

# RELIGIO THE SOPHICAL PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The \$2,400,000 which Baron Hirsch added to the Hirsch fund of \$10,000,000, for helping Hebrew emigrants to become self-supporting and self-respecting citizens of this country, will be invested in productive New York city real estate by the trustees, headed by Mr. Jesse Seligman.

A movement is on foot to establish, in New York, an institution for the treatment of hydrophobia, by the Pasteur process, and diphtheria by the Koch and other methods. It is to be patterned after the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, which has proved a blessing to humanity, and Dr. Paul Gibier, who will be at the head of the New York Bacteriological Institute, was Pasteur's ablest student.

A scheme is on foot in London to turn a large portion of the coal supply from the English provinces into gas, to convey the gas by pipes to the great city, and there regulate it after the manner of natural gas in some American cities. It is estimated that the change from coal to gas for fuel would mean an annual saving to the people of London of \$100,000,000 besides ridding the city of an historic nuisance.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has written an introduction entitled "From Liberty to Bondage," to a collection of essays by various writers, which has just been published under the title "A Plea for Liberty; an Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation." Mr. Spencer admits the existing evils of our social organization, but girds at the politicians and above all at the Socialists for the methods by which they are endeavoring to correct the evils, and denounces the error which pervades all parties of supposing that the evils admit of immediate and radical remedies, instead of needing gradual removal.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his opening sermon of a series for the Sunday mornings of Lent said: If God permits the angels of darkness to tempt us, He not only permits but commands the angels of light to help us in the path of virtue. As the royal prophet says, "He hath given His angels charge over thee to guard thee in all thy ways, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." I will now assert another proposition connected with the foregoing, namely, that not only do the angels communicate with us, but that we may commune with them in prayer, and that it is profitable for us to invoke the intercession of the spirits of the just made perfect, and this is what we mean by the words of the creed, "I believe in the communion of the saints."

In the death of Prof. Alexander Winchell the Michigan State University has lost one of its ablest teachers, and the country one of its most versatile, brilliant and useful scientific men. Prof. Winchell was a man of broad and progressive views. When Commodore Vanderbilt founded the university at Nashville, Tenn., that bears his name, he determined to give its geological, botanical and zoological departments a well-equipped teacher. Win-

chell was selected, but his belief in evolution and in a pre-Adamite race of men was so offensive to the faculty that he was forced out of his chair on the ground that he held views which were in conflict with the teachings of scripture respecting man's origin and early history and inimical to Christian faith.

News comes of the formation, in Germany, of an organization to oppose the anti-Semitic agitation. Its membership is for the present confined to Christians, but is not to be restricted by sectarian considerations. A call to join the movement, which proposes to combat anti-Semitism in the press and upon the rostrum and to devise measures for the prevention and suppression of anti-Semitic outbreaks, is signed by 500 men, prominent in different walks of life, among them parliamentarians and jurists, the historian Mommsen, the poets Gustav Freitag and Bodenstedt, physicians like Baeumler, von Graefe and Orth, and a number of scientific, clerical and military authorities.

The tendency in German cities is to increase the functions of municipal government. The Berlin city administration is seriously contemplating the idea of going into the business of building tenement and dwelling houses for people who cannot buy homes of their own. Several German cities have for years erected, owned and maintained houses, which were rented to public and even private employes, and, it is said, not alone without injury to public interests, but to the actual advantage of all concerned. The Berlin project is of greater proportions. It contemplates not only the erection and maintenance of dwellings or tenement houses, but also the subsidizing of building societies by placing building ground at their disposal for a mere nominal rental.

According to printed dispatches from Mount Pulaski, Ill., a Rev. Mr. Anxier, who is a faith curist, is making matters lively in that town. He has been preaching and a religious revival conducted by him is in progress. The faith cure craze is said to be especially prevalent among the school children, who go into a trance or burst forth into faith cure hymns during school hours and at other inopportune times. As many as seventeen children have been in a trance at one time. Anxier has been warned to desist from his revival services under penalty of being pelted with unmerchable eggs. His reply has been to buy three revolvers and announce that under a divine revelation he will shoot any one that molests him. He also announces that his disciples will burn the town if he is interfered with. A mass meeting of the citizens is to be held to deal with the matter.

A remarkable plant has been under discussion at the London rooms of the British Association for the Advancement of Science says the St. Louis, *Republic*. It was exhibited by Dr. Hooker, who gave the inaugural address as president of the section of biology. The address was upon the subject of "Flesh-eating Plants," in the course of which Dr. Hooker explained and demonstrated by experiment some of the remarkable discoveries of the late Mr. Darwin. Among other botanical rarities he showed a plant called "dionial," the leaves at that moment being wide open.

A fly was captured and put upon one of the leaves. Instantly the plant closed like a thing possessing animal life. After a few moments the plant slowly opened, and disclosed the fact that the fly had been completely dissolved—eaten, as it were. A bit of beef was afterwards consumed in the same way. Pieces of chalk and cheese were instantly rejected by the plant. Professor Huxley, who was present, said that these phenomena formed a wonderful problem, and that the plant certainly had a stomach and a nervous system of its own.

A dispatch from Montreal says that the horrors of the Springhill mines were foretold, that the official report of February 16th, by the underground superintendent, Mr. Swift, said that much uneasiness had been caused among the miners by "old Mrs. Coe," known in the neighborhood as the "Pictou prophetess" foretelling an explosion which was to take place in the Springhill mine. In consequence of the old woman's story and the consequent uneasiness of the men, a committee of the miners themselves were appointed by the company, and, with Manager Cowans at their head, they began an examination of the mines on February 16th. The west mine was examined, and on Tuesday last the north mine was gone through, and the most complete examination made of all seams, drifts, slopes and leadings. Everything was found in good shape, with absolutely no apparent presence of danger. The fears of the miners caused by "Mother Coe" were dispelled by the perfect condition of the mines, except among a very few who stoutly maintained that the old woman never prophesied wrong. The awful fulfillment of her prophecy came five days later, the 21st. The official report of the manager of the mines, which contains Mr. Swift's report, was shown to Senator George A. Drummond, of Montreal, one of the directors of the Springhill mines, on the 22nd.

Mrs. E. G. Asay, one of the two women who are at the Pine Ridge Agency on the day of Wounded Knee battle said recently: The trouble is that there are too many churches around Pine Ridge. It is enough to make any one fight to go to church five or six times a day. Why could they not have let the Indians go on with their dance? It was not different from a great many revival meetings I have seen. I believe General Miles would have let them dance; but General Brooke was entirely to blame. He was altogether too arbitrary. Poor General Forsythe! he could have done nothing more or less than he did. All the officers, even the old Indian fighters, say that. He could not tell the women from the men; they all wear blankets and most of them look just alike. Our house, continued Mrs. Asay, was the rendezvous for the officers and newspaper correspondents. It was there that the little nine months old baby found on the Wounded Knee battlefield was brought, and Colonel L. W. Colby, of the Nebraska militia, who was at the agency and had been collecting Indian curios, said that all he wanted was an Indian papoose, so we gave him that one, and he has named it after my sister and myself, Marguerite Elizabeth Asay Colby. When I asked him what his wife would say, he replied: "Well, she has her hobby, running a woman's rights paper at Washington, and I claim the right to have mine."

### THE PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION ASSOCIATION.

The new society now in process of formation for the investigation of Spiritualism, to be known as 'The Psychic Investigation Association,' is worthy of encouragement by all who are interested in the advancement of truth, whether they be Spiritualists or non-Spiritualists. The object of the association is to go into a thorough, systematic, scientific and impartial inquiry into the whole subject of Spiritualism, with a view to ascertaining what is really genuine in its phenomena and valid in its claims. Not aiming, like the Society for Psychical Research, to include in its investigations all occult phenomena, it will study and test those phenomena which purport to be manifestations of spirits—persons who once lived on this earth. In proportion to belief in the veritable spirit character of these manifestations—upon which many base their expectations of continued life after bodily dissolution—rigid scrutiny of all alleged spirit phenomena should be welcomed and aided by all Spiritualists.

The prospectus of the association says: "It is believed that many species of phenomena, such as slate writing and table tipping, are to such a large extent so strictly physical in character, reducible to motions in time and space, as to bring them clearly within the most conservative lines of scientific observation. The attempt will be made to begin with the simpler phenomena, where test conditions can be most satisfactorily imposed, reserving the more complex species for later treatment. We hope that the value of our work can be increased by following in the footsteps of Prof. Robert Hare and others by using apparatus." Thus the projectors of the new society hope to be able to eliminate the personal equation of mediums, and to examine slate writings, rappings, etc., under conditions as rigid as those under which the astronomer observes celestial phenomena, or the chemist watches the action of acids.

Of course, all who are debasing Spiritualism by the practice of fraud, thereby imposing upon the credulous for the money that their swindling performances bring them, together with those who are indirectly profiting by this fraud, will use their influence to belittle and oppose the movement. Spiritualists who have preceded the projectors of this enterprise—all worthy men—in applying the methods of science to the examination of spirit phenomena know that the closest scrutiny, while it will disclose much that is spurious, will establish beyond doubt phenomena that are genuine and confirm and extend the belief in the agency of spirits. The new society will welcome as members all who are satisfied that there are facts belonging to the domain of Spiritualism which ought to be studied, those who think there may be such facts and those who believe that the word "delusion" explains Spiritualism. What the association wants is the truth. Joining the association commits no member to any statement of fact or theory and the majority and minority reports during the progress of the investigations will be signed by members as individuals, so that no member will be accountable for the opinions of another. The prospectus which has been issued indicates honest desire for the truth at all hazards and an intelligent conception of the methods to be employed. There is work both for the Society for Psychical Research and the Psychic Investigation Association.

Of the seven signers of the call, five are Christian ministers, and none of the signers are known in connection with any branch of science. This has already been urged as inconsistent with the announcement that the object of the association is to make a scientific examination of Spiritualism. Probably the wisdom of giving more prominence to the lay element in the formation of the association and of enlisting men of science in carrying on its work, will be seen by those who have determined to identify themselves with this movement which undertakes to accomplish what THE JOURNAL has advocated and urged for many years. Most significant is the movement as showing deep interest in Spiritualism among thoughtful and cultivated people and a strong conviction that phenomena hitherto ignored generally by popular scientists should

be made the subject of careful and impartial investigation: Those who have already made such investigation have reason to rejoice in the work proposed by the new society.

### JUDGE HOLBROOK'S CRITICISM.

Under the head of "Materializations" on another page, Judge Holbrook throws together what he rather inclines to think are his views, but of whose actual status in his own mind he is far from being sure. His normal state seems one of uncertainty, and only when in doubt is he apparently quite natural. As is not unusual with the dissertations of our good friend, there is a haziness about his present contribution that is likely to spread over any comments inspired by it. Let it be understood at once that the editorial Judge H. uses as a peg whereon to hang his tangled net was addressed to Spiritualists, to those already sure of the existence of the Spirit-world, and whom further evidence could make no more certain. We were not discussing clairvoyance, hence the irrelevancy of a part of our critic's remarks. Supposing Judge H. has "full faith" in materialization, "derived from actual observation." What of it? His observations were in all probability not made under such conditions that a statement of them would have the least weight with a critical investigator, nor any value to psychical science; and he made those observations after he became a Spiritualist and when he did not, therefore, need them to convince himself of a Spirit-world. Hence what practical benefit can they be to him or the public? As his opinion of the percentage of fraud in these dark-room cabinet exhibits is not based on data nor any methodical attempt to gather information it may be passed without comment. If Spiritualism rested its claims mainly on full form materialization it would be in a sorry plight; and we say this while affirming that spirits have and can present the phenomenon known under that descriptive title. The best evidence of spirit manifestation, that which has made the best Spiritualists and helped them to progress, is not any form of materialization or physical phenomena, our esteemed correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, one of the most highly gifted and best known lecturers and mediums said to us some years ago that in her thirty years' experience she had never known a Spiritualist made so through physical phenomena who was not always eagerly demanding "just one more test," and her experience is corroborated by our own.

We were not, in the editorial under consideration, deprecating or denying materialization, as the article itself clearly showed, but only the abominable way in which it is usually offered to the public, and the bad effects of the craze upon those under its influence, and the utter uselessness of the thing, as evidence, in the way it is commonly exhibited. To us it is really a pitiful sight to see a college-bred man, of ripe years and long experience in Spiritualism, "lying in wait," when he should have been up and doing these many years; studiously, accurately and persistently investigating under conditions precluding all possibility of deception and illusion, and doing this not merely to satisfy himself, but intent on securing evidence having scientific value and likely to impress the world. There is altogether too much of the spirit of every-fellow-for-himself in the study of these grave problems; too much loose statement, swift conclusion, and slipshod speculation. We emphatically approve of careful, sympathetic investigation of form materialization,—just as emphatically as we condemn the conventional dark-room spook factory, with all its accessories of deception and debauchery. But the point of our editorial was that among Spiritualists there should "be a revival of real spirituality, a quickening of the finer qualities of the spirit, an aspiration for inward development that shall overflow in acts and deeds which will mark the movement as the world's greatest benefactor in the opening years of the twentieth century." Will Judge Holbrook stand up and say it were better for Spiritualists to "lie in wait" for the traveling ghost show, in the hope of getting more "knowledge," than to bestir themselves to bring about such a revival and quickening? No he will not,

for at heart he desires an orderly presentation of phenomena and a higher spiritual development as much as any man.

### "A GOOD NAME AMONG LOVERS OF TRUTH."

The following editorial from the Hartford (Conn.) *Daily Times*, of February 17th, is a good example of the way the secular press regards the work of THE JOURNAL: If Spiritualists expect to win the respectful attention and finally the adhesion of the intelligent and influential classes—influential through their superior ability and character—there is but one course to pursue, to wit: A manly, fearless, truth-loving course, such as THE JOURNAL uncompromisingly stands for. The sooner this is realized and all efforts to condone fraud and folly cease, the sooner will the Spiritualist movement secure the dignity and standing its adherents desire; and the sooner will Spiritualism, the philosophy of life, become a universal solvent of the religious and sociologic problems now vexing the world and hindering its advancement. Here is what the *Times* says:

In its vigorous and unsparing work of exposing the abounding frauds and humbugs masquerading as "spirit mediums," THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, while incurring the execrations of the tricksters, and possibly of some misguided but honest Spiritualists also has earned for itself a good name among all lovers of truth and all who see the need for Spiritualism to root out the big crop of tares in the wheat. Colonel Bundy, the editor, makes pretty thorough work of it, when he once tackles the fraud. His latest job has been a thorough exposure of a delusion which has been much exploited by the subject of it, the Hon. A. B. Richmond, lawyer, of Meadville, Penn. The trouble with Mr. Richmond seems to have been his inability to "own it up," like a man, when once the evidence that he had been humbugged was made sufficient. His persistence in attacking Colonel Bundy has now led that determined knight to thrust his quill-lance clear through his opponent's vitals. This he does with the production of a *fac simile* letter from his victim to the trickster, and the appended confession, by the trickster, that the "manifestation" was a fraud.

That Richmond will serve just as well as a gas generator and supply as satisfactory a quality and quantity of artificial illumination for camp meetings, with his vitals pierced clear through, as he did before is highly probable, but fortunately the grade of intellect and character before which he is hired to exhibit does not represent the standard of American thought. At the rate camp meetings are deteriorating it will not be long ere they will be avoided by intelligent and reputable people. If there is to be a change for the better, it cannot come too soon nor be too radical. If camp managements have not the ability and moral courage to perform their duty, let them give place to others.

### PRESENTIMENTS OF TALLEYRAND.

Forty years ago was published "Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand," edited from the papers of the late M. Colmache, private secretary of the prince. Of these presentiments—for so he was pleased to call them—it has been said that they were apparently sudden intuitions which he was wholly unable to explain, but in which he placed so much confidence that he acted upon them to the letter, so says M. Colmache; and never it would seem in vain. They directed him, rightly, and, when in old age, he had gathered around him at Vallensay all that remained of the wit, genius and talent of French society in its better forms, he delighted to recount the instances in which this supernatural influence, like Socrates's daemon, had befriended him. He believed in the reality of this power when he believed in nothing else, and that is the puzzle. The following is related: As the revolution advanced, Talleyrand's safety was endangered, and, like most French patriots, ancient and modern, that was a thing to which he looked carefully. Some papers were found after the sack of the Tuilleries which compromised him; and in '92 he fled to the United States of America, taking up his abode in the city of New York. He was accompanied in his flight by a friend of the name of Baumetz, and in concert with him he resolved to enter into trade. A small

ship was freighted with goods for Calcutta, whither the two exiles had resolved to proceed in search of fortune; and all that was wanted to enable them to put their scheme in execution was a fair wind which, however, the elements refused. In the interval caused by this detention, Talleyrand had one of what he called his presentiments; and to its occult warnings, as he afterwards declared, he owed the immediate preservation of his life, salvation from shipwreck, and that change in his destiny which led to all the future incidents of his eventful career. Disappointment and vexation, preying upon an irritable temper, drove his partner mad. He saw insanity in his look and gestures, and suffering himself to be led by the lunatic to the heights of Brooklyn, which overlooked the harbor, fixed his eyes sternly upon him, exclaiming, at the same time: "Baumetz, you mean to murder me; you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can." Thus apostrophized, the unhappy and conscience-stricken maniac quailed beneath the intensity and sternness of his gaze, confessed that such was his design, the thought like a lurid flash from the lurid fire of hell having haunted him day and night, implored forgiveness, flung himself upon the neck of his meditated victim and burst into tears. The paroxysm passed off and tottering reason resumed its sway. Baumetz was conveyed home and placed under medical treatment, speedily recovered, proceeded on his voyage alone, and was never heard of. "Fate," said Talleyrand, when speaking of this incident in after life, "was at work."

