

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

VOL. XXVI.

JNO. C. BUNDT, Editor.

CHICAGO, MAY 31, 1879.

\$3.15 IN ADVANCE.

NO. 13

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

Burial of Robbie, Youngest Son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wren, of Buffalo, N. Y.

First Ceremony of the kind held there under the Direction of Spiritualists—The Funeral Oration delivered by Lyman C. Howe, April 24th.

[From the Buffalo Herald.]

An event of more than usual importance to the Spiritualists of Buffalo took place at the Fillmore House lately, on the occasion of the funeral of Robbie Wren, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wren, the popular comedian. The child, during his illness, was a great sufferer. He had been prostrated by disease for months. Fever fastened upon his system. For a time it would yield to medical care and deep parental attention, and hope would cheer his parents and friends that their darling and pet would be spared to them. Again would the disease fasten its fangs upon the little form, eating away its life and drying up its life forces, and on Monday last, after a long struggle with death, he yielded to a power greater than his own, threw off the mortal robes, and his spirit, borne by angel hands, took its flight from the earthly to the heavenly life—just across the river Styx.

The friends of the deceased child are among the leading Spiritualists of the city, and they decided to have the funeral services conducted in accordance with their belief. The funeral oration was delivered on the occasion by the distinguished disciple and inspirational speaker, Mr. Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.

A very large number of the immediate relatives of the family, friends, acquaintances and leading Spiritualists were present, and the ceremonies were of a new and highly impressive character to them.

The casket was of pure white, handsomely trimmed with white satin, silver handles, plate glass, etc., while the inanimate form was shrouded in white merino, lying with his little hands folded across his breast, and with a smile wreathing his classical features, looked as if he was asleep. Flowers were placed artistically inside of the casket, and in looking upon this most beautiful picture, we could scarcely realize that it was death with all its sadness, gloom and paraphernalia of woe.

The floral offerings donated by gentle, sympathizing hearts and loving hands were rich, fragrant and exotic, and arranged with unusual taste and skill. Among the most noticeable and beautiful of these floral offerings we noticed:

- An anchor—J. W. and Ella Wren, Chicago, Ill.
- Star—Miss Eliza and W. G. Oliver.
- Wreath—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Joslin.
- Cross—W. U. Cottier.
- Cross—Miss Sully and Misses Johns.
- Bouquet—Mrs. Robert Sully.
- Bouquet—Dorby Brothers.
- Cross—Oliver.
- Bouquet—Chas. H. Hinson.

The following is the full text of the very beautiful and pathetic address delivered by Mr. Howe:

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." A child is the repository of infinite possibilities. These two expressions, the one taken from Sacred Writ of the past, the other from Modern Inspiration, indicating the lead of our thought. In the language of the Nazarene we have a clear recognition of the natural purity and divinity of the human race. "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Does depravity enter there? Is heaven made up of children born into depravity, and nurtured in the spirit of crime? It cannot be. A child is the repository of infinite possibilities indicating not only immortality, but endless progression connected therewith. We come here to-day to comfort and to bless, and we can give you no comfort except as it comes in truth and agrees with nature and law. There is no comfort to the mourner in an idea of immortality coupled with the possibility of endless woe. There is no comfort to the mourner in the prospect of annihilation and endless oblivion. But there is comfort in this sacred promise drawn from our text, that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Philosophy may not be compatible with your tender feelings, when the heart's depths are aroused and when the gloom of sorrow surrounds the soul. At such times we do not feel like dwelling upon points of logic, and yet to establish our claim and give you something substantial upon which to rest your hopes it is needful that we dwell somewhat on the philosophy—the tracings of cause and effect. We assume then that the text clearly indicates the innate goodness of human nature—the natural divinity of childhood. "For of such is the kingdom of heaven." That being conceded, then all that is added to childhood is the growth and development of years, and the primitive germ cannot be destroyed.

What is divine will forever remain divine—can never become evil, and although in the accumulation of circumstances and years there may be much added to the life that may seem to hide the divine, still, it is only the accumulations around this divinity which cannot of itself be destroyed; but which when cleared of these clouds, shines out with all its primitive vigor with the added experience which this natural divinity has been silently unfolding through

all the struggles of life, and pains and anxieties and sins.

Most Christians believe in immortality in some mode, and claim that Jesus of Nazareth, or Jesus Christ, brought life and immortality to light. If so, in what way and by what means? Certainly not by his teachings. It may be doubtful if his teachings would clearly reveal anything pertaining to a future world. But coupled with his example, his mediumistic gifts and experience in which he not only communicated with spiritual beings while in the flesh, but also communicated as a spiritual being after his physical death, it brings before those who accept his history the positive assurance, not only of life and death interblended here, but of the perfect continuation, and of that life beyond the physical dissolution, and of that life with all its individual completeness, with all its natural characteristics, affections, desires, aspirations and bonds of union with the human race. It may be objected that Christ was not a medium, but Christians call him a mediator, which is the same thing. In individually standing between the spiritual and interior world of spirit, and this lower world of sense and circumstance, constitutes a medium. Whether he stood as a medium between rebellious man and offended God, or between carnal nature and the spiritual family of man beyond the grave matters little, and he may have occupied the position of a medium to communicate with departed human beings as he communicated in the scene with Moses and Elias in the presence of Peter, James and John at the transfiguration. But a single example however well authenticated will not establish a universal law. But we find Jesus holding communion with human spirits that had passed through physical death, and we find him after his dissolution communicating with human beings in the flesh; thus establishing by example not only the possibility and endlessness of the law, but also the commandability of such experience.

What he saw; what he did, is it not worthy Christians to follow. If he practiced mediumship and communicated with the departed as a spirit, then we must either reject him as an exemplar or aspire to the same great law. We find also in the teachings of Jesus many other things to indicate that he taught progressive development. We have chosen the modern text to exemplify this more completely, namely the child is the repository of infinite possibilities. What is a repository? Simply a place where deposits are made; where elements are stored up in the organic structure, and in such is this germ life that holds all these possibilities, and you see it exemplified all around you every day. Children grow up to manhood and womanhood, thus fulfilling the expression as far as time and circumstance can extend it, and you see in the little child what will be thirty or forty years hence ripened in the full grown man. Now all you have to do is to extend this observation, to realize in the little child of to-day the possibilities, not only of ripening into earthly manhood under favorable circumstances, but of extending beyond time and sense, into a world of sweetness and light, and continuing to unfold and ripen, and expand these latent possibilities endlessly in fields of beauty, pleasure and delight. And it is in this view we find so much comfort for you to-day, if you can accept the reality. You loved the little darling; you looked forward to bright years of prosperity and accomplishment for his life in the future.

You anticipated him good and great and beautiful in his prime, but the sweetest and dearest of all anticipations was the fulfillment of your immortal love as it gathered into your souls, and you returned it in all the fullness of filling your responsibility. Shall it be blasted? Is it blasted? Has death mocked your hopes? Death cannot be an evil unless God has ordained it to be an evil; since he has promised no possible escape by any conceivable means—no religion exempts its devotee from death—no amount of faith can abolish that ordeal, but the beautiful promise of an exulting hope, and beautiful infinite perception of the prospective future, can and does take away the sting of death. We love to contemplate childhood, and yet it is not to be supposed that heaven is composed only of children; yet it is natural that children should be expected there; and although the kingdom of heaven is not shut out from even this life, and is here and now where the affections are and where the heart is at rest in sweetness, yet there is another meaning to the kingdom of heaven extending into the Spirit-world, where the children in countless numbers are borne from all the varied planets in space and sent forward as the one you now meet to commemorate. But do they always remain children? Ah! no; for progression is the law. If they were to remain eternally children the charm would pass away. But the fact that they are growing forever, and ripening into manhood and womanhood as denizens of the eternal world, and giving place for other children that go forward through the same gateway of death to meet and mingle with them, gives to the kingdom of heaven perpetual change and enchantment growing out of these wondrous yet natural beauties that everywhere invite and inspire us on. Before us are the beautiful flowers, artistically gathered and shaped in crosses and circles expressive of human sentiment, some of them full blown, radiant with expression and purity. These in the bud, just beginning to swell towards the bloom, indicative of childhood that is ripening towards man-

hood or womanhood. And unless cut short, put here by the hand of death, that plucks them from the gardens of time, these immortal buds have an atmosphere in which to grow and expand, adapted to their nature as complete, as perfect as is this world adapted to the growth and development of these flowery buds. But we are conscious of the difficulty of those who look upon the fallen form and sadly contemplate the outward reality, to transfer the feelings and affections to the inner life, and realize that the boy they loved is not lying there—so realize that all that made that little form so precious with its love, its intelligence, its activity, its promise, has gone out and up, but still lives, and is still your darling Robbie, still just as perfect in his individuality as before, with the opportunities of vaster fields and more radiant airs in which to enjoy, and sport, and expand—not suddenly transformed by death into infinite compass, to infinite knowledge, but is a child still. A child with infinite possibilities and an eternity for their fulfillment. But more than this. The facts of modern experience coupled with the philosophy that is making plain and easy the way, have demonstrated not only that there are exceptional cases through the history of the world, but that there have been admonitions, and communications, and visions to certain chosen people. But that the law of nature in itself, by its divine affections, aspirations, hopes and future reaching, lives, combines together the interior universe, brings you nearer to the light that has gone out, and by the same law reciprocally expressed, brings them nearer to you and makes possible the sweet impression that they may weave upon your heart with the fragrance of immortal joy, and promise when you open your soul and intelligence to receive and translate the same.

It seems to us that nothing in the constitution of nature so completely reveals the infinite wisdom and goodness, and opens such a wide and exalted field of devotional gratitude to the soul that comprehends it, as the consciousness that our Heavenly Father has provided in the ordinances of life and death, that companionship you all demand, an abundant supply. That he has not created you to mock your hopes with oblivion, or endless pain, nor to tear your families and companions asunder, nor suffer the heart's blood to sink in endless woe, nor yet to freeze the way that lies between the seen and the unseen, and make impossible the interchange between the two worlds and two conditions of life. But, on the contrary, that boundless love and infinite wisdom have provided for the deep instincts of your nature an abundant supply—that his angels, who at liberty watch the shining avenues of infinity, will, in answer to your prayer, come shining down the silvery, star-spangled spaces and breathe upon your waiting soul the consolation and confidence that takes away the sting of death, and drags down the cold shadow of despair, and lights up the murky midnight gloom with radiant bonds, with all the divinity of life and love and immortality.

But it may be objected that in order to have such interchange possible and profitable God must wisely distinguish and withhold this opportunity of communion from those, who by ignorance and sin are incapable or unworthy to reap his infinite goodness and glory, and the richness of the heavenly world. But has he done it here? Does he withhold the child from all companionship and communion with its parents? Does he forbid the deep yearnings of love expression in the lowest haunts of sin? The darling you love to-day might have been dragged into the dark dungeon, into the valley of human wrath and injustice, down to the doors of despair and, perhaps, blotted with the infamy that crushes so many parents. Would that have cooled your mother love or crushed out the father's affection, or barred the way of your heart against that communion you desire? The heart of the weeping mother will follow the child into the bleeding cell, yes, to the very gallows until the world looks on with reproach, and through her agony and tears will still plead for his life, and God has not denied her that love nor chilled and frozen it up, because of sin. Why then expect or contemplate that God will bar the loving heart from those gone out with the gloom of death because perchance they have not ripened into perfection, and in their communion may not reveal all the glories of the after life? It is not possible for any soul to communicate all of God's wisdom.

