

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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EASTER SERMON

By J. H. Palmer, Minister Universalist Church, Charlotte, Mich.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)
"And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre." Luke, xxiv: 2.

This is one of the world's harmony days. Wherever the influence of the Roman Catholic Church is felt, directly or indirectly, this is a day of praise, rejoicing and hope. Tomorrow we may be Unitarian or Universalist, Presbyterian, Baptist or Methodist; today, at least, we acknowledge the word and authority of the Pope, and celebrate in one form or another, the resurrection of the immortal Nazarene. A century ago this was not so. Then, among English speaking peoples at least, no churches excepting the Roman and Episcopal, but looked upon the observance of the day with abhorrence. In New England there was a most intense hatred of all holy days except those established by the Puritans themselves—Fast Day and Thanksgiving—and which they put as nearly upon Easter and Christmas as they dared to do.

People who kept the older days were as obnoxious as criminals of smaller degree, and if they desired peace and comfort were careful to keep the matter secret. But the old harshness and coldness are gone, and thank God, forever gone, and the pulpits of almost all the churches are to-day beautiful with flowers, while the song of faith in the heart beyond takes a stronger tone and the heart a firmer hold upon its highest desire,—the desire to live on after the narrow circle of this fleeting existence is complete.

The only exceptions to the observance of this festival on to-day, in Christian lands, is found in the Greek, Armenian and other Oriental churches. They have always adhered to the older and more correct date, and make the celebration synchronous with the Jewish Passover. The belief of his disciples was that Christ rose from the dead on the first day of the week, or Sunday. The crucifixion occurred on Friday, the 14th of Nisan. This was the day of preparation. All leavened bread was put out of the houses and all faithful Israelites, excepting those ceremonially impure, appeared before the Lord with an offering proportioned to their means.

There can be no question as to the date of the crucifixion, for there is no more doubt as to the proper date of the Passover than there is of the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

This, of course, fixes also the proper date of Easter. The early church, that is, the apostolic congregations, for they were not churches as we understand the term, celebrated the resurrection every Sunday, and if they were Jews, kept the Sabbath of their fathers in addition. The latter was kept as holy unto the Lord; the former as a feast day or a day of rejoicing. But the weekly occurrence of a festival day soon made it a burden and caused it to lose its beautiful significance; and if we may credit the rebukes of Paul, to degenerate into an occasion of gluttony and drunkenness. The increase of the non-Jewish element among the Christians, the early determination of Paul and his followers to separate wholly from Judaism, more and more tended to bring the Mosaic Sabbath into disrepute, and finally, as Christianity became a political power in Rome, and began to adopt the Roman festivals, processions, robes and rites, it fell into almost utter disuse, and the few who continued to keep it became objects of contempt and were finally condemned as heretics. The choice had to be made between observing the festival annually on the day of the year when it would naturally occur, or on some Sunday to be agreed upon by the church. The struggle was long and acrimonious. It led to extend-

ed persecutions, terrible sufferings and cruel wars. At last the Gentile pagan was victorious, and as he had put the date of the Messiah's birth at the time of the feast of Saturn, so he decreed the celebration of his resurrection from the dead at the date of the feast of flowers, for in the sunny clime of Italy this season corresponds to the glory and fullness of our June.

The day is none the less to us because we are fully aware of its illogical and unchristian antecedents. We even take a wider view and note how, unconsciously, the church was gathering around this day many of the sweetest and most beautiful myths and beliefs of all the ages. Like the name Sunday, so the very name Easter is purely pagan. Change *e* to *o* and you have the same word, but you also have the Saxon name for Flora, the goddess of the spring, who by her bringing again the warmth of the sun, the awakening of the earth, and the freshness of the flowers, brings also beautiful suggestions of the life of the soul after the winter of death.

The Easter lily, with all the poetry and purity that it suggests, is as a symbol of resurrection more than 5,000 years old. Before Abraham, in the grand civilization of the most ancient Egypt, men believed in immortality, and the lotus or lily was, as it rose in refreshing beauty and fragrance from the mud of the sacred river, the floral symbol of their faith. From Egypt the symbol traveled into Asia, and took a prominent place in the mystical, highly spiritual worship of the Brahmins. Of all the prayers that ascend heavenward and that have so ascended for centuries, none has fallen so often from human lips as this of the worshiper of Brahm, "Om, the jewel in the lotus, Amen!" You say that it is unmeaning, and so it may be—almost as much so as the prayer of the average Christian—but we pray it ourselves when we bring our lily to the church as a symbol of our own faith, and through the teaching of its revived existence put a larger hope into our own souls, for the "jewel in the lotus" is the mysterious, hidden germ of life.

From the ancient Roman we get another suggestion, purely pagan and not so poetical as the Egyptian thought; the use of the egg as an Easter symbol. It, too, contained a hidden vitality, and is, in one form or another, the source of all physical being, and its use as a worship token, a sign of faith in the perpetuity of existence, is at least a thousand years older than the Christian church. So while we listen to the voices of Hope as they sing in such various tones to our souls, while we may feel thankful that we are Christians, Protestant Christians, let us not borrow a good in thankless arrogance, but let us also be grateful that we are catholic Christians; yea, let us be thankful that we are brother and sister pagans with the ancient lotus lover on the banks of the Nile, with the Brahmin, ancient and modern, in the valleys of the Indus and on the banks of the Ganges. The day thus becomes to us more vital with the thought of brotherhood, more potent with the power of love, more beautiful with the sunlight of a universal faith, and it is none the less our day because it is the day of all the world.

We do not lessen the essential value of Christ's teachings because out of the larger world which he did not know, we bring something to supplement and beautify them. The most beautiful diamond receives the most costly setting, and so we bring to the unadorned truth of the Galilean carpenter all the adornments of the centuries. It was only in his conceptions of relationship, duty and love that he varied from his countrymen. He lived, labored, suffered and died a Jew, and not even as a Jew of urban, but of provincial preferences, if not prejudices. Had his teachings remained the simple truth he gave to the world, they would have made no progress and long ere this would have been forgotten. They needed the delusions of mysticism, error, statecraft and ceremonial to make them acceptable.

The churches organized to-day the nearest to the primitive idea, are the smallest, least popular, and save in an indirect way, the least influential. We look in vain among the so-called Christian denominations for one that dares to stand simply upon foundation laid by the unpretentious, guileless, penniless democrat of the Genneserath valley; one that like him, was so impressed with the value of the lowliest life that beside it all the world was valueless; so filled with the grandeur of duty that all material grandeur became as dust; so unwrapped in the poetry of love divine and human, that the music of the spheres was all unheard, the voices of nature all as the very stillness of death.

Such a life is yet too high; we cannot attain unto it; yea, so high that to the great mass of his followers it seems impossible to have been lived by a man; they aver that it was of necessity the life of a god. Therefore our paganism is a necessity, and not only to-day, but at all times when we try to comprehend the mind that was in Christ we are compelled by the very weakness of our humanity to have recourse to symbol, to figure, to mystical allusion and flights of imagination. Upon this holiday—for it is holy, let us not grudgingly but willingly, admit the extent of our human frailty, and trust that although, because of our limitations we are thus driven to use these days as the very crutches for our poor spirits that desire to fly when they can barely crawl, we may still approach to some glimpse of the ineffable glory!

"O Love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream
Thou leave'st us when we turn from Thee!

"All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit,
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

"Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed then knoweth;
Wide as our need, thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all."

This broad idea of the true significance of the Easter festival has a real value in another way; it relieves the mind from many of the perplexities incident to an acceptance or rejection of the various accounts of the resurrection of Christ. So long as people believed in the resurrection of the body, there was not much trouble upon this point, but when modern science, as it long ago did, demonstrated the absolute earthiness of man's material organism, making him simply one in the long line of the animals that God had created, insuperable doubts began to intrude themselves. The proofs were not strong that Jesus in bodily form arose from the dead, and when it became apparent that even if he did, it proved nothing as to the possibility of our own resurrection, for it was of an entirely different nature; the fact, if it were a fact, became valueless. It did not meet our need. Across the broader field the way is clear. We may believe that the apostles firmly rested upon the doctrine which they everywhere preached as true, that Jesus conquered the grave, and rose triumphant from its rocky embrace. We may believe that this strong faith in a delusion gave them a dauntless courage, and an unshaken determination to preach the gospel as no faith in any reality could possibly have done, (for erroneous beliefs have blessed the world as well as true ones), and yet not a ray of brightness that gathers around this hour need to go out of it. Above the dust of all exploded legends, discarded miracles, and contradictory gospels, rises the grand fact that man needed these things to aid him in finding a basis for his hope because he was not aware, and through stubbornness and ignorance could not be made aware, of the largeness of the divine mercy, and how soon, and how certainly, God spoke this great hope of immortality into the life of mankind. We garner our grain from the sowing of centuries; the chaff only is blown away. From the coarse polytheism of Egypt, we, like the Brahmin have saved the symbol of the lotus because of the jewel therein—its suggestion of a resurrection. From the materialism of the south of Europe, we retain only that which is potent in the same manner, and from amid the mistakes of Galilean fishermen, we gladly gather the grain of truth which in their way they secured to the succeeding ages. It is not that Galilee is less to us but that God is more; it is not because our faith in immortality is weak, but because of the greater strength which comes from the thought that in this, as in countless other things, God was better than the narrow mind of man conceived him to be, and so had not left any of his children without a witness of the eternal possibilities.

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
That is more than liberty.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the eternal
Is wonderfully kind."

A casual glance fails to discover the extent and intricacy with which this belief in immortality, sometimes latent, sometimes active, is woven into life that now is. We say sometimes, especially when ceasing to awaken our souls to the stress of immediate duty, "One world at a time." In a narrow sense this is correct. We know nothing as to the realities of the life that is to be. In this life, we can and do, change, improve, make and mar by the course of daily deeds, much of earthly prosperity and happiness. Performance of daily duty is but the command of daily necessity. Faith in immortality will feed no hungry, clothe no naked, add nothing to the world's stock of knowledge. All these things are of the earth and make to us their incessant appeals from the plane of our present activities.

But they make up the smaller part of life, and though we give to them so much of our time, they go but a little way toward completing the sum of its best gifts to him who truly lives.

We really live in our personal relations. We are rich, if rich at all, in the realm of the affections. Take out of the world the mighty kingdom of love, the love of parent for child, of marital affinity, of the philanthropist for his kind, the love that makes duty pleasure, that defies suffering, that courts death for the benefit of its object, but leave in the world the wealth of mines, the beauty of palaces, the empire of human invention, "all that glory and that wealth ever gave," and your heart tells you that the world is poorer than a beggar's hut, more bleak and barren than an arctic winter.

It is the demand of Duty, not the dear desire of Love, that says "One world at a time." The voice of duty dies with duty done. Love ever sings of the eternities. Therefore, whatever is beautiful with Love is beautiful with something of that light "that never was on land nor sea," and the touch of her fancy paints the pictures of the years to be—evermore to be—and the eye of affection spans every grave in all the broad universe with a rainbow of eternal hope. Love has put immortality into all the sweetest poetry, the loftiest sentiments, the grandest paintings, the noblest statues, that have been sung, or spoken, or limned or chiseled, throughout

the realms of poetry, oratory or art since God first moved upon the great deep of the human affections and said, "Let there be love."

And all this is above logic, beyond reason. Men have written solemn books to prove the soul of man immortal. They have done laborious years of thinking endeavoring by the keen point of the intellect to pierce the shadow that shuts to-morrow from to-day.

