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

VOL. XLIII.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

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

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Excerpts from T. L. Harris's "Lyric of the Golden Age."

DEATH OF SUPERSTITION.

O joy! the mighty Armies of the Spheres In sun-embattled ranks, advance, and charge, And all the ghastly hosts of Frauds and Fear s Turn, cower and flee and strew Death's ocean marge. Old Superstition, once a shadow large, Eclipsing earth and darkening out the sun, Trembles, recedes, and on the narrow verge Of farthest space, light-driven, expires unknown. Death, Slavery and Hate all feed Oblivion.

Hail, thou great Future; welcome and all hail! Minos and Radamanthus never more Shall desolate thy coaste with Iron hail Of terror from the red Plutonian shore. The cursed twins dull Night incestuous bore, Slavery of mind and body, they depart From Time and Nature. Mines of yellow ore No more shall be the gods of tower and mart— The wild wolf avarice cease to gnaw the human

CALVINISM REJECTED.

"As one who hears afar through trackless woods, Where he has lost his way, the village choir Singing hosannas, and by those sweet tones Is guided where the congregation bow In worship, I was led from night's dim thrali," The Spirit Pollok said, "to love and peace And harmony. I left the lower earth, Thinking mankind born reprobate, sin-cursed, Black as perdition, from the mother's womb; The greater part doomed to an endless hell; But woke to realize that Mercy lives And reigns omnipotent wherever God Hath made an earthly footstool for his throne, Wherever sums blaze on the steeps of day, Or spirit-spheres their spiral rings unfold. Black terror made my earthly life a dream Of judgment and perdition. Better taught, ing of Faith and Hope and Joy and Peace And Loving-kindness, infinite from God, Flowing to every soul, every world In the wide universe his word hath made."

PROGRESS.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

. Let there be many windows in your soul, That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light Pour through fair windows broad as truth itself And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might baths it with golden waves of love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;
Sweep dewn the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And threw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the worldiess music of the stars
And to the voice of nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
Turns to the san. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned
heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall furtify your strength. Se not afraid
To thrust anide balf truths and grasp the whole.

The Ninth Paradice.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE RETURN OF THOUGHT.

H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

The subjective and the objective are terms with which all students of philosophy must be very familiar and the facts that they express are in some sense at least a part of the common experience of those even who are strangers to the schools. Those who think at all have in some way hit upon the facts of the self, and the not self. Self-consciousness assures each one of his own personal existence; and he is at the same time conscious through sense perceptions of a some-thing that is not himself, or of the great world that impinges upon him; as the light that reaches the eyes, and the sounds that fall upon the ear, and the various objects with which he comes in contact.

In the earlier and more active years of life, the natural tendency is to move outward, to learn the things outside of one's self; and necessarily, most persons are compelled to work with material forces; hence it is that reflection, and then introspection or the turning of the mind upon itself and pondering upon the inner life, come later on in the world of individual experience. And for several centuries now, our world has lived largely in the objective and intensely active in all these outward-reaching directions. And the results reached in the physical sciences, and the legger knowledge and ical sciences, and the larger knowledge and use of the material world are so great that we are now standing amazed and almost confounded at our vast power in controlling natural forces

It is probable that we are only in the begining of these wonders—that we shall go on in the direction of still greater discoveries and inventions; but while this is so, another fact seems equally evident and that is, that the minds that have achieved so vastly in the outer, must be impressed by that fact, and as a consequence begin to ask, and with a new and deeper meaning, what is that power within, that thus goes forth upon such mighty missions? And, indeed, this return movement is already apparent in many directions.

Man is begining to study himself, and the nature of his wonderful powers; and the greatest developments of the near future are to be along this line. A being who can do so much,-who is so mighty in his power over material forces, must himself be great. When man could do comparatively nothing and lay helpless beneath the forces of nature, it was possible for theology to teach that such a being was but "a miserable worm of the dust;" but now man has so far demonstrated his greatness, that he can no longer consent to be called a "worm," and to be trampled upon or crawled over by his stronger fellow animals, or worms; and to be accounted deserving of only wrath and damnation in the world to come. He is begining to feel and to assert his God-like pow-

Spiritualism, the Mind Cure and Theosophy, are all parts of this return movement of the spirit of man to a contemplation of his own real nature; and to the realization of the fact that he is a spirit, and as such a part of the Infinite Spirit; that reason and justice and love in man are divine; are in their degree like the same great qualities in God. And hence man is beginning to see that his "life is more than meat and his body more than raiment;" that his larger life is in his vast and far reaching correspondences with the unseen.

Naturally enough, the beginnings of this return, as in Spiritualism, were largely objective; appeals to the senses-rappings and table movings, and so on; just as most religions have a childhood period of outer forms and demonstrations. But the re'urn of thought must be to thought, and of reason to reason and of spirit to spirit. And hence the subjective world must enlarge until each soul shall realize more fully its own great self-conscious life, and the vast spiritual universe in which it lives, and of which it is a part, and with him will be a profounder realization of what life is, and of its duties and responsibilities. We are hastening on to the near time when mankind will feel and know that they are immortal; that there is no death, only change, and that they are in eternity now; and that life should be a vast transactional sum of righteousness, of truth, of love, and of ever unfolding power and increasing joy.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal, THE MIDDLE GUARD.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

There has been a wonderful movement in the past thirty-nine years since Spiritualism announced itself to theworld. The rappings have been strong enough to demolish the walls of narrow creeds, and lead the churches to higher grounds. This rapid advance under the pressure of the liberalizing tendencies of the age has really been the great prevailing cause of the failure of organic effort among Spiritualists. The hard lines have not, it is true, been voted out of the creeds, but they are tacitly allowed to gather dust in allence, and ministers speak only of the bright and samp side. As members have become convinced of the reality of Spiritualism they have turned to their ministers, and mot no rebalts, if they have attended extend and mot no rebalts, if they have attended extends and mot no rebalts, if they have attended extends over panets with them and and and and actions. announced itself to theworld. The rappings

more popular they become. Why, then, should more popular they become. Why, then, should members detach themselves from their old church home, when all that is required of them is to be quiet and enjoy their belief? And often their minister gives them more spiritual food than they would receive at the pronounced spiritual lecture.

Hence it is that the great class who have become Spiritual in the churches remain

come Spiritualists in the churches, remain in the fold, holding to the associations of the old home, and while secretly feeling that their position is a false one, and the foundations of the church cause ruinous, throw all their social influence and wealth on its side. In the other extreme are the seekers after tests—insatiate and insatiable seekers after tests-insatiate and insatiable -who hesitate at no impossibility, and only complain because the camel is not larger, they are called on to swallow. These have pressed Spiritualism to the borders of the grossest materialism, and by fraud and credulity have made it a term of reproach. Between these extremes are a valiant few,—a Middle Guard!—who seek to establish their belief on a firm basis of science, and evolve therefrom a true philosophy of life. They accept immeriality as a fundamental feet accept immortality as a fundamental fact, proven by the communion of the departed, and would enshrine the purest morality and highest discipline of conduct in their lives. They, however, are doomed to see a great majority of those who should stand by them, drawn toward the churches; while to the world they are represented by the other extreme, of blatant phenomena and test hunters and all the disreputable frauds and shams that eagerness calls into being. They are powerless to stay the divergent tides for they act alone, and without organization; yet are they strong and fearless— this unorganized army, and were they to awake to the full consciousness of the tremendous responsibilities which rest on them, they could reverse these currents in a mighty flood.

Is communion with spirits, the evidence that the departed exist in a world of light and progress, an opiate that so soothes the soul that it falls asleep to all the vital issues that rest thereon, and accepts the silence or indecision of the preacher as full acknowledgment? Are you satisfied, oh! loiterers in the outer vestibule of the churches, with your ambiguous position, believing with all your heart one thing, and appearing to the world as advocating quite another? Say you that it is impossible for you to come out openly and stand with those who would make Spiritualism all the term implies, because of the odium of that extreme, which has dragged it down into the mire of lust, credulity and fraud, and made it synonomous with folly and rascality? I sympathize with you, and have prayed with tears that it were not so, but that does not change your responsibility. Rather is it not augmented there-

Does the fact of spirit communion take away the sense of trust, of duty, and obligation? Certainly not! and yet from a superficial view of the actions of many who are loudest in their praise of the new philosophy one would be led to think this were the case. When the dogmas of heaven and hell, a personal devil, the fall of man, redemption by the blood of Christ, and forgiveness of sins, have disappeared as the vagaries of a frightful dream, the soul is apt to fall from a state of painful tension to one of supine indifference, out of which it is difficult to awake. And yet the new doctrine calls for greater activity, more reliant powers, and offers more tempting rewards than the old that has passed away.

What is it the new demands? What does it expect of those who recognize its truth? This is Christmas tide, when our thoughts revert to him who taught the divinity of man, who gave his life in confirmation of the doctrine, that love should rule the world; who taught that self-sacrifice was above all sacrifice, and murmured forgiveness through the ashen lips of death. Three hundred millions bow in sweet peace to the influence of that ideal type of divine self-forgetting love. In this ideal we see as in a mirror what should be realized in every human life; all creeds and trappings wrought by men cast aside, this divine life should be ours, not because we are to escape torture or gain paradise by its possession, but because it is our heritage, and brings the realization of

the only true and perfect happiness.

If angels sang hosannas at the birth of one divine child, how grandly through the arches of the spheres must resound the voices of the spirit host when all children are born with divine possibilities, and the angel sphere bends low and mingles with this life of earth!

We testify to the advent of angels. We accept immortality and the communion of spirits. The friends we left in the years of darkness, with heart-pangs, and eyes blinded with tears, are with us in the joy of unending life. Bing ye belie, the tidings of the old; ring louder still the blessed gladness of deed, the Angel of the Resurrection! Our friends live; they love us still; they can return and assure us of meeting them after this earthly day is done.

This is the wine of a new life of consecra-tion to duty. It brings its obligation, and they who believe are recreant to their belief

but the same meaning, and the preachers taught from their pulpits; they who stand find that the more spiritualistic they are the by more conservative churches because they are more respectable before the world, did they but turn and support the "Middle Guard" who have borne the heat and burden of the day in holding aloft the banner of the truth, it would prove the strongest organization of the time.

The communion with spirits may be sweet but there is infinitely more in life. This is but a means to acquire a knowledge of our duty, a means to right conduct in the

mortal years. We are not like children to chase the butterfly of pleasure to gather the flowers of delight, and do what is most pleasing for the hour; we must tread the rugged path of duty, with bleeding feet, if need be, and when by deeds of unselfish righteousness we have made ourselves sweet as vernal bloom, the butterflies will come to us bringing the pleasure we have earned but have not sought. Spiritualism urges active effort to ransom from the thrall of ignorance and the bonds of super-stition, and the redemption of mankind from the unthinking bigotry, the hate and brutality of the past. A perfect life, that we may be perfect hereafter, is emblazoned on the banner of the Middle Guard who represent Spiritualism at its best and truest. The Spiritualist is not an idle dreamer, so well satisfied with the assurance of the presence of the departed that he leaves the world to care for itself. He is his brother's keeper, and Cain only may deny that responsibility. The only life worth living is that devoted to the highest, purest, and noblest acquisitions of the spiritual nature. Successes of this life are successes only as they benefit spiritual growth. If they entice from duty, and ardent endeavor, zeal and devotion to ideal excellence, they are disastrous failures.

Great wealth and the favors of fortune, are means bestowed on the willing spirit for

are means bestowed on the willing spirit for its greatest achievements. In solltude, clad in coarse garments, with a crust of bread, it may cultivate and exalt itself, but in practical life, wealth is essential for the propaation of religious or moral systems. and should be held in abeyance to the behests of spiritual commandment. If this is done, the spirit on the shores of immortal life will feel that earth-life was not a dream of what should have been, but an actual of thoughtful doing, which it finds a treasure multiplied a thousand fold.

Berlin Heights, O.

A RINGING LETTER

From the Pastor of Unity (hurch, Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal I would like to be a part of your Christmas

number; and yet, so hard pushed have I been with work, that I have found it quite impossible to write an article. What can I do, then, but send you an earnest, even if it be a brief letter?

I am glad to be a part of your Christmas number; I say this, and chiefly because I believe you standfor a fearless and honestsearch for truth, and that against heavy odds. For not only do you find the old faiths, and most of the established respectabilities of the age against you, but you are subjected, both on flank and rear, to a heavy fire from those who ought to be your friends. The cause you advocate has suffered more from its friends (?) than even from its enemies. And you have bravely fought the enemies not only, but the false friends besides. I hope that all who admire honest bravery under difficulties will come to your rescue, and there ought to be enough such in a country like ours to make the difficulties a thing of the past. This I say, not because I believe all that you believe, but because I do believe that it is out of such efforts as yours that the truth will

some day come. There are at least enough facts involved in the mysteries of what is called Modern Spiritualism, to make it worth the while of honest and earnest men to study and try to understand them. I cannot but hope that the truth of spirit existence, and of possible communication with them, may one day be demonstrated beyond all reasonable doubt. And I want you to be supported because I believe you are helping on a settlement of this great question.

For a great question it most certainly is. It is either the grandest truth or the most lamentable delusion of the modern world. And it would certainly seem to be worth while to find out which.

But the difficulties connected with the settlement of the problem are enormous. Fools and rascals on one side, and "scientific" men on the other, who scout the whole matter because they cannot get a spirit into their laboratory and subject him to their kind of test, these show some of the difficul-

But I believe the human mind is competent to solve the problem. All that you want, all that any honest man wants, is the truth. And while you make it manifest that the new! Fill all the air with sybilants of it is the truth, and only that you are after, I joy! for the Angel of Death has become infor one will bid you God-speed! So may you have a happy Christmas not only, but a grander New Year than ever.

M. J. BAVAGE. Boston, Dec., '87.

tion to duly. It brings its obligation, and they who believe are recreant to their belief if they give not undivided support.

They who stand by the Unitarians or Unitarians because most liberal and tolerant, who declars that Spiritualism is

R. HEBER NEWTON. D. D..

Expresses His Interest and Declares that Despite the Seybert Commission, the last Word is Far from Having Been Said on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journals

I wish that I were well enough to take part in the Christmas number of your paper, with something worthy of it. Let me at least assure you of my sincere sympathy with you in the gallant fight which you are making.

Despite the Seybert Commission, the last word is far from having been spoken on Spiritualism. As every one knows, who knows aught of it—even though like myself he still remains unconverted—the real force of the movement rests on experiences with which professional mediums have nothing to do. In the same way, I suppose, that he who is blind finds out to his surprise how many blind-folk there are in the world, and he who is lame thinks everybody has a secret kink in one leg, it has seemed to me that everybody, or at least every other body has been having secret experiences of an occult sort. While these things hold within home circles, it will take several Seybert Commissions to lev Spiritualium, he it what it may

sions to lay Spiritualism—be it what it may. In the interests of science every one ought to appreciate your brave effort to free this mysterious something from the incubus of mediumistic fraud, so heavily handicapping the movement. And with the bare possibility before them that the ultimate residuum of Spiritualism may be the demonstration of the reality of the life beyond, for which the heart of war arise so pitages by all thoughtful heart of man cries so piteously, all thoughtful people ought to back such an effort as that which you are making; if only to the extent of a subscription. R. HEBER NEWTON. New York City, Dec. 12.

For the Religio-Phikophical Journal. THE DREAM-FOLK AT MY FIRE-SIDE.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

There is nothing like an old fashioned fire-place filled with blazing logs, for making one feel sociable, and now that the golden autumn tide is ebbing (though we have no sign of a frost as yet at Sunny Brae), the air is crisp and chill, and we are glad of an excuse to build a fire, while the roses and heliotrope, jessamine and violets continue to bloom, unconscious of December's near approach. And as I watch the shadows come and go to the mellow music of the dancing flame, a thousand memories of the old-time come trooping in. I hear scared whispers of a dread something, in the air; see groups of eager men and women, and in their midst a flaxen-haired child, whose tiny hands seem possessed of some strange power whereby the unseen becomes palpable and the silence speaks! How white and earnest is the mother's face, until, through tireless search and questioning, she believes the truth is found,—the truth so glorious! The dead live; and none are lost, and all have chance of happiness!

And this picture, with many lights and shades and endless variations, was reproduced the wide world over. For tens of thousands a spiritual spring-tide, with bursting bud and fragrant blossoms of eternal hope, broke over the hills of time; the germs of an old, old truth, long hidden in the chilly mould of a grim theology, like a rose-vine on the north side of a stone wall. kissed by some heavenly ray stealing through the crevice of a creed, began to stir, push and climb, until it reached the top-most tier, and there met a full sun-burst of angelic love that sent it laughing down in living beauty upon the beaten, blood-stained paths of human life, that all might see, believe and be made happy!

But even as many go through this world of ever shifting scenes of loveliness, blind to the marvels of sun rise, cloud-pictures, and majesty of sea and mountain, so truths quite as manifest and partaking of nature's infinitude are passed unnoticed or misused. The night shades may mask a villain and aid his murderous act as well as unveil the pure stars! And so it has come to pass that what was to a million hearts a glad surprise —the finding of Heaven so near, is now associated in our minds with sad and vulgar things. But shall we allow a few, or even many, cowardly dagger-thrusts to make all the pulsing heavens hideous? Shall we permit the phenomenal frauds to foul the broad and shining up-lands of spiritual thought and action? ... The fire-place is a wonderful picture-world to-night! I see the shadows of a mighty storm creeping over the whole round earth, and few men heed! Whence come the clouds? From vast seas of ignorance, vice and misery. While we wrangle over non-essentials, drink wine and jest with chosts,—eit supinely waiting for spirits to do our work, nay, our very thinking, or spend our breath descanting on the spiendors of spirit-land, our own individual, present world is little better for our being. Shall we rise and make ready for the storm, and so, mayhap, avert calamity?.....

Silently among the flickering fire-folk flit the forms of the so called dead. Little children whose pellucid eye-depths, in which gather no shadows of regret, sparkle with innocence and joy. Of happy are they whom the child-angels love to visit and best are mature faces that of swell moneralisms, in though carticorrows, storained and in the and brow,—and apple countries. Description with hope, love and grapality—but

For the Belisio-Philosophical Journal. Scene at a Child's Funeral.

The Hand of a Spirit Plucks Rose Buds from a Bouquet Lying on the Casket-Lines to Adella.

HON. A. H. DAILEY.