There is no language known to your world that can express a millionth part of the glory and beauty and wisdom that pervades our heavenly home, and, therefore, all communion to this world must be limited to your conditions, your natures, your capacities to receive your state of aspiration and your relationship with the laws that blend together the seen and the unseen. And your love is one of the sweet bonds that bind you to the unseen world, and the prayer that puts out its tender feelers like the fragrance of the flowers through the dismal gloom of darkness and death, and the grave is as sweet incense that penetrates the sky and brings back the whispers of joy and thrill of love responsive to the heart that weeps. Oh! it is all so natural, there is nothing supernatural whatever. It is as natural to die as to be born—as natural to live a spirit after death, as to live a child and grow to manhood in mortal birth. As natural to aspire, and think, and love, to reason and converse, and all the holy affections that you have cultivated and enjoy

here instead of being blighted at the grave are only exalted, intensified and multiplied, and the universe is for ever replete with answering music to every prayer that the divine fragrance of infinite beauty, wreathes the heavenly skies with, translations of God's love and angel purity, and spiritual expression which no language can communicate to your present understanding.

But what we can and do desire to communicate to your hearts to-day, is for these mourning friends, parents, relations and earthly companions of this lovely boy, and second to all friends who share in the sweet sympathy of this sacred occasion. What we can and do desire to express, is that death is not an enemy, but a divine providence preparing the way of escape from the limitations and bondage of this lower world. It seems to you very unnatural, and therefore doubly severe that the young and promising and beautiful boy should be stricken down ere all your hopes have been realized, ere radiant manhood has shed its bloom, and beauty and wisdom upon the world, ere the latent genius you have cherished with tender recollections had made its impressions upon society and made the way of earth's uses manifest. So it is to you unnatural, but happily the infinite wisdom has promised ample compensation for every seeming abortion in nature; ample compensation for every seeming calamity in the outworks of his plan; and therefore we assure you that while your Robbie becomes invisible, and you weep and mourn over the prostrate body, and plant sweet flowers over his grave, and go there happily to weep and contemplate, and repeat the tender memories of his innocent love, yet that love is still going on, and on, and on, unfolding in an atmosphere adapted to it, and prepared for it, and is not out of reach of motherly affections; not out of the reach of fatherly affection; not beyond the anticipation of all future guardianship and instruction that it needs, and when you may not be able to give it. Oh! remember that the infinite heavens are full of countless millions of human souls that have gone forth so full of life, so full of parental care and tenderness that they delight in gathering in the gardens of God these young buds that go forth, and caring for them in the name of their parents on earth, and that such will delight to bring to you in your own sweet home when surrounded with harmony and peace, him that you mourn to-day, and to make tangible in ways that may be mysterious to you the sweet and sacred presence, and that these helping angels will greet you with him when, too, it is your destiny to pass the mystic door into the unknown and beautiful realm. But what of repentance? What of salvation? What of being born again? Ah! that has all come of sins. Children are fit for Christ, and representatives of the kingdom of heaven. It is not to be supposed there is any great load of sin to require any very deep repentance to secure the child a happy entrance. But he is born again. Jesus said you know, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, ye hear the sound thereof, but can not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth, so are all one that are born of the spirit; Christians interpret that to mean simply a change of heart, but the language warrants no such conclusion. The soul is borne out of this body, and the spirit becomes as invisible to you as the wind when it cometh or goeth. The soul is borne into the spirit state and becomes the companion of unseen angels and denizens of the eternal world. So let us try to look upon life and death as ordinances of God, divine expressions of love, manifestations of law and order, and not to be lamented. We do not ask you to dry your tears, or bid you not to weep, for we know tears are sweet, a relief to the heart that is burdened with sorrow. But we do ask you while you weep to endeavor to feel the deep realities of this beneficent law, and to look beyond the casket over this fallen form upward, and try to realize that it is the Spirit-world that he goeth where he listeth, but whence he goes or comes you know not, until when in your mediumistic states you are able to feel the sweet breath of his love borne down upon your anguish with a tender charm. And in conclusion let us repeat that if Jesus brought life and immortality to light, he is the representative man, or if you please, a representative divinity in human type, which all of us are in proportion to our development. That Jesus, the divine man, the representative man stands, if we rightly judge in history for a great universal truth, not for a partial expression, not for temporary reasons, not for a fleeting moment, a passing miracle, but for all time, and whatever of his teachings are worthy our acceptance, our following, are applicable to us to-day, and not something that was adapted to Galilee eighteen hundred years ago, and if they represent a universal law, a common principle which may be repeated and re-lived to-day, then we, of this nineteenth century, can understand and appropriate the value of his history and his life. They are valuable to us, then, as illustrative of a universal fact, a great law of communion between souls everywhere, that death cannot chill or destroy, a law that reflects universal love, that comes down to the heart of childhood and pictures it there on earth as reflecting the kingdom of heaven, and with this law before us let us urge our thoughts and hopes through the gloom, and ask that the little children gone before may come close to us and make us feel the kingdom of heaven at

hand, make us realize that we are all children growing in wisdom and knowledge, that we can learn of little children as well as of the sages and saints of antiquity, and the little children that have gone before can come nearer to those who love and remember them, to those who have their forms and features, and words and magnetism, fresh in their minds and hearts, much nearer than those who ages ago lived and died, and were never known to us except through the long lines of history. So here to-day, this weeping father and mother, looking upon this little boy, and thinking of his past sickness and suffering, can come infinitely nearer to him, and he to them, than it is possible for them to realize any ancient sage or saint, or Christ, that the world has ever known. And yet it does not follow that we cannot approach the universal spirit, and feel the influx of that spirit, but we can come in our love closer to those we have known, and have seen and kissed and fondled, and those we have embraced and have endeared to us by a thousand tender ways, closer than it is possible for us to feel toward any individual we have never known. And we deem it no blasphemy or sacrilege, nor that God will be jealous of this father and mother for their loving this little boy with a deeper and sweeter intensity than they can possibly love any man of the past. Oh! God is too great, too good, too high and universal to be moved with the spirit of jealousy at a mother's love or father's devotion. He has endowed us with these instincts, and they are divine; and you would feel that the father or mother that did not love his child, or mourn its departure, that they had never exhibited parental intelligence—you would think they were hardened. Then is God jealous? Is he robbed? Oh, no, but in loving your darling you fulfill God's law, you are fulfilling the law your heavenly Father has planted within. If you ignored that law you would be mocking God who has endowed you with this sacred instinct, and you can in no way so faithfully or successfully worship him in spirit and in truth, as by fulfilling every law that is written on your natural and spiritual heart. The sweet pictures that you see issue from the shadows of this room to-day, dedicated to immortality, are so many reflections of the same law of holiness that makes sacred above all temples of worship, this altar of human love, this devotion of the circle of home. And we know and feel that this circle is not broken, and the home not made eternal in the heavens, is yours. And that as you make this home sweet and sacred, and this life rich with love, and sweet with harmony, and tender with the music of the affections, and bright, and broad, and beautiful with purity and intelligence, and those communings that exalt and bless, it is then that you most deeply and reverently worship and serve him. This spot is sacred. Home is sacred, life is sacred, death is sacred, and this shrine to which we pay our respects and our honor to-day is sacred, because it has held that in mortal germ, and although the germ has escaped, still the associations that cling to this beautiful form that lies white as marble, covered with the sweet blooms of the opening spring, is sacred to you, and the place where it is deposited in the earth will be sacred to you, and the memory of all its associations will be sacred to you, and you are only expressing the deep immortal intimate relationship and eternal love that shall make him yours forever, and you his throughout eternity.

Spirit Photographs in Court.

The Rochester Union says.

A singular suit at law has just been commenced in Dansville, R. L. Dorr having begun proceedings against W. J. Lee, a photographer of that place. It appears that Dorr came to Rochester a short time ago and hearing that the so-called spirit photographs were being taken at a certain place, went to try his success in securing upon the same negative with his own the faces of deceased acquaintances. He succeeded to his own satisfaction, which we will presume was the more easily obtained because of the fact that he was a firm believer in Spiritualism. On returning to Dansville he became involved in a controversy with Lee regarding the matter, and the latter volunteered the opinion that the whole business was a humbug, and that he could demonstrate his position to the other's satisfaction. It is stated that Lee made a trial, and afterward abandoned further attempts. Dorr sued for this breach of contract, but claims that he does not care so much for the value of the picture as he does to establish the fact that photographs of spirits are actually being taken. The trial will take place on the 29th inst., and it is expected that a large number of witnesses from the photographers, the clergy, and the medical profession will be called. The *Dansville Express*, in commenting on the alleged phenomena, says: "To produce upon the same negative plate, at the same time, a setting of familiar faces other than the sitter, involves a mystery not yet solved by the knowing ones, as we are waiting expectantly to know what manifestations are to come next." It remains to be seen what the legal trial referred to will develop, but it is to be hoped that it will be sufficiently thorough and exhaustive to set many minds at rest on this question.

To Texas.

BY MARY DANA SHINDLER.

Oh, Texas! dear adopted home! I know thee not in days of yore; But thou dost mingle with thy dust The form of one just "gone before."

He is not dead; he comes to me, And tells me he is with me still; I even see his well-known form, And his sweet words my bosom thrill.

The veil which hides the Spirit-world Like that of old, is rent in twain; Oh, anguish'd hearts! come, look within, I know ye will not look in vain.

The dear ones who seem "out of sight" Are waiting, watching to reveal The blessed truth that still they live, And with us dwell in woe or weal.

The latter day so oft foretold, The day of spirit power has come, When every earnest soul may learn The secrets of his future home—

When spirits from the Summer-land, Our dearly loved ones, "gone before," Return to bring us words of love Return to bid us weep no more.

Oh, Texas! land of promise! may This rising sun soon shine on thee, Soon chase the shades of unbelief, Soon pierce the clouds of bigotry! Nacogdoches, Texas.

A Short Sermon by S. E. Phelps.

And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned.—Mark 16: 7, 8.

Our inquiry on this occasion is, what that gospel was that they were sent out to preach. The various sects have set it forth in many different lights; they cannot all be right. One has said this, another that. It was most certainly good news, as you will recollect the Apostle said the common people received him gladly. Why did they receive him gladly? Because he gave them clearer views of a future life, something more definite in regard to the future; he taught them that this life was not all of man's existence; that this life is only the primary state to the glorious future; he not only taught this, but he told them that he should demonstrate the fact in his own death or birth into the higher life. He told them that he should show himself to them after that event, which he did on many occasions, once at Emmaus, and then vanished out of sight, and then re-appeared at Jerusalem to his disciples, in a room when the door was shut, then in Galilee, in a mountain, and many other times, and was finally caught up out of their sight.