The mother heart yearning for the little one asleep in the valley of shadows, the old man who alone in the evening hour calls the names of his friends of the long ago, and has no answer but silence, and the echo of silence, has that which the wealth of books, the power of intellect, and the argument of sages cannot give nor take away,—a sentiment, perhaps but half formed, never spoken to the outer ear, that all of love, and love's delight, is garnered in the immortal years; and this sentiment strong from its very vagueness, and this defiance of intellectual clearness, becomes truly "an anchor to the soul," sure and steadfast, and entereth into that within the veil. For this sentiment, unseen hands roll the stone from the door of all earth's sepulchers; for it, the Angel of the Resurrection standing by every open grave in all the world proclaims, "They are not here but risen;" for it, we build our heavens, and more than in any place on earth enshrine therein our holiest memories, our dearest treasures, our everlasting hopes.

This, as in many other things, that which is of the most value to our manhood and womanhood does not come at the end of some logical process, or by the application of the cold laws of mental exactitude. Were we happy only when we knew, did we enjoy only when we could demonstrate the solidity of our ground of enjoyment, how small and how beggarly our world would be. You, oh, my philosopher, who are more than a millionaire in the love of wife and children, who would not give the smile of tender solicitude that lights the face of that wife, and the noisy greeting of those little ones as you cross the threshold of your home at nightfall for all the power of a LaPlace, or the encyclopedic knowledge of a Draper or a Huxley, sit down with me for a moment and try to tell me why you so monopolize a woman's heart, and why you are not only the very riches of the earth to your children, but why they are more than all the world to you. You can give me the weight of the earth to a pound; you know the track of the sun better than the way trod by your own feet on yesterday; you can draw the invisible forces of the outer world from their hidden recesses, make them speak your word and do your daily drudgery; your language is freighted with wise sentences about the universality of law, the conservation of energy, the certainty of effects after causes; but the love of the human heart is as much a mystery to you as to the man who advises you not to trim your rose bushes in the time of the waning moon, and not to trim your nails on Sunday. And some day the light of your home goes out; the way of life is dark; suns, systems, laws, causes, effects, the brightness of the lightning and the mighty power of material forces are a very mockery of your misery, unless across the darkness, that love which you could not fathom and which was higher than your loftiest hypothesis, speaks to your soul its word of cheer.

Then like many another you find consolation and through your tears you see the flashing of angelic wings. You take up the burdens, yea, and the joys of life again, not content, but strengthened, and forever after the world beyond is more real, its ministries more vital, and the hope that is over it all is akin to certainty, because a part of your life has already gone before you and cast anchor-age in the eternal Summer-land.

Your knowledge is no more than it was; you cannot a whit the more demonstrate to any man the existence of this larger life into which, through the gateway of grief and with a baptism of tears your soul has entered, but it is so much a part of your being that you cease to question its reality, or to doubt its benign influences.

And you are glad that your unlearned neighbor has just as strong a hold upon the line that connects you to this other life as you can possibly have. You begin to understand something of that brotherhood of sorrow which makes the whole world kin. Before the world was light and strength; now it is light, strength, sweetness and hope. The stone has been rolled from the door of the sepulcher, and as the women at the tomb of Jesus saw the angel with words of promise, and countenance of light, so do you see him, and shall see him forever more.

I trust that even for those of us who sit in the darkness of the deepest shadows, these Easter days are freighted with hopeful suggestions. We all have common property in the sorrowful heritage of graves. Many of us have gone far down and often into the valley of separation. Like Him whose love the tomb could not contain, we have cried in the hour of our anguish, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" May it not also be that we shall learn from the uplifting ministries of this hour that we are never forsaken, but that the angels of Patience, Resignation and Hope evermore minister unto us? We do not know now, but can we not hear the voice saying, "Ye shall know hereafter?"

Above all other things, let us all strive to become sensible of the clinging nearness of the Infinite Love. Let us so trust God that we shall need no intervening miracle, no solemn church rite, no word of doctrine, no prayer of preacher or priest, to make us conscious of his presence. Sinner and saint alike are enfolded in the arms of the tireless

Providence. The breath of this spring-time hour, the glad voices of the reawakened woodlands, the innocent, speaking eyes of 10,000 flowers, are alike for us all.

If we will but "open the windows of our souls, and bid the Holy Ghost to enter in," we shall with ancient Aratus, realize that "we are all God's offspring."

"God draws a cloud over each gleaming morn;
Do we ask why?
It is because all noblest things are born
In agony.

"Only upon some cross of pain or woe
God's son may lie;
Each soul redeemed from self and sin, must know
Its Calvary.

"Yet more than feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness—
The Father, in his tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless—"

"What though we fall, and bruise and wounded lie
Our lips in dust?
God's arm shall lift us up to victory:
In Him we trust.

"For neither life, nor death, nor things below,
Nor things above,
Shall ever sever us, that we should go,
From His great love!"

An Italian Knight Crosses Pens with Mrs. Watson's Critic.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just read in your excellent JOURNAL of the 23rd of March, the short words of a "Christian Woman" in criticism of Mrs. Watson's lecture, and I willingly endorse what you say about having full respect for those who possess the necessary courage to affirm their convictions and faith; yet it strikes me that such convictions and such faith can easily be explained away, leaving no trace of their apparently reliable source.

I had a discussion with a Monsignore a few weeks ago, about these matters, in the presence of a gifted lady, the wife of an ambassador (S. E. La Senora Donna Eduarda Garcia y Mansilla). In the course of conversation, I having taken my stand as a skeptic wearing no visor, and having therefore told Monsignore *point blank*, that my religion was what Jesus answered the Pharisees (as we read in the Gospels of Luke and of Matthew), namely: "Unswerving faith, trust and love in the Soul of the Universe—God—and love to all our fellow creatures." I begged him, Monsignore, to allow me to ask one question, to which he readily assented. The question was the following: "Do you consider that God can make a blunder?"

He answered: "Assuredly not."
"Well, then," I rejoined, "the entire edifice of Christianity falls to the ground, and not one particle of it remains upright."

"What do you mean?" Monsignore naturally retorted.

"What I mean is simply this: According to Genesis, God did make a blunder in creating Adam and Eve so weak and so defective that they turned out differently to what He intended them to be."

"You are mistaken," Monsignore said, "for you must take into account the privilege of free will with which he endowed them; and they sinned in disobeying the order of their Maker."
I replied: "This is all very well, but has no real meaning. He, the Almighty, made them, yet blundered in making them so badly that the very privilege you mention only tended to clearly prove their want of perfection when put to the test; the fault was His, their Maker's, not theirs; but as you will say, and I am quite of your opinion, that the Almighty cannot possibly be guilty of a blunder; then these nursery tales about Eden, the serpent, and the apple and the subsequent curse, total depravity, and the ridiculous notion of God the Redeemer who finds no dot, alternative than to incarnate on this 'dot,' called Earth, in order to be crucified so as to save (which He to all appearances does not) the almost imperceptible parasites, men, living on it, all fall to the ground, as indeed they well ought, coming to us, as they do, from barbarous ages, and having now fully satisfied their time."

I shall not tell you now how our debate ended; yet will do so another time, if you should care to know. Persuaded as I am that the true doctrine is as I have said, "Love to God and to our fellow men," I consider myself authorized to sport, or rather to continue to sport, the name of Christian, as Jesus is reported to have stated that these two laws constituted the true religion according to the prophets; and I say this, although I have never been able to feel perfectly satisfied that Jesus ever really existed, as there are no authentic historical documents to prove it; and have besides no idea of who wrote the Gospels.

As regards the Gospels, it is well known that at the first Synod of Nice, more than three hundred years after the death of the supposed Christ, there were some sixty Gospels, written by God knows whom, which were so absurd and contradictory one with the other, that the dignitaries of the Church invoked the aid of the Holy Ghost (!) to enlighten them as to which of these they were to give credence to; and the Holy Ghost (that is they, the dignitaries) sorted out ten; which three hundred years later, in a subsequent Synod, were for the same reason and in a like manner, reduced to only four.

People say that having had the power of reaching up to our times through so many centuries, proves that the Christian tenets are based on truth, as else they could not have lasted so long; but people forget the hun-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THE LESSON OF SPIRITUALISM.

Sermon by Rev. E. P. Adams, of Dunkirk, N. Y.

The material or physical forces are not the mightiest. The power of spirit, or mind, is greater than all the potentialities of matter.

The record is simple and straightforward: "Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people."

Now we read of these things that Jesus did, and, blindfolded as we are by the dense materialism of the day, what impression do they make upon our minds?

The great modern phenomena of Spiritualism confronts us as we come upon this theme of the spirit. It is altogether too great a fact to quietly ignore.

Its beginning, nearly forty years ago, in rappings and table-tippings, was in apparent weakness and folly; but it has advanced with the rapid strides of a conqueror.

It claims to have broken down the partition walls between the world visible and the world invisible, the here and the hereafter, revealing the essential nearness of those that have passed through death to those that are still living.

Spiritualism claims, then, in the second place, that there is, and that there is demonstrated to be, in man a conscious individuality that is indestructible, superior to all physical conditions.

Again it claims that beings who were once our friends on earth, and who have passed on to a higher state of existence, return as our helpers; that they await recognition from us, and when they find a receptivity in us exert all their power to lift us up to their higher plane.

Such being the demonstrated facts: 1st, that the unseen world is in the actual presence of the seen, death having no power to separate friends in reality; 2nd, that individual existence is not lost but simply placed in improved conditions by death; and 3rd, that the spirits of our friends and others are engaged in ministering to our development.

1. This knowledge of the future takes away all unreasonable fear of death. It takes away the sting of the terrible dogmas which at the same time they made men afraid to die, did not tend to make them better men.

And what is true of my own religious society is true, also, to a greater or less extent of all religious societies. Spiritualism is not a distinct foreign body outside of the church and of religion any more than it is outside of the home, the shop, the market or the world anywhere.

Another result is a tendency to progress, and free thought, in the best sense of independence of custom and ancient dogma. That the average of Spiritualists are altogether broad, and free, and large minded need not be claimed, though it may be claimed that they compare favorably with any other known class of people in that regard.

And recognizing thus all other religions, orthodox, Romanism, heathen—some of them with doctrines at the very antipodes of its own—how can it consistently refuse, whether or not it believes in its special teachings, to do the same with a body of inquirers that it finds right here in the very heart of Christendom itself and in the very communion of its own churches, even though they are looked upon by some as more dreadful than any heathen that ever worshiped an idol or ate a missionary?

Finally, I am glad to express to you a word of hearty good will, because the kind of religious truth you are inquiring into is one which in our day has need preeminently of fresh evidence. There is no denying that under the light of modern science and of nineteenth century criticism the faith of mankind in a future life, so far as the old proofs go, has been terribly weakened.

Think as you may of Spiritualism, of the character and cause of its phenomena, it is time that you acknowledged your indebtedness to it. It has stood for the great power and reality of spirit. And as to holding it up to ridicule, or cherishing prejudices against it, that is always short-sighted.

At the recent State Convention of the Spiritualists of Connecticut, held in Unity Hall, Hartford, the Rev. Mr. Kimball, pastor of Unity Church, being called upon by the presiding officer at the opening session to say how he felt in such company, came on the platform and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—It gives me pleasure to accept your invitation and to speak to you as a Unitarian clergyman and as the pastor of this church, a few words of welcome and congratulation.

It is no new thing for us Unitarians to have Spiritualists within these walls. A considerable part of my ordinary congregation are either direct believers in the reality of Spiritualistic phenomena, or have more or less sympathy with the interests and objects of your association; and I am bound to say that they are among the best Unitarians and the best men and women that I have in the society—upright, honest, large-hearted, intelligent, appreciative of all truth, devoted personal friends and unflinching upholders of all liberal utterances; and I should be an ungrateful wretch, if to their friends, when they come here, I did not show myself a friend.