We who have attained to a knowledge of the continuity of life and of the possible sweet relations attainable between the two realms of existence, can afford to endure much that is thought and said of us by those who regard us as too credulous or as deluded. Who has not lost a friend, and who would not be comforted by knowing that love dies not, and that our friends can and do commune with with us? Surely none. These holiday seasons are full of pleasing scenes, but I think there are few who do not experience a somber vibration of the inner consciousness from the memories of days gone and friends departed.
The Journal recently gave a touching

tribute to the memory of a sweet little girl, Adella Tice Quackenboss of this city, who left her friends in grief at the call of the angels, Saturday, November 20th, 1887. She had, from infancy, spent her summers with her mother and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Tice, at Lake Pleasant. Her bright face and joyous life enlivened the scenes around their cottage, and she had many friends who were grieved at her transition. The following beautiful incident oc-

curred at her funeral:

The body of the little child was reposing in an open white velvet casket. Around were exquisite floral displays, and her name "Adelia" was beautifully inwrought on several of the pieces. Across the foot of the open casket, was a bouquet of large rosebuds, the gift of a devoted nurse. Several friends including my wife and myself, were seated facing the casket, and only a few feet away from it. In the midst of the services, a large rose-bud loosened from this bouquet and fell with a thud upon the floor. A moment or two later, another one fell in the same way. Our attention now was riveted upon the phenomenon, for so it evidently was, as the buds were so placed or arranged as not to separate or fall without some intelligent agency. After a little time, a third one rose up as if lifted, and fell over the side of the casket to the floor. Mrs. Dailey, who was watching the occurence, states that she distinctly saw the chubby hand of a child lifting at the bouquet as if attempting to move it into the casket. We have since learned through our spirit friend Daisie, that several spirit children were present, and one who was closely related to Adella, and after whom she was named, was trying to place the bouquet upon the lifeless feet in the casket. Surely such scenes are too beautful not to be told to the world, which is so full of sad and weening hearts.

Her death has inspired the following lines: Adelia! Adelia! oh, flower of the morning!
Too rare and too fair for this bleak world's adorning;
The angels have parted the leaves that concealed thee—
The evergreen leaves with which we had concealed

Have plucked from our hearts without asking or warning. Adellat Adellat sweet flower of the morning.

Adella! Adella! oh, heavenly token!
Too dear for the bler, they have ruthlessly broken.
Have sundered the ties of affection which bound thee.
The soul reaching ties of affection which bound thee,
Have borne thee away ere our prayers were outspoken,
Adella! Adella! sweet heavenly token

Adelia! Adelia! oh, jewel of heaven, How bright was the light which our Father had given; It shone in our hearts as a star in its glory— It gleamed in our home a day-star of glory; ath we have striver Adella! Adella! bright jewel of heaven.

Adella! Adella! thy cold form reposes,
In the gloom of the tomb 'neath chaplets of roses;
From the house of the dead thy spirit ascended,
From hearts that enchained it thy spirit ascended,
An angel of light in the land of the roses,
Adella! Adella! an angel reposes!

Adelia! Adelia! as a dove in the morning Alights from its light, the bright heavens adorning, Vanits down from the skies to the cote of its loved one; Is drawn from the skies to the home of its loved ones, Adella returns t , the hearts that are mourning, Adella descends on the wings of the morning.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

[The scene witnessed by Mrs. Dailey is confirmed by the testimony of another correspondent who says that several persons observed the same little hand and saw the roses fall.—Ed. Journal.]

> For the Religio. Philosophical Journal. Religious Spiritualism.

> > SOLON LAUER.

One who is neither prejudiced against the claims of Spiritualists, nor able to accept them in whole as final explanations of the multiform phenomena of the movement.may yet perceive some truth hidden equally from the narrow-sighted skeptic and the over-zeal-

It is evident that the movement known as modern Spiritualism is characterized by a class of phenomena similar to those which have attended various historic movements in religion. The visions of Mohammed. of Swedenborg, of the Hebrew seers and Christian apostles-whatever may have been their source—are evidently illustrations of a psychic law which finds modern expression in the clairvoyance of the hypnotic sensitive and medium. The powers of healing claimed and often exhibited by modern faith curists, mind cure doctors, magnetic healers and others, are evidently of the same nature as the powers manifested by the Hebrew prophets. the early Christians, and others of ancient times of whom marvellous but doubtless often authentic tales are told. The power of speaking in tongues has been claimed and. according to what would seem excellent testimony, manifested by many besides the early Christians. The phenomena of Spiritualism, in a word, are modern instances of psychic laws which have found expression in every age of the history of mankind. But there is this vital difference; that whereas in former times these phenomena were always identified with some form of religion, and were looked upon generally as manifestations of Jehovah, God, or other delties, in these times they are attributed to the power of disembodied human spirits. Thus these phenomena have lost their distinctively religious character, and Spiritualism as a movement has been purely secular. Whether this has been a loss or a gain is the question. The phenomena will not, of course, be again looked upon as direct actions of Delty. dutimay they not be surrounded with theire

phenomena of nature were once look-a as direct manifostations of Deity or fractually this belief disappeared, after was lost sight of in law. But we are seemed to see God in nature, a homenous of the physical universe total society in the gare of relig-

heir study and cultivation?

s atmosphere, and the tremendous im-of religious enthusiasm be gained for

be in a similar way restored to their former religious significance? May they not, as manifestations of spiritual laws, as revelations of a world of spirit to which human spirits are related by ties that are eternal, be freighted with the same religious significance as when they were considered to be cance as when they were considered to be direct actions of Deity? Is not the same God back of them as of old? Are not human spirits-new believed to be the authors of these phenomens, parts of the Infinite Spirit, who was formerly believed to be their author? Do we not in a real sense exist in God, our life part of His infinite life, our powers maniestations of His boundless power? If God is back of the flower, as the life from which its life is derived, is He not much more back of our lives, the Spirit in which our spirits have their being? And if the beauty and perfume of the flower are in any sense revelations of the life of God, are not human thought, affection, and all the mysterious movements of the human soul more truly manifestations and revelations of that Infl nite Soul that is over all?

The writer is not attempting either to convince skeptics that the phenomena of mod-ern Spiritualism are produced by disembodied human spirits, or to convince Spiritualists that said phenomena are not rightly attributable to that source; but simply aims to show that whatever their source, whether Infinite Spirit or finite spirits, they are and ought to be of profound religious significance. If Spiritualists who hold these remarkable phenomena as a revolutions of that markable phenomena as revelations of that world which is the eternal destiny of the soul, can surround them with the atmosphere of reverence and religious feeling, the many abuses that now cling to them would disappear, and Spiritualism would take its place among the great religious movements of the world. What a church might Spiritualists build if they would? With inspiration and vision, with powers of healing and prophecy, with all the spiritual gifts of primitive Christianity restored, and with none of the mediæval accretions which damage Christianity in these days of scientific thought, it might sweep the world with the rapidity of the wind, and bless mankind with a beautiful faith and the knowledge of eternal life.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

WM. Q. JUDGE, F. T. S.

In the records of forty years of American Spiritualism the Astral Light is not unknown; it has been referred to by many mediums while under what is called "control," and spirits in speaking of it have at times detailed some of its properties. Its place in nature and the part it plays at scances, mind reading and tests, demand for it more attention than it has hitherto received from those who believe in the Summer-land.

The real witnesses produced for the majority of spiritistic phenomena are these spirits, and their word must be taken by their followers wherever possible; especially must this be so whenever the spirits agree with a large body of evidence found in an-

cient and medieval writings.
Some years ago Mrs. M. J. Hollis-Billing gave the editor of the Journal several sittings with the spirit Jim Nolan, who delivered replies to queries prepared, and which were published. Mrs. Billing has never been accused of fraud, and by turning to the files of the Journal the report can be found. This spirit's utterances are entitled to weight. He said, in substance, that there is a plastic medium existing in nature called persons, dead and living, and of all their thoughts, actions and circumstances; and that in producing what is called a materialization of a deceased one, a magnetic mirror was constructed by the control, on to which was reflected out of the Astral Light, the face or form desired to be seen, and that as each change was made a new picture was drawn from the Astral Light.

Although as a body-whether in published works or in private discussion—Spiritualists have ignored the Astral Light, it has long been recognized by Theosophists of both the present Theosophical society and those of two hundred years ago, while the Hindus have, for ages, known of it and called it the

What, then, is this Astral Light? It is what is called by Eliphas Levi, the "plastic medium" that interpenetrates each thing and every point of space; a medium, plane, place, state or condition of the other, wherein is recorded an image of every object that comes before it, an echo of every word ever spoken, an unbroken chain of continuous pictures of all that happens here below.

As well also are to be found in it the shades or lemures of the departed—not their spirits but their reliquiæ, existing there until they shall pass away in natural course, and there, floating, darting, wavering, swim-ming to and fro, like fishes in the sea, are the other class of spirits, called "elementals" by the old Cabalists, nature spirits by others,

Gnomes, Sylphs and Salamanders, In this Astral medium is a vast babel of sounds - the undying reverberations of uttered speech, the utterers of which have long ago passed away; noble sentiments clothed in faultless rhetoric; horrible discords produced by the senseless and vicious talk of all times and persons; sweet music, the din of war, and the solemn chant from out cathedral aisles. Every odor man ever smelled, and every sound, divine or dia-bolical, are there. It is a burial ground for mummles, as it were. The fluidic envelope passed off by every one at death, is caught in it and there leaves its impression, even after that envelope has itself dissipated into the various elements. Just as the long ago dead tribolite impacted in the earliest fossiliferous strata: leaves behind it when removed a clear impression of itself, so that which lodges in the Astral Light stamps there an

imperishable image.
Finding, then, this Jim Nolan agreeing with ancient records on that subject, Spiritnalists are bound to investigate along the lines indicated, or else be guilty of ignoring an important element in the problem before

An inteligent reply from a thing or influence, unseen and unknown, except by what it manifests, is not, per se, proof of an intelligent conscious entity behind it, or of identity with a deceased person. An unintelligent man can learn and repeat like a parrot a series of highly intelligent sentences. Out of the Astral Light can be brought—ressurrected so to say—either a picture of a person or a scene, or the discourses of Plato. How then can we afford to ignere the exist-ence of the Astral Light or refuse to make some inevitable conclusions? Is it because we are afraid that the Summerland will diswe are arraid that the Bummerland will disappear, or that we do not wish to accoust as true econothing not in accord with our presentative antilogs or present experience). As or see, give me truth, no major what it can be read that the light what it can be read that the light.

JOTTINGS FROM NEBRASKA. Letter from Mrs. Elia M. Dole.

To the Editor of the Beligio-Philosopoles: Journal

It is now eight weeks since I left home to seek the rest I felt I sadly needed, after nearly two years constant work. I assure you I have appreciated to the fullest extent the good time made for me by relatives and

friends. I arranged to have sent to me, what I felt I could not do without, viz., your paper and the sermons by Dr. Thomas. I find here, and also at Atchison, Kansas, a large field for a test medium like Mrs. Foye or Mrs. Lord. My mediumship is not adapted to the need of a community where something that is startling can alone attract attention.

As I realize this to be the case, I am making no effort, except in a private, social way, to be of benefit.

If I had not through the experience of years learned the lesson not to permit my spirit to be disturbed over any false impression of myself capable of correction, I should feel annoyed over the thought (judging from letters) that seems to exist in the minds of many, both in and out of Chicago, that I have given up my mediumship, through becoming a Christian Scientist. Have you ever found a person willing to exchange gold for silver? Mediumship is the grandest gift ever given to man. What can equal its power to prove another and higher existence beyond this vale of tears; to bind the broken hearts crushed by the loss of a loved one, often many, so that they have strength to move cheerfully on their pathway that, but for the knowledge of meeting again their dear ones, would be desolate and lonely.

Christian Science, while it teaches the in-dividual to rise above physical ills, fails to comfort sad hearts, at least so I judge from the fact that so many of my sitters were Scientists. This fact incited me to study the Science, to see the cause, if possible, of the lack of power in it. The light soon came to me when my teacher of the Eddy school. announced that, at a meeting held that day by Scientists, they had decided that Spiritualism was materialism!

The bomb thrown in my case failed to explode, so I studied on, and you can imagine my surprise to find that mediums had been teaching the Science for years. Have they not demonstrated the power of spirit over matter? Have they not taught to go to God as to a Father, claiming the right of a child, not as an outcast, only going still farther by permitting all to enjoy the companionship of their brothers and sisters, the dear ministering spirit-loved ones gone, as well as that of the Father?

Has not Spiritualism proclaimed the fact. "Go, heal the sick?"

This hobby, so to speak, of the Science, has it not taught charity in its broadest form, and love to such an extent that it has led to evil minded persons seeking to cloak their sin under its banner, as sinners have been known to creep into churches for worldly benefit? and how inconsistent for orthodoxy to turn its back on Spiritualism and accept Christian Science, when the latter is its foe, for nowhere does this latter thought even hint at vicarious atonement. Save yourself, is its motto! Show your spirit how to master matter, the unreal. This and many other grand thoughts paid me well for the time devoted to the study, and one day I felt the inspiration to go forth on a mission to Mrs. Eddy's heathen, the Spiritualists, the mediums, and, oh! what a welcome I have. How glad they are to find that they have the portance, is that what we are seeking, in truth; only need to be shown how to turn the current of thought against physical ills; the Astral Light, in which are pictures of that they can be Scientists and keep possession of their senses; that they can still love nature as God's handiwork, and not creation of mortal mind; that they can place one hand in the Father's, and with the other reach across the chasm of death to the "invisible world," asking for the way to be shown to do good. In time all the Scientists will fall into the line of spiritual interpretation of the Science. They will proclaim their faith in spirit communion as Helen Wilmans, one of their best healers in Georgia, has done. They will throw off the mask that it is best to wear for the present, and acknowledge that there is a power lying back of all personal gift of healing, let it come from what source it may. Beatrice, Neb.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

SPIRITUAL FELICITY. B. R. ANDERSON.

At first thought, it is impossible to comprehend the beauties of the new religion. Spiritualism! Kaleidoscope like, it is ever presenting new beauties. A few years ago, all over the earth days of religious observance carried something extremely unpleasant with them. The preacher in this country, and in England, talked of but little else than a terrible hell, or a heaven that differed from hell only in the manner of punishment. Now all of this is changed; every pulpit echoes, to some extent at least, the glory of Spiritualism. Hell has vanished, and heaven has been repaired.

But the greatest change is that experi-nced by the intelligent masses at large. Death, in the light of modern Spiritualism, simply opens the door to a change fraught with new power and advantages never thought of until our souls were flooded with

this new light.

The world is growing better because of the gradual downfall of the thought, that to be bathed in blies eternal, man has simply to "believe and be baptized;" and in its place is growing the creed of love, justice, charity and forbearance.

It may not be inopportune to mention in this connection our aptness to seek for the zenith of wonders as proof of spirit communion, thus neglecting many of the phe nomena, humble in their nature, but which seem to whisper hope and consolation to the hungry soul. It may be possible that com-fort has been derived from materialized forms, so real that the sitter has forgotten that he was visiting with one who had passed from earthlife; possible, but I doubt it. The few forms which the writer has seen, did not seem real; not seeming real they east a shadow upon the thought of death, rather than a halo.

The simpler the communication the sweeter, if we are only sure of its spiritual source. A few months ago the writer and wife, and a friend and wife, sat for spirit communion at the writer's home. Our custom was to begin with table tipping, receive orders begin with table tipping, receive orders thus, and then proceed to a higher plane. On the present occasion we had not received directions through the tipping and had just abundaned the effort. Our lady friend was preparing to go home; she suddenly changed manner, and said; "Well, we are here now, but we manner stag."

I setted, "Who is it," she answered, giving the name of our control. By this timethe wall-stag wife had sented themselves at the manner of the sented themselves at the

"There," said she, "they are coming now." At that instant the table which had not moved before, saluted us. I turned to the medium, who sat a few feet away from the table and asked, "Who is tipping it?" She answered promptly, "Mrs. A's grandmother." I then instantly asked the communicant

Who are you?" Grandmother, was at once indicated. word or two more and the medium who had not even looked at the stand said, "Goodnight." As she said goodnight, as if by preconcerted signal, the table dropped into our laps, our customary goodnight signal. No coaxing after that could produce the slightest effect on the stand, and the medium was freedfrom influence.

A lady held her first seance with us. We almost positively knew from the family bigotry that she knew nothing at all about Spiritualism. She became entranced, immediately. After this entrancement, she said she had met and shaken hands with many of her deceased relatives. She gave us directions for the formation of circles, talking like an old experienced Spiritualist. She said, "They told me so."

On such occasions we were permitted to eit and converse with friends from the other-

side to our hearts' glory.

One scance would so strengthen the writer that the trials of the business week seemed utterly absorbed by the joys of the happy

communion. Concordia, Kan.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. OF MATTERS PSYCHICAL.

ANTOINETTE VAN HOESEN WAKEMAN.

That the beautiful palace of truth may be entered by a multitude of ways, as various as they are numerous, is a fact which it is good to recognize, for thereby is gained that reasonable tolerance which is the only mental attitude consistent with continued advancement.

At the recent meeting of the National

Prison Association at Toronto especial attention was given to the different methods of identifying prisoners. In discussing the "Anthropometic" method, which consists of the notation of certain bone dimensions which remain unchangeable in the same in-dividual, data from French statistics were brought forward, which demonstrated that out of 100,000 subjects there were barely ten who showed approximate figures, so infinitely differentiated is the human species. This differentiation is a harmonious law and is not confined to the physical, but extends through the mental and spiritual. Hence for what fact should we be more thankful than that truth may be gained by ways innumerable and that each individual may pursue the way which according to the laws of his being is alone possible to him. While this is so, and even he who is hobby mounted may enter an outer court of truth's citadel. although truly he may not hope while so mounted to reach the inner sanctuary where burns the sacred flame of fine logic, there are certain general laws which to violate is to ultimately become unable to distinguish truth from falsehood. In psychic investiga-tion there is one of these laws which I believe, both from experience and observation, to be all important, and that is the law of such investigation, is the viewless actuating ment which we hold within our partial grasp and which we call scientific knowledge?

As God lives, what is written in the flesh is not contradicted in the spirit, and what is evident in the material is not given the lie

in the unseen.

He who understands through earnest and exhaustive study the functions of the body: who with earnest labor seeks to understand nature's recognized laws while violating none of them; who puts himself en rapport with grand interpreting souls, who have had broad visions, through earnest study of their works has accomplished in psychic study what he who would build an enduring structure has done, when he has laid his foundation deep, solid and sufficient.

My own study of matters psychical was, in

the beginning, wholly subjective and so continued through many years of utterly lonely and most severe physical labor. I now know that this labor was the greatest possible blessing, for the relentless master, Necessity, kept me unflinchingly to the law of works, through a period when I might easily have become either one of those impressionists. who are like a ship without pilot or rudder in the midst of a wide uncertain ocean, or a member of one of those "circles of illusion" which, when formed, carry away whole multitudes, as in the days of Perkins and his "Tractor," the "Tulip Mania," and as we may see without any very close observation in our own day and midst. During those years of subjective study and daily labor, there were borne in upon me ununified truths, which as I recognized as truths I could not reject, but neither could I assimilate them, as they were parts of a whole which I did not at all comprehend.