Paul says you have a natural body and a spiritual body. I think that we had better accept the spiritual body that Christ showed to them, from the fact of its vanishing and appearing, which nothing but spiritual bodies could do. The next point is, he that believeth shall be saved. The question is, what was meant by salvation in this connection? It most certainly meant happiness. Well, then, he that believes shall be happy; that is why all the world is striving for it—there is not a person living but hopes and longs for happiness. How the robber and murderer expect that their ill-gotten gains will bring them more happiness than misery, but how soon they find they are on the wrong road. How few there are who are truly on the road, to happiness (heaven). Straight is the gate or road and narrow the way that leads to heaven or happiness. By this we can see how few there are who really find the true road to heaven or happiness. How plain it is to all of us, that the road is broad that leads to damnation, misery and unhappiness, and the majority are really on that road. We are all aware that we must comply with the law of our physical nature in order to avoid pain and misery; just so with our spiritual nature, the law is not our enemy as some might think, but our very best friend, constantly pointing us in the right direction.

The next question that comes up for our consideration is, what are we to believe? Christ has said, "I am the way and the truth." Well, then, we are to believe the truth. What was it that he taught? He and read his sermon on the mount, and listen to his story of the good Samaritan. Love thine enemies and thy neighbor as thyself, fulfill all the law and gospel. Not one word in regard to the present theological scheme of salvation. Now, we have a full clue of what that gospel was, of what Christ taught and commanded his disciples to teach; it was instructing mankind to do as they would have others do by them, and more than that, to love their enemies, do good to them that despitefully used them and persecuted them. This was entirely different from what Moses taught, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." The new gospel was self-evident, was proof in itself. Then in order to be truly saved and made happy, we must look well to the saving, or, in other words, the happiness of others. I want you to keep in mind that the disciples were to go into all the world and preach this gospel. There was nothing sectarian in the gospel of Jesus, as Thomas Paine once said, "The world is my country, and to do good is my religion,"—it embraced the whole human family. That gospel never tortured to death a supposed heretic, or hung Quakers as our Puritan fathers did.

Is it not clearly seen that our happiness or heaven is dependent on the happiness of all humanity? And it is not confined to this mortal state, but reaches into the next life also. Jesus said, "There was more joy in heaven over one sinner that repented than over ninety and nine just persons that needed no repentance." We see, then, that heaven or happiness is not complete while one is out of the fold. All heaven is anxious for poor struggling humanity, struggling with the circumstances that beset and still surround them. Think how Jesus forgave his murderers; "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Look at him weeping over Jerusalem: "How oft would I have gathered you even as a hen gathers her brood." Could such a nature be satisfied with only one poor soul consigned to irremediable woe? There could be no heaven or happiness to him. What mother could be happy when her dearly loved son was mourning out his life in a prison, starving to death by inches? No splendid palace or gold-paved streets could make that mother happy, until that son, husband or dear friend, was delivered from sorrow, pain and death.

Jesus also taught that heaven was not necessarily a locality. Hear his words: "The kingdom of heaven is within you." That is a joyful state of mind. It is becoming fully known that happiness, heaven, misery and sorrow are the result of certain fixed definite laws. How important, then, it is that we all understand the laws of our well being. Law says, obey and live, disobey and die, or in other words, believe and be saved, or believe not and be damned. It must be understood that belief and works should go together; belief or faith without works is dead, says the gospel; so says nature. This brings us to the last clause of the text,—"He that believeth not shall be damned," or condemned. In there any remedy? Most certainly; get into right relations to the law, believe the truth and make its proper application to the wants of the soul. Now, I am particularly anxious to keep before your minds this central idea or truth in the gospel of Jesus: "Pure and undefiled religion before God the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions and keep one's self unspotted from the world." Here is a religion of faith and works going hand in hand together—not dependent on forms, and ceremonies, and professions of faith; this is in harmony with the sermon of Jesus on the mount and with the act of the good Samaritan; and it is a growing faith among the best minds in the Christian churches, that our physical bodies are a very small part of the real man; that the imperishable spirit is the real man, and that the body is only its temporary home, and that the missionary laborer has a large field for action on the immortal side of life.

Do they find any support in the Bible for this belief? Most certainly they do. You will find it in 1st Peter

and chap. 1st and 10th verses: "For Christ also once suffered for us, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the spirit, by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison." Now, the ocean quite definite. I can think of no place in the Bible where mortals are called spirits until the death of the body. We call to mind the case of Peter, out of many, for illustration: You will recollect when Peter was taken by the Jews and thrown into prison, that his brethren, the disciples, came together in a room privately to pray for his deliverance; that they heard a rap at the door, and a damsel went to see who it was, and when she knew it was Peter she left him at the door and went back to tell the disciples, that he was without, knocking. They said it could not be Peter; it was his spirit. Here, then, we see that they thought Peter had been put to death, and that his spirit was at the door knocking. This shows that in those days they were conversant with spirit messengers.

Is it strange that they should think that Jesus, after being put to death in the flesh, should preach and labor for the salvation of the poor unfortunate spirits in the prisons of sinners? It is just what we should expect to find. He would do—no happy himself until he had assisted the last immortal spirit out of the unhappy state in which sin had cast him. Call to mind how he wept over Jerusalem. This love has not changed, but grown more intense. Yes, he would visit the prison house of hell and ignorance, and with ten thousand loving mothers by his side, gather the poor repenting spirits, as a hen gathers her brood, and shout glory to God, the Father, when the last one was safe in the road of progression.

Phenomenal Spiritualism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL:

The disposition prevailing among a certain class of Spiritualists to seek for startling phenomena, and the neglect of the ethical side of Spiritualism, and the tendency of this eager wonder-seeking to encourage fraudulent to simulate genuine manifestations, has had the effect, I think, of causing another class to underrate the importance of the latter.

The primary mission of Spiritualism is to convince mankind that the human spirit will consciously survive the dissolution of the physical body. Faith in this doctrine has been rapidly declining during the last half century—more rapidly than most persons suspect. The time has gone by when thinking men will accept the doctrine upon faith alone. They demand something in the nature of evidence, which will address itself to their reason through the medium of their senses—evidence of an entirely different character from any pretended divine revelation of more than doubtful authenticity. I have no doubt that a large majority of thinking men of this and other Christian countries, if not confirmed materialists, at least feel that there is a want of satisfactory evidence that man will have a conscious existence after the dissolution of his physical organism, and hence cannot consistently be classed as believers in immortality.

Now, it is the phenomenal side of Spiritualism only, that can offer any evidence to the materialistic skeptic that an intelligent spirit can have any existence independently of a physical organism. He regards mind as a mere function or product of the living brain, and believes that it will necessarily cease to operate when the organism which produces it is dissolved. He demands evidence that mind can exist independently of physical organization, and when you convince him that it can and does, you have removed the greatest obstacle to his belief in the doctrine of a future life.

I do not assert that any of the spiritual phenomena present absolute proof of the continued conscious existence of persons who have lived and died upon the earth; but I do insist that they afford indubitable evidence of the existence of intelligent forces, which, under proper conditions, can manifest their existence to our senses independently of any material organism. Whether these forces are what they purport to be, viz: the spirits of persons who once lived upon the earth, we cannot positively know, but must form our opinions upon that point by a careful weighing of the probabilities. At all events, they are spiritual forces of some kind, if I understand the distinction between spirit and matter, and as I have said before, when you convince the materialistic skeptic of the existence of intelligent spiritual forces, independently of a material organism, you have opened a wide door for the entrance of a belief in a future life, and in the possible communion of the spirits of the departed with those who inhabit the "tabernacle of clay."

Of the spiritual phenomena, those regarded by certain Spiritualists as least worthy of attention, are the so-called "physical manifestations." I do not know that they regard as embraced in this class. All phenomena of which our senses take cognizance, must be manifested to us by physical agencies of some kind. But what are generally classed under the distinctive name of "physical manifestations," I understand to be those phenomena which occur independently of any force proceeding from a living organism, and consequently independently of the will of any living person. This classification will include, in the category of physical phenomena, all rappings, table-tippings, movements of ponderable bodies, and playing upon musical instruments (without the application of muscular or mechanical power), and will also include independent writing, independent speaking and materialization of hands or full forms.

Phenomena of this class, when occurring under such conditions as preclude the possibility of their being produced by any physical force proceeding from the living organism, and when (as they almost invariably do) they clearly indicate an intelligent source, must present evidence of a very high character to the skeptic who will candidly investigate them, of the existence of intelligent spiritual forces independently of any physical organism. In fact, so strong is the evidence which they present that incorrigible skeptics of the Carpenter and Baird class, can find no other answer to them except a flat denial that they ever occur, and that any amount of evidence of whatever kind, is sufficient to establish the fact of their occurrence.

On the other hand, all those phenomena which are manifested through the physical organism of a medium, such as trance speaking, trance writing, clairvoyance, etc., "scientific" skeptics find no difficulty in accounting for, to their own satisfaction, on the theory of either willful deception, unconscious cerebration or some new or unfamiliar sense inherent in the human constitution, which is only stimulated into activity by some abnormal condition of the system. Hence phenomena of this class, however highly appreciated by believers, go but a little way to convince materialistic skeptics of the existence of spirit, independently of the living body.

If, as I have attempted to show, phenomenal manifestations are the principal source from which materialistic skeptics can derive evidence tending to prove the truth of Spiritualism, how important it is that this fountain of truth be kept perfectly pure! One detected fraud will counteract the effect of a hundred genuine manifestations upon the minds of skeptical investigators. If there are spirits who cannot manifest under such test conditions as will preclude the possibility of fraudulent representations, it would be vastly better for the cause of Spiritualism that they should not manifest at all. Even genuine manifestations not produced under test conditions, not only fail to satisfy skeptics, but tend to promote the belief that there are no genuine manifestations.

To the firm believer in a future life and in spirit communion, new phenomenal manifestations may be of little practical utility. Nay, more, the constant seeking for such phenomena for the mere purpose of excitement and amusement, may, and I have no doubt often does, have a demoralizing effect. It is at best a waste of time and money. But to the materialist a candid investigation of phenomenal manifestations is of incalculable value, if there is any truth in the spiritual philosophy.

Washington.

Some men shed more clear light and knowledge by the bare, distinct stating of a question than others by talking of it in gross whole hours together.—Locke.

Interesting Experiences.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL:

Many years ago a middle-aged Scotchman, with his young family, left his home in one of the Shetland Islands for a new one in the Province of Nova Scotia; but on coming to Liverpool and finding no vessel ready to start for the destined haven, the father changed his mind and took sail for the United States, and came up the Delaware to Philadelphia. The voyage was a long and perilous one, a storm struck the ship in mid ocean; all hands were ordered to duty, and every effort made to save the vessel. Our Scotch emigrant being brought up to the sea, rendered great service on the occasion, for which the captain of the vessel was very grateful, and remained ever afterwards his firm friend. A few years of incessant toil to support a dependent family, and the good man's mortal race was run, but before he passed away, he gathered his weeping family around his bed, recommended their lives to the blessing of God, bid them farewell, and

"Then the veil was lifted, In flowed the auspicious tide, And he conveyed by angels To where the blest reside."