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At the recent State Convention of the Spiritualists of Connecticut, held in Unity Hall, Hartford, the Rev. Mr. Kimball, pastor of Unity Church, being called upon by the presiding officer at the opening session to say how he felt in such company, came on the platform and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:—It gives me pleasure to accept your invitation and to speak to you as a Unitarian clergyman and as the pastor of this church, a few words of welcome and congratulation.

been discovered in the human mind, a spiritual telescope more subtle than "Tuscan optic glass," which is capable of answering the questions and solving the problems connected with this world, capable, too, of revealing, yes, communing with its inhabitants, is it strange that so many men and women with minds hungry for truth and hearts hungering for the loved and lost, should watch with intensest interest and sympathy the investigations which are being made as to the reality of such claims and with the liveliest hope that the discovery may be proved genuine.

Of course I know the charges of deceit and fraud that are made against mediums, some of them, alas, too well grounded; and the ridicule and disdain which are cast on the alleged phenomena, at some of which I cannot help smiling myself; but among those who claim to have this strange power I know, also, there are some as true and honest souls as any that anywhere ever testified to religious experience; and among the rubbish, some facts that our philosophy somewhere has got to be enlarged to take in. The testimonies are too many and too widespread, the testifiers too intelligent and high reputed not to indicate a substratum of truth in the claims of Spiritualism; and the time has now gone by when any one who wishes himself to be respected can speak of it as a whole with disrespect.

So, friends, on these grounds I am glad to look you in the face and to give you in your work a hearty God speed. Go on with your organization and your investigations. Experiment, observe, reason; get together all the facts and all the testimonies you can. Perfect your spiritual telescope; let its lens collect all the light out of the unseen world, too diffused and dim for the common eye, that is possible; and a great multitude of us, who, like myself, are destitute of this vision, though we cannot help it along, will at least rejoice in your progress.

And so doing, may the spirit of Him who is in all worlds and over all other spirits, give you, one and all, his blessing.

A SPIRITUAL FUNERAL.

Music and Flowers Take the Place of Prayers and Tears.

A Fond Husband Conducts His Wife's Observances.

A spiritual funeral. No prayers and tears, but music and flowers.

Such was the service conducted over the remains of Mrs. Sarah H. Aspinwall at 272 West Seventh street day before yesterday. They were conducted by the dead woman's husband, and a spirit of contentment rather than sorrow pervaded the assemblage of friends of the deceased.

Mrs. Aspinwall "passed to spirit life" Wednesday evening of last week after a lingering illness. She and her husband, Dr. S. N. Aspinwall, of Minneapolis, arrived in the city early in March on their way home from Boston. Mrs. Aspinwall, who has been an invalid for years, was taken worse, confined to her bed, and gradually growing weaker and weaker, she quietly passed away without a struggle.

The attention of the whole scientific world is turned at this present juncture to the great telescope which is being made for the Lick observatory and which is soon to be mounted under the clear skies of our California shore, the largest instrument of the kind that human genius has ever constructed; and when it is completed and its far reaching eye, the pupil of which is thirty-six inches wide, is turned to the material heavens, there is the intensest curiosity to know what its revelations will be.

Of eight and a half years, who was a general favorite with all. He went out the door with his sister Lizzie. About thirty minutes afterward, while sitting in my office talking with a gentleman, two boys came running in, and throwing a hat down upon the counter, said: "Mr. Aspinwall, there is Lloyd's hat." I jumped up and said: "Where is Lloyd?" They said: "We do not know; guess he is in the river." I ran down to the river dock. Not a soul to be seen. The dark swift waters of the Mississippi rolled majestically on. Well, by that time it had become generally known and the bank was lined with people, boats were out and the river dragged until we were satisfied it was useless, and my wife and myself sorrowfully wended our way back to our home nearly distracted with grief. We had four daughters, but he was our only son, our youngest, our baby, the apple of our eye. Our hearts were bound up in him.

This dear wife never recovered from the shock. After a few weeks the family physician said to me: "Mr. Aspinwall, I can do nothing for your wife. You will have to do one of three things: Go away with her, send her to an insane asylum or bury her." I said: "We will go at once." I left my business in the hands of my employes, with my daughter Sallie, twenty years of age, as general superintendent, and we started for New York, my former home. Among our friends and acquaintances there many were Spiritualists, and they would often say: "Why don't you go to a medium?" We said, oh, bosh, don't talk to us of mediums or Spiritualism. We don't want to be humbugged. It is all fraud. We were strong Presbyterians, and our forefathers had been so for many generations before us, and we had been taught to have faith that life was immortal; but to think for ourselves, and have the knowledge that it was so was a terrible thing and a great sin.

WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN. And who passed away in 1850—"and he says it is all for the best, as I was not very strong any way, and I can grow up in spirit life and prepare a home for you here. Papa, we can travel as quick as thought. You don't care for an old coat you throw away, do you?" I said, no. "Well, my body is like an old coat, of no use." He said, "Mamma, I did not mean to disobey you when I went to the river, but I could not help it. Somebody seemed to call me, and I went down and looked off the deck, and got dizzy and fell in." He told us many things of home and what had happened, so that we were really and fully satisfied that we had indeed talked with the spirit of our dear boy, and from that time commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and I am happy to say that there has not been a doubt in our minds, but a knowledge that life is immortal, and that instead of grief at the change called death it should be a season of rejoicing that the spirit is freed from this mortal or material body, which is subject to all the aches and pains to which flesh is heir to.

"Solar Biology" is the newest addition to Theosophical literature, and is published in Boston. As books of a mystical character are of importance to Transcendentalists, we propose to review this work as candidly as possible, in a spirit of fairness to the general public and the author.

SOLAR BIOLOGY. By a Theosophist.

The work may be classified in the same category with "Art Magic," "Ghostland," "Isis Unveiled," and "The Perfect Way," the author having led the life of a recluse for many years, having made his attainments and having come forth with his mission. The inspiration is of the highest, and if there be spiritual masters over matter, who rule our planetary system (and we reasonably believe there are), there is every indication that this book has come direct from them.

The influence of the sun upon our earth in generating and sustaining life is too well recognized to require any exposition here; but the special feature of the book before us, is that it points out, in a clear and scientific way, the influence of all the planets revolving round our solar circle. The result of the author's astronomical observations is that there has been developed a complete system for discerning human character according to the positions of the planets at the date of birth.

The planets revolving round our sun and belonging particularly to ourselves are (1) Mercury, which is the nearest to the sun and has the narrowest cycle; (2) Venus; (3) our Earth with Moon; (4) Mars; (5) Jupiter; (6) Saturn, and (7) Uranus or Herschel, and to discern their various functions and combinations is very entertaining and instructive. Elaborate diagrams and tables are given.

Solar Biology, by Hiram E. Butler; Esoteric Publishing Company, 478 Seventh Avenue, Boston, Mass.—Price \$1. For sale at the office of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago.

en showing the signs of the Zodiac in which our planets were or will be placed at any particular date. The tables range from 1st of January, 1820 to 31st December 1899, and the calculations being mathematical are, of course, accurate. Chapter XXVII is devoted to "Directions for reading character by the system of Solar Biology," and the following are the signs of the Zodiac applicable to the particular dates of birth within the period of any year.

Table with columns for Birth date (e.g., Mar. 21st, Apr. 19th) and Sign (e.g., Aries, Taurus, Gemini).

The general plan of the work under review is to show that the human family as a whole makes up the solar man and woman. As in the microcosm so in the macrocosm, and although intuitive perception invariably precedes scientific proof, there comes down to us as an heirloom from the ages the idea that the Zodiac embraces the functions of a man. "God geometrized," said Plato, and the more our experience unfolds the more we learn that "Law and order characterize the universe," and that there is an underlying harmony between laws governing the external nature and those which govern character. A great merit, in the eyes of the reviewer, is that "Solar Biology" is not an advocate of fatalism, the author having demonstrated that "tis the wise man rules the stars." In other words, the mission of man is to so control, direct and govern as to develop and overcome. "Solar Biology" teaches the principal doctrines of evolution, but it is evolution of a healthy, moral, and even-religious character, a special chapter being devoted to "Bible History."

The work, I think, will be of special importance to physicians. The number of medical men who dabble more or less in transcendental forces is large. Indeed, so great is the weight of intelligent opinion now in favor of transcendental methods, that we need not hesitate to designate the physical Materialist as "behind the times." The work before us will be prized by those M. D.s who are possessed of intuitive discernment and who desire to have a certain key to the nature and characteristics of their patients. To lovers of the occult in nature the book is charming.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [109 West 29th Street, New York.]

THE SHADOW LAND.

Oh! well may we say, as we pass along Through the world of joy and sorrow, That the land of the living, the land of song, In its radiant glory lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows! It may not be in our joyous youth, When our hearts beat time to pleasure, That our souls will wake to the solemn truth Or thrill to its sudden measure; For bright are the shores of time, When our life is in its prime, And gayly we welcome each thought of the morrow And never dream That its sunset beam May fade in a cloud of sorrow. Oh, no, not thus do we learn the truth By the lips of age outspoken, That the land of the living, the Land of Youth, In its radiant beauty, lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows! They rise before us so fair and bright, And they seem to us so real, That we follow them on, and forget their flight, Flows most from the realms ideal. They come and they pass away, Like the clouds of a summer day, And other phantoms of hope are nigh, Whose fiery lamp Through the earthly damp Seems hung in a cloudless sky. Oh! fondly we cherish our dreams ideal, Unheeding the solemn lesson That the Land of the Living, the only real, In its fadeless beauty, lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows! First pleasure comes with her siren spells, And striking her harp of gladness, We list till we learn from the answering swells, That its charming song is sadness. Alas! what fears arise As the cheating phantom dies! And oh! how the heart with its solemn lore, Spurning the earth With its hollow mirth, Yearns for the Better Shore. But oh! not yet do we leave our toys, Or feel in our inmost being, That the land of living, immortal joys, In its radiant glory lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows. For wealth and fame with their showy train, A splendid crown may weave us; And caught by the glare, we are charmed again, Till we find they, too, deceive us; And then as we see them pass We murmur, Alas! alas! And a voice that wakes in our mournful breast, Sings, What is fame But an empty name Won by the soul's unrest. But manhood, flushed by the wine of health, Still turns from the needed lesson; Nor leaves that land of unfading wealth, In its radiant glory lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows. Next love with her wooing and winsome smiles And shapes of ravishing beauty, With glances of our heart beguiles Till we shrink from the path of duty; And led by her radiant star, That glows in the zenith afar, We follow the phantom that fits before, Till down the stream Of our golden dream She glides, and is seen no more. But, oh! not yet do we look above, Or learn life's beautiful lesson, That the land of the living, the Land of Love, In its radiant glory lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows. Not till our eyes grow dim with years, And we stand in the gloomy portal, Where the soul is free from its earthly fears, And the human becomes immortal, Not till we hear the roar Of the waves upon the shore, Whose throbbings tell of an infinite sea, While angels come From their radiant home, To teach us the truths of eternity! Oh! not till then will our souls be blest, Or rejoice in the beautiful lesson That the land of the living, the Land of Rest, In its radiant glory lies far beyond, And this is the Land of Shadows! —anon.