#### TRIAL OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

In *Le Temps* of January 28th, appeared a notice of the trial of M. Peruil and his wife for illegal practice of medicine. For two years they have been caring for the sick and treating such patients as have applied to them with faith by laying on of hands according to scriptural directions. M. Peruil thus recites the circumstance which led him and his wife to treat the sick by the method mentioned:

Ten years ago, my wife was very sick; upon the advice of a friend I put her in the hands of lady Santa, who treated her by the laying on of hands and cured her. Some time afterwards I had hypertrophy of the heart; my wife placed her hand on my heart and I was cured. Three years ago my wife had neuralgic pains in her face. One day while she was holding her head I looked at the top of her head for an instant when all at once she said: "Continue to look at me, it seems to do me good." I continued to do so and her pain disappeared. I was at this time a musician; was second leader under M. Desgranges and was giving lessons on the violin. I was receiving an income of six or seven thousand francs a year. When I had discovered what I could do without running any risk on the part of the sick I abandoned music to care for the sick through looking on them. I have never tried to believe in any supernatural power. I make no such claim. I limit myself to receive and treat the sick who are sent me. I should not have believed that I ought to refuse to treat them when I had so frequently observed the cures of an extraordinary character which I had obtained. I did not have gain for my object. In treating the sick I have always treated equally well those who paid and those who could not do so. Besides I should have been very ill inspired if I had sought any benefit. I was receiving as salary about seven thousand francs in the practice of an art which pleased me. To-day I am not getting the half of it. I have always acted in good faith.

At the bar of the court before which M. and Madame Peruil were arraigned, there was a large number of persons, all women, says *Le Temps*, who testified that they had been under the treatment of the persons accused and had been cured of various diseases. One of them was a lady who stated that she had been cured of St. Vitus dance, and among the other cases in which, according to the testimony, cures had been effected were one of anemia, one of eczema in the face, which had been given up by the doctors, one of crooked spine after the doctors had abandoned the case, one of rheumatism and pains in the stomach, one of fibrous tumor from which the patient had suffered since 1871, one of disease of the spinal column and still another of inflammation of the

bowels. *Le Temps* says: "We should never end if we cited all the cases presented. A single witness criticized the method of the Peruils in the practice of the healing art. He denounced the two empirics because they had refused to give 2000 francs to him as pay for not informing of them to the police for illegal practice of medicine." The tribunal sentenced each to pay a fine of fifteen francs—a mere nominal fine which would seem to indicate that the judge was probably impressed with the honesty and good faith of the accused and with the usefulness of their work.

According to a dispatch, dated February 15th, to the *Globe-Democrat*, an apparition haunts a lonely place on a southern railroad. The story, briefly told, is as follows: The men who run the cannon-ball train from Waveross to Albany have seen strange sights lately, and are somewhat unsettled, as far as their nerves are concerned. The ghost was seen for the first time about a week ago, and is described as being in the form of a woman, rather tall and slender, and arrayed in snowy white. It stands about two miles this side of Waresboro, near the railroad track, and is apparently looking for some one on the train. The engineer says that the woman's countenance is ghastly, and she has been seen to stand on the track waving her arms as if to signal the flying train. On one occasion loud screams were heard as the engine dashed by the white figure. They were piercing shrieks that even the roar and rattle of the wheels could not drown, and which will live long in the memory of the men who heard them. On another occasion the woman remained on the track until the engine was within fifty yards of her. Then, with a wild cry she fled from the track and disappeared in the gloomy woods. Conductor Pierson did not believe the story when it was first related by his engineer, and in order to see the strange sight for himself got in a position to observe it one night recently. He was so thoroughly convinced that he did not get his nerves quieted till he passed Tifton, about sixty miles beyond, and he may ask the company for another run.

A communication from Kansas City to a Chicago daily paper says: On the 18th of January a German named George Friedrichs was found dead in his room at 103 West Thirteenth street, with every evidence that his life had been taken by his own hand. In an adjoining room slept Richard Mayer, a reporter. On the night following the death Mayer went home at 1 o'clock and says he at once went to sleep, not thinking of the suicide. Two hours after he was suddenly awakened by a cold hand being placed on his brow and then gently drawn down over his face. He jumped from his bed and lighted the gas, but he was alone in the room. He convinced himself that he had been dreaming, and went to sleep again. On the next night he went to bed at 12:30, after a long day's work, and almost immediately fell asleep. Again he was awakened just as the city clock tolled the hour of 3, and the same cold hand passed down his face. He lay perfectly still, but not a sound could he hear. Another examination of the room was made, but he was the sole occupant and the door was locked. On the third night he dreaded the experience, but determined to see if the ghostly visitor would come when he was awake. He went home at 2:30, and when the clock struck 3 he was in bed, but wide awake. On the stroke of the hour the cold hand passed over his face and when he grabbed at it his fingers felt nothing. Mayer, at his own request, is now working until after 3 a.m., and says he will continue to do so until he can find a room of which he is the only tenant.

Late one night some years ago a prominent physician, of this city, was aroused from sleep and beseeched by a wretchedly-clad Irishman to accompany him on a professional visit to his family, writes Ambrose Pierce in the *Examiner*. There was evidently no fee in it, but the benevolent physician cheerfully complied, and was piloted to the most miserable part of the city, where, in an environment of indescriba-

ble squalor, he found his patient, the wife of the man who had summoned him. The poor woman was suffering from a terrible contagious disease, and was about to give birth to her first child. Beside the pile of rags upon which she lay was a priest of the Roman Catholic church bravely administering the consolation of religion. What a spectacle for instruction of the cynic! In that place of indigence and stronghold of terror, where one might almost feel the presence of anguish and almost hear the footfalls of death, man's love of man had entered to medicine alike the body and the soul. About that couch of misery was no room for race hatreds and the warfare of creeds. When the poor woman had become a mother, when the physician had prescribed and the priest had prayed, and both were about to withdraw, the priest approached the physician, took his hand, lifted his eyes reverently toward heaven for a moment, then, lowering them, said: "My son, I thank you in the name of the Father." "And I, sorr," said the patient's husband, with a sidelong glance at the new babe, "in the name of the rest o' the family."

Says *Liberty*: "THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, has the reputation of being the most illiberal of the spiritualistic journals, but, judging from a recent experience of mine, it compares very favorably in this respect with the *Banner of Light*. I offered a paid advertisement of Tolstoi's 'Fruits of Culture' to both papers. The advertisement said simply this: 'Every Spiritualist will want to read what Count Tolstoi has to say about Spiritualism in his new book, 'The Fruits of Culture.' THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL printed it, but the *Banner of Light* rejected it. Evidently the proprietors of the *Banner* are afraid to have their readers become familiar with the anti-spiritualistic view." Does *Liberty* know of any good grounds for the charge of illiberality against THE JOURNAL? It exposes pretension, charlatanry, humbug and fraud, whether they are inside or outside the ranks of Spiritualism. Is this illiberal? "Anti-spiritualistic views" are freely admitted to the columns of THE JOURNAL, but in full confidence that Spiritualism can stand the test of the freest discussion and the strongest opposition. THE JOURNAL is liberal enough to recognize whatever *Liberty* contributes to current thought, even while dissenting from much which appears in that bright but saucy little sheet.

Clara Lanza writes from Washington to a New York paper, of a quaint old Negro, an ancient acquaintance of hers "who," she says, "occasionally shuffles up to various front doors in these parts in search of work, which for some mysterious reason he never performs if he can possibly help it. The other day I came across him at a gate. He looked very mournful. 'Well, Uncle Peter, how are you?' I inquired. 'Lawd, honey,' he responded, lugubriously, 'it a mussy I'm alive, an' dat's a fac.' Pears like I done tuk a pleurisy las' month thet nigh on ter kill me, but the doctah he saved me. He clapped a moughty big blister onter my side, an' what yo' tink happened? Golly! when I tol' yo' yo' won't b'lieve me no mo'n de chile unbo'n. But sho's I'm standin' here he done drewed off a quart o' col' water outen my lungs, an' dat air cured me. An' since then, honey,' he added, as he shambled around to the back door, 'Is'e been a-thinkin' dat de disembutation an' de workin' ob de o'gans ob de human frame is gettin' mo' an' mo' m'rac'lus ebbery day. An' dat's de Lawd's truf.'"

The general assembly of the new State of Idaho sends a memorial to Congress in behalf of the persecuted Russian Jews when the constitution of that state actually disfranchises Mormons for no other reason than that they are Mormons, no discrimination being made between Mormons who are polygamists and those who have never offended against any criminal code. Membership of the church alone is cause for their exclusion from the elective franchise. A state that thus invades religious freedom cannot consistently complain of Russia's treatment of Jews.



## FATE.

BY FATIMA.

In olden time if the gods were propitious, to man came honor, riches, pleasure or happiness. To-day fate is our god. When fate smiles, happiness results; if she frowns, it is her will and we submit to the inevitable. I have read somewhere of a crowd of idol worshippers becoming enraged because their god neglected to bestow favors upon them. They began beating his wooden majesty with clubs and at last with wild shouts of derision and scorn, cast the senseless image into the flames.

Is it not time that we rise in our might of will and put this god or goddess of fate under our feet. I do not believe that our future is decreed by fate, but that the so-called inevitable may be averted.

In mythology the three fates are supposed to determine the course of human life—"one holding the distaff, a second as spinning and the third as cutting the thread." To-day, we may if we will bid this first goddess to hold the distaff and the second to continue the spinning, while the third may be made to choose for us "the longest way to fate." At least, by a sensible use of will, a "longer way" may often be found.

If mediums sometimes tell the most important events in a man's life, does this argue that the event is known in nature before the prophecy, or does the prophecy cause the event to take place? It cannot be a coincidence—these things happen too often. A man's death is foretold; the man hears his fate. The time comes, he gives up the ship and dies. Another is told that he will soon remove to a distant city and embark in a lucrative business. The man, if he be the least superstitious, begins to look about for the change. His mind, hence everything else, tends that way. The move is made. One part of the prophecy is fulfilled and if he be a shrewd business man the other follows. But alas! this is too seldom the case. If that man's future is marked out and foretold, what is the goddess fate doing to let one part of her scheme be an utter failure.

There was a man who had some gold, but he wanted more. A "big chief" through a medium, sees "heaps of wampum," "white chief must carry 'rabbit's foot,' hang up 'horse shoe' and put battery and gold in pocket. Right elements on person; gold is attracted; heaps more come." Medicine man prescribes; man believes; takes medicine; pays wampum one, two, three years. There are heaps of gold, but it goes into the medium's pocket. Medicine man's chief gets the wampum—heaps of it, white chief gets a lesson. The "big heap gold" was a fact, but his getting it was not. Here again fate is at fault, for only half the prophecy is fulfilled. Had the man used more will power and less rabbit foot; more sense and less superstition; some diligent labor or head work and less relying upon fate, he could have prophesied his own heap of gold, and found it too.

Once, among a crowd of Spiritualists, all strangers, a woman said to another, "the medium, Mr. X., gave me a sitting last night. His controls said that I should be left a widow and that I should marry again before I passed over. This same thing has been told me twice before, and I begin to look upon it as my fate." The rest of the conversation was lost in the murmur of the crowd, but the anxious look was noted as of one unsettled and looking about already for her fate. Then came this thought, "Beware, O woman! how you disclose this prophecy to the one over whom hangs the cloud. If he be strong of mind, if the will commands the physical, he is safe. But if he be frail and superstitious he will succumb, and as 'sure as fate' will his death doom be sealed." No doubt the poor fellow has crossed the dark river and from the other side of life is beholding the joy of the two whom fate united.

A medium prophesied that a certain prominent

physician would die before the end of the year. He did not know that his fate was sealed, at least I think he did not. Time passed, and he removed with his family to a distant city. Soon the news came back that Dr. S. was sick unto death, given up to die. While we read these words we said, "He is already dead and buried, for these lines were written four days ago." Then those who had heard the prophecy, which by the way was given from a public rostrum, remembered the prediction and wondered over the grave-someness of the affair; and this prophet who had generally failed to give satisfaction, was set down at once as a wonderful medium, one who could tell the future. A week rolled by and word came over the wires that Dr. S. still lived and would pull through. A brother and physician had gone to his relief. The brother's will said "you shall not die," and he lives to-day, a robust and useful man, in utter contradiction of his own so-called fate. "That force, against which strong arms are needful, was overcome by the will and love of a brother who dared to say 'thy time hast not come—thou shalt not die.'" Had they folded their arms and waited for fate to do its dread work, the prophecy would indeed have been fulfilled.

Again, a woman is in feeble health; loving care has battled down the evil force for a number of years and now she seems on the way to recovery. The husband has a sitting with a medium; it is private, and he is told that before a certain date two years hence, "your wife will die. Do not be cast down, it is your fate, and in a few years you meet a dark-eyed woman whom you will marry. Your life with her will be very happy." The husband goes his way, but ever and anon he sees, away in the future, so far away of course that it scarcely seems in connection with his own household, a mound o'er grown with grass and a monument with the inscription—but no, he will not read, for the dark-eyed woman steps between and he wonders who and what will be his fate. And perchance, if sometime he is far away from his home and finds a gushing, dark-eyed creature ever at his side, saying pretty nothings, or maybe some lonely soul who wins his sympathy, the thought that was born of the prophecy comes uppermost and his heart asks, "is it she?" He begins to long for just one little peep behind the curtain of futurity that shuts from view his fate. But the goddess has not yet cut the thread that binds him to the fragile life—the wife who still has the obstinacy to preside over his house. Indeed, a new lease of life seems given her as day by day she steadily improves. The months roll by until the two years have passed, and the husband has all but forgotten his fate, the medium, and perhaps the dark-eyed woman too. At last, the wife with a proud display of command, even dismisses her "help" for a time, that she "may see" as she says, "how it seems to be queen once more of my own realm."

A month follows and as the time for the fulfillment of the prophecy draws nigh, the woman is stricken with that almost fatal enemy to weak systems, "la grippe"; and when the victims among the constitutionally weak continue to be numbered as day after day goes by and his wife no better, is it any wonder that the husband loses control of his will; for the prophecy, almost forgotten comes to his mind and fear fills his soul. He believes that the medium saw truly and that fate, the inevitable, is about to happen. But the wife does not know of this, and the prophetic thought cannot reach her only through the husband. He tries by will and with magnetic power to keep her here. And though every thought is mingled with a fear, which hinders more than he may know in the treatment of the sick, his love and sympathy, with her own strong will and clinging to life have won the victory and the dread day has gone by. She has passed the breakers, not knowing of the giant rock that lay in her way and which she passed in spite of fate. Two weeks later, when the husband thinks the danger all past, he laughingly says, "I am going to tell you something, now the danger is over. It was predicted that you would die before the first of this month, and of course I was badly frightened when you were taken down just at that time. He repeats to her the whole prophecy not omitting the dark-eyed woman

and adds: "I never told you, for I do not like the effect of such things on the mind: But what is the matter? are you faint? and flying to her side he chafes the cold hands and feet and administers a stimulant as soon as possible. After a little she gasps, "O, why did you tell me now? the shock of knowing that such a cloud has been hanging over me for two years, I believe will kill me yet." It took months to eradicate the prophetic thought from her mind and lift her out of the despondency which his gloomy revelation had thrown over her. The husband saw the mistake and did what he could to make amends: To have the story most effective, perhaps I should let the prediction prove true and translate the wife to that life where prophets cease from troubling and invalids are at rest, but as truth is what we are after I must state that she still lives after a hard fought battle and is again on the road to health.

These are only a few of the many instances of a like nature which have come under my observation, and I have this to say, that while mind has so much to do with keeping the physical in health, if prophecies of death must be made, never let the thought reach the one of whom it is predicted. I want no prophecies of my death and denounce the murderous custom of telling, as a duty to the dying, that their last hour has come. Get up from your knees, and instead of committing the soul to God, work while you pray and let your prayers be silent. Never give up while life lasts but work with a will, with mind, soul and strength, and many a loved one may be snatched from a premature grave. Beware of the prophecy that kills or that leads you into channels which your own better judgment would not approve. We may not entirely rule our lives and surroundings, but all may battle against the evil in the world and by a judicious use of the will, may shape their lives for good and not for ill. Let us choose at least "the longest way to fate."

## VOTING QUALIFICATIONS.

BY J. B. CONE.

In reading to-day, in your issue of February 7th, an account of "a meeting of prominent ladies and gentlemen at the residence of the editor of THE JOURNAL . . . to talk over the matter of woman suffrage" I noticed that one of the participants advocated the educational test at the ballot box; and then, in a paragraph relating to the late meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance, at Omaha, President Powers is reported as favoring the "taking of the franchise from the ignorant and vicious and giving it to women."

As to the matter of an educational test, or taking the franchise from the ignorant and the vicious, it reminds one of one of Pope's caustic reminders to the self-righteous, viz.:

"None but the good are entitled to God's peculiar care; But who but God can tell us who these good are?"

When we resort to this test who is it that is to tell us who is educated and who is not? or who these ignorant and vicious are?