A wife, three daughters, and one son remained to mourn the loss of this good man. Very soon, however, the Death Angel came again to bring sorrow to the family, for the son, at the age of twenty-four, passed away with consumption. It was about this time, 1851, that the writer became acquainted with the family. There was great sympathy and affection existing between the son and the oldest daughter, and she mourned the loss of her brother most grievously, often wishing and saying to herself: "Could I only see brother Thomas once more." One afternoon, a few months after the departure of her brother, just as the last rays of the setting sun were receding from the room, she had occasion to enter the chamber once occupied by him (not just then thinking of him), and then, on looking up, there he stood with a smile of recognition upon his countenance, but she, overcome by a too sudden surprise, hastily left the room. The family noticed her nervous condition, and inquired as to the cause; but it was not till months afterward that she felt like revealing the fact that she had seen her brother Thomas. I might say that all the family were members of the Baptist church, and were true to its discipline.

Four years before the occurrence of the above event, this lady became acquainted with a young farmer residing in an adjacent county; avowed affection soon heightened into love, and the young farmer proposed marriage. This caused the young lady much anxiety, for she felt herself too young to hastily decide such an important question. Revolving the subject in her mind, she one night dreamed that she was out in a field with the young farmer; hand in hand they went to the clergyman to be married. He, with a smile replied to them: "You are not intended for each other, and I dare not marry you; and pointing to an adjacent wood, and taking her by the hand, "There," he said, "is the young man designed for you, and that you will marry." She looked, and there under a tree stood a young man, every lineage of whose features was indelibly impressed on her mind.

The dream had a deleterious effect for the young farmer, for she discontinued further overtures, and soon quit his society. She made no secret of the dream, but related the circumstances to the family, and also said that she felt convinced it was sent in answer to her prayer, bearing on the important question. Just about two years later a young man from the interior of the state, came to the "city of brotherly love." He was a stranger, and comparatively friendless, never having been in the city before, and no one knew him. His mind was of a pious turn, and when Sunday came he sought out a church where he might respect the Sabbath, and attend to his religious duties. He entered the Third Baptist church and seated himself in a side pew. This was the church the young lady attended, and her pew was near the one the stranger occupied. The moment her eyes beheld him, she saw in him the very image of the man in the dream, standing under a tree. Arriving at home after service, she stated this fact to the family.

The young stranger, enamored with the good preaching in this church, became a regular attendant, and within a few months was enrolled as a member. He was ardent in his desire to do good, and thus honor the profession he had made. He attended the stated meetings of the church, and visited the sick and afflicted, and in this way, by the providence of God, he became acquainted with this Scotch family. The marked intelligence, tender, refined womanly nature of the young lady, soon won the esteem, admiration and love of the young man, which in a few years culminated in the happy realization of,—

"United hearts aglow, The come of the dream, Changed was the brooklet's flow, To love's perennial stream."

A little while after the loss of her brother by consumption, the young lady was taken seriously ill as was supposed with lung difficulty. The old family physician said as much, though not intended for her ears, yet it reached her, and gave her much mental distress, for she always had an instinctive dread of dying with consumption. In this frame of mind, she dreamed that her departed father came to her, laid his hand on her head, and said, "You are very sick, my daughter; but you shall get well again. Send for Dr. Tindall; he is a good man, and he soon will restore you to health." She obeyed the message; and, though he was a stranger, and the family remonstrated against the change of physicians, he was sent for, and in two weeks the patient was restored to health and happiness. Dr. Tindall to this day is the family physician, and in his faithful medical attendance, generous and noble nature, has corroborated over and over again the father's assertion in the dream, "He is a good man." He has proven the friend in need, and for six weary years attended a sick sister who had ossification of the heart, and instead of having a Doctor's bill of a thousand dollars to pay, the bill was not even hundreds. This was indeed "kindness to the fatherless and the widow in distress."

I must now introduce this young lady as the writer's own dear wife, with whom he lived ten of the happiest years of his life, but that fell destroyer, consumption, marked her for his own, and now nearly ten years ago,—

"She fledged her snowy wings And flew to heaven."

Her spiritual experiences during her protracted sickness were truly marvelous. A few days before she passed away, she saw her father and her brother; pointing in the direction, she said they had come for her, and that she must now soon go with them. She had the children called, bid us all farewell, and sweetly, serenely, passed away.

She was not a Spiritualist, in the common acceptation of that word, though hearing much about it. She never felt safe only in the Christian fold, and hence the wonderful experiences she enjoyed are all the more acceptable as not having been induced by an overwrought imagination in the investigation of modern phenomena.

"Though the clouds of the valley May press on her head, And cover the form that is dear, We never can say that to us She is dead, For we feel her sweet presence still near."

JOHN A. HOOVER, Philadelphia, Pa.

That God should be unreasonable is impossible; for under such a confession the whole idea of God disappears. He is nothing unless reasonable. If a master should compel his slave to toil twenty-three hours a day, he would be considered an unreasonable monster. Of God, therefore, who is the fountain of all the justice which man possesses, perfect reasonableness is a prime attribute.—David Storing.

Ingratitude is a vice of such magnitude that the most prodigate man would be ashamed to acknowledge himself guilty of it. The ungrateful man is an enemy of the human race; for his conduct tends to discourage benevolence.—James Beattie.

Kiddle's Book—Mrs. Maria King's Principles of Nature.

BY EDWIN D. BARBITT, D. M.

Mr. Henry Kiddle, Superintendent of Public Schools for the City of New York, has sent out a work in favor of Spiritualism and thus startled the stupid old fossils of our great and most fashionable city out of their senses until they show the cloven hoof of bigotry in a very extreme manner. The Herald of Sunday, May 4th, is simply monstrous in its spirit of illiberality and persecution, and declares that a man who falls into such "a delusion," is not fit to conduct the public schools of New York, and urges that he be superseded. At the same time it admits in its issue of May 8th, that he has made one of the best superintendents we have ever had. Mr. Kiddle is known as an accomplished educator far and near, and a paper that will hound on the people against such a man at this date for his religious or scientific opinions, would doubtless have tried to have hallooed burned the stake had it existed then. The Herald will constantly show up the good side of Catholicism as freely as it condemns Spiritualism, and yet how do the two compare as judged by the standard of Jesus who says, "By their fruits shall ye know them?" Our jails are swarming with Catholics, but rarely does one Spiritualist ever get into them. Barely, too, does a Spiritualist of the present day ever go to a lunatic asylum, but he will be more apt to prevent lunacy in others. Can this be said of Catholics, or even of Protestants? Every Catholic country abounds in beggars or lazaroni and very generally in banditti or other dangerous classes, from the fact that when men surrender their manhood and individuality to priestly rule, self-respect, self-reliance and moral principle die out. Spiritualism is the only religio-philosophical system on earth, and positively the only religion which builds on demonstrated facts of the living present. It leads off in all reforms, in all the best of the finest hygienic, and other healing institutions, and sets the world to thinking upon the sublime destiny of man here and hereafter. Many of the grand intellects of the age, are its advocates and yet every self-important and superficial newspaper scribbler thinks it necessary to give it a kick as a sign of his own cleverness, just as ten-year-old boys in a certain African nation aim at applause from the crowd by kicking their own mothers.

Mr. Franklin Smith who has an article in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 3, has just written me a letter concerning the assertion of Mr. Coleman that the leading principles of my work on Light and Color, were in a general way given in Mrs. Maria M. King's "Principles of Nature." He says he has procured her work and thinks the sphere of the two books altogether different. "There is nothing in it," he says: "at all answering to the scientific principles of atomic action, (etc.) put forth in your work." If that work goes down to bottom principles however, even if of another kind, it should be read for the great world at large is altogether too superficial and prone to make all kinds of mistakes by building on foundations that will not stand. Since commencing this letter I have received Mrs. King's Principles of Nature from Mr. Franklin Smith. From my brief glance at it I perceive at once that it is a remarkable book, containing many vast conceptions and remarks which show its spiritual origin, as it presents ideas which I think no man, much less a woman could have developed. But the one great shortcoming of this and so many other works, consists in giving us a constant series of assertions and no demonstrations. It is easy to speak of action being evolved through attractive and repulsive forces, through chemical processes, through atomic revolutions, through dual methods, through electricities, but what kind of an explanation is this unless it is shown just how attraction and repulsion are brought about, just how atomic or chemical, or dual, or electrical forces take place? These are the great laws which the world has been dying to know during all these centuries. Until these basic principles of things are settled all sciences must rest on spurious foundations, or be built upon conjecture. It was with a joy unspeakable that I found myself able under the illuminating power of the higher wisdom, to perceive and interpret the processes of atoms and forces in bringing about so many of the wonderful phenomena of nature, especially as I could see how immensely the progress of all physical and spiritual sciences as well as inventions, arts and discoveries must be enhanced thereby. By this means I hoped to reach the progressive portion of our material scientists and lead them gradually to understand that the pivotal principles of force lie in the refined and spiritual. My spirit guides inform me that by means of appliances devised in spirit life they are able to see and describe minutely the larger grades of atoms and their workings in connection with the flow of ethers through their spirals, so that the descriptions of them which I have given are founded on positive facts, and not on mere theories. It seems that a celebrated scientist, Herr Beselkopf of Berlin, has invented a solar microscope which will magnify 280,000 diameters; in other words, it increases the apparent size of objects several thousand million of times. With this instrument in which is a lens made of a large and pure diamond, he claims to be able to see atoms and molecules. In describing these he harmonizes with what I have ascertained in some of his main points, but in other cases when he speaks of some atoms being three sided or six sided, he evidently mistakes several lines of atoms for one line, for the lightning speed with which forces sweep around the outside of atoms in producing the expansive phenomena of heat, must forbid the notion of angles.

Hoxes by Spirits.

In another column will be found an interesting article by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, proving the care investigators should take in order not to be misled by the tricks of spirits.

Mr. Wedgwood knotted and sealed the ends of a piece of tape, in order that the spirits might, if they so pleased, put a true knot upon the endless hand thus formed, as they did in Professor Zollner's library at Leipzig, and thus redemonstrate the fact of the occasional passage of matter through matter.

The medium had never before seen in Mr. Wedgwood's house before, and had never previously seen the tape and broad seal upon it, nor did he know before his arrival that any experiment of the kind was to be tried. He reached the house half an hour after time, and two minutes later was seated at a dark glance, with his hands held by responsible witnesses on both sides of him. In the course of the sitting Mr. Wedgwood called the attention of the spirits to the tape band, and a few minutes afterwards they handed it to him, with two true knots upon it, whereas he and all present were correspondingly delighted.

But at the close of the sitting, when there was time for more critical examination, it was found that to tie the knots they had cut off Mr. Wedgwood's original knot and seal, had afterwards tied up the two ends again, and put on a fresh firm knot and seal. The seal impression had been neatly cut close to the edges of the wax, as if by a pair of scissors. The marvel is that all this was done noiselessly and in a few moments in the dark, with no flame to melt the wax; the whole operation was one which a man could have done only by the aid of a light, scissors, a seal, a flame to melt the wax and a pair of free hands. The medium, on his way home, did not speak in the mildest terms of the spirit, who played these pranks, and said that they had recently torn up some of his account books by way of amusement. He felt thankful that his hands had been held, and conversation kept up with him, all through the séance.—London Spiritualist.