The freshmen and sophomores of Cornell University have, by vote decided to have no wine at their class banquets, a most noble resolution. Has the presence of young women any thing to do with it? A new town in Texas has been named in honor of Miss Frances E. Willard, and a

young Japanese student is translating into Japanese her book entitled Woman and Temperance. Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt has finished her temperance work in Japan, and gone to China. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is preparing, with the assistance of her son, a memoir of her husband, the late Professor Stowe. Mrs. Helm, postmistress at Elizabethtown, Ky., is a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. When Miss Louisa May Alcott is writing a book, she works fourteen hours out of twenty-four. At such times she leaves her home in Concord, goes to Boston, hires a quiet room, shuts herself up and waits for "an east wind of inspiration which never fails." In a month or so the book is done. She never copies and seldom corrects. Misses Mary and Isabella Prince of California, have been invited by the imperial government to go to Japan, the first as teacher in the Girl's High Normal School, the latter to organize a national school of domestic service for the special purpose of introducing American customs in the Sanrius Kingdom. They are relatives of Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Miss Rosina Heikel is the only lady doctor in Aelsingfos, Finland. She has the medical charge of the poor women and children of that town. Miss Jennie Vaughn lately testified at the Deadwood, Dakota, land office, in making final proof upon her pre-emption claim, that she had personally broken and cultivated over half the land required to be worked by law, had raised several crops, shingled her house, and done much other work not usually performed by women. Eighteen years ago Charles Kingsley, one of the noblest of English clergymen, wrote these words regarding the so-called woman's movement. Kingsley's "Yeast" is among one of the most liberalizing books that have been written by his class, and all his novels are healthy reading. In answer to an invitation to speak at a suffrage meeting he wrote: "I wish much to speak with you on the whole question of woman. In five and twenty years my ruling idea has been that which my friend Huxley has lately set forth as common to him and Comte: that the reconstruction of society on a scientific basis is not only possible, but the only political object worth striving for. One of the first questions naturally was, 'What does science—in plain English, nature and fact (which I take to be the acted will of God)—say about woman, and her relation to man?' And I have arrived at certain conclusions thereon, which, in the face of British narrowness, I have found it wisest to keep to myself. That I should even have found out what I seem to know without the guidance of a woman, and that woman my wife, I dare not assert; but many years of wedded happiness have seemed to show me that our common conclusions were accordant with the laws of things sufficiently to bring their own blessings with them. I beg you, therefore, to do me the honor of looking on me, though, I trust, a Christian and a clergyman, as completely emancipated from those prejudices which have been engrained into the public mind by the traditions of the monastic or common law about women, and open to any teaching which has for its purpose the doing women justice in every respect. In working for the elevation of the race, we are often told to confine attention to children,—the parents of the future. 'Let the manure alone,' they say, 'nothing can be done for them.' Such a conclusion is based on the assumption that only youth progresses. This view of the case is not only hopeless, but erroneous. Is growth, mentally and spiritually, confined to the period of growth physically? Then, indeed, would there be little incentive to work in the moral vineyard. There is little chance that children will rise above the level of their parents when the latter do not improve. It is told as an encouraging fact in the management of kitchen gardens in this and other cities, that when one or two little girls become pupils, the whole family take on new habits of energy, thrift and neatness. Children, in these schools, are taught how to keep their persons neat, how to make beds, sweep rooms, dust, set the table, wash the dishes, and keep the house cleanly and orderly. In most cases the mother is ignorant of these important habits, and she it is who learns of her daughter. Many cases are related where the household has undergone a revolution through the teachings imparted to one little child. That parents can be reached through children better than in any other way, is undeniable. But we shall make mistakes if we do not attempt to reach them at all. Does not one great bar to progress come from a failure to bring ourselves into vital relationship with others? Fraternity, fellowship, oneness of spirit, mean something more than empty words. If one great Heart sends its spiritual life and love through all human beings,—then what becomes of party distinctions and divisions? They who are filled with the spirit, will impart to others without depletion, when once these great thoughts become vital. What we want is real things, not empty forms. Words are cheap; living truths rare and precious. What is true to my neighbor may not be so to me, because I am not ready to take it into my life, to digest it and have it become a portion of my being. When once it is appropriated then it feeds my spiritual nature; it becomes a part of my life and shows in every unconscious act. So it is true that the power of a spiritualizing, energizing, uplifting womanhood, resides in those who once vitally appropriate their birthright. And that birthright is not rank, nor riches, nor mental acquirements, nor external polish,—it is the divine power inherent in woman to be mother, sister, friend, healer and inspirer of a world struggling for moral health and harmony. That this power is innate, though far from showing its real potency, all inspired souls attest. We know not yet what we may become,—what we must become. The burden of the race is laid upon us whether we are willing or not. Like Banquo's ghost, it will not down. Ill health, drunkenness, crime, immorality and dissensions of every kind, selfishness rampant in all states of society,—these are the shadows upon life. Over it all broods everlasting love and peace, joy and holiness. How shall these angels descend into our midst and heal our physical and moral diseases? How shall we make practical the knowledge which has been taught so freely during the last generation? We have heard enough and read enough,—all who peruse the JOURNAL,—to lift our lives to a higher plane if we have vitalized what we have learned. Have we received Truth into our hearts. Lived it, loved it, and appropriated it? Or, has it gone no deeper than the intellect? Is it internal or external, a reality or a name?

Wade Hampton's Belief in Prayer.

The love and admiration in which he is held by the people of South Carolina are illustrated in an incident related by Gen. Hampton when he was recovering from his sickness. "I am certain," he said, "that my life was saved by the frequent prayers of the people of S. Uth Carolina. I was at the point of death and had lost all interest in life when I received a letter from an old Methodist minister, a friend, telling me of his devout petitions put up for my restoration to health by the Methodist conference then in session at Newberry. The letter closed by begging me to exercise my will to live in response to the supplications of the people of the whole state, who were praying for me night and day in every household. When I heard the letter read I promised my sister that I would heed the kind, loving words of the man of God, and arouse my will to live. That night I fell into a deep sleep and dreamed most vividly that I was in a spacious room, in which I was moved to all parts of the state, so that I met my assembled friends everywhere. I remember most distinctly of all old Beaufort, where I had last been. I saw many assemblages, and as I looked down upon them a grave personage approached me and touched me on the shoulder and said to me: 'These people are praying for you. Live! Live! Live!' I never realized anything like it before. It seemed a vision. I woke next morning feeling the life-blood creeping through my veins and I told my family that the crisis was passed and that I should get better." —L. White, in The American Magazine.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered, through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.] MASTERS OF THE SITUATION, or Some Secrets of Success and Power. By William James Fliley, B. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price \$1.25. The author covers a large field of thought in this volume, which is replete with anecdotes and incidents relating to the subject matter treated. Starting with a chapter on Promptness, the value of it in enabling one to become a master of any situation in which he may be placed is vividly presented, and what contributes to fasten it upon the mind of the reader, is illustrated with accounts of the sayings and doings of many of the most notable historical characters whose prompt actions in emergencies made them notable indeed. The chapter on Individuality shows clearly that those sterling inherent qualities which make up the real individual character, when properly developed, round out the separate personalities, each fitted to its special sphere of usefulness, and with correct "habit," proper "Application," and "Promptness," sure to attain to success in that direction. "Habit," "Opportunity," "Health," "Genius," and, in fact, all the various chapters, contain a vast fund of useful ideas expressed in a style at once interesting and instructive. When one takes up the book and commences to read he does not feel content to find it closed, but he has completed it, and when one reads he has the satisfaction of feeling that much useful and usable knowledge has been gleaned from its pages.

UNANSWERABLE LOGIC. A Series of Spiritual Discourses, given through the Mediumship of Thos. Gales Forster. Boston: Colby & Rich. Price, \$1.00.

In this volume, which contains twenty-four lectures as given by Thos. Gales Forster, will be found a clearness of conception, profundity of thought and consciousness of logical deductions on Spiritualism and kindred subjects it would be difficult to find elsewhere presented so clear and complete a form. This is especially true of the chapters, "What lies behind the veil; Jean of Arc; Human Destiny, and Clairvoyance and Clairaudience," but where all is so well stated it seems superfluous to discriminate. This book should not only be in every family, but should be carefully read and remembered.

CAUSE AND CURE OF INEBRIETY. A Treatise by Dr. T. D. Crothers.

We have received from Dr. T. D. Crothers, Superintendent of Walnut Lodge, Hartford, Conn., a copy of his address on the above subject read before the Institute of Social Science of New York last February, in which the causes of intemperance are ably presented, and what appears to be the only radical cure pointed out. His treatment would be heroic and thorough, but humane.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike direct at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

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The following letter to the proprietors of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" explains itself: GINGHAM, OHIO, April 12, 1881. GENTLEMEN:—The writer, who is a tenor singer, desires to state that he was so hoarse on a recent occasion, when his services were necessary in a church choir, that he was apprehensive that he would be compelled to desist from singing, but by taking three of your 'Bronchial Troches' he was enabled to fully participate in the services. Would give my name, but don't want it published. Each of your 'Bronchial Troches' are sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors on the wrapper. Price 25 cents.

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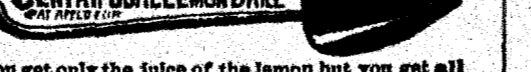
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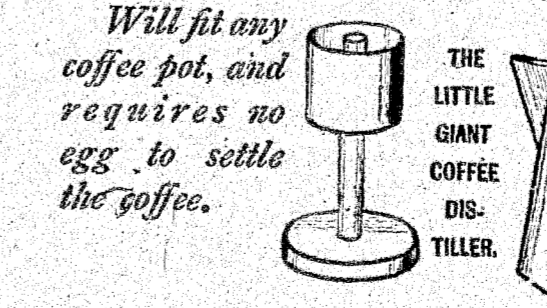
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makes practical the correct principle in making coffee. To boil coffee in the ordinary manner extracts in a bitter form the coffee-tannic-acid, rendering it strong and unpleasant to the taste. The process of Distillation brings out the aromatic flavor of the Coffee, which is the essence and nutrient of coffee. Directions sent with each Distiller. In ordering send height of coffee pot. Price by mail 40 cents. Address PAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

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By JOHN O. BUNDY.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 7, 1887.

Priestly Politics.

The political power of the priesthood has in the past always been great, fortunately for human welfare it is now on the wane. As rapidly as possible it ought to be made to disappear entirely from the earth.

As far back as history leads us we see the priest united with the politician, and the priestly order an organized and farative power to help civil rulers keep the masses in awe.

These ancient customs are the source of all the priestly claims, ceremonies and dignities which have been maintained in the name of Christianity.

The political character of the Romish Church also contains an element and basis which are peculiar to itself and impart to it a quality of supereminent and unapproachable imperiousness and dictatorial assumption.

The political claims and energies of all other Churches are derived from their own connection with the State in which they exist and by which they are fostered.

A case of fact answering to this supposition is found in the difference between the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.

Those who have made a thorough study of the subject declare that the first cause of most unhappy marriages arises from the belief of the husband, sanctioned by law and custom, "that marriage confers on him the ownership of his wife's person."

As Prof. Thwing observes "Incompatibility" is a common euphemism for rigidly practices in the household. Still another reason for unhappiness resulting in divorce, is the refusal on the part of the wife, to take her share of the burdens of married life.

obligations as citizens, like all the rest of the members of the Commonwealth. The Romish Church presents to this no possible parallel. She is not a State Church nor ever was, but The Church, the supreme power and authority on earth, whether allied or not with any earthly State.

When the pope was sovereign of a State he had more power than now; but his claims were no greater than at present, because they were not, and are not based on any earthly conditions or connections, but on an exclusive and limitless divine authority.

These comprise the dead politics of Rome. They are among the essential principles of her constitution. They imply and endorse all the horrors of past persecutions and tortures.

We are well aware that there are many good people in that Church; but we also know that the best of men under the influence of some superstition are often the most dangerous to mankind; and though they be somewhat liberal their connection only adds force to the illiberal majority.

Marriage and Divorce.

Monogamous marriage is conceded to be the highest form of union as a basis of society. Polygamy, polyandry or promiscuity of any kind belongs to inchoate and undeveloped social organisms.

The growing tendency to divorce for frivolous or fraudulent causes, produces just alarm among thinkers. This tendency will right itself in time, but meanwhile, in addition to great unhappiness, there is a lowering in the moral tone of a large portion of the community which is to be greatly deprecated.

A variety of causes at work tend to make marriage more difficult every year. The taste for display and desire for social advancement are obstacles in many cases.

These obstacles in the way of marriage keep pace with increase in divorces. Woman's rights and privileges in society have undergone great changes, but without a corresponding change in the family.

These things discourage marriage and encourage easy divorces. How easy it has become, nearly every day's observation proves.