At last the time came when, touched by objective light, those truths became instinct with significance and the formless chaos of facts began to appear a perfectly consistent whole. Then it was that with ecstasy I began to understand the story of the deliverance of the children of Israel. and how it was that the magi of old Egypt (who by dint of asceticism had acquired occult powers, which however were limited by motives not wholly subservient to the highest good) had followed the real adept Moses through a part of the phenom-ena performed by him by means of sacred scientific laws, by which he effected the liberation of his people. Also how the witch of Endor had called up Samuel, how the prophets had prophesied, and seen visions, and angels had visited, and saints communed with the children of men. The story of the blessed Nazarene became a beautiful reality. and not a mystical tale which taxed my credulity the utmost and left my reason with her face in the dust, for I saw the miracles as a reasonable exemplification of the result of an understanding of the innermost secrets of nature and an unresisting but unbending, persistent and holy conformity to those laws

which were, and are, and must be. I will say that the Bible was my first insti-ation, to the study of which I have spoken:

gation, to the study of which I have spoken; that it has been my greatest help and most satisfying conformation, and that prayer has sustained me when all else failed.

Such investigation as I have been able to make in the midst of a very basy life (the payethic study I have made has not been in the line of my bread-winning) has shown me slearly that the clairrowant who foretakin the most improvable event long before it transpling the great inventor; the mader mind.

persistent effort, or illumination, conformed conscionaly or otherwise to universal laws: the same laws which must be sought by faith and made and kept our own by works. And as the connecting flashes which have revealed the mighty consistency of all that is, have come to me, like the grand tender man, Hans Christian Anderson, I bow in the presence of any worshiper, simply because he worships, and a strong and joyous pean arises in my soul to the God, En Soph, the Boundless, for the gift of conscious being.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, The Lesson of Ignorance.

> > CHAS. DAWBARN.

Only a few months since I made the acquaintance of a minister in whose family Spiritualism had broken out. Viewing the phenomena with the fond anxiety of a father who knows all about mumps, measles and whooping cough, a doctor had been called in. With professional sagacity he proceeded to take a general view of his patient as a whole; and discovered that she was a young girl of about twelve years of age, rather sleepy looking, and very shy before strangers. The father accused his child of shaking violently, and uttering harsh sounds that nobody could understand, while all the time she was apparently asleep or uncon-

The wise physician felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, listened to her heart, and carefully noted her temperature. It might be hysteria; malaria was not impossible. Evidently the first thing to do was to administer a dose of castor oil, and then watch for further development.

At this point the mother interfered. several months she had been quietly dabbling in the shallows of modern Spiritualism, and had made up her mind that her young daughter was a medium, and that some spirit was attempting her development. The minister did not know that his fond wife had actually attended circles, and even held them with her children in her own

home, till the family was rapidly becoming an open gateway to the Spirit-world. There were eleven children in all. Minister's wives are usually a success as incubators. The mother told me that the four youngest-sweet little dots from four to eight years of age—held private circles of their own. Two of them were clairvoyant, and described the spirit children who flocked to this juvenile reception. So the father and the doctor were likely to get the worst of it

under such conditions as these. A few days before I made the minister's acquaintance, a Russian sailor had told the family that the unconscious girl was talking excellent Russian. By using that sailor as interpreter, the spirit told the tale of his life and death in a town not far from Moscow. This discovery was of great theological interest to the preacher, for he considered his child miraculously blessed with the gift of tongues, as in the days of the aposties. But sad to say, it was not long before he discovered that the spirit could not stand the fire of a cross examination, but grew confused, and contradicted himself as to names he must have known in earth life, if his account of himself were correct. So the preacher declared his daughter possessed of a devil, while the mother was naturally indignant at such an accusation.

At this stage I made the acquaintance of the family, and both parents appealed to me to help them out of the difficulty. A little explanation of the psychic laws governing spirit control soon led to a further experience with the Russian spirit, who now brings a spirit interpreter, and is a warmly

welcomed friend.

It seems to me there is an important lesson in this incident. Like that preacher we are ready at a moment's notice to open our court and "try the spirits" without considering that even a spirit is entitled to a fair trial before a competent court. A moment's thought should convince us of the difficulties that may prevent our rendering a just verdict. Let us take the case of the Andover professors tried for heresy because they believed that the heathen who had never heard of Jesus might possibly be saved. Now, let me attempt to select a jury competent to try that case. Allow me to present you with this list of Australian savages. But you object because, as you say, they are without sufficient intelligence. I quite agree with you, so invite you to make your selection from among our Universalists whose intelligence and integrity will be vouched for by a whole nation. Again, you object and tell me such men have already declared their belief that everybody will be saved. I cannot deny it, so here is yet another list composed of the Congregational ministers of Chicago who refused to send a word of sympathy to Mrs. Beecher when a whole nation was mourning its dead hero. But you make reply that such men are quite willing every-body should be damned but themselves; and once again you object to allowing them to act as jurors. But after so many objections I ask, where, in the name of common sense, can you expect to find an unbiased jury?

Now, let us apply this illustration to the case of spirit return with its many difficulties, perplexities and un-known laws governing such intercourse. Are you the savage, the Universalist, or Congregational minister of modern Spiritualism? or have you a diploma from Nature attesting your ability as an expert for both worlds, to give a just and true verdict for or against a spirit? If not, would it not be well to begin the new year with a resolution to "go slow" and carefully study the laws of hypnotic suggestion," that leave their impress on the human brain long after every out-

ward appearance of control has ceased And since we can never approach the Spirit-world without being ourselves on trial, would it not be well to ascertain the verdict of that spirit jury? Perchance that verdict might be "guilty"—guilty of self-conceit and of ignorance of spirit difficulty of control, as well as of ignorance of our own influence, both upon medium and upon spirit; and it is just possible we might discover that myriads of tests and years of phenomena can only leave us in the dark, unless we make careful study of philosophy, and seek for light-more light every day of our lives.

Among traveling salesmen order is Heaven's first law.—*Life*. Santa Claus is being measured for his Christmas soot.—New York Morning Jour-

It isn't necessary for a man to know enough to go in when it rains if he has an umbrella.—Life.

An occiliet doesn't want an eve for an eve and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want to the occurrence Labor country of the fore occurrence

Woman's Conference.

LY DIAR. CHASE, LEADER 2139 UBER PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Human Love.

Though the vell be drawn between me And my idols, still I say
Peace, my soul! for I have seen the
Herald of the coming day;
For the warmest streak of sunshine
Out of all my cloudy past. Giving forth its beams in one fine Stream of glory unsurpassed, Wraps me round with tender radiance, Bathes me in a flood of light; Lighting up the whole dim distance "Walked by faith and not by eight;" Brighteet thing in all fair nature. Heaven above, or earth beneath: Penetrating to the future Even through the vale of death; And should any ask, whence came it? I would answer, from above; And if God would let me name it I shall call it Human Love. -Anon.

Woman.

Give us that grand word "Woman" once again, And let's have done with "lady." One's a term,

Full of fine force—strong, beautiful and firm, Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen— And one's a word for lackeys.

One suggests
The mother, wife and sister; one the dama
Whose costly robe, maybap, gave her the name,
One word upon its own strength leans and rests

The other minose, tiptoe.

Who would be
The "perfect woman" must grow brave of heart
And broad of soul, to play her troubled part
Well in life's drama. While each day we see
The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do,
And what to say, grace in each tone and act
("Tis taught in schools but needs some native tast)
Vet narrow in her mind as in her shoe. Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.

Give the first place, then, to the nobler phrase, And leave the lesser word for lesser praise. —Ella Wheeler Wilcom.

A Notable Woman.

DEAR SISTERS: In a late letter the promise was made to tell you of a notable woman-whom the writer met in the New York City Criminal Court, and who attracted the attention of your correspondent—although at that time entirely unknown to her-by her commanding presence, bright dark eyes, and her Diana-like physical health and beauty.

But even the superb physique of Linda Gilbert was not proof against the malarial and blood-poisoning atmosphere of the city prisons, and to-day she is confined to her home and her room, from too frequent visits to these death-traps; but the narrative was to be of a circumstance that happened almost two years ago. While waiting for the hour to arrive for the case before reported, to be tried, the Judge was passing sentence upon some poor fellows who had been found guilty of some crime, and among them, a beard-less youth was brought before him, who had been convicted for carrying burglars' tools though not of using, or attempting to use, them-for which offense he was about to re ceive five years imprisonment, when Miss Gilbert quickly summoning the clerk to her side, requested him to ask the Judge if she duct in the future. The Judge very graciously replied that as this was a second offense, he felt called upon to punish him, but would make the sentence as light as he consistently could-six months, instead of five long. weary years.

The boy's young sister was present, a refined and gentle looking girl (he probably had no mother), and what deep gratitude ance. So strongly did the impulse possess must have welled up from those two young me that, in the faith of previous experience, hearts to the noble woman who could so mitigate the cruel vengeance of the law. Yet this case was but one of hundreds, perhaps thousands, in which Linda Gilbert has so helped the poor unfortunates; for she has made it the work of her life to elevate and help the criminal classes. She has presented twenty-two libraries to the prisons of different States, ranging from 1,500 to 2,000 volumes: has furnished employment for 6,000 ex convicts, providing five dollars' worth of pediars' goods to each of nearly five hundred

She holds that the poor convict, after having served out his, or her, term of imprisonment, coming from the prison house without means or credit, is often almost driven to commit crime by the difficulties they encounter in the struggle to provide for their necessities: for who cares to trust a person who has once been guilty of theft or embezzlement?

Often at the midnight hour does some poor creature apply to Miss Gilbert for food and

shelter, and they never ask in vain.

The Tax and Trade Record, N. York, published by Miss Gilbert. contains valuable information upon many topics connected with her prison work—to which all other is only auxiliary—and if space permitted, it would be interesting to report, verbatim, her letter to the Mayor of Brooklyn, asking permission to form a company to build observatories on the towers of the Great Bridge, the plan and cost of which she has calculated; the surplus revenue from which would enable her to pur-chase and maintain a temporary home for ex-convicts. A farm, hennery, light manufactories, laundry, etc., she thinks might be made almost, or quite, self-sustaining. For this purpose she needs, three hundred or four hundred acres near New York. Who will give some of" God's Acres" to His poor?

One year ago last May, Mrs. Laura C. Hall, editress of the Model Commonwealth—the organ of the Puget Sound Co operative Colony-began her editorial career with but twenty-one subscribers; no facilities for printing, and little or no money. In a little more than a year she had bought out The Voice of the People—a small paper published at Seattle, W.T., together with its press and belongings, and removing the field of her la-bors to Port Angeles, started the first news-paper ever issued in Clallam county, with a subscription list of two thousand.

Her paper is devoted to labor reform-advocates especially the emancipation of wo-man—and is in sympathy with temperance and religious toleration. It is fast becoming, as it deserves to be, one of the leading papers of Washington Territory.

The St. Louis Christian Advocats (Methu-St. Louis Christian Advocate (Metho-ays pamething specturaging: "The is perhaps wiser and better to day any provinces period since the time the main wise the time and marking many birty more and marking the party beauty

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Experience in Spiritual Phenomena.

J. F. SNIPES.

My experience in spiritual phenomena for many years has been personal, secondary, and various. I have met with many instances of bare-faced simulation, but have encountered undoubtable proofs of spirit company, and my Doubting Castle, long defended against assault, was finally over-thrown by the persistent force of stupendous facts, until now the concrete foundation of my faith is laid in eternal consistence and positive knowledge.

Investigators must allow for contrasts of opinion and character; must expect cloud as well as sunshine, darkness and light, the accusing and the charitable, the false and the true, in all spiritual religious and material science, but patient research will at last convince them that change, not destruction, progress, not retrogression, is a universal law of matter and life. The things that once created unreasoning prejudice, born of inexperience, are now studied, understood and appreciated, and Hope, with a big H., for future continuation and reformation is substituted for another big H., and Modern Spiritualism, by its phenomena and teachings, has contributed immensely to the abolition of ancient superstition and fear. abolition of ancient superstition and fear, and kindled a fadeless fire of gratitude and comfort in the sorrowing heart.

The following is but a very small fragment of the evidence, as faithfully recorded by me for the last thirteen years, and never pub-lished, not including numerous tests by independent spirit writing, that has led me to acknowledge the truth as it is in Spiritualism. Of course the possible resuscitation of any such personal statements, made verbally or in print, except under very unusual conditions, and with satisfactory additions, would be no further test, and fresh opportunities must furnish fresh results.

Recently I received from Virginia a bit of clay, for psychometrization. One evening, while conversing with Mrs. Judge Goodwin, of 143 E. 15th st., a perfect stranger to my people, and without any suggestion, I placed the sample on the table before her, when she was immediately controlled by an Indian girl, who declared, in broken English, that she was a Chicopee, from the south-west part of Virginia; that the specimen came from a grave there, near a place of public curiosity, describing stalactites, like flowing water. She also claimed to be acquainted with my own home, and described the surroundings and the inmates accurately. The friend sending the sample wrote me that he took it from the neighborhood of the grave of a supposed Indian girl, near the Luray Caverne, Va., with which was connected a pretty Indian romance of the long while ago. Another medium a few nights before had given the same information while handling the content of the content of the long while ago. the specimen. Mrs. Goodwin also stated she saw my father, and a Henry, my mother's brother. This Henry was indeed a favorite brother, and seems always to be in company of the father whenever and wherever communicating, and some years ago gave me a clear photograph of himself, which was easily recognized by those best qualified.

I have an incorrectable habit of sleeping late. On one occasion I placed a stand at might be permitted to speak to him for a moment. He signified assent, and in a few hurrled words she asked him to suspend judgment in the case, and she would set the lad important matter of business, and promptly to work and be responsible for his good con- at the hour I was awakened by loud knocks on the table, which I acknowledged with smile of satisfaction, and which continued until after I had my feet on the floor.

At another time, in the summer, while writing at my desk at 87 Leonard St., I was impressed with the notion that an old lady friend living at 270 W. 42nd St., had been I dropped my pen, about three hours before the usual time, hastened to the house, rang the bell, asked the servant how all were, and was told that the lady in question had just been brought in from the street, sunstruck. I entered the room, saw her lying on her bed, clothed, and deeply groaning, her eyes glassy and wild, as she cried: "Oh, my head, my bead; I shall die." In a moment it seemed as if my arms were thrilled with superhuman strength and will, as I made passes from head to foot, and in about two minutes, I should judge, her eyes lost their glare, and she arose from her bed and walked, exclaiming, "How strange! I saw somebody standing by your side, and I am all right now!" and at once proceeded with her household work.

Another instance of spirit presence was af-forded me last summer, while visiting my mother, nearly 75 years of age, in Staunton, Va. One day we went to the grave of my father in the suburbs. No one else was present in the cometery at the time. When we reached the grave, she said: "The children are on that side of him, and nobody on this side; I want you to see that I am buried there, and it won't be long," weeping. I replied, "What more natural than that he should be with his wife and boy at this moment? I will cut off a bit of this beautiful cedar at the foot, and submit it to some good medium in New York, and if he hears and sees what we say and do, I hope he will come and remind me, as a test for you." Having this opportunity thus provided, I jealously guarded the secret, and on my arrival in New York I enclosed the bit of cedar in an envelope, then in another paper, and the two in another envelope, and handed the package casually to a tried medium, who remarked: "I am impressed to say this came from your father's grave." I then took it to another nonprofessional medium, Mrs. Dr. Brittingham, 908 Sixth Avenue, who held it a few moments, and then smilingly said: "I see your father (describing him correctly), and he says he is glad you went with your mother, and he heard her say there was room there for her, but tell her I am not there. This came from his grave. He gives you this as a test." 110 Worth St., New York.

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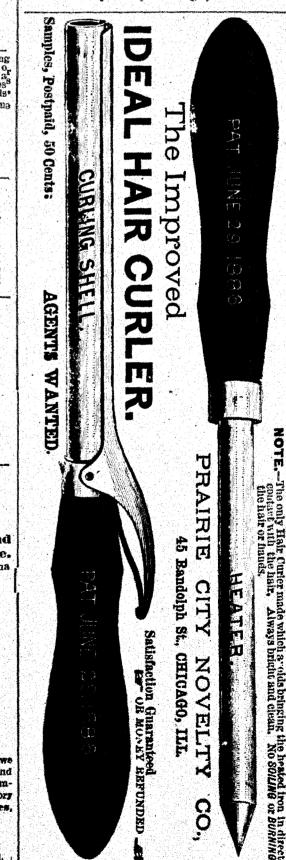
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Greeting.

To the thousands of old readers who have read the paper weekly for years, who have by their subscriptions and contributions to its columns added both to its value and stability, we give the warm, right hand of fellowship and a word of cordial, grateful greeting. You have our heart-felt thanks for your confidence in the integrity of our motives and accuracy of our statements where questions of fact have been involved. Your cheering expressions of sympathy with us in our arduous task have been an ever-refreshing and continually supporting force. In expressing our gratitude and extending | tiny. this holiday greeting, let us impress upon you with all the tremendous emphasis which the exigencies of the cause demand. the imminent importance of continued moral and financial support. Our task is greater than it is possible for one to adequately comprehend who has not sat in our office and observed the multifarious duties and great responsibilities ever overshadowing us. The field is ripe for the harvest but a way to command the respect of rational inquirers and to substantiate the claim of a continuity of life beyond all reasonable objection. We have striven to make prominent the philosophical, ethical and religious phases of Spiritualism, utilizing the phenomena as a scientific basis for a true and noble philosophy of life. We have promptly exposed error, delusion and wickedness hiding under the white cloak of Spiritualism, and for so doing have earned, and received without stint, the opposition and vindictive hatred of a considerable body of traffickers in commercial Spiritualism, their dupes and defenders.

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choose! You cannot reach supernal spheres | the unjust exactions and encroachments of on flowery beds of ease, nor lie thereon when you reach your spirit home. This you know already and we only now remind you of it that you may join us in redoubled efforts for the redemption of the world, to the end that universal happiness may the sooner prevail.

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A current popular error among, at least, the more ignorant of those who work for wages, is the idea that capital as such is the enemy of labor, and that whatever restricts the power of capitalists must necessarily be helpful to workingmen in overcoming the evils which oppress them. Hence the fierce tirades against capital so often heard at labor meetings, and the unreasoning abuse, or silent sullen dislike of the "capitalistic class" by those under the influence of this foolish misconception.

