themselves each on the other's breast. The maiden has all the charms that ever stirred the blood of an earthly lover, but there is another glamour over her which the eyes of earthly lovers are gin's breast he beholds his children. He is prescient, even as his lips take the first-fruits of hers, of the future years during which she is to be his companion, his ever-present solace. his chief portion of God's goodness. We have read some of your romances describing love as you know it on Earth, and I must confess, my friend, we find them very dull.

"I hope," he added, as I did not at once speak, "that I shall not offend you by saying we find them also objectionable. Your literature possesses in general an interest for us in the picture it presents of the curiously inverted life which the lack of foresight compels you to lead. It is a study especially prized for the development of the imagination, on account of the difficulty of conceiving conditions so opposed to those of intelligent beings in general. But our women do not read your romances. The notion that a man or woman should ever conceive the idea of marrying a person other than the one whose husband or wife he or she is destined to be is profoundly shocking to our habits of thought. No coubt you will say that such instances are rare among you, but if your novels are faithful pictures of your life, they are at least not unknown. That these situations are inevitable under the conditions of earthly life we are well aware, and judge you accordingly; but it is needless that the minds of our maidens should be pained by the knowledge that there anywhere exists a world where such travesties upon the sacredness of marriage are possible.

"There is, however, another reason why we discourage the use of your books by our young people, and that is the profound effect of sadness, to a race accustomed to view all things in the morning glow of the future, of a literature written in the past tense and relating exclusively to things that are ended." "And how do you write of things that are past except in the past tense?" I asked. "We write of the past when it is still the future. and of course in the future tense," was the reply. "If our historians were to wait till after the events to describe them, not alone would nobody care to read about things already done, but the histories themselves would probably be inaccurate; for memory, as I have said, is a very slightly developed faculty with us, and quite too indistinct to be trustworthy. Should the Earth ever establish communication with us, you will find our histories of interest; for our planet, being smaller, cooled and was peopled ages before yours, and our astronomical records contain minute accounts of the earth from the time it was a fluid mass. Your geologists and biologists may yet find a mine of information here."

In the course of our further conversation it came out that, as a consequence of foresight, some of the commonest emotions of human nature are unknown on Mars. They for whom the future has no mystery can, of course, know neither hope nor fear. Moreover, every one being assured what he shall attain to and what not, there can be no such thing as rivalship, or emulation, or any sort of competition in any respect; and therefore all the brood of heartburnings and hatreds, engendered on Earth by the strife of man with man, is unknown to the people of Mars, save from the study of our planet. When I asked if there were not, after all, a lack of spontanelty, of sense of freedom, in leading lives fixed in all details beforehand, I was reminded that there was no difference in that respect between the lives of the people of Earth ad of Mars, both alike being according to

God's will in every particular. We knew that will only after the event, they before,—that was all. For the rest, God moved them through their will as he did us, so that they had no more sense of compulsion in what they did than we on Earth have in carrying out an anticipated line of action, in cases where our anticipations chance to be correct. Of the absorbing interest which the study of the plan of their future lives possessed for the people of Mars, my companion spoke elo-quently. It was, he said, like the fascination to a mathematician of a most elaborate and exquisite demonstration, a perfect algebraical equation, with the glowing realities of life in place of figures and symbols.

When I asked if it never occurred to them to wish their futures different, he replied that such a question could only have been asked by one from the earth. No one could have toresight, or clearly believe that God had it, without realizing that the future is as in-capable of being changed as the past. And not only this, but to foresee events was to foresee their logical necessity so clearly that to desire them different was as impossible as seriously to wish that two and two made five instead of four. No person could ever thoughtfully wish anything different, for so closely are all things, the small with the great, woven together by God that to draw out the smallest thread would unravel creation through all eternity.

While we had talked the effective had

While we had talked the afternoon had waned, and the sun had sunk below the horizon, the roseate atmosphere of the planet im-parting a splendor to the cloud coloring, and a glery to the land and sea scape, never par-alleled by an earthly sunset. Already the familiar constellations appearing in the sky reminded me how near, after all, I was to the Earth, for with the unassisted eye I could not detect the slightest variation in their position. Nevertheless, there was one wholly novel feature in the heavens, for many of the host of asteroids which circle in the zone between Mars and Jupiter were vividly visible to the naked eye. But the spectacle that chiefly held my gaze was the Earth, swimming low on the verge of the horizon. Its disc, twice as large as that of any star or planet as seen from the earth, flashed with a brilliancy like that of Venus. "It is, indeed, a lovely sight," said my companion, "although to me always a melancholy one, from the contrast suggested between the radiance of the orb and the benighted condition of its inhabitants. We call it 'The Blindman's World.'" As he speke he turned toward a curious structure which stood near us, though I had not before particularly observed it. "What is that?" I asked. "It is one of our telescopes," he replied. "I am going to let you take a look, if you choose, at your home, and test for yourself the powers of which I have boasted;" and having adjusted the instrument to his satisfaction, he showed me where to apply my eye to what answered to the eye-piece.