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That there is such an unwillingness, the crowded boarding houses of villages and cities too truthfully testify. Housekeeping is ignored by the indolent wife, and the family flits from one scene of confusion and gossip to another.

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The last and worst cause of divorce is where either husband or wife wishes to be rid of a partner who has broken down in health, or because the plaintiff wishes to seek or has already found "fresh fields and pastures new."

There is no use in enlarging upon the heartlessness of such proceedings; they are self-evident. A competent authority has lately given, in print, a case within his own knowledge, which is stated by him in these words:

A man in Ohio, wished to be free from the wife who had grown old in his arduous, unloved, and unpaid service, but who yet was one of the sweetest, most patient women in the world.

Circumstances vary, the unutterable meanness remains the same.

But there is a public sentiment at work which, in time will demand and secure uniformity in the laws of marriage and divorce in all the States. That a woman may be a lawful wife in one State and, if she move to another with her husband be in law only his concubine, is absurd and unjust.

When the good sense of the community shall be sufficiently aroused, or when some startling case shall offend public decency, we may hope for uniform laws on this momentous subject; they will be laws bearing on husband and wife alike, discriminating and wise, severe only toward the unscrupulous and unjust.

The Growth of Spiritualism in Russia.

Light of London has an excellent article written by a Russian Spiritualist, on "The Growth of Spiritualism in Russia," from which we glean a few facts.

The first reports about the strange phenomena which had manifested themselves in America, reached Russia in the winter, 1852. First in the two capitals, and next everywhere, tables turned as well as hats and plates; conversations began with the help of table tipping; and in the following year planchettes came into general use.

In the year 1850, however, a notable Russian scholar, member of the Academy of Sciences, a mathematician, M. Ostrogradsky, began to study the spiritualistic phenomena, which had awakened his interest from a purely scientific point of view; and after some experiments he became a confirmed Spiritualist.

Chicago is a great town; only that all the superlative adjectives have to be kept for other uses we should throw in a few when speaking of the Garden City. Biggest elevators, most railroads, best newspapers, largest oleomargarine dairies, finest Vermont maple sugar factories, warmest icehouses, bloodiest anarchists, broadest streets, most fragrant river, several hundred Christian science and metaphysical universities; these items furnish but an infinitesimal portion of the list of Chicago's claims to supremacy, and yet the most important only developed last week.

Just before announcing his discovery of God, he paralyzed the staid and circumspect agnostic who edits The Open Court by divulging that Theodore Parker was actually editing that paper through the mediumship of the aforesaid agnostic.

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this will not phase the discoverer. Vealbrook is not to be put down by skepticism or opposition; and he came here because he knew that in Chicago he could get closer to the object of his search than elsewhere.

May a streak of greased lightning carry this Fullbrook to his fathers at as early a date as is compatible with decorous decency and the laws of the State of Illinois, for the county insane asylum is full, and there surely must be room in Electricity's heaven for such as he.

P. S. The foregoing is not a reprint of P's ready-made book notice, and no suspicion of its being a paid advertisement should be entertained for a moment.

Lynched, but Living and Contrite.

Recently Mr. J. W. Spratt, a well-known and reliable gentleman of Lucas County, Iowa, while serving as foreman of the grand jury at Chariton, had his attention attracted to the hat of the murderer lynched there sixteen or eighteen years ago, which hung on a nail in the sheriff's room.

"Mr. Bonnett and myself wish to get something from you to cause us to know that you got this communication."

J. W. SPURTT, D. S. BONNETT.

This note with the specimens enclosed in another envelope was given to Mr. Bonnett who brought it with him to Chicago. While here he visited the Bangs' Sisters, to whom he expressed a wish for an answer to the contents of the sealed package.

Mr. Bonnett and Spratt: Through the influence of that which I have left behind me of my earthly career I am called on to return and make known my existence through the instrumentality of this medium.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Spiritualists hold a Conference at Adelphi Hall, corner 7th Ave. and 52nd St., New York City.

The Journal of Man, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, publisher, is at hand for May, and contains a varied and excellent table of contents.

Mrs. H. W. Mariner of Bushnell, Ill., has old copies of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and Olive Branch, and will send them to any one who would appreciate them.

Giles B. Stebbins speaks at Stafford, Conn., on the 22nd. He is making a rapid tour of the East, but letters addressed to him in care of M. B. Bryant, 10 Maiden Lane, New York City, will reach him up to the 16th.

Edwin Powell, a worthless Englishman, formerly of Indianapolis, having failed at other trades has taken up that of spirit huckster. He advertises himself as "Edwin Powell, of London, England, clairvoyant and trance medium," and is a fraud.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord is reported to have given an eloquent address in the rink at Fond du Lac, on the Thirty-ninth Anniversary of modern Spiritualism.

Prof. A. E. Carpenter, one of the ablest lecturers now before the public on mesmeric phenomena, is on his way to California where he proposes to give entertainments.

P. Thompson writes as follows from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.: "In relation to spiritual progress in our city I can say that we are doing well. Mrs. Clara A. Field speaks for us very often. Giles B. Stebbins occupied the platform last Sunday. Our hall is packed every Sunday evening.

The JOURNAL is this week the vehicle for a Universalist Minister in Michigan to give his views to the public which, though not ultra-Spiritualist, would hardly be admitted into any newspaper of his own denomination.

A number of investigators, who seem to be critical and cautious have lately related in the JOURNAL office some striking examples of their success in getting independent sate-writing through the mediumship of the Bangs' sisters of this city.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn whose contributions to the JOURNAL and lectures have given him considerable prominence during the past four years, has just returned from a trip to England. It may reasonably be expected that he will again be heard from through his old channels so soon as he has gathered himself up and got a good grip, after his travels.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Battle Creek, Mich. (a parlor lecture), April 13th; at Vicksburgh, Mich., April 17th; at Sherwood, Ohio, April 22nd and 24th. He would like engagements in Southwestern Missouri, Kansas and Colorado. Address him immediately, General Delivery, St. Louis, Mo., or his home address, Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

On another page will be found the cordial words of friendship, welcome and respect uttered by the Rev. Mr. Kimball, minister of the Unitarian Church at Hartford, Conn., upon the occasion of the late anniversary of modern Spiritualism. The JOURNAL commends his example and spirit to some others who claim to be broad and liberal and who are to be found in so-called liberal pulpits.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the National Eclectic Medical Association will be held at the Fountain House, Waukesha, Wisconsin, beginning on Wednesday, June 15th, 1887, at ten o'clock in the morning (standard time), and continuing in session three days. Alexander Wilder, M. D., of Newark, N. J., is secretary of the association.

S. M. Biddison writes as follows from Cincinnati, Ohio, under date of April 25th: "Miss Jennie E. Hagan has just completed her month's engagement for the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, and has given satisfaction. She is one of the most interesting speakers I have ever heard. Mrs. A. M. Glading will speak for the society on next Sunday."

Miss Julia E. Forneret has been installed as deaconess in the Episcopal Church, New York City, by Bishop Potter. She is the first deaconess admitted to the church in 400 years, and the first ever created in America. Miss Forneret is of Canadian birth, a trained nurse, and for years has been connected with the immense mission work of St. George's Church.

Mrs. Crindie-Reynolds, the irrepressible swindler, who counts among her zealous apologists and defenders such men as Henry Kiddle and A. E. Newton, came to grief again a few nights ago at Los Angeles. She was not grabbed; an electric light was turned on to her semi-nude form as she stood personating the "lace girl," completely unmasking her deception. One point in this exposure is worthy of special attention and will be taken up in next week's JOURNAL.

G. H. Brooks writes as follows from Denver, Col. "I have been re-engaged by the Society here for the month of May. Our meetings are well attended, and the utmost harmony prevails. We have weekly socials, held in different parts of the city, and in that way we maintain a social life that keeps our friends together. My address is 1713 Larimer St., Room 18. I will answer calls to attend funerals or weddings within one hundred miles of Denver."

Mr. Illidge of New Haven, Conn., called at the JOURNAL office last week and made the following statement: "Rev. E. B. Fairchild, D. D., of Boston, formerly pastor of the Stoneham Unitarian church, is now associated with the firm of Henry G. Allen & Co., 42 East Fourteenth street, New York. Dr. Fairchild is an avowed Spiritualist, and would be pleased to meet and make the acquaintance of the leading Spiritualists of New York City. He can be secured for funerals, and will accept engagements in New York City, or vicinity."

It appears from the Chicago Tribune of April 28th, that Capt. W. P. Fowler, drummer for the New Orleans house of Schmidt & Zeigler, came home unexpectedly April 27th, at New Granada, Mississippi, and met there the Rev. C. F. Stivers of the Episcopal church, under circumstances so peculiar that he felt called upon to shoot the reverend visitor in the side and hip. The latter was assured by the doctor that his wound was mortal, whereupon he declared that Fowler was justified in what he did, and that he did not wish him punished.

That delightful and truly spiritual lecturer and woman, Mrs. E. L. Watson, has been in delicate health of late and several times obliged to seek a substitute for her platform in San Francisco. She requests the JOURNAL to ask her numerous Eastern friends to await patiently for replies to their valued letters, as her numerous pressing public and private duties in combination with a temporarily weak physical condition, render it impossible to carry on private correspondence at present. She will, however, always welcome letters from her friends and desires their continued interest and regard.

Mrs. Washington Irving Bishop finds life with that telegraphic percipient, muscle reader, clairvoyant, clergyman befuddler, and dudsish torquiverator just too unendurable for anything, and has asked a Boston court to sever the matrimonial bond. Or, possibly the divorce suit is only another brilliant advertising scheme of the bamboozling Bishop who finds that despite his daily assertions of intimacy with all the crowned heads of Europe, and confidential relations with leading scientists, he can no longer draw, and life grows monotonous.

A correspondent asks why the JOURNAL does not more frequently publish something from the inspired lips of Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham as he knows how thoroughly its editor has endorsed her abilities as a public teacher. No one appreciates Mrs. Brigham and her work more heartily than does the editor of the JOURNAL, and he hopes that he will within the next hundred years have a revenue sufficient to warrant the employment of expert stenographers to report all the best lectures from Chicago to China via New York and London.

Dr. Mack who left America many years ago and established himself in a successful practice as a magnetic healer in London, has brought out a new cure for diseases of the respiratory organs, under the name of "Dr. Mack's Elixir and Inhaler." Our attention was called to it in Brooklyn a few months ago by Mr. I. W. Pope, of Ohio, who had used it with great benefit and also seen its remedial effects upon others. Dr. Mack is now in this country for the purpose of pushing his remedy; from a casual investigation of its merits we are much impressed in its favor.

J. B. Cummings of San Francisco writes: "On account of the illness of Mrs. E. L. Watson, the Metropolitan Temple platform was occupied by Lidellet Baker, nephew of the noted Col. Baker, on April 10th and 17th. His timely lessons from history were very well received. The Temple services are suspended until further notice, as Mrs. Watson is still unable to speak. There is much good work every Sunday evening by two of our excellent test mediums, Mrs. Ada Foye in Washington Hall, and Mrs. J. J. Whitney in Odd Fellows Hall, in the presence of large audiences."

In a late trance at San Francisco, Mrs. Ada Foye said: "To become a medium two or three persons should assemble in some quiet room, at an appointed hour; and there await the shower of spiritual dispensation, as Christ and a few of his apostles did in an upper room on the day of Pentecost. Spiritualism teaches us to live rightly, and those who are anxious to search after the beauties of the religion should come to the meeting with truth in their hearts." Mrs. Foye began her text by saying: "I see rays of light shedding their radiant beams throughout the room. Spirits are hovering about me in great numbers." Nearly all the tests were recognized, and just before the conclusion of the meeting messages were received in the Italian and German languages. The former was translated, but was not complete until Mrs. Foye read the remainder as though written in the air.