If these men could understand that capital in the broadest sense. is but another name for the collected and stored up work of hand and brain, of the living and the dead, converted into useful property and possessions, such as productive lands, houses, goods, money, knowledge, etc., they would see that the progress of civilization consists mainly in the accumulation of capital, or of those products of physical and intellectual work and which, increased and bequeathed onward from generation to generation, distinguish civilized from savage life, and are absolutely essential to progress in the future as they have been in the past. In the wild cry, "Down with capital," there is no reason and no sense. The more capital mankind possesses, the greater its power to free itself from the rude bonds of the material world, to understand and utilize to its highest advantage the physical forces of nature, thereby increasing its happiness and moving on to the fulfillment of its true des-

Yet there is a real evil which, in fact, is the cause of the wide and increasing dissatisfaction that among the ignorant and undiscriminating finds expression in unqualified denunciation of capital, and a feeling of ill will toward those who own it. This evil is the unequitable distribution of capital. If all had capital, no complaint would be heard: on the contrary every one would be ready to testify as to the advantages derived from it. the laborers are few. We have ever aimed Disadvantages there would be, of course, to present the phenomena of Spiritualism in from such a general distribution of the stored-up work of the race, but to these we need not here advert, since the condition supposed, if indeed, ever possible, belongs to the remote future and involve enormous changes in our industrial and social life. The point we wish to emphasize is this: that the object of the working man's opposition should not be capital itself, but whatever injustice there is, and there is much, in its unequal distribution by which the interests of the many are subordinated to the interests of individuals comparatively few in number.

> It is a great mistake for those who work with their hands to claim that they are the laborers par excellence and to separate their interest from general social questions. All who contribute to the varied needs of men; all, except those who in idleness live upon the work of others; all who work whether with brain or hand, are laborers and have a common interest in the cause of labor. I the work is differently paid for, the fact should be considered in connection with the quality of the work and the difficulty, danger and expense of its performance. The knowledge and skill which direct the work of a thousand men in a great manufacturing establishment are more rare, belong to a higher intellectual order, and will ever command larger pay than the labor of one of the men thus employed. Corporations and concentrated wealth are necessary now as they have been in the past to industrial progress. That there is danger in the power they are able to exercise in their own interest at the expense of the people we all know; and this. legiciation backed by public sentiment, along can eversume. To the intelligence and Titles of the people to many sittle-skip in the two shange weeks to make them

individual capitalists or combinations of capitalists whose avarice and greed oppress the poor and defraud the public.

The more we advance toward the heights we are destined to reach, the more we outgrow the condition and the inherited resuits of that real struggle for life, which has left behind deep traces of its distinctive action, since ever it passed from the physical to the intellectual phase; the more must reason and justice interfere to equalize the means and circumstances under which each individual has to carry on his struggle for existence. If, as is indisputably true, capital is the stored up work, physical and intellectual, of our ancestors and contemporaries, it is a proposition that cannot be successfully controverted, that all men come into the world, according to the simple principle of natural justice, with an equal right to this capital. This truth is not affected by the fact that, as society is now organized. there must be wealth and poverty, and inequalities of property, culture and station. andthat if in dieregard of acquired and recognized social rights, a general distribution of goods among all the living were made, the old condition of inequality would soon return; we speak of natural justice and of that ideal social state which, if never to be realized under present conditions. urges and encourages the philanthropic mind to aspire to, and work for such partial equalization, at least, as is practicable and as will lessenthe monstrous contrast of poverty and wealth of wretchedness and happiness, of wantand excess, of knowledge and ignorance, which are presented by our present social state; and which seem, from an enlightened point of view to make our claims and pretensions to a high civilization little less than mockery. With an equitable distribution of the products of labor, much of the evil that now confronts us would soon disappear.

When penetrating beneath the surface, and inquiring into the underlying causes of these inequalities, we do not find that they consist entirely in the improvidence, intemperance and idleness of the many, and the superior wisdom and virtue of the few. When, for instance, we consider that the value of property is enormously increased by increase of population and by the rise of industrial and other conditions, and that the increase of value is the result of the aggregate activity of the population, it is evident that the great advantages resulting from the change belongs, in justice, to the many and not to a comparatively few individuals, to whom under the present system, they chiefly go to enrich. This point, with many others that cannot be mentioned here, must receive the attention of our legislators when the "working classes" become educated beyond mere opposition to capital, when they cease to accept blatherskites for leaders, and acquire the wisdom to elect to office men of brains enough to see what is needed, and honesty enough to act in the interests of the people.

These suggestions, to some, will seem radical and even revolutionary, for wealth is naturally conservative and is averse to change: but the march of human progress is over the cherished convictions and fancied interests of those who, like the ancient king Canute, unavailingly bade the waves to come thus far and no farther.

The principle of competition fundamentally operative in the process of evolution from the beginning, cannot be excluded now. but as the brute nature of man is reduced and the moral and spiritual side of his being becomes more and more in the ascendant the merely animal and selfish elements must be eliminated, and the "struggle" and "competition" will be in the higher humanities and in more effective methods for realizing in the outer world the visions of the inner world, the human mind and heart. As Darwin told his readers—some of whom have been slow to understand his words-the principle of natural selection ceases to be an important factor in development in proportion as intellect and the moral sentiments become active forces. Sympathy and co-oporation continually soften the competitive struggle, and turn it into emulation to do the greatest amount of good for human-

Christmas In the Light of Evolution.

Darwin's researches have shown that in everything in which humanity is interested a steady process of evolution from lower forms and conditions to higher can be traced.

Most of the Protestant American children of this generation, who as soon as Christmas week of one year is ended begin to plan and long for the next, do not know that to their parents, especially those of New England birth, the day now so looked forward to the day heralded by weeks, and ofttimes months of preparation and of advertisement was in the childhood of their parents tabooed as a holiday, being looked upon as a Roman Catholic festival and as of no more concern to good Protestants than is St. Patrick's day now. But the devent Catholics who so enthusiastically hold Christmas as a day to be honored because they think it the birthday of "Jesus, man's Savior," as little suspect that they are celebrating a heathen festival, which was observed long before the birth of Christ, by the Romans, Celts, and Germans, in honor of the winter solstice, when it was believed that the Pagan deities were busy in giving renewed life and activity to the nowers of nature for the benefit of man, and when they calebrated with great feasts the twelve nights reaching from the 25th of Dember to the 6th of January.

Later Prince Declarate Secretary with those

festal days, and this so extensively that they scientific exposition of this occult manifesta became gradually adopted as days sacred to the new religion. The 25th of December was held in special honor as the probable birthday of Jesus, for though no record of the date of his birth existed, yet as in Pales- G- prelim inary equipment for the spetine from the middle of December to the middle of February there is an interval of dry weather, when only shepherds could have "watched their flocks by night," and "the star of Bethlehem" be seen, so somewhere between those dates must his birthday have occurred, and it was found easiest to utilize the beginning of the winter solstice as the date, since it was already a holiday, the observance of which could not be abolished.

Catholic England celebrated for many years these festal days, renamed "Christ mas" days, adding each year new observ ances, born of their own needs or experiences, such as the yule log, the mistletoe bough, the Christmas candle burning, adornment with holly, Christmas plum-pudding, Christmas carols, and many other observances which had become linked with the day.

So interlinked had the celebration of Christmas become with Catholicism, that the Cromwellian Parliament abolished, by law, the observance of Christmas altogether, and the holly and ivy became seditious badges; and in Puritan New England "Christmas cheer" was a thing of the past, tabooed and frowned upon. But with the dawn of a more liberal spirit in religion due to an advanced civilization, the ostracized but ever beloved festival came to the front again; not as a survival of ancient sun-worship, of heathen mythology, of Catholic adoration, or of Protestant belief, but as a day sacred to the new religion of humanity, sacred to the observance of the Golden Rule a celebration of altruism, when self-forgetfulness is the lesson of the hour, and remembrance of the need of others is the leading thought. So Christmas, one of the oldest of our holidays, has undergone like man and all with which he is concerned, a slow but sure process of evolution, and must still pass through other phases fitted to our own developments.

Already scientific inquiry has fixed its gaze on this rapidly growing but unsystematized Christmas spirit of bestowal and will soon direct into more useful and helpful channels, this now almost indiscriminate and sometimes hurtful gift-giving. Pres ently, in the light of a larger knowledge of humanity's needs—the needs of the giver as well as of the receiver-our Christmas will become a festival of thoughtful helpfulness of others, of well-directed and concerted action in behalf of all those in real distress, of united effort to better the conditions of life for all, but even as now observed we are glad and thankful for to-day's evolutionized Christmas.

Occult Telegraphy.

This issue of the Journal will be seen by not less than fifty thousand readers who did not see last week's edition, wherein we gave some acount of our experience in investigating the phenomenon of a spirit working a telegraph instrument. For their benefit it may be briefly said that Mr. W. S. Rowley, of Cleveland. Ohio, has demonstrated to 'the satisfaction of expert electricians and telegraphers that spirits can and do utilize the electric telegraph as a means of communication with mortals. In the next issue of the Jounal we shall begin the publication of a series of papers giving a quite complete exposition of experiments made by an expert, which extended over a period of some months. The title of this exposition as prepared by the author, and copyrighted is:

"From Here to Heaven by Telegraph: A Scientific Investigation of Occult Telegraphy and Kindred Topics."

That this title is rather startling we admit, but it is hoped that it will not be thought sensational, as it clearly and briefly expresses, in the language of the author, the purpose of his papers.

The writer of these papers whom the Jour-

NAL will introduce to the public as Professor G--- is a gentleman of more than twenty years' experience in teaching the practical application of higher mathematics, and mental sciences. He was for eight years a member of the faculty of an eastern classical college, under the patronage of an orthodox church, and while there he was distinguished for his ability in mental and moral sciences, especially Logic, Argumentative Rhetoric. Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity. For the past nine years he has been connected with a more technical institution, teaching applied science; and in that line he has two specialties-electrical engineering and the practical application of science to the detection of fraud. In this lattercapacity he has been employed in both the higher and lower courts as an expert witness, and his recommendations from judges, attorneys, and others who have employed him, show that in discovering expert testimony, he is a man of the keenest observation, and that "his work is honest, skillful and accurate." He is a practical telegraph operator, and he has been a practical shorthand writer for twenty-three years. His telexraphy enables him to read the communications for himself and thus to be independent of the operator as to what the instrument says; also to know that the apparatus is the same that is in common use in telegraph offices; while his shorthand enables him to give verbatim reports of the conversations and discussions with all the parties

tion; and the case is made stronger, it would seem, by having these qualities all combined in one individual.

Accepting this statement of Professor cial task of investigating occult telegraphy as correct, it is pertinent for our readers to ask: "Is he a man of truth and veracity, strictly and conscientiously accurate in statements involving the facts of his experiments?" We believe he is, and base this opinion on statements made by competent informants.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Madison Allen has been lecturing at Joplin, Mo.

Dr. Beck of Delphi. Ind., would like to know the P. O. address of Miss Nellie Tipple. Capt. H. H. Brown has accepted a call from the Unitarian Church at Petersham, Mass.

Charles Dawbarn has been lecturing at Albany, N. Y. . The first two Sundays of January he lectures at Bridgeport, Ct.

Let the enthusiastic admirers of the Jour-NAL, and there are many, each send in one or more new yearly subscribers during the next ten days!

We are prepared to furnish The Two Worlds, of England. The third number is at hand and has a good table of contents. Price for single copies, five cents.

The Illustrated London News has a most delightful double Christmas number, and with it are four Chromos in delicate tints. There is also much good reading matter, and the whole is an unusual attractive number.

Professor Max Muller is to bring out a new edition of the Rig Veda. It is to be printed at the Oxford University Press, and his Highness the Maharajah of Vizinangram will pay the bills.

Every subscriber who is in arrears and who respects himself will square his account with the Journal before New Year's day, or notify the publisher of a day certain when he can. It will also be only fair and just for those who like the paper to send, in addition, a renewal for a year in advance and if possible a new subscriber.

Mr. H. C. Brownell, late manager of the agencies of the Connecticut Indemity Co., at Waterbury, Conn., has been made vice-president of the Home Benefit Association, whose main office is in New York City. Mr. B. is a subscriber to the Journal and hence a good citizen whom the Journal's readers in New York will do well to cultivate. .

C. Fannie Allyn writes as follows from Saratoga Springs, N. Y:-"We are having excellent audiences, Dr. W. B. Mills, a test medium of ability, is president. He is a noble, unselfish worker. His daughter presided at the piano. The Cause is much indebted to Dr. Mills, his wife and daughter. You can report Saratoga Springs in good growing condition."

Rev. A. J. Fishback, who left the Universalist pulpit about twenty-five years ago to become an itinerant Spiritualist lecturer, has taken another fresh start. According to nowspaper reports he has been "converted" under the preaching of Rev. M. Boles, of Du Quoin, Illinois, and has joined the Christian churck of that city. Mr. Fishback is a man of ability and the Journal wishes him contentment and success in his new relations.

During the holidays, let those who are in a condition to be "merry" and "happy," remember the worthy poor whom they can help or encourage by some token of interest. whether it be a gift or a friendly word. Let none be deterred by a selfish philosophy or abstract theory of political economy from contributing to the necessities of those whose lives have been hard and unfortunate. There has been, to use Herbert Spencer's now well known phrase a "Survival of the fittest." but the intelligence and benevolence of men must, as far as possible, make all fit to survive and share in the world's bounties and beneficence.

An entertainment will be given in Adelphi Hall. corner 52nd St., and Seventh Ave., New York, on Thursday evening, Dec., 29th, under the auspices of a committee of ladies of the First Society of Spiritualists, the proceeds to be devoted to liquidating the indebtedness of the society. The entertainment will conelst of a lecture by Prof. P. Wendover Bedford,-"A trip across the Continent," it being one of the most interesting of his many lectures. Illustrated with stereoptican views. The ladies interested in getting up this entertainment are Mrs. Henry J. Newton, Mrs. Daniel G. Underhill, Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Mrs. John L. Chase, Mrs. E. A. Wells, and Mrs.Gool win

Wm. Emmette Coleman of San Francisco, writes: "A surprise 'pound' party was given Mr. J. J. Morse and family in San Francisco, on the evening of Dec. 6th. at the Carrier Dove office, by members of his classes and a number of other prominent Spiritualists, to the number of sixty or more. In addition to a variety of 'pound' packages donated, including all kinds of groceries and other edibles, dry-goods, perfumery, etc., several donations in American coin were also received, two of which were equivalents of an English pound. Mr. Morse is now delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures on the relations of Theosophy, Christian Science and Metaphysics, to Spiritualism. The danger attending the mixing up the errors and the nonsense of these three tetrales with the truths of the spiritual patternish concerned. More might be said as to the like head of the state of the positions at but there are

Our Christmas Number.

Although there are no special features in this issue distinguishing it in any marked degree from the paper of many other weeks in the year, yet on the whole we regard it as a particularly excellent number. If only we could have expanded its pages to four times the usual size, thereby making room for all the matter intended for it, we would have been very glad; as it is, a large number of contributions equally as good as those used await publication. And there is some compensation in the waiting, too, for quite likely readers will give closer attention after the merry round of feasting and pleasure has gone by.

We return sincere thanks to those friends who have helped to enrich this issue and furnish material for later numbers equally as interesting. Especial attention is called to the many incidents given of spirit presence and influence. These narratives are not fiction, but simple truth told by people who are to be believed; most if not all of the writers are personally known to the editor.

The thoughtful paper by Tuttle deserves sober attention; Dr. Thomas shows himself in sympathy with the latest spiritual thoughts: Heber Newton reflects the sentiments of the sober, intelligent public when he speaks of the cause of Spiritualism, the Seybert Commission, and the JOURNAL; so does that no less honest and courageous preacher, M. J. Savage. Spiritualists who desire to see their cause gain strength among rational people will please take special note of the communications of Newton and Savage, for they are accurate barometers of prevailing sentiment. Mr. Richmond's article on the eighth page is most excellent, and significant, too, when one remembers his able opposition to Spiritualism in years gone by. Indeed, it seems invidious, almost, to mention any particular contribution where all are good and each has some special value; yet did space permit we should like to make running comment on them all.

Courts of Conciliation.

There is a movement on foot in Iowa to establish by legislative enactment what are called Courts of Conciliation. In Denmark. especially where these Courts of Conciliation are in operation, they have been very successful. They are composed generally of of one judge and two assistants, who listen to any complaint upon which a civil action might be based. Only such actions can be brought before the Court of Conciliation, and a disagreement must be reached before the case can be heard in the regular courts. The principals to the action tell their own stores that are open at all hours, I got a story in their own way, and witnesses are called in, but professional attorneys are not allowed to appear. The Nation reports that during the second five years of the system, out or 190,830 cases drought before the Court of Conciliation 121,970 were settled, and of the remainder only half were ever carried into the regular courts. It is eviident that the litigious spirit which once prevailed so generally in this country is rapidly disappearing. In the large cities leading lawyers of late have commented on the marked decrease in litigation, and the Towa movement will be watched with interest, as significant of what may become a very general movement in the future.

Beginning next Sunday evening, the Young People's Progressive Society, which meets in Avenue Hall, 159 22nd street, will open its door free to the public. The Hon. Joel Tiffany will address the audience at 7:45. Friday evening of the present week the society will give a Christmas party at its hall, to which all are cordially welcomed.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Valor.

EMMA TUTTLE.

When trouble came to my childish heart I prayed that the grave would take me, And fold me in from the world apart Where never a woe could wake me That was the cry of a foolish child Stung by the bees in the roses! child who dreamed that our sorrows wild Die, too, when the grave unclose

But now I know 'tisa coward's part To droop when a sorrow biteth; Better be up, with a valiant arm, Slaying the wrong which smitch! What availeth a flood of tears? What availeth a world's heart-breaking?
The soldier-souls of these sin-stained years
Pause not though their hearts are aching.

A STRANGE STORY.

Thrilling Adventure of a Physician.

JOHN SLATER.

A quick step upon the stairs leading to the front door, a ring of the bell, and to the query, "Is Mr. Slater at home?" The answer "Yes, sir, will you walk in and take a seat? He is engaged at present, but will soon be at

leisure, and will see you."

I was engaged in giving a private scance to a lady, and after she had taken her departure, I went into the parior and greeted a rather tall, well built gentleman, with a high, intellectual looking forehead and trong face. He arose on my entrance, and mating out his hand said, "Are you Mr.

Slater, the spiritualistic medium?"

I answered "Yes, sir."

He said: "I am Dr. B., and if you have a said: "I am Dr. B., and if you have a soments of leisure time I would like to short fait with you on Spiritualism I phenomena, and also relate, if it will be you a very strange experience that a short time age. Rearing of you actually than the I would come up and the if I was to tell my friends about I measure that they would my that I am a man and the leisure a faithest tell, or a phantile with the age of a faithest.