We believe there is mischief in those fences which men set up and call creeds or articles, and therefore we refuse to submit to them or to accept them. The tendency of the creed, we think, is to prevent progress, because it defines beforehand the limits of opinion, and tells men before they begin to inquire the results they are to arrive at, and so prevents progress.—Dr. J. F. Clarke.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

JNO. C. BUNDY, Editor. J. K. FRANCIS, Associate Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, in Advance, including postage, \$3.25

LETTERS and Communications should be addressed to RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

In making remittances for subscription, always procure a Post-Office Money Order, if possible. When such order can not be procured, send the money in a Registered Letter.

LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the time of the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder from this office.

TO READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

From and after this date make all Checks, Drafts, Postal Money Orders and other Remittances for the Publishing House of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL payable to the order of JOHN C. BUNDY, Manager.

LOCATION

86 and 84 LaSalle Street, Northwest corner of LaSalle and Washington Streets.

CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 31, 1879.

Psychometry—Clairvoyance—Spirit-Presence.

Not long since we said a word on Psychometry and Clairvoyance, as accounting for some of the phenomena of Spiritualism, our object being to awaken thought and reach closer discrimination and exact truth.

An intelligent Spiritualist of twenty-five years experience, clear and well grounded in his views, tells us of writing a letter to Dr. J. B. Buchanan, some twenty years or more ago, who was then publishing his Journal of Man in Cincinnati.

Our correspondent still has that description and thinks it correct in regard to some leading traits of his character. He does not suppose that spirits out of our mortal forms, had anything to do with it, but that, in some subtle way, his mind impressed itself on its product—the thought and language of the letter—and so reached the delicately impenetrable brain of Dr. Buchanan's subject, when that letter was laid on his forehead, and his quiet mind was in a negative and receptive condition.

Prof. Wm. Gregory, M. D., F. R. S. E., has found time amidst his duties in Edinburgh University, to write an admirable book on Animal Magnetism, or Mesmerism and its Phenomena, which he fitly dedicates to the Duke of Argyll, the illustrious author of "The Reign of the Law," a work which will be read when his dual coronet is forgotten.

"We have seen that he possesses, at times, the power of conscious clairvoyance, by simple concentration of thought. He finds that gazing into a crystal produces the state of waking clairvoyance much sooner and more easily. On one occasion, being in a house in Edinburgh with a party, he looked into a crystal, and saw in it the inhabitants of another house, at a considerable distance. Along with them he saw two entire strangers. These he described to the company. He then proceeded to the other house and saw these two strangers whom he had described."

This would seem to indicate clairvoyance rather than psychometry. On another occasion:

"He was asked to see a house and family, unknown to him, in Glasgow street, Chelsea, he being in a house in Edinburgh with a party. He saw, in the crystal, the family in London, described the house, and also an old gentleman very ill or dying, and wearing a peculiar cap. All was found to be correct, and the cap had been lately sent to the old gentleman. On the same or mistletoe, Lewis told a gentleman, that he had lost a key, of a very particular shape, which he saw in the crystal. The gentleman, a stranger, confirmed this."

Here is the power to see, not only the key whose loss was known to the gentlemen in the company, but the dying man with his peculiar cap, two hundred miles away, whose condition and singular head-dress were unknown to all present. Mind-reading might possibly solve the one, clairvoyance or spirit-sight, probably clairvoyance, could solve the other.

Mr. Lewis thought the crystal a help by gazing in it to concentrate and abstract the mind, and Gregory suggests:

"It is quite possible, that, beside the magnetic or psychic influence of the crystal, or rather glass, may exist in producing the effect."

Under the head of "Predictions," we find the following, given as Case 70:

"Major Beadley twenty-three years ago, before he had heard of mesmerism, was on the voyage from England to India, when a lady remarked that they had not seen a seal for many days. He replied that they would see one the next day at noon, on the starboard bow. Being told that the lady's officers how he knew, he would only say that he got it and that it would happen. When the time came the captain pointed him on his prediction, when, at twelve, a man who had been seen and heard of, in consequence of the prophecy, came out: 'A seal!' 'What?' On the starboard bow. This interesting case shows a relation between the magnetic power which Major Beadley possessed in an ex-

cess degree and magnetic or other influences. The same combination is shown in Mr. Lewis.

He thinks "coincidence" cannot account for these provisions, and suggests that only by granting this power can we account for the fulfillment of prophetic dreams, which, it cannot be doubted, has frequently taken place."

In cases of prevision we seem to draw near the finer foresight of the spiritual world, yet the exalted action of our interior powers in this life may possibly solve some of these cases.

Drawing still nearer the Spirit-world, Gregory speaks of the experiments of M. Cahagnet in Paris, detailed in a volume published in that city, and of Cahagnet's: "Remarkable clairvoyance, who could, at pleasure, and with the permission and aid of her mesmerizer, pass into the highest stage of ecstasy, in which she described herself as ineffably happy, enjoying converse with the whole spiritual world, and herself so entirely detached from this sublunary scene, that she not only had no wish to return to it, but bitterly reproached M. Cahagnet for forcing her back to life."

He says Cahagnet's book showed no signs of weak or disordered intellect, that his ecstatic subjects did not echo his views, but gave others, sometimes quite unlike his, which were materialistic but which changed by these experiences, and that a singular harmony existed in their statements. His conclusion is that these visions "are not ordinary dreams. It is idle to reject them as altogether imaginary, and illogical to do so without inquiry. All who believe in the existence of a spiritual world must feel that they may possibly contain revelations of it."

Into that question he does not enter, as his book is for another purpose; yet that purpose,—the examination of magnetism and mesmerism—leads him to the very verge of that world, and he is willing to look over and suggest its reality and nearness.

His investigations are full of interest as helps to the study of the inner-life; and as helping also to give due honor to the wondrous spirit within us here, and yet give fit place and due reverence and ready welcome to those spirits who may come to us from the life beyond.

The study of spiritual science will help to fit, and a wise discrimination aid, to a larger conception of our own interior powers and a larger idea of that higher life from whose near borders our friends may, and do, come to bless and inspire us, to help us in wiser self-help.

Self-reverence and reverence for the immortals is well; idolatrous worship, enervating mind and soul, is not well. In the last chapter of the Bible is a great lesson. John, the Revelator, had seen wondrous visions and says:

"And I, John, saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he, See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book; worship God."

It is one great human family, partly here, partly on "the other side" with like powers, like spiritual life, kindred hopes and aspirations. To know ourselves in our inmost life, as we are, is to know ourselves, as we are to be, only that, in degree, we shall be higher and greater.

"The Bible of Bibles"—Kersey Graves.

Some time ago the JOURNAL made some comments, commendations and criticisms on this book,—telling of the value of its exposures of Bible errors, and of some errors in its one brief chapter devoted to Bibles other than that of the Christians. We are glad to note that some of those mistakes of the scribe and printer have been corrected in the later editions, and the fact that four editions of the work have been published shows that it is well appreciated. Our criticisms were impartial, and in good faith and good spirit, and they were true, in the light of the best authorities. The JOURNAL can not swerve for personal reasons, for friend or foe, in what it may say of a book. In this case, its comments were on the work of a good man and a friend, and it aimed to give due meed of praise and due statement of mistakes. We are not responsible for the opinions of others, nor they for ours. It is for us simply to tell the truth to the best of our ability.

The Bible of Bibles is a book of criticism, very largely, and that such a work should be faultless, or beyond criticism itself, is not to be expected. Its chief value is in the full and minute statements of Bible errors, which fill most of its space, and that it has value in our estimation, is shown by the fact that we keep it on sale among other useful books devoted to Spiritualism and liberal thought and reform.

Professional Impudence.

Here it is, and the impudent man is Dr. Hammond, Cashiered Surgeon General of the Army, "Professor of Disease of the Mind, and Nervous System in the Medical Department of New York City University," etc.

He says, in a book: "No medium has ever been lifted into the air by spirits; no one has ever read unknown writings through a closed envelope; no one has ever lifted tables or chairs, but by material agencies; no one has ever been tied or misled by spirits; no one has ever heard the knock of a spirit; and no one has ever spoken through the power of a spirit other than his own."

It is to be hoped he knows a little on some other subjects; on this he knows nothing, or else he is a knave.

When John Knox, the stern and brave old Scotch reformer, was accused of using hard language he replied: "I call a spade a spade and a knave a knave." Following his frank example we call this titled Professor an impudent ignoramus, who writes on a subject of which he knows nothing, or else he falsifies against the testimony of his own senses. This is our word for his benefit. It is a hard word but a true one.

Faith and Cheat.

One of the pitiful things is to find men and women faithless of humanity and talking as though matters were growing no better very fast. Especially it is pitiful to find such among Spiritualists and others, who profess to believe in progress.

Within the past few years public opinion has been demoralized in this way to an extent dangerous unless it is checked. Men babble in a weak way about politics, as though it was all venal and corrupt, and all public men were knaves or hypocrites. If so, better give up free government at once, and go back to despotism. But would we find peace there, and honor and real manhood? But yesterday the French empire fell at Sedan, because the despotism of Napoleon the little, had borne its fruit of fraud; and Russia bristles with bayonets to-day, and the assassin's pistol rings in the street—the music of despotism.

Let us be done with this blind folly, and make our politics, and our public men better still. They are far better than the tools of old despots in other lands, and the hopeful genius of a free people must lift all public affairs out of fraud and danger to a still higher level.

So it is in religion and in freedom of thought. Evils and dangers exist, watchfulness is needed, but the world moves—on and up—and we must be inspired by that consciousness. Away with this poor faithlessness, this real infidelity, too common even among such as profess better things, and give us a clear and rational idea of "the upward tendency that streams through all things."

A look at history helps us. We talk, and truly, of the injustice of courts and judges. Look back to England in the days of the corrupt Stewarts, and see the infamous Judge Jeffries taking bribes on the bench, insulting noblemen he falsely sentenced in his high court, and going out in the streets of London at night drunk, to sing ribald and vulgar songs and climb the lamp-posts clad only in his night-shirt.

In Motley's Dutch Republic, that wonderful story of persistent heroism and bloody bigotry, we find an edict was issued in the Netherlands by Philip of Spain, inspired by the Spanish Inquisition. Some extracts from its fearful demands will reveal the dark spirit of that terrible day. Weak and puny in comparison are God-in-the-Constitution efforts and "Comstock Laws" with us, and we can the better defeat or amend these by looking into this murky past to see how faith and courage then vanquished far worse ills than we have to meet.

Some sentences from this awful edict must suffice:

"No one shall print, write, copy, keep, conceal, sell, buy or give, in churches or streets or other places, any book or writing made by Martin Luther, Scalapin, Zwilling, Bus, Breu, John Calvin, or other heretic reproached by the Holy Church. * * * nor hold convenges in his house or attend them. We forbid all lay persons to converse or dispute on the Holy Scriptures, openly or secretly, unless they have duly studied theology, and been approved by some university. * * * or to preach secretly or openly, or to entertain any of the opinions of the above named heretics. * * * on pain of imprisonment for one year and of the galley, or to be punished in the following manner. * * * That such perturbators are to be executed, to wit: the men with the sword and the woman to be buried alive, if they do not penit in their errors; if they do not penit in them, then they are to be executed with fire; all their property, in both cases, to be confiscated to the crown."