Albert Bennett, who passed to spirit life at the home of his daughter near Chicago, March 13th, was born in New York in 1819. At the age of 17 he emigrated to the West, when later he settled in Boone Co., Ill. Here he established his home. In this sheltered spot his children were born, and life ran smoothly on, his thoughts and feelings shared by his wife and children until in the year of 1878 he was called to part with his beloved wife. Since then till the day of his death he divided his time among his children, spending some portion of each winter in Chicago, but sure to come back to the country for the summer. Here near the home he loved so well the old neighbors lived; it was here he with others had reared a house and dedicated it to God by giving it up unreservedly to the use of man in behalf of Spiritualism, believing that he could best glorify God by helping his fellow men. His religious thought led him to believe in the love principle of divinity, and he put that principle into daily use. Mrs. Mary A. Ahrens delivered the funeral address, which was attentively listened to by over two hundred people.

There is a tempest in a small teapot in the town of Colombes, France, which lies six miles northwest of Paris. A member—now an illustrious member—of the Common Council and the present Mayor, M. Bienvenu, ordered that all the crosses be taken down in the cemetery. The measure, on reflection, seemed excessive, even to the radical atheism of these rulers of Colombes, and so they finally decided to remove only the large cross at the entrance, and this they did without leave or license from any one interested. From this to an opposition on the part of the religious inhabitants was only a short step. One portion of the community went from door to door with a petition to be signed, requesting that the cemetery be once more protected in the usual manner, while a large number of citizens follow down the same streets, knock at the same doors, and invite residents to mind their own business under the penalty of the immediate removal of all the Catholic emblems. How long the discussion may last no one can tell, but the indications are that the non-partisan majority will conclude to support the removal of the big cross in order to prevent possible violence on the part of conscientious radicals.

A contributor has the following in Light, London, in regard to the "doom" of that city: "Can any of your readers oblige me with any correct report of the 'City's Doom,' as prophesied so often by Herbert P. Freund on the steps of St. Paul's. I see that in a late paper he is again reported as having tried to deliver his message, and being again sent to prison. Has he been seen or examined by any Spiritualist competent to form a judgment? For I strongly suspect that he is simply a medium who has a special mission from the Spirit-world, and now his more decided utterance, that 'London shall be destroyed by fire within this year,' coincides with some remarkable utterances to the same purport in a spiritual paper called the Star and Cradle. It is there stated that seven

weeks only are given as a respite, and that then by earthquake and fire the great city shall be earthed. Now, it will interest your readers to know that I am personally acquainted with, and have spent some time under the roof of those from whom these visions and utterances emanate, and I and others competent to judge find them to be simple, earnest people of unimpeachable character, and their self-denial of even necessities of life in order to publish what their spiritual guides commission them is well known to me. I may add that the Duality in Unity in the Deity has been prominent among their teachings, and the rising up of a universal king, now among us, the son of the Divine Mother."

The medico-legal aspects of Hypnotism. (From Scientific American Supplement.) A. Binet, one of the leading French authorities on hypnotism, has written an appreciative but critical notice of the work of Campilli that gives an excellent view of the French and Italian standpoints regarding this subject, that is assuming so much importance there. Dr. Campilli has had the advantage of numerous memoirs in France and elsewhere. M. Legouis has shown the possibility of making the hypnotic suggestion serve a criminal purpose, but has not discussed the subject. MM. Binet and Fero set themselves to determine the conditions under which the reality of the hypnotic suggestion may be admitted by a tribunal—the judicial proof, in other words. Dr. Campilli presents the problem from the point of view of the two schools of criminologists in Italy, the classical or spiritualistic school and the anthropological school which differ not only in their theoretical conceptions, but also in their practical conclusions upon the application of punishment. Upon the question of hypnotism, however, the two schools admit the same conclusion. Dr. Campilli examines what the civil and penal responsibility of the hypnotized subject is when criminal acts have been committed or obligations have been assumed under the influence of a hypnotic suggestion. According to the classical legal school, the hypnotized subject is not responsible, since he has not committed a voluntary and conscious offense. There can be no punishment where there has been no fault. The anthropological school, which does not assume this subjective point of view, but considers that the judicial institutions have the simple function of social preservation and defense, arrives at the same conclusion, but by a different way. In a very detailed discussion the author arrives at the conclusion that the needs of social defense only demand the repression of criminal acts when these are the expression of the personality of the agent; and since in the hypnotic subject the individual reaction is abolished, the acts that he does under the influence of a hypnotic suggestion are simply those of an automaton. These conclusions are at least debatable, says Binet, and rest on premises that contain an error of fact. The belief is too common to-day that it is possible to characterize the psychological state of hypnotism in a single word and say it is a condition of automatism. In a vast number of cases the subject preserves his intellectual and moral identity. When he receives a suggestion to act he may resist if the act is in contradiction with his character, and he may examine the order, and even absolutely refuse to obey. Campilli seems to have seen this difficulty, for he recalls that in an ingenious article M. Boullier has admitted a moral responsibility in dreams, but he meets this objection with an argument of little weight, that the hypnotized subject does not preserve his personality in the same way that a sleeping person does.

Binet holds, on the contrary, that the closest connection exists between the effects produced by suggestion and the state of dreaming. The hypnotic suggestion is nothing else than a dream produced and directed by assistants. In fact, the somnambulist is not an automaton, he is an individual, and from the purely theoretical and moral point of view he may be held partially responsible for his acts. These conclusions are in direct accord with those of M. Boullier. But what is the practical point of view? Has or has not society the right to defend itself against the crimes of hypnotism? Will it suffice for the assassin to show that he was under the influence of a suggestion for the judges to grant him his liberty and allow him to begin his work again? Clearly a uniform toleration is out of the question. Until recently hypnotism figured only accidentally in judicial proceedings, but now all this is changed, and hypnotic suggestion may readily enter into criminal proceedings. This is exactly what has happened in Turin, where, says Lombroso (Revue Scientifique, June 19, 1886), there is a veritable epidemic of hypnotism. Society must protect itself against such a danger. Garfalo, in his remarkable work on criminology, argues that we must apply to the criminal who has committed a punishable act in a state of hallucination or of somnambulism the same treatment that we give to those who have committed a crime in an epileptic or hysterical attack or from the effect of impulsive mania, that is, seclusion in a criminal asylum for an indefinite period until a complete cure is established, or until the patient passes into some other condition that renders a repetition of the act an absolute impossibility. Campilli thinks that it would be difficult to apply the same punishment to an hypnotic criminal, since he did not commit the crime of his own accord, but under the influence of a third person, who is the true culprit. The hypnotic subject is simply an instrument of crime in the hands of the hypnotizer, the same as a revolver or a knife, and it is he who ought to bear the responsibility of the act. This is a subtle distinction. The hypnotic subject, like the epileptic, is a dangerous person, a veritable malade, since he allows a very simple maneuver to make him commit a crime. It is absolutely necessary to put him beyond the possibility of doing harm. Moreover, it is probable that the dread of punishment exercises a restraining influence over the minds of those who submit voluntarily to be hypnotized. In fact, Binet holds, many persons who are slightly hypnotizable may resist hypnotization successfully, and ought to be responsible for consenting to submit themselves to the experiment. There is the strongest reason for this conclusion if the subject knows in advance, before going to sleep, that a criminal suggestion will be given to him. There is one curious hypothesis that Campilli has not anticipated, and one which well known facts render extremely probable, and that is that we may find some day in some band of thieves or assassins a hypnotic subject who of his own accord yields himself to criminal suggestions. The usefulness of hypnotic suggestion under such circumstances

The Medico-Legal Aspects of Hypnotism.

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was easily understood, for those who are under the control of a suggestion have more audacity, more courage, and even more intelligence, than when they act of their own accord. There are patients who, dreading to be put to sleep by some one that they dislike, offer to the hypnotic suggestion of one of their friends a power of resistance that they do not have naturally. Others, wishing to accomplish some act, and fearing that their courage will fail at the last moment, suggest themselves the act that they wish to do. In these circumstances the subject should be punished as the principal and the hypnotizer only as an accomplice. The Paris correspondent of the Medical Record writes last December that an epidemic of hypnotism prevails there, and he paints the prevailing distemper in exceedingly dark colors. Every steamer brings some new book on hypnotism or mental suggestion, and the amount of literature that has accumulated within the past year is enormous.

Public exhibitions of hypnotism have been interdicted in Germany, Italy and Austria. This is but one side of the shield, however, and brilliant therapeutical results have been reported by the skilled coteries of French physicians that has advanced our knowledge of hypnotism so much within the past few years. Yet on the whole, perhaps, it is a matter for congratulation that the more stolid American mind has been little affected by hypnotism up to this time, not even to the extent of furnishing sufficient subjects for the Society of Psychical Research. It may be that the "mind cure" is our cross, and at any rate the connection between this and hypnotism offers a promising field to the investigator. WILLIAM NOYES.

Extracts from "The Empty Crib," An 1886 Publication Written by the Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in Memory of the Death of a Little Five-year old Son, one of Twins. To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I enclose herewith verbatim extracts from the well known Dr. Cuyler's "Empty Crib," with only such ellipsis as makes a connected narrative, and one pertinent to the JOURNAL's purpose, if you care to use it. Chicago, Ill. ALFRED BULL.

It was a singular coincidence—the superstitions would say an omen—that on the day preceding his death, Georgie was playing with his blocks in the nursery, and when his mother asked him if he was building a house, he replied, "No, I'm makin' a coffin." Coming in from digging in the garden, he said, "I've been makin' a little grave!" The little hollow in the earth which the dear little hand made that day is there yet, with the bits of wood and brick beside it. To his grandma, who watched the white cap and blue cloak that day bending over the task with so much glee, that miniature tomb in the garden is the most touching and cherished relic of our lost treasure. In a hen-hon he found a piece of candy singularly shaped like a tombstone; and bringing it to his mother, he said, "Mamma, I've found my tombstone." After eating it, he said, "There, I've swallowed it! Will it kill me?"

In the diary of the teacher of the infant class of our Sabbath school, I find "the last lesson he recited will never be forgotten—a verse from the Psalms. The lisping tones of his voice still sound in my ear as he slowly repeated, 'Hide me under the shadow of thy wing.' The sermon which I had before prepared for that very morning was on reading aright the discipline of the heavenly Father, especially in the death of our children. I had already prepared and marked for the next Sunday a discourse on the words, 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' While this almost prophetic service was going forward in the church, Georgie seemed to have the premonition, which often makes a dying child wiser than parent or physician, that he was near his end. He repeated a part of his favorite Sunday-school hymn: 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' and then looked up to his mother and his nurse Neenie and whispered, 'Does Jesus love me? What will Jesus say to me when he sees me?' His twin brother, with his sister, had been removed, for fear of contagion, to the house of our kind friend, Mr. H. The prostrating effect of the scarlet fever in a less malignant form, brought him into real danger, and this danger was increased by a sympathetic suffering about his lost mate. Before either of the children were informed of their brother's death, little Theo wakened Mary in the night and said, 'Mary, do you know Georgie is an angel?' 'I don't want to get well,' he whispered, when at the worst. 'I want to go and be with Georgie. Don't give me any more medicine!' On Wednesday afternoon about the hour when his brother was borne away to his burial, Theo looked up suddenly, and said, 'Nenie, why didn't you look up and see Georgie when I did?' 'Because I did not know that Georgie was here.'

"Why, yes he was," the boy replied. "He just came and put his little face right in that little round hole" (pointing to the arch above his bed), "and looked at me, and then went away." The nurse inquired, "How did Georgie look?" "Just as he always did," the child replied, "only that his hair was brushed away back, I think he had wings, but I didn't see them." When asked afterward, "Why didn't you speak to Georgie?" he answered, "I didn't think it best, mamma, because he was an angel."