I could not repress an exclamation of amazement, for truly he had exaggerated nothing. The little college town which was my home lay spread out before me, seemingly almost as near as when I looked down upon it from my observatory windows. It was early morning, and the village was waking up. The milkmen were going their rounds, and workmen, with their dinner-pails, were hurrying along the streets. The early train was just leaving the railroad station. I could see the puffs from the smoke-stack, and the jets from the cylinders. It was strange not to hear the hissing of the steam, so near I shut to,—the glamour of the future. In the blushing girl her lover sees the fond and faithful wife, in the blithe maiden the patient, pain-consecrated mother. On the virtue of the future is a seemed. There were the college buildings on the fill, the long rows of windows flashing of the hill, the long rows of windows flashing of the future. In the seemed. There were the college buildings on the fact of the future of the future. In the seemed. There were the college buildings on the future of the future of the future. In the seemed. There were the college buildings on the future of the there was an unusual bustle around the buildings, considering the earliness of the hour. A crowd of men stood about the door of the observatory, and many others were hurrying across the campus in that direction. Among them I recognized President Byxbee, accompanied by the college janitor. As I gazed they reached the observatory, and passing through the group about the door, entered the building. The president was evidently going up to my quarters. At this it flashed over me quite suddenly that all this bustle was on my account. I recalled how it was that I came to be on Mars, and in what condition I had left affairs in the observatory. It was high time I were back there to look

after myself. Here abruptly ended the extraordinary document which I found that morning on my desk. That it is the authentic record of the conditions of life in another world which it purports to be I do not expect the reader to believe. He will no doubt explain it as another of the curious freaks of somnambulism set down in the books. Probably it was merely that, possibly it was something more. I do not pretend to decide the question. I have told all the facts of the case, and have no better means for forming an opinion than the reader. Nor do I know, even if I fully believed it the true account it seems to be, that it would have affected my imagination much more strongly than it has. That story of another world has, in a word, put me ou of joint with ours. The readiness with which my mind has adapted itself to the Martial point of view concerning the Earth has been a singular experience. The lack of foresight among the human faculties, a lack I had scarcely thought of before, now impresses me, ever more deeply, as a fact out of harmony with the rest of our nature, belying its promise,—a moral mutilation, a deprivation arbitrary and unaccountable. The spectacle of a race doomed to walk backward, beholding only what has gone by, assured only of what is past and dead, comes over me from time to time with a sadly fantastical effect which I cannot describe. I dream of a world where love always wears a smile, where the partings are as tearless as our meetings, and death is king no more. I have a fancy, which I like to cherish, that the people of that happy sphere, fancied though it may be, represent the ideal and normal type of our race, as perhaps it once was, as perhaps it may yet be S. ERASTUS LARRABEE. again.

Among the illustrations for "The Life of Lincoln." in the Century for November, was a fine portrait of Sarah Bush Lincoln (stenmother of Abraham Lincoln) at the age of seventy-six. This portrait explains the most important influence in the president's early life. It will be remembered that Mrs. Lin coln said to Abraham: "I can say—what scarcely one mother in a thousand can say— Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused in fact or appearance to do anything I asked him. His mind and mine -what little I had—seemed to run together.

... I had a son John who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys, but I must say, both now being dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw or expect to."

Dost thou love life? Then waste not time. for time is the stuff that life is made of.-Franklin.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself .- Thales.

A Mother can not be Happy in Heaven When her Child is in Sin.

. BY MRS. MARY A. AHRENS.

On a cold biting day in December, of the ear—when unusual hard times had cut down wages, limiting food and fuel even in the homes of the provident, want and squalor ran riot in the homes of the intemperate. A number of noble men and women banded together, calling themselves the Citizens' League. Many were the charities bestowed by them, and warmth and love entered homes wherever they went. A certain minister of this city asked as a special favor to be allowed to go in company with a member of the band, into some of the places where the two spectres, Fever and Famine, were sure to be found. In accordance with his wishes, Mr. M. this day took him by the arm; soon they found themselves in a hovel where the liv-ing were fast becoming spectres; for lying on a dirty pile of tainted bedding were a woman and child. As the visitors came near, they believed the woman to be dead, so hol-low and ghastly the eyes, so pinched and wan the face, that it seemed as though merciful death must have ended a life of sorrow and want; but no, there is a light of life still in those rolling eyes, and a voice from out those thin lips proclaiming a consciousness still to hunger and want. Her story was soon told; he, the strong one on whom she once had leaned, once had loved, yea, still loved, had fallen into bad ways; times grew hard, work scarce, and then he got discouraged, gave up trying, did odd jobs when he could get them; then he went to drinking—and that was all. Yes, the baby was sick; please God it might