In his Spanish capital Philip was to marry a French princess and an auto-da-fé of the Inquisition was planned the same day, that the king might witness the burning of heretics. He passed by the statue where Carlos de Lessa, a young nobleman of distinguished character and capacity, was wrapped in fire. The sufferer cried out: "How can you look on and permit me to be burned?" and the cold-blooded and bigoted king replied: "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you are."

As Motley says: "These human victims burning at the stake, were the blazing torches that lighted the monarch to his nuptial couch." No wonder that this cruelty roused a fierce war and that more than a hundred thousand brave men and true women in the Netherlands died, and so the right conquered at last.

And we need not greatly marvel either, that Protestant John Calvin, imbued with the fierce bigotry of his age, let Servetus burn at the stake when his single word could have saved him.

Away with this infidelity to humanity and progress and freedom. Let us appreciate the blessing of living in this good land, and so be wise and strong to lift our public and private life, our free church, and free state out of all peril and error. This is the work of to-day. We have better light to work in than the brave men and women of the past had, and should do more and better than they did.

Swedenborg on Re-incarnation.

In a recent article in the Chicago Daily Times, entitled "The Spiritualist Movement as it Presents Itself To-day in its Various Aspects," we see it stated that the doctrine of re-incarnation was held by Swedenborg. This is a great mistake. Swedenborg expressly denounces it. The imagined recollections of a pre-existent life, which some persons have been affected by, are the results of an unconscious intercourse with spirits, according to Swedenborg.

E. V. Wilson in a Critical Condition.

We unlock the forms to give our readers the ad intelligence that Bro. Wilson has had a relapse and lies in a very critical state at his home in Lombard, Ill. This will account for the delay in replying to his numerous calls. We know our readers will join with us in extending cordial sympathy to this old veteran and his family in their time of trial.

Return of Mr. Slade.

That Mr. Slade has done a great work for Spiritualism by his visit to Europe and Australia, there is now no doubt. The brutal persecution which he encountered from Mr. Lankester at the outset of his career in London, resulted in benefit to the cause of truth, though at the outset it threatened damage. It awakened curiosity and excited sympathy. In Germany where Mr. Lankester was remembered only as "an excitable and conceited youth" by Prof. Ludwig, under whom he had studied, his implication in the attempt to put down Slade, led directly to a wish to welcome and test the great American medium with that calmness and candor, becoming a scientific investigation.

The result was most decisive both in its vindication of Slade and in its verification of some of the great phenomena of Spiritualism. Two of the leading philosophers of Germany, Fichte and Hartmann, were convinced of the genuineness of the Slade manifestations, and this through the mere force of testimony by persons like Zollner and Weber, in whose scientific accuracy they put confidence. Fichte has with Ulrich edited the leading philosophical journal of Germany. He is the son of J. G. Fichte, the eminent contemporary of Kant, and renowned as a man of genius as well as a great philosopher. The son is not inferior to him in philosophical culture, and his knowledge and adoption of the great facts of Spiritualism give him a decided advantage. He and Ulrich had advocated from the philosophical standpoint, views which are now corroborated.

Hartmann, author of the "Philosophy of the Unconscious," is some forty years younger than Fichte, but has written the most successful philosophical work of the century, if success may be inferred from the number of copies sold. He is an accomplished anthropologist and an acute thinker, and though he does not yet accept the spiritual theory, he admits the facts as presented through the mediumship of Slade. He will catch up with the advanced Spiritualists of our day probably ere long.

Of the Slade phenomena Fichte expresses himself in terms the most emphatic and unequivocal. "Their genuineness," he says, "was made clear to some of the first physicists of Europe: to Zollner, Fechner, Scheibner, and Wm. Weber, the celebrated electrician from Göttingen. There is no retreat from what has been gained, and the advance of the great fact is fully secured. The phenomena through Slade are decisive for the cause of Spiritualism in Germany."

Such are these great and encouraging words, coming from a venerable sage, standing so high as an authority in philosophy and anthropology. They are as honorable to Slade, as they must be gratifying to all who take an interest in the advance of Spiritualism.

One word, ere we close, to the secular press of the United States. When the news came from London that Messrs. Lankester and Donkin had caught Slade in the act of attempting some trick in slate-writing, our newspapers with hardly an exception joined in the hue and cry and denounced Slade as an imposter and a swindler. Even after he had been honorably released from the clutch of the law, which Lankester and Mr. Justice Flower had put upon him, these journals did not find it convenient to say one word to the effect that Slade had not turned out to be, what they had been so swift to call him, a fraud and a cheat.

And now Mr. Slade, after having visited London a second time, and defied Lankester and his other traducers, who had threatened to try the law against him once more—after having visited Germany and satisfied some of the most eminent philosophers and professors, together with Bellachini, the court juggler, of the genuineness of his manifestations—after having convinced the Grand Duke Constantine and some of the leading physicists of Russia, that the phenomena in his presence are genuine objective occurrences, utterly inexplicable by any theory of fraud or hallucination—after having visited Australia, and made converts there among the most intelligent classes—returns to his native country, broken in health, but wholly vindicated as to the character of his media claims, and with the fame of having convinced some of the world's greatest thinkers and physicists that there are phenomena wholly inexplicable by any materialistic theory yet known.

Is there any lover of fair play among the American journalists, who have been denouncing him as an exposed fraud, who will now have the manliness to say the honest word in regard to him, and admit that he has been honorably vindicated from the aspersions cast upon him by one Mr. Lankester, who, in the language of his German teacher, is only remembered as "a conceited and excitable youth"?

We shall wait with interest to see whether the journals that have foully traduced Slade, and never taken back their misrepresentations, will now have the grace to tell the truth in regard to him, which such men as Wallace, Fichte, Zollner, Aksakof, and others have openly and widely proclaimed. Come, gentlemen, be honest, and do not let the charge that you have inadvertently circulated a false report, be converted by your silence into the charge that you have willfully lied.

William Lloyd Garrison died at the residence of his daughter in New York City on last Saturday. None of the newspapers mention the well-known fact that he was a Spiritualist.

Laborers in the Spiritualistic Vineyard, and Other Items of Interest.

Dr. S. B. Brittan has removed to No. 80 W. 11th St., New York.

Dr. Chas. T. Buffum is now located at Springfield, Mass.

Spiritualism is calling forth a good deal of attention in Sweden.

Prof. Wm. Denton's lectures are exciting great interest in Springfield, Mass.

J. J. Morse was initiated into the Ancient Order of Freemasons at Glasgow, Scotland in April last.

Mrs. H. Morse has been lecturing with good success in the East. Her address for the present is 277 Dixwell avenue, New Haven, Connecticut.

Patrons of R. W. Flint, of No. 25 E. 14th St., New York, frequently write us in terms of high praise of his medial power as evidenced in answers received to sealed letters.

In an article in a late issue of the JOURNAL headed, "To Michigan Spiritualists," etc., the word United should read Mutual, thus: "Michigan Mutual Benefit Association."

Dr. J. K. Bailey lectured Sunday, May 12th, at Osborn's Prairie, Ind. He speaks at Darlington, Ind., June 18th. He was engaged to speak at Colfax, Ind., (his present address until further notice,) instead of Colby, Ind.

A. B. French, an able advocate of Spiritualism, personally superintends his nursery at Clyde, one of the finest in the State of Ohio. He has lately erected large green-houses, and has had most gratifying success in the propagation of rare plants.

Don't forget that we are sending out the JOURNAL on trial three months for 50 cents. Those who read the paper and believe its policy to be the correct one, as most do, should lose no opportunity of extending its influence among their friends; a little earnest effort will double our list.

A parliamentary paper just issued shows that pauperism is increasing and crime diminishing in England. There are one and a half per cent. more paupers in the country now than there were last year, an increase wholly due to the depression of trade, as it is confined entirely to the north, the metropolis showing a decrease.

Mrs. Minerva Merrick is building a large and commodious hall at Quincy, Ill., "for the benefit of humanity in general, and Spiritualists in particular." It will cost, when completed, about \$5,000. Her object is a worthy one, and the angels will bless her for the interest she takes in the cause of Spiritualism.

Mrs. Nannie V. Warren, inspirational speaker, has been lecturing in Cedar Rapids Iowa, on Sundays for the past eighteen months; will answer calls to lecture or hold sances in the towns along the line of railway between Cedar Rapids and Keokuk, during the month of June. Address, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Rev. Treadwell Walden, an Episcopal clergyman and litterateur, predicts that the day is coming when practically time and space will be annihilated, and all the human races will live together on this little earth as one family. To this end he regards the Atlantic cable, the telephone and phonograph as great steps in advance. Other wonderful inventions will follow, and then the destiny of man will be accomplished.

Dr. Draper warns those stupid people who eat fish, thinking it contains the elements of brain matter, and thus use it for repairing the deficiencies of nature, that their gastronomic labors are in vain, and that it won't make them intellectual. In brief, fish does not contain an excess of phosphorus, and when dead fish "shine as bright as the stars at night," it is positively not owing to the presence of phosphorus, but to the oxidation of carbon.

We were greatly pleased at the hopeful sign of progress evinced by our amiable Boston contemporary in its criticism of Mr. Kiddle's book. Its comments thereon, though less comprehensive and more mild than our own, are in harmony therewith. We hail this step forward with pleasure and hope it is an augury of still further harmonious action in the future. The JOURNAL is willing and able to bear the brunt of every advance and is only too glad to see its able contemporary falling into line after the crisis is passed.

A. J. Fishback and M. C. Vandercook entertained large audiences for five nights, at the Christian church in Butler, Indiana, commencing May 16th. Sunday night the church was kindly offered them by its trustees, if they would continue their good work. They were at Kendallville, Indiana, for the 24th and 25th. Mr. Vandercook recently added eight new songs to his catalogue in six days, and among them were some of his very best compositions, including "Progress in the Watch-word Now," and "The Age of Light has Come at Last," lively and stirring songs.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, will meet in their former hall, room one, Postoffice block, Sunday at 7.30 o'clock P. M. This society was organized in November, 1877, and has continued its organization ever since, meeting regularly in Postoffice block, until the past winter, it transferred its meetings to the parlors of Dr. Warren, where the services have been successfully conducted by the doctor and his lady. The interest has constantly increased until the society think it best to transfer the meetings to more spacious rooms. The society extend a cordial invitation to all Free-thinkers to meet with them and take part in these exercises.

The Wisdom of Fools and the Folly of Philosophers.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

It is impossible that all degrees of either wisdom or foolishness should exist in, and be represented by, any one human mind.

It is difficult to decide, with mathematical precision, exactly where the fool ceases and the philosopher begins in any one individual.

I know a bright, driving, intelligent merchant who lives meanly and miserably; to the end that he may become a millionaire, and die magnificent and rich.

I am acquainted with a graduate of one college and of two universities—a thoroughly well-educated man, capable of practicing two professions—who is so ignorant and negligent of the ordinary rules of health, that he is one of the most helpless and miserable invalids, and yet he cannot see "why."

There are two kinds of fools and philosophers—(1) the natural, and (2) the artificial. The natural is the spontaneous and elastic; the artificial is the systematic and tough.

Suppose a man's opinions differ from yours: call him "a fool," and thus end the controversy. Of course, making your own positive convictions the standard of good sense, is a specimen of egotistical shallowness which entitles you to be called "a philosopher!" Does it not?

