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

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The Strange Story of the Weinsberg Sisters.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

We were known as the Weinsberg Sisters. Her name was Maimah and mine Maimie. Nature in sportive humor, after making us two distinct beings, had bound us together with a fetter stronger than steel. Her left side and my right were united by a band of flesh, through which the blood pulsed in commingling streams. We ought to have been alike, similar in appearance, tastes, temper and disposition, but, alas! we were not. Nature carried her sport to the unkind limit of making us opposites. This antagonism was even manifested when we lay helpless in our mother's lap, and strengthened with our years. While I was gentle and winsome, my mate was cross, fretful, restless, and constantly angry with me, as though I were the cause of her discomfort, and undoubtedly I was an annoyance, preventing the free motion she so much desired. As we grew older, this animosity increased, and nothing I could say or do appeased her.

Well do I remember the first time I realized the terrible burden attached to me, which made me so different from others. I was still a child when the knowledge dawned on me. Mother said to us in a laughing way that her four-handed girl should assist her in some household duty. I enjoyed the task, but Maimah was provoked at being called four-handed, and sulkily refused. When mother spoke again to her she became uncontrollably angry, and accused me of being the cause of her misfortune. Then by a strange interchange of thought she awoke the same ideas in my mind, and I found to my sorrow suffering within me, evil thoughts. "Why do you blame me?" Are you not as much to blame as I?" I asked. Then she burst into most violent language and turning her red face to mine, her eyes scowling with rage, she fastened her teeth in my cheek, and would not let go her hold until our mother choked her away and held her fast. The hurt was slight, though the blood came freely, but the mental effect no words can describe. I had felt inconvenienced before, but never bound. I realized, young as I was, that there was no escape, and I was wild with fear. At any moment she might become angry and as she was the stronger I would be compelled to receive her blows or bites, being incapable of resisting or running away. In the silent hours of the night I thought of my sad lot, and bitterly wept. Our mother, my strength and reliance, was taken away. By her coffin I gained my first idea of death. My sister looked stolidly on the pale face of the loved one, and rudely rebuked me for my grief. That night I thought of death. We all must die, the preacher had said. What if Maimah should die? Then, she being a part of me, I would be buried with her! I trembled at this dreadful possibility, and wearied myself to sleep only to dream of being buried alive.

What a fate was mine, to be thus bound by a band of flesh to one utterly unlike myself! As I older grew, I felt the chasm between us widening and deepening and the hatred and malice she bore toward every one was vented on me. We were inseparable companions, yet without the least sympathy of feeling. My likes and dislikes were not in accordance with hers. I delighted to sit down quietly and read, to enjoy music or works of art, or the conversation of friends, while she being dull of understanding and unable to learn

even the rudiments of knowledge, would allow me no rest or quiet anywhere. When in one place she wanted to be in another, and if I refused to go she dragged me with her. Her conversation was unpleasant, and it depressed and stifled me, as she talked incessantly of the most trifling subjects. When I spoke of things dear to me—my studies, reading, or observations—she would remain silent, or answer with contempt. Of course, we were subjects of interest, were constantly invited out by friends, and were recipients of unusual attention. My sister greatly enjoyed this while I, more sensitive, shrank from publicity. We were related as the bad and good sides, and while most people are capable of concealing the bad by the good from superficial observation, mine represented by my sister was ever present as my shadow. She at any moment was liable to utter coarse expressions, angry words, or scowl her hate. What to me was still more fearful, was her power of impressing on me her most intense wishes, and awakening in me the desire to do wrong; to take that which was not mine; to speak falsely and commit greater crimes, and my tongue would utter words not mine, and thus place me in unhappy situations; at other times, when I saw some desirable object she would urge me to take it, and my being seemed torn asunder by the conflict between these contending influences. The bad at times actually triumphed and after I recovered self-mastery, conscience would drive me to despair. I would turn to her, saying, "How I wish you could appreciate the glories of the day and the beauty of the night, and feel the thrill of poetry in your soul. How I wish we could talk together of the books I have read, and the charming scenes around us." Then she would look at me with her dull eyes, and sneeringly say that it was fine talk, but she would rather have a nice dinner; a dinner was the height of her aspiration, and chief topic of conversation.

The crisis of our lives came when we were eighteen. I was said to be handsome, except being too pale, and the mirror told me the same. By the side of my reflection was another that was not handsome. Even to my eyes that constantly saw it, that face was repulsive. It was a strange contrast with mine. The lips were thick, the eyes large and round, with a dull and stony gaze, which absorbed without reflecting light; the cheeks were of dull red, and neck short and heavy. She was sensitive of her personal appearance, and would turn from the glass with horrid imprecations on my head.

Did I love? Did ever woman live who loved not? I was abnormally sensitive and lonely. Those with whom I conversed spoke not as to an equal, but in tones of pity or condescension. I had no companionship, and yearning for some one in whom to confide, who would understand my trials, my wants and aspirations, I idealized a hero I had not seen, nor ever expected to meet. I said to my heart, "Your hero must not be a reality. Your love must be a dream, for do you not see your fetters hold you fast and make the fulfillment impossible?" Thus I dreamed, when suddenly the reality came. A young physician from a celebrated university was introduced by a friend, and he became deeply interested in us. He was the ideal of my dream. From the first time I saw him I loved him as I would a remote and inaccessible star, never for a moment hoping for a return of my affection. As the days went by and we often met, he expressed the first words of sympathy that I had ever heard, coming from an understanding of my situation. He appreciated the bondage in which I was held, and yet his words were so delicate he did not offend my sister. On the contrary she accepted them as addressed to her, and with all the uncontrolled earnestness of her nature, she became in love with him. While I shrank from an expression which might indicate my sentiment, she boldly gave her utterance. After these interviews what a burning sense of shame I felt; how exasperated at the cruel fate which bound me to a form of flesh actuated by desire rather than reason.

One day we accidentally met the physician, and he spoke so low and earnestly, and there was such a strange new light in his eyes, I questioned his heart, and while I held my breath I dared to believe he thought of me as I of him; but with that light I saw also the sign of despair. Love admits of only two; there were three, for I was already united with my mate, and terrible as it was, so must I remain. Out of the depths of regret I was recalled by the amazing words of Maimah, who by an unerring instinct caught the sentiment of the physician, her egotism changing it to herself. With startling vehemence she replied: "I know you love me, but you know not how much I love you. Yet," she added, turning fiercely on me, "what is the good as long as I am a part of you?"

Deeply chagrined I said: "Pardon me, dear sir, and do not hold me responsible for these words!"

"Who holds you responsible?" she cried in anger. "If I am attached to you by this band of flesh, I am not in any other way, and my words are my own."

"Be assured," said the physician soothingly, "I understand." Each of us could interpret this to suit herself. Then he added, "You are two souls holding two bodies in partial community. I think the recent progress of knowledge makes it certain that your union is not indissoluble, and that a skillful surgeon might easily sever it, and free you from each other."

of flesh which unites us?" we both exclaimed.

"It is quite possible," he replied. "Would you undertake the task?" I asked, feeling as though my hope of life depended on his answer.

"Yes," he replied, "under certain circumstances. The risk is great, but I think you do not place a priceless value on life under present conditions?"

Priceless value! It was irksome, and I almost daily prayed for death. Never before had I thought separation possible. "Here was an offer of liberty, and with it every thing which would make life worth the living. My heart was expanding under the influence of a new found delight. The heavens had become of softer hue and the dull past was vanishing. Separation and freedom! The cutting off of this lower self, this oppressive self; this wearisome, aggressive, asserting self, with its coarse thoughts, unbidden words and suggestions of evil!—would I accept the risk? What folly to ask. What risk would I not take to be free; enabled to go where I pleased, do as I pleased, without trembling with apprehension that there would come a storm of abuse or blows from which I could not defend myself?"

While these thoughts flashed like flame through my mind, my sister applying the words to herself, at once voiced her feelings; "cut us apart! Glorious! Can you do it? Will you? Did you ask if I was willing?" You may think me, I have been a slave long enough. Every enjoyment or pleasure has been denied me. I am checked in eating and in drinking; I am wrong in my desires, I am made to understand that I am lover and meater, and of coarser stuff than Maimie. What a delight to be free from her constant talk of right and duty, and what I ought, or ought not to do."

Consulting with our father, as we urged with one mind, he reluctantly consented that the operation be performed. At the appointed time the physician with an assistant came. I knew I was very pale, or I could not free myself from dread, and had any one else been the surgeon, my strength must have failed, but I knew by the tender tones of his voice and gentleness of his manner, that to cut my flesh would be to him like cutting his own, and that not an unnecessary nerve would be severed. I could bear the pain at his hands, and if he succeeded, greater and more priceless than freedom was the love I might claim for which now it was a sin to ask. Maimah had constantly talked of the operation, her love for the physician and what happiness freedom from my restraint would bring her. Now the time had come, she was seized with one of her sudden impulses, such as unreasoning or instinctive beings have: "If I have this band cut," she said to the physician, "I do so because I love you and because you love me; and because I cannot be your wife as long as I am tied to another. You promise to marry me when my bondage is over?"

To this unexpected demand made in a tone of authority, he was so astonished he could make no reply, but stood as one overwhelmed, blushing deeply and then becoming pale as death. Recovering his self-possession he replied in his usual low voice, but with a firmness and distinctness I had not heard: "This is a grave matter and we ought not to say plans or make promises when the result is so uncertain. First, let us attend to the operation, and then we can talk on this subject."

Had the solid earth given way beneath my feet, I should not have been more overwhelmed. Her first words gave me the key to what would follow. Her rude breath blotted from the heavens every star of hope, and left me helpless and despairing. He would not promise, I prayed he would not, for had he, the strength which sustained me would have departed. The hasty glance I gave him must have opened to him the complete volume of my heart, and I saw in his eyes, pity and that which to me was infinitely more.

Our father spoke kindly and assuringly, saying to Maimah that it was folly for her to require promises when she ought to wait until restored. This inflamed her the more, and she reiterated what she had said, adding: "Unless the promise is made I will not allow you to be separated. Now I have you and can keep you, and who knows, if I let you go he may marry you."

I was inexpressibly frightened, and forgetting that under such circumstances my interference always increased her anger I said: "Do not, Maimah, insist on this, but wait until the operation is over." She turned on me with the fury of a tiger. Her cheeks and lips were purple, and her eyes red as blood. "It is all you," she hissed; "you with your arrogance dictating to me!" She struck me in the face with her clenched hand, and turned to bite me. Our father caught her in time to save me and held her head and hands, while she seamed in impotent rage. I was overcome by the shock, and lost consciousness. When I recovered I was lying on a couch and heard strange words. My father was standing on one side and the physician on the other. The voice of the former was choked and scarcely audible: "Oh! God, why was this infliction mine? Must both die? Must Maimie die because Maimah is dead?" Then the horrible truth flashed on my mind. My sister, more than sister, a part of myself, was dead! By my side was her corpse. The hour had come, the possibility of which I had often thought of with a shudder. It was a question only of time, how long I should live. I placed my hand on the band of flesh, and found it ligatured. On one side of that tightly drawn cord was warmth and life; on the

other side coldness and death. The physician spoke to my father and I learned that my sister had ruptured a blood vessel in her brain by her violent anger, and that he had as soon as possible ligatured the band between us, so that her blood might not mingle with mine. "I only fear," he said, "it was not soon enough. Some of the changed and therefore poisonous blood must have passed into her system. We now have but one alternative, to sever the band, and if the tissue has not become affected from the other side we may yet hope."

Oh! merciful heaven, I may yet be free! I opened my eyes and they met his. He understood my thoughts and said, "Yes, yes, your wish shall be gratified. It will not pain you now. I wish for your sake, for both of us, it would be more painful."

How still I remained! There were twinges of pain as the knife went through, but I thought of his words and wished it were more acute. It was finished. For the first moment in my life I was free, and felt a new desire to live, for the happiness that was mine, and to be mine. My mind was intensely active, and pictured the future in brilliancy of coloring, the realization of my dreams. Now I no longer was borne to earth by my heavy burden.

My father wept and laughed by turn for joy. I looked at the physician, expecting to see unbounded satisfaction, but was surprised at his sad expression. He took my hands in his, how warm they were, and said distinctly, as though each word caused him pain: "Maimie," it was the first time I had heard him speak my name, and it sounded sweet to me; "Maimie, you have read the secret of my heart, and I need not tell you that I would cheerfully give my life to save yours, but fate has decreed against us. My feeble hands could not place a barrier between you and death, for he had already entered before my resistance began. While we can, let us say good-by."

While he was speaking I felt a whirling in my brain, and there was growing darkness, and when I attempted to reply I could not move my lips. I saw his face and knew by its expression I was understood.

What rushing of strong winds broke on my ears, and flashes of flames changing color. A sinking down, down, and wafting as though borne by gentle arms! Then a light dawned, such a soft, cool light, and in it I saw, like a stronger light, my dear mother, and by her side, as a dark shadow stood Maimah. We were distinct, for death had severed us with more subtle power than the surgeon's knife.

When I thought of the earth-life, the pleasures that might have been mine, had my wish been realized, I had regrets, especially when I caught a reflection from the minds of those who were affected; but a few years, more or less, what are they? The fullness of time brings all our wishes, if in accord with the highest good, and what was dimly outlined as a dream, has all been realized, and infinitely more.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Situation.

Nothing is more evident than the wide spread and fundamental changes that are now going on in the religious world. We are in the midst of an epoch, which like those vast and far reaching changes our earth has known in her physical development, is to bring about "a new heaven and a new earth," a new and higher epoch. In every such change, moral or geologic, there are the three stages: First, a long period of preparation, when the new order can be seen only dimly foreshadowed, then the decisive struggle when the new forces and forms gain the mastery over the old, and finally the period of reconstruction, when the remnants of the old order slowly adjust themselves to the new. In any such transitional period as the present, when humanity is mounting to a new level, the result is not accomplished so much by the introduction of ideas that have never existed before in the world, as by a new combination of forces and truths, which singularly enough, are often those that have been most opposed to each other. Thus the abolition of slavery in this country was accomplished by the union of two elements at first diametrically opposed to each other, one the fearless spirit of truth and justice, imperative, uncompromising; the other the practical, order-loving class who stood for the Union and the Constitution; but when the slave power finally over-reached even the elastic privileges it held under the Constitution, and struck at the life of the nation Radicalism and Conservatism, the spirit of justice and of self-defense joined hands, and crushed the mighty evil.