die, but then there were Fanny and Mary, what would become of them? If it were not for them, she, too would like to go with the baby. As she spoke she turned her face in the direction of a dark corner of the room; the visitors' eyes followed her gaze. They saw crouching as in fear two little girls, about the age of ten or twelve. No word nor smile could win them, hunger and cold had pinched and stunted them; it would take food and clothing to nourish and warm their bodies into life or a their tengues could be lessoned.

into life ere their tongues could be loosened. Mr. M. gathered from the woman, that her husband was now at a drinking place close by. "Poor Tom," she said, "did not always stay away so long; this time he had not been home for two days." Mr. M. and the minis-ter who wanted a better acquaintance with sin and misery than his church members afforded him, went to the place designated by the woman. They found Tom. Mr. M. entered into conversation with him, gave a vivid description of the place they had just left. Tom looked up in surprise and said:
"Why, that's my home; it beats all hell, the
misery that is there!" Mr. M. then spoke of
the time when it must have seemed happier and brighter; of a time when he must have loved the woman he made his wife; spoke of his early manhood, when he would have scorned to drink up the money which should have gone for food and fuel; yea, he spoke, to him of the love and strength in him now, bleated and heavited even the met he work. bloated and besotted even though he was.

Poor Tom could not stand this. He could bear curses, they suited him; but words of sympathy touched a chord which vibrated all through his nature. Looking up into the face of the man who had addressed him as a brother, tears came into his eyes. "What can I do," he said. "Nobody wants me, nobody will give me work."

Mr. M. grasped Tom's hand. "You come home with us, and we'll see; only be a man

The same kind Tom went to his home. hand carried food and fuel to the wretched hovel. In a few days the baby died, but the mother lived on,-attended only now by one spectre; Fever alone kept watch; Famine had been driven out. Tom had been induced to sign a pledge; work had been given him by one of Chicago's most philanthropic men. In few weeks he was able to earn the food his family needed. Just at this time there appeared an angel

in Tom's house. Where once had lain the poor suffering complaining woman, made bitter by neglect, there now lay a patient, hopeful; patient with her own pain, and hopeful for him who had been the love of her youth. "Oh! Tom," she would say, "I shall stay with you until you have earned enough money to rent and furnish just one room, where you, Fanny and Mary can live. Then I shall go where baby is waiting for me. Yes. Tom, dear baby and I shall be together, but then you know, I shall watch and wait for you and the girls. Fanny is most a woman now. Tom, when I am gone she will wash and cook for you.'

All this time the suffering earth-worm was getting ready for the wings which, in all times, poets and painters have given unto his ministering angels who do his bidding. And thus we repeat, there was an angel in Tom's home. For days she remained with them, cheering and directing her children; a consolation to Tom when he returned from his work and found her still able to speak to

The day came when Tom once more tenderly raised the light form of his wife in his arms, placed it in a rocking chair, which he proudly said, he had earned for her. Tom and Mr. M. carried the chair with its light burden out from the old hovel-out into the air-down the street-up a flight of stairs into Tom's new home, all earned and paid for by himself. As they placed the chair in the middle of the room, the suffering woman raised her eyes, a smile of peace came over her face and she said: "Tom's home! Now the girls are safe. I am ready to go." Yes, she was. Loving hands carried her into a new home-"the house not made with hands," where ministering angels were waiting for her, and where her baby was waiting for her, too, up in the presence of her father, who said, "Enter thou into the joy of thy rest?"

Months have lengthened into years. Tom and his girls have found new friends, but none so dear as those who led him from sin, who watched and waited upon his dear wife, and who consoled him when she went away; among them all none more revered and respected than Mr. M., who has been so steadfast and true, ever ready to counsel with him, ever mindful and watchful over the two girls.