Do you wish to be regarded as "a fool" by a fellow being? Then let him know that you privately regard him as a sample. A deliberate, superlative, natural fool is certainly a great unadulterated philosopher.

The systematic fool, who is also a philosopher, hangs upon you like a sack of sand. He thrusts himself upon your society unwelcome and as long as he lasts.

He is easily charmed with his own wit, and is too pre-occupied with his own thoughts and feelings to give yours much attention. His good humor with himself is unbounded and irresistible.

If you have a private conviction, whatever your neighbors think of you, that you have in your possession more than the average amount of wisdom, then you are in all probability a fool of more than usual depth and perspicacity.

The mingling of the fool and the philosopher in one clergyman was illustrated last year. A Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Peoria, made a loud complaint against *The Call*, of that city, which refused to publish his article written by him in reply to a recent article by Colonel Ingersoll.

Mr. Thompson made the charge that the reply was suppressed at the Colonel's request. Thereupon Colonel Ingersoll wrote a letter to the editor, in which he said: "The idea that I would object to the publication of anything so perfectly irrelevant and harmless, is simply absurd."

It is a belief in the inspiration of the Old Testament, united with a comfortable hope that a large majority of the world will be eternally damned, is a source of consolation to the Rev. C. J. Thompson, let him retain the belief and cherish the hope. I would not for the world deprive him of anything so consoling."

"Answering a fool according to his folly" is attended with great risk. By perceiving and describing the folly and senselessness of others, one is liable to suffer the penalty of becoming barren, cold, cruel, and *unloved*. A distinguished comedian, clear-headed and cheerful, by long-continued representation of that emboded simplicity called "Humpty Dumpty," lost his health, his cheerfulness, the wit of his reasoning faculties, and at last he sacrificed his bodily life upon the altar of idiotic grimaces and pantomime.

Professor Christlieb, the able German clergyman who visited New York some years since to attend the Evangelical Alliance, to which he was appointed, freely complained that in the United States he feared there was a fatal lack of the "spirit of Christ." He seriously declared that on more than one occasion he had heard an American woman say to her husband, "Dear, will you bring me my shawl?" and the husband had brought it! Worse than this, he had seen a husband, returning home at evening, enter the parlor where his wife was sitting—perhaps in the very best chair in the room—and the wife not only did not get up and get his slippers and dressing-gown, but she even remained seated, and left him to find a chair as he could.

In a case like this it would seem that the exact proportions of the fool and the philosopher can be ascertained only by submitting the problem to another meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

The hypocrite never long deceives or misleads any one but himself. He commences his career in the sky foot stage; by evolution he ends "a wiser and a sadder man"; no one permanently unhappy save himself; and yet, so incomprehensibly blind is natural foolishness, the man fancies himself as far brighter and wittier than his associates!

The cynical fool is a persistent philosopher. He never sees a virtuous quality in any man, and never fails to see everything that is bad. The openly evil and the secretly evil; these are his two classes of human actions. His philosophy of human life is the basis of the profoundest foolishness.

A man is a spirit, and yet this same spirit refuses to believe in anything but materialism! There are minds who adopt the most fruitful spiritualism in their thoughts; while in their daily lives and conduct, they practice the most barren materialism.

The fool said in his heart "there is no God," but, in a certain theological sense, all philosophers have affirmed the same negation; while those who have positively said "there is a God," have a sweet consciousness of being wiser than others; which at once begets an immensity of doubt concerning their ability to decide "what is truth."

The fool is one who fancies he can commit a wrong, and yet escape the penalty. He goeth out into the garden confident that he, being more cunning than others, can "gather figs of thistles." There are philosophers who fancy that the progress of Truth may be promoted by falsehood, shams, and chicanery.

The selfish philosopher, in pursuit of happiness, is the biggest fool of the age. If you would be happy, never seek for it but faithfully perform your work, the true compensation will surely come.

A Letter from Central America.

To the Editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

In accepting your kind invitation to give the readers of your highly valued JOURNAL, some account of matters in this part of the world, I will beg, first of all, to explain the double name at the end of this communication.

The first effort made, in modern times, to open a transit across the Isthmus of Panama, was in the years 1835-6, by Mr. Charles Biddle, who was appointed commissioner by President Jackson, to examine the different parts of the American Isthmus, with a view of opening communication with the Pacific.

Mr. Biddle visited Panama, where he remained for some time, and then proceeded to Bogota, via Buenaventura on the Pacific, in company with the delegation to the National Congress from the provinces of Panama and Veraguas.

While at the capital he succeeded in obtaining a grant for building a railroad to connect the two oceans; but as he died soon after his return to the United States, in 1837, and as the country was in the midst of a disastrous commercial and financial crisis at that time, the project was for the time abandoned.

In the year 1848, however, three or four enterprising American capitalists saw their opportunity for carrying out the great enterprise,—greater by far, as it subsequently proved, than even they at that time dared to hope or dream,—and the present railroad was begun.

These men were W. H. Aspinwall, Henry Chauncey and John L. Stephens, aided later, that indefatigable engineer, J. L. Baldwin, (the sad tragedy of whose ending may be alluded to hereafter,) and by George M. Totten, afterwards for many years the chief engineer of the road.

When the Atlantic terminus came to be decided upon, the beautiful and historic little harbor of Porto Bello, (beautiful port) was regarded with favor, on account of its absolute security against storms; but it was finally determined, for several reasons, to commence the road upon the island of Manzanillo, in Navy Bay, seven miles to the north of the Chagres river and about twenty-five miles south of Porto Bello.

In due course, the great work was inaugurated amid the Mangrove swamps, where there had never before been human habitation, and the new town, or settlement, or camp, or whatever it might be called, was named Aspinwall by the few brave and hardy Americans who dared to peril their lives therein.

Whether it was because the authorities of the country were not consulted, or whether they had from the first entertained other views, certain it is they were not disposed to adopt the American name, but christened the place Colon, Spanish for Columbus, in honor of the great discoverer, who is said to have anchored during one of his voyages in the bay. Thus it comes that Colon is the legal name. In Europe the place is better known by that name than by the other; but in the United States, it is still for the most part called Aspinwall.

And it is natural that there should be a desire to perpetuate the memory and fair fame of the principal founder of this first great inter-oceanic highway, by calling one of its termini after him; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that a government has the undoubted right to exercise its own discretion about such a matter in its own government, and would insist upon doing so. No? In this instance, however, ex-Secretary Fish seemed to think lightly of the international courtesy due a sister republic.

At all events, when our present representative was sent out, six or seven years ago, with his commission made out as Consul at Aspinwall, and when his *equator* was politely refused by this government, upon the ground that Colon was the name of the place, the irate ex-head of the State Department changed, in his wrath, the Consulate into a mere commercial agency. This was done because the incumbent, although shorn of dignity and authority, would not require official recognition by the Columbian government. How much wiser and better it would have been, to have written, Consul at Colon, rather than Commercial Agent at Aspinwall! But such are sometimes the little mistakes great people make.

From the name of the place itself is a natural transition, although it be the traditional single steps from the sublime to the ridiculous. I do not suppose many of your readers have ever been here, or have formed even a remote idea of what it is like. A few may have made the voyage to California, or Central America, or the South Pacific, but it is safe to presume that the vast majority know of Colon (Aspinwall) only as a point on the Isthmus of Panama, at which the railroad has its Atlantic, or more definitely, its Caribbean terminus. Even the favored few who "have traveled," and have passed through, are little competent to give a correct description of the place. There has always been a prejudice, not justified by the facts, against it, which as an old resident, I would like to see dispelled. This I am aware would be akin to the Augean labors of Hercules, but with your permission I will do what justice I can to the sadly traduced locality.

Know then, all who care for the information, that Colon is a thoroughly American town, about thirty years old, situated upon the north-westward extension of the truly magnificent Spanish main, in north latitude 9° 22', and west longitude 79° 54'. The island upon which it is built is separated from the main-land by only a narrow passage of about five hundred feet, known as the Fox river, across which a solid road-bed of earth has been filled in just wide enough for the railroad track. This causeway forms the only land communication with the interior. No other road of any kind exists, but that fact makes little difference, as the surrounding country is for the most part a wild, primeval jungle. Whatever intercourse there is

with the adjacent coast is mostly carried on by oysters or native boats, made from a single tree, and sometimes large enough to safely carry twenty people. The town is built mostly of wood, with here and there a brick or stone building, and who approached from the sea, or whose pleasant appearance, against its dark background of dense tropical vegetation. It is very low, however, being in that respect much like the Chicago of former days, before the all-powerful Jack-screw exerted its elevating influence upon your now splendid city.

There is no part of the thousand acres, more or less, composing the island, more than three feet above high water; and as the difference between high and low tide is only eighteen inches, we are about as "low down" as it is possible to get. All the front of the island, towards the Caribbean on the north and Navy Bay on the west, is of coral formation. The reef extends along the sea front, affording protection from the big waves that sometimes come rolling in before the mad fury of occasional northers.

On the north-west angle of the reef stands the iron pier, a very high, built by the railroad company while along the beach, facing north and west, are the buildings occupied by the employees of the road, including also a fine stone church, which cost seventy-five thousand dollars, and the engine and car shops. Back of these is the town proper, which is regularly laid out and numbers about one hundred and fifty houses independent of the railroad, and if only kept in order, would present by no means a bad appearance. That, however, is a sad stumbling-block, and will bring my present letter to an abrupt close.

T. R. Colon, (Aspinwall) Isthmus of Panama, April 28th 1879.

DEVOTIONAL SPIRITUALISM.

Being Short Sunday Exercises for Spiritualists.

[NUMBER FORTY.]

[The thinkers and seers of all the ages have been laid under contribution in this Series. Each will be given in due time, but no distinction is here made between what is original and what is selected or compiled. These articles are prepared by a competent scholar, whose wide research and great attainments well fit him for the task, and entitle his labors to the highest consideration. It is to iron and stone, and not to living men, that appears under the above head, we do not thereby, necessarily, endorse it all.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

We have seen that the conception of cause is involved in all operations of the reason. The theory of an infinite series of invariable sequences as an explanation of the universe, may exercise the ingenuity of the sophist, but it is at war with all the analogies of our limited experience as well as with all our rational notions. The proposition that a series of reasonable effects can be produced without reasonable cause, is absurd to the earnest thinker.

As for the anti-theistic argument, drawn from the existence of evil, always and everywhere the development of energy in the human race implies the existence of that which energy must subdue, namely, evil in some shape or other. It is only by the contrast of evil that good can be said to exist. To ask why evil should exist among finite imperfect beings, may, to higher intelligence, seem as childish as it would be to ask why a triangle has three sides.

We would be asked presented (in Number Two) the syllogism which satisfied the great mind of Leibnitz as to the divine existence; but it will bear repetition. It is as follows: (1) In the whole universe all is contingent, nothing is necessary, nothing is a cause of itself. (2) To explain the cause of all, therefore, we must admit a cause which may be necessarily a cause of itself and of all things. (3) This cause being, since it is necessary, it follows that God is, for it is God.

As to the first proposition we have seen that the whole tendency of modern science is to confirm it. (See Number 29.) In the whole visible universe all is contingent—a product of time.