The impression of having seen his twin brother on that day remains to this moment on my child's mind as firm and distinct as any recollection of the past. I record the singular incident without comment or conjecture. Awakening in one of his pensive moods the first morning after we brought back our surviving son to his home, his mother asked him, "Wouldn't you be glad to see Georgie come back into this room now?" With a very confident tone, he answered, "Mamma, he is here! Whenever I am a good boy, God always sends a sweet happy little angel to stay with me, and I'm sure he wouldn't send any one but Georgie." All these may seem but trivial incidents, but are written for those who know too well what it is to wait and weep in vain.— "For the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still."

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Chicago Meetings. The San & Side League of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 150 23rd Street. Spiritual Meetings in New York. The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall. W. E. MILLER, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo. Organized August 29th, 1885. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Franklin Hall, corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 8:00 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited. H. W. FAY, Pres't. CHAS. S. ELLIOTT, Sec'y. ISAAC S. LEE, Cor. Sec'y. 1422 N. 13th St.

MRS. L. PET. ANDERSON, Franco Medium, 313 South Ann near Madison St., Chicago, Ill. PATIENTS SEEKING A HEALTHY HOME life retreat for their children during the summer, can find one by addressing B. F. CLARK, M. D., Holmdel, New Jersey. DR. J. H. WAIN, Magnetician, 2125 W. 36th Ave., Chicago, Ill. Free consultations at 410 W. 11th St. Magnetized papers twenty sheets for \$1.00. The portrait on Thursday free. Office hours 8 A. M. to 1 P. M.

MRS. H. OHL, Medium has Removed to 361 West Adams Street. Sittings daily from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE HARVARD SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS will be held in the Free Church at the Village of Saratoga, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday the 3rd, 4th and 5th of June, 1887. Lyman C. Howe and other speakers from abroad, will be in attendance to address the meeting. A cordial invitation is given for all to attend. BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

GROVE MEETING. A grove meeting of Spiritualists will be held at New Era, Chickamaug County, Oregon, beginning Thursday, June 23rd, and holding five days. The committee who have the management of the meeting will complete all necessary arrangements for its success and the comfort of the people while in attendance, including the securing of speakers and a reduction of fare on the railroads to those who attend. Test mediums, both public and private, are specially invited to attend and use this occasion to convince the skeptical mind that the gate between the two worlds is ajar. WM. PHILLIPS, President. THOMAS BECKMAN, Secretary.

Just published, 12 Articles on Practical Poultry Raising, by FANNY HILL, the greatest of all American writers on Poultry and POULTRY for PROFIT. Tells how she cleared \$100 on 100 Eight Brahms in one year; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$20 annually on a village lot; refers to her 60 acre monthly farm; and how she CLEARS \$1500 ANNUALLY. Tells about incubators, brooders, spring chickens, capons and how to feed to get the most eggs. Price 25 cts. Stamps taken. Address: DANIEL AMBROS, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE. Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbia, Kansas, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health being afflicted with liver disease, and heart trouble, etc. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I used one bottle of the 'Discovery,' five of the 'Pellets,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pills.' My health began to improve. I was able to do my usual work, and I feel as well as ever. I give you my remittances all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhoea Cured. - D. LAZARE, Esq., 275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhoea."

Thoroughly cleanses the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores, and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Rev. F. ANDREW HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dizziness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The Pleasant Purgative Pills, and Pills, cured my bowels, and had the effect of giving me a new lease of life. My wife could not stand the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little way, and do some light work."

Mrs. IDA M. STROG, of Ainsworth, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was cured. He is now well and strong, and is able to be up all the time. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time."

Consumption. - Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of Zarewarrath, Ont., writes: "You will ever be pleased by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had given me up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tried the cure, and it worked. I was able to do my usual work, and I feel as well as ever. I give you my remittances all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

Given Up TO DIE. Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of Zarewarrath, Ont., writes: "You will ever be pleased by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had given me up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tried the cure, and it worked. I was able to do my usual work, and I feel as well as ever. I give you my remittances all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

Ulcers Cured. - ISAAC F. FRENK, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 218), writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer."

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Mrs. Davis has developed with rare faithfulness and pathos, the beautiful and sublime truth of the Harmonical Philosophy. This successful may find consolation in these pages, and the doubtful a firm foundation and a clear sky.

Price, postage paid, 15 cents. Eight copies for \$1.00. Cloth bound, 30c. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

GENERAL DEBILITY. Mrs. FARMELIA BRUNDAKE, of 161 LaSalle Street, Chicago, N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly car-caved. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Discovery,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia. - JAMES I. COLBY, Esq., of Yonkers, Hamilton Co., N. Y., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow pale at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to me up the muscles and invigorated the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

Chills and Fever. - HENRY H. MOSELEY, Mount Pleasant, S. C., writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

Skin Disease. - The "Democrat and News" of Cambridge, Mass., writes: "Mrs. ELIZABETH FLORES, wife of Leonard Flores, of Williamburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and in a few weeks and heavy Mrs. Flores thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. ARRES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

Consumption and Heart Disease. - I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times I tried to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now ride how, sleep, rest, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS. JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Esq., Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has discontinued it."

WASTED TO A SKELETON. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." - Mr. Downs continues:

Consumption and Heart Disease. - I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case. For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton; could not sleep nor rest, and many times I tried to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now ride how, sleep, rest, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

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Mrs. Watson's Critic.

(Continued from First Page.)

dreds of thousands of martyrs (and they well deserve this appellation) who have been burned at the stake for bravely denouncing their absurdity; and the hundreds of thousands of women who have been (most horrible to say) buried alive for the same idolatrous spirit, by those very impostors who thus pretended to follow the spirit of the gospel, which teaches, "to forgive and ever to forgive, and to love our very enemies." The united tyranny of the crown and of the miter have succeeded in fettering mankind until now to a belief which Saint Austin, one of the clearest-headed fathers of Christianity, called absurd, although by way of paradoxical jest, he used those memorable words, "exco quta absurdum."

It is high time that we should wake out of our dream, and assert our right to be in possession of a rational creed suited to this century of meridian light; but it is very hard and even cruel, as we can all well conceive, to give up ideas and customs fostered lovingly since our earliest childhood; no doubt our grandfathers found it also very trying to have to give up their periwigs, in which they thought chiefly consisted the dignity attached to the name of gentleman.

On the other hand the above argument about our religion having triumphed across so many centuries, is no proof of its validity, and in fact is set at naught if we take into consideration the tenacity with which the Jews have proved faithful to their most ancient creed, although they have been so awfully maltreated everywhere by Christians, whose faith after all is but an offshoot of theirs, and whose fundamental rule is or rather ought to be, "good will" to all men!

What a curious, ridiculous, and yet sad tableau all this makes.

I again repeat that I hold fast to the words of Christ, as we read in Matthew and Luke, that love to God and to our neighbor, constitutes the true religion, and I place wholly my faith in the Soul of the Universe, and, as an optimist, endorse Pope's lines, which I was glad to find quoted in your dear JOURNAL not long since, as I have always looked upon the as a sort of revelation:

"All transient evil, universal good; All discord, harmony not understood." Florence, Italy. SEBASTIANO FENZI.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SCIENCE AND IMMORTALITY.

The Views of Eminent Men.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What is the attitude of scientific men toward the doctrine of man's immortality? Does science, aside from the new light furnished by the Spiritual Philosophy, lead away from the belief in future life? Those who have even casually read the writings of the most eminent, have been convinced that skepticism is dominant, and doubt, more or less boldly expressed, is a distinguishing feature. Wishing to test the matter by the personal expression of men eminent in the various works of science, the editor of the Christian Register submitted to them the following questions:

1. Are there any facts in the possession of modern science which make it difficult to believe in the immortality of the personal consciousness?

2. Is there anything in such discoveries to support or strengthen a belief in immortality?

3. Or do you consider the question out of the pale of science altogether?

The replies received present a valuable and interesting consensus of authoritative opinion on the subject, and more than anything else which has yet appeared, marks the reign of doubt and fogged mental condition of those who attempt to answer without the light of Spiritualism.

Charles A. Young, LL. D., Prof. in Princeton College, thinks that the apparent dependence of consciousness on the brain is a plausible opinion that the consciousness cannot survive the destruction of that organ, yet to him the difficulty, though real, is not formidable. The real man is not identical with the body. "The bridge between the mind and the brain has never yet been passed, or even found."

"The logical hiatus between the psychological and physiological phenomena yawns to-day just as impassably as it ever did, if not quite as widely; and so I cannot accept the materialistic hypothesis as scientifically satisfactory, and am forced to consider it as much more probable that man is more than his body and likely to survive it." He farther thinks that the belief in immortality is outside the pale of science, and the knowledge thereof comes only from revelation, like our knowledge of the moral character and attributes of God.

James D. Dana, of Yale College, is so pressed with other duties he refuses to reply; but he is of the decided opinion that there is "nothing in science or in any possible developments from investigations of nature against immortality."

Asa Gray, of Harvard, sees nothing in science to conflict with immortality, though he admits that if the knowledge of it were lost he knows not where in modern science it might be regained. He accepts the theistic explanation on which immortality depends.

Joseph Ledy, of the University of Pennsylvania regards consciousness as a condition ceasing at death. Science has made no advance on the words of Solomon: "For that which befallth the sons of man befallth beasts; even one thing befallth them; as one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they all have one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast."

He thinks the theory of force is opposed to the doctrine, and closes by saying: "In my personal experience I have not been able to discover the slightest natural evidence of its truth. If I could resolve that the state was a more desirable one than it is made to appear, I would wish that evidence of any kind were more satisfactory than it is."

Dr. Ledy is boldly outspoken, and we can trace the true source of his doubts. The church doctrine of the condition of immortality are so repellent to him that he has been driven from them in disgust. "Eternity of consciousness" is not desirable to him.

Simon Newcomb, LL. D., thinks the question as beyond the pale of science, and thus easily, to his own satisfaction, disposes of it. J. P. Lesley, State Geologist of Pennsylvania, replies: "Science cannot possibly either teach or deny immortality; but every man of science must acquiesce in the fact of the general conviction and in its probable ground in some persistent part of our nature."

Lester F. Ward, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, thinks the brain is the cause of consciousness, and, therefore, life ceases with the cessation of its functions. All things that have a beginning must have an end, and, therefore it is illogical to believe in immortality. He regards the question as not only outside the pale of science, but belonging to the "limbus factorum of mythological

and magic." Lester Ward rides a high horse, and evidently is proud of his opinions. The old logical law that all things which have a beginning must have an end, like all other logical quibbles, has no meaning when confronted by facts.

Edward S. Morse, of Salem, Mass., replies that he has never yet seen anything in science which would support a belief in immortality. Science must ultimately grapple with occult matters.

Josiah Parsons Cooke, LL. D., of Harvard, writes an antidote to the foregoing. He believes the exactly opposite. "I am persuaded," he says, "that science confirms and illustrates the priceless truth which Christ came on earth to reveal."

Edward D. Cope, A. M., Ph. D., makes a lengthy, though not clear exposition of protoplasm, and concludes that as to the nature of this so-called immortality, "Science can have little to say."

John William Dawson, Principal of McGill University, Montreal, profoundly says: "What, then, shall we say of this instinct of immortality handed down through all the generations of pre-historic and savage man, and prompting to costly funeral rites? Is it a mere fancy, a baseless superstition? Is it not rather a God-given feature of the spiritual nature, yearning after a lost earthly immortality, and clinging to the hope of a better being in a future life?"

T. Sterry Hunt, LL. D., thinks there are more arguments from the facts of science opposed than supporting the doctrine of the future life. Yet he believes in a conditional immortality, not man's birthright, but the gift of God. In other words, he believes that in the case of every individual who becomes immortal a miracle is worked.