"In the first place, let me tell you that I am not a Spiritualist, nor have I until this present moment ever come in contact with any of the so-called mediums of Spiritualism. The fact of the matter is that I never even gave the subject a thought until this strange story that I am about to relate came to me.

was sitting in my office one evening not long ago, deeply thinking of a patient that I had been called upon to visit professionally that day. As you know I am a physician, and it was a disease that had baffled many, and to be candid, it baffled me some what. I was not altogether myself, and as it had been snowing all day and was very cold besides. I felt in rather a disagreeable mood. Well, I had not been more than two minutes in the state I describe, when I heard on the outer door a sound as it some one rapping; it was rather faint at first, but gradually got stronger. I arose from my chair and went to the door and opened it; there was no one there. A gust of snow blew in on me. I shut the door, returned to my seat, when the rapping noise come again, this time louder. and I jumped up suddenly, determined to catch the person who, as I thought, was playing a practical joke. I opened the door and I must say that I was nonplussed; no one was there, not even foot prints in the snow on the stoop. I looked up and down the street; no one in sight; nothing to see but the street lamp shedding its rays on the snow-covered ground. I did not know what to think. I returned once more to my chair, and again heard the rapping noise. I went to the door again, and opened it, and I started back in astonishment. On the top door step stood a fair haired little girl, without wraps of any kind on, and she had not even shoes on her

tiny feet. She looked at me steadily and "'Are you a doctor man?" Yes, I said, but come in, child, and get

warm; this is not the kind of weather you

should be out in. 'She did not answer my question, only

looking into my face. ."She said pitcously: 'Won't you please come to mamma; she is so sick, and needs

"I directed her to come in, but she would not, only repeating in a plaintive voice that 'mamma was so sick.' I hurried on my overcoat, grabbed my bag, and as she had said that she would lead me, so I followed her. To make a long story short, I followed her to one of those dark and large tenement houses in the lower part of New York. I followed her up stairs until we had arrived at the very top of the house, she pointing at a door in the hall. I looked at the door-and turned to speak to her, but she had vanished.

I was bewildered, and did not know what to do. I, a stranger in a strange house, I was going toward the stairs, with the intention of getting out of the house as quickly as possible, when I heard a loud noise, some one moaning. I stopped and listened. I heard the moan again, and I thought I would investigate. I opened the door, and asked if any one was in pain. A feeble voice answered out of the darkness, for there was no light in the room.

"Yes, sir, for God's sake help me."
"I quickly struck a match, and by its feeble rays. I saw a woman in a bed in the corner of the room. I took in the situation at I hurried ont, and at one of those candle, and told the woman to send some coal and wood up to the room. I hurried back as quickly as possible, and lighted the candle, and I found one of the numerous cases of starving poor. The woman had had starving to death. I did all that could be done for her comfort, under the circumstances, and was about taking my leave, when suddenly the woman burst out crying, and turning to know the meaning of her ontburst of grief, she said:

"Oh! doctor, you have been so kind and good to me that I forgot my poor little Lily,

who lies in the corner.' "I turned to the corner, and there on a trundle bed lay the dead body to the child who had called at my house, and brought me to the wretched hovel that I was in. She lay cold and stiff in death, and no doubt had been dead for a couple of hours. New you may say it was a delusion. If so, the delusion was the means of saving her mother's life. Now I ask you, was it the spirit of the little girl who came to me, or what?

For the Religio. Philosophical Journal, Flowers instead of Black Crape-The Growing Hope.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Light gains, the mists roll away, the dark clouds are dispersed, and the shining upward path is more plainly seen as the ages

The star of Bethlehem told of a new gleam of "the light that never was on land or sea;" primitive Christianity was a great spiritual awakening, and with every such period comes a feeling that what we call death opens a luminous upward path and is not a step into the dark.

The old grave yard was a gloomy place; weeds grew up around grim tombstones and the traveler hastened past the dreary spot with a sense of fear and chills. The new cemetery is beautiful; flowers bloom, paths wind through grass plots, and among fine shade trees, and children play and prattle

among carved monuments. The funeral of a past day was full of gloom and fear, which made the natural sorrow of parting a heart-breaking despair; to-day there is light behind the cloud, and life with the change from earth to mansions

in the sky. On Monday, November 21st, many friends gathered at the house of C. A. Newcomb, in this city, at the funeral of his wife, Mary-a woman tender and true, and never weary in well-doing. Beside the door hung a wreath of white flowers, and in the spacious rooms no gloomy black shrouded the pictures on the walls, but palms and white lilies told of life and light. In a recess at the end of the parlowstood the coffin, covered with delicate blue plush, and within it robed in white silk, laid the earthly body of the beloved wife and mother, with her new-born babe in her arms, its cheek laid lovingly against her own,-tenderly beautiful, and with the aweet peace of heaven on the faces of both.

Over the mantel, near by, and against the wall, was set a bed of white amaranths, in which was wrought in evergreen the words: "Life and love are eternal.

Rev. Mr. Tomlinson told of the twenty years Rev. Mr. Tomlinson told of the twenty years of wedded faith and joy since he married the couple, of whom one had gone before. Rev. Mr. Henderson, Baptist, bore testimony to the grace and useful virtues of the departed, in words fall of charity and trust, and Rev. Stuart and Rev. Dr. Restord closed in eloquent words of lender sympathy and uplifting home, the last measures of the growing hading that we in the life and those in the

Only those invited went to the cemetery, and they were told, in written notes from the husband, that he felt sure it would be a pleasure to his wife if they would be present at that honr. No mourning was worn by the husband or children, and no needless gloom darkened their loving hearts.

The light of the star of Bethlehem shines still over the world, and the last forty years have witnessed another great spiritual awakening.

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound,"

was the old thought and the old word.
"Life and love are eternal," is the new thought and the new word. On this Christmas day we may well rejoice at the change.

INCIDENTS OF SPIRIT CONTROL.

E. H. W. BECK. M. D.

As single bricks in the hands of the skillful builder, when properly adjusted, make the massive wall, so do isolated facts necessarily add to the great structure rearing in this nineteenth century for the benefit of coming generations; a structure massive, grand, and peculiar, whose foundation stone is common sense, a rationalism that meets approval in the heart and head of every unprejudiced thinker.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is the coment that binds together these mighty truths that come in the upheaval of evolution, and as the result of scientific research. and which unite withal to make the structure perfect. Already its great walls are up; its imposing strength and beauty, its columns and cornices, and the outlines of the great dome are attracting thousands unon thousands of thinkers and wanderers in this vale of tears, where heretofore the blind have led the blind, and a stone has been given the multitude when bread has been isked for.

Bricks, cement and binders alone, are not sufficient for the safety and permanence of this building; nor phenomena, though in their myriad presentations; nor the philosophy alone, can build in the heart and spirit perception this grand Temple as it should be constructed.

We must be willing to carry along, in one harmonious whole, the phenomenal, scien-tific and philosophical, when both the symmetry and substance will be appreciated. just as the anatomist and physiologist in the study of the bodily structure and organic functions, must see the relation existing between, and the mutual dependence of, one upon the other, in order to comprehend them in their completeness

In 1856, Mrs. Nellie Tipple, a trance, person ating, test and healing medium, came West from New York State. She was induced to come to Lafayette by the Hon. Daniel Mace. then a member of Congress from this district, and whose wife was slowly dying of consumption,—so pronounced by her phy-sicians. Within three months, under the care of Mrs. Tipple's Indian control, Mrs. M. was restored to health, and lived many years. Living witnesses in L.—to-day will bear testimony to this fact.

Investigating Spiritnalism at this time, invited the medium to my home, where she remained three months. It would be fruitless for me to attempt to detail the scores of tests that occurred in her presence in this time. Let two or three suffice. Her chief control was a little Indian maiden, whose language was wi witty,

niqut after hight our toom was hied with friends and neighbors ranged against the wall, while the medium, under control, was flitting around from one to another, answering the score of questions pouring in upon her like hot shot, describing spirits, reading character, etc., and to every man she stood before, who was a Master or Royal Arch Mason, she would cry out in childish glee: I have found a Mason! I have found a Mason!" She never made a failure in the fact or distinctive degree. Further, she would retire with one, or a committee, and give true masonic signs.

Again a very common experiment was for each sitter to bring with him or her, and lay upon the table a daguerreotype, the old fashioned box picture of a deceased friend, and when bunched on the table, the owners alone could pick out their own. Shanny, as we called the spirit control, would describe a spirit, then turn to the table in the center of the room, and at the first catch, cry out, "Here is em spirit," never failing in the se-lection during the evening. Shanny would even describe the difference, if any existing, between spirit and picture, in the manner of wearing hair, etc.

Again, a scurrilous article had appeared in our home paper against Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and especially against myself and family, for the part taken in open investigation of the subject. This occurred just before Mrs. T. came to my house, and we were yet feeling the smart of the criticism most keenly, while failing to find the author.

"Wait," says Shanny; "wait; me show you chief what scratch em mean." And within two weeks, while Mrs. T. and my wife were on the street, and passing a gentleman, Shanny, (for her control was instantaneous and perfect) cried out, "Him be that chief what scratch 'em paper," repeating it in subdued voice. Then in the twinkling of an eye, "Richard was himself again," uncon-scious of what had transpired. Fortunately no one noticed this little street episode, for the gentleman was just entering a shop, and the pedestrians were few and far be-tween. When informed of this revelation, I considered with friends as to the best way of ascertaining the truth or faisity of this statement. A gentleman and myself went to the editor who had refused me the auto the editor who had refused me the author's name, with the statement that we had discovered the writer of the obnoxious article; who would be willing to write a short apology if he, Mr. G., would publish it. "Certainly," says Mr. editor; "certainly, but who is the author?" "Why, a Mr. G. from New York have four the proposed. York, here for a few months for the purpose of getting a divorce, a stranger to us, and the last man we dreamed of.

"Oh. well, if Mr. G. will write an apology I will publish it," thus giving himself away completely. Then turning from the sanctum and going directly to Mr. G.'s room, we charged this thing upon him, adding the editor's acknowledgment, and in language more forcible than eloquent, got his admission as author, and a note of retraction, which was published in the next issue of

our county paper. Bricks make the wall. Delphi, Ind.

The Hall, 183 K. Madison Street, was packed to the squee on last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. DeWelf delivered an interesting dis-

The Spiritual Union.

course on "Out of the Old and into the New." Mrs. Orvis gave a brief but eloquent address, followed by others.

The independent slate writing through the Bangs sisters' mediumship was very convincing. A slate was thoroughly cleaned, a bit of pencil dropped thereon and given to a gentleman in the audience (a stranger to the mediums) to hold for the writing. Seated at the left of the medium he present the upper surface of the slate-frame firmly against the lower surface of the table. The medium placed her left hand up against the right hand of the gentleman, the other hands being in full view of the audience. In a few moments the slate was withdrawn and on the upper surface was a well worded message. pertinent to the occasion, and composed o seventy-two words. On the upper left corner were two finely drawn rosebnds with leaves all delicately shaded. The superior results obtained were undoubtedly due to the very harmonious conditions produced by the vocal music, which was the best that has yet been given at these meetings.

The hall now in use is too small for convenience, and the society have under advisement the renting of a more commodious building, probably on the west side. Due notice of the change will be given to the Jour-NAL and city papers.

All communications for the Society should be addressed to Mr. Alexander Caird, secretary and treasurer, 106 Franklin St., Chicago. Chicago, III. A. A. BURNHAM.

Readers interested in the workings of high and low tariffs in the various civilized countries of the world, will find an unusually readable discussion of the subject by Hon. David A. Wells, under the title of "Governmental Interference with Production and Distribution," in the forthcoming January number of "The Popular Science Monthly."

The poet Whittier has a ballad entitled "The Brown Dwarf of Rugen" in the forthcoming (Jan-uary) number of St. Nicholas. E. H. Blashfield furnishes it with several illustrations. The eightieth anniversary of the poet's birth, about to be celebrated, lends interest to this the longest poem he has given to the public in some years.

John Ruskin's portrait is to be the frontispiece of the January Century. The magazine will have a frank estimate of Mr. Ruskin, as a critic and teacher, by one who has traveled and studied with him. Mr. W. J. Stillman, the well-known art critic and cor-

Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood which Hood's Sarsaparlila neutralizes, and thus cures rheumatism.

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O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth ing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrheea. 25c. a bottle.

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umes, Poems of Progress and Poems of Inner Life. Poems of Life Beyond, compiled by G. B. Stebbins; Barlow's Voices, and Immortality, lately published, are excellent. The Missing Link, a full account of the

Fox Girls' Mediumship, written by Leah Fox Underhill.

The Records of a Ministering Angel, by Mary Clark.

The Next World Interviewed, by Susan G. Horn-Messages from well known authors, statesmen, thinkers, etc., etc.

Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation. The price has been reduced to \$2.00.

Chapters from the Bible of the Ages, is out in a new and handsome edition, only \$1.00. A New Edition of Psychometry, by Dr. J.

Rodes Buchanan, also Moral Education, by the same author. Maria M. King's inspirational works, Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the

Spirit-world. The Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., and Physical Man, by Hudson Tuttle; also stories for our

Children, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle. Dr. R. B. Westbrook's The Bible-Whence and What? and Man -Whence and Whither?

The complete works of A. J. Davis. Dr. Babbitt's The Principles of Light and Color, and Religion.

Epes Sargent's The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof Palpable.

A Study of Primitive Christianity, by Lowis G. Janes. The chapters herewith presented were prepared for lectures and are strong expressions of the best results of the higher criticism of the New Testament, and the origins of Christianity.

A report of the Seybert Commission, appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate Modern Spiritualism has attracted such notice that many want to read it for themselves.

Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spirituelle. This ponular author has for her latest work Between the Gates, a continuation of her deli-

A band of intelligent spirits have, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shelhamer produced an interesting work entitled Outside the Gates; and other Tales and Sketches. This work is destined to sell well as it meets the demand of a large class of inquiring minds.

Unanswerable Logic, the Spiritual Discourses of the well known lecturer Thomas Gales Forster.

Solar Biology: A Scientific Method of Delineating Character; Diagnosing disease; Determining mental, physical and business qualifications, from date of birth. By Hiram

E. Butler. Spirit Workers in the Home Circle is an Autobiographic Narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life, extending over a period of twenty years, by Morell Theobald.

The Mystery of the Ages Contained in the secret doctrine of all religions, by Marie, Countess of Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar: also A Midnight Visit to Holyrood, by the same

author. Spirit Teachings, by M. A. (Oxon). These communications have attracted wide attention. Many find in them words which are suitable and more or less helpful in confirm-

ing their own experience. Rev. E. P. Powell has issued a valuable work entitled Our Heredity from God.

Space forbids further mention, but any and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, postpaid:

Poems of Progress, plain \$1.60, gilt, \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain, \$1.60, gilt, \$2.10; Poems of the Life Beyond, \$1.60; The Voices, \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.00; Chapters from the Bible of the Ages \$1.10; Psychometry \$2.16; Moral Education; \$1.60; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, 83 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.00; The Complete Works of A. J. Davis, \$30,00; the Principles of Light and Color \$4.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.60. The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.60; Proof Palpable, cloth \$1.00, paper 75 cents; Man-Whence and Whether, \$1.00; Onr Heredity from God, \$1.75 Arcans of Nature. 2 vols., each \$1.33; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.33; Animal Magnetism, Deleuze, \$2.15; Diegesis, \$2.16; Future Life, \$1.60; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.60; Heroines of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leaves from My Life, 80 cents; Ploneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.65; Mediums, by Kardec, \$1.60; The Spirits Book, Kardec, \$1.60; The Spirits Book, Kardec, \$1.60; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$3.75; Our Homes and Our Employments Hereafter, \$1.60; Transcendental Physics, \$1.10; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.35; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitiva Mind Core \$150. Diving Law as Beyond, \$1.35; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$160; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.60; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Physical Man, \$1.50; Stories for Our Children, 25 cents; A Study of Primitive Christianity, \$1.50; The Next World Interviewed, \$1.50; Our Planet, \$1.60; The coul of Things, 8 vols., \$1.60 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.26; Beyond the Gates, \$1.35; Descents, \$1.26; Stories of Children, \$1.35; Outside the Gates, \$1.25; Descents, ble Logic, \$1.40; Solar Blology, \$1.30; Solar Blology,

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal Light.

The winds of December are blowing O'er woodland, and valley, and hill: The meadow-brook softly is flowing Beneath its white mantle so chill.

JULIA GREY BURNETT.

The sunset in glory has vanished, The rainbow of night disappeared, And gently the twilight has benished To darkness the withered and sered.

The moon in her beaming respiendence Appears, and the queen of the night With diamond-like stars in attendance, Transforms the dark shadows with light. Up yonder the yule-log is gleaming.
And soft through the broad casement wide,
The moonlight and starlight is streaming,
Adorning the room with its tide,

Ah! isit all moonlight and starlight Around the sad dreamer alone, Who site in his chair by the firelight, And thinks of his lonely hearthstone? It seems but as yesterday morning When all of his loved ones were here; Were seated around him and forming A family circle so dear.

He sees each loved face smiling on him, And wonders he thought them away; He hears each loved voice as they call him, The darkness is turning to day.
Can it be that the moon in her glory.
The glittering stars in her train,
Have listened the dreamer's sad story, And brought him his loved ones again?

For surely the radiant archway That reaches from here to the sky, Is formed for the good angels' pathway, And ends where the loved never die. The embers burn low on the hearthstone, The shadows are deepening with night, But the smile on the face of the lone one Is sealed with the signet of light.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Excellent Evidence of Spirit Power.

MRS. M. F. DWIGHT.

To-doy, I have been taking a retrospective view of events which transpired in the early days of my mediumship. My only phase at that time was writing, which was purely mechanical. In the fall of '54, circle was formed in our village for the purpose of investigating Spiritualism. At the earnest solicit-ation of those that formed it, I consented to meet with them, as I was the only writing medium in our village. We opened the circle by singing, and reading a portion of scripture from the New Testament. But two of the number were Spiritualists, the rest were Universalists but desirous of investigating. After a few sittings communications were written. questions, both oral and mental, were answered satisfactorily, showing an intelligence outside the circle. Sometime during the winter, after the circle was formed, one of the members, in conversation with a friend who was decidedly materialistic, made the remark that the spirits could answer mental questions, and did, the evening before. Spirits," was the response with a sneer. "I can prove it all a humbug. The medium or some member of the circle must know what the question is to have it answered. I will prepare a question for the next circle if you will carry it, that cannot be answered, if you will promise me that it shall not be opened until after the circle. The promise was given. At the next meeting the question, carefully sealed, was laid on the table under the bible. No one but the gentleman that brought it, knew that it was there, and he was ignorant as to the nature of the question.

The meeting that evening was very harmonious; the communications were of a high order, but no questions were answered or any attempt to do so, so far as we knew. Just before the close of the circle the following was written:

'Tis true, that we communicate; It giveth us great joy.

To whisper peace to mourning hearts, Their spirits upward buoy

At times if all is harmony, And naught doth intervene, We tell what doth your hands employ, And can describe the same.

We've hindrances to overcome. Obstacles to remove, That human minds put in our way, To this a humbug p.ove.

After the circle was closed the member that brought the question, said: "I placed a question that was sent under the bible. I am sorry, I don't think it has been answered; however, the one that sent it said it could be opened after the circle. We will see what it is."

The seal was broken and this was the question:
"Do the spirits of the deceased realize that they have had an existence upon the earth-plane, and are the works of men, seen and known unto them?"