There is one challenge that I am willing, and not only willing but desirous, to see made at the ballot box, and that relates to the question of a man's having faithfully performed such public service as the government may require of men like himself. If he has done this—paid his taxes, worked the road, done jury service and otherwise performed the functions of a citizen—it matters not whether he has a penny in the world, or knows a letter in the book; he should not be deprived of any of the privileges of a free American citizen. "It is only required of stewards that they be faithful."

I should be more than glad to see every man and woman in the land so enlightened as to be able always to vote understandingly; but I repeat the question as entirely pertinent, who is to decide this question? I know men who are comparatively illiterate, and yet they have very correct general views as to a right governmental policy, while others, who consider themselves educated, are as ignorant of such matters as the untutored African. I am a woman-suffragist in every fibre of my being, am therefore liable to be confronted with the stale but oft repeated thought

shown in "I don't want my wife and daughters forced to crowd their way to the ballot box through a motley crowd of ruffians, that often amounts to a howling mob, just for the right to vote." To this I have replied: "Neither do I want my wife and daughters subjected to such humiliation. I do not want them forced to vote even; neither do I propose to submit to any such exaction on my own part; I do not propose to be forced to vote. I am proud of the privilege of voting when I see proper to do so; and I want my wife and daughters—whom I regard as my peers, intellectually and morally—to enjoy the same privilege; and I desire to see them exercise it in a manner calculated to so improve the conditions where this right is or should be vouchsafed to every person of lawful age, male or female, who performs the part of a good, law-abiding citizen, so that those assembled there will not constitute 'a motley crowd of ruffians or a howling mob,' as is often the case now to that extent that a police force is required to maintain order."

There is no spot on earth that should be held any more sacred or hallowed than the place where is the American ballot box, which is the talisman of American liberty. Therefore it should be jealously guarded that it be not corrupted in any way or by any means. And I know of no influence on earth that can so effectually do this as that of the presence of an elevated womanhood.

GONZALES, TEX.

#### MYTHS.—I.

BY M. C. C. CHURCH.

In this and the following papers on myths the writer has used the expression, "oracle" and "incarnation," as forming the key for unlocking the mysteries of all the world-religions. These words are synonymous in the sense in which I use them. To one who can appreciate their meaning the world-movement is in cyclic periods, each period embracing an idea or pivotal truth. The one life current concentrates itself as a rounded out expression revealed in "oracle" and embodying itself it may be in some great composite man or men who live this truth in actuality; Brahma, Vishnu, Krishna, Buddha and Christ, if they ever had an existence, are examples. The manifestation is always diverse in its expression; but the One Supreme Life is the substance of each and all of these incarnating epochs. The one truth is in adaptation to man's necessities, ever unfolding its composite expression. Revelation or oracle, fixes this truth in written form and comes as new cycles open, embracing divine and human experience. Revelation, reason, intuition and experience are the four factors which enter into the intellectual outcome of the race; and through these man gains all of his knowledges whether divine, angelic or human.

Spiritualism in its true meaning, derived from its facts, is the only term covering a field where the inductive method can prove itself to be a true method. In the domain of nature, without metaphysics, its claims are misleading, always requiring re-adjustment, and never positive in generalized results. This for the simple reason that the facts of nature are never comprehended in their entirety. We never get to the end of these facts. She is ever unfolding new facts and thus ever eluding our fine-spun theories. Like her namesake of old—*Maya*—she is ever an "illusion."

Spiritualism is the grouping of the facts of comparative religion. Wonderful progress has been made in this science during the last fifty years. Under the investigations of Max Mueller, Boswick, Bunsen, Colenso, Cary, Darwin, Fisk, Higgins, Lundy, Taylor, Williams and others, the world is treated to nearly all that antiquity has in store for the modern world.

The writers I have named have in one form or another agreed upon the following facts as being comprised in more or less distinctness as underlying every world-religion. To one who has "read up" on these religions it is marvelous how they fully agree in all essential particulars.

The miraculous birth; song of the heavenly host; recognition of the divine child by the wise men of the east; slaughter of the innocents; the genealogy; temp-

tation; crucifixion; darkness after the crucifixion; "decent into hell"; resurrection and ascension; miracles; baptism; eucharist; worship of the virgin; the trinity; in fact nearly everything ascribed to the founder of Christianity is ascribed to all the other "incarnations." This is particularly the case with Buddha and Krishna. Buddha's record is identical in almost every particular with that of Jesus Christ as recorded in the New Testament narratives. Now what does this general array of facts prove? Why simply this; that there has been but one religion and that the God of this religion, through the Word dwelling in humanity as the Christ, has periodically manifested Himself in special avatars to reclaim his wayward children when they have fallen away from his life; and himself being unchangeably the same, has assumed the same characteristics and features when he has thus appeared among men. Instead of these facts militating against the verity of the Christian religion they prove its truth. They prove that there is one God, one Christ, one humanity in whom he dwells, and that in him man has an immortal hope, and that Spiritualism is the one all-comprehensive term which covers all the religious facts of history.

There is repositing in every human soul a Christ seed—the "seed of the woman," the divine Sophia—which grows like any other seed by the nurturing light in the heavens of man's nature. As it grows it puts on trunk, branches, leaves, flowers and fruitage as a God-man. In this sense and in no other have we evolution in religion. Man changes; but God, never. In his dealings with the race he is governed by one only law, the law of his own life.

The bringing to the world this fact is Spiritualism's highest gift to the race. The religions of antiquity were caste religions, nature religions, outward formal religions. Christianity, as it has come to our modern life, is no better. Spiritualism is democratic. It is spiritual, addressing the inner man. Instead of exceptional God-men appearing after long lapses of time, we now have the knowledge of how each human soul can have a birth in God that reveals him inwardly to the soul. Go to nature; go to Palestine or Judea; go to India, Greece or Egypt; but go to your soul if you want to know God as he is in fullness!

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

#### EXPERIENCES OF LORENZO DOW.

BY K. E. ALEXANDER.

Many old people now living remember the strange stories and superstitions connected with Lorenzo Dow. I will leave out all these and speak of his dreams, visions and premonitions, as he gave them in his journal as they happened, for the benefit of those who never read or heard of these experiences.

Lorenzo Dow was an eccentric Methodist preacher, one, however, who could not be disciplined or kept in subjection by his superiors. The personal influence of his friends was of no effect. He went according to impulses and impressions. He was born at Coventry, Conn., in 1777, and began preaching at the age of eighteen. He went with great celerity from place to place. He says that he traveled from seven to ten thousand miles a year, that in ten weeks he travelled fifteen hundred miles and preached one hundred and eighty-four times. He states that he went from Saturday until Monday without food, and walked long distances every day. He journeyed through all the States and Canada, and made two voyages to England and Ireland. His physical and mental activity was intense. He was a sickly man, too. "When near four years old, while at play," he writes, "I suddenly fell into a muse about God and heaven and hell, about which I had heard so much." Religion as it was presented then and there dominated his whole career in life. He says: "Past the age of thirteen years, in 1791, about the time of the death of John Wesley, it pleased God to awaken my mind by a dream of the night, which was that an old man, with a staff in his hand, came to me at midday and said to me, 'Do you ever pray?' I told him 'No.' Said he: 'You must.'" The old man goes away and returns, asks the same question, gets the same answer, and then takes Lor-

enzo above the sky in a whirlwind. There he sees heaven and hell. He is told to go to earth and to be faithful and he should go to heaven in the end. He dreamed, too, that he saw the prophet Nathan, and asked him how long he would live. The prophet replied until he was twenty-two. Now he contemplated suicide, so great was his misery on account of sin, but a happy conversion ensued and he felt a call to preach, in fact dreamed that John Wesley appeared to him and said that God had called him to preach, and pronounced the usual woe if he did not. All this made a powerful impression upon his mind.

After much dispute and bickering with the ministers, who tried but to little purpose to instruct and guide him, he was fairly launched on his career as a preacher. He received another visitation from John Wesley, had dreams of hell and devils who assaulted him and tried to carry him off to hell. "This evening," he writes, "I preached at Greenwich Court House, as I once dreamed, and the assembly and place looked familiar to me." And again, "I went from Halifax to Guilford, and on entering a chamber where the people were assembled, it appeared natural to me, as though I had seen it before, and brought a dream to my remembrance, and it so overcame me that I trembled and was obliged to retire for some moments." Of his first visit to Augusta, Ga., the place, the assembly and all were just as he had dreamed of seeing them four times. A few evenings before arriving at Belcher, he dreamed that a minister reproved him harshly while he was preaching in that place, and it was fulfilled. A Baptist and a Presbyterian minister there accused him in meeting of preaching false doctrine. Dow says: "While preaching I feel happy, but as soon as I am done I feel such horror (without guilt) by the buffetings of Satan that I am ready to sink like a drowning man, and sometimes to that degree that I have to hold my tongue between my teeth to keep from uttering blasphemous expressions."

He relates that one evening when he had dismissed the assembly, he saw a man to whom his mind was impressed to go, and before he was aware of it he was breaking through the crowd to reach him. He found in this man one whom he could influence on religious matters. Of one matter he says: "I did not know how to accomplish it until I fell asleep, when I dreamed how and where I could get it (money to venture some publishing). I observed the dream to brother P., who remarked 'that a dream is a dream.' However, I followed the dream and succeeded." Awakened by a singular dream that he had disappointed the people at some place, he arose, aroused the family at one o'clock and started to meet his appointment. He overtook people who were going to the meeting, and found the distance was nine miles further than he had supposed it to be.

He observes: "When I feel an uncommon impression to do such and such things, if I resist, it brings a burden, and when I cherish it, it brings love and prosperity." Referring to a friend, he says: "He strove to persuade me to accept from him a razor, which something within had prevented me from using and forbids me still." Then he notes the sudden ejaculation of a minister at the beginning of a meeting, where the prospect of converting any was about hopeless, who said, "Twenty will be converted," and says just twenty were added to the fold there.

Again, "In the night I was seized with an inward impulse to set off on the Washington road (my things not being arrived up the river) so that my sleep departed. As there was a storm coming up, I rejected the impulse, but it returned with double force, and for the sake of peace of mind I set off, but what I was after I could not tell, and when turning it over in my mind I seemed like a fool to myself. After traveling ten miles, an old man, who was riding very fast, stopped of a sudden as he met me and said: 'Young man, are you traveling?' I answered 'Yes.' He proved to be a Baptist preacher, whose wife was a Methodist." The narrative goes on to relate that Dow went home with him, and together they organized a very successful campaign against the devil in that region. Being sick, he develops the faith cure.

He reasons that spirit may act on spirit as well as matter on matter.

In regard to the "jerks," he writes: "There commenced a trembling among the wicked. One and a second and a third fell from their seats. I think for eleven hours there was no cessation of the loud cries. No business could be done during that quarterly meeting, on account of the excitement. . . . Of the people, some who were standing and sitting, fell like men shot on the field of battle, and I felt it like a tremor to run through my soul and veins so that it took away my limb power so that I fell to the floor, and by faith saw a greater blessing than I had hitherto experienced." At another place he says: "After taking a cup of tea, I began to speak to a vast audience, and I observed about thirty to have the jerks, though they strove to keep still as they could. These emotions were involuntary and irresistible, as any unprejudiced mind might see. . . . I spoke at Marysville, to an audience of about fifteen hundred. Many appeared to feel the word, but about fifty felt the jerks. On Sunday, at Knoxville, two hundred more than could get in the court house, the Governor being present, about one hundred and fifty having the jerking exercise, among them a circuit preacher, Johnson, who had opposed them a little while before. Camp meeting commenced at Liberty. Here I saw the jerks, and some danced. The people are taken with jerking irresistibly, and if they strive to resist it, it worries them more than hard work. Their eyes, when dancing, seem to be fixed upwards, as if upon an invisible object, and they are lost to all below. . . . I passed by a meeting house where I observed the undergrowth had been cut down for a camp meeting, and from fifty to one hundred saplings left breast high, which appeared to me so slovenish that I could not but ask my guide the cause, who observed they were topped so high and left for the people to jerk by. This so excited my attention that I went over the ground to view it, and found where the people had laid hold of them and jerked so powerfully that they kicked up the earth as a horse stamping flies. Persecutors are more subject to the jerks than others, and they have cursed and swore and damned it while jerking." Then he says: "I have seen Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, Church of England and Independents, exercised with the jerks—gentlemen and ladies, black and white, rich and poor—without exception. Those naturalists who wish to get it, to philosophize upon it, and the most godly are excepted from the jerks. The wicked are more afraid of it than of the small pox or yellow fever."

On the subject of impression, he says: "I had sent on a chain of appointments through Upper Canada, from Montreal to the falls of Niagara, thence to Philadelphia; but when at Hyde Park I felt, while preaching, a secret conviction or impulse that my appointments were not given out, and that I must return to Western. Thrice it ran through my mind. I rejected it twice, but, perceiving a cloud or depression beginning to come over my mind, I yielded, and taking the left-hand road went to Stowe. Getting back to Western I saw Timothy Dewey, who informed me that he had seen the Canadian preachers, and my appointments were not given out, so that if I had gone I must have lost one thousand miles travel."

Once he dreamed that a rat came out of a dark place and fastened on his finger and began sucking his blood, which he in vain endeavored to shake off. In his effort he came near springing out of bed. The next day there came a swindler and ingeniously duped him out of thirty-eight dollars, which he desired never to be reimbursed.

He was in Ireland when the time appointed by the prophet Nathan for him to die—at the end of twenty-two years—drew nigh. He had a dream like this: "Thus I fell asleep and dreamed that I died and was buried under a hearth; the lid of the coffin composed a part of the hearth and was marble. My father, coming into the room, said, 'What is there?' One replied, 'Your son lies there.' He then pulled off the lid, and behold it was truth; and I stood and looked at my body, and behold it began to putrify and moulder. I was then a mystery to myself—to see my

body in one place and I standing in another. I began to feel to see if I was flesh, when a voice seemed to answer, 'I will explain the mystery to you. If you had tarried in America, you would have died as the prophet predicted, and your body would have been mouldering as you see it here; but now you are preserved for future usefulness.' I waked up with the queries gone." The lesson conveyed is that the intelligences that appear to have our destinies in their keeping may alter and commute a sentence as easily as an earthly judge.

Dow lived to be nearly fifty. He was consumptive from an early age, yet he tells of speaking four hours at a time. For seven years he preached in a recumbent position, unable to stand long at a time. He tells of strange convulsions which he experienced. To the student of mental and physical science, he is a curious subject. To those who believe in the control of one mind over another, either in the body or out, might see in Dow's case something to consider. While Dow was in England, he had an interview with Dr. Adam Clark, and tried to present the phenomena of "jerks" to him. Clark told him he thought them very easily accounted for on natural principles. Don't we wish he had explained them. I believe Lorenzo Dow a truthful man.

#### ARE WE PROVING THE QUESTION OF A LIFE HEREAFTER?

BY R. W. SHUFELDT.

[CONCLUDED.]

The so-called "mediums" and the practice of mediumship present us with many phases of interesting phenomena which properly fall within the sphere of investigation for psychic researchers, but the present writer has come to believe that in so far as people of this class have the power of communicating in any way by their usually adopted methods with "the spirits" of those departed this life, there is not even the semblance of truth in it. This is merely my firm belief and conviction and with its simple statement I dismiss its consideration here as not coming within the title of the subject of this paper. Further, it has never been my good fortune to have been so near a veridical phantom as to satisfy myself of its presence through the sense of touch, much less has the opportunity ever been afforded me to examine, microscopically, any such thing as detached portions of either the phantom or any part of its clothing. This matter of the spiritization of such purely material things as clothing, jewelry, and the like, has always been a riddle to me. In the vast majority of accounts that come to us of the appearance of veridical phantoms, they are accompanied by the descriptions of the clothing they wore; and, in some instances where persons have died from the results of an amputation or other large loss of some part of their bodies, their phantoms are represented as having these parts restored, and are in other particulars perfectly formed. Formerly, I thought perhaps I might gain some information upon these points from the account of the veridical phantom (?) of Jesus Christ as given by His apostles, but I found their several accounts so conflicting and untrustworthy that they brought me no assistance in the matter. To be of any value, or rather to be of especial value, the evidence of the appearance of a veridical phantom should come from two or more perfectly reliable witnesses who personally saw it;—and this evidence is rendered still stronger if first one witness sees the phantom and then another enters and sees it likewise, and subsequently the accounts of what they saw exactly tally. For instance, take such a case as the following, a hypothetical one, which will stand for many actual ones that have occurred more or less like it:—a family is composed of a grown daughter and her mother, the father of the family having been dead many years. Staying with them is another man and his wife who never knew or saw the father. All have retired for the night, the daughter and mother occupy different rooms across the hall; the man and wife who are visiting them are on the floor above.

Early in the night the daughter is awakened, but has not been dreaming; she sees what she takes to be her father in the room; speaks to it,—but gets no reply,—without excitement, she calls, "Mother, mother," and her mother awaking steps across the hall into her daughter's room, but instead of inquiring into the fact of her being called at that time of night, is powerfully agitated by being confronted by what she takes to be the form of her husband in the room. Her cry brings her visitors from upstairs to her side, and they likewise see the cause of her agitation, and the phantom now disappears. Should the subsequent accounts of these four persons of this phantom they saw, agree in all essential particulars, valuable testimony upon the existence of such things as veridical phantoms has been obtained. More than this, for it increases the suspicion that there is something within us that survives the death for the body, and, as the person had been dead a long time, it points to a life hereafter.

In this one direction, this is the kind of evidence that the Society for Psychical Research has made its business to collect, sift, and digest. A great deal of it, and of varied character has come to hand and has been most carefully utilized. There are thousands upon thousands of families in the world whose histories have such experiences attached to them. And the collecting of these experiences and the evidence upon which they rest is an arduous task indeed, and requires the constant application of a person or persons especially fitted for it.