Let us survey for a moment the grounds of the present conflict between authoritative religion and free thought: On the one hand are the numerous sects of orthodoxy, Protestant and Romanist, branches of the great historic religion, which has dominated the civilization of the world for centuries. These sects have been, each in its turn, the outgrowth of a thought which, to its founders at least, was a profound truth. Each has its peculiar creed sanctified to its followers by education and association, to which they are bound by faith and affection, although their intellects may have outgrown the formula to which they subscribe, and they are carrying on, each in its peculiar way, a vast work in education, charity and moral reform.

nance it is sacrilege to question, and whose Bible contains, as they are taught to believe, the complete, perfect and unchangeable word of God to the human race.

With such a mighty host to contend with, how can a new and radically opposite view of religion make its way? The opposition appears at first insignificant. Two or three small and struggling denominations that base their membership upon life and duty, not upon creed, who yet retain the name of Christian; the handful of free Religionists and Ethical Culturists, and the more numerous Spiritualists, divided among themselves upon personal and moral grounds into various cliques, and often without any attempt at organization. This is a poorly equipped array which is besieging the citadels of orthodoxy and infallibility; but it has numerous and powerful allies; every scientific discovery and practical invention; every society for the diffusion of knowledge is one; every free school is one; every honest skeptic is one. Were it not for the inherent force of the truth whose hour is now come, reform would be helpless to move the inertia of conservatism; but the new, bright thoughts spread as by magic, and are appearing everywhere in the bosom of the church. The air is electric with discovery, with freedom and fairness. Human nature is alike in the church and out of it, so that the very methods set up to defend the dying articles of faith are gradually undermining their crumbling timbers.

Questions are mooted in the Bible class, that a few years ago it would have been rank heresy to question. Scarcely a month passes but some innovation is made and allowed to pass by a reluctant but yielding Orthodoxy; scarcely a month passes but some divine more outspoken than his brothers, perhaps also more faithful to his convictions, is barred from fellowship and cast adrift for preaching the truths needed to-day, the divine gospel of the nineteenth century, common sense! This, then, is the situation: The religious tenets are rapidly changing and disappearing before the light of to-day. The doctrines of a tyrannical Father, God, whom all mankind should fear, the intimate and necessary sinfulness of man's nature, belief in the atonement through the sacrifice of Christ, and the doctrine of infinite punishment for the unbeliever—all these doctrines are rapidly disappearing, and will soon be banished from the thought of intelligent men and women.

When the winter days grow longer, the snows melt, and quickly swell the streams; the thick ice of months begins to weaken and break up under the combined forces of the sun and the swollen stream, silently and gradually, but inevitably, undermining the frost king's work. We know the spring floods must soon come; sometimes gently, and by slow degrees the summer sun wins back its power, and sometimes the barriers are broken at a single bound—a heavy rain falls—the waters, unable to penetrate the frozen earth, leaps in turbid streams to the river—the river is grown to a wide-extending torrent—the ice is broken up, and hurried downward, the current bearing all before it: Fences, trees, houses, bridges, villages are swept away by the angry flood.

If the Christian Church would avoid humiliating defeat, and manifold loss in numbers and influence, it must beware how it would attempt to dam the vast, surging flood of human progress, or stem the current of present truth with the dry leaves of a traditional faith. F. M. P.

The long conflict between science and religion is about to close with a signal victory for the latter. Religion might eventually have been worsted had not the London Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature come to its assistance in the most gallant and effective manner. This Society is now bringing action against Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer, and the publishers of the works of John Stuart Mill, John Morley, and other wicked unbelievers. If it rides the world of such vicious writings, science will be completely knocked out, and the reading public will doubtless content itself with such cheerful works as "Saints' Rest" and "Meditations Among the Tombs."

A certain farmer in Belgium found not long ago that one of his cows seemed gradually wasting away, so he sold her to a slaughter-house in Namur, where the cause of the poor creature's illness was found to be a large medal, which she had swallowed while grazing. The medal thus curiously found is a very valuable gold "quadruple pistolet," struck at Besancon in the time of Charles V., whose image it bears, and the date, in the early part of the sixteenth century. Its value is increased by the fact that it is absolutely unique, no duplicate being known to be in existence.

An exceedingly valuable and interesting discovery is reported by two German scientists who have been traveling in Asia Minor. They found on the summit of the Nimrod Dagh, one of the Taurus range of mountains, 6,000 feet high, a large and well-preserved monument, with statues twenty-two feet high, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions in Roman and Greek, explaining that it was erected in honor of King Antiochus during the last century B. C. The combination of Roman, Greek and Asiatic styles makes this monument a peculiarly interesting discovery.

The 26th of March was celebrated with elaborate and appropriate ceremonies in Italy. It was the 400 anniversary of the birth of Raphael.



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Forces and the Primal Force.

All the phenomena of which we are conscious, are the result of matter and force. Neither of these can be originated, increased, diminished, or destroyed. As far as we are able to discern at present, while change is a perpetual necessity of the universe and new forms are continually springing into and going out of existence, no new matter or no new energy is being created. The great and ceaseless current of change presents new forms which are never stable or permanent. The landscape you look upon to-day is not the landscape of yesterday. The friend that greets you on the street has changed since morning. The lover's bride grows older while the marriage service goes forward. All that we can grasp of the universe is but a modification of what has always existed. The material of which it is composed, and the forces that impel it, are indestructible, and are the same in quantity to-day that they were in the dim vistas of beginning dawn. To illustrate: If we burn a stick of wood we destroy it as wood, but we do not destroy the matter of which it is composed. If it weighed ten pounds before combustion, there is yet ten pounds of matter in existence in a changed form that represents the weight of the wood; and the changed ten pounds of matter will undergo other changes, and enter into new combinations endlessly, and though divided and sub-divided and perhaps scattered to the four quarters of the globe, it is still ten pounds of matter. The same is true of a certain measure of force. If you check or arrest it in one form, it immediately appears in another form, which may be again arrested and commuted into another form of force, but is never lost or diminished. The recognition of this fact has been termed of late years by scientists the conservation of energy, or it might be called the continuity of force. We are all the while learning more how to control these forces, and commute one into another to our advantage. Much interest has of late attached to the electric light, which is produced by arresting the electric force, whereby it is commuted into heat and light. There is one marked dissimilarity between our knowledge of forces and our knowledge of matter. All the different forms of force—as I shall presently show—are referable to but one force, or the primary force, from which all the others spring and become ramifications of the parent trunk. But in the case of matter, there are numerous elements that have primary characteristics, that we have as yet no power to modify. Nor can we commute one into another. Reasoning from analogy, it is very doubtful if any of these characteristics are permanent; but they are sufficiently so to baffle our attempts to change them. We have yet found nothing that we can turn into gold, nor can we commute gold into any other substance. In the case of force, we have knowledge that enables us to convert one kind of force into another; but we cannot as yet accomplish this with all of them. But the time may soon come when sewing machines will be run, and all light mechanical work done, by using the heat and light of the sun, these being converted into electricity, and that in turn into mechanical energy. We only know forces by their effects. It is impossible to get at the essence of them, nor is it probable that we ever shall know them, except as they operate upon us or upon matter that comes under our observation. Force is inseparably connected with matter. It is impossible to conceive of its independent existence. Whenever one kind of force is being commuted into another kind, matter exhibits activity and motion; and wherever we see motion it is an indication that one kind of force is being changed into another. It must be understood that this law is universal, and that it relates to the finer or spiritual forces, as much as to the more rudimentary.

The forces that are most recognizable are gravity, electricity, magnetism, heat, light and chemical force. When we compare these forces and trace them back as far as our present knowledge of the universe admits, we find them all centering in one force. The investigator who attempts to solve the problem of the universe will ask continually whence came everything? With some people it will suffice to reply: "God made all." But the persistent and courageous thinker will not rest upon an answer that blocks all inquiry. In spite of the indifference or timidity of others, he will knock at the doors of nature's temple and demand admission. In attempting to account for all the phenomena that surround us if our investigations lead us back to a cold and insensate force, he is not alarmed. We shall not stop in the frigid barrenness of such a beginning and say it is the beginning; and that behind it there is not a directing intelligence and guide, capable of sympathy with the best feelings that actuate individualized souls. We believe that the maxim, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, is applicable when we contemplate the noblest attributes of human nature, for we cannot see how these can spring from forces destitute of sentiment; and we cannot help but believe that the feeling of aspiration, the recognition of obligation, and the resources for endless spiritual growth, that distinguish man, must be in some subtle way related to a source that is superior to the forces that whirl planets and burn in suns. If we base our reasoning upon what we perceive by our material senses, we must say that all things that we see about us, with all their infinite variety, are traceable back to the one force of gravity. This force when we attempt to study it, although universal and the most stable of all forces, is the most incomprehensible and occult of any. We cannot increase or diminish it, or control it in any way. No matter how other forces are acting, or under what conditions they may be operating upon matter, gravity is ever persistent and always present in its immutable relations. It is the parent of all other forces, and the generator of all material phenomena. If we go back to where we have the first knowledge of the effects of gravity, and follow up its action upon matter, we find the general and final result to be condensation. It seizes upon the floating atoms of the depths of space and begins to slowly bring them into union. This action goes on and on, and from its contracting embrace it brings forth from matter, energy, life and all the visible phenomena of the earth and heavens. If the telescope be turned upon the depths of space, we discover at different points a thin and filmy vapor, barely sufficient to indicate its existence by a pale and hazy light. This is the visible beginning of a new world system. A few million years ago, the particles or atoms composing this vapory mass were in existence, but could not be seen; but gravity was pulling them together for a grand destiny. It said to each little atom, "Come! I will clothe you with significance. Through the innumerable ages you must shine—you shall be pressed into continual service, sparkle with energy, glow with love, intermingle with all the es-

ences of life, be the ally of new forces and crown my efforts with all the grandeur of spiritual creation." As time advances the nebulous matter is drawn into closer bonds of union; the brilliancy becomes greater, heat is evolved; chemical action is intensified; the friction of the elements combining and recombining, and again torn asunder by commutating forces, excites electricity and magnetism. As condensation advances the force of gravity upon the atoms is commuted into other forces, under the influence of which the molecules of matter are sometimes driven asunder and are again drawn together, and as the center of gravity of the mass cannot remain constant by reason of the fierce convulsions that rend and distort the body, a general rotary motion begins that whirls the new creation about with increasing speed, until its outer portion parts, and becomes an independent world, but yet subject to the attraction of the mother mass. Under the constant force of gravity the process of condensation proceeds, finally furnishing all the conditions suitable for the generation and sustenance of life.

If we go back and inquire whence did gravity call up from out the depths of infinite space the matter to produce all the glittering phenomena of time, we can not answer. The spectroscopist shows that these nebulae consist largely of hydrogen, the lightest element known to science. Although in our gross sense we call this an element, and assume that it was originally and from all time a substance fixed and immutable, it is not improbable that it is the product of some previous condensation brought about by the all-pervading force of gravity.

Gravity always acts towards one result. The overproceeding consequence of its force is condensation. Viewing only this one fact some scientists have contended that the time must come when gravity will swallow up all other forces, and that a general equilibrium will be established between matter and force, and that then the stars that now light the firmament will rest in space cold, unlighted, dead and silent. Such a speculation overlooks the doctrine of a conservation of energy. It is impossible to conceive of a body of matter anywhere in the universe as being stationary and at rest. It must move, and as motion is always an indication of commutation of force, there must be eternal change of form without a loss of power.

The earth, or all the planets together, intercept but an exceedingly small portion of the sun's light or heat. But they are not wasted on that account. They are again converted into gravity or other forces, and in some form vibrate as a portion of the pulse of eternity. Through the constant commutations of force the period will come when the granitic foundations of earth will yield to a dispersive power, and in the depths of a new region of space the eons of time will ring the morning notes that celebrate the birth of new constellations. C. H. MURRAY. Leadville, Col.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The "Holy Ghost" in South America.

BY THOS. HARDING.

Those who are in the habit of doing their own thinking on the subject of religion, can have no idea of the lengths to which superstition is carried in priest-ridden countries, until they read the memoirs of those who have traveled through them or witnessed the facts for themselves; and so strong is the influence of early association that, even after we have arrived at intellectual maturity, we can with difficulty divest ourselves of a foolish respect for certain words, which in early years we were taught to regard as sacred, not to be used in our ordinary commerce with the world, but to be drawn out with the eyes half-closed and the jaws lengthened down in a manner which nature never intended.

Such words as "Holy Ghost," "Christ," etc., are with the priests of Brazil, evidently but catch-words by which they extort money from the gullible, who never stop to inquire whether such supposed estimable persons ever had an existence. To do myself justice I may here remark, that I do not use these "sacred" words in a flippant manner, but adopt for the time being, the familiar style of the people I am writing about. I respect the feelings of the many excellent persons who still think them unfit for common use, and in deference to them, forbear.

It would be amusing (if it were not so sad, that men and women make such contemptible things of themselves) to see the absurd antics of priest-ridden creatures at religious festivals, in the more intensely Catholic countries. A gentleman a few years ago, in writing to *Harper's Monthly* from Brazil, states that while he was engaged in writing, a lady, Dona H., came running up stairs, exclaiming, "Quick! Here's the Holy Ghost coming up the street! Don't you want to see him?" He went out and saw four white men and five negroes; the former carried alms bags, a little silver dove and two greasy banners from which sensitive people shrank in loathing, knowing that at these festivals they had been used to wipe the faces of perspiring negroes and the sores of diseased and dirty people for many years, in the hope of some supernatural advantage from the pious exercise.

The Festival of the Holy Ghost is commemorated forty days after Lent, and is celebrated for many days, during which time the most extraordinary proceedings are introduced, and what orthodox people of our country would suppose blasphemous doings are enacted. Money is, of course, the alpha and omega; men go around the streets as above, the negroes playing band instruments, and the white men collecting the gifts of the faithful and presenting their flags for the adoration of the people. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, are expected to bow down before them and contribute to the support of the Church. Church auctions are also held where penny prints are knocked down to pious bidders at a dollar or two each; cakes, fruits, etc., are sold for cash at a profit of five hundred per cent. the value of these goods having been greatly enhanced by priestly blessings which cost nothing. There are shows also where negro dancers and singers, Punch and Judy, and performing images of saints are some of the attractions. The advertisements for this "holy festival" are remarkable productions; and to us they would seem inconsistent with true holiness and probably would excite a laugh; here is one copied from the newspaper. I have somewhat abridged:

"In the Barraca of Good Taste there will be an Extraordinary Divertissement on the day of the Body of God. In the Theatro Majico, a representation in three parts, Part 1st, The Passion of Our Lord. Part 2nd, Cosmographic Views. Part 3rd, Diverging Phantasmagoria: The Sorcerers, The Flying Death's Head, and The Garden of Love. To

conclude with Three Cats Dancing the Polka." During this festival the merchants and tradespeople, of course, make their harvest as well as Mother Church, and they also advertise considerably. Here is a merchant's advertisement, unaltered, with caps and all complete, also translated from the newspaper: "Notice to the Illustrious Preparers of the Festival of the Holy Spirit. In Silver-street, No. 78, may be found a beautiful assortment of Holy Ghosts, in Gold, with glories at 80 cents each; smaller sizes, with glories at 40 cents each. Silver Holy Ghosts, with glories at 6 1/2 dollars per hundred; do, without glories 3 1/2 dollars. Holy Ghosts of tin, resembling silver, at 78 cents per hundred."