The lines were an answer to the question, the last part fully answered in the second stanza, and the last one shows they knew in what spirit it was sent. But this was in the long ago; the most of that circle have gone to the higher life; others have taken up the work they left, and are striving to the best of their ability to do what they can toward emancipating humanity from the bondage of error and superstition, and their labor is not in vain. Many poor aching hearts are seeking to know if Spiritualism can give them any consolation. I will relate something that transpired only a few weeks ago to show that Spiritualists should take courage, and not be disheartened, for the good work is sure ly going on:

One morning as I was busy about my household duties, there was a rap at the door. Upon opening it, I saw a gentleman, well known in business cir-cles in our town, but with whom I had no acquaintauce. After the usual salutations, he said.

"If you are not busy this morning I would like to talk with you. I suppose you know I have buried my little boy! It seems to me I cannot have it so. I want to know why you have faith in Spiritualism. I do not know any thing about Spiritualism. I haven't cared any thing about it. I thought it a delusion and its followers fanatics; but ever since the

death of my boy, I have wanted to talk with you.

Do you think he knows how I feel?"

I said to him: "You ask why I have faith in Spiritualism. Because it is based upon knowledge, I know my boy lives, and is with me, and manifests his preserved and you can receive the commencers. his presence, and you can receive the same assu-rance, if you seek for it." He said he had been reading the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, and seeking consolation in that: "Whom the Lord leveth he chasteneth," etc. He could not see why he was so afflicted. I told him I should not probably inter-pret that chapter as he did, but if his affliction made him desire to know more of the other life, and it was proven to him there was truth in Spiritualism, it might prove a blessing. He said that he did not doubt that his boy was in heaven, but what was he doing? Was he happy away from his home. I gave him what consolation I could, and he went away, saying he felt better. This mau is a member of the church, and came for consolation to a Spiritualist in his hour of trial, and I feel that as Spiritualists we have cause to rejoice, though the valleys may be in shadows, yet the distant hill-tops are gray with the light of the coming dawn. Stafford, Conn.

Holly and Bitter-Sweet.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: From our quiet country home I extend my hearty

Christmas greatings to the many friends who weekly read, and profit by the JOURNAL. I wish I could pluck from our holly-bush a bunch of glossy leaves for you all, and put with them some of the scarlet bittersweet berries which glow all winter over our porch. But this I cannot do in reality, if in spirit. I wish you a happy holiday season, made giad by union with kindred, and congenial companions, both mortal and immerial. I feel that we are friends in work and applications and that we are all calified to the credit of advanting this obstinate old would in proportion to the notifity and completeness of our individual life work. Quiet home-workers are often most element. BRILL TUERLE.

od a man

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. BOUND SPIRITS.

A Knowledge of Scientific Principles Can Alone Save Mankind.

Sensitives frequently tell of spirits being bound to locations on earth and unable to escape from them for many years, perhaps ages after death. Sometimes the spirit has not real zad that it had passed out of the body and only became aware of it by coming in contact with the sensitive, through whose aid it is brought to realize its true condition and enabled to break the bonds of materiality and escape to the Spirit-world after "influencing the medium." Such a case lately came under my observation. A sensitive was visiting in a strange house and was influenced to talk for a spirit who claimed to have built that house some twenty years before, but had hardly finished it when he died. He stated that he had thought so much over the plan of the house, and had worked so long in its construc-tion, and anticipated so much enjoyment there for the future, that he had never been able to leave it; but was bound there by bonds he was unable to break till that time. Spirits frequently tell this sensitive that they are in a "bad fix," sometimes one thing and then another, and they come to her for help, and she is able to relieve them and send them on their way rejoicing, when no help from spirit-

Can intelligent Spiritualists believe such stories? Without any theory of the nature, power and relation of spirit, one calling himself a Spiritualist is as much at sea as the unacientific Christian who be-lieves the moon and sun (or earth) stood still at the command of Joshua, and that all things were made

out of nothing.

In an unscientific age nothing is too absurd for belief. When there is no standard of truth, error is as likely to be taught and believed as truth. It is only very lately in the history of the world that men have ceased to believe that the aun, moon and stars went daily around the earth, placed in a crystal firmanent, and men so taught in their inspired books. They believed that one element could be changed into another; that base metal could be turned into gold, and stones into bread; that some old women could turn into cats, or ride through the air on broomsticks, and change other people into animals. The most popular book ever published is "The Arabian Nights Entertainment," filled with stories of the impossible, and implicitly believed by the mass in the past and still believed by the grossly igno-

The intelligent Spiritualist believes in a Spirit world to which all human spirits are naturally and inevitably attracted by a power as irresistible as is gravity to material substance, and can come in congravity to material substance, and can come in contact with gross physical substance only by will force superior to the natural repulsion existing between such spirit and gross earthy matter; that spirit is as much, yea, more under the control of law than is physical matter, and on the separation of the spirit from the body at death, the spirit of man glides upon the river of lower spirit that constantly flows from earth to the Spirit-world, and there takes its appropriate place among its kindred. there takes its appropriate place among its kindred and affinitized spirits as naturally and surely as a stone liberated on earth's atmosphere seeks its place on its surface by the attraction of gravitation. He further believes every child of man has guardian spirits, who, at death, assist the new-born spirit in its journey to the Spirit-world, and tenderly bear it in their arms as the tender mother does her infant child, and instruct it in its new condition and new mode of life. Such seems to be according to the law of love—of higher human nature, and as we may reasonably suppose to be the law of God. It such theory of death, the existence of a Spiritworld and guardian angels or spirits be true, then all such stories of spirits being bound to earth and the necessity of earthly helpers to break their bonds and release them from earthly conditions to enable them to go to the Spirit-world, are inconsistent and false. A knowledge of scientific principles can alone save mankind from a belief in all sorts of vagaries, and a scientific Spiritualism is the only means by which Spiritualists can be saved from a belief in Munchauen stories from spirits.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. A Rich Man.

He is a funny I know a rich ma thinks he has entered "The Kingdom of heaven." He says that he rode a camel through the eye of a needle: "It was a tight squeeze, but I didn't even bump my head." He owns no land, house, bonds or stocks, and seldom has more than five dollars in his pocket. "Bank account?" Oh! no, no money in bank; still he says that he is the richest man in St. Louis, and I believe what he says. He is always happy, for he works every day and earns a little cash, which he pends for his wife, himself, and for some other human beings whom he calls his relations. He says that all the people on the earth are his brothers and sisters. He is very fond of children and women, because he loves gentle manners and refined tastes. Because he gives love to so many people, he gets plenty of love in return, and this is his chief happiness. He says "nothing is so good as

He has had much experience in life, for he is nearly 70 years old. He don't feel old, however, and that is because his heart is so full of sunshine. He don't seem to care for money, and says that he never did. It is easy enough to believe him, for he has none now, and has always given it away as fast as he earned it. I think that if some one were to give him a hundred thousand dollars, he would have about five dollars left in a month,—so many other people need it more than he does. He is always in perfect health, and I guess that is one reason that makes him think that he is rich. He says that comes about from his simple habits of living. His comes about from his simple habits of living. His food is mostly bread, vegetable and fruits—three months at a time without meat. He goes to bed early and gets up early. From June to October he sleeps in the open air, with only the stars above him. He says, "I love to go to sleep with the dear stars watching me all night." He said to me: "I always feel that the bleesed angels are nearer, when I say wood wight to the stars."

say good night to the stars." Some people think this is "a poor man, and very cranky;" they are the lovers of money, more than lovers of humankind, but some of these very people wish that they could be as happy as this rich-poor

I am more and more inclined to believe that a happy heart is the greatest treasure on earth. I'll tell you one thing more about this funny man. On his watch ribbon is a key; there are three words in blue enamel on the key, which he says represents a trinity which all people must thoroughtly believe in, to become as rich as he is; these are: "Health, Love, Work."

H. S. C. St. Douis, Mo.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Three Minutes with Foster.

In the month of December, 1866, I was in Boston and visited Charles Foster, the medium. Passing a door at my left in the front hall, I entered the back parlor where I found nearly a dozen persons waiting for their turn. My train for home was to leave within two hours, and I could not wait. I started within two hours, and I could not wait. I started to leave, and when passing through the hall Mr. Foster and a gentleman entered from the front parlor, and the latter left. Mr. Foster was filling his pipe and attended strictly to business. He nodded his head and at the same time said, "To in, it will only take a planta." will only take a minute." As we walked in, he lit his pipe and between the puffe of smoke said, "Don't worry about that note; you havn't lost it; it is in your pocket book where you thought it was-that's all." He continued his smoking. "You are mis-taken," I said, "for I think I have looked over all my papers, and the note is not there."

seemed a little ruffled at my remark and replied; "You are the one who is mistaken; it is there that's all." I saked how much I was to pay him. "Two dollars." I took out my money and when paying, he said: "You will cross the Atlantic, going to Europe within three months; will have a rough passage and a long one—that's all." I never bad seen him before. I left his room with a feeling of disgust that he should dismiss me so abruptly and pull away at his pipe as though he intended to smoke

me out.

I had looked in vain for a note of \$1500 that I had received a few weeks before, and had notified the party who gave it, of my loss. But Foster was right; the note was in my pecket book, in my deak, but not filed, and I did cross the Atlantic in February, 57, and had a rough passage of sixteen days. Steps Busine to Liverpool, in a Oceans

For the Religio Philosophical Journal Remarkable Experiences of an English Lady Before the Rochester Rap-

In the fall of 1847, Miss Rebecca B. Thomas, with her mother and sister, while traveling down the Ohlo river on a steamer, met with, the following in-

cident:
"One afternoon," wrote Miss Thomas (now Mrs "One afternoon," wrote Miss Thomas (now Mrs. Allen) in her notes, "I observed my mother reading a book I had not seen before, and I asked her what it was." She replied, "it is one of Swedenborg's books translated by Rev. Geo. Bush.' At the time I was freeh from a New England boarding school of orthodox proclivities, where Swedenborg's works were thought to be improper reading, and I remarked to my mother that I thought she had better not read the book. She evidently considered herself a better judge of what to read than I, for she kept on reading and I went out on the guards of the boat. Directly an elderly lady joined me and said: 'My son says the time is coming when Swedenborg will be more generally believed in than now.' 'Your son,' I said, 'who is your son?" She replied: 'He is a ministering spirit on the coast of Africa to prevent kidnapping, and on the coast of Africa to prevent kidnapping, and on the coast of Africa to prevent Runapping, and died there. He says when he gets through with his mission he will join his sister Eliza, who is further advanced than the other members of the family. Itold him I did not know there was any difference in heaven. He says there is, and that the doctrine of purgatory is true, but not as generally understood on the earth.

"She perceived that I was deeply interested in what she was saying, and continued her remarks by giv-ing me a brief history of her life. She said she was an English woman and was traveling in this country with her husband; that her maiden name was Elizabeth Fry, now Elizabeth Wilkinson; that she was fond of being alone, and that the first time she ever saw a spirit was, in her words: 'One Sunday afternoon when I was a young girl. I was in company with other members of my family and some friends who were visiting us, and we were going across a field to see a brother who lived a short distance sway. I was some distance ahead of the others when suddenly a beautiful lady stood by my side, and pointing said: "Don't step there. There is an adder in your path." I looked down and there just where I was about to step lay an adder coiled up in the grass. I called my brother, and he came and killed it.' She continued: 'I have frequently seen the same beautiful spirit since, and she tells me that she is my guardian spirit?

"The lady told me that she had seen the battle of Waterloo while it was in progress, and told her an English woman and was traveling in this coun-

Waterloo while it was in progress, and told her friends important incidents while occurring; of the swaying tide of battle which at one time seemed to be going against the English, and of Blucher's coming and the final route of the French, and of Napoleov's flight, etc. all of which wars noted by har leon's flight, etc., all of which were noted by her friends at the time, and in a few days were proved to be literally true as she had vividly portrayed it to them. She said the spirits told her she could see better than Swedenborg, but could not hear them so

well.
"She told me that her husband could hear the rappings on the head-board of the bedstead, but could not see spirits nor hear them talk. Notwithstanding he could hear the rappings, he and her family said she was deranged and had her confined in an insane saylum. She said they were now traveling on account of her health, but that there was nothing the matter with her; that she was not deranged in the least, and that they did not understand her.

"I agreed with her, for her general appearance style of conversation, and whole manner were indi-cative of sanity of mind and unusual intelligence. Her views seemed to me to be perfectly natural and very reasonable, though at that time unusual.

"Her husband saw us talking together and requested my mother to tell me not to talk to her, for she was insane.

"As we were passing down the river, between Kentucky and Ohio, she said to me: My son says slavery will be done away with in this country before long, and that the people of Ohio will help the slaves of Kentucky to gain their freedom. Here was a case of clear and undoubted mediumship (varied in form), clairvoyance, clairaudience, rappings, and materialization some years before the Rochester manifestations took place."

This lady must have been a remarkable good meproofs that the world was progressing to a more advanced era, which would be better prepared to receive Spiritual truth of a higher order, and that this new condition of things would be heralded to the world by remarkable manifestations of spirit power and presence. "And I sawa new heaven and a new earth."--Rev. 21.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Spiritual Experience.

Locked within memory's cabinet are many interesting spiritual experiences that, in my opinion, should be given publicity for the benefit of doubting ones. With this feeling prone upon me I have turned back the lock, and from its hiding place taken from a well thumbed volume, from which to make the following extract. I cannot anticipate that it will make the same vivid impression upon others that it did upon me, but there are phases and points of interest, connected therewith that I think clothe clairvoyance with more than usual interest, there seeming a trinity of purpose and accomplishment that will be readily recognized in the following statement of facts: Some years ago— I think about seven as near as I can give from I think about seven as near as I can give from memory—a backward measurement of time, a spirit artist was temporarily stopping in this city. Mr. and Mrs. D.'s people, of extensive travel and wide experience, were among my most valued friends. Companionship with them was always spiritually profitable. They visited this artist, and brought me as the result of a sitting, a photograph of Mrs. D shout whose head were granued. graph of Mrs. D., about whose head were grouped many faces purporting to be those of spirits. After discussing the merits of the picture and while engaged in pleasant converse, there suddenly appeared by Mrs. D.'s side a man of splendid proportions and stately bearing, displaying the unmistakable dignity of one accustomed to command and to receive homage from the people. Every detail of the features and apparel was clearly defined. Looking earnestly toward me, I received the mental impression that he desired Mrs. D., to again visit the artist and allow him the opportunity of being photo-graphed; that he wished to be the central figure upon the plate. As impossible as it seemed at the time for a single doubt to ever becloud the vision, weeks passed, and the incident, like other kindred ones, was left a memory, only with its pleasures marred by the query, "Did I see, or was it imaginary?" Again came my friends and what their coming, with the evidence they brought me, was to my doubting nature, can never be recorded; it forever put to flight all possibility of doubt in regard to my clairvoyant vision at least. There was the photograph with Mrs. D. seated in one corner, and as a "central figure" stood the spirit's unmistakable form, perfect in expression, attitude and every de-tail of dress, just as he had revealed himself to my clairvoyant sight. Tears bedimmed my eyes. I wanted proof, and had I not received it?

Here, as before stated, was a trinity of circum-stances, demonstrating facts that are of interest to me at least. The fact of the absolute accuracy of clairvoyant sight was fully established by the art of photography, and the fact of spirit photography, was unmistakably and clearly demonstrated by clairvoyance, and the power of the spirit to trans mit his desire to me for expression was also plainly made manifest. Mary H. GARDNER. Chicago, Ill.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Pleasant Surprise.

It the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At the residence of Mrs. L. P. Danforth, 1021 Wister street, Philadelphia, Pa., December 6th, 1887, the Lycoum children gave Miss Jennie B. Hagan one of those happy occasions in the nature of a surprise, where the divine laugh of a child makes every-body feel as though this world was a great deal better than we have been teachet; and all become who know Mrs. L. P. Danforth and Jennie B. Rapan are well aware that in their presence and with the help of a tend of beautiful loving, houring children, there exalt but he can be the himself and the himself and a street was a street but he can be the himself and the street was a street but he can be the himself and the street was a street but the can be the himself and a street was a street was

I's the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SPIRITUAL CONTRASTS Expressed through the Same Medium.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Julia Scott was sister to the late O. H. P. Kinney. She was a native of Sheshequin, a beautiful valley of the Susquehanna. She was a poet and popular among the Universalists. Her poems glow with the light of Spiritualism, although she had no knowledge of it as we know it to-day. The motto that often heads obituary notices is taken from her book, "Death is but a kind and welcome servant who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower encircled door to show us those we love." It was my cled door to show us those we love." It was my good fortune to share the confidence and warm friendship of her brother, and from his lips I heard the story of his first experience in Spiritualism. He was a man whom to know was to esteem and trust. He was twice elected to the Pennsylvania legisla-ture, and once to the New York assembly, served his time in each with exceptional ability and integrity. His truthfulness was above question. Although an outspoken Spiritualist for thirty years he was respected and esteemed by all good people in the church or out. In the following narrative I may get dates wrong, but the facts are railable.

may get dates wrong, but the following narrative I may get dates wrong, but the facts are reliable.

About 1855-6, Mr. Kinney and his skeptical brother visited Binghampton, N. Y., on business. Dr. T. I.. Brown was about the only acquaintance they had in the city. He urged them to visit a medium and investigate Spiritualism. They found a boy-medium about ten years of age, who was not giving professional sittings, and, I think, refused to take pay. A lettered card was handed the strangers who sat at a pine table facing the boy who sat opposite. sat at a pine table facing the boy who sat opposite. These three were all that were in the room. It was impossible for the medium to see any of the letters on the card as they held it toward themselves. Raps on the table indicated spiritual presences. Mr. Kinney pointing to the alphabet they spelled out the name, "Julia Scott." This was a surprise. Surely no one beside the two brothers could have known her in that house. They were strangers in the city forty miles from home. They questioned: "How old was you when you died?"

"Thirty-two years and one day."

"What year did you die?"
"March 22nd, 1850."
"Wrong," said Mr. Kinney, "it was March 21st,

"No," was instantly emphasized by raps. "When were you born?"
"Ma ch 21st, 1818."

"Wrong again."
"No, Julia," kindly interposed Mr. Kinney, "it was March 22ad, 1819." "No," again sounded on the table.

Finding the spirit immovable on these discrepancles, Mr. Kinney said, "Julia, if this is my sister, tell me something that only you and I know."

Immediately the raps spelled out, "I induced you to study law."

"Frue," said Mr. Kinney "and I never mentioned the fact to any one, and it was twenty years ago." Was it "mind reading?" Mr. Kinney said he had not thought of the fact in ten years. All the messages spelled out were of a high order, and showed culture. No imperfect spelling, no bad grammar, no trifling. Then a change was manifest and the medium said another spirit had come. This spelled, "James Kinney," and claimed to be a brother to the two visitors, and to Julia. Such a brother had died at the age of five or six years, some years before. His spelling was very imperfect, language awkward and ungrammatical, and all his communications frivolous and boyish. There was all the contrast between the scholarly poetess they knew and loved, and the ignorant boy who died before entering school, and all through one and the same medium, an unlettered child. This shows that in good means the same medium, an unlettered child. This shows that in good me-diumship the communications are not necessarily bounded by the mental habitudes and capacity of the medium, and that scholarship attained here counts to our advantage over there. But here were some mistakes in the dates given which the brothers could not reconcile or explain.

On reaching home they reverently approached the dear old mother and told their story.

"Mother, we have heard from Julia!"
The sweet-souled woman was startled, and deep waves of emotion rolled up from the shores of memory where death had covered with white hush and eloquent repose all she had known of her gifted niid, while she listened and went

"But, mother, Julia made two grave mistakes which we cannot reconcile. She insisted that she was born March 21st, 1818, and died March 22nd, 1850, both of which we knew were wrong, but could not convince her, nor get her to change it. In all other things she was wonderfully accurate.

Mrs. Kinney found the old family bible, turned to the family record and read: Julia Kinney, born March 21st, 1818; died March 22ad, 1850. Thus verifying the communication in every particular, st the positive convictions of the two brothers in the flesh who thought they knew. Mr. Kinney said from that day he was a Spiritualist and never had doubted since. He lived and died by its light, and the world was the better for his living. One such experience is worth a thousand exhibitions of phenomenal marvels, so hedged in by doubtful circumstances and tricky appearances as to prove nothing except the unreliability of mediumship and its fellowship with cheap legerdemain. Kansas City, Mo.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Comforting Messages and Incidents

> Oh! hearts that never cease to yearn, Oh! brimming tears that ne'er are dried. The dead, though they depart, return A though they had not died. -Mrs. Watson.

A woman loved and respected for her candor and integrity in all things, died suddenly from an accident. In a few weeks a message came to her grisving husbaud and family through the celebrated telegraph medium, W. S. Rowley of Cleveland, saying: "It was but a breath, and I clasped hands with our dear children and friends in this summer land, so real, I scarce can realize the change. Oh glorious fruition I Do not weep for it won't be long until we are united."

A young lady lay at the point of death. All that the loving kindness of parents, friends and eminent physicians could do, had been done to conquer her isease without avail. Grouped around her couch were her parents and friends, to whom she, in lov-ing words, was giving her last wishes, when all at once her face seemed radiant, and she exclaimed: "Look, there is grandfather and angels. Do you not see them? They are here in the room, and how bright and happy they look."

Another time she said: "Look! There is Uncle Lorin; he smiles and reaches out his hands." After her death, notes of music were often heard from the closed room in which her plane stood.

A lady in one of our cities who moves in the higher walks of life, and was strictly orthodox, mourned without hope, her husband, a prominent member of the bar, who died a few years ago very suddenly, without a word to his wife and family. She was perplexed with business trials, and felt al-most on the verge of deepair when a strange thing happened. That well remembered voice whispere audibly in her ear words of counsel and consolation, which have since been her constant solacs and guide, in all matters pertaining to the welfare of herself and family. She says: "I know my husband lives and is near me, ever ready to cheer and guide by his loving words.

A friend whose sterling qualities have caused the people to prome to him to places of honor and trust in the halls of legislation, has been called to give the last hand class to one who traveled by his side the last hand class to one who traveled by his side through all the struggles of life to middle age. We enter the house of death and upon a couch, natural as in life, an angel smile upon her lips, her birds and flowers grouped near, lies the wife and mother, the husband and children, each in their accustomed places, with a calm, hely sorrow that breathes of heaven. Thus speaks our friend: "We are a peculiar people and prefer to watch over and care for our own dead, instead of leaving them to the care of strangery; we continue the mine surroundings as in life which counted the most pleasing to our dear one. Why absold we drum the cold clay, are we hid it addes at Shipmen. Perchange har freed spirit liegars near, harry to knew her presented in held moved as when meeting in her fature drain.

MAJOR THOMAS GALES FORSTER Sends a Message to the Journal's Readers from his Home in the Summer Land.

[The following communication purporting to come from Major Forster, and given through an estimable lady medium of Washington, is sent us for this issue. In an accompanying note Mrs. Forster says: "I think the message eminently characteristic, and that you can publish it with perfect safety as coming from the source it purports." With this endorsement from the one most competent to judge of its genuineness it is published. - Ed Jour-

to the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal.

Should a few words from me in this higher life be acceptable to the readers of this holiday num-ber, I shall be pleased to add my mite to its columns, with the message of greeting from my loved and

faithful wife.

Much has been spoken and written of the wonders and beauty of the spirit life, and some are inclined to believe that nothing but purity and loveliness can enter where the physical is laid aside.

But I would like to speak to the erring ones of earth in tones they would not mistake nor misunderstand, impressing upon them the truth of this assertion: that the character, that which has developed with your earth life, does not end or change when the form which covered the soul is no longer needed, but intensified is yourself without a mask, in the land where life is not a dream, but reality. dream, but reality

Let these words be an entreaty to you to improve each talent, each high aspiration, remembering that nothing is lost; and every noble deed or kind endeavor is a gem or star in the pathway through the dark shadows before the full noon-tide of glory is remained to work wandering vision.

dark shadows before the full noon-tide of glory is revealed to your wondering vision.

It is wisdom to gain by the experiences of others; and as the New Year approaches, good resolutions will be formed by many. Do not forget that they are recorded, and as you live in accordance with them, or break them, you brighten or darken your future with all its possibilities.

The life—the spirit—is of such importance to the creator—as a part of the infinite love—that I would I could impress those who give but little thought to the hereafter, that here and now is but the vestibule, the entrance way, to the never ending future where happiness and pleasure untold are awaiting those prepared for such enjoyment.

May the good angels ever watch and direct aright, and may the denizens of earth recognize their ministrations, inviting them to homes puri-

their ministrations, inviting them to homes puri-fied and hallowed by their presence.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal, Reminiscences.

MBS. MILTON RATHBUN.

In the shadow of approaching twilight, and also in the shadow of the approaching New Year, I sit thinking only of the past, indifferent to the future, and caring not for the present. I travel backward in my thoughts eleven years, to the time when bound in orthodoxy, I stood looking toward, and longing to embrace Spiritualism, which had already won the to embrace spiritualism, which had aiready won the admiration, but not the homage of my soul. I was worn and weary, having been toesed about by the conflicts between reason and common sense, pitted against the false teachings of orthodoxy, stern and unrelenting, in which I had been reared—"the faith" in which my parents had lived and died.

I had reached that dreadful state of mind where I knew I must about the commend. "Whomag we this

I had reached that dreadful state of mind where I knew I must obey the command: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," for I could not retain my orthodox views, and accept the new dispensation. I was afraid to let go the old lest I might fall to eternal torment, yet I so longed that I might dare leave the old path to tread the delightful new one. By day and night, whether busy or idle, asleep or waking, my thoughts and desires all ran in the same channel. When this state of mind had carried me to the borders of distraction, a grand spirit came through the organization of my life companion, to whom, by the way. I had not mentioned my mental whom, by the way, I had not mentioned my mental confilct, and by wise counsel, by proofs, by compre-hensive, sensible, and satisfactory answers to my ettied for me, then and there, the vital points at stake, so that through all these ensuing years I have never been vexed by a doubt as to the truth of Spiritualism, nor have I ever had the shadow of a regret for the church and the bondage in which I lived while serving under its banner.

There are no words in mortal language to com-pute the value of that hour when through the lips of one wholly entranced, one whom I knew to be thoroughly honest, I received my "release," and was bidden to seek the highest light according to the dictates of my own conscience; to live up to the Golden Bule; to walk confidently onward, fearing not. In those days came to us a lofty and pure-minded Indian chief from spirit-life, who has be-come a regular member of our family; one whose wisdom formulated counsel safe to follow, and whose words fall upon our parched souls like rain upon the thirsty fields in time of drought. Many, even the learned in mental and spiritual lore, have listened as children to the voice of this chief, and have under his influence, been advanced. This good spirit acts as monitor, protector, counsellor, and we love him deeply and sincerely, as a great-hearted friend. He came unbidden and was unwelcome; in fact, in my ignorance I was terrified by his coming, and piteously becought him to stay away, fearing that he would selze the carver and scalp me!

I laugh immoderately as I remember the funny

things which he did, and how obediently, and with what alacrity I performed every act which he suggested by pantomime and frequent grunts, for at first he could speak no word of English. How anxiously I sought to interpret his every wish lest I might incur his displeasure. At times I failed signally, for I well remember that one of the first Euglish words he used was "stupid," and that word

was applied to me! Being mediumistic I soon learned that his presence was to be a blessing to us; thereafter his coming was heralded with joy.

But what spectre rises before me in the fire-light! Is it a tomahawk? Ah! no, I see it is the editorial hatchet, raised to cut me off. I will not presume upon the smiling face behind it, for although genial, we know the editor of the Journal is stern and unflinching in his demands for justice towards the unflinching in his demands for justice towards the JOURNAL and its readers; so, kind friends, adjeu. Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Spirit Photography.

A few years ago while visiting the village of Elle-worth, Maine, I learned that a photographer there— I do not now recall his name—had been considera-I do not now recall his name—had been considera-bly startled on several occasions, by the appearance on his plates, of faces and forms other than those of the sitters. At that time I was frequently con-trolled by a spirit giving the name of "Lillian," who certainly demonstrated the fact that she pos-sessed an individuality wholly independent of my own. This spirit claimed that she had seen the phoown. This spirit claimed that see had seen the photographer and learned that he was really a medium through whom spirit pictures could be made, and destred me to visit him, promising to be present and, if possible, give me her picture. As I had never seen Lillian while she was in the fisch, and should not, therefore, recognize her picture if I saw it, I saked her to agree with me when some test in which I should know her. This she consented do, and said that she would try to appear standing by my side, with her face turned so as to present profile, and if possible, would show a bouquet

flowers. flowers.
Accordingly, my husband and I, accompanied by Mrs. A. P. Burnham, at whose pleasant home we were staying, called upon the photographer. I had the stiting, and on the plate appeared very distinctly, the form of a joung girl by my side, with her face jurned exactly as had beat promised, afterholding in one hand a buach of flowers.

Daniel Webster on the Death of His Only Son.

[A subscriber at Rochester, N. Y., encloses the following stanzas with the statement that they were written by Webster on the death of his son, and have not been in print for many years,--- ED. JOUR

The staff on which my years should lean,
Is broken e'er those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou should'st have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me,

Thou rearist to me no filial stone,
No parents' grave with tears beholdest; Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And stand at in heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast,.
Thy generation after mine.
Thou hast thy predecessor passed, Earlier eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes The road to Heaven and shown it clear; But thou untaught spring at to the skies, And leavet thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet scraph, I would learn of thee And hasten to partake thy bliss, And, oh! to thy world welcome me, As first I welcomed thee to this.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Lord's Prayer Revised.

Father in Heaven, hallow'd be Thy name; Make Thy will on earth and Heaven the same; Feed us with manna, as daily we need;
Teach us Thy precepts ever to heed.
Forgive us our debts, oh! Father divine.
To forgive our debtors, make us incline.
If temptations assail, lead us we pray,
To shun the evil, to choose the right way.
Gulde and direct, oh! Father above;
Shield and protect with Thy infinite love.
Bring us at last to Thy home in Heaven. Bring us at last to Thy home in Heaven, Praise and glory shall to Thee be given.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Prayer.

Since I have learned to lean upon the spirit, I do not marvel at the faith in prayer shown by the Chris-tian. I can understand what was meant when the spirit said through that greatest of all mediums, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there will I be and to bless." I can realize what name there will I be and to blees." I can realize what the invitation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy ladden and I will give you reet," means. I know why men succeed who before entering upon any great and important undertaking always first invoke the aid of Deity; why the soldier who looks upon prayer as the sign of the cross, is invincible. They have reached up and have taken hold of the source which yields an unexhaustible supply of lower when the wisdom and resources of man of power when the wiedom and resources of man fails. Prayer scothes the spirit, heals the mind and

L. A. CLEMENT.

gives strength to the physical. Often through prayer a new lease of life is gained for the dying, and disease is overcome by the strength it gives. I would not assume that God or the all-pervading intelligence suspends natural laws to answer prayer, but rather that as sunshine and shower cause the grases to grow, so the heart mellowed by prayer becomes susceptible to spirit influence, and thus is gained the strength that the spirit can bring. I would not assume that we should pray to God, even, for the uplifting of the heart in prayer to him, to Jesus of Nazereth, to the Holy Virgiu, to the saints, to our father in heaven,

to our mother occupying a seat by his side, to our brothers who have gone before, or to the spirit controlling a medium, or who is supposed to control a band whose aid we hope to obtain, will bring the blessing just as quickly.

I do not assume that we should get down on our broads are hide arrelyes in cleants. the street corners, nor that we should get down on our the street corners, nor that we should specially humble ourselves, but our hearts should reach up to the spirit, believing that God, or the all-pervading Spirit, can be reached through the power of prayer. We should go in erect manliness and in confidence, not eneaking, not complaining, but with thankful and hopeful hearts. We should go as one where for prices would go to the bank with paper that can not be discredited, confident that as we ask aright our pray-ers will not be denied. We should live pure lives, striving always to benefit our fellow men, in order that spirit forces may not be gathered about us who will mock us in our distress. We should seek to bring our minds into harmony with them and then leave the "Gates Ajar," so that they may enter in and lead us in the way we should go. The true Christians who rely on God the Son and the Spirit, striving always to lead a life in harmony with them, cain the blessings that prever may bring; but they gain the blessings that prayer may bring; but they take the promise wholly on faith, and were an angel to come to them to confirm them, they would turn their backs upon him and claim that it was a fraud, an illusion or a dream. But we know now that the Redeemer liveth, and because he lives we shall live also, but that our friends who know our hearts, who realize our needs, who understand our yearnings when

they go over there, become the messengers who go and come between us and the great central power.

I could give you many illustrations of the power of prayer that have come under my observation, some of which have been touched upon in a former article from my pen, but enough for the present. Dulath, Minn.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal Traveling in the Spirit World.

GENERAL EDWARD F. BULLARD.

In December, 1854, with my first wife I made a visit at the residence of Gov. Talmadge in Foud du Lac, Wisconsin. After a few days I accompanied the Gov. to Philadelphia and New York, to aid in procuring the publication of the "Healing of the Nations," a book in which we took a great interest. My wife remained with the Governor's family, a distance of over one thousand miles from New York City. While in New York, one forenoon we made a social call upon Judge Edmonds at his parlors then on Fifth avenue near Thirty-second street, and there met the Judge, his daughter Laura, and Doctor Dexter. While conversing upon the subject of Spiritual communications, Miss Edmonds went into a partial trance and described my wife as being present, standing by my side. Miss E. had never seen her before, but Gov. Talmadge pronounced her description correct. Miss Edmonds said Mrs. Bullard was anxious to talk with me, but as she could not do so without other parties hearing, she withdrew. In a few days, by regular course of mail I received a letter from my wife, stating that at the very time in question, she was anxious to consult with My wife remained with the Governor's family, a

time in question, she was anxious to consult with me, and was told by her angel friends if she would consent, they would take her to me. She obeyed me, and was told by her angel friends if she would concent, they would take her to me. She obeyed and apparently traveled through the other world, and as she passed along, she met many old acquaint-ances who had been several years there, some happy and some in darkness. They all spoke to her as she passed burriedly along, and in a few moments she was in my presence. As I had not the power to see or hear her, and she could only make herself known to the medium, she declined to converse with me upon the subject about which she was anxious. After my return she fully corroborated her experience on that occasion, and gave me many interesting particulars, not important to relate, in regard to her conversed on that excursion.

As she passed to spirit life on Pehruary, 1869, and has after returned since, I thought it might be important that such well authoritized ficts should be put spen record for the instruction of the public, and to excite further investigation as to the great powers of the mind or spirit while yet in the body. On other occasions when I would return from a few days sincroce, no matter how distantials would be put the present to me conversations which I had half with hersens miles distant from his, with per-

sak what good to know that there

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fen Years Younger.

Mrs. Mary Montgomery, of Boston, writes: "For years, I was compelled to wear a dress cap to conceal a bald spot on the crown of my head : but now I gladly lay the cap aside, for your Hair Vigor is bringing out a new growth. I could hardly trust my senses when I first found my hair growing; but there it is, and I am delighted. I look ten years younger."

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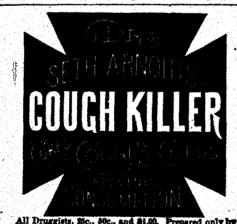
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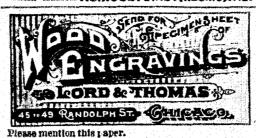
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DAVID G. Lowe, Esq., of St. Agathe, Manitoha, Canada, says: "About one year ago, being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very higherefrom."

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A. B. WEAVER, Esq., of 990 Bouck Arenue, Buffalo, N. Y., writes: "Having used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in my family, I desire to testify to the great relief afforded by it in cases of sick headache. As a children's remedy, for coughs and colds, I have likewise found it all that could be desired, its employment having uniformly availed to promptly check any attacks of that kind."

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Thoroughly cleanse 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.

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A medicine possessing the power to cure such inveterate blood and skin diseases as the following testimonial portrays, must certainly be credited with possessing properties capable of curing any and all blood and skin diseases, for none are more obstinate or difficult of cure than Salt-rheum.

ATTACK.

est benefit therefrom.

Mrs. Mollie E. Tallor, Cannelton, Ind., writes: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I gave it to my little girl and it cured her of the malarial fever."

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Ruffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to you the facts in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of sait-rheum, by the use of your relative of mine had been a great sufferer from salt-rheum for upwards of forty years. The disease was most distressing in her hands, causing the skin to crack open on the inside of the fingers at the joints and between the fingers. She was obliged to protect the raw places by means of adhesive plasters, salves, ointments and bendages, and during the winter months had to have her hands dressed daily. The pain was quite severe at times and her general health was badly affected, paving the way for other diseases to creep in. Catarrh and rheumatism caused a great deal of suffering in addition to the salt-rheum. She had used faithfully, and with the most commendable perseverance, all the remedies prescribed by her physicians, but without obtaining relief. She afterwards began treating herself by drinking teas made from blood-purifying roots and berbs. She continued this for several years but derived no benefit. Finally, about ten years ago, I chanced to read one of Dr. Pierce's small pamphiets setting forth the merits of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and other medicines. The name struck

my fancy, and seeing that it was essentially a blood-purifier. I immediately recommended it to the old lady who had been so long a sufferer from salt-rheum. She commenced taking it at once, and took one bottle, but seemed to be no better. However, I realized that it would take time for any medicine to effect a change for the better, and encouraged her to continue. She then purchased a half-a-dozen bottles, and before these had all been used she began to notice an improvement. After taking about a dozen bottles she was entirely cured. Her hands were perfectly well and as smooth and healthy as a child's. Her general health was also greatly improved; the rheumatism entirely left her and the catarrh was almost cured, so that it ceased to be much annoyance. She has enjoyed excellent health from that day to this, and has had no return of either salt-rheum or rheumatism. The 'Discovery' seems to have entirely eradicated the salt-rheum from her system. She is now over eighty years old, and very healthy for one of such extreme age.

She is now over eighty years ore, which you can make any use you extreme age.

I have written this letter, of which you can make any use you see fit, hoping that some sufferer from salt-heum might chance to read it and obtain relief by using your 'Golden Medical Discovery'—for 'Golden' it is in its curative properties, and as much above the multitude of nostrums and so-called 'patent medicines,' so zealously flaunted before the public, as gold is above the baser metals.

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GONSUMPTION.

SOLOMON BUTTS, of North Clayton, Miamico., Ohio, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my write. She was taken with consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My write took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."



Mrs. N. W. Ricz, of Newfane, Vermont, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the "Golden Medical Discovery," which cured a cough of five years standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long

Authman Cured.—CARRIE S. STOWELL, Postmistress at Mag-nolic, Colorado, says her husband was cured of asthma, by using "Golden Medical Discovery."



Wasting Disease.—Wassor P. Clark, Eq., of (Box 104), Stemmereids, Prince Belowerd Island, Cam, writes: "When I commenced taking your Golden Medical Discovery,' I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that itme I weighed IM pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 da. Then I med to eat about one meal a day, and how can bur or five if I dered to."

Brown-Folk at My Fireside.

and from First Page. the second and all seem moved by a beauth, life's betterment, and all but one way: 'Make use of present

to your atmost now!" That thought also home is our Savior born! In thall make Spirit-land sweeter to hall make Will there be higher mounrender valleys, vaster seas, brighter never loves? Oh! no; or if so, if I not eyes to see, soul to comprehend, it to fiel, of what profit shall it be? It will not give us anything, but simholy us to realize what we have. And if iere goodness more, our bad deeds will hours us less! A half-note out of tune, hearvable to three-quarters of the race, in the musician's ear is horrible dissonance, meing actual pain. So shall the discords of our lower nature hurt us the more as our thoughts ascend, until we kill them ent-right by a volume of harmonious living!
Pure Spiritualism, wisely taught and lived
by even a few souls at a white heat of enthusiasm, would almost redeem the world in
eme decade. Spiritualists decry organization, yet tell me where in nature, grows a thing of use or beauty defiant of this law? De-organization is death, organization is life. Have we any interest in common? Does our faith mean anything? Let us welcome our angel guests as co-workers, not as infallible popes. There is thoroughly hon-est work needs doing before the glad tidings of peace and good-will can come unto all

peoples.

And now appears in a little wreath of lambent flame a very fair, earnest young-ol? face, full of slient questioning. What can I do to hasten the Golden Rule erawhere and how begin? I recognize this psychic visitor as one of an audience of about a thousand, listening twice every Sunday to eloquent lectures, but doing nothing systematically to actualize the spiritual philosophy. "How shall we set about it?" and the blue eyes blaze with kindled zeal, and I mentally telegraph across an interven-ing, impish shadow: "Visit the members of your congregation; inspire them with your desire to act; call a meeting at some roomy residence; organize a White Cross Society, incorporating principles of strictest temperance; hold weekly meetings; institute a direct warfare against evil-speaking, liquor shops and brothels; wake up to the dangers threatened from Catholic opposition to our public schools; let each member give half an hour a day, or two hours a week, to the study of the political situation; attend the caucus before election; brighten up on the question of woman suffrage by reading the history—one chapter a week—compiled by Stanton, Anthony and Gage; inspire your members with an interest in public affairs, and on election day go in a body and vote for clean men; institute semi monthly conversations-don't allow your lecturers to do ail the talking; do away with your free pub-lic platform, and hold private sociables where a given subject can be freely discussed and selections from standard authors read. Think of the intellectual progress and moral stamina that must necessarily result from such gatherings compared to that produced by promiscuous "sittings" for mediumistic development.

And now, as the fire burnt low, I fell to dreaming of the helpfulness of pure friendship. How many hearts are lonely and desolate, even in the midst of luxury, for want of sweet, unselfish social ties; how many men and women, old and young, are heart starved out there in the bustling, sensuous world for lack of a fervent friendship. People sneer at the idea of Platonic love-I not only believe in its possibility, but I believe the time will come when it ha a frequent experience. We must cultivate faith in each other and in humanity at large, and let friendship between men and women be not so rare as now; strange how incredulous the world in general is. and yet history furnishes many grand examples. Sometimes it is love's after-glow; often, very often, it yields more content than love itself, even at its best, and—bless me! the fire is out and all the tender visions vanished!

Sunny Brae, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. UNSEEN WORLDS.

HON. A. B. RICHMOND.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep.

There was a time in the history of our race when human knowledge was circumscribed by the narrow limits of human senses; all beyond was "terra incognita," an unknown land, peopled by imagination with unseen forms, the go is and demons of mythology. Men knew nothing of the earth but what they could see, feel, taste and smell. Long, long Æms passed and science began to unfold her mysteries, and relate her wondrous secrets to man's developing intellect; his wants begat invention, and invention created devices which reached far beyond the boundaries of his former world, opening the heretofore unseen to his wondering vision.

For age on age, whose numbers are far beyond computation, the stars had dropped their rays of golden light upon the sunless earth, and yet the mysteries of their forms and movements had defied man's limited vision and aching eyes. When the spirit of Invention said to him, "Let us make an eye," "Make an eye?" said man. Why the thought was almost sacrilegious, and the words blasphemy. "Yes." said Invention, "we will make an eye that shall be tearless and tireless, an eye that shall be undimmed by age, unaffected by disease, and untouched by decay." Then Invention took some pieces of crystal and with them formed an eye and gave it to man and told him to look above him; and when he turned his gaze upwards, he saw that all those gems in heaven's blue coronet were either world's similar to ours, or suns, the centers of systems, each with its retinue of satellites revolving around it. "Art thou actonished?" said Invention. Then the spirit pointed to a drop of water pendant from a blade of grass, just dipped in a pool by the

"What seest thou there?" he inquired.

"What sees thou there?" he inquired.
"Why," said man, "it is a drop of water, and is formed of the mist that but yesterday was fleating in the ennbeam."

Then the geni of invention again took some pieces of crystal, and after he had facilioned and arranged them with cunning art, he said to mak: "Here is another eye I have made, and is then it shall be an open asseme to the backles and wonders of an unseen world. And when man looked, beheld the tent of water was transformed into a world a minutest according with the, in which is a world a minute of a minutest power and the said of a minut

on every side; intangible beings sport in the air we breath, the water we drink, and the food we eat; all are material; all are com-posed of chemical elements, as real and substantial to themselves as we are to one another, yet as invisible to us as are spirit forms, or the world of attenuated matter in which

they live. It is both illogical and unscientific to assert that because we do not see or feel matter in all itsunknown combinations and organizations, that such do not exist. Science does not yet know to what extent matter may become attenuated, or what diversified forms it may then assume under the laws that govern

In the process of attenuation we commence with platinum, the heaviest of known elements, and descend through a series constantly diminishing in density until we arrive at hydrogen gas, the lightest of known substances, a cubic foot of which weighs only two and a quarter grains. Here Science is compelled to pause for want of more delicate instruments of observation. But is it possible that the process of attenuation stops at precisely the point where man for lack of more perfect means of investigation can, as yet. go no farther? Surely not; and the logic of exist in a form as much more attenuated than hydrogen gas, as it is than platinum; and if it so exists who can tell what beautiful forms it may assume, which although intangible to us may be perfectly fitted by creative power for spirit life and happiness. Within easy reach of the reflective mind is a conception of a Spirit-world composed of matter as tangible and real to spirit life as is our world to us, and yet as ethereal to us as is the palace of Drake's "Sylphide green,"

"Spiral columns, gleaming bright, Were streamers of the northern light; It curtains light and lovely flush Was of the morning's rosy blush; And the celling fair that rose aboon, The while and feathery fleece of noon."

If investigation has revealed to us multitudes of unseen worlds unknown to man before the invention of the microscope, why may not further researches discover other unknown realms of life and intelligence? The Bible does not assert the existence of animalcules, as it does that of spirit life, yet science has discovered them, and the worlds in which they live; it has told us their habits and minutely described their internal organism; and if we knew from the pages of their West and minutely described their internal organism; and if we knew from the pages of their west. Holy Writ, that there is a spirit existence we have only to inquire, where is the theater of its action? We have only to learn the locality of its world, and the laws that govern it, a task apparently much more easily accomplished than a search after a life not known to exist. What the lense and the mirror were to the discovery of the unseen worlds above and around us, so may spiritual phenomena be to a life beyond the grave. Then, indeed, will the millennium have come. Then will demonstrated truth take the place of hope and faith. Then will death be disarmed in the very hour of his victory. The grave will no longer be looked upon as the end of man, but as the cradle of his infancy, and as the certainty of immortality will be known to all; so all will strive to live in such a manner as to meet its requirements for future happiness. This is the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. WAS IT A CASE OF OBSESSION?

> > MRS. MARY A. AHRENS.

Late one Saturday evening my friend, Miss B., came to see me, being in great distress of mind, saying she had been writing with planchette and had received a communication from her father who urged her to see me, as I would tell her something of importance. In vain I pleaded illness and disinclination: I had at last to yield to her entreaties, and so I placed myself in communi-cation with her father. This message came: "Kitty, I want you to be prepared to hear news from home that will surprise and sad-

"Is it about my mother?" was the next question.

Yes, it is; she is coming over soon. I can't tell you just the hour, but it will be very

These answers came so clear and strong, they could not be mistaken. Miss B. bade.me good night, and I thought no more of the occurrence until the next day about 10 o'clock, A. M., when she came to see me. On her face was the indication of strong emotion; in her hand a telegram she had just received from Rochester, N. Y., bringing her the news of her mother's death; also requesting her attendance at the funeral. Miss B. doubted the possibility of reaching there in time, as she could not leave Chicago until Monday evening. Now she put the question: "Should she go, or wire a reply that she could not attend?" She was advised to leave for Rochesthe next night at 8 P. M., as they would hold

over the funeral until she arrived. Several months passed by, when one day I met a mutual acquaintance. I inquired when she had heard from Miss B., and if she knew why she remained away? To my surprise I was told that Miss B. was insane. Her brother had come to the city to look after the effects, and told her of the affliction

which had befallen his sister. A year and a half passed by when I received a letter from Miss B., saying that she had been very ill in a hospital; that she was Miss B. came to see me. Just as she entered my room, and before I had an opportunity to talk with her, I saw an elderly woman in advance of the younger one; at a glance I understood who my unannounced visitor was—it was Miss B.'s mother. I passed by the woman of shade or shadow, and took into my arms the woman of real substance. When the greeting was over and my friend seated, I told her that her mother had come with her. At this she burst out crying

and said: "Oh! I want to tell you all about it, all I have suffered since I saw you last; perhaps you can explain it to me. You know how I was called home to attend my mother's funeral, and that I had doubts if I could get there in time. It was just as they (meaning the spiritis) told me it would be; they did wait for me. I found my brother almost crasy with grief and remorse; he had blamed himself that mother had died alone, and now that she was deed, he remembered that he had not always been as thoughtful of her as he should have been, for mother was blind nearly two reast before she died. My brother's grief was draudful. I could not hear to see him er; he had read her before they put first like like a was altituded by make the like and put by the spirits) told me it would be; they did

On every bush, on every tree, on every when I raised up I felt so queer and strange. Is a world unseen by man's unaided I knew where I was and what they were desenses. Impalpable forms float around us ing and saying, but I could not see, and I was so afraid of falling that I hesitated in my step, so they took hold of me and helped me. We burled our mother.

me. We buried our mother.

"The days came and went, and still the queer feelings remained. One other distressing thing happened: I dared not eat the food my friends prepared for me, as I was in great fear that they wanted to poison me, so I nearly starved. All this time I seemed to have a double consciousness. My friends believed me insane. What I suffered no one can tell. At last my friends neglected me. I was in the hands of relations who talked and planned about the share of the estate, and how it would be better if I should die rather than live such a wreck. One day my brother told me he would take me to Buffalo to see some eminent physician. I consented gladly to go. My brother deceived me cruelly; he did take me to Buffalo, but to an insane asylum. I pass the horror of that time; suffice it to say that in just three days after I had entered the asylum, as sudden as it came, all the queer, old, strange feelings left me. I was better. The doctor wrote to my brother to come and take me out. My brother did not come. For three months I remained in the asylum. At last the doctor wrote my friends he would cause science asserts that the process of attenua an investigation to be made. Well, I got tion may go on until matter will be found to out only last week, and just as soon as I

could I started for Chicago."

During the recital of this strange and thrilling experience, I had noticed from time to time, that the shadowy form of the mother would come before me. I had a double consciousness, and such a feeling of sorrow came over me that I felt like one in despair. What was the explanation? I questioned Miss B. about her mother's condition previous to her death. As I have said, she was blind, having a fair share of strength, enough so that she was able to walk about; but with the blindness had come great fear of falling; being an inmate of her son's family she was sometimes made to feel that she was a burden to her daughter-in-law; and with this feeling, being a very shrinking and sensitive woman, came a belief that she was in their way, and that they were going to poison her, so that it was well known to some of her friends that she refused food frequently because of this fear. One other point in my friend's case. When her brother went before the doctor to get a permit or certificate so that he might get his sister into the asylum, he tes-tified that his eister was in perfect health when she came home; that they never noticed anything strange about her until the fu-

I have briefly outlined one of the most interesting cases in my own experience,—a case well known, and I could bring several witnesses, residents of this city, who would verify the facts.

Let unbelievers scoff; the facts remain. Let believers in spirit communion explain it, and tell me how it is that an intelligence, clear and strong enough to impress its wishes upon my brain and prove a safe guide, as was the intelligence calling itself father to this woman, could not guard and protect her from the annoyances and even peril which came to her when standing beside the dead. The spirit of the mother fastened itself like a vampire upon her, changing the young woman into an old one. Let the wise ones, who know all things, answer this: Why, just as soon as Miss B. was surrounded by new conditions, was the spell broken and she clothed in her right mind?

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. FORTY-THREE YEARS Of Change in Churches and Spiritualism.

BRONSON MURRAY.

Forty-three years ago. passing the night at a tavern in Peru, III., I learned that the elevenyear-old daughter of the landlord had told her parents that while sitting on the floor playing, her deceased grandmother had appeared to her and said she would be taken sick in a week and would come to join herself. Returning from my trip I learned that the child soon after was taken sick, and the doctor called in, who said that she would be quite well the following Wednesday, and that the child had replied in effect: "Yes! I shall be well then, but not in the way you mean." I learned, too, that on the day named the child had died peacefully and contentedly, saying she was going to join her grand-

As is stated of Mary of old, I pondered this thing over in my heart and wondered what it could mean. Could it be possible that deceased persons could revisit those left behind? Could there be substantial fact embodied in such child prophecies? I decided I would watch. Jesus had said that "these signs shall follow them that believe," etc., and had inculcated watching as essential for such as would learn of the day of the coming of the greatest good. I watched! I found that the self-important and showy and stylish of the church members, together with their pastor-teachers, had no faith in those sayings as applicable to American life. I found among the poor and humbler church members a faith that such things might be true even of the present day. As I watched I soon began to hear among them of extraordinary occurrences.

An Irish Catholic domestic had "died" and in passing away rejoiced in declaring that the room was filled with angels. Then a dealer in grain, who was notoriously a skinflint and an unjust over-reaching trader, was better now, and would be in Chicago in a reported as in his dying hours crying, "Glory! few days. So in a very brief time after this. glory! The room is full of angels." Then came word of a woman in articulo mortis stretching her arms upward and with a face radiant with pleasure, announcing the pres-euce of a deceased sister as she left the

All these and many other signs came in

Ottawa, Illinois. Next, came thither newspaper reports of strange doings at Hydesville, N. Y., with the story of two children having invented signals for communicating with the "dead," who were said to be alive enough for that and of their prophecy that the knockings and communications were to become universal and were to go round the whole earth among all peoples. Soon after, I heard, at my un-cle's house, at Oswego, N. Y., those raps, and cle's house, at Orwego, N. I., those raps, and had intelligent messages, purporting to some from ancient members of my own family of whose nation and existence none of us knew, but later laquiries proved to have existed in England. None but our own family were present there. After that, in hurried succession, came to me planchetts writing, under the hand of my sister who, a stringent church member, denounced spirituation as the work of the devil. But then her planchetts minerocci a message signed

elder, had been afraid to die, worrying three months about death while on his sick bed. But he was reconciled to it and gladly halled its advent after a half hour's vision, in which was presented to him, as still living and smiling, the persons of his deceased daughter and deceased fellow deacon, the former saying to him, "Father, why are you afraid to cross that river? I have crossed

Then later, my own hand was involuntarily controlled, and through it was done writing and drawing, concerning which, and its purpose, till it was complete, I was a curious and interested onlooker, wondering what would come. After these came interviews with Foster and Slade with independent slate writing and other tests. Later my married daughter, losing her first-torn, had her hand controlled to write and draw, though she, herself, would not believe in its possibility. It wrote that the child still lived and was with relatives. For me there is now only one refuge. Spiritualism is a truth; and the JOURNAL is its defender against frauds. Well, the forty-three years are passed! Frauds have been unearthed among those whose choice or fate it is to sell their professed light for money. In my own family I can place a trust independently of such. Forty-three years ago the orthodox pulpit preached hell fire for those who disbelieved its assertions about the Bible and the future life. Forty-three years ago it preached that the only salvation was through faith in what it told you.

Thirty-nine years ago two children at Hydesville entered the lists in competition. They preached communication with the dead-alive again, and salvation a birth-right of all. To-day, the two children, being still among us as middle aged women, can see the leaven of their goepel permeating all the churches, and an Episcopal minister here in New York, in his full robes, declaring from his pulpit: "There is inspiration in other sacred books, other bibles than ours. Our fathers believed in a veritable revelation in the Bible. We have gone through much since then, and few of us can say that we believe the Bible is wholly a revelation of God."* And I say, behold the result of thirtynine years working of the leaven of Spiritualism!

238 West 53rd St., New York.

* Rev. Heber Newton, the honest preacher at Anthon Memorial Church, N. Y.

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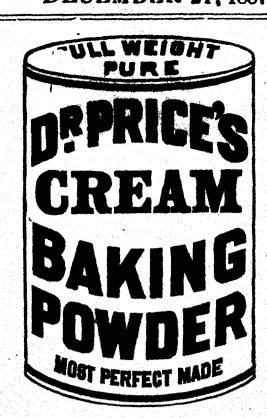
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