Benjamin A. Gould, LL. D., of Cambridge, Mass., is as certain that science supports the doctrine of immortality as the others are that the opposite is true. He says "that a profound and unbiased study of any branch of natural science should lead to disbelief in immortality seems to me preposterous." Assuming the existence of spirit as distinct from matter, it would be absurd to suppose it limited by physical laws, except in so far as it might employ matter as an implement."

Rev. Thomas Hill, Ex-President of Harvard College, takes an exalted view of man's position and concludes his argument by saying: "The progress of modern science, reducing the universe more and more completely to an intelligible order and rhythm, is an ever accumulating demonstration that the source of all being is in a person. The human mind, in the growth of science, even more effectively than in the ordinary contemplation of nature, has direct evidence that it is in communication with the personal author of nature. Hence, as Jesus told the Sadducees, if we consider the majesty of God, we shall see that he has made us immortal; he would not thus hold converse with beings whom he had doomed to perish."

Wm. James, Professor of Philosophy, Harvard, finds reply to his exact liking in the words of Lotze: "We have no other principle for deciding the question than this general idealistic belief: that every created thing will continue whose continuance belongs to the meaning of the world, and so long as it does so belong; whilst every one will pass away whose reality is justified only in a transitory phase of the world's course. That this principle admits of no further application in human hands need hardly be said. We surely know not the merits which may give to one being a claim on eternity, nor the defects which would out others off." ("Metaphysic," § 245.)

This is a profound reply, which, thoroughly understood, voices the principles of the spiritual philosophy.

Asaph Hall, LL. D., Washington, D. C., thinks science gives no positive reply, nor throws greater difficulties in the way. The metaphysical arguments of Spinoza, Kant, etc., are as much in force to-day as ever. The discoveries of modern science strengthen the belief in immortality.

Herbert Spencer is not aware of anything he could regard as satisfactory proof. Charles S. Pierce, member of the U. S. National Academy, thinks that the "further study of nature may establish the reality of a future life." He thinks there is no reason why man should not know of this life.

Daniel Coit Gilman, LL. D., President of Johns Hopkins University, takes a strong theological position, and regards science as the best friend of religion.

F. A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College, N. Y., makes this brief answer: "After mature reflection it seems to me that science has nothing to do with the question. The only basis for our faith in immortality must be found in revelation."

Prof. T. H. Huxley, with a diphany unworthy of his name, states that if a man says "that consciousness cannot exist except in relation of cause and effect with certain organic molecules, I must ask how he knows that?" and if he says it can, I must put the same question. And I am afraid that, like jesting Pilate, I shall not think it worth while (having but little time before me) to wait for an answer."

Cannot wait for evidence of a life beyond which is so prolonged as to make the longest earthly life a fleeting moment? What a hurry, what a mighty work this man has before him, who cannot wait for an answer to the most profound and consequential question possible to be asked by a human being!

We have purposely transposed out of their order, and placed them last, the testimony of two of the most eminent scientists, that their words might stand in stronger contrast to the confused notions expressed by those who have not the light of Spiritualism. El-Hot Cones, Washington, D. C., tersely replies: "1. There are no facts known to modern science which make it difficult to believe in the survival of individual consciousness after the death of the body. On the contrary, what is positively known of the constitution of human beings approaches nearly to a demonstration of the fact that what St. Paul called the 'spiritual body' is a substantial entity, which the death of the natural body does not destroy, and which is capable of sustaining consciousness and exercising the faculties of volition, memory and imagination. The 'material' of this psychic organism is what I have called 'biogen.'"

"There is much in the discoveries of psychic science not only to support or strengthen the belief in immortality, but to convert that belief into knowledge.

These questions are quite within the pale of scientific investigation, and susceptible of being answered by science in a way which goes far toward justifying faith by knowledge of the truth."

A. R. Wallace, than whom there can be no higher scientific authority, regardless of what his associates may say, produces Spiritualism as the great and overwhelming evidence of immortality.

"Science may be defined as knowledge of the universe in which we live, full and systematized knowledge leading to the discovery of laws and the comprehension of causes.

The true student of science neglects nothing that may widen and deepen his knowledge of nature; and, if he is wise as well as learned, he will hesitate before he applies the term 'impossible' to any facts which are widely believed, and have been repeatedly observed by men as intelligent and honest as himself. Now, modern Spiritualism rests solely on the observation and comparison of facts in a domain of nature which has been hitherto little explored; and it is a contradiction in terms to say that such an investigation is opposed to science. Equally absurd is the allegation that some of the phenomena of Spiritualism 'contradict the laws of nature,' since there is no law of nature yet known to us but may be apparently contravened by the action of more recondit laws or forces. Spiritualists observe facts and record experiments, and then construct hypotheses which will best explain and co-ordinate the facts; and, in so doing, they are pursuing a truly scientific course. They have now collected an enormous body of observations tested and verified in every possible way, and they have determined many of the conditions necessary for the production of the phenomena. They have also arrived at certain general conclusions as to the causes of these phenomena, and they simply refuse to recognize the competence of those who have no acquaintance whatever with the facts to determine the value or correctness of those conclusions."

There it stands, "plain for all men to see," immortality demonstrated by facts, and above the necessities of appeal to metaphysical reasoning. They who claim that science has nothing to do with it, only show how narrow are their views. The spiritual universe is as broad and deep as immensity, and embraces all material phenomena. The trouble with these arrogant talkers is that they are on the wrong side of the world. Their vision is microscopic, and a speck of protoplasm is sufficiently large to shut out from their eyes the universe.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Personal Experiences in the Investigation of Spiritualism.

No. 1.

The first experience I had with spirit phenomena occurred at Jeffersonville, Ind., some sixteen years ago, when on a visit there to a family of friends. The hostess of the house was a Spiritualist, the first one I had met. She inquired, "Would you like to witness some spirit phenomena?" I replied in the affirmative. A carriage was provided, and we drove to the country, about three miles, to the residence of Col. Kegwin, an intelligent well-to-do farmer. His wife was the medium.

It was about noon, with doors and windows open, and the sun shining in the house. My lady friend, Mrs. P., Mrs. K. and myself, seated ourselves around a common table, with a cloth covering upon it, reaching half way down the legs. Mrs. K. laid upon the table a slate (a piece of pencil on it about an inch in length) which was examined by me. I discovered no writing upon it. It was then thrust under the table, each of us holding a corner of it with one hand, the remaining half of each one was laid on the top of the table. We were engaged for at least fifteen minutes in general conversation, when I thought I heard scratching going on, on the slate, and then heard a pencil fall on it. The medium remarked that the spirits were through writing. When the slate was drawn out, the name Elizabeth was written upon it. Mrs. P. said that was her daughter. She passed away soon after her marriage, some eighteen years previously. Mrs. P. inquired if she remembered me. Three raps were given. The slate was then placed under the table again, when the following message was written:

"Ma, don't you recollect when you and Gen. Edwards called upon me—Elizabeth at my house, just after my marriage.—ELIZABETH."

Mrs. P. said she had not the remotest recollection of it; but I distinctly remembered that occasion.

Nothing came to me at that sitting. I concluded I was either an incorrigible sinner, or no adept in procuring communications from spirits. But my curiosity was awakened, for I was satisfied that none of us wrote on that slate.

Being naturally of an enquiring and investigating mind, I concluded I would visit Mrs. K. alone, and see if I could open up a correspondence with any of my dead friends. I must have felt like Nicodemus of old, but I did not go to the medium's house until the shades of night had set in. On the way I was constantly looking back to see if any one was approaching who would recognize me going to the house of the fortune teller. I felt greatly relieved when I entered the house and found no one there seeking to have his destiny unfolded.

At that time I had a sister only a few miles away, in the last stage of consumption, and a brother in the state of Georgia prostrated by a stroke of paralysis, who must soon pass away. I suppose these afflictions draw down to earth a large number of our kindred and family friends. The manifestations were decidedly more vigorous than on my first visit. I was accorded a hearty greeting by repeated rapping, while the writing was promptly and vigorously executed.

I received communications from my father, —the first I ever had received.

He said: "My son,—I am so glad you came here this morning to hold communication with me, and to learn these new and beautiful truths.—FATHER."

The next message was as follows: "Try the spirits whether they be good or bad."

I was as well satisfied as I could be of any thing my senses could cognize, that Mrs. K. did not perform the writing; that if there was any trick it would be as just to charge it against myself as against the medium. I believe I held intercourse with my long departed friends. The scare-crow, the cry of fortune teller, vanished, and I became a convert. I left the house of Mrs. K. with as much zeal as Nicodemus did when he left on the night of his visit to the medium Jesus. I had never dreamed of experiencing such a fact. It opened new views of life to me. The mist began to disappear, and the veil to be drawn from my eyes. Everything in nature appeared more grand and glorious. I was made happier by that visit to Mrs. Kegwin.

The theological dogmas embraced in the Orthodox Christianity, in which I had been educated, and which all through life had bewildered me, fell like scales from my eyes.

I underwent suddenly a radical change in my feelings, for I now regarded the Infinite Father in his true light of wisdom, love and goodness. I now walked by knowledge and not by a blind faith. The question of a future life to me was now settled, and that our loved ones who have passed from our view, still lived, and we should meet them again.

I learned for the first time that spirit life is one of continued unfoldment and progression. Here the great gulf was bridged be-

tween the orthodox Christian heaven and hell, and forever put at rest with me that vexed question.

I afterwards visited Mrs. K. again. While sitting around the same old table a spirit's hand was thrust out several times from under it towards me, Mrs. K. and myself having both of our hands on the top of the table. The sun was then shining, and its rays fell upon the hand. It refused to shake hands with me because conditions at the time prevented. That was the first spirit hand I had seen.

As I stated previously I had at that time a dear sister confined to her bed, in the last stage of consumption. Having related to her my experience with Mrs. K., she insisted on being taken there. A common covered spring wagon was provided, and a bed made on which my sister rode some five miles to Mrs. K. A large host of invisible friends met her, manifesting their presence and sympathy. There was no difficulty in the way of her obtaining messages promptly and to the point. She returned home a convert to the truth of the spiritual philosophy, greatly encouraged and comforted. Lingered on these mortal shores about three weeks more, she cast off her casement, and her spirit, set free, moved in its upward flight to higher abodes. Since then I have at different times met with her, seen and conversed with her on subjects celestial and terrestrial. She regards the fact of spirit intercourse between mortals and immortals as one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon the former. Her daughter wrote to a cousin of hers in the State of Georgia, whose father (my brother) was then paralyzed and confined to his bed. He was so deeply interested in what was told him about our sister, that he ordered two slates purchased, and started his daughter on a trip of nearly a thousand miles, to see if he could get a message from our father.

The spirits filled the slates with messages, and when he compared the writing and signature of father with some of his writings, he discovered that the same hand wrote both, and then he broke into a flood of tears. He survived but a short time, and then passed on where all tears are wiped away, where sickness, pain and death are felt and feared no more. J. EDWARDS.

Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. M. Glading.

A farewell reception was given to Mrs. A. M. Glading at the Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, Monday evening, April 25th, when a large gathering of friends met to testify by their cheering presence their son-felt appreciation of Mrs. Glading's loving ministrations with the Brooklyn Spiritual Union for the last two months.

A welcoming address and a deeply appreciative set of resolutions was received and unanimously adopted, with a motion that they should be properly engrossed and presented to Mrs. Glading.

Addresses were given by Judge Gale, Mrs. Glading and others. The occasion was highly favored and enriched by the beautiful and harmonious singing of Miss S. Lee, Mrs. and Miss Tuttle and Mr. F. Houghtalin.

The evening's pleasurable enjoyment was brought to a close by Mrs. Glading's friendly readings and messages with trusting satisfaction and heart-felt appreciation.

The farewells, till a future reunion, were affectionately earnest and full of joyous sympathy, as Mrs. Glading now takes her departure for new field of labor in Cincinnati for the month of May. It is fondly expected that she will return at some future time.

SAM'L D. GREEN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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