We hear of church kissings and church lotteries in the United States, but those who have "experienced religion" amongst us will have to progress (?) considerably before they reach the heights to which their brethren of Brazil have attained. At the auctions of the "Divine Holy Ghost," as they are called, no respectable women are present; the grossness of the language employed and the general vulgarity of the proceedings as well as the positive indecency of some of the participants, render the scene unfit for ladies to appear there. The profits of the Church on the baubles and edibles sold are enormous, and a vast amount of money and material of all kinds is accumulated as the product of the festival. A lady informed the before-mentioned writer that she had known as high as 50 milreis (\$25) to be charged and paid for an apple at one of the feasts.

Perhaps, the most disgusting spectacle, however, is the slavish idolatry of the devotees; nor is the degradation confined to the poor and ignorant, for rich and cultivated persons are frequently found crawling on their knees toward the steps, upon which the priests tread in ascending to their official place in the meeting house, and when the worshiper has reached the lowest step he devoutly kisses it, making the sign of the cross in the most abject manner. They also stretch up on their tip toes and strain their necks to imprint a kiss on the wreathed dandruff of some saint, hanging on the wall. Such prints might be bought for, say ten cents a dozen, but these are supposed to have been blessed by the priest, hence the great reverence paid to them. The priests say they don't sell, but give away blessed pictures when they receive a sufficient donation in cash. A nice distinction, truly!

During this festival, there are, of course, street processions in which all sorts of "holy and blessed" things are carried by the priests, monks, etc., and the Christian people bend the knee and prostrate themselves in the streets as they pass. Dressed up in huge dolls, representing saints, are conveyed through the streets and far more reverence is paid to them than ever was expected by their originals; if, indeed, there ever were any originals.

The only one of these saints that "rides a horse-back" is St. George, to whom great honor is paid as the "Protector of the Empire," that being his title. Even the Emperor and his suite with all the high officers of state, go reverently forth to meet his saintship, and even follow respectfully in procession. A guard of honor composed of the Imperial cavalry, always escorted this idol when he went abroad, yet the never-to-be-satisfied priests complained, sometimes, with tears in their eyes, how shamefully he was treated because he did not get the pay of a Colonel of Dragons from the government, the same as in "pious and Christian Spain." A few years ago St. George's horse was trained to kneel down while his "illustrious" rider was being strapped to his back. But when this great and mighty saint is stripped of the romance which attaches to him, he is nothing more than a big, jointed, wooden doll, with a pasteboard helmet and a shield of tin. *Nota Bene.*—The priests of Brazil and Spain preach about the "ennobling influences of Christianity" as well as the preachers of Uncle Sam's domain. I shall leave the reader to point the moral. *De Gustibus non est Disputandum.*

At this season the shop windows, newspapers and other mediums of communication with the public, are filled with notices by enterprising merchants and mechanics, to the effect that they display the best assortment of Holy Ghost things. The bakers advertise "Holy Ghost rusks and pies," the tinners "Holy Ghost tin work," the clothiers "Holy Ghost clothes"—every thing is "Holy Ghost" about this time and there is a general revival of religion and business, and, I may add, of deception, degradation and cant.

Whether any change has been wrought within the past few years in the methods of the Church in Brazil, I am not prepared to say, but no language of mine could portray the reality as it existed a short time ago, and, in all probability, as it still is. But let us of Protestant and spiritualistic communities not toss our heads too high; we have seen in what are called free and enlightened countries, men of position and education bowing down or bending the knee in the public streets every time they passed by the door of their meeting house, whether on week days or Sundays, and we have seen Spiritualists indignant because gross humbugs were exposed.

Brothers and sisters, let us be up and doing, to convince the world that God and nature never made men and women slaves, but endowed them with the priceless faculty of reason, that fear and folly might have no power over them, that they owe no allegiance to creeds, priests and cheats, that they should stand erect in all the dignity of manhood and womanhood, nor render homage to "holy" books, saintly images or self-constituted goblins.

In conclusion, let me add that a superstitious Spiritualist is no better than a superstitious Catholic; a gullible "progressionist" than a gullible Protestant. When men and women refuse to exercise the judgment of reasonable beings and become the tools of fellows who prostitute manhood for money, let them not be surprised if they sink to a lower level than they had ever anticipated, and at length find themselves steeped in venal filth while they profess generous toleration. It is only a question of time when Spiritualism will reach a much higher or a much lower level. There is no standing still; we must go forward or backward, and reason is nature's compass to guide us through the wastes of time. Sturgis, Mich.

There has just been opened in the Punjab, India, the Sirhind Canal, one of the greatest works of the kind in the world. The canal is over 500 miles long, with subsidiary channels measuring some 2,000 miles more. The canal is designed to irrigate an area of over 1,200 square miles. It is fed by the Sutlej River, and great and numerous engineering difficulties were overcome in its construction. Three-quarters of a million acres will be brought under cultivation by means of this gigantic work.

The Great Comet of 1882.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have had it in mind some time to write you, for the JOURNAL a more complete account of our late strange visitor from the realms of space. Astronomical phenomena have of late years grown so interesting to the popular mind that most prominent papers make room for extended notices of them. Still I sometimes hesitate whether the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL are entirely appropriate, or whether you much care for such contributions. Yet, on reflecting again that the JOURNAL according to the flattering yet true testimony of a great metropolitan paper, now circulates largely amongst the most intelligent and cultured classes, and that such readers are most able to appreciate and admire astronomical truths, we feel more freedom to speak of them and stint not. We all remember it has been truly said:

"An undevout astronomer is mad." In these days of advancing light, it is not meant by "devoutness," the superstitious observance of antiquated forms and ceremonies—the cringing worship of ideal beings, half truth, half fable; or the bowing to human records less pure and wise than those now written, but we mean that intelligent reverence which owns all laws "Divine," and which may find in astronomical truth a most fitting food for expansive contemplation of the vastness and the steadiness of the infinite cosmos, and thence devoutly reach out towards a comprehension of all-enfolding and all-pervading Deific Power and Wisdom.

With such claims on the reverential instincts of your readers, allow me to relate the latest and assured deductions concerning our bright visitor of September last; that, after blazing for many weeks in the early morning sky, has now passed from all but telescopic sight, to return again to the sun in about 793 years. Reported observations from the Cape of Good Hope confirm the deductions of your correspondent published Nov. 18th, 1882, that the comet, on the day of perihelion passage, must to spectators on earth have made a transit across the face of the sun. It was there seen by two observers, to enter on the sun's line at 4h. 51m., September 17th.

It will be remembered that there were many doubts and surmises of its possible identity with the comets of 1843 and 1850, and of the possibility of its early fall into the sun to be consumed or to help consume us. It was also uncertain for a time whether it was moving in a parabolic orbit, never to return, or in a lengthened ellipse, to return again. All these doubts seem now happily set at rest. I have to thank the kindness of Prof. Frisby of the U. S. Naval Observatory for a complete statement of the final results deduced by laborious calculations, based on a series of accurate observations, and they appear to be such as are likely to remain established in the annals of astronomical research.

Though travelling in about the same path while near the sun, our comet of 1882 is not identical with those of 1843 and 1850. It is in no danger for many ages, of falling into the sun, but is a messenger of power, that wheeled around its perihelion, distant less than the sun's radius from his surface with the awful velocity of over one million miles per hour, and a momentum so great that, though it must have passed through the solar atmosphere, no diminution of its "lawful speed" became apparent. We use the term "lawful speed," because, when the dimensions of a comet's orbit are ascertained, its velocity, at every special point is accurately deducible according to the laws of revolving bodies, first demonstrated by the illustrious Newton. For instance the above roughly stated perihelion velocity, (more accurately stated at 1,066,000 miles an hour) by the comet beating forward into space for 393 years, against the constant drag of the solar force is gradually overcome by it and is made to yield obedience to his central majesty and, with seeming slow reluctance to turn the aphelion of its orbit with the speed only of 43 1/2 miles per hour. Thence inward, bound with a steady accelerating velocity, produced by constant increments of solar force, it moves forward in its allotted path on a 393 years return journey, until it plunges again, with the same inconceivable momentum around its perihelion in the face of the seething solar furnace, in full view of his "eyelones of flame," yielding only so far to the power of his stupendous attraction as to be wheeled and flung forth again on its lengthened orbit; thus therein to revolve

... "Till the sun grows cold. And the stars are old. And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!"

In plainer language, instead of the comet's orbit being a parabola as first selected by the adepts, for convenience of calculation, it is now proven to revolve around the sun in a vast, elongated ellipse, in round numbers (16,000,000,000) sixteen thousand millions of miles in length, measured along its major axis, and only 214,000,000 miles across in the middle.

Imagine an ellipse 100 miles long and only a full mile and one quarter wide in the middle, with a sun 28 feet in diameter, placed in one of the foci, within 24 feet of the turning point at one end, and you may catch an idea of the lengthened proportion of this stupendous orbit and the sun's relative place and dimensions in it, the surface of the 28 foot globe representing the sun, being only about 10 feet from the perihelion turning point of the comet. From this long, lonely, almost millennial journey in cold and darkness, it is calculated to return A. D. 2675.

It will help us to conceive of the immense distances of the fixed stars to know, that though thus reaching out sixteen thousand millions miles into space, it has room to lengthen its journey more than a thousand fold before nearing the stellar regions, or coming under the influence of mighty Sirius towards whose house of light it seems somewhat to be tending. The present writer saw it on February 22nd, appearing with a telescopic power of about 100, like a dime elongated nebula, about 10° west of Sirius, around which bright star it appears (through parallax effect of the earth's motion) to be describing a circuit, and it will on April 11th, re-cross the solstitial colure (R. A. 90°) northward of Sirius, at about 8° 30' south declination. It was on Washington's birthday about 297,000,000 miles from the sun, moving outwards from him about 1,250,000 miles per day. Being clear from stellar influence, as above stated, and from all else as far as known, its return in the fullness of time may be considered assured. J. G. JACKSON.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate IN DEPENDENCY, ETC.

DR. W. S. POWELL, Defiance, O., says: "I have used it with satisfactory results in dyspeptic ailments associated with great mental depression or despondency."

Universal Testimony "KIDNEY-WORT" THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR KIDNEY DISEASE, LIVER TROUBLES, MALARIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, LADIES' WEAKNESSES, AND RHEUMATISM.

TERRIBLE KIDNEY DISEASE. "Mrs. Hodges says I cannot too highly praise Kidney-Wort," says Mr. Sam. Hodges, Williamstown, Va. "It cured my terrible kidney disease. My wife had to turn me over in the bed, before using it."

SEVERE KIDNEY DISEASE. "I was entirely cured," recently said Mr. N. Burdick, of the Chicago Box Co., Springfield, Mass., "of severe kidney disease by using Kidney-Wort."

COULD NOT WORK BEFORE. "I've had no pains since I was cured by Kidney-Wort," said Mr. Jas. C. Hurd, of the Chicago Box Co., Springfield, Mass. "I couldn't work before using it, so great were my kidney difficulties."

KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES. "Several doctors failed," writes N. Steep, Allegheny City, Pa., "but Kidney-Wort cured my kidney and liver troubles of two years standing."

KIDNEY COMPLAINT AND DIABETES. "For six years," says Engineer W. H. Thompson, of C. M. & St. Paul, R. I., "I had kidney complaints and diabetes. Kidney-Wort has entirely cured me."

IT HAS DONE WONDERS. "I can recommend Kidney-Wort to all the world," writes J. E. Binzaman, Crestline, O. "It has done wonders for me and many others, troubled with kidney and liver disorders."

Constipation, Piles and Rheumatism. I have found in my practice that Constipation and Piles in all forms, as well as Rheumatic affections yield readily to Kidney-Wort.—Phillip C. Ballou, M. D., Monkston, Va.

PILES 10 YEARS. "Kidney-Wort is a medicine of priceless value. I had Piles for 10 consecutive years. It cured me."—Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

GRAVEL, PERMANENT RELIEF. "I have used Kidney-Wort for gravel," recently wrote Jas. E. Reed, of North Acton, Maine, "and it gave me permanent relief."

30 YEARS KIDNEY DISEASE. "I had kidney disease for 30 years," writes C. E. Brown, of Westport, N. Y. "I could neither walk nor could I do my work. I devoutly thank God that Kidney-Wort has entirely cured me."

A GREAT BLESSING FOR RHEUMATISM. "It is, thanks to kind Providence, a great temporal blessing," truly remarks Wm. Ellis, of Evans, Colorado. The gentleman referred to Kidney-Wort, and its magical curative properties, in cases of rheumatism and kidney trouble.

RHEUMATISM ON THE BENCH. A priceless jewel. J. G. Jewell, a Judge at Woodbury, Vt., says: "Kidney-Wort cured my rheumatism. Nothing else would do it."

PILES. From Nantucket, Mass., Mr. Wm. H. Chadwick writes: "Kidney-Wort works promptly and efficiently in cases of Piles as well as kidney troubles. It's a most excellent medicine."

LADIES' TROUBLES. "No medicine helped my three years peculiar troubles," says Mrs. H. Lamorant, of Isle La Motte, Vt.; "except Kidney-Wort. It cured me, and many of my friends, too."

OVER 30 YEARS. "I had kidney and other troubles over 30 years," writes Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon. "Nothing helped me but Kidney-Wort. It will effect a permanent cure."

A Physician's Wife's Troubles. "Domestic remedies and prescriptions by myself (a practicing physician) and other doctors, only palliated my wife's chronic, two years standing, inflammation of the bladder. Kidney-Wort, however, cured her." These are extracts from a letter of Dr. C. M. Sumner, of Sun Hill, Washington Co., Ga.

SETTLED CONSTIPATION. "I have had kidney disease for 30 years," writes Mrs. Sarah Phillips, of Frankfort, N. Y., near Utica. Kidney-Wort has allayed all my pains and cured my settled constipation."

LADY DISCHARGES TWO SERVANTS. "I have not been able to do my house-work for many years, until lately," writes Mrs. M. P. Morse, of Hyde Park, Minn. "I was surprised all my friends, by discharging my two servants and doing their work. Kidney-Wort was the cause. It cured me and I'm strong!"