It may be that a case of the appearance of a veridical phantom has occurred in an old, aristocratic family of high standing and great wealth, and they hold the fact as one too sacred to be lightly spoken of, or ruthlessly examined into for scientific purposes; in another case the witnesses may be widely separated, or difficult of access, or dead. In other cases the examination of the place where the phantom appeared may afford the difficulty, or it may have appeared to a person or persons of great ignorance and unable to state correctly what they saw. The very circumstances attending a case may be of such a nature as to offer the greatest barrier to its proper investigation, and the reader may easily conceive of some of these. Then it takes a well-trained, philosophic and logical mind to properly sift and collate all this evidence, for there is the constant danger of some of it going toward proving too much, while in the case of unimpeachable testimony in such matters due weight must be given. We cannot get too much testimony in the premises, and in all quarters of the world people should be encouraged to submit it to our secretaries. Of its high import there can be no question, and Mr. Myers has said upon this point: "I must insist again upon the deep importance of the amount and the quality of the records sent to us. The urgent question is not how our evidence is to be interpreted in detail, but whether or no it is to be set aside altogether. Human testimony is on its trial. It remains, that is to say, to be seen whether science can accord to honest testimony (of a kind which can rarely be confirmed by direct experiment) a confidence sufficient to bear the strain put upon it by the marvellous matters for which that testimony vouches. I believe that the veracity, the accuracy of our informants, taken *en masse*, will ultimately support that strain, and that the world will be convinced of veridical apparitions as the world has been convinced of meteorites."

"Meteorites,—those other invaders from the unseen,—were until lately quite as scornfully rejected; and naturally rejected, so long as the evidence for phenomena so marvellous rested on antique tradition and peasants' tales. Then came a moment,—like the moment which our inquiry is traversing now,—at which inquiring men who had actually spoken with the peasants and seen the fragments believed that stones had fallen. And then suddenly the fall of meteorites was accepted as a natural phenomenon, an almost inexplicable but a quite undeniable fact. In recent papers I have endeavored to exhibit—so to say—some specimens of meteoric dust. In the present paper I must try to show the hollowness of the negative assumption which for this inquiry corresponds to Lavoisier's famous dictum, 'There are no stones in the air; there-

fore none can fall upon the earth.'" (*loc. cit.* pp. 315, 316).

Yes, but in the case of the meteorites we had the stones; and, tersely putting it, science in demonstrating the law of organic evolution, had among a great many other things, the bones. When sufficient unquestionable evidence has been collated upon which to base a theory, and as time goes by, if all the subsequently collected facts of the same character are seen to be in entire accordance with this theory, then by the laws of inductive logic the case may be considered proven.

The laws of gravitation and the Copernican hypothesis of the motions of the planetary system are considered to be established, and they are rested upon foundations built up by precisely similar methods. May we not more properly regard the growth of psychics in some such light as this? For many years past the writer has remained a confirmed agnostic in the matter of future existence for men, but this quite in contradistinction to what my hopes in that direction have been meanwhile. And, are we now in a position to ask the question are we proving the existence of a life hereafter? Among our American members we meet with such names as G. K. Gilbert, the geologist; Professor S. P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institute; Professor Simon Newcomb the astronomer; Professors Samuel H. Scudder and C. V. Riley, entomologists, Raphael Pumpelly, C. D. Cope, C. B. Cory and many others of wide scientific reputation. Several of these have publicly expressed themselves as being highly skeptical in the premises, and it would be interesting to know what their present opinions may be in the light of the testimony now accumulating on our hands. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone is likewise a member, and can Mr. Gladstone reconcile this testimony with his own expressed views that have appeared in so many places.

#### A CHARMING BOOK.\*

By REV. J. H. CROOKER.

If good books there are many kinds, the outcome of different life experiences and therefore fitted to serve us in different seasons. There are books which instruct us, and these are valuable, for we need wisdom. There are books which amuse us, and these are good, for it is well to light up our daily task with gladness and laughter. There are books which inspire us,—books like Emerson's "Essays" and Morley's "Compromise," and these are precious, for we need the tonic which is imparted by contact with such noble souls. But there are also books which charm us,—writings which give a new climate to the soul, and these we number among our beloved friends, for they give us more than truth and smiles and discipline; they ripen our nature toward a new spirituality by the atmosphere that they afford.

Mr. Stebbins has given us a book which belongs to this last class of rare but helpful writings,—a book which makes an impression upon us similar to the influence of a perfect day in June. As we read, we find ourselves carried away to a new spiritual climate, where the genial warmth of sunshine never passes to oppressive heat and where no chill of doubt lingers in the winds of thought that play about the varied topics of modern life. It is a thoughtful book, and yet it does something more than suggest ideas; it penetrates our thoughts with an indescribable serenity of the spirit. It is an instructive book, and yet it does more than simply impart information; it gives a new quality and direction to the aspirations which guide the uses of our knowledge.

In this life experience, here narrated in pure and simple language with many a beautiful sentence woven into its pages, we are taken back to the plain but sturdy life of western Massachusetts during the early decades of this century. And how primitive and far away it seems. Take, for example, the description of the visit of the minister to the school: "When that grave old clergyman entered the door, the hum of the school-room gave place to a hushed silence. No roguish glance or merry flash from any bright eyes of boy or girl; no whittling or snapping of 'spit balls' or

faintest whisper; no twisting about on the hard benches, but all sat upright and still, intent on their books or stealing awe-struck glances at the minister. When he left the cherry hum sprang up with new life, the joy of childhood and youth flashed out again like sunshine breaking through a cold, gray cloud." Surely religion has changed since those days, but it has gained more than it has lost. And still, we shall all approve the plea with which Mr. Stebbins closes his description of another custom of the olden time: "When we were out at play and a stranger passed in his wagon, the boys would all join hands and bow, while the girls linked together and dropped a courtesy,—all recognized by the traveler with a smile and a nod. The audacity of young America in our days might be toned down by some of these old customs."

This book is full of quaint and interesting reminiscences of New England life as it was nearly a century ago. But the tale is told in no bitter spirit; it is rather with reverent appreciation that these memories are recalled; and yet, the writer makes us share his feeling that the new time is better than the old. Mr. Stebbins also appreciates the ludicrous side of the life at that time, and he has preserved many curious illustrations of the narrowness of prejudice and the density of superstition. How archaic is this: "Those were poor days for girls. Near us lived a man—a pillar in the church, good after his measure—who said: 'To read and write and cypher as far as the rule of three, is enough for gals', and the deacon only spoke what many thought. But four miles from where that man lived who summed up what 'gals' should know, stands the Smith College for women, in Northampton, endowed with a half a million dollars by a woman of his own town." Very amusing is the story of the Hatfield farmer, whose hat was knocked off by the minister in a rage of anger because the farmer would not salute him in the usual manner, and who took this way to decide where he should move. "When that priest knocked my hat off, I thought I would set up my ox-gad and see which way it would fall, and move that way; and I've found a place where I don't have to take off my hat to the priest."

Probably the most valuable part of this book is that which brings us into touch with the leaders of the anti-slavery movement. Mr. Stebbins was a soldier who did noble service in that campaign against organized villainy; and he is able, as he does, to speak with freshness about a group of persons who will live among the noblest memories of America. His pages are here of decided historical value, for as an eye-witness he gives valuable evidence, while he tells much that is new about those of whom we never tire to learn. In these chapters, we see Theodore Parker in the might of his noble manhood; we see Wendell Phillips with that eloquence which bore all before it; we see Frederick Douglass who arose to eminence by the education furnished through association with the leading minds of the country; we see Stephen Foster who made the churches tremble with both fear and rage under his tremendous rebukes; we see Abby Kelley both earnest and attractive; and also, beside many others, we see Garrison, ever loyal to that supreme conviction of the infinite iniquity of slavery, and yet so calm that nothing could throw him off his guard, while his indignation seemed a devouring flame. Mr. Stebbins does not attempt to narrate the history of those days, but he enables us to live in them and feel the pulses which beat for freedom. During his early manhood, three great changes occurred in American life; that in religious opinion, led by Channing; that in intellectual affairs which showed itself in Transcendentalism and the literary efflorescence which accompanied it; and that in moral sentiment which found expression in opposition to slavery. And by intimate personal association with the leaders in all these movements, Mr. Stebbins, has been able to give us a book, which, like Frothingham's "Life of W. H. Channing," makes us feel the spirit and temper of those great times.

All the readers of THE JOURNAL know and love Mr. Stebbins as an ardent and noble advocate of spiritual philosophy. This subject, though the burden of his prophecy, is treated with moderation and discrimination. He lets his conviction shine upon us, but he is never dogmatic or arrogant. He makes us respect his faith; his contention for a spiritual interpretation of life is eloquent and needful; his spirit, a harmonious union of reason and reverence is refreshing in this age divided between dogma and doubt. But more and better than the things he records is this: He makes us feel as we turn these pages, that we are in communion with a man of remarkably gentle spirit, of exalted views of human life, and of purest personal character; here lies the charm, and it is the charm imparted by the man himself, as all who know him can testify. And as we lay the book down, to be often taken up again, we realize that he has made us share his feeling—expressed on his closing page, and by this he has helped us to a nobler life: "The voices of the beloved and true-hearted sound across the years. I hear the very words they spoke. I feel their sympathy, and thrill under the sway of their eloquence."

MADISON, WIS.

#### HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

The following article copied from the *Israelite* may be read with profit not only by the young, for whom it was written, but by many older people who write regularly or occasionally for the press:

Learn to write all matter intended for publication with a lead pencil. The lead pencil with a rubber end has innumerable advantages over ink in matters intended for the press. You can easily rub out words and write them in again. This gives your "copy" (copy means the manuscript in a newspaper office) a cleanly appearance and saves all the crossing out and writing above in ink; besides, when you have written a sentence that may not read smoothly, you can more easily supply the correction with a lead pencil than with ink. Newspaper men use a lead pencil almost exclusively. [Use a pencil that makes a black mark so that every line and letter can be distinctly read. If such a pencil is not at hand when you write for the press, use pen and ink.—ED. JOURNAL.]

You require smooth paper to write on with ink; rough scribbling paper (the same as a newspaper is printed on) if you use a pencil. To write on smooth paper with a lead pencil is painful. You can buy a newspaper scribbling tablet, containing 100 sheets, at any stationer's store for five cents. Never use foolscap or large letter paper. Use what is called business-note or packet-note size, which is about nine inches long and about six inches broad. Now read this article slowly and understandingly, so that it is impressed on your mind.

Now that you have the paper, as it were, before you, leave a little less than an inch, or about an inch, of margin on the left-hand side of the paper. This is easily done by taking the scribbling tablet and tearing loose about ten sheets, not entirely loose, but just enough to enable you to bend or fold them over an inch at the side all the way down. Then turn the paper back flat again; you will find you have a guiding line on the ten sheets all the way down, without having had to employ a ruler. (Some compositors need this margin for the clamp that holds this paper up before them, otherwise the clamp would cover the writing; besides it is useful for corrections.) Never write on the margin if you can possibly avoid it. Always remember that paper is very cheap. Use plenty of it.

Write for the press in a big, bold hand; remember that the compositor puts the copy (Do you remember what "copy" is?) at some distance from him. Do not try to write beautifully, but write plainly; a good, rounded letter, with every letter distinct. You have seen some bank signatures that no one can read. The cashier foolishly believes that an illegibly written signature can not be forged: He is mistaken. A man of character writes and signs with character, so that all the world can read it. Write about five words to the line, and from sixty to ninety words to the page. Nearer sixty is better than nearer ninety. If you practice this a little you will acquire the habit of knowing how many pages to write to fill half a column or more.

If you can not spell correctly, try and learn to do so; but never let that discourage your writing a letter about your country's welfare to the papers. Every paper sets up its own rule for spelling certain words, regardless of how you spell them. If you spell a word so that it conveys an intelligent sound and meaning, the compositor does not get a microscope to detect defects in your spelling; he hurries right along with his work and prints it in correct English. Some foreigners have great trouble with English spelling. Spelling is less essential than grammatical construction in a newspaper office. Spell all classical words and proper names very distinctly and plainly. Names of places and foreign names should be written in print style so that there can be no mistake. Use a dictionary for "big" words and never use a word you do not thoroughly understand.

Never crowd your paper with writing. Do not use paper with lines on it if you can help it, for lead pencil work. Leave plenty of space between the lines so that the editor can make corrections and alterations.

Leave about three inches of space on top of the first sheet for the head-lines of the article and for the editor to write his instructions on to the printer in regard to the type and manner of setting. Write your own head-line; if the editor does not like it he will change it. Leave only one inch on top of all the other pages and one inch at bottom.

Number your pages consecutively. Put the number in the right-hand corner and not in the middle of the page. If you carry out these instructions the editor on receipt of your copy will exclaim, "Ah! This is from an intelligent person." The printers will rush for your copy and take it off the hook with joy, leaving the inferior copy till the end in hopes of its being crowded out.

Never write on both sides of the paper if you do not wish your copy destroyed and yourself condemned as an ignoramus into the bargain.

In sending in a report do not write a letter to the editor on the report sheet, but in a separate letter

\* Upward Steps of Seventy Years. By Giles B. Stebbins. U. S. Book Co., New York, 1890. Chicago: For sale at the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Price, \$1.25.

say: "Herewith please find copy (report, speech, letter or interview), all ready for the press." If the editor does not think it "all ready" he will make the necessary alterations. If you write for notoriety only you will in the end get left, but if your motives are honest you will help to educate. All your writings to an editor are held in strict confidence, especially in this office. No outsider gets at private matter. It is a matter between you, the editor and the four walls of the office.

If you make a speech at a debating society, write down what you said in three hundred words, no matter whether you uttered three thousand, and then try and write it down in one hundred words, and then condense the whole speech to fifty words. That is what a cable correspondent has to do. As you grow older you will learn that every great orator can condense his speech of five columns to about a third of a column and still give all the ideas in brief, so that when the reporter calls (if no stenographic report has been made) it is all ready for the press. Sometimes a man comes here and is "interviewed." He simply goes to his room and interviews himself and writes it as though the reporter had interviewed him. The press gladly acknowledges him. All the men who really move the wheels of civilization and have an influence for good have learned to make reports. They get known, and more known, and are better known, and have a greater influence for good, because they intelligently assist the press and the press assists them. The secret of the whole business of reaching the public is in this article. It is an advantage to every professional and business man to be able to prepare matter for the press.

Never be afraid to send in "copy," and carefully note the editor's alterations and corrections when your copy appears in print.

#### APPARITION OF A SOLDIER.

A Lexington, Ky., correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* writes: "An old substantial brick residence, located on one of the principal thoroughfares of this city, has been considered a haunted house ever since the war. Old citizens claim that during the war a wounded Union soldier, who had met his fate in the battle of Richmond, Ky., and who was being taken care of by the family that then lived in the house, was brutally murdered by a Southern sympathizer in the cellar of the residence. Ever since then, so the story goes, there have been uncanny doings and mysterious noises seen and heard in this old mansion at regular intervals of six months apart. At these times, when the families occupying the house would be at supper, lights left in the living room and other parts of the house would be extinguished, and sounds, very much like the groans of a person in agony, could be distinctly heard.

No one ever saw anything other than this until a few evenings ago. The family that has been occupying the house for the past three months, and who did not know of the supposed existence of this peculiar ghostship, were sitting at their table eating supper at about 6:45 o'clock. The parlor had been lighted up, as there was some young company visiting the house, and the lamp was brightly burning in the living room. The servant girl had occasion to go into the parlor and living room during the progress of the meal, and when she returned, she exclaimed: 'Miss Sallie, who dun blode out dem lights in yor room an' in de parlor?' Miss Sallie did not know of course, and before the astonished household could recover from their surprise, deep groans were heard as if coming from the living room, which was separated from the dining room by folding doors. The groans grew louder and more agonizing in their tones, until suddenly the folding doors opened backward, and in the center of the threshold the now thoroughly frightened family and friends beheld a sight which is usually supposed to freeze the blood with terror. There stood the form of a man with his hands uplifted, and he seemed enveloped in a white gauze, through which could be seen a bloody and apparently bleeding breast. The apparition only remained in sight of the terror-stricken people but a few seconds, and slowly disappeared in the gloom of the darkened room behind it.

The supper was left unfinished, and there was no sleep in that house that night. The next morning the head of the household notified his business partners that he would not be at the office that day, and before night he had secured another house, into which he moved his family the next day. This story was given to your correspondent by a neighbor and a friend to the family, who is a thoroughly reliable man, and says that every word of the above story is true."