The very word *nature*, according to its derivation (*nascor*, to be born) means that which is born or produced; the *becoming*; that which has a beginning and an end; that which has not the cause of its existence in itself, and the cause of which must be sought in something antecedent to and beyond itself.

The second proposition is, therefore, an affirmation of the principle of causation, a demand of the reason. It is only by sophistry that this can be contested. Truly it is remarked by Herbert Spencer: "The idea of cause will govern at the end, as it has done at the beginning; it cannot be abolished, except by the abolition of thought itself. If we admit that there can be something uncaused, there is no reason to assume a cause for anything."

In the regress of causes, unless we would fall into the absurdity of an infinity of invariable sequences, we must stop at the uncaused cause; at that which is a cause of itself and of all things; and this fulfills the idea of God. The syllogism of Leibnitz is thus complete.

Beneath all the changes of the universe there is an enduring something. There are abiding constants as well as fleeting changes; enduring realities as well as unstable phenomena. The same forms and relations, the same forces and laws, the same analogical functions, and the same archetypal ideas, remain amid all individual changes. There is an enduring substance which is the subject of all these changes. There is a permanent force, or power which is the cause of all changes. There are constant numerical proportions, determinate geometrical forms, specific ideal archetypes, and special ends, which give the law of all change. The universe is therefore a unity, a cosmos (or *order*), a harmonious whole, both in its contemporaneous and in its successive history.

Do you suppose that all this vast concrete, which you call the natural universe, came there without thought and without thoughts? Do you suppose that the constitution of each separate atom of that concrete does not involve thought and several thoughts? God is a spirit, and thinks; and the forms of his thinking must be contained in his work. If it takes mind to construct the world, how can it require the negation of mind to constitute it? The universe is one, and the principles of its structure are thoughts.

Do you say that immortality is an absurdity? It is no more absurd that you should be continued than that you are. That you are is the guarantee of your necessity. God is a concrete Spirit—not an abstract unity, why should not the death of the body be the birth of spirit? And why should you not continue united to the universal spirit then, even as you are so united here, in the natural form now?

"We ought not to think of God as a person, one who thinks and loves," says Mat-

thew Arnold, "for this tends to make us think of God as if he were a magnified and non-natural man in the next street; we ought to think of God as the Eternal, not ourselves, working for righteousness." But how, except it be under human conditions, can I know what is meant by the Eternal, not ourselves, making for righteousness? I am told I must not talk of God as one who loves, because the relation of God to man, so understood, is not verifiable. Quite as verifiable, I think, as are the statements that "the enduring power around us makes for righteousness," etc. An impersonal God is no God at all, for he lacks the complements of his attributes, is incomplete, and falls into the category of Nature. Let us learn what we really mean by *personality* before we give it to a finite spirit, and deny it to the Supreme Spirit—to Infinite Intelligence. Be not alarmed by the cry of anthropomorphism. There is room enough in Infinite Being even for the Anthropomorphic phase.

"Personality," according to Lotze, "does not depend on the distinction of a *me* from a *not me*; it has its basis in pure selfhood,—in being for—or-to-self, self-consciousness,—without reference to that which is not self. The personality of God, therefore, does not necessarily involve the distinction by God of himself from what is not himself, and so his limitation or finiteness; on the contrary, perfect personality is to be found only in God, while in all finite spirits there exists only a weak imitation of personality."

We are united to the universal Spirit because we have in us elements of the divine Nature. God is in us. Something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun, is in the human soul. This is our transcendent claim. In the conscience there are two elements: first myself, and then a higher objective element, which is God. Through conscience, then, we are brought into immediate relations with God. Conscience and the consciousness of God are one. And this is why we suffer no mediators, no external authority; this is why we submit to no spiritual dictatorship; this is why we preserve our independence before all bibles and all creeds. God is our highest reason; it is he who enlightens, he who directs, he who speaks to us within.

But, by conscience, be it understood, we do not mean that selfish, the mere reflex of their own passion, bigotry or pride, which some men install on the throne of conscience, and ignorantly or willfully bow down to. Only to those whose desire to do right is freed from all taint of passion, injustice and self-conceit, is conscience truly revealed. Only to the pure in heart, the humble and the just, is conscience audible—is God visible.

RECITATIONS.

Soul of my soul, impart Thy energy divine! Inform and fill this languid heart, And make Thy purpose mine. Thy voice is still and small, The world's is loud and rude; O, let me hear Thee over all, And be, through love, renewed. Give me the mind to seek Thy perfect will to know; And lead me, tractable and meek, The way I ought to go. Make quick my spirit's ear, Thy faithful word to heed; So that of my soul be ever near To guide me in my need.

What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain? I smile on death, if heavenward hope remain! But, if the warring winds of nature's strife Be all the faithless charter of my life, If chance awaked, inexorable power, This frail and feverish being of an hour; Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,

Swift as the tempest travels on the deep, To know delight but by her parting smile, And toil, and wish, and weep a little while; Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain This troubled pulse and visionary brain! Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom; And sing, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!

INVOCATION.

Omniscient Spirit, help us to realize that there is a cloud of witnesses about us, to whose scrutiny our thoughts and our lives are open. But grant that we may not need the thought that we are observed, to deter us from uncleanliness of thought and of act. Let us be pure because purity is the law of our highest welfare as developed under thy laws. Let us be good because the soul's highest faculties are best served and satisfied by goodness. Let us love because a holy love is noble, unselfish and divine. Let us be just and generous because justice and generosity are steps towards thee, our Father and our God, who art infinite goodness, purity and love. Amen.

HYMN.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord! The simplest are the best; Thy lodging is in childlike hearts; Thou makest there thy rest. Dear comforter! Eternal Love! If thou wilt stay with me, Of lowly thoughts and simple ways I'll build a house for thee. Who made this beating heart of mine But thou, my heavenly Guest? Let no one have it, then, but thee, And let it be thy rest.

BENEDICTION.

May the love of God surround you with all good influences; and should there seem to be bad influences, may they be for your ultimate good, in giving you strength against temptation, and the confidence that

comes from trial. Grant, O God, that we may diligently study thy thoughts as revealed in nature and in man's immortal soul; and that in thy light we may find quiet and comfort. Amen.

Re-Engagement of A. J. Davis.

A letter just received from the Sec. of the First Harmonial Association of N. Y. City, brings us the assurance that Bro. A. J. Davis will continue his contributions to our columns. The secretary writes as follows: "The time for which we had made arrangements with Mr. A. J. Davis to write for your paper having expired, it gives me great pleasure to inform you that our society has just concluded further arrangements with him to continue his contributions to your fearless and independent JOURNAL during the ensuing six months; you may therefore promise to your subscribers the continuance of his services as a regular contributor."

Prof. Buchanan will lecture at the Republican Hall, New York, on the following subjects before the "Christian Society of Divine Love and Wisdom; Sunday, June 22nd, "Divine Love as the Law of Life;" July 27th, "The Earthly Paradise."

Prof. Denton, in a letter to us, says: "Your criticism of Mr. Kiddle's book is first-rate. I think I can see all around the good effect of your many stand for good sense and sound judgment in spiritual matters."

LAME BACK. WEAK BACK.

BENSON'S CAPSICUM POROUS PLASTER.

Overwhelming evidence of their superiority over all other plasters. It is everywhere recommended by Physicians, Druggists and the Press.

The manufacturers received a special award and the only medal given for porous plasters at the Centennial Exposition, 1876, at the Paris Exposition, 1878.

Their great merit lies in the fact that they are the only plasters which relieve pain at once.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Back, Cold on the Chest, Coughs, or any local pain or ache, should use Benson's Capsicum Porous Plaster and be relieved at once. Price 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists.

\$777 A YEAR and expenses to agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

\$10 to \$1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes, for times every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$6 outfit free. Address H. HAZLETT & Co., Portland, Me.

FREE GIFT! Copy of my Medical Book will be sent to any person afflicted with Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, or Hoarse Voice. It is elegantly printed and illustrated; 144 pages, 12mo, 1878. It has been the means of saving many valuable lives. Send name and post-office address, with six cents postage for mailing. The book is valuable to persons suffering with any disease of the Nose, Throat or Lungs. Address Dr. N. B. WOLFE, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO., 175 & 179 E. W. Broadway, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Our roses are specially selected and distributed through these beautiful roses. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, \$1.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$2.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$3.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$4.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$5.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$6.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$7.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$8.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$9.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$10.00 per pair, at all post-offices.

Send for our New Guide to Rose Culture—50 pages, elegantly illustrated, to choose from, over 500 varieties of roses, with full descriptions, over 500 beautiful flower pictures. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO., 175 & 179 E. W. Broadway, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Our roses are specially selected and distributed through these beautiful roses. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, \$1.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$2.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$3.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$4.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$5.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$6.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$7.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$8.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$9.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$10.00 per pair, at all post-offices.

Send for our New Guide to Rose Culture—50 pages, elegantly illustrated, to choose from, over 500 varieties of roses, with full descriptions, over 500 beautiful flower pictures. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO., 175 & 179 E. W. Broadway, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Our roses are specially selected and distributed through these beautiful roses. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, \$1.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$2.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$3.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$4.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$5.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$6.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$7.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$8.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$9.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$10.00 per pair, at all post-offices.

Send for our New Guide to Rose Culture—50 pages, elegantly illustrated, to choose from, over 500 varieties of roses, with full descriptions, over 500 beautiful flower pictures. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO., 175 & 179 E. W. Broadway, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Our roses are specially selected and distributed through these beautiful roses. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, \$1.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$2.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$3.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$4.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$5.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$6.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$7.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$8.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$9.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$10.00 per pair, at all post-offices.

Send for our New Guide to Rose Culture—50 pages, elegantly illustrated, to choose from, over 500 varieties of roses, with full descriptions, over 500 beautiful flower pictures. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO., 175 & 179 E. W. Broadway, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Our roses are specially selected and distributed through these beautiful roses. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, \$1.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$2.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$3.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$4.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$5.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$6.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$7.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$8.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$9.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$10.00 per pair, at all post-offices.

Send for our New Guide to Rose Culture—50 pages, elegantly illustrated, to choose from, over 500 varieties of roses, with full descriptions, over 500 beautiful flower pictures. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO., 175 & 179 E. W. Broadway, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Our roses are specially selected and distributed through these beautiful roses. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, \$1.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$2.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$3.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$4.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$5.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$6.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$7.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$8.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$9.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$10.00 per pair, at all post-offices.

Send for our New Guide to Rose Culture—50 pages, elegantly illustrated, to choose from, over 500 varieties of roses, with full descriptions, over 500 beautiful flower pictures. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their address and six cents in postage stamps. Address UNITED STATES BOOK & BIBLE CO., 175 & 179 E. W. Broadway, N. Y.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Our roses are specially selected and distributed through these beautiful roses. We deliver Strong Pot Plants, suitable for immediate bloom, \$1.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$2.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$3.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$4.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$5.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$6.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$7.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$8.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$9.00 per pair, at all post-offices. \$10.00 per pair, at all post-offices.

Send for our New Guide to Rose Culture—50 pages, elegantly illustrated, to choose from, over 500 varieties of roses, with full descriptions, over 500 beautiful flower pictures. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

FREE TO ALL FLEETWOOD'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

500 Pages. Over 200 Illustrations. Free to all who send their