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitations, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause—the entire absence of any irritating elements.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS

Will change the beard to a natural brown, or black, as desired. It produces a permanent color that will not wash away. Consisting of a single preparation. It is applied without trouble.

PREPARED BY R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

By EUGENE CROWELL, M. D. Author of "Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," "The Spirit-World," etc.

Price 10 Cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

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Showing that the Use of Tobacco is a Physical, Mental, Moral and Social Evil.

By HENRY GIBBONS, M. D., of San Francisco, Cal., Professor of Clinical Medicine in Toland Medical College, and Editor of the Pacific Medical and Surgical Journal.

This is a very thorough, scientific and comprehensive digest of the laws of life, and the therapeutic action of Tobacco upon the human system, and should be read by everybody. Price, 20 Cents.

THE WATSEKA WONDER.

A startling and instructive psychological study and well-authenticated instance of a single visitant. A narrative of the leading phenomena occurring in the case of MARY LURANCY VENNUM.

By E. W. STEVENS. With comments by Joseph Rhodes Buchanan, M. D., Professor of Physiology, Anthropology, and Physical Medicine in the Eclectic College of New York; D. P. Mayer, M. D.; S. B. Brittan, M. D., and Hudson Tuttle. This case will prove a most excellent miscellaneous study. It will attract the attention of thousands who as yet have had no experimental knowledge of the truth of spirit phenomena, and of the well understood characters which constitute the entire truthfulness, thereby bringing to many a desponding doubting soul, joy inexpressible. The pamphlet is in octavo form, printed on good book paper and illustrated with a

Portrait of Lurancy Venum. Price, 10 cents Per Copy, 12 Copies for \$1.00. Postage Free. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.



Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. (Metuchen, New Jersey.)

TO A WOMAN.

Yes, God has made thee woman And do thou seek to be "Just what He meant!" Let not deaf ears And eyes that will not see, Cause thee to fail the noble life that He hath planned for thee.

It may be in a tranquil home Whose peace shall fill thy soul, Thy strength may help, thy wisdom urge The workers to their goal, Or make from harmony within, divinest music roll.

Or haply with the toilers thou Must pass thy busy days, The struggles of thy brother men Not seeing "through a haze," But sharing, bearing burdens in thy helpful womanly ways.

It may be in thy wishful soul Thou hope'st some good to teach A waiting world; take courage, then, Thy master bids thee preach; "Go tell my brethren I am risen!" the words their souls shall reach.

Perchance the nation needs thy help To free it from its foes, For oft for right and native land Women strike valiant blows; God did great things for Israel when Deborah arose.

What e'er thy hands or thoughts engage Live thine own life, nor fear To do the work that needs thy help, As God shall make it clear, And since thou woman art, let God, not man, appoint thy sphere.

The following extracts are from a letter by a friend of the JOURNAL, now in Paris, from whom our readers have heard before. Her estimate of the condition of things in that republic is the result of sagacious insight and long study of the people and their methods:

"You see how we yet continue to make, unmake and remake a Ministry in France, every few days. It is painful to the lovers of republican ideas to note the apathy and stupidity of important men. The titled, high-blood senator—life-senator, too, is quite incompatible with the republican idea, but difficult to put away, while the republic grows weaker from his presence. The ages of teaching that classes are the natural order of society, renders it impossible to prevent assertion from taking the place of ability, in the early days of a free government. I dislike to say the truth, but the vast majority of common people do not respect their own condition, but revenge themselves by hatred of those better conditioned and more fitted to govern and represent a government abroad. The polished men of France are either weak or arbitrary, easily disaffected and willing to resign their places from small disagreements. The lower classes are extreme in their least exalted opinions; when once a law is off their necks, and rush madly at any object that opposes them. These two elements are to be held in check by a wise middle-class power. The fierce, lawless element and the empirical and monarchical are naturally in deadly hostility. Be sure if the Republic must die, it will be by the destruction of temples and thousands of lives."

The following is from a friendly country-woman in the South of France:

"We came to Mentone last week, and are at a hotel facing the beautiful, tideless sea. It is a delightful country. The olive and the lemon grow in perfect forests over hills and valleys most charming and picturesque, and much of the foliage is really tropical. This morning we rode out on donkeys into the country back of the town, and passed by great banks of violets sweet with dew, and wild flowers bloomed on every hand. We rested at an old Roman town, Castellane, quaint, peculiar and medieval. We visited the castle, and studied the queer old frescoes on its walls. The children wandering about the streets were clad in the long, full skirt, and short sash and cap, such as we see in old prints or in the modern Dora Greenway style, and they lifted their dresses as they walked, looking for all the world as if they had just stepped out of a picture frame. They lifted to us their pretty bright black eyes and rosy cheeks, and we were glad to see the strength that France has in the future in these sturdy little ones. Most of the French children lack healthy spirits, but this 780 feet above the sea produces a different and better class, and rejoices my heart."

"I wish I could give you a correct description of the houses and streets of these strange places. The former are built with stones and are often covered with half-effaced inscriptions or are of shapes that intimate that they were put to grander uses in the olden time. What stories these could tell if they could speak! This expedition gives us greater respect for the sturdy strength and variety of the French character than we had before. "We also went to Monte Carlo to see the great gambling place of the wicked world. It is a lovely spot of delightfully planted gardens and fine walks and drives, and the hand playing every afternoon is one of the best in Europe. But I can hardly say every indignant word of the gamblers, women as well as men. If Napoleon I, had to be exiled and to sign papers of abdication because he "conspired against the peace of all Europe," how much more should this little principality of Monaco be confiscated, for conspiring against the peace, not only of all Europe, but of all the world? ... I enclose an ivy leaf plucked from the Roman wall near the town; a wall which, it is said, the Emperor Augustus built. But I can not send you the lemons and oranges and olives, which feast the eye and sun themselves on the rich soil of this garden spot, which should be consecrated to every thing beautiful and good."

Query: "What books would you recommend for general reading, for the young, especially girls?"

Ans. For consistent, common sense, but thoroughly progressive people, you have put a difficult question. Youth must have attractive literature, but they must not have it in such forms that error is taught, such as in long years they may not unlearn. Too many Spiritualist books are full of crudities and superstitions. The real live books for the young, live from the higher standpoint of spiritual philosophy, are few. If a wise parent is always watchful to counteract errors, much scope may be given. But books of a general and scientific nature are to be counted by thousands. There are primers on every variety of subject under the sun; indeed there is great danger of over-doing simplicity, of making sweetened pap when stronger food should give strength and substance.

The main thing to be avoided is the old orthodox spirit running through a great

share of what falls into the hands of inquiring boys and girls.

It is one of the best things to give them biographies and autobiographies. We all like to see how others toiled, struggled, enjoyed, grew and conquered, we are interested in individuals first, and come into greater wealth and scope of thought and feeling, gradually. The lives of Mary Somerville, of Harriet Martineau, of Lydia Maria Child, of Margaret Fuller, are, in many ways inspiring. They put higher ideals before the mind than they ordinarily receive. In each there were serious limitations; though the two latter looked hopefully, though half unconsciously, toward a rounded spiritual nature for woman. Of course there are numberless other biographies all with their sermons between their lines, which the girl will read even if she perceive it not. Then there are histories and works of fiction to an alarming extent.

Of the latter, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's stories are, perhaps, the best. We should desire much of her religious utterances broadened, though a golden vein runs through all she writes. It is the same with George MacDonald. Both see the light gloriously, but they see it through certain forms; they limit the limitless to so-called Christian tenets, but are almost always too large for the bars they forge. And their teachings are noble and pure.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

D. D. HOME. LES LUMIERES ET LES OMBRES Du Spiritualisme Traduit de l'Anglais, Avec Preface par Henry la Luerne. Paris: E. Dentu, Editeur. Librairie de la Societe des Gens de Lettres. Palais-Royal, 15-17-19, Galerie D'Orleans, 1883.

In the translation the work has undergone some change in details, but, except the letters of Count Tolstoe, and the attendant circumstances which we give below, there is little that is new:

The dedication is as follows:

Je Dedie Cet Ouvrage a Ma Femme et a Notre Bien-Aime Oncle. Son Exe. Nicolas Timofevitch D'Aksakof. Parti de ce monde a Petersbourg, le 13/25 Mars 1882. Hommage bien faible en retour des preuves constantes d'estime et d'affection qu'il m'a toujours donnees. J'etais fier de son amitie d'autant plus qu'il alliait a la noblesse du nom cette autre noblesse qui vient de la grandeur de l'esprit et la bonte du coeur. Qu'il veuille bien recevoir ici, de moi, l'assurance de mon eternelle reconnaissance. D. DUNGLAS HOME.

Nice.—Janvier 1883.

In the year 1859 I went to Russia accompanied by my future brother-in-law, Count Gregoire Koucheleff Besbarodko, and his family, also my old friend, Alex. Dumas. Arriving at Petersburg we stopped at Palostreva, the Count's princely home, situated on the banks of the Neva, within a short distance of the Capital. This beautiful domain was given to Prince Besbarodko's grandfather by the Empress Catharine 2nd. A few days after our arrival his Majesty, Emperor Alexander 2nd, requested me to go to him at Petchoff, the summer residence of the Court. Thinking that the Emperor desired to study the phenomena occurring in my presence, I explained to his Majesty, that at the moment I had no manifestations, but that at the first indications of their return I would hold myself in readiness to obey his orders. The next day I received a new message from the Emperor, saying that he wished to see me not merely as a medium, but as a private gentleman as well. These gracious words of the Emperor will always remain green upon my memory, also the good with which he has since always honored me. He responded to his invitation and was happy to be able to announce to his Majesty, that my mediumistic gift had returned to me. I arrived at the Palace, where an apartment was reserved for me. I received a call from Count Alexis Tolstoe, aide-de-camp in his Majesty's service. A quarter of a century has since passed and for seven years the Count dwells no longer in this world, still to this hour I see the expression of his face where all the beauty of his soul was reflected, the ensemble of his strong features which expressed such goodness and gentleness, and with an irresistible charm and an interior fire which is only seen in men gifted with true genius. As a writer and a poet he has left an immortal name. I can give here but a feeble tribute to his memory. I had for him a profound esteem and a sincere affection, augmented by seeing that he had the courage of his opinions, and the perseverance with which he investigated and tested the phenomena of Spiritualism. He attended the first eight sances at the Emperor's palace, following which I went to Poustenka, a charming home owned by the Count near Petersburg, where the greatest variety of manifestations were produced. I was always a welcome guest in his house and I retain a very sweet memory of the friendship he showed me until his departure from this world, a painful but not an eternal separation. I regret that I have not been able to find his account of the sances at Petchoff, but I give here literally two of his letters to his Countess, written from London, which speak of the phenomena he had witnessed.

London, Sunday, June 17th, 1880.

"It is at this moment 2 o'clock at night, I have just returned from Mr. Home's house. Notwithstanding the pain which our separation has caused me, I do not regret my London trip, for this sance has been stunning. Botkine (the Dr.'s brother) is converted, and intends to spend the day at home to-morrow, in order to meditate upon what he has seen. Nicolas, the imbecile, was indisposed and would not attend the sance. There were myself, Botkine, Mrs. Home, Mrs. Milner Gibson, Count Alexander Stenboek, Fernos and a lady's companion. At first there were all the manifestations which you know about; afterwards they were performed in a dim light. All the furniture was moved, one table was placed upon another, a lounge came into the middle of the room, a bell was carried around the room, ringing in the air, etc. Then the room was made nearly dark, the only light coming from the street gas. The piano played alone, a bracelet was taken from Mrs. Milner Gibson's hand and fell upon the table shedding light around it. Home was lifted from the floor and I felt his feet while they were floating in the air above our heads. Hands seized hold of my knees and were laid upon my hands and when I took hold of one it melted away. There were paper and pencils on the table; a paper was brought and thrust into my hand and I was told, by the use of the alphabet, to give it to Home. On it was written, 'love her always.' The writing exactly resembled that of Home's

mother, as we compared it with some of her letters. A very faint voice made itself heard while the piano was playing. Blows, as from a hammer, were struck on the table under Botkin's hands and a cushion fell upon my head. If I had been incredulous the most convincing thing would have been the hands, which I felt, which struck my hands and melted away when I tried to seize them.

We very sensibly felt a wave of cold air circulating around us, perfumes were brought. After the sance Home's hands were burning hot and tears were flowing down his cheeks. His wife and himself constantly saw a star on one of the chairs. I did not see it. Visible hands passed before the windows, which were feebly lighted from the gas outside; the window curtains were pulled. Mrs. Milner Gibson has invited me to go to a sance at her house to-morrow evening, but unfortunately, this time Botkin is not invited for lack of room."

London, June, 19th, 1860.

"Yesterday I suffered from a terrible headache, notwithstanding which I attended a sance at Mrs. M. Gibson's. I would go a thousand leagues to see such things. There were Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, Lord Dufferin, Lord de Tablet, Dr. Ashburner, a celebrated atheist physician converted by Home, Miss Gales, lady's companion Miss Alice, Mrs. Gibson's daughter (15 or 16 years of age), her brother, a boy of George's age, and Mrs. Home. The two children and Mrs. Home were in the room, but not at the table for want of room. This sance was not as good as the former one, but there was a new phenomenon. I saw the harmonica playing all alone, and after each phrase a very distant echo repeated it, very distinctly, and agreeably. Lord Clarence feeling his knee seized, desired me to touch the hand which held it, and when I put my hand upon his knee without feeling anything, he felt under my hand the other one which continued to press him. This time Home did not float in the air (in my presence). This was the first sance which the three Lords had attended, and they did not fail to accept of Home's invitation to get under the table, while the rest of us observed what took place above."

When this sance was over the party, with the exception of Lord and Lady Paget and myself passed into another room, when I suddenly felt myself being levitated; mentioning it to Lord Clarence he knelt down and passed his hands between my feet and the carpet. D. D. HOME.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOY; OR, HOW IRELAND GAINED HER INDEPENDENCE. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, price 25 cents.

The work comprises about seventy-five pages, and the apparent object of its author is to express views relative to the prospective independence of Ireland. The narrative opens with the year 1842, represented as a period of impending strife and conflict in Europe. It traces the subsequent events, which ultimately lead to the decisive Battle of the Moy. The march of events, the plans of campaign and battle, are all worked out by one who is evidently no novice in military tactics.