#### HYPNOTISM ON THE STREET CARS.

The man was a six-footer and looked robust enough, but he was suffering from "that tired feeling"; so on the street car he decided to let the women stand, for he felt that he needed the rest just as much as they. Three or four women were already standing in the

car, hanging to the straps with ostentatious efforts, but they were neither young nor pretty and he sat still in his corner and pretended to read. The door was suddenly slammed open and a middle-aged woman entered the car. She had short iron-gray hair, a Roman nose, and steely blue eyes; her mouth wore a determined expression, and there were stiff gray hairs growing on her firm-looking chin. She looked strong minded, so much so, in fact, that the man in the corner said to himself that if her legs were half as strong as her mind it wouldn't hurt her to stand. Under her arm she carried a tiny, woolly poodle; that seemed to him an anomaly, and he wondered why she had usurped one of the perquisites of her more frivolous sisters. On she came toward his corner and planted herself directly in front of him. He buried his face deep in his paper, but he could feel her eyes upon him and he had the sensation of being under some strange influence. He began to feel a sort of numbness in his fingers, the paper dropped from before his face, and he saw those cold, blue eyes looking him through and through. Great heavens! The woman was hypnotizing him. He tried to throw off the spell, to signal the conductor to stop the car—anything to escape those eyes, but he was powerless. Suddenly impelled by some unknown force, he rose, bowed politely, and offered the woman his seat. She took it; without a word of thanks she handed him her dog to hold. He took it meekly. He, who detested all manner of canines—and poodles more than all the rest. He not only took it and held it tenderly as a mother holds her babe, but amid the snickers of the delighted passengers he held it to his face and kissed it fondly. He thought that he was married and that this was his baby. On and on they rode, people came and people went, still the man stood caressing the abominable little beast. Finally the woman signalled for the car to stop. With a grim smile she took the dog from his arms and left the car, and the man, limp and exhausted, fell back into his seat. As his scattered wits returned he found that he had gone four miles beyond where he had intended getting off, and that he had missed an important engagement. He hailed a cab and retraced his way, a sadder and a wiser man; and lest he sometimes should meet some one who was his fellow passenger on that trip he has moved to another part of the city, and I understand that notwithstanding his mortal fear of pneumonia he is now riding in the front seat of the grip.—*Chicago Times*.

#### MRS. STOWE AS A CHILD.

It was a plain-looking little one, with a thin face and large brown eyes, and tangled curls of brown hair, that soon began to run around in the minister's home at Litchfield. But her baby reign continued only a short time, for scarcely two years later Master Henry Ward arrived upon the scene. Harriet was naturally gentle and affectionate and very quick to learn. She has said she knew how to read as soon as she could walk, and she was so observing that it was a common remark in family, "That the child is all ear." Not so active as Catherine, the oldest of the daughters, she was still far from being indolent, but was dreamy and imaginative, with a nervous system that was quickly and deeply impressed by all that she saw and heard. In a word, her brain and nerves were the sensitized plate on which genius took pictures of all life's movements. So marked was the quality of impressionability in her that she always lived, even long after childhood, a kind of double life, in which the moving creatures thrown by imagination and reflection from the vivid fancy and nervous ideality of her consciousness moved like a mirage before and around her, in ever-returning processions. These familiar beings were just as real to her as the people in the house; the old white-headed man that played on a violin, the tall majestic woman who wore a high fur cap of peculiar form and danced to the old man's music—these shifting shapes seemed ever to haunt certain scenes and to appear only in connection with them. There, too, was an image of a green meadow and a calm lake, and coming from a grove on one side of it, a tiny woman clothed in white, with a wide golden girdle around her waist, followed by a misshapen dwarf. Regularly at night the air around her bed "seemed like that which Raphael has shadowed forth around the Madonna di San Sisto, a palpitating crowd of faces and forms changing in dim and gliding quietude." The reader of "Oldtown Folks" will recall, too, that Horace Holyoke saw the shadowy figure of a sad lady standing among the evergreens, as they drove up to a house wholly unknown to him, within which they found the picture of the same lady. That these apparitions were, in some unexplained way, the reflex of her own sensitive and powerful imagination, is seen in this, that they "appeared to cause a vibration of the great central nerves of the body, as when a harp-string is struck." Once or twice, when she was older, she began to tell of what she saw, but was quickly shut up with, "Nonsense, child! there hasn't been anybody in the room. You shouldn't

talk so." Thus repressed, she ceased to speak of these apparitions, but none the less did she believe in them as daily friends, whose presence had the effect to inspire her with a fearless confidence in all things supernatural. For the rest, she was a quiet, amiable little girl, but more inclined to out-door sports with her brothers than to thread and needle or even to dolls, and she was often heedless and careless. This last trait drew down upon her many a disciplinary sorrow, especially from Aunt Harriet, who having a tender place in her heart for her small namesake from the first, took a hand in her education and training, often keeping her for months at Nutplains.—*Eleanor P. Allen*.

What is known as the secret mail of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it says the *Providence Journal*. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news. This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazaars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed, upon one occasion the secret mail beat the government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch. The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code or signals, but that they do possess a system of thought transmission which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will. But though most people, with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weakness of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The secret mail is an indubitable reality, and westerner has ever succeeded in solving its mystery. If news is transmitted by signals, no one has ever seen the signalers; nor, if there is a vast system of slat in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery. And, indeed, it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.

There was a strange scene at the burial of the remains of Mrs. Eliza Corbett, a Spiritualist, at Green Mount Cemetery on the 14th, according to statements published in leading daily papers. Mrs. Corbett died suddenly on the 11th inst., in Philadelphia, where she had been visiting friends. She was a widow, and it is said that she related to friends a few days before her death a communication she had from her deceased husband, telling her that she must come to him in the spirit land. Prominent Spiritualists from Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Delaware and Maryland attended the funeral. Mrs. Rachel Walcott made an address at the grave, urging the mourners to dry their tears and rejoice, as sister Corbett was smiling at them from beyond the tomb. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave Mrs. Sarah Danskin, leader of the Baltimore circle, and a medium, whose gaze had been riveted on the open grave, went into a trance. She sank upon her knees in an apparently unconscious condition, and would have fallen into the grave had she not been supported by her friends. Presently her face lit up, and seeing the hands of the near relatives of the deceased, she whispered into their ears special messages of greeting and condolence from the spirit land. The trance lasted about ten minutes, although during most of this time Mrs. Danskin appeared perfectly oblivious of her surroundings, and when the period of inspiration was over she was in an utterly exhausted condition. She said that she saw sister Corbett through the mist on the other side. She was happy and sent spirit greeting to her friends of the faith in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Amid congratulations and expressions of joy at the great victory of their sister, the company then dispersed.

An English physician, who has a large clientele among women, in reply to a remark that women were generally untruthful, said: "I draw a distinction between inaccuracy and untruth. Women are often inaccurate because they are emotional. They describe sensations rather than relate facts, but this is a constitutional not a moral fault."





### THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;  
And thou must go; but never, when there,  
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more  
bright,  
It dazzles to lead astray;  
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night  
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,  
And pure as vestal fire;  
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same,  
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,  
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;  
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,  
Then look to the light of home.

And then, like a star through the midnight cloud,  
Thou shalt see the beacon bright!  
For never, till shining on thy shroud,  
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;  
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;  
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,  
Are but the beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,  
Should life's wretched wanderer come!  
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,  
Then turn to the light of home.

—BY SARAH J. HALE.

In the *New England Magazine* for February Mrs. Sara A. Underwood makes a survey of what women have done for science in the past, what they are now doing and what possibilities are open to them in the future. The opening paragraph of the paper is as follows:

The nineteenth century is above all the woman's century. Never before in the known history of mankind has there been such an awakening of mind among women as has occurred during the past fifty years. Whatever the sex had previously accomplished was chiefly in the domain of feeling, emotion, and sympathy, in the grooves of which the intellectual force of woman has been compelled to move, by reason of past circumstances and conditions which are slowly passing away. While woman has never been wholly debarred from learning and literature in the past, her work therein has been rather the outcome of her emotional nature than of her intellectual aspirations. She has helped the race through inspiring song, heart thrilling poetry, and ennobling fiction rather than by philosophic thought or scientific investigation and discovery. By no fault of her own, and through no lack of capacity for such intellectual development, she has been hindered by her past environments from much progress toward science. But a new day has dawned, and with its first warm rays woman has awakened to a knowledge of a broader field of action, which invites her to new duties, and promises new joys. In the words of the historian Lecky: "A momentous revolution, the effects of which can as yet be but imperfectly described, has taken place in the chief spheres of female industry that remain. The progress of machinery has destroyed its domestic character. The distaff has fallen from the hand. The needle is being rapidly superseded, and the work which, from the day of Homer to the present century, was accomplished in the centre of the family has been transferred to the crowded manufactory." This freedom from those domestic duties of which Lecky speaks, together with the agitation in behalf of woman's individuality, which has within a recent period opened to her the doors of institutions of learning hitherto closed to the sex, have had the effect of drawing the attention of many women who are dependent upon their own exertions, or fear they may become so in the future, to avocations where an acquaintance with science may be profitable. Therefore, there is now an increasing interest in scientific studies among the women of to-day.

The paper concludes as follows:

But it is mainly in behalf of that large and increasing class of self-respecting, and generally self-supporting women, who from choice or necessity remain unmarried, that this new interest in scientific work among women should be welcomed and encouraged. It is through science that

mankind is to progress and improve. We are yet but working around the openings of a vast, rich mine of undiscovered knowledge, which will forever need new relays of workers to explore; and each new discovery therein will be sure to open new avenues of employment to both men and women. Absorbing interest in any branch of science will leave for the woman occupied in it, little time for morbid whining for sympathy with sentimental woes, or abnormal longing for denied pleasure; no time to brood over real or fancied sorrows, for foolish gossip, or dalliance with temptation through idleness. It will keep her heart as well as her intellect fully occupied, will keep soul and body bright, cheerful, healthful, make her a useful factor in the world's work, and by teaching her, through the steady drill of persistence, patience, exactitude, and many-sided study, which such service demands, to make her emotional nature subservient to her intellectual needs, will do more than anything else to make her that "perfect woman nobly planned" of whom we dreamed.

Chaplain C. C. McCabe corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, acknowledged to a reporter that the heavy majority of 3,600 in the west for the admission of women as delegates to the general conference if chosen would carry the vote of the churches in their favor. He lamented this fact. "There was 50,000 fewer conversions last year than usual," he said. "Is it not because our ministry has been engrossed with this and similar problems? Women in the general conference will consume the time in talking politics instead of advancing the welfare of God's church. The women are turning ecclesiastical politicians. They are already represented in the church by their fathers, brothers, nephews, and sons." Ministers like Chaplain McCabe, if they do not move on, will be run over by the wheels of progress. He wants a woman to go on doing the greater part of all the church work, including the conversion of sinners, but have no voice in church counsels. He believes in the women doing the work while he and the rest of the men do the governing.

It is certainly peculiar that year after year a bill should come up in the New York legislature to reduce the age of special protection for girls. Last year Tammany's friend, Senator McNaughton, was credited with the measure. Now it is Senator Robertson. Of course no evil purpose is imputed to these gentlemen, even by innuendo. But it is worth remarking that every libertine and every place of evil repute in New York would be rejoiced at the repeal of the enactment which now shields female children more or less effectively. Admitting, although it is very doubtful, that there may be occasional instances when a marriage under 16 would be proper and desirable, it is no good reason for placing childhood helpless at the feet of vice, as was the case a few years ago, before the present law was enacted. It seems hardly possible that such a bill would pass a legislature composed of men who, whatever the political faults and shortcomings of some of them, are mostly, no doubt, happy in and true to the family relation. Yet very bad measures have sometimes become law simply because they escaped attention.

On the subject of applied literature to school teaching Miss Mary E. Burt of Chicago, whose knowledge of literature is extensive, says: "It has long been my suspicion, and has at least become my conviction, that there is a natural and logical sequence in literature that should be applied in the teaching of reading in our public schools, and which, if applied, would send our children forth into the world, not with a small, desultory knowledge—unassorted material—but with such an assortment of facts and such architectural plans as should cause them in all their spare moments of life to delight to build up for themselves towers as precious as Giotto's own." Miss Burt is author of a work, her latest which is noticed this week in the review columns of *THE JOURNAL*.

Mrs. Cleveland continues to exhibit the good taste and judgment which, as a rule, characterized the conduct of the young school girl violently transplanted to the White House, and in focus of the white light the daily press mercilessly directs upon it. For instance, Mrs. Cleveland recently received a letter from a leading magazine, inclosing a check for \$500, with the request for an article from her pen on

personal recollections of the White House. The check was returned at once with polite declination.

A dispatch from Madison to a Chicago paper dated February 18th, says: The bill giving authority to married women engaged in the practice of law to act as assignees, court commissioners, etc., was passed. This is a victory for Miss Kate Pier, the pretty Milwaukee brunette, who lobbied for the bill in the interest of her mother, who is a lawyer.

### PSYCHOMETRIC READING.

Since *THE JOURNAL's* mention of Mrs. Adaline Eldred the psychometer, several weeks ago, a flood of questions have come in. We cannot undertake to answer them all at once. Mrs. Eldred may be seen afternoons at room 4 number 2138 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, and we presume she will send printed answers to some of the ever recurring questions to those who apply for them enclosing postage stamp. As an example of one phase of her reading the following trustworthy account clipped from the *Muskegon, (Mich.) Chronicle* is given. The reading occurred several years ago. Hereafter we may possibly give further examples illustrating a wider range:

A psychometric reading was recently given by a lady of this city, who is not a professional, which will prove interesting to those who are observant of psychic phenomena as illustrating the wonderful power which is ordinarily latent in the human mind, but which is developed in the case of such sensitives, to great activity. The circumstances are as follows: A portion of a pod of the carob tree, an oriental production—about two inches in length, with written label attached, was held in the closed palm of the psychometrist who received it, with averted eyes, from the hand of the writer.

The reading is as follows: This seems like a powerful magnet and like wood—medicinal—stimulating. It is some kind of vegetable or shrub—drooping. I see it in a park or forest with other foliage and feel a peculiar effect from the surrounding vegetation. It is a warm country. I find two people connected with this article. One is a man of commanding appearance, with great power—has a large influence—is self reliant, reserved and dignified; a person who commands respect and a man of deep feeling. He is a thoughtful person—a missionary or teacher. I see a building which I think is a church or some place of worship. Now I see people congregating—dark, dusky people dressed in colors with a sort of turban on the head—legs seem bare and dress loose. I see houses too. They have flat roofs and are low—very open. I believe the man is preaching to the people and teaching them. He stands in the midst of them. The other person is a woman, smaller, younger and of a different disposition. There is a great deal of brightness, light and sunshine. She is of a lovely character—gentle and tender. There is a strong bond of attachment between the two. I think they are husband and wife, although the relation seems like father and child. The devotion is of a peculiar nature. The woman is refined sensitive and self-sacrificing—religious as naturally as the flowers and birds are. I see again some trouble with the man—disappointment and loneliness. He stands in a shadow—it looks like sorrow. The scene changed again and a person stands by his side. It seems like a spirit—a woman—she is closely related to him—a wife or mother. She stands in an arch of light which lights up the picture. The man does not seem to know the spirit is there. I see the man again and get a personal description. He has a broad, high forehead, hair combed straight over and worn long. Has a beard, broad shoulders, straight nose, heavy eyebrows and a very strong expression. Now I see water, an ocean. He is looking across towards home. He feels home sickness and longing. I seem to stand beside him and like a thought to cross the water and come home.

The following facts serve to verify the reading. In 1853 the Rev. H. H. J., a name familiar to those who are at all cognizant of the operations of the A. B. C. F. M. sailed under the auspices of that board for his chosen field in Beirut, Syria. His young affianced, to whom he was most devotedly attached was prevented by ill health from accompanying him. At the close of a year's missionary labor he returned for her, bringing with him, among

other specimens of the products of that country, this pod of the carob tree. The lady attached to it a label in her own handwriting and gave it, among other specimens, to a personal friend, who, after these thirty years had placed it in the psychometrist's hand. The missionary returned to Beirut accompanied by his wife who spent several years in active service. Ill health at length led her to undertake the home voyage in care of her devoted husband, but she died on the passage. The delineations of personal appearance and of character are strikingly correct.

The individuals and the circumstances were entirely unknown to the psychometrist, as well as the existence of the article, previous to its being placed in her hand.

### HOW MY DREAM WAS FULFILLED.

Sunday night, January 18th, I dreamed I was at a funeral; I could see three rooms as I sat near the foot of a large sized coffin; I heard the song "Something sweet to think of," then some one read the notes of the life of the person which somehow I could not hear. Then there was a prayer and after that remarks on "yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil," and I thought, how beautiful, but as it closed it seemed I was the speaker. Then I heard other remarks made, and the next thing I knew we were standing around the grave in the cemetery and it was on the side of a hill. I saw some faces there of our society people, and I heard the song, "Sweet bye and bye." Then I saw myself step out and give the benediction.

I related my dream Monday morning to husband and son, also wrote it to a friend at Canton, Mrs. Resor. We thought it might be the sign of death of one of our members in the society, but now for the reality. Tuesday morning following, two ladies called on me and without entering into detail, the substance of their conversation was this: "A lady from Washington was visiting a daughter here in Omaha, was very sick, thought she would die, was a Spiritualist and begged for some Spiritualist friend to come to her. Her daughter and son-in-law were not Spiritualists and did not know where to find any. A lady caller Monday afternoon directed them to a family who happened to be our former president; (Mr. Dwelley) they were sent for and responded at once, and had quite a talk with her.) Monday evening she requested that the Spiritualists take full charge of her funeral, wanted no minister, etc., etc. They told her we had no speaker, and she was willing to have just our spiritual music; they spoke of me as I attended to the music, and they sent for me. About 6 p. m., I had just gone for my husband, so they missed me but came again Tuesday morn. I hastened to her side, but she had already become unconscious. I remained the rest of the day, but she did not revive and that night her spirit was released. Then the daughter and son made known her requests and put all funeral services in the hands of my husband, who is now president of the Spiritual Society. I told them we had no speaker and tried to persuade them to have the Unitarian or Universalist minister, and we furnish the music, but they shook their heads and were firm to the mother's wishes; all honor to them for it.