About four years after the death of the mother, Mr. M. was spending an evening with us. Our conversation turned upon the question of life beyond the grave or a continuance of the life that is, and a belief in Spiritualism. Mr. M. said: "I should like some proof that my loved ones are near me; that they do watch over us," and much more of the same sort. Then he related the above story to me, giving many little details, and closed his remarks by saying: "I don't know why I tell you this unless it came because I got a letter to-day from the minister who went with me that time, and it has brought it all back." As he rose to leave, I attending him to the door of the parlor, he turned and

said: "Some day I shall introduce you to Tom; he wants to speak to you." Something like a rustle over in one corner of the room attracted my attention, and there by the side of the organ I saw standing the picture of a man. I looked at it a moment, recognized it as the likeness of a man who came and introduced himself to me at a public meeting the Sunday before. A light came into my mind. I spoke to my husband: "Why,I know Tom! They have just shown me his picture." By "they" I mean those influences or spirits which have so constantly instructed and as constantly mystified me. We thought the coincidence a strange one. We said good night, and sepa-

rated. The next Sunday I was present at a meet ing where tests and messages from departed ones were given. A stranger to me rose and turning to Mr. M., who sat near him, said: "There stands by your side the form of a woman. She tells me to thank you for what you have done for her, but that she is in great trouble. I don't get any name." I was seated on the opposite side of the hall, when a spirit voice said: "It is Tom's wife; get up and tell him so." Being willful, I refused to do this. Again the voice entreated me to tell him the name. Under cover of the singing, I rose and went to Mr. M.'s side and gave him the communication. Quick as a flash, a mother's agony was poured into me. My heart seemed bursting with the intense strain, when the voice of a woman said distinctly and audibly: "Tell him that a mother can not rest in heaven when her child is in "

I gave the message as given to me, saying: "I don't know what it means. Do you?" As I looked up for an answer, I saw tears in Mr. M.'s eyes, and with much agitation he said: "My God, Mrs. A., I do! You go home with me. There is work to be done; we need you." I went. A strange revelation of spirit intercourse and watchfulness was in store for me. Mr. M. and his wife related the following, giving me most reliable proof why a mother could not be happy in heaven when her child was in sin; and showing me once again how the two worlds unite, and how spirit embod-ied may work with spirit disembodied, or

Tom had yielded to solicitations of relatives, and Mary had gone to live with an aunt, a distance away from the city. Thus the girls were separated. Fanny, now a girl of sixteen, had been missing from her home for ten days or more. She had been sought for, and at last been found in a place of injurity had as seen metapage as and and discounter the second seed and discounter had as seen metapage as and and discounter had a seen metapage as a seed and discounter had a seen metapage as a seed and discounter had a seen metapage as a seed and discounter had a seen metapage as a seen iquity, under circumstances so sad and dis-graceful, that it seemed a pity she were not dead. Now that she was found the grave question was, What to do with her? It was a case that called for firmness, and yet the girl could not be reached by force, or at least could not be rescued by it. Her father in his despair was angry one moment, and the next weeping. A home she must have with some restraints. A lady who had influence and could secure admission into the industrial school at Evanston, was interested in the girl; but the girl's consent to go there must be won. From 3 o'clock in the afternoon until 10 at night we pleaded, persuaded and prayed with this girl to consent to the terms, and to go willingly into the school. At last we were rewarded. The next day her father accompanied her to her new home, and left her with watchful friends, none more so than her own mother who had now become her guardian angel.

Fell Dead White Blaspheming.

Four years ago John A. Brown, an intelligent colored man, for many years a resident of this city, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, studied medicine under Dr. Edward VonDonhoff, the well-known surgeon of 109 East Chestnut Street. Brown was an apt pupil, and followed his studies with much application under Dr. VonDonhoff for two years, with much advantage to himself. At the end of that time he went off to New York and attended lectures in one of the largest and best medical colleges in the country. When his course was finished he graduated in the upper half of his class, and came back to Louisville to settle and practice his profession. He was well acquainted with the colored people, conversed well and dressed smartly, and before long he had a large and lucrative practice. The only drawback to his popularity was the fact that he never attended church, and openly boasted of being an atheist. Dr. Brown, being a single man, occupied a sleeping-room over his office at 1411 Grayson Street.

Last Sunday night about 10:30 o'clock Brown met Rachael Jones and Elvira Smith colored women, who together occupy a house in his neighborhood, as they were coming from church, and accompanied them home. One of the women asked him inside, and he entered. Several more colored people came in, and the company were sitting around the fireplace talking, when a religious controversy sprang up between two of the men They were arguing their point when Dr. Brown stopped them. He said they were two fools, and were talking a mere lot of bosh He said there was no Christ, and that the person of that name was merely an ordinary person, who happened to be better morally than the people among whom he lived. He said there was no God, and that he was an imaginary person whom people liked to believe in simply because it makes them comfortable. He made fun of sacred things, and was in the midst of a tirade of awful blasphemy, when he fell from his chair a corpse



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