Magazines for April Received.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (30 La Fayette Place, New York.) In this number the scriptural and legal aspects of Divorce are presented respectively by the Rev. Dr. Theodore D. Woolsey, and by Judge John A. Jameson, a jurist whose long experience with divorce cases in Chicago, lends to his observations a very special value. Dr. P. Bender, a Canadian who has studied to some purpose the political, social and economic conditions of his country, under the title, "A Canadian View of Annexation," makes a forcible presentation of the reasons which incline many citizens of the Dominion to regard with favor the idea of absorption by the United States. Senator John A. Logan sets forth the need which exists for "National Aid to Public Schools in the several States and territories. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby writes of "The Dangerous Classes" that menace the perpetuity of civil order and the peace of the community, meaning the manipulators of corporation stocks and the men who, having amassed enormous wealth, use it for nefarious purposes. James C. Walling, President of Columbian University, treats of "Race Education," the problem that confronts the philosophic statesman, of the presence in our body politic of a strong Negro contingent. "The Water Supply of Cities" is discussed by Charles F. Wingate. "Ethical Systems" by Prof. F. H. Hedge. "Street Begging" by Rev. Dr. Charles P. Deems, and "Criticism and Christianity" by O. B. Frothingham.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D Appleton & Co., New York.) Contents: Nature and Limits of the Science of Politics, by Professor Sheldon Amos, LL. D.; The Economic Function of Vice, by John McElroy; Progress of the Backbone Family, by A. B. Buckley; Curiosities of Superstition, by Felix L. Oswald, M.D.; Perceptual Insanities, by Dr. W. A. Hammond; Dwarfs and Giants, by M. Delbois; The Census and the Forests, by N. H. Egleston; Origin of the Donkey, by C. A. Piement; Speculations on the Nature of Matter, by Henry H. Bates, M. A.; The Legal Status of Servant-Girls, by Oliver E. Lyman; The New York Geological Survey, by James Hall, LL. D.; Origin of the Calendar and Astrology, by Professor W. Foester; Sketch of Increase by Allen Lapham, LL. D. (with portrait); Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany; Notes.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.) Contents: Daisy Miller; Pillow-Smoothing Authors; Modern Fiction; A Poet; A New Parishioner; Love's Opportunity; An Early Humanist; Heredity; The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze; Bird Songs; Unloved; Stage Buffoons; Recent Biographies; Law and Lawyers in Literature; Memorials of Rossetti; A Fireman in the United States in 1851; Carlyle and Emerson; The Negro Race in America; The Contributor's Club; Books of the Month.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson; The Capitol at Washington; Remembrance; The Song of Songs; Near Sunset; Eugene Fromentin; Anastasia; Plotters and Pirates of Louisiana; At Sea; Mother and Child; Emerson; Forsaken; A Woman's Revenge; The Primitive Fish-hook; Visiting the Gypsies; Love; The Passion Play at Oberammergau; Years After; Through One Administration; Salvini; Topics of the Time; Literature; Brie-a-Brac.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis Magazine Co., Mo.) Contents: Our Dogs; The Consequences of One Day's Travel; The Golden Goose; A Lament; Fashions for March; Timely Topics; Only a Woman; Among the Birds; Increase of Crime; Sometime; etc.

THE SEASON. (The International News Co., New York.) An illustrated magazine of fashion, containing the newest styles and most elegant designs in needlework, embroidery, crochet, fancy work, etc.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassel, Potter Galpin & Co., London, Paris and New York.) Contents: Il Pomosello; Rossetti as a Painter; An Old English Manor House; "Ilysses and Telemachus"; Sheraton's Furniture; "Selling the Booty"; The Paces of the Horse in Art; A Famous Model; The South Downs as a Sketching-Ground; The Five Senses" at the National Gallery; Two Old London Markets; The Hermitage Autotypes; "The Mermaid"; The Chronicle of Art; American Art Notes.

A writer in an exchange says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have planted basswood or ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than two cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."

A disease of pigs, known in France as *rouget* or *mal rouge* (red fever) has of late wrought terrible ravages in the Rhone Valley. 20,000 pigs have succumbed in a year. M. Pasteur has detected the microbe of which the disease is due. It is somewhat like that of chicken cholera, but much smaller and different in physiological properties. Its form is that of the figure 8. It has no action on fowls, but rapidly kills rabbits and sheep. Injected in almost inappreciable quantity into pigs, it suffices to cause mortal disease. M. Pasteur has succeeded in producing an attenuated form of this virus, wherewith healthy pigs may be vaccinated and rendered refractory to the contagion.

According to the *Revue Scientifique*, railway travelling is safer in Norway and Sweden than elsewhere in Europe, a year often passing without a single fatal accident in either. In England and France one is killed out of every four and a half millions of passengers. Spain and America have the worst record.

Women are insulted every day and every evening by those infernal sleuth hounds who make remarks as they pass by. Jezebel and modesty are both outraged, and all that can be done is for the woman or girl to hurry by as rapidly as possible.—Kansas City Times.

"Now Well and Strong."

SHIPMAN, ILL. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir— I wish to state that my daughter, aged 18, was pronounced incurable and was fast failing as the doctors thought, with consumption. I obtained a half dozen bottles of your "Golden Medical Discovery" for her and she commenced improving at once, and is now well and strong. Very truly yours, REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTIN. "Discovery" sold by druggists.

New Orleans also has "The professional masher" but it appears that the gallantry of the gentlemen or the tone of morals of that city confine him to limits which he could not endure elsewhere. He smiles and smirks at passing ladies on corners, at church and at matinees; but one of the papers of that city says that if he speaks to one a gentleman promptly punishes him.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Time Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION Buffalo, N. Y.

Why should we not have a pretty word in our own language for those "who love good victuals and good drinks?" "Gourmand" is not a nice word, for it is nearly allied to glutton; and "gourmet" means simply a connoisseur of wines. "Cheerist" is evidently the word wanted—and found.—World.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are known to be the safest, surest and best purgative medicine ever offered to the public. They are mild but certain in their effects, and keep the system in good condition.

During the year just closed in England there were reported 23 mining explosions, 15 of which were fatal, the number of deaths reaching 241, exactly the average for the past 32 years.

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Happily for the Chinese, says Dr. Young, lately of Hong Kong, nearly all their medicines are inert, such as pearls, tiger's bones, rhinoceros bones, fossil bones, and other articles having no medicinal value.

Books Received from S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago.

MIRABEAU. An Historical Drama. By Geo. H. Calvert. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.00.

THE BATTLE OF THE MOY; OR HOW IRELAND GAINED HER INDEPENDENCE. 1892—1894. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price 25 cents.

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EDUCATION August 21, 1882

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Before closing I beg to mention the remarkable cure of a friend of mine in New York City, to whom I recommended this valuable medicine. He was suffering severely from an attack which was pronounced by his physician a decided case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. I obtained two bottles of Hunt's Remedy for him, and he commenced taking it, and began to improve at once, and was speedily restored to health, and he attributes the saving of his life, under the blessing of a merciful Providence, to Hunt's Remedy.

Another friend of mine in New York, to whom I recommended Hunt's Remedy, was suffering severely from kidney disease, and was entirely cured of it after using this wonderful medicine only a short period.

Feeling deeply grateful for the great benefits experienced by my friends and myself from the use of Hunt's Remedy, I feel it to be my duty, as well as a great pleasure, to furnish you this voluntary and unsolicited statement of facts for the information of your large number of readers, many of whom are undoubtedly suffering from this widely-spreading scourge, and I believe that it is the best medicine now known, and that it will cure all cases of kidney diseases that can be cured. I shall be pleased to confer with any one who may desire an interview regarding the statements herein contained. Truly yours, RICHMOND HENSHAW, 99 Meigs Street.

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, March 31, 1883.

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Voodooism and Spiritualism.

The New York Sun of March 11th, has an article as to the divorce case of Helen M. Young and Gen H. C. Young, lately tried in Cincinnati. The parties being both Spiritualists, and Mrs. Young being a materializing medium, connects the case with Spiritualism. The article gives general descriptions of the phenomena produced; it does not say the witnesses swore falsely, but yet that the testimony "is no more entitled to belief than the answers of the same sort of which we have so many. Unquestionably thousands of people are convinced that they have heard spirit voices and seen spirit hands, and they would be ready to take their oath to it. But, after all, because people think they have seen a thing that is marvelous, that is no good reason for believing that it actually occurred. The imagination is a wonder-worker, whose limitations have never yet been discovered."

But it is the glory of Spiritualism, that no one was ever made a Spiritualist by authority, or even by belief of what some one else saw, but only by his own experience. They trusted their senses, used their own judgment, and were convinced; but not help being so, if the editor of the Sun will but examine for himself he will write no more such articles. But the Sun makes a worse charge. Not only were these deceived ones Spiritualists, but some of them believed in voodooism, "a black art whose votaries, we supposed, were confined to the most ignorant negroes who had not yet come out of barbarism, though living in a civilized community. Mrs. Maria Louise Young testified that she knew a little of voo-

doism, and that she had visited a druggist's with a Mrs. Glenn, who was a voodoo medium, and bought incense and drugs, which Mrs. Glenn was to use in voodoo arts for her benefit. She also swore that Mrs. Helen M. Young, the plaintiff in the suit, had said that she would go to Louisiana if she had money enough, and buy a voodoo candle to burn for the death of a decrepit mare they had on the premises, and for the death of her husband. After all, however, are not voodooism and Spiritualism closely akin? They both pretend to effect material results by the aid of supernatural influences. They are both black arts. The colored people in Louisiana would doubtless be as ready to swear to the wonders done by the voodoo wizards as the Cincinnati Spiritualists were to the marvels worked by their mediums."

If the writer had but inquired, he might have found a host of believers in charms among the Church members of his own city—possibly some among his neighbors—it may be in his own home. Some most cultured people from whom we have a right to expect better things, allow superstitious belief in omens to plague their lives. We should not have thought it worth while to notice the matter, were it not for the last paragraph, which displays such a sublimity of ignorance and impudence combined, as to entitle it to embalment in our pages. Spiritualists don't "pretend to effect material results by supernatural agencies." Spiritualism is not an art at all, least of all a "black art." The highest triumph of voodooism is to curse and destroy; the glory of Spiritualism is to bless and save. One is ignorance, working upon credulity; the other is intelligent search of nature. What is there in common with these?

We remember a circle in which a church member received a message from her husband which much delighted her, till she thought and said, "O dear, I ought not to have called him from heaven, I think this is wrong." "Did any one call him?" said we. "Did he not come because he wanted to—because he loved you?" Spiritualists do not "call spirits from the vasty deep;" they only gladly receive those who choose to come. They do not choose who shall come; they invoke no curses, and are simply intelligent men and women who, studying the sublime philosophy of Spiritualism, are as far from any sympathy with voodooism as the editor of the Sun is from truthfulness and modesty in his dictum.

Church of the Divine Fragments.

The Auburn (N. Y.) Daily News and Bulletin having closed an article with the following: "The Fragments are an unruly congregation," Bro. J. H. Harter writes to it as follows:

"I desire here to confirm your statement as far as it relates to the 'unruly' part, and I wish also to say that I am doing what I can to restrain them and make them more orderly, but in this part of my work I am very much hindered by those who consider themselves far above the 'unruly' congregation of the Divine Fragments' and yet condescend not only to participate in their 'unruly' conduct, but actually aid in making and sustaining the abominable license laws which are the cause of a vast deal of 'unruly' conduct on the part of my 'congregation of Divine Fragments.' If other people and other 'congregations' can't do anything to help me to subdue and improve my 'unruly' congregation, I hope and pray that nothing may be done to legally sustain them in their 'unruly' conduct. I pray as did the man who was attacked by a huge bear, 'Lord, help me. But if you can't help me, don't help the bear.'"

Bro. Harter's church is a peculiar one. When he thoroughly reforms a person, he then expels him—has no further use for him whatever, and then he directs his attention to other refractory members. His whole soul—and it is a large one—is exerted towards diminishing the number of the members to whom he administers, by making them better, wiser and nobler in every respect, and as rapidly as one can stand alone, he must go forth, and no longer look to him for guidance or counsel. While the various orthodox churches expel their refractory members, the very ones that need careful attention, sympathy and love, Bro. Harter devotes his entire attention to those who need it—to the sick—to the criminal—to the unfortunate—to the erring—and the moment they are all right physically and morally, they must go! To say the least his plans are unique, and we are not prepared to condemn them in any respect. Brother Harter, in our opinion, is doing a noble work.

An Inspired Crank.

As the Congregation was assembling at Holy Cross Church, corner of Rich and Fifth streets, Columbus, O., lately, a young man named Charles Weiler shot another young man named August Burkley in the back part of the head. The affair caused considerable of a sensation among the people. Burkley was taken to his home near by and his wound dressed. The ball, it appears, did not penetrate the skull, but passed around just under the skin, producing an ugly but not necessarily dangerous wound. Officers soon arrested Weiler and placed him in the city prison. The fact was soon developed that Weiler was a crank of the worst kind. His body was found enveloped in a sheet iron covering, with leggings of the same material, all next to his body. Weiler says that God told him to shoot Burkley and get him out of the way; that he has contemplated killing Burkley for two years; that he came home from Chicago on purpose to remove Burkley. He described how he had laid for Burkley at the church door, and when the shot was fired how Burkley threw his hand up to his head and ran.

Five Days in the Flooded City, After the Flood.

Southeast from Chicago, eleven hours' ride by rail, is a city famous for its Lager beer, devotion to music, sturdy integrity, and the warm-hearted philanthropy of its people. In 1788 a little company of emigrants from New Jersey penetrating the dangerous western wilds, were struck with a beautiful plateau bounded on the south by the Ohio river and surrounded on the other three sides by splendid hills. They pitched their tents and settled down where now stands the city of Cincinnati with its three hundred thousand people and all its monuments of enterprise, art and science. Such were the peculiarly favorable advantages of the site for health, comfort and business, that in twelve years the place numbered seven hundred and fifty inhabitants.

In 1830 Chicago was first surveyed, and when in 1833 it was organized into a town there was found to be within its precincts five hundred and sixty acres of land and five hundred and fifty inhabitants. At this time, when there was more than an acre for each resident in the present railroad centre of the world, Cincinnati had thirty thousand busy people growing rich and happy within sight of the slaveholders' territory. On one side of the river the push and enterprise, which always accompanies human liberty, was building a magnificent city and covering the beautiful hills with thrifty, happy homes. Upon the other side the plague of human slavery cursed a country equally as beautiful; and in later years when the best blood of the nation was flowing freely, it became a debatable land. Now that the blight has been cured by blood and the river spanned with iron, the two peoples are becoming one; bonds stronger than iron are uniting their interests, and the beautiful cities of Covington and Newport in Kentucky have a multitude of interests in common with Cincinnati. With all its material prosperity Cincinnati has a large interest in spiritual and intellectual matters. Here it was that Prof. Mitchell built his observatory, and with his powerful telescope swept the heavens in the endeavor to fathom a little of the mystery of the universe, and here his good work went on until the pure air of the lovely valley became so blackened by the smoke of the busy city that it made a veil between the glass and the heavens, and shut out his sight. Though the smoke could spoil conditions for the human eye, it could not affect the spiritual vision, and to-day Cincinnati has thousands who have learned more of God's ways through direct communion with the Spirit-world than all the astronomers can find out, be their instruments ever so powerful.

So it came about that when the editor and his wife wanted to supplement their Detroit trip with one which should give them additional health and strength for their work, most naturally their thoughts turned toward Cincinnati, where many dear friends and old acquaintances were waiting their visit. A comfortable night-ride over the well-appointed "Kankakee-line"—a favorite route to Cincinnati, Louisville and the South, and one which the traveller will always choose after trying it—brought the visitors to the lately flooded city. As the train whirled around the hills in nearing its destination, the evidences of the late rush of waters appeared on every side, eliciting constant exclamations of wonder; for however closely one may read the accounts, it is only by object lessons that the terrific and wide spread effects can be comprehended. The hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Jackson at 96 West Eighth St., was the first objective point and of course a warm welcome and breakfast followed. Dr. and Mrs. Jackson came to Cincinnati some three years ago with, as they think, a specific work assigned them by their spirit friends; and certainly they have done grand service if one may judge from what is heard from their many acquaintances. During our stay in the city we met at Dr. Jackson's a number of prominent Spiritualists and inquirers. Among them Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kinsey, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Crigler, Mr. Joseph Magrue, Mrs. A. G. W. Carter, Mrs. Sherwood, Mr. Gordon, Dr. J. D. Buck, Mr. Miller and others. A social evening, at which part of those named, with others were present, will long be a bright spot in our experience. The Jacksons have for a long time held a circle for spirit communion each Saturday evening, and we were so fortunate as to be present at one of them. At this séance a sister of Mr. Joseph Kinsey controlled Mrs. Jackson and talked with her brother and other members of the circle; this we are told is her custom and that her presence is greatly prized by all the sitters. She told the editor of the JOURNAL that he had two phases of mediumship; he was highly impressionable, and also a medium for a phase of form materialization, and if he could have less mental labor, might in a few months develop this latter phase so that cloud-like spirit forms would be seen and recognized in his presence. Dr. J. W. Dennis, prominent as one of the leading dentists of Cincinnati, is also well known for his active interest in Spiritualism. Mrs. Dennis has fine medium powers, which are being developed with good success. A call at the doctor's home was greatly enjoyed.

On St. Patrick's day in the morning, twenty six years ago, a marked character entered Cincinnati, stuck his stake, and has held it to this day. He is a man of great physical and mental power, indomitable will, unflinching courage, bold and original in conception, quick and fearless in execution; his parents with, possibly, a vague presentiment of the qualities their heir would devel-

op, christened him Napoleon Bonaparte, and he is known to hundreds of thousands as N. B. Wolfe, Physician and author. His strong, clean-shaven face and well rounded head illuminates a quarter of a million books every year, sent out to sufferers from catarrh, and throat and lung diseases. Dr. Wolfe is best known to Spiritualism as the author of "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism," which as a record of well authenticated spirit phenomena has no superior and few equals, despite its brusque style and occasional defects in taste. It is always fresh and vivifying; after wading through the vaporings so often put forth under the guise of spiritual literature, one turns to this book and grows strong, fresh and hopeful. It goes without saying that the JOURNAL people spent part of their time with Dr. Wolfe and his accomplished daughter, Miss Mary, whose graduation with distinguished honors from Pulte Medical College, has been heretofore chronicled. Under the protection of the Drs. Wolfe the visitors were shown all the varied and interesting sights in and about the city.

Space only permits brief mention. Peculiar to this city are the "incline planes" on which passengers as well as all kinds of wheel vehicles are taken on cars, propelled by steam, and carried from the plateau up the steep ascent to the top of the hills, a distance varying from eleven hundred to fourteen hundred feet. Bulky loads of hay and coal glide up the hillsides as if by magic, and so partial are the work-horses to this mode of rising in the world that it is with difficulty they can be driven past the entrance to the tramway when on their way up the heights with a load. They prefer being drawn with their load, to drawing it themselves. Speaking of horses calls to mind the Equine Queen, Maud S. who was visited on this jaunt about the city. She is kept near the race track and tended with more solicitude and watchfulness than most human beings; a man sleeps by her side at night and nothing is neglected to insure her welfare. The gentleman who introduced the party to Her Royal Highness claimed that Vanderbilt had refused \$100,000 for her. She evidently had a keen appreciation of her own worth and certainly knows more than many "lords of creation."

From talking horse to talking book may seem startling, but after all when the horse is Maud S. the distance may not be so great. Dr. Wolfe's "Startling Facts" has been out of print for some time and the steady, continuous and indeed increasing call for the book obliges the author to satisfy the demand and he is now revising its pages preparatory to re-publication. This time it will probably be put out as a subscription book under such auspices as to ensure the disposal of quite possibly one hundred thousand copies. A ringing introduction to the new edition is now in type and probably within a few weeks the JOURNAL will have the pleasure of announcing the book as ready for the public.

The Spiritualist society of Cincinnati hold meetings in a commodious hall and is fairly prosperous. Mr. W. C. Bowman of Atlanta is now lecturing for them and is well liked. He is an educated Southern man; for fifteen years a Methodist Minister, then eight years in a Universalist pulpit, he now finds himself still growing; has been a Spiritualist less than two years. He is earnest, yet modest, eloquent and logical, and deserves the warm support and appreciation of Spiritualists in the North. He is open to engagements, and letters addressed in care of Dr. H. H. Jackson, 96 West Eighth street will reach him. The writer remained over Sunday on purpose to hear Mr. Bowman lecture and was much pleased with the manner and subject matter, and took occasion to say so when invited to address the meeting by the courteous and efficient President, Mr. Stebbins.

Dr. Babbitt, late at the head of the society, was present. Dr. B. is a man of ideas; and is trying with all his strength to benefit his fellows by putting some of them into practical use; may success attend him. Cincinnati has a number of good mediums, but in a brief stay it was found impossible to visit any of them. The following were spoken of as among the best: Mrs. Lizzie Green, independent slate-writing, No. 320 West Seventh St., Mrs. Cooper, slate-writing and materializations, No. 99 John St., Mrs. Belle Fletcher, trance and materializations, No. 300 Vine St., John Lyon, trance, No. 298 Richmond St.

Sunday evening closed a most delightful five days' visit with the large-hearted friends, and Monday morning found the writer and his companion once more at home and "up to the eyes" in work. These imperfect notes have been scratched off amid numerous interruptions, and before they are in type the editor will be a thousand miles eastward, so he begs pardon in advance for errors and omissions and heartily thanks the Cincinnati friends, one and all, for their kindness and hospitality.

W. Whitworth of Cleveland, O., says that the Children's Progressive Lyceum there was well attended on a late Sunday, and the exercises were of the most interesting character; the principal feature being a lecture in object lessons on the black board, by Samuel Adams, one of Cleveland's oldest and ablest lawyers. His illustrations were admirable, and easily understood by the youngest of the children, and thoroughly appreciated by all.

The Legislature of Minnesota have passed a bill to "Regulate the practice of Medicine." We don't think it will interfere any with magnetic healers. In this State magnetic healers pay no attention whatever to a law somewhat similar in nature to that of Minnesota.

GENERAL NOTES.

Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday A. M., such notices must reach this office on Monday.]

Next Sunday the 35th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street. See notice.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will speak in Manchester, N. H., April 1st and 8th; also at the Anniversary, March 30th. Will make engagements to speak the rest of the season.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn will speak in Flint, Mich., during April. She is engaged for the month of May by the Second Society of Spiritualists, Philadelphia—will then go to New England for the summer.

The Agnostic says: "The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a valuable paper. It is the fairest exponent of Spiritualism we know of. Fraud finds no favor in its able and interesting pages, no matter whether perpetrated by Spiritualists or others."

Mrs. Ophelia T. Shepard has kindly sent us her cabinet photograph which we place with our collection. Also Dr. B. Cyriax, editor of the "Spiritualistische Blätter," Leipzig, Germany, has remembered us. Visitors calling at our office find our collection of photographs very interesting.

We learn from a letter from Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten of Manchester, England, that she is engaged in arduous literary labors, being a regular contributor to two daily papers. She is also engaged in presenting to the world the grand truths of Spiritualism through the instrumentality of her inspired utterances.

The Brooklyn Eagle says that March 12th was a red letter day in the history of the Salvation Army in that place. It was the third anniversary of their occupation of that city. They celebrated it by an enthusiastic meeting in the Temple, on Clermont avenue, and by an all night prayer and praise meeting in their barracks on Washington street.

Mrs. Isabella J. Field of Racine, Wisconsin, writes: "We have a small hall here nicely fitted up and comfortable, ready to receive any good mediums and lecturers that may be traveling through the country. The hall is in the hands of a few who will hold it only for a Spiritualist hall, or parlors as it is termed. We only wish true and honest mediums; to such our hall is free."

Prof. B. F. Underwood lectured before the Philosophical Society of this city last Saturday evening. In the afternoon he addressed the Ethical Society. On Tuesday evening he lectured at La Salle, Ill., before the liberal society there, his subject being "The Florence (Mass.) Congregational Society, a Model Liberal Organization." After his lecture there he goes East, stopping to deliver one lecture at East Saginaw, Mich.

The Janesville, Wis., Recorder speaks as follows of Henry Slade, the medium: "He delivered an interesting lecture on Spiritualism at Lappin's Music Hall, on Sunday evening to a small audience. Our citizens have been humbugged so many times by this alleged class of people that they have come to look upon them all in about the same light. It is our candid opinion, however, that Dr. Slade is better posted on the subject than any man that ever visited this city."

We have just received from Belford, Clarke and Co., Chicago, a beautiful Easter offering, entitled "Spices for Easter Incense," collected and edited by Alice L. Williams. It contains about seventy pages of selections, prose and poetical, from some of the best English and American writers. The covers are very pretty and artistic, of the "card style," edged with heavy silk fringe. The pretty illustrations, fine paper and excellent letter-press combine to make this a fitting Easter offering.

A clergyman of Newburyport, Mass., lately swore out warrants for the arrest of the manager and leading members of a traveling theatrical company who were advertised to bring out a play based upon the life and adventures of Jesse James, the complaint setting forth that such a drama was calculated to demoralize the youth of the country by surrounding deeds of outlawry with an atmosphere of romance. The clergyman, who practiced at the bar before entering the ministry, is prosecuting the case with energy.

The house No. 33 Church street in the City of Hartford, Conn., is declared by the family that now occupies it to be haunted. For some time past they have been annoyed by noises indicating the presence of some living person besides themselves in the building. At night, after the man and his wife had retired and the house was still, what appeared to be heavy footsteps on the hall stairway would be heard, and by their sound would lead close up to the bedroom door. Experiments of all kinds have been tried by the family to see if they could possibly be mistaken, but all with the same result. Strange lights have been seen in connection with the tramping, but the most remarkable feature of these strange manifestations was recently developed. The woman of the house had been ill, and was about to prepare medicine in a cup in which she had placed a spoon. This was in the evening, and the room was well lighted. To her amazement the spoon jumped out of the cup and flew by her on to the floor. Very soon after she heard the sound of breaking glass in a cupboard near by, and upon examination discovered a tumbler with a round hole in it, made as if a pistol ball had gone through it, and broken pieces of glass were upon the shelf beside it. A lady living in the house says that she had seen visible forms, but chiefly one who appeared to be a man of middle age, with black hair and a long black beard.







Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

The Key to Paradise.

BY S. J. TYRRELL.

The three most sacred books of man, The Ved, Bible and Koran. Each claims a sure, unerring plan, By which the faithful hope to rise Through penance, prayer, and sacrifice, To the blest realms of Paradise. The burden of all creeds has been, To please the Gods, to cancel sin, And make the guilty conscience clean. Some thinking to obey their God (Five children to the fire and flood, To quench his savage thirst for blood, Young Abel when the world was new, For God his fittest sacrifices slew, And did the very best he could, Hence no heeds his brother Cain Offered his choicest fruits and grain. For boys, whose parents lately fell Filling their hearts with germs of hell, We think the laids did very well, But man's a progressive creature, Science, science, science, science, The evolutionary preacher, His creeds improve by evolution With brain and mental constitution, Frightening each age with revolution, The early, undeveloped Jew, Had framed his God to what he knew; Hence the small God his fancy drew, The Patriarchs having but a spark Of reason's light—thought a small ark Could hold their God;—when midnight dark On Egypt fell, they put a mark By every Hebrew creature dear, So they would God should explore Ho might perchance make a mistake And some fair Hebrew lady take, An mind developed God progressed, Solomon's God was not compressed Into an ark three feet by seven, But his thought filled earth and heaven, Discards the old, and Moses wrote Strange codes of justice were adroit, They had no Blackstone then to quote, Guilt could be shifted like a coat From thievish man to honest goat. 'Twas taught, that by some mystic knaout, Man could unloose his sinful pack, And hand his sins to some old goat, Could pile his sins, though scarlet red, Upon a 'scape-goat's harmless head, But in the later prophets' day Before advancing reason's ray These misty emblems fade away, Ezekiel's moral vision keen, Discards the old, and Moses wrote, Tells us the sinless child escapes, Though fathers eat the sourest grapes, That each must stand or fall alone, Before the 'white' impartial Throne, Where none 'by proxy' can atone, No son for sire, nor sire for son, But each must stand or fall alone, Was sick of sacrificial blood, 'Learn to do well,' his prophet cries, 'Tis better far than sacrifice, The prophets with their fathers slept, But on religious progress kept, Till in the temple Christ appears, To make the creeds of coming years, When Jesus taught the people, Upon the shores of Galilee, His students of divinity Might in an hour, seemingly, 'Complete the course,' 'take their degrees' An he ordained good, sound D.D.'s, Peter and Andrew dropping their books And without Greek or Latin books, Went straight to fishing there and then, To catch the scaly tribes of men, They needed no great books profound, Paul's knotty Romans to expound, Paul had not then been o'er the ground, Calvin's election seed to sow, Making his words a burden to show, How God could harden Pharaoh, Control his judgment, bind his will, And down him for his freedom still, Of scriptures they had little need, So simple was the Master's creed, Two precepts—'Love to God and man,' Comprehend his short salvation plan, He taught that, when at his command, The sheep and goats around him stand, The only question there will be, What did you do on earth for me? Your faith was sound enough you claim, To cast out devils in my name, But did you clothe the orphan child, When winds at zero were blowing wild, Did you the widow's wants redress, Believe the sick and fatherless? If not, you are no sheep of mine, Though you believed each word and line, And letter of the 'thirty-nine'.

Notes from Providence, R. I.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: We have had Stuart Cumberland here to tell us how the 'tricks' of mediums are performed. I think the cause of Spiritualism will be benefited rather than injured by his efforts, in this wise, if in no other: The Providence Journal has ignored Spiritualism in its columns of late, but having published something by a correspondent about Cumberland's performance hearing against it (Spiritualism), it has called out others who have given facts leaning the other way, which it has published in a spirit of fairness. Cephas B. Lynn has lectured here. He was very well liked. J. F. Baxter has been with us; it is needless to speak in his praise to any one who has had the pleasure of listening to him. During his December engagement, after an evening lecture, he described spirits usual, most of whom were recognized, and the audience were about to be dismissed, when an elderly gentleman arose and said: 'For thirteen years I have been an investigator of Spiritualism, but never before this evening have I had unmistakable proof of its truth.'

"Sons of Gorillas or Sons of God."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I have two individuals against that sentiment thundered forth by the Rev. Mr. Talmage: 1. It is a direct appeal to our vanity, ignoring truth. It may be a powerful argument with Christians who worship a vain God. To show his vanity and selfishness, witness the first commandment of the decalogue. 2. Allowing for the sake of argument that to be proper, and that we are the sons of God, how sadly have we degenerated from our ancestor; even the favored sons of God, King David, Solomon, H. W. Beecher and hundreds of God's ministers, ministers of the pure-hearted Jesus of Nazareth, disgraced, and many of them in our penitentiaries, and more who ought to be there. If we have descended from gorillas, how much are we superior to our ancestors. H. M. CAUTION, Greenville, Mich.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

The opening address at our conference meeting, Friday evening, March 23rd, was by Mr. J. Jeffrey, the subject being "The Light of the Soul." He spoke in substance as follows: "The large majority of mankind, whether civilized or uncivilized, believe in our dual nature, and at the death of the body, that intelligence, power or vital something which gave life and force to the material organization, lives on, while the body goes back to its mother earth, there to be molded again into some other organism; but the soul or spirit preserves its identity as an individuality; not that it is spirit, but that it is a spirit, an individual, responsible being, holding its own identity in the Spirit-world, as well as it did in this material condition. It is endowed with certain powers necessary to its existence. It is responsible for its action, and is so far independent that it has an inalienable right in the pursuit of life and happiness; is happy when in the line of progress and development, and suffers when it makes mistakes, or does that which retards its development."

"Now, we do not contend that we can prove the existence of the soul separate from the body, by mere argument, to the satisfaction of all. In fact, we look upon it as lost time to debate the question, for although we satisfy ourselves and all those who believe in the doctrine, yet there are many others, great thinkers, men of strong reasoning powers, profound in their philosophy, who do not believe in the theory of spirit independent of matter, or that the spirit lives on after the death of the body as a distinct individual. The argument we may use in debate—to our minds invulnerable—to their minds prove nothing."

"But when the fact appears, as it does through the phenomena of Spiritualism, that the spirit does exist independent of the body, it requires no argument to prove its existence, and all arguments against its existence are but folly and waste of words. We have heard the story of the man who was put in prison for some act that he was guilty of, and his friend called to see him, and asked him how it was he was imprisoned. He told him 'Why at death goes into a long sleep or unconscious state until the judgment day, then at the resurrection the soul and body will be re-united again and appear at the judgment seat. We find that these materialistic philosophers can do no more argument with argument and leave doubt in the mind as to who is right; but the spirit that is in the body, we are told, says, 'You debate whether I exist or not. Why argue? Here I am, and every honest investigator may know for himself without further debate that I live.' The soul is the individual. It is the man. It is not the mere life or force that moves or animates the body; though it is that, it is more, for it is the man, and has a character, his qualities, his will, his mind, and they are his, and can be seen by certain manifestations which for convenience sake we call light, or in other words we know the characteristics of the soul by its light."

"Some time ago I was asked by an Indian maiden, the control of one of our mediums, to write on a subject that she would give me. I promised to do so if I could. The subject was 'The Light of the Soul.' Well, I thought that was a difficult task, but as I thought of it, the idea dawned upon me that it was the manifestation of the soul in every day life, that enables us to see and judge as to its qualities and characteristics, and that light is love; so that the light of the soul is love. But what is love? I would say that it is the love of the good, kind and affectionate. We associate the word goodness with love, or look for profit and pleasure in the fruit of love, and when we do not find goodness or kindness in the one who says he loves, it is because we do not consider what the taste or disposition of the man is. We are apt to define the term love according to its effect upon us, and our opinion is formed by our own feelings and feelings of others. We must remember that what gives pleasure to one may be distasteful to another. What we may like, another may dislike; what may be good to one is questionable good to another. We define love as an affection of the soul, excited by an object which communicates pleasure. The opposite feeling is hatred, a feeling of dislike or aversion. By this definition we see that depends upon the character or qualities of the soul as to whether its love is good or bad. A lady said to me on one occasion, 'My husband loves me as well as he could love any woman.' How did he show that love? He required of her attention and service; his own comfort first, then hers; took particular care of his own person, took the best portions of food, and had his own personal comfort first, and then, if convenient, attended to hers. Now he had no dislike to her. He found her an agreeable companion, but so intensely selfish that his love for her was only so far as he was gratified by her without trouble to himself; at least he left her to take care of herself, while he sought a more profitable love, or love of money. 'Yes; but love reveals to our gaze the character of the soul; it is the light by which we see what are the qualities of the soul.'

"I sent up the question to Mrs. Hyzer at one of her inspirational lectures, 'What is love, and what is meant by loving my neighbor as myself?' and she answered as ninety-nine out of every one hundred would answer: 'Do unto him as I would wish him to do to me.' But suppose I was not good to myself; did not care for or desire the development of that which was good in myself, lived and loved to live a depraved life, would it be loving my neighbor as myself? For example, a friend invited me to spend the evening with him. He was very friendly towards me. I might say he was fond of me. Well this was the style of his invitation, John, come and spend the evening with me. I will treat you well; you may be sure you will not go home alone; I thanked him, but did not accept his invitation; that was his way of doing to me what he wished I would do for him. I was most assuredly acting according to the Golden Rule, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' But his love for me was an indication of the character or quality of his soul. He loved to gratify a depraved appetite, and loved dissipation. His soul you might say was on a low plane or in an undeveloped state. His love showed the quality of his soul."

The speaker contrasted the various creeds and their effect upon the soul or character of the individual life, arguing that a false and selfish theology had been a great hindrance in the highest and truest development of the soul, justice, mercy, kindness, good nature, liberality, humility, meekness, honesty and fraternal love for all mankind, possessing these and kindred virtues in the soul, adorn it with a beauty that commands the admiration and respect of all, and attracts to it a high order of sympathizing spirits. Souls of this character manifest a beautiful radiance in their love. They do good because they love good and are kind; not because it is the best policy or most profitable; but because they love, they are liberal and unprejudiced."

Mr. A. B. French, the silver-tongued orator of Clyde, Ohio, said: "It gives me great pleasure to be with you to-night. I have read with deep interest the reports of your meetings in the spiritual papers, and I am glad to look into your faces and to take you by the hand. The speaker has said that you cannot convince the world of the continued life of the spirit. I have tried to argue the point that nature would not be complete without it. Spiritualism with its vast array of facts demonstrates this, and shows that the man lives and is indestructible; that he is co-existent with the creative power that placed the universe within his grasp. So, friends, love binds us closer in the bonds of fraternal brotherhood, in unity and peace."

Mr. D. M. Cole and W. C. Bowen made short addresses in harmony with the lecture of the speaker of the evening. S. B. NICHOLS, Brooklyn, N. Y., March 3rd, 1883.

A Caution to Trance Mediums and Spirit Guides.

Some one whose name, we presume, is thoughtlessly omitted from his communication or who carelessly left out a portion of his article, writes: A man died from pneumonia a month since. He had used hypnosis and chloral excessively, and was a strong, obstinate, willful person, 39 years old, who a week previous attempted to have himself suicided by pleading chronic headache to different physicians (unknown to the other) who gave him hypodermic injections of morphia; one injected the right, the other his left arm. Four persons held a dimly lighted circle sang a magnetic medium, with some knowledge of spirit control, noticed the corpse-like feeling of the medium's hand. Being a stranger he asked the circle if the medium was all right and if it was usual to remain quiet so long? The gentleman in charge answered, 'She is all right,' and he requested singing. Then we saw a man in a white and all the circle were silent, saying, 'Help the medium; make him go.' The earnest whisperer showed fright, thereupon a gentleman shook the medium and called her name which was useless as shaking a dead body. Then the magnetizer yielded to the impulse he had felt for many minutes to allow his hands to move over or 'cast out' the poor 'dov' (spirit) who then had control of the medium. Then the magnetizer's Indian spirit, 'Red Plume,' used the magnetizer's hands to make upward passes all around the medium, and cross passes over her head. After twenty minutes work the medium's Indian got control, and in a weak voice said, 'That was the man; he almost took my medium out of her body.'

The magnetizer thought best not to tell her about the condition in which she had been, but when she gained control of her own body, she said, 'I feel queer; my arms are numb, just as they felt the other night when that suicide controlled me for a little while.' Moral: There is great danger of death resulting to any trance medium when an ignorant spirit, who died under the influence of morphia, laudanum, chloroform, etc., obtains control, even after his spirit has entirely thrown off the effects of the drug which killed him, because he must, under the condition of the medium, be in contact with them until he is freed from the influence of the drug. It is in the medium's body, at once resuming all his late ailments or condition in as full force and power over him as though he had not yet died."

In the above cases the unconscious, entranced medium or 'guides' can not exercise or release a drugged spirit from the helpless medium's body, if permitted to remain in contact with them until they are freed from the influence of the drug. It is in the medium's body, at once resuming all his late ailments or condition in as full force and power over him as though he had not yet died. The magnetizer thought best not to tell her about the condition in which she had been, but when she gained control of her own body, she said, 'I feel queer; my arms are numb, just as they felt the other night when that suicide controlled me for a little while.' Moral: There is great danger of death resulting to any trance medium when an ignorant spirit, who died under the influence of morphia, laudanum, chloroform, etc., obtains control, even after his spirit has entirely thrown off the effects of the drug which killed him, because he must, under the condition of the medium, be in contact with them until he is freed from the influence of the drug. It is in the medium's body, at once resuming all his late ailments or condition in as full force and power over him as though he had not yet died."

Three years since a Spanish Catholic spirit almost strangled a materializing medium, her husband and two friends composing the circle. She was alone in the cabinet. The spirit materialized in the form of a guide, rushed out into the cabinet. They appeared frightened, the circle heard her fall and they entered the cabinet with a light and magnetized the medium free of the control, after a half-hour effort. Her throat had a red mark around it. After that time they were informed by her guides that the Spanish claimed 'he had a mission to kill all mediums and senseless; all his work was to get rid of them, which would render all the circle liable to arrest, imprisonment and trial for murder at the hands of vicious clerical fools and bigots. Three years since a Spanish Catholic spirit almost strangled a materializing medium, her husband and two friends composing the circle. She was alone in the cabinet. The spirit materialized in the form of a guide, rushed out into the cabinet. 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Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Anna D. Loucks of San Francisco: Prepared for the Religio-Philosophical Journal, from a Journal of the Sciences, by Herman Snow.

NUMBER EIGHT.

WAITING FOR THE RESURRECTION DAY.

"I am not sure that it is right for me to be here. If it is the resurrection day, it is very different from what I expected. I have been waiting a long time to see the coming of the Lord, and to hear the sound of the trumpet to call the children of the Lord forth to meet him in glory. So it don't seem to be all right; I seem to be an isolated case. But this, in some way seems especially to give an awakening to myself. Can it be that I have slept beyond my time, and so at last had to be especially called for?"

"Well, whichever way it may be, I am glad to have my senses back. I have slept all I want to. I am naturally a stirring, active woman, and would awake to some purpose. Do you say (this to the spirit helpers) that such is the natural course of this life? If I have anything to say about it; if it is optional with me, I should say that I want to go right away, far away from here. You tell me that I will soon progress beyond this. I don't know how I am to progress. . . . It is to have my spirit quickened and my faculties developed that I may understand the lessons of wisdom that are in every direction around me. One lesson reads, thou art wanting in faith; knowledge will help thee. Thou art materialistic in mind; a spiritual unfolding will give clearer views of spiritual truth." I think that I realize this and feel it to be true.

"Now I am told to turn my vision backward. '1704 is recorded as the year of my death; 'Abigail Swain' my name. But that was the death of the physical body you say; Abigail was not dead, only dormant in spirit, waiting for the Searcher to roll back the clouds and clarify the vision that the spirit might look out and know that it was the resurrection morning. . . ."

"I see it; I see that one dying in full faith of an immediate, natural new birth, is at once resurrected from the tomb of darkness and fear, and of human teaching. I am bewildered to find that the human mind may become so dead to reason and natural perceptions by a blind belief. Spiritual unfolding I had not, else I should have known that such doctrines were not true.

"But I have no more time to waste in the dungeon of darkness and fear. I am positive that I still have an individuality which must be educated. I must be able to know this, or that to be true. I am to perceive, and not to take things by rote.

"Having so far learned the lesson of this day and hour, I go forward out of darkness, out of fear, into a trusting confidence and a broad pathway leading to light and beauty. I am carried forward in the strength of a new life, of a quiet hope and a full confidence in those wise teachers who are opening the eyes of those who have been sleeping, being bound in ignorance, by prejudice and a blind faith in false teachings.

"To this form (i. e., of the medium) still inhabited by a spirit, I indebted for all this new light which comes slowly to my awakened consciousness. O, gratitude, gratitude is in my mind and heart for all. It is my wish that I, too, might repay those working here by awakening some other soul bound in the chains of error and prejudice.

"Still more came, in this earnest, enthusiastic strain, but so rapidly that I was not able to take it down in full, and so I omitted the closing part.

A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE OF PHYSICIANS.

In the course of these experiences, we have had quite a number of cases illustrating the evils of an excessive use of narcotics, or stupefying drugs of any kind, given to allay the sufferings, or rather to make the subject wholly unconscious to them at, or near the hour of the passing away from mortal life. It is a very specious temptation thus presented to friends and kind-hearted physicians; and it is to be feared that it is often given way to when the time has come that the death of the body is inevitable. Yet if the wisdom of the spirit intelligences surrounding our sciences is to be depended upon, a very great mistake is made in such cases, as an evil is thus inflicted upon the departing spirit beyond comparison greater than would have been the brief sufferings—often more apparent than real—of the closing hours.

Some of our cases of this kind have already been published somewhat in detail; of the additional ones now before me, I propose only to give a brief outline, together with some of the warning words we have from time to time received upon the subject, from spirit sources, tending to illustrate and confirm the general position taken. From my journal of the sciences I quote what follows:

Our work to-day was to relieve the condition of a woman who, some three months ago, had passed into the Spirit-world in that deep stupor which, as we have repeatedly been told, is the inevitable result of a free use of narcotics during the closing hours of mortal life, and in which the subject is liable to remain for years unless relieved by some special action like that of to-day. The effort appeared to be successful, much to the joy and gratitude of the subject.

In response to my subsequent questioning, it was again said that all such attempts to stupefy the spirits in the closing hours of mortal life, are fraught with serious evils, extending often through many years in the spirit-life.

Another case of excessive criminal use of stupefying drugs: On board a vessel at sea a sailor had fallen from the rigging to the deck, and his head had become terribly mangled, but not to the immediate death of the body. But the case was a troublesome one, and hopeless as to its final result. So, as a short way of at once relieving themselves, and the suffering victim, it was decided by the Captain and the ship's doctor, to administer an excessive dose of morphia, thinking that this would put an end to the troubles of the victim. But instead of this, the evil effects of the fatal dose had followed him into the other life, holding him for a long time in a stupid condition of mental paralysis from which, in order rightly to relieve him, the aid of our Band was called for. The usual course of soliloquy and conversation took place in which the characteristics of sailor-life were quite vividly presented. Without going into details, I will only add that the effort proved to be a success; and that in all that came to me from the controlling intelligence on this occasion, the evils of such practices by physicians and others, were reiterated and emphasized in the most earnest manner.

Another case I will add in which it was claimed that the subject had been doomed to nearly fifty years of unconscious life, on the borders of the spirit spheres, in consequence

of the practice now under notice. This spirit evinced a natural intelligence of an advanced order, and the utterance was with great earnestness, the concluding part of which was as follows:

"And now a new consciousness comes to me, that I am here by the special effort of a band of workers in the spirit-life, who have been sent to relieve me from my condition lapsed into through the mistaken kindness of eminent physicians. It must be brought to the notice of physicians, that anodynes, opiates, stupefying medicines, enslave the mind indefinitely.

"I came to this consciousness through the counteracting efforts of earnest students of another world and I testify to the universal wrong of stupefying patients on their death bed. There are many at hand who would join in my protest if permitted as I have been, through the kindness of others, to use an earthly organism to utter these words that they may reach others, and help to stay the pernicious work of physicians on their dying patients. Give to your world a loud warning; tell them to stop it. Word comes from high and low; it is wrong to the individual in every instance to go out of the world in a state of stupefaction."

Spiritualists and Liberalists.

The Saturday afternoon session of the State meeting of Spiritualists and Liberalists at Grand Rapids, Mich., took under consideration a proposition for the organization of a State Society, talking to the following preamble and resolutions offered by Dr. Marvin of Detroit:

WHEREAS, Serious doubt is now entertained as to the legal existence of the society in this State, and

WHEREAS, We here assembled believe that the greater good can be accomplished by separate and distinct organizations of the two elements belonging to the said society of Spiritualists and Liberalists; and

WHEREAS, We, the Spiritualists believe that the cause of Spiritualism would be best fostered and advanced by the organization of a State Spiritual Association, therefore, Resolved, That we here assembled proceed to a temporary organization and provide for the permanent Association in such manner as may seem well and best.

The matter was discussed at length by ladies and gentlemen present. President, J. M. Potter of Lansing, S. L. Shaw, Esq., of Saranac, J. H. Tompkins, of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Dr. Spinney of Detroit and others favored the organization of such a society. Mr. H. M. Calkins of Greenville, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn of Boston, Mass., J. H. Burnham of Saginaw and others opposed a separation of the Spiritualists and Liberalists, but the question when finally put to vote just at the close of the afternoon session was carried with but two dissenting voices.

Saturday evening some 300 or 400 of the prime movers in the cause assembled at the same place to consummate the work of the afternoon session, and a committee for drafting and presenting a plan for the temporary organization of a State Spiritual Society was appointed. It embraced the following names: H. M. Calkins, of Greenville; S. L. Shaw, of Saranac; J. H. Tompkins, of Grand Rapids; Mrs. Dr. Spinney, of Detroit, and Mrs. M. E. Brown, of Grand Rapids. J. P. Whiting, of Milford, and Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, of South Haven, then addressed the meeting. They spoke in a general way on Spiritualism in its various phases, and of its religious influence over individuals.

Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the Committee appointed for that purpose reported articles for the organization of a State Society to be called the "Michigan Association of Spiritualists," as follows:

The undersigned hereby unite for the purpose of organizing a corporate body under the laws of the State of Michigan to be called the "Michigan Association of Spiritualists."

Its object shall be to obtain and diffuse a knowledge of the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism.

Its elective officers, to remain such until a more permanent organization be effected, shall consist of a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and five trustees, who together shall constitute the executive board.

The object, terms, and conditions of this organization shall be more fully set forth in the articles for permanent association to be adopted at the first annual meeting. The notice, time and place of such annual meeting shall be under the direction of the executive board, but such meeting shall not be sooner than July 1st, nor later than the 15th of August, 1883.

Any person who favors the object of this organization may become a member thereof by signing these articles and paying to the treasurer at or before the time of the permanent organization the sum of one dollar.

The following were then elected officers of the new association: President, J. P. Whiting, Milford; Vice President, H. M. Calkins, Greenville; Secretary, Dr. J. A. Marvin, Detroit; Treasurer, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, South Haven; Trustees, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Disco; Mrs. F. E. Spinney, Detroit; S. L. Shaw, Saranac; David Sloss, Dearborn; Silas Bigelow, Kalamazoo.

Mr. A. Smith of Sturgis then addressed the meeting. The following resolution was adopted, after which the meeting adjourned.

Resolved, That the executive committee have power to make such rules and appoint such committees as they may deem proper for perfecting and carrying out the objects of this organization.

THE AFTERNOON SESSION.

was taken up entirely with the addresses of ex-Rev. J. H. Burnham of Saginaw and the medium speaker, Mrs. L. A. Pearsall of Disco. Mr. Burnham announced his subject for discussion: "Shall our guidance be from the providences of the gods or from the providences of man. Mrs. Lydia A. Pearsall of Disco then addressed the audience. Mrs. Pearsall has been in this city a great many times and is no stranger to those of the spiritualistic faith. She is a pleasing speaker and her remarks, as a medium, were spoken in elegant English and embraced many beautiful truths. Appropriate resolutions of sympathy with the family of the late Ella N. Sprague of Lainsburg were adopted. The meeting then adjourned until evening.

SUNDAY EVENING.

Phoenix hall was filled with people gathered to hear the closing exercises of the convention. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who has spoken here often of late, addressing audiences at Phoenix hall twice every Sabbath for some weeks back was the first speaker. Her address was interesting and attentively listened to. Following her, Charles Andrus of Flushing addressed the gathering. His talk was listened to closely and at its finish the State Convention of Spiritualists and Liberalists was at its end and adjourned sine die. The following were some of the signers of these articles: J. A. Marvin, Detroit; J. W. Kenyon, Jackson; J. H. Tompkins, Dr. W. O.

Knowles, Grand Rapids; J. P. Whiting, Mrs. J. P. Whiting, Milford; Anthony Chapman, Emily A. Chapman, Sparta; William McCarty, C. W. Taylor, Grand Rapids; Mrs. L. A. Pearsall, Disco; Mrs. R. A. Sheffer, South Haven; Mrs. F. E. Spinney, Detroit; Dr. W. Hicks, Rockford; H. M. Calkins, Greenville; Mrs. A. M. Loomis, Mrs. E. R. Weter, Belding; Mrs. E. J. Kromer, Grand Rapids; John M. Potter, Lansing; E. C. Woodruff, South Haven; S. L. Shaw, Saranac; C. M. Loomis, Grand Rapids; David Sloss, Dearborn; Charles A. Andrus, Flushing.

J. M. POTTER, Pres't.

J. H. TOMPKINS, Sec'y.

Notes from Quincy, Ill.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Though living hereabout two years, I have, until this winter, mingled but little with the Spiritualists of Quincy. In fact, my time has been so fully occupied with other matters that being situated, as I am, three miles from the city, scant opportunity has been afforded me to learn the status of Spiritualism here, or to become acquainted with the believers in either its phenomena or its philosophy, however much I may have desired to do so.

Being the home of such as Maud Lord and Belle Scoville, it would seem that these ought to be many earnest and progressive Spiritualists in Quincy; but, as is well known, the former has become a public worker in a wider, and I may add, more promising field than Quincy; the latter is now married and enthusiastically engaged in the high and holy work of motherhood, endeavoring to send out into the world children who shall become ornaments and blessings to society. Who shall say that the labor of such, though very quiet and unpretending, is less important than that of those in a more public field? I consider it grand beyond the power of words to express.

Merrick Hall, dedicated to free thought and always open to the use of our lecturers, is here. Here also was published *A Fountain of Light*, now suspended. And yet, though there are Spiritualists here, and noble ones, I venture the assertion that there is no other town of 40,000 inhabitants where so few spiritual publications are taken, or so few lectures on Spiritualism heard. Your own list of subscribers here will doubtless confirm this. Why is all this?

There are many reasons. Thus far in the history of modern Spiritualism; the principle, or perhaps I should say, the elements of segregation have been more active than those of aggregation; hence all efforts to organize have proven futile. Particularly does this seem true of Quincy.

First, we have those who, having become disgusted with the froth and slime that have sought to attach themselves to Spiritualism, either stand aloof from all which appertains to it, or attend the Unitarian Church here, whose pastor, J. V. Blake, preaches the harmonious philosophy almost unadulterated, undiluted and unpoluted. Then we have quite a number of Christian Spiritualists who are trying to do a good work, but who seem to be scarcely liberal enough to aid and work with those who do not adopt their views and methods. Besides these, there is a class who greedily accept all that the spirits say, or are supposed to say, ever crying, like the horse-leech, "More, more! Give, give!" Some there are who are following the new light in the vain hope that it will bring them material wealth; while, all too soon counted, are those who, putting these new truths with those which the past has evolved, are earnestly, manfully endeavoring to use them in attaining a more noble manhood themselves, and in trying to develop a diviner humanity upon earth.

Into this conglomeration of affairs, one propitious day, came our good brother and untiring missionary worker, Geo. H. Brooks. Unexpected, unheralded, unattended, save by the invisibles he came. No sympathizing band of workers for humanity met him at the depot and escorted him to elegant, cleanly and harmonious quarters, where the weary body might rest and the soul bask in the atmosphere of love. No influential citizen was active in spreading notices and trying to get out good, intelligent, appreciative audiences. No! All alone he came; alone he found his cheap hotel; alone he met the overworked, often fretful and sometimes scowling editors of the daily papers to insert his notices of lectures. How well, after these and many more untold and unspeakable sacrifices and trials, the Spiritualists of Quincy sustained and aided him, or how bravely and zealously they labored in the cause, I do not propose to tell. I wish they—no! we—had done better. Lecturers in an unpopular cause will be able to infer from experience.

But of Mr. Brooks himself, he did his duty bravely, manfully, unflinchingly. Regardless of consequences, he told the truth as it appeared to him, without deferring to either this or that faction. Popularity and pocket-books may suffer by such a manly course, but truth is ever promoted thus.

I regard Mr. Brooks as one who is working, not for wealth or fame, nor yet to proselyte to any ism, even though it have the much abused prefix spiritual attached to it. His aim is to aid in spiritualizing mankind by teaching Nature's methods for attaining a harmonious growth by patient culture. He is a philosophical Spiritualist, and I would that a tithe of the money which is now spent to witness bare phenomena, might be spent in keeping such as he busy on the rostrum. A large share of the remainder ought to go in supporting such papers as the *JOURNAL* and the *Olive Branch*.

Mr. Brooks will leave here to-morrow for Eureka Springs, Ark. Keep him, and those like him, busy; don't forget to remunerate them well for their labor; and above all, try (you can do no less) to surround them with an atmosphere of loving and wise help.

G. W. COOK.

Quincy, Ill., March 13th, 1883.

Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth.

He Replies Good-Naturedly to the Criticisms of Mr. P. E. Farnsworth and, in the Last Paragraph, Clearly and Forcefully Says Some Things which Spiritualists Should Heed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My attention has been called to a letter in your issue of March 10th, written by Mr. Farnsworth, who attempts, vainly I think, to justify himself for some criticisms of my course and position. I am so accustomed to hostility that I rather enjoy it, but the hostility of Mr. Farnsworth has such an inconsistent element of friendliness in it that when he solemnly accuses me of indulging in the luxury of inconsistency, I am inclined to respond as the Sphinx did to Mr. Emerson, "You are another." Mr. Farnsworth tells your readers that he

concurs with Mr. Cumberland in the assertion: "I cannot get a single leading idea from this man," i. e., myself. That, however, is not exactly the language of Mr. Cumberland, for he was not kind enough to say that he could not get "any leading idea" from me, but that he couldn't get any idea at all. Mr. Farnsworth's estimate of my intellectual value to the community is an extremely low one, but we shall have no opportunity to quarrel on the subject, for though I ought not to be called upon to make such a confession to the public, I must admit that I quite agree with him. Indeed, his opinion of my unworthiness as a man of "leading ideas," cannot be more firmly fixed than my own.

When, however, he says that I told Mr. Slade that if something was done I would preach Spiritualism; that the something was done, and I did not preach Spiritualism; that he knows it because Mr. Slade told him so. I think I detect a slight defect in his reasoning processes. If his own faith in Spiritualism is based on unverified statements of that character, he is certainly living in a house that was not built by a master workman. When a man makes a pretty serious accusation against another, and then creeps behind "Somebody told me so," there is pretty strong evidence that at least one lobe of his brain has been or is seriously affected.

My letter, which Mr. Farnsworth prints, he pronounces with unexpected liberality of praise, "a good letter." Here, too, I perfectly agree with him. But curiously enough the letter contains nothing to indicate inconsistency, and if I am "non-committal," I certainly concealed it with commendable skill when I wrote it. Could I more openly state my position than when I said, "It is not one of hostility to Spiritualism, but to trickery. All my hopes are in the direction of your faith?" I wrote also, "Can you, with your twenty-four years behind you, go with me anywhere, and get a single scratch on my state? I will bless you if you will."

Well, Mr. Farnsworth did not go with me, and he has been without my blessing ever since 1875, and now I think of it, that may be one reason why the sweet milk of human kindness in his heart has just begun to turn sour.

Let me make another confession and then I will weary your patience no longer. As an investigator of Spiritualism, I have found a great many things beyond the reach of my understanding. In company with them I have found other things which were the evident offspring of imposture. When I have consulted Spiritualists, I have