We called a meeting Wednesday night and then I hoped to get a Mr. Wright (one of our band) who had shown himself a Bible scholar and a good talker, but he said it was impossible for him to leave his work, although at my suggestion the society offered to pay for his day.

He felt he could not do that. We were in an hour of trial, to be tried by a prejudiced people. I said to my husband, "we will follow the programme as in the vision or dream and if spirits are running this, they must be there to do their part." He wrote up the notes as given him by the family, told of her belief and requests, and I ransacked my books for a poem to read, in case the spirits were not on time. We started to the funeral Thursday morn, 10 a. m. We sang "Something sweet to think of"; the notes were read, and while the reading was being done, the forces gathered strong around me till I felt as if I were encased in a tube, and when the prayer was called for, the good angels were ready to do their part. An old gentleman, a Methodist for forty years, said it was the finest prayer he ever listened to, and other comments were made as flattering. I say this, for I take no credit to myself, for it was the "Father that spoke" through me. After a moment's pause then "yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil" was expounded on,

bringing in the "rod and staff," somewhere in the middle and that's all I can say of it, and then we sang "There are homes over there" as per dream.

Then Mr. Wright was there and read and made some fitting remarks about the material body and the spiritual body, and then (as it was a cold, raw day) the benediction was given at the house through me in the form of a poem. We sang "Sweet bye and bye" at the grave, which was on the side of a hill, and so ended the first Spiritualist funeral in Omaha, and so was a dream literally fulfilled. To me it is wonderful, being my first experience of the kind.

Our hall was filled the following Sunday. I felt as we came from the funeral I would never refuse to serve at any one's funeral who might wish me. I feel to-day I could never do such a thing again if it were to save my life. As I sat near the foot of the coffin, I could look into three rooms thrown together; it was a large sized coffin, as the lady was a hearty, fine looking woman of sixty. Pneumonia took her quickly away. —C. McCull Black, in *Alycone*.

#### MRS. BRITTEN'S POSITION DEFINED.

Our position may be thus defined. We believe that every act, word and thought will come into judgment hereafter; consequently, every sphere of action and character of word or thought should be the subject of spiritual influence and spiritual consideration. Many wise and worthy Spiritualists teach and believe that their cause consists only of communion between mortals and spirits, and, incidentally, the exercise and culture of spiritual gifts. In accordance with this belief they protest against its association with reforms, social, commercial, political, or religious, and deem it strictly in order to ally themselves with any other sectarian organization than Spiritualism they may elect to patronize. Our views being as above stated, namely, that life hereafter includes the results of all forms of action, and every moment of earthly time, we appeal alike to the social, commercial, political, and religious reformers of our day; report upon every advance in science as another leaf in the Deity's school book of works; rebuke all shams, falsities, or wrongs everywhere and in all places; plead to the Father of men for the poor, the homeless, the outcast, and treat Spiritualism at once as the science of life here, and the known result of life hereafter. We ignore personalities, and deal only with principles. These we shall treat of as heretofore; from the hateful perversions of God's providence discoursed of in some fire and brimstone conventicles, to the building of fitting habitations for the houseless, providing decent clothing for the ragged, and denouncing the tricks of professional swindlers in the market, the church, and the halls of legislature.

Still a parting word for the People's Popular Penny Paper. No penny paper can pay without a far larger circulation than any denominational journal, without the fear of a residence in eternal fire and brimstone and Satan as the general whipper in, to the support of these doctrines, can command. Our paper, which we dare to call our bright, varied, and sparkling little "Two Worlds," only lives now because the Father of spirits and the angels of the new spiritual dispensation have found and wrought through an angel on earth, the inspiration to give us the material means by which to sustain the vast expenses of publication and distribution—selling to dealers and societies at less than cost—and paying out the minimum pittance circumstances will allow to be paid to the workers.

Lamartine relates how, in the fourteenth century, there lived at Mentz a certain rich merchant. One day a tall, gaunt, haggard-looking stranger entered the merchant's office, and showed him a plan for a most wonderful invention, one which the stranger affirmed, and the merchant at once perceived, would light up and illuminate the whole world so long as that world should last. "What prevents you from lighting up that grand and imperishable lamp?" cried the merchant. "It lacks oil," replied the stranger. "Buy it then, and light your lamp," replied the merchant, casting a full purse into the stranger's hand. That merchant's name was Faust—the stranger's was Gutenberg, the inventor of movable types. His lamp—the lamp which has illumined the whole world, and will light it as long as time shall be—was the printing press.

A modern Faust has supplied the lamp of the burning "Two Worlds" journal "with oil" enough to last for at least another year, and so it will continue to shine during 1891, and continue to illuminate as many of earth's dark places as its beams can penetrate, and heap the blessings of

this age and all posterity on the noble oil purveyor, whose bounty extends from 1890 to 1891.—E. H. Britten, Editor *Two Worlds*.

#### MATERIALIZATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR. As to your short article headed "More Spiritualization Less Materialization" in your issue of January 24th I would like to say a word. A goodly part of the article I approve, as more spiritualization is desirable; but I think there is no sufficient demand for the position taken for the abandonment of materializations. I suppose you mean full form materialization, so-called, for, if not, it should be remembered that the great mass of our evidence comes from materialization in some form and to some extent. The raps, spirit writings, paintings, views and the like, almost the whole catalogue, come from something of materialization. I was once told by the spirits, control of a clairvoyant medium who seemed perfectly unconscious that while spirits used the medium's eyes to see spirits, such spirits, to be seen, had to materialize—had to be clothed with material sufficient to reflect light to the eyes of the medium. Another spirit said that they had to weight themselves down with matter in order to descend and remain with us. So where a beginning and where an end of materialization?

But as to the materialization of the full form, or a considerable portion of it as to which there is contention, I wish to say that I have full faith in it derived from actual observation and experience. That there have been frauds in professed exhibitions to a shameful extent I freely concede, mostly, however, from what I have heard and believe. I cannot make any close estimate of the percentage, for my opportunities have been moderate. If I should, it would be greatly below yours of "ninety per cent." for I have not been made aware of frauds wherever I have been and I have endeavored to investigate thoroughly. I have heard the cry of fraud, a loud condemnation far and near, east and west, but it has not struck me as meaning that there was so much fraud as you say—rather if there was any at all, having reference to sporadic instances rather than to any general rule. At all events the statement of a percentage of fraud involves the admission of a percentage of the true. According to my judgment the matter of full form materializations is one of great importance—as also any materialization—to Spiritualism, surely so on the score of evidence. Hence it is that it is so attractive to people, so strong is it for demonstration. It is this very attractiveness, too, that greatly enhances the opportunity to defraud—owing to the zeal to see and to pay for the sight, and the consequent attempt to set up the show for a consideration. Now the ingenuity of man is very great for good and for evil—it is continually exhibited before our eyes in every department of life. Are not we Spiritualists prepared to say that the good in a fair field will sometime predominate? There is no counterfeit, no poison, no fraud but is finally run down and overcome. If not so then society crumbles to pieces. But it does not crumble.

The fraud of mediums is of human origin. It is a pity if we cannot meet and overcome this—work off the sand that conceals and save the gold. To be beaten by fraudulent mediums and leave the field would according to my notions of war, logic and truth, be pusillanimous indeed. Wait a little. Some ingenious inventors on the better side will come and put their little base machinations to flight. Science well applied is equal to any emergency. It can overcome the false and protect its own. The chemistry of to-day can control easily the most deadly poison and can detect the most subtle as well. How much better the base work of the ignorant and depraved, for such the mediums are so far as I know that descend to fraudulent practices.

Again I would pursue investigation and press it as far as possible, for one special reason before pronouncing absolutely for, or against—so that we may first know more of the subject matter—what and whom we are dealing with. Spiritualism is a great mystery in all its departments and materialization as yet the most mysterious of all. I have said above that the frauds are the works of the mediums, contriving how they may create more wonder and make more unholy gains. I will unsay that just enough to say, that that is just what I want to know, whether it is always so or not, or whether sometimes the spirits themselves do not interfere to perplex and bring séances to naught? Theoretically I say no, but how often facts upset our best theories? And are there

not facts here that demand thoughtful consideration on this question? Our chance of studying any theory proposed and the appropriate facts should not be voluntarily thrown away. I am now, I have been lying in wait for opportunity, and is not the great mass of inquiring souls along the spiritual line doing the same thing. More light, more light! More spiritualization it is true, well enough indeed, but my demand is to know, for knowledge above all else is, and is to be, the savior of the world.

E. S. HOLBROOK.

CHICAGO, ILL.



#### MRS. E. C. STANTON VS. MRS. BESANT AND BLAVATSKY.

TO THE EDITOR: In a late *Woman's Tribune* is an interesting letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is visiting a married daughter in London. She writes of an interesting interview with Mrs. Annie Besant, the gifted writer who puts thought into her books. Mrs. Besant, we are told, thinks the English thought needs spiritualizing in which she is doubtless correct, but she seeks her spiritual light in the style of theosophy taught by the notorious and irrepressible Madame Blavatsky, who now holds forth in London, said theosophy being flavored with reincarnation. Of this mystic folly Mrs. Stanton writes in a way that leaves one in doubt whether she accepts it or not, but evidently she is favorably impressed by it, probably from Mrs. Besant's eloquent statement of her own views.

Who was Mrs. Stanton in some previous earthly life? Who will she be next time she appears here below? How will she ever find the father whom she holds in loving reverence or the husband she so long walked with in tender affection? She and they will be somebody else, reincarnated for a new career with new ties and sympathies. Its all a muddle taken from Hinduism but the worse for the Blavatsky change in it.

To a woman so large-souled as Mrs. Stanton it would seem that the idea and fact of the continuity of life, the release of the spiritual body at the change we call death, the opening of a higher and more real life in the great hereafter, with ample scope for growth and usefulness, a retention of the human affections, so that the mother there might sometimes help the child here and renew that child's failing strength by "the touch of a vanished hand," would be far more satisfactory to heart and mind than this maze of juggling confusion. Mrs. Besant, and our noble country-woman, would gain greatly by turning away from Blavatsky, and reading such books as "The Pathway of the Spirit" by that excellent Christian Theosophist Dr. J. H. Dewey of New York, and paying earnest heed to such higher aspects and experiences of Spiritualism as they can find by due searching.

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH.

#### THE GLACIAL PERIOD.

TO THE EDITOR: That the glacial period has existed and performed an important part in the work of geological formation is so generally conceded, that it needs no further elucidation to establish the fact in the minds of geologists that such a period once existed. If asked what caused the countless number of icebergs that were floating during the tertiary period in the tropical and semi-tropical seas to disappear and deposit their freight of earth in the bed of the ocean, I reply that this effect was produced by heat, either solar or mundane. That the earth must have cooled down to a very low degree of temperature to allow icebergs to float in the tropical seas, and glaciers to form near the tropics is too evident to require any argument to support the theory. Such is the geological record.

During the tertiary period when icebergs were most numerous they were suddenly dissipated by the massing of the lunar zone that encircled the earth as the rings of Saturn encircle that planet acting as an immense awning which intercepted the sun's rays and deprived the earth of an incalculable amount of heat which the earth afterwards received when the opaque matter intervening between the sun and the earth was removed.

Who has not felt the cold at the time of

a solar eclipse, and especially if the eclipse occurred at the time the sun was within the limits of forty-five degrees of the meridian. The longest time that the shadow can fall on the earth at the time of a total eclipse is twelve minutes and twenty-four seconds.

Let there be a total eclipse from sunrise until sunset and continue from day to day, until the earth in passing from the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice shall have moved so far south as to cause the shadow of the zone to fall into space south of the pole then as the earth moved north toward the summer solstice the same phenomena would be repeated.

Such a condition of things would cause vast accumulations of snow and ice on the tops and sides of mountains and fill the seas with icebergs between the tropics. We need no more conclusive evidence of the cold and non-plastic condition of the zone than the photographic view of the orb, that was formed by the massing of the lunar zone that in early geological history encircled the earth. Darwin in his treatise "The Origin of Species" puts so much stress on the glacial period in the distribution of plants and animals throughout the world without giving an adequate cause to produce the glacial period that the above facts are given to corroborate his theory.

L. L. RANDALL.

APPLETON, WIS.

#### FATE AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The simple laws of logic as exemplified in all known laws of nature make it more and more manifest that every known manifestation of action in nature from the falling of a pin to the floor, to the destruction of an empire is the result of antecedent causes that could not be otherwise. Every motion of the finger, every thought of the mind, every little incident, even the life and death of an insect is as it is, and could not be otherwise simply because everything is the result of its individual antecedent cause.

There is no such thing as "free will" because the will to do or not to do is wholly caused by the antecedent cause operating on the will, and no matter whether the will is evenly balanced or not, if there is action one way or another, it goes as the impelling force operates it. When a woman refuses an offer of marriage from mere caprice of wanting to be urged a little more and the refusal is accepted the far reaching results, though far reaching could not be otherwise than as they are or are to be.

H. VOORHEES.

#### ADVICE TO INVESTIGATORS.

TO THE EDITOR: It really seems to be a fact that spiritualistic phenomena are to be investigated here in the Old Bay State, by the ministers of the gospel, and it is to be hoped that they will be not only honest in their investigations, but also humble, earnest and sincere. If they will allow a suggestion from one who has been more than thirty years investigating the possibilities of spirit, that suggestion is simply this: Do not go after the vendors of commercial Spiritualism in either slate-writing or materialization, but rather form circles among your own societies, your own good people, such as you can trust. You will find plenty of persons right within your own flocks that your spirit friends can manifest through, persons in whom you have confidence, and who will be as much interested to know the whence and what of the phenomena that may occur as yourselves.

I make the above suggestion in the interest of truth and justice to the cause of Spiritualism and from personal experience in my investigations both in my own home circle and with the phenomena presented by professional mediums.

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

Than Mr. Currier THE JOURNAL knows no one better able to give good advice to the ministers and laymen about to enter upon the difficult and delicate task of psychical experimentation and research. Mr. C. has had experience with mediumship in his own family and in other private circles. As one of the originators of Lake Pleasant Camp, and afterward of Onset Camp, with which he has been closely connected from its beginning, Mr. C. knows thoroughly the status of those who entertain camp visitors and the quality of the product offered for sale at these summer resorts. The new society will probably

find that not one of the much lauded mediums whom the *Banner of Light* and other "organs" have exploited will cooperate with it; indeed, the cue has already been given them from the fake headquarters on Bosworth alley to oppose and belittle the new endeavor.

**ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.**

One by one and with increasing frequency the pioneers of modern Spiritualism are passing to the Spirit-world. The latest transition which THE JOURNAL has to chronicle is that of Edward S. Bellamy who passed to the higher life from his home at Easton, Michigan, in which state he had lived since 1847. Mr. B. was born at Vergennes Vermont in 1813, and for more than fifty years was a consistent Spiritualist. His name has been on THE JOURNAL'S subscription list continuously since the paper started in 1865. Our arisen brother left a wife and four children; and in addition to a fair inheritance of worldly goods these dear ones have a legacy which money cannot measure—the memory of a noble man, a true and loving husband and father whom the whole community respected. Brother Bellamy has joined his patriotic son who gave his life for his country at Huntsville in 1862.

Mrs. Taylor Parker, Barre, Vt., writes that E. A. Tisdale has given a course of lectures there and that they were very acceptable, and adds: On Saturday morning, February 7th, a goodly number of his friends gathered at the depot to bid him God speed as he took his leave to fill his Sunday engagement at Stowe, Vt. We are thankful that he came among us and regret that he could not have stayed longer. He made a deep and lasting impression on the hearts of the Spiritualists here and it is hoped that ere long he may come this way again. We feel that from his coming here much good will result. - Already the ladies have organized a Ladies Progressive Society, to meet once a week, to raise funds to sustain speaking here. May the good angels help us in our work.

Mrs. Adaline Eldred is rapidly establishing her ability as an intelligent and reliable psychometrist. Last Thursday evening she was the guest and leading conversationalist of the Society of Mystics, which meets every Thursday evening at 96 State street. Mr. Campbell, president of the society speaking of the meeting said: "Mrs. Eldred gave us the most sensible, interesting and instructive outline of the principles of psychometry I have ever heard." Mrs. Eldred will continue the subject, with experimental tests, before the same society on Thursday evening March 5th.

The photographic collection of THE JOURNAL has been enriched by a very fine cabinet picture of Mrs. Adah Sheehan of Cincinnati. Mrs. Sheehan is comparatively new in the lecture field, but has already acquired an excellent record, it would appear from secular exchanges and other sources of information, as a trance speaker and psychometric reader.

"Marriage and Divorce," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. This work is not intended to undermine the foundations of marriage or the sacredness of the family relations; but urges the necessity of a uniform, judiciously framed, divorce law for the United States. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Mr. H. J. Olney, Haslett Park, Mich., writes: I like your paper, it is clean, high toned and instructive, and should commend itself to all liberal-minded persons.

Mrs. Emiline D. H. Arndt, Lake Mills, Wis., writes: I have taken THE JOURNAL

for over twenty years and think that I cannot do without it. It has been a good staff when I have been weak and helpless, and through it and the angel world I have been sustained through many trials and sorrows that fall to the lot of humanity.

"Our Heredity from God," by Rev. E. P. Powell has had a large sale. A German translation is about ready, and it is largely sold in England. The fifth Edition will soon appear. Price, \$1.75, for sale at this office.

Mrs. L. B. Reame, Louis, Oregon, in a letter renewing her subscription says: I think "Spiritualists and Spiritualists," in the issue of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of January 17th, the best thing I have seen in many months.

