

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE
SCIENCE
ARTS

DEVOTED TO
SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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

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

DEATH OF SUPERSTITION.

O joy! the mighty Armies of the Spheres
In sun-embathed ranks, advance, and charge,
And all the ghastly hosts of Frauds and Fears
Turn, cover 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!
Mince and Radamanthus never more
Shall desolate thy coast with iron hail
Of terror from the red Ptolemaic shore.
The cursed twins dull-Night incestuous bore,
Slavery of mind and body, they depart
From Time and Nature. Mince of yellow ore
No more shall be the gods of lower and mar-
The wild wolf avarice cease to gnaw the human heart.

CALVINISM REJECTED.

"As one who hears afar through trackless woods,
Where he has lost his way, the village choir
Sings hosannas, and by those sweet tones
Is guided where the congregation bows
In worship, I was led from night's dim thrall,
The Spirit Folk led, "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,
Heath made an earthly footstool for his throne,
Wherever suns blaze on the steep of day,
Or spirit-spheres their spiral rings unfold,
Black terror made my earthly life a dream
Of judgment and perdition. Better taught,
I sing 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
Four through fair windows broad as truth itself
And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained crifice and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendor from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with golden waves of love?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths;
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of Reason and of Knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wondrous 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 sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned
heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole.

The Ninth Paradise.

In the nine heavens are eight Paradises:
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in the Paradise;
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.
Created creatures are in the Paradise;
The uncreated Maker in the breast.
Haber, O man! was thou eight Paradises
Then be without the ninth one in thy breast.
Given to thee are these eight Paradises:
When thou the ninth one hath within thy breast.

—W. E. Allen's translation from the Arabic.

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 something that is not himself, or of the great world that impinges upon him; as the light that reaches the eye, 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 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 beginning of these wonders—that we shall go on in the direction of still greater discoveries and inventions; and 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 beginning 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 beginning to feel and to assert his God-like powers and rights.

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 return 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 profound 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 the world. 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 silence, and ministers speak only of the bright and sunny side. As members have become convinced of the reality of Spiritualism they have turned to their ministers, and met so rebuke. If they have attended spiritual lectures, they compare the sermons in their own pulpits with them, and find that there is harmony; different wording,

but the same meaning, and the preachers find that the more spiritualistic they are the 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 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—insatiable 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 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.

In communion with spirits, the evidence that the departed exist in a world of light and progress, an opiate that 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 synonymous 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 thereby?

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 equine 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. Ring ye bells, the tidings of the old; ring louder still the blessed gladness of the new! Fill all the air with syllabants of joy! for the Angel of Death has become indeed, 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 consecration to duty. 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 Universalists because most liberal and tolerant, who declare that "Spiritualism is

taught from their pulpits; they who stand 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 superstition, 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 its greatest achievements. In solitude, clad in coarse garments, with a crust of bread, it may cultivate and exalt itself, but in practical life, wealth is essential for the propagation 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.

A RINGING LETTER

From the Pastor of Unity Church, 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 stand for a fearless and honest search 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 difficulties.

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 it is the truth, and only that you are after, I for one will bid you God-speed! So may you have a happy Christmas not only, but a grander New Year than ever.

Boston, Dec. 27. M. J. SAVAGE.

No good deed is without its reward, even though not apparent to the world. A pleasant feeling warms the heart at its recollection, and conscience says "well done," though no word of gratitude comes from the recipient of the kindly act.

R. HEBER NEWTON, D. D., Expresses His Interest and Declares that Despite the Seybert Commission, the last World is Far from Having Been Said on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

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 unconvinced—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 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 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.

THE DREAM-FOLK AT MY FIRE-SIDE.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

There is nothing like an old fashioned fireplace 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 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 ghosts,—let us patiently wait for spirits to do our work, say, our very thinking, or spend our breath decanting on the splendors 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 sit 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. O happy are they whom the child-angels love to visit! and here are mature faces full of aerial merriment, as though earth-sorrow, alienated, out on lip and brow,—and noble countenances, beautiful with hope, love and sympathy,—how

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

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

The Hand of a Spirit Plucks Rose Buds from a Bouquet Lying on the Casket—Lined 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 does not find comfort by knowing that love dies not, and that our friends can and do commune 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 Quackenbush 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 occurred 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 "Adella" was beautifully wrought 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. Dalley, who was watching the occurrence, 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 form in the casket. Surely such scenes are too beautiful not to be told to the world, which is so full of sad and weeping hearts.

Her death has inspired the following lines: Adella! Adella! oh, flower of the morn'ng! Too rare and too fair for this bleak world's adorning; The angels have parted the leaves that concealed thee— The ever-green leaves with which we had concealed thee. Have plucked from our hearts without asking or warning. Adella! Adella! sweet flower of the morning. Adella! Adella! oh, heavenly token! Too dear for the bier, they have ruthlessly broken. Have sund'ered 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. Adella! Adella! oh, jewel of heaven. How bright was the robe 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; To hold thy young life, e'en with death we have striven. Adella! Adella! bright jewel of heaven. Adella! Adella! thy cold form reposes, In the gloom of the tomb; 'neath chaplets of roses; From the home of the dead thy spirit ascended. From hearts that enchain'd it thy spirit ascended. An angel of light in the land of the roses. Adella! Adella! an angel reposes!

Adella! Adella! as a dove in the morning Alights from its flight, the bright heavens adorning. Vanishes down from the skies to the cot of its loved ones. Is drawn from the skies to the home of its loved ones. Adella returns to the hearts that are mourning. Adella descends on the wings of the morning. Brooklyn, N. Y.

[The scene witnessed by Mrs. Dalley 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 LAVER.

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

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 deities, 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 Deity. But may they not be surrounded with their religious atmosphere, and the tremendous impulse of religious enthusiasm be gained for their study and cultivation?

The phenomena of nature were once looked upon as direct manifestations of Deity or deities. Gradually this belief disappeared, and Deity was lost sight of in law. But again we are coming to see God in nature, and the phenomena of the physical universe are again being clothed in the garb of religion. May not the phenomena of Spiritualism

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 direct actions of Deity? Is not the same God back of them as of old? Are not human spirits—now believed to be the authors of these phenomena, 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 manifestations 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 Infinite Soul that is over all?

The writer is not attempting either to convince skeptics that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are produced by disembodied human spirits, or to convince Spiritualists that said phenomena are not rightly attributed 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 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 medieval accretions which marred 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 séances, mind reading and tests, demand for it more attention than it has hitherto received from those who believe in the Summerland.

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 ancient 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 the Astral Light, in which are pictures of 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 Akasa.

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 ether, where, in it 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 relics, existing there until they shall pass away in natural course, and there, floating, darting, wavering, swimming 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 utterances 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 diabolical, are there. It is a burial ground for mummies, 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, Spiritualists are bound to investigate along the lines indicated, or else be guilty of ignoring an important element in the problem before them.

An intelligent 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—resurrected so to say—either a picture of a person or a scene, or the discourses of Plato. How then can we afford to ignore the existence of the Astral Light or refuse to make some inevitable conclusions? Is it because we are afraid that the Summerland will disappear, or that we do not wish to accept as true something not in accord with our preconceived notions or present experiences? As for me, give me truth, no matter what it costs, or what fondly loved idea it destroys. New York City.

JOTTINGS FROM NEBRASKA.

Letter from Mrs. Ella M. Dole.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical 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 individual to rise above physical ills, falls to comfort sad hearts, at least so I judge from the fact that so many of its 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 zone, 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 cruel. 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 hearers, the Spiritualists, the mediums, and, oh! what a welcome I have. How glad they are to find that they have the truth; only need to be shown how to turn the current of thought against physical ills; 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 Wilman, 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 experienced 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 bliss 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 phenomena, humble in their nature, but which seem to whisper hope and consolation to the hungry soul. It may be possible that comfort has been derived from materialized forms, so real that the sifter has forgotten that he was visiting with one who had passed from earth-life; possible, but I doubt it. The few forms which the writer has seen, did not seem real; not seeming real they cast 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 thus, and then proceed to a higher plane. On the present occasion we had not received directions through the tipping and had just abandoned the effort. Our lady friend was preparing to go home; she suddenly changed manner, and said: "Well, we are here now, but we cannot stay."

I asked, "Who is it," she answered, giving the name of our control. By this time the writer and wife had seated themselves at the table.

"There," said she, "they are coming now." At that instant the table which had not moved before, sailed up. 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. A word or two more and the medium who had not even looked at the stand said, "Good-night." 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 freed from influence.

A lady held her first séance 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 sit and converse with friends from the other side to our hearts' glory. One séance 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 special attention was given to the different methods of identifying prisoners. In discussing the "Anthropometric" method, which consists of the notation of certain bone dimensions which remain unchangeable in the same individual, 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 violate is ultimately become unable to distinguish truth from falsehood. In psychic investigation there is one of these laws which I believe, both from experience and observation, to be all important, and that is the law of practical every day activity, in conformity with the commonest of plain common sense. And a pivotal truth which must be accepted in order to conform to this law of first importance, is that what we are seeking, in such investigation, is the viewless actual and the transcending continuance of the segment 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 "Tullip 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 unannounced 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 phenomena 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 unrelenting 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 investigation 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 busy life (the psychic study I have made has not been in the line of my bread-winning), has shown me clearly that the clairvoyant who foretells the most improbable event long before it transpires; the great inventor; the master mind of genius; the prophet, adept and seer, have each of them either through wisely directed

persistent effort, or illumination, conformed consistently 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 links which have revealed the mighty consistency of all that is, have come to me, like the grand tender man, Hans Christian Andersen, I bow in the presence of any worshiper, simply because he worships, and a strong and joyous psalm 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 unconscious.

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. For 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 apostles. 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 I 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 everybody 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 unknown 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 outward 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 suit.—New York Morning Journal.

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

An oculist doesn't want an eye for an eye, and a dentist doesn't want a tooth for a tooth. They want \$——.—Life.

A show spoken of as "a rare entertainment" proved to be a performance not well done.—New Orleans Picayune.

Woman's Conference.

LYDIAR CHASE, LEADER. 2189 BARR PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Human Love.

Though the veil be drawn between me and my idols, still I say Peace, my soul for I have seen the Herald of the coming day...

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—

The mother, wife and sister; one the dame Whose costly robe, maybe, gave her the name, One word upon its own strength leans and rests; The other mimics, tips its toe.

Who would be The "perfect woman" must grow brave of heart And broad of soul, to play her troubled part.

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...

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...

The boy's young sister was present, a refined and gentle looking girl (he probably had no mother), and what deep gratitude must have welled up from those two young hearts to the noble woman who could so mitigate the cruel vengeance of the law...

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...

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...

One year ago last May, Mrs. Laura C. Hall, editor 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...

Her paper is devoted to labor reform—advocates especially the emancipation of woman—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 Advocate (Methodist) says something encouraging: "The World is perhaps wiser and better to-day than at any previous period since the time of Noah's flood..."

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 undoubted proofs of spirit company, and my Doubting Castle, long defended against assault, was finally overthrown by the persistent force of stupendous facts...

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 religions and in 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 following is but a very small fragment of the evidence, as faithfully recorded by me for the last thirteen years, and never published, 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 Chippewa, from the south-west part of Virginia...

I have an incorruptible habit of sleeping late. On one occasion I placed a stand at the head of my bachelor bed, and requested a spirit-friend to rap on it at five o'clock the next morning, so that I could attend to an important matter of business, and promptly at the hour I was awakened by loud knocks on the table, which I acknowledged with a 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 sunstruck and needed my immediate assistance. So strongly did the impulse possess me that, in the faith of previous experience, 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 head; 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, 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 afforded 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 cemetery 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 non-professional 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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The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents. Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance. Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office. The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands. Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me last week, and I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known. A. F. Miller, Journalist and poet in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Washington (D.C.) Advertiser says: "The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters with a few words, so that very little 'power' is apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question as to whether 'spirits' can return and communicate."

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 24, 1887.

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 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 the laborers are few. We have ever aimed to present the phenomena of Spiritualism in 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.

We are to day more determined than ever to continue and to complete the work of placing Spiritualism before the world on a strictly scientific basis, and to make more and more prominent its advanced phases. We see our way clearer for this work than ever before. We shall in the future strike more crushing blows at fraud and folly than we have in the past, if that is possible. We shall also be better able to do constructive work, as gradually, the great problem is relieved of the incubi which in the very nature of things must of necessity attach while in the formative period. In this stupendous undertaking we can do but little without your ever-active assistance. Remember that in co-operating with us you are only doing a solemn duty you owe to the cause which has brought to you spiritual light and great happiness! Remember that your obligations are not less than ours, and that in the world to come you will be held to a strict account—by your own souls. You have your future happiness in your own hands, and can mar it or make it as you

choose! You cannot reach supernal spheres 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. To thousands who do not regularly read the JOURNAL, or who may now see it for the first time we give greeting, and cordially invite you to a study of the central claims of Spiritualism. The JOURNAL aims to be fair and just and fearless. It is in no narrow sense a sectarian paper. Its scope embraces all matters which touch the springs of human life and happiness. It is especially devoted to the demonstration of the continuity of life beyond the grave and all that this implies to both stages of existence. It seeks to right the wrongs of the oppressed, to do justice to all and to aid in every reform calculated to make men happier, more noble and better fitted for life here and hereafter. The JOURNAL opens its columns to the orderly discussion of all topics within its scope; it publishes much that is not in accord with the views of its editor, for he believes that "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." He holds that error is the sooner made harmless by exposing it to the scorching rays of reason and public criticism; and that truth grips with a firmer grasp the more it is heated by the white fire of scrutiny.

If you are interested in the great psychical field in which lies the solution of life's greatest problems, as you certainly must be, you are invited to become regular readers of the JOURNAL, and to lend it your valuable aid in guiding the world to higher grounds by paths that lead from the innermost being of the most ignorant and depraved soul on earth to the heights of ineffable glory and happiness beyond the veil!

Capital and Labor—Misconceptions.

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 destiny.

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. Disadvantages there would be, of course, 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. If 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, legislation backed by public sentiment, alone can overcome. To the intelligence and virtue of the people we must ultimately look for those changes needed to guard against

the unjust exactions and encroachments of 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 results 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, and that in disregard 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 lessen the monstrous contrast of poverty and wealth, of wretchedness and happiness, of want and 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 belong, 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 blatherskite 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-operation continually soften the competitive struggle, and turn it into emulation to do the greatest amount of good for humanity.

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 oftentimes 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 devout 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 powers of nature for the benefit of man, and when they celebrated with great feasts the twelve nights reaching from the 25th of December to the 6th of January.

Later those heathen carried with them into Christianity the observance of these

festal days, and this so extensively that they 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 Palestine 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 "Christmas" days, adding each year new observances, 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. Presently, 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 account 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 JOURNAL 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 JOURNAL 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 latter capacity 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 telegraphy 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 concerned. More might be said as to the attainments of this gentleman, but these are the qualifications necessary to a thoroughly

scientific exposition of this occult manifestation; and the case is made stronger, it would seem, by having these qualities all combined in one individual.

Accepting this statement of Professor G.—preliminary equipment for the special 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 JOURNAL, 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 Vizianagram 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 Indemnity 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 newspaper reports he has been "converted" under the preaching of Rev. M. Boies, of Du Quoin, Illinois, and has joined the Christian church 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 consist of a lecture by Prof. E. W. Wendover Bedford,—"A Trip across the Continent," it being one of the most interesting of his many lectures, illustrated with stereopticon 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. G. J. 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 Spiritism. The danger attending the mixing up the errors and the nonsense of these three delusions with the truths of the spiritual philosophy, it is needless to say, will be forcibly presented. These absurdities are working great ruin to rational Spiritualism."

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.

We return sincere thanks to those friends who have helped to enrich this issue and furnish material for later numbers equally as interesting.

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.

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.

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.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. VALOR.

When trouble came to my childish heart I prayed that the grave would take me, And fold me in from the world apart.

A STRANGE STORY.

Thrilling Adventure of a Physician. 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?"

"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.

"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."

"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 once.

"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.

"Oh! doctor, she has 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 hotel that I was in.

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

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

G. B. STEBBINS.

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.

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 chill.

The funeral of a past day was full of sorrow and fear, which made the natural glow 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.

Over the mantle, 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 of wedded faith and joy since he married the couple, of whom one had gone before.

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 hour.

"Hark from the tombs a doleful sound," was the old rhyme and the old word. "Life and love are eternal," is the new thought and the new joy.

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.

The philosophy of Spiritualism is the cement 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.

Bricks and 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, build in the heart and spirit perception this grand temple as it should be constructed.

It must be willing to carry along, in one harmonious whole, the phenomenal, scientific 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, personating, 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 physicians within three months, under the care of Mrs. Tipple's Indian control, Mrs. M. was restored to health, and lived many years.

Investigating Spiritualism at this time, I 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.

Night after night our room was filled 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 in plain, readable 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!"

Again a very common experiment was for each sitter to bring with him or her, and lay upon the table a daguerrotype, the old fashioned box picture of a deceased friend, and when placed 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 falling in the section 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; and show you chief what scratch 'em mean! Me 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," unconscious of what had transpired. Fortunately no one noticed this little strange episode, for the gentleman was just entering a shop, and the pedestrians were few and far between.

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Rev. Mr. Tomlinson told of the twenty years of wedded faith and joy since he married the couple, of whom one had gone before.

The Spiritual Union.

The Hall, 123 E. Madison Street, was packed to the doors on last Sunday afternoon. Mrs. DeWolf delivered an interesting dis-

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 Siders' 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 medium) to hold for the writing.

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 JOURNAL and city papers.

All communications for the Society should be addressed to Mr. Alexander Caird, secretary and treasurer, 106 Franklin St., Chicago, Chicago, Ill. 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 (January) number of St. Nicholas. E. H. Blaisfield 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 correspondent.

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

Come to the bridal chamber, Death! Come to the mother, when she feels the irrevocable hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady.

The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth, is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its dread disease. One of the most alarming symptoms of this dread disease is, in fact, the irrevocable hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady.

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere. 25 cents.

Excursion to Florida. Our first Excursion to Florida will leave Chicago January 2, 1888. By joining this party you will have the benefit of the lowest rates, best accommodations, and small expenses en route.

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

A Trial by Jury. That great American jury, the people, have rendered a unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the standard remedy for bowel and stomach disorders, biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation, and sluggish liver.

Consumption Surely Cured. Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured.

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GOOD NEWS TO LADIES. Greatest Bargains in Toilet, Hair, and Face Creams, Perfumes, and Toilet Articles.

MANUFACTURERS, INVESTORS. MAP of Nebraska, Wyoming, and Southern Dakota and Illustrations FREE. Send name and address to MAYOR or CITY CLERK, Fremont, Neb.

BEST HOLIDAY GIFT. In an intellectual sense, it is a treat to Prof. Loebster's course of memory lessons, which he teaches by mail from his office at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York.

TOLEDO BLADE. (NASSI'S PAPERS) The Best Weekly in the World!

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KNABE PIANO FORTES. TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Who can find a Christmas present more to be enjoyed than a book, especially one with golden words—as well as gilt cover? Our list embraces the best works by the most popular authors.

In poems, Lizzie Doten's admirable volumes, 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 Weston and Emma Tuttle.

Dr. R. B. Westbrooke'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 Lewis G. Jones. 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 popular author has for her latest work been styled the Gates, a continuation of her delicate style.

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 Sales Forster.

Golar 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, F. C. A.

The Mystery of the Ages Contained in the secret doctrine of all religions, by Marie, Countess of Cathness, Duchesse de Pomar; also A Midnight Visit to Holyhood, 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 confirming 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 \$1.50, gilt, \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain \$1.50, gilt, \$2.10; Poems of Life Beyond, \$1.50; The Voices, \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.00; Psychometry \$2.10; Moral Education, \$1.00; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, \$3 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.00; The Complete Works of A. J. Davis, \$30.00; The Principles of Light and Color \$4.50; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.50; The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.50; Proof Palpable, cloth \$1.00, paper 75 cents; Man—Whence and Whether, \$1.00; Our Heredity from God, \$1.75; Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., each \$1.50; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.25; Animal Magnetism, DeLuce, \$2.15; Disceps, \$2.15; Future Life, \$1.00; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.00; Heroics of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leave from My Life, 80 cents; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, \$2.50; Mediums, by Kardec, \$1.00; The Spirit's Medium, Kardec, \$1.50; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$2.75; Our Home and Our Employment, Hester, \$1.00; Transcendental Angel, \$1.10; Mind Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.00; Divine Law of Cure, \$1.50; Immortality, Barlow, 50 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, \$1.50; The Soul of Things, 2 vols., \$1.50 each; Rational Discourses, \$1.25; Beyond the Gates, \$1.25; Between the Gates, \$1.25; Outside the Gates, \$1.25; Unanswerable Logic, \$1.50; Solar Biology, \$2.50; Spirit Workers in the Home Circle, \$2.50; The Mystery of the Ages, \$3.00; A Visit to Holyhood, \$1.50; Spirit Teachings, \$2.50; A Report of the Seybert Commission, \$1.50.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Light.

JULIA GRAY BURNETT.

The winds of December are blowing Over woodland, and valley, and hill; The meadow-brook softly is flowing Beneath its white mantle so chill. The sunset in glory has vanished, The rainbow of night disappeared, And gently the twilight has banished To darkness the withered and sear.

The moon in her beaming splendence 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! leit all moonlight and starlight Around the dreamer alone, Who sits in his chair by the firelight, And thinks of his lonely hearthstone? It seems but as yesterday morning When all that the moon has seen 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 has seen here; 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 and the true, 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-day, 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 '84, a circle was formed in our village for the purpose of investigating Spiritualism. At the earnest solicitation of those that formed it, I consented to meet with them, as I was the only writing medium in our village. We opened the circles 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 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 spirit 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, Tow'ard 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'ave.

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 next day I 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 has 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 surely 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 circles in our town, but with whom I had no acquaintance. 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 fanatic; 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 I have had knowledge, I know my boy lives, and is with me, and manifests his presence, and you can receive the same assurance, if you seek for it." He said he had been reading the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, and seeking consolation in that: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." He could not see why he was so afflicted. I told him I should not probably interpret 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 man is a member of the church, and came for consolation to a Spiritualist in his hour of trial, and that as Spirit, and it was proven to him there was truth in Spiritualism, it might prove a blessing, though the valleys may be in shadow, yet the distant hill-tops are gray with the light of the coming dawn.

Stafford, Conn.

Holly and Hitter-Sweet.

From our quiet country home I extend my hearty Christmas greetings to the many friends who weekly read, and profit by the JOURNAL. I wish I could place from our holly-bush a bunch of glossy leaves for you all, and put with them some of the scarlet titter-sweet 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 glad by union with kindred and congenial companions, both mortal and immortal. I trust that we are all united in work and aspirations and that we are all entitled to the credit of advancing this obstinate old world in proportion to the nobility and completeness of our individual life work. Quiet home-workers are often most effective.

EMMA TUTTLE.

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 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, "Go in, it will only take a minute." As we walked in, he lit his pipe and between the puffs of smoke said, "Don't hurry about that note; you haven't met it; it is in your pocket book where you thought it was." He continued his smoking. "You are mistaken," I said, "for I think I have looked over all my papers, and the note is not there."

He seemed a little ruffled at my remark and replied: "You are the one who is mistaken; it is there, that's all." I asked 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 had seen him before. I left his room with a feeling of disgust that he should dismiss me so abruptly and put away at his pipe as though he intended to smoke me out.

I had looked in vain for a note of \$5.00 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 pocket book, in my desk, but not filed, and I did cross the Atlantic in February, '67, and had a rough passage of sixteen days from Boston to Liverpool, in a Concord steamer.

A. D. H.

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

Mrs. Rebecca B. Thomas.

In the fall of 1847, Miss Rebecca B. Thomas, with her mother and sister, while traveling down the Ohio river on a steamer, met with the following incident: "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 fresh 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, "is your son?" She replied: "He is a ministering spirit on the coast of Africa. He was on board one of Her Majesty's ships on the coast of Africa, to prevent kidnapping, 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. I told 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 as we think."

"She perceived that I was deeply interested in what she was saying, and continued her remarks by giving 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 evening 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 away. I was some distance ahead of the others when suddenly a beautiful lady stood by my side, and pointing said: 'Don't stop 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 friends important incidents while occurring; of the swaying of the English, and of Blucher's coming to the aid of the English, and of Blucher'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 me. 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 asylum. 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 any way, and that she understood her husband's style of conversation, and whole manner were indicative 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 my mother, 'My son says that he will write 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 medium, and her case is only another of the many proofs that the world was progressing to a more advanced state of knowledge, and that the people of this country were beginning to realize the 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 saw a new heaven and a new earth."—Rev. 21.

MILTON ALLEN.

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 written the following facts in a little book, and therefrom 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 facts of a higher order. Some years ago 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. 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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. JOURNAL.]

The staff on which my years should lean,
Is broken e'er those years come o'er me;
My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen,
But thou art in the tomb before me.
Thou wast to me no filial stone,
No parent's grave with tears beheld;
Thou art my ancestor, my son,
And stand'st in heaven's account the oldest.
On earth my lot was soonest cast,
Thy generation after mine.
Thou hast thy predecessor passed,
Earlier than I in thyself begin.
I should have set before thine eyes
The road to Heaven and shown it clear;
But thou untaught spring'st to the skies,
And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.
Sweet seraph, I would learn of thee
And hasten to thy world above;
And, oh! to thy paradise 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;
Teach us with humors, as daily we need;
Forgive us our debts, oh! Father, be kind,
To forgive our debtors, make us incline,
If temptations assail, lead us we pray,
To shun the evil, to choose the right way.
Guide and direct, oh! Father above;
Shield and protect with Thy infinite love.
Bring us at last to Thy home in Heaven,
Praise and glory shall to Thee be given.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Prayer.
L. A. CLEMENT.

Since I have learned to lean upon the spirit, I do not marvel at the faith in prayer shown by the Christian. 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 the invitation to come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest, 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 inexhaustible supply of power when the wisdom and resources of man fail. Prayer clothes the spirit, heals the mind and 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 grasses to grow, so the heart mellowed by prayer becomes susceptible to spirit influence, and thus he gains the strength that the spirit can bring. I would not assume that we should pray to God, ever, for the uplifting of the heart in prayer to him, to Jesus of Nazareth, to the Holy Virgin, 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 knees, or hide ourselves in closets, or get out upon 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 prayer, with confidence, not complaining, but with thankful and hopeful hearts. We should go as one would go to the bank with paper that can not be discredited, confident that as we ask aught our prayers will not be denied. We should live pure lives, striving always to benefit our fellow men, in order that spirit force may not be gathered about us who will rock us in our dreams. 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, gain the blessings that prayer may bring; and were they to come to them in our distress, we should 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. Duluth, 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 Fond 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 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 with 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 courses of mail I received a letter from my wife, stating that at the very 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 and apparently traveled through the other world, and as she passed along, she met many old acquaintances who had been several years there, some happy and some in distress. They all spoke to her as she passed hurriedly along, and in a few moments she was in my presence. As I had not the power to see or hear her, 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 experiences on that occasion, and gave me many interesting particulars, not important to relate, in regard to her conversations with the spirits with whom she conversed on that excursion. As she passed to spirit life on February, 1859, and has often returned since, I thought it might be important that such well authenticated facts should be put upon record for the instruction of the public, and to excite further investigation as to the great powers of the mind or spirit which yet in the body. On other occasions when I would return from a few days' absence, no matter how distant, would frequently repeat to me conversations which I had held with persons miles distant from her, with perfect accuracy. The public ask what good to know that these things occur? When persons fully realize that their every act is open to the vision of their friends who are as close to them on the other side of life, it can readily be imagined what the influence will be upon human conduct. Saratoga Springs, Dec. 5, 1887.

Luxuriant Hair

Can only be preserved by keeping the scalp clean, cool, and free from dandruff, and the body in a healthful condition. The great popularity of Ayer's Hair Vigor is due to the fact that it cleanses the scalp, promotes the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling out, and gives it that soft and silky gloss so essential to perfect beauty. Frederick Hardy, of Roxbury, Mass., a gentleman fifty years of age, was fast losing his hair, and what remained was growing gray. After trying various dressings with no effect, he commenced the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "It stopped the falling out," he writes; "and, to my great surprise, converted my white hair (without staining the scalp) to the same shade of brown it had when I was 25 years of age."

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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." A similar result attended the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor by Mrs. O. O. Prescott, of Charlestown, Mass., Mrs. Beattie H. Bedloe, of Burlington, Vt., Mrs. J. J. Burton, of Bangor, Me., and numerous others.

The loss of hair may be owing to impurity of the blood or derangement of the stomach and liver, in which case, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla or of Ayer's Pills, in connection with the Vigor, may be necessary to give health and tone to all the functions of the body. At the same time, it cannot be too strongly urged that none of these remedies can do much good without a persevering trial and strict attention to cleanly and temperate habits.

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GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures all 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.

"COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 18th, 1887. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.: Gentlemen—For several years I have felt it to be my duty to give to the public in relation to the complete cure of a most aggravated case of salt-rheum, by the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' An elderly lady of my acquaintance had been afflicted with it 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 plaster, 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. 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The Dream-Folk at My Fireside.

close these come! and all seem moved by a common thought, life's betterment, and all breathe of but one way: "Make use of present power; do your utmost now!"

And now appears in a little wreath of lambent flame a very fair, earnest young-ol' face, full of silent questioning. "What can I do to hasten the Golden Rule era—where 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."

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.

Sunny Brae, Cal.

On every bush, on every tree, on every flower, is a world unseen by man's unaided senses. Impalpable forms float around us on every side; intangible beings sport in the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the food we eat; all are material; all are composed 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 its unknown 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 it.

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 science asserts that the process of attenuation may go on until matter will be found to 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.

"Spiral columns, gleaming bright, Were streamers of the northern light; It contains light and lovely flush; Was of the morning's rosy blush; And the cooling fair that rose above, The white and testy 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 organization; and if we knew from the pages of 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 lens 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 the 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 communication with her father. This message came: "Kitty, I want you to be prepared to hear news from home that will surprise and sadden you."

"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 soon."

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 write a reply that she could not attend?" She was advised to leave for Rochester the 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 she knew why she had remained away? To my surprise I was told that Miss B. was insane. Her father 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 better now, and would be in Chicago in a few days. So in a very brief time after this, 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 spirits) told me it would be; they did wait for me. I found my brother almost crazy with grief and remorse; he had blamed himself that mother had died alone, and now that she was dead, he remembered that he had not always been as thoughtful of her as she should have been, for mother was blind nearly two years before she died. My brother's grief was dreadful. I could not bear to see him cry as he did. He was sitting beside my mother's coffin. Just before they put down the lid, I went up to him and put my arms around his neck to comfort him. I besought him not to cry in such a manner."

When I roused up I felt so queer and strange. I knew where I was and what they were doing 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 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 an investigation to be made. Well, I got 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 testified that his sister was in perfect health when she came home; that they never noticed anything strange about her until the funeral.

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 even protect 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, Ill., I learned that the eleven-year-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 grandmother.

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 indicated 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 skindiv and an unjust over-reaching trader, was reported as in his dying hours crying, "Glory! glory! The room is full of angels." Then came word of a woman in *arctico morbis* stretching her arms upward and with a face radiant with pleasure, announcing the presence of a deceased sister as she left the body.

All these and many other signs came in Ottawa, Illinois.

Next came thither newspaper reports of strange doings at Hydeville, 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 prophesy 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 uncle's house, at Oswego, N. Y., those raps, and had intelligent messages, purporting to come from ancient members of my own family of whose names and existence none of us knew, but later inquiries proved to have existed in England. None but our own family were present there. After that, in hurried succession, came to me planchette writing, under the hand of my sister who, a stringent church member, denounced Spiritualism as the work of the devil. But then her planchette announced a message, signed Washington Murray, a brother some time deceased; also came the death of an uncle by marriage who, though forty years a consistent church member and trusted deacon or

elder, had been afraid to die, worrying three months about death while on his sick bed. But he was reconciled to it and gladly hailed 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 it!"

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 sate writing and other tests. Later my married daughter, losing her first-born, 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 Hydeville 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 leaves of their gospel 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 thirty-nine years working of the heaven of Spiritualism!

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