L. B. Hills, Madison, Wis., writes: THE JOURNAL is ever a welcome sheet to our fireside, and is replete with good reading. It often contains matter of which we would like a little more of the same sort.

Anthony P. Higgins, informs THE JOURNAL that for five years preceding death his father, Anthony Higgins who passed away in Washington a few weeks ago, "never tasted a drop of liquor of any kind." THE JOURNAL is very glad to know of this.

"Man Whence and Whither," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. A work intended for busy people who have but little time to read and no taste for metaphysics. The author believes that he has something to say for the public good outside of the church, and therefore chooses to write independently. Price, \$1.00, For sale at this office.

T. M. Draper, Nebraska, writes: About a year ago a friend gave a me copy of THE JOURNAL; I read it and subscribed and I want to tell you I like it better than any other paper I ever read. I think the harmonial philosophy the most beautiful in the world.

J. Y. Collins, Whatcom, Washington, writes: Renew my subscription to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as it is a part of my help through life. I have been a subscriber for twenty-six years.

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This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, mo., handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of miraculous, but of natural origin; yet that Darwin's theory is radically defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his production. It is scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing, and probably sheds more light upon man's origin than all the volumes the press has given to the public for years. Price, \$1.00; postage, 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

**The Three Sevens.**

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life; so also may 'the sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers. Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

**Society for Psychical Research.**  
**American Branch.**

The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

*The World's Literature.* A course in English for college and High-school. In four parts. Part 1st, by Mary E. Burt, of the Chicago Board of Education, formerly Teacher of Literature at The Cook County Normal School. Author of "Literary Landmarks." Chicago: Albert Scott & Co. 1890. pp. 316. Price, \$1.

The author of this work holds that the test of a great teacher of literature is ability to assist the student to form the logical habit of thought and to quicken his literary or esthetic sense. The teacher should therefore know when to drop literature merely as a fine art and to teach what is called "history," when to drop history and teach geography, and when to drop all these and teach composition. The scientific habit of thought leads to the perception that "the soul history" of nations is expressed most truly in its songs and stories and therefore the history of the world's thought should be sought mainly in its literature. The author recognizes the continuity of history and the relationship that any given period sustains to pre-existent times. "It has been customary," she says, "to build fences between various literatures and different epochs, saying, 'This is Greek.' 'This is Roman.' 'This is English.' It is important that the student should feel that 'Age calleth unto age,' the Greek shades into the Roman, the Roman into the German, and all into English. To rear a partition between epoch and epoch is as destructive of logical sense as the thumping of a baton on a table is destructive of the onward sweeping quality in music." Miss Burt with rare good sense omits even the division of subject-matter into chapters of certain length and into lessons and paragraphs, except where they come naturally and are convenient, believing that such interruptions retard thought and do no good. This volume includes consideration of Myths, their origin and theories in regard to them, the story of the Iliad, the character of Achilles and Ulysses, selections from the Odyssey, criticisms of "The Women of Homer," by J. A. Symonds, and the period between Homer and the first Olympiad—1000 B. C. to 776 B. C. The work is a valuable one for teachers.

*Bellum Helvetium for Beginners in Latin.* An Introduction to the Reading of Latin Authors based on the Inductive Method and Illustrating the Forms and Constructions of Classical Latin Prose, by Cornelius Marshal Lowe M. A., Professor of Ancient Languages in Wheaton College, and Nathaniel Butler, Jr. M. A., Professor of Latin in the University of Illinois. Chicago: Albert and Scott. 1890. pp. 279. Price, \$1.

The object of this book, one of the inter-collegiate Latin series, is to make Latin a subject of more than usual interest to the student, to make its study, as far as possible like that of a living language, and to facilitate thinking and speaking in Latin along with the learning of grammatical rules and translating of Latin sentences. The form of the work is due to the need and requirements of students, learned by the practical use of lessons which the book contains in the class room. The meaning of the Latin words, as they occur in the order of the text is given in English. The student is required to give it in Latin, and thus from the beginning is made prominent, the language in which the student must make replies. The derivation of English words from the Latin is regarded as of great importance and a call for such derivative words is affixed to each vocabulary. The text of the first twenty-nine chapters of Caesar's Gallic War is used for a model of perfect Latinity, being by its simplicity of form and structure well suited to the beginner. The work has several features which have secured for it favorable reception by many teachers whose cooperation in furnishing corrections for the present edition is acknowledged by the authors.

*Life and Times of Jesus* as related by Thomas Didymus. By James Freeman Clark. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1891 pp. 448 paper. Price, 50 cts.

In this volume Dr. Clark undertakes to tell the story of the Gospels from the lips of the doubting disciple. The life of a Jewish boy growing up by Gennesareth, is traced until he reaches manhood and the other characters which are woven into the story are developed, thus recreating the very atmosphere of the time. The chief part of the work is devoted to the narrative of the incidents in the life of Jesus retold with beauty, freshness and rich interest,

chiefly by Thomas himself. The story of Miriam of Migdol and her meeting with the Nazarene, the quaint epistle of Ben Tabbai to the epicurean at Rome and the dream of Pilate's wife written to her sister are expressive pen pictures of the most wonderful events of history. The author's animated, picturesque style and spiritual sympathy with his subject, contribute to the interest of this "legend."

*A Delsartean Scrap Book.* Compiled by Frederic Sanburn, with a Preface by Walter Crane. New York: United States Book Co. pp. 250. Paper, price, 25 cents.

Francois Delsarte gave years to the study of the laws of motion, of gesture, of expression, and the roles played in gesture by the special organs of the body. His art of expression is now studied by painters, actors, sculptors, public speakers and many unprofessional people. The aim of Delsartean gymnastics is to give symmetrical physical development, to eliminate angles and discords and to make the entire body work together in harmony with nature's laws. This volume deals with the practical workings of the subject and contains information how healthful, up-building, physical habits can be developed by the practice of rhythmical formative exercises.

*The Salem Seer. Reminiscences of Charles H. Foster.* By George C. Bartlett. New York: United States Book Co. 1891. pp. 157. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Foster was a man of unusual gifts, and his life furnishes an interesting psychological study. His sensitive nature was responsive not only to influences that were good but to such as sometimes led him astray. His ability to give tests of spirit identity was remarkable, and hardly less so were other phases of his mediumship. Mr. Bartlett was associated with him for a number of years, and in this little volume gives an account of the manifestations which he, together with friends and acquaintances, witnessed through the mediumship of Mr. Foster.

*Almost Persuaded.* By Will. N. Harben. New York: The Minerva Pub. Co. 1890. pp. 316 Paper, 50 cents.

Mr. Harben who is a young Southerner, the author of "White Marie," which was favorably noticed by the press some months ago, presents in this his latest work, a psychological study worked out with insight and tenderness. The story begins well and the interest is sustained to the end.

## MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

*The English Illustrated Magazine.* (New York.) A variety of good reading profusely illustrated fills the pages of this popular monthly for February.

*Romance.* (New York.) The first number of this monthly is out and the purpose and origin are explained as follows: A New York literary organization, known as The New York Story Club, composed of lovers and tellers of good stories have gathered a great number of romances; the aim being to get together the very best and most thrilling stories of all climes, and publish monthly a group of them. This number contains twenty stories by such writers as Stevenson, Kipling, Daudet and Hawthorne. Price, \$3.00 a year. C. A. Watson, Publisher, 15th St., and Fifth Ave., New York

"Therapeutic Sarcognomy: A New Science of the Soul, Brain and Body," by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, will soon be issued by J. G. Cupples Co., Boston. It will deal largely with physiology and medical philosophy.

## PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

Passed to spirit life on Feb. 5th at Grant Park, Ill. Mrs. Lorena Mazuzan aged 86 years. She was the widow of the late Dr. James F. Mazuzan and mother of Mr. Frank L. Mazuzan, and one of the pioneers of Kankakee Co. in which she lived nearly fifty years. During the past thirty years she had been an earnest believer in the truths of Spiritualism, and she passed away firm in the belief of a future life.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle



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## WHAT YOUR GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

She hatched the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fireplace and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap.

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"Well, then, as I understand you, you give your daughter, who is to become my wife, the sum of 100,000 francs." "Yes, that is the amount." "But that is a very small amount."

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John Wesley and Modern Spiritualism. An appeal to the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Church based upon reason. By Daniel Lott. We are constantly called upon for something from the pen of John Wesley, and this may be of interest to many.

The Faraday Pamphlets: The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; The Law of Control, price 15 cents; The Origin of Life, or Where Man Comes from, price 10 cents; The Development of the Spirit after Transition, price 10 cents, and The Process of Mental Action, price 15 cents. All for sale at this office.

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A NEW CREED.

A group of theologians met To modernize their creed, Which held that black is white, and yet Had satisfied their need.

Their great-grandfathers learned it on Their great-grandmother's knees, About predestination and Electoral decrees.

In language more ambiguous Than Latin upside-down, It taught that some are born to sin And some to wear the crown.

These learned theologians fought, Disputed, argued long; And each one held that he was right, And all the rest were wrong.

They all admitted that the creed Was somewhat out of date, But still they were not all agreed Just what to renovate.

But when their work was finished quite, Their creed did nothing lack; For where it once read "black is white," It now reads "white is black."

-E. FRANK LINTABER, IN PUCK.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother she's so good to me, If I was good as I could be, I couldn't be so good; no sir! Can't any boy be good to her?

She loves me when I'm glad er mad; She loves me when I'm good er bad; An' what's a funniest thing, she says She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me; That don't hurt, but it hurts to see Her cryin'; nen I cry, an' nen We both cry, an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews My little cloak and Sunday clothes; An' when my pa comes home to tea She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said, An' grabs me up an' pats my head; An' I hug her, an' hug my pa, An' love him purt' nigh much as ma.

-J. WHITCOMB RILEY, IN THE CENTURY.

Frenchman (standing up in aisle in American railway car)—Beg pardon, sare, but haf you evar traveled in France?

St. Louis Drummer (occupying four seats)—Yes; took a trip through that country last summer.

Frenchman (admiringly)—Ah! Ze American por-r-r-k will get zare somehow.—Chicago Tribune.

Bertha—Harry has proposed to me and I have accepted him.

Maud—Indeed! He meant what he said, then. Bertha—Meant what? Maud—He proposed to me yesterday, and when I refused him he said he would do something desperate.—Boston Herald.

Burlesque Actress—How did you like my costume?

Critic—Beg pardon. Your what? Burlesque Actress—My costume in the new piece?

Critic—Oh yes. Why, in the slang of the day, it's "out of sight."—America.

Tramp (after receiving a biscuit)—Where is your woodpile, lady?

Lady—Out in the shed, sir. How kind of you to offer to split some wood.

Tramp—I'm not going to split any wood. I want to find the ax to split this biscuit.—Boston Herald.

Let's reason together. Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"— Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their guarantee is not indefinite and relative, but definite and absolute—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "on call."

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost \$1.00 a bottle each! If they don't, they cost nothing!

The president and promoter of the Turnbull Colony of Tulare Co., California, is said to have just gone on with twelve intending buyers. His proposition to pay all expenses there and return, if any misrepresentations were found, is certainly as much as could be expected. Those looking Californians can certainly ask nothing more. Our advertising columns give references and full particulars.

Permanent Results,

And not a mere temporary exhilaration, are produced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, being an alterative, and working constitutionally, through the blood, its effects may not be immediately apparent in all cases, but the gain in health and strength, through its persistent use, is real and lasting. It reaches every drop of blood in the body.

"I have none but good words to speak regarding Ayer's Sarsaparilla. All during the winter I was languid, tired, and without any appetite, until I commenced the use of this remedy. I took three bottles. Its effects have been revivifying, and I feel as if I had entered a new life. I did not think it was in the power of medicine to produce such a wonderful change, as has Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my case."—Mrs. C. Johnson, 310 Hicks st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla —FOR— Debility.

"I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, before coming, finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chicliotho, Ohio.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the very few proprietary medicines that I can honestly recommend. I have seen it used in this place, in a number of cases, with very satisfactory results, and I have used it in my own family, for salt-rheum, with abundant success. I consider it to be the leading blood-purifier of the day."—Charles C. Davis, Nashua, N. H.

"I suffered from general debility for fifteen years. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me, and I now enjoy good health."—Mrs. J. F. McElhinney, Truro, N. S.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

BEECHAM'S PAINLESS PILLS EFFECTUAL

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

FOR BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc., ACTING LIKE MAGIC on the vital organs, strengthening the muscular system, and arousing with the rosebud of health The Whole Physical Energy of the Human Frame.

Taken as directed these famous pills will prove marvellous restoratives to all enfeebled by any of the above, or kindred diseases.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, Price, 25 cents per Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helena, Lancashire, England. B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York, (who if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. (Mention this paper.)



Garfield's Tea FOR SICK CONSTIPATION & HEADACHE GET A FREE SAMPLE FROM ANY DRUGGIST OR SEND TO 319 W. 45 ST. N. Y.

Again we say

Don't Neglect the occasional symptom of

A small dose of STERLING DIGESTER now and then will make eating one of the most enjoyable things in life.

If you ever have the "occasional symptom" you are not safe without a bottle in your pocket.

A Bad Case of Dyspepsia needs constant treatment, that is to say, three times daily for several weeks. You will feel better after the first dose. STERLING DIGESTER is sold upon its own merits, and the use of six bottles guaranteed to cure any case.

You say: "A remedy that will sell upon its own merits is a good one."

WE SAY: "A remedy sold upon its merits is better."

1 MONTH'S TREATMENT COSTS \$1.00 3c. A DAY 1c. A MEAL AT DRUG STORES OR BY MAIL

IT IS TO YOU WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Prettily printed primer, "How do you feel after you Eat?" mailed free.

MADE ONLY BY THE STERLING REMEDY CO. 78 AUDITORIUM BLDG. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Ho For California.

I am giving the greatest inducements ever offered, to rich and poor alike. You can get a tract of land and have it planted into Raisin Grapes, and cultivated until in a highly productive condition for less money than it will return you in one year after it is in full bearing, and you can have three years' time in which to pay this amount. It will not be necessary for you to move here at once. Do not fail to send for my Pamphlet, on the Borden Farm Colony and Raisin Making, or you will miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

Address W. H. WERFIELD, Madera, California.

Mention this paper.

MONEY can be earned at our new line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new lead, and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from \$25 to \$50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you FREE. No space to explain here. Full information FREE. TRUE & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

\$3. PRINTING PRESS Prints cards, labels, &c. Circular press \$3, small newspaper size \$4. Do your own printing and advertising. Make money printing for others. Fun for spare hours. Type-setting easy, printed rules. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS Settled Under New LAW Soldiers, Widows, Parents, send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample package 10c. THE PEDINE CO., NEW YORK.

If You Want Clean White Teeth USE

DE LIETTES French Tooth Powder and you will continue to do so. Good sized sample by mail Ten Cents. Address PIERRE DE LIETTE, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago

VASELINE.

FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed:

- One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline.....10 cts
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade.....15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream.....15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice.....10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented.....10 "
One Cake of Vaseline Soap, exquisitely scented 25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline.....25 "

\$1.10

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation therefrom, unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value. Chesebrough Mfg Co. 24 State St, N. Y.

OPIUM HABIT CURE.

DE. J. C. HUFFMAN, JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 193 Pearl St., N. Y.

Our High Grade List and Bargain Book sent to any address on receipt of a 2-c stamp LORD & THOMAS, NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING 45 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

Novelty Towel Rack

The most unique and practical article of the kind made. Can be fastened anywhere. Made of steel, finely plated; will last a life time, can not get out of order, both useful & ornamental. No home complete without it. By mail \$5c. Agts wanted. Add. PRAIRIE CITY NOV. CO., Chicago, Ill.

CRAZY WORK 60 ass'd beautiful Silk and Satin pcs., enough to cover 500 sq. inches 20c; best 25c. Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry, N. J.

UNITY A RELIGIOUS WEEKLY

Rational Yet Reverent. For those who believe in Religion, but question miracles, and everlasting punishment, and fall to see the justice in schemes of vicarious atonement. UNITY stands for a Religion that is rational and a rationalism that is religious, and for a religious fellowship that welcomes all who wish to work together for the advancement of Truth, Right and Love in the world. 32 columns, including a sermon every week. \$1.00 a year, but to a new subscriber, mentioning this advertisement, it will be sent a whole year for 50 cents. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Pubs., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED both sexes. \$25 to \$50 per week EASILY MADE. SAMPLES FREE. Send for terms. W. G. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo.

BEATTY Pianos (New) \$130. Organs \$35.00. DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

CONSOLATION.

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,  
And felt a presence as I prayed—  
Lo! it was Jesus standing there;  
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know;  
Restore again to life," I said—  
"This one who died an hour ago."  
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep, then, as Thyself did say,  
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep  
Her prisoned eyes from ours away."  
He smiled: "She does not sleep!"

"Nay, then, though haply she do sleep,  
And look upon some fairer dawn,  
Restore her to our hearts that ache."  
He smiled; "She is not gone!"

"Alas! we know too well our loss,  
Nor hope again one joy to touch  
Until the stream of death we cross."  
He smiled: "There is no such!"

—ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

Willie—Mamma, isn't it wicked for us to ride on a Sunday train?  
Mamma—No, my son; we are on the way to church.  
"It's wicked to work on Sunday, isn't it?"  
"Certainly."  
"Then it's wicked to run trains on Sunday, isn't it, mamma?"  
"I presume so. Don't bother me, Willie."  
"But isn't it wicked for us to ride on 'em?"  
"Hush, Willie. Look at your lesson paper."  
"The men that run the trains can't go to church, can they?"  
"I suppose not. Quit talking, my son."  
"That's the reason why its wicked for them to run the trains, now isn't it, mamma?"  
"It is a work of necessity to run the trains, Willie. Somebody has to do it. Now, don't talk any more."  
"You wouldn't want me to work on a Sunday train, would you, mamma?"  
"No, my son."  
"But its all right for me to ride on one, isn't it?"  
"Don't talk any more, Willie."  
"I won't."  
[Pause.]  
"Say, mamma, isn't it a good thing I don't have to work for a living. I might have to run on Sunday trains, you know, and that would be wicked, wouldn't it?"  
"Willie, you must hush!"  
"But there's nothing wicked in my riding on 'em, is there?"  
Willie is lifted up and carried squirming into the next car.

The little son of Mrs. Z. T. Nash, of Duxbury, Mass., suffered terribly with salt rheum, and it was thought he must die. But he was cured and given robust health by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.

A Good Reputation.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price, 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

COMPLETED TO DEADWOOD.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, is now completed, and daily passenger trains are running through Lincoln, Neb., and Custer, S. D., to Deadwood. Also to Newcastle, Wyoming. Sleeping cars to Deadwood.

Two Papers a Week for a Dollar a Year.

The "Twice-a-Week" Edition of THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC is at once the best and the cheapest news journal in the world. It is a big seven-column paper, containing six to eight pages each issue, or 12 to 16 every week, and is mailed every Tuesday and Friday. Its readers get the news of the day almost as promptly and fully as the readers of a Daily and half a week ahead of any Weekly in every State in the Union. Yet the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Special Missouri, Illinois and Texas Editions are printed, and the General Edition for other States contains nothing but details of important events of interest everywhere. THE REPUBLIC is the leading Democratic paper of the country, aggressive, but at the same time liberal, and the only thoroughly national journal in the whole country. Remember the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Sample copies, also an illustrated Premium Catalogue, sent free on application. Address THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combe. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work: The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.



**SOLANUM GRANDIFLORA.** This new pot and garden plant is truly one of the most magnificent of perpetual bloomers ever seen. It bears by the hundred great clusters of lovely snow-white flowers, which keep perfect a month before fading and appear at all times of the year. These great panicles of bloom are often a foot across and are borne by the hundred both summer and winter. As a perpetual bloomer of fascinating beauty and loveliness this plant surpasses everything—even the famous Manettia Vine. It is as easily grown as a Geranium, either in pots or the garden, and requires exactly the same treatment. It can be trained up as a climber or grown in bush form, and in either way its great clusters of glorious flowers will surprise and delight all who see it. Price of strong plants, ready to bloom at once, 30 cents each; 2 for 50 cents; 5 for \$1 by mail postpaid.

**THE TRUE MANETTIA VINE.** A magnificent flowering vine which is loaded with brilliant flowers every day in the year. Its charming grace and beauty is unsurpassed. Fine plants ALREADY BUDDED and BLOOMING, 30 cents each; 2 for 50 cents.

**THE RAINBOW CACTUS.** Two years ago this wonderfully beautiful Cactus sold at \$5 each. We very low. The plant is covered with a net-work of spines which grow in rings of different color from white to crimson, hence its name "Rainbow." It is a most beautiful plant at all times, but when in bloom its grandeur is unsurpassed having flowers 4 inches across, bright crimson with a white center. It blooms profusely and is of the easiest culture in pots. Large plants for immediate blooming 30 cents each; 2 for 50 cents.

**THE BUTTERFLY ORCHID.** An elegant large bulb of the Anaryllis family which commences to grow freely without soil. Cultural directions in Catalogue. It produces great panicles of gay butterfly-like flowers which keep perfect a long time. Strong plants of blooming size 30 cents each; 4 for \$1.

**THE GREAT SPIDER LILY.** bloom soon after it is potted, sending up great spikes of lovely, large pure white blossoms of exquisite fragrance and unsurpassed beauty. It is one of the oddest, sweetest, and loveliest flowers grown. Large bulbs which will soon bloom, 25 cents each, postpaid.

**A GREAT OFFER.** For only ONE DOLLAR we will send by mail postpaid all five of the above magnificent new plants. (Or the above and the following 5 collections for \$4 postpaid.)

ALSO THE FOLLOWING EXTRA CHOICE COLLECTIONS BY MAIL POSTPAID:

5 Ornamental Flowering Shrubs, named, 50c.	4 Superb New Grapes, including Niagars, 50c.
12 Extra choice mixed Gladioli, flowering bulbs, 25c.	5 Grand Lilies, 5 sorts, including Aristatum, 50c.
6 New Double Pearl Tuberoses " " 25c.	5 " " Cacti, different sorts named, 50c.
5 Rare Chrysanthemums, 5 sorts named, 50c.	20 Bulbs and 10 pkts. Flower Seeds, all different, 50c.

**OUR BLUE CATALOGUE.** (A superb work of art in blue) of FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, AND BIRD FEEDS, is the finest ever issued. 128 pages, hundreds of elegant engravings, Stipple Lithograph Covers and 5 large colored plates. We offer the finest novelties in Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits, notably: Our great Japanese Wineberry, Floral Park Plums, Butterfly Orchid, Star Phoenix, Water Plants, New Roses, Dahlias, Gladioli, Chrysanthemums, etc. Also the greatest collection of rare Cacti and Flowering shrubs. This elegant and expensive Catalogue will be sent for only TEN CENTS, or if you order anything here offered and ask for a Catalogue it will be sent FREE. Address **JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., N. Y.**

**DEATH,**  
IN THE LIGHT OF  
The Harmonial Philosophy.  
BY MARY F. DAVIS.

A Whole Volume of Philosophical Truth is Condensed into this Little Pamphlet.

Mrs. Davis has developed with rare faithfulness paths the pure principles of true Spiritualism. The sorrowful may find consolation in these pages, and the doubtful a firm foundation and a clear sky. Price, 15 cents. Eight copies for \$1. Cloth bound, 30 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

**THE WAR IN HEAVEN.**  
BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12: 7-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.

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**LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.**  
—BY—  
MARY BOOLE.  
Part of the object of this work is to call attention to the fact that our life is being disorganized by the monotony of our methods of teaching. Price, \$1.00.

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**SPIRITUALISM,**  
Psychical Phenomena,  
Free Thought and Science.

The crowded condition of the JOURNAL'S advertising columns precludes extended advertisements of books, but investigators and buyers will be supplied with a **CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST** upon application.

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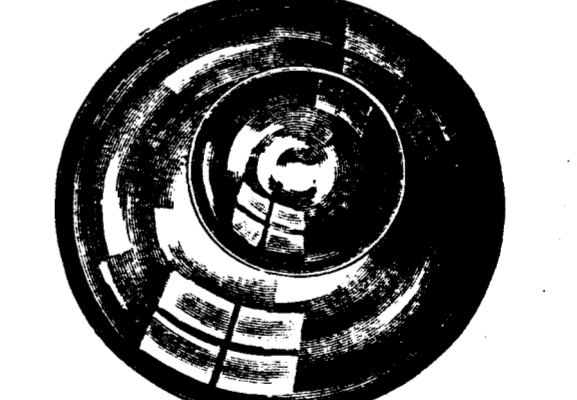
Just published, 22 Articles on Practical Poultry Raising, by FANNY FIELD, the greatest of all American writers on Poultry for Market and **POULTRY for PROFIT.** Tells how she cleared \$449 on 100 Light Brahmans in one year; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$200 annually on a village lot; refers to her 60 acre poultry farm on which she **CLEAR \$1500 ANNUALLY.** Tells about incubators, brooders, spring chickens, capons, and how to feed to get the most eggs. Price 25 cts. Stamps taken. Address **DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago.**

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THE  
**CHICAGO DAILY NEWS ALMANAC**  
FOR  
**1891.**

The CHICAGO DAILY NEWS ALMANAC for this year is more extensive and complete in every detail than ever before. It contains a vast amount of valuable matter on "Politics," "Trade and Commerce," "Religion," etc. It is in short a complete handbook of information concerning the events of the year 1890. No business or professional man can afford to be without one. It is handsomely gotten up and strongly bound in paper.

Price 25 Cents.  
For sale by all newsdealers, or will be mailed upon receipt of price by the Chicago Daily News.

WHAT? THE WIZZARD-BUBBLE BLOWER.



The new Scientific Toy, which is creating so much interest among men of science as well as the children. It surprises and delights every one that sees it. It produces a bubble within a bubble, the outside one of immense size. The inner one floats and flashes with the most brilliant rainbow colors. Produces a "balloon" bubble, with car attached, which will float for hundreds of feet in the open air. "Twin bubbles," chains of bubbles a yard in length, and many other forms of bubbles hitherto unknown.

Just the thing to entertain and instruct Kindergarten pupils or children in the home. Although only introduced a few weeks, over 40,000 sold, and "Wizzard Bubble Parties" are becoming the fashionable evening's entertainment. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. \$2.00 per dozen to Agents and Dealers by express, charges prepaid. All orders shipped on day received. Address **PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.**

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CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Topics of the Times
- SECOND PAGE.—The Psychic Investigation Association. Judge Holbrook's Criticism "A Good Name among Lovers of Truth." Presentiments of Talleyrand.
- THIRD PAGE.—Trial of Christian Scientists. Editorial Notes.
- FOURTH PAGE.—The Open Court.—Fate. Voting Qualifications.
- FIFTH PAGE.—Myths.—I. Experiences of Lorenzo Dow.
- SIXTH PAGE.—Are we Proving the Question of a Life Hereafter?
- SEVENTH PAGE.—A Charming Book. How to Write for the Press.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—Apparition of a Soldier. Hypnotism on the Street Cars. Mrs. Stowe as a Child.
- NINTH PAGE.—Woman and the Home.—The Light of Home. Psychometric Reading. How my Dream was Fulfilled.
- TENTH PAGE.—Mrs. Britten's Position Defined. Materializations. Voice of the People.—Mrs. E. C. Stanton vs. Mrs. Besant and Blavatsky. The Glacial Period. Fate and Immortality. Advice to Investigators.
- ELEVENTH PAGE.—Another Pioneer Gone. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- TWELFTH PAGE.—Book Reviews. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- THIRTEENTH PAGE.—A Bashful Youth. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTEENTH PAGE.—A New Creed. A Boy's Mother. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FIFTEENTH PAGE.—Consolation. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTEENTH PAGE.—The Publisher. Mrs. Emma Miner. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE JOURNAL will be sent FOUR WEEKS FREE to all who so request. A careful reading is respectfully asked. Persons receiving copies, who have not subscribed, may know that their address has been supplied by a friend and that the paper is either paid for by some one or is sent with the hope of closer acquaintance. Those receiving copies in this way will incur no financial responsibility.

Numerous inquiries and letters are constantly received for Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, at this office. She is now located at 22 Waverly place, West Division, Chicago. Letters addressed direct to her number will be delivered promptly.

A correspondent desires to know what was done with the money raised at camp-meetings last summer for the defense of W. E. Reid, who was sentenced to the workhouse from Grand Rapids, Mich. THE JOURNAL is not able to answer. Those who collected the funds are no doubt prepared to make a satisfactory exhibit.



"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

Time and the course of events are steadily demonstrating the wisdom and soundness of THE JOURNAL'S attitude. Only those wilfully blind fail to read the signs of the times. Spiritualism and psychical phenomena are creating an interest in classes heretofore slow in recognizing innovations on the old order of things; and with this interest comes new activity and a promise of improved methods of investigation. While the Spiritualist movement as a distinctive body has grown less important, Spiritualism is daily waxing more potent and diffusing itself through all grades of society, especially in the higher strata. Both conditions are the legitimate results of inherent qualities which cannot be analyzed in the small space now at command. The signs of the times need to be studied by Spiritualists; the inevitable is upon them; either there must be found among them a sufficient number ready to organize for orderly, dignified, concerted action along lines clearly apparent, or the movement, as such, will continue to shrink as a factor in the world's endeavor for greater psychical knowledge and higher spirituality. These are not soothing words; yet they are true; they are health-promoting. Only those depleted by the psychophobias microbe or devoured by the worm of envy and covetousness can fail to acknowledge the condition or benefit by this word-tonic. Every rational, true-hearted Spiritualist should redouble efforts to extend the circulation and influence of THE JOURNAL, the paper which has ever stood for progress, for true liberality, for justice, for a higher moral standard, for psychical research by methods calculated to render the findings incontrovertible proof of the central claim of Spiritualism.

Circulate THE JOURNAL among your friends!  
Secure at least one new yearly subscriber within a week—each of you!  
Send in a goodly list of three month's trial subscribers at 50 cents each!

MRS. EMMA MINER.

Mrs. Emma Miner, of Clinton, Mass., is rapidly growing in popularity and power as a speaker. Her late engagement in Philadelphia is reported as a fine success. Mrs. Miner is highly mediumistic, a fluent talker and good writer. Last Sunday she spoke at Haverhill, Mass., and next Sunday she speaks at Newburyport.

That Mrs. Miner has the courage of her convictions is evidenced by a letter from her, published in the Boston Globe of February 18th. That she would incur the displeasure of the *B. of Light* and its followers by such a candid and sensible public expression must have been well known to Mrs. Miner, yet she seems quite willing to stand her ground; and in this she will find herself supported by a rapidly growing sentiment. The principles of the spiritual philosophy and the methods of psychical research, so long and persistently advocated by THE JOURNAL, have sunk deep into the hearts and minds of thousands of Spiritualists and investigators, even in New England, and Mrs. Miner will find herself in good company. Here is the letter to the *Globe*:

The recent interest evinced in the Psychic Research Society impresses me to make a few comments.

I am a Spiritualist and a medium. I became one through honest investigation and personal experiences. I have found good, noble and true men and women among the

ranks of believers and workers. I have also found immoral men and women, frauds and cranks.

The spiritual philosophy teaches purity and harmony. My observation convinces me that where these elements of character are not an outgrowth of its teachings it is because the naturally evil inclinations are not suppressed or controlled, and evidently would not be, no matter what their creed.

I have attended seances where I have received positive evidences of the watchful care and interest of the beloved who have crossed the threshold of mortality, and have come away strengthened by their presence, comfort and love; and I have attended seances where I have been so shocked at the positive evidences of fraud that I have gone home and prayed that if there were a God he would have mercy on what there was worth saving of the small souls of the perpetrators.

I believe in thought-transference, or mind reading, but I do not limit this power of mind over mind. I have the assurance that it makes no difference whether the mind is clothed with the embodiment of mortality, or whether it has passed beyond the change called death, if there is a proper medium to transmit intelligence.

Not every medium is adapted to every phase of mediumship. Not every medium is adapted to transmit intelligence from the Spirit-world to each and every investigator. Therefore if an investigator seeks

for desired communications through a particular medium and fails to receive them let him not be discouraged, but try another medium. And if he obtains that which he believes to be fraud let him continue to investigate, and he will assuredly find the genuine medium.

For the true, the pure, the genuine in mediumship I have always gratitude and commendation, and will stand boldly for its defense, but I have no sympathy for, and refuse to fraternize with, the class of fraudulent spiritualistic mediums who trade upon the most sacred affections of the soul for the almighty dollar.

I hope the Psychic Society will pursue its work honestly, candidly; and deal with every medium as they would wish to be dealt by.

EMMA MINER.  
CLINTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 16TH.

De Funiak Springs, Fla.

De Funiak Spring, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, among the highlands of west Florida, has, during the few years of its history, made the largest relative growth of any city in the state. In point of health, climate, wholesome water and freedom from dampness, and malaria this locality is unequalled. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad affords the quickest time and the shortest route to De Funiak Springs and coast resorts, advantages possessed by no other line. For a tourist folder, giving full information of the points of interest to be seen on the L. & N. Ry. call on your local ticket agent, or address George L. Cross, Northwestern Pass. Agt., 232 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

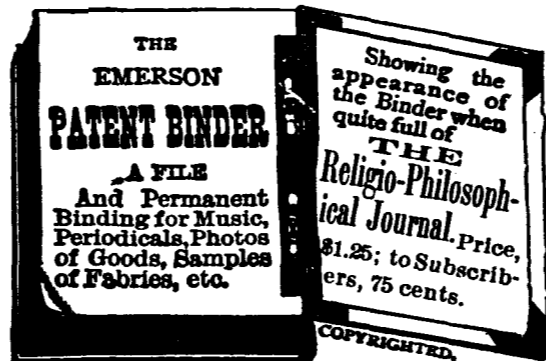
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DONALD KENNEDY  
Of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps its only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps its a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Write me if you want to know more about it.

Tutt's Pills  
FOR TORPID LIVER.

A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces  
**Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Sallow Skin and Piles.**  
There is no better remedy for these common diseases than Tutt's Liver Pills, as a trial will prove. Price, 25c.  
Sold Everywhere.



A Perfect Success.

The Rev. A. Antoine of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel now like myself again after taking the Tonic.

Cured Entirely.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1888.  
I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son had epileptic fits over two years but was cured by Pastor Koenig's remedy—entirely. I make this statement out of gratitude.

522 Race Street. JOHN NUENLIZT.  
The undersigned knowing the above named J. Nuenlizt's family, is fully convinced of the truth of above statement.

F. M. SCHAEFER,  
Pastor of St. Francis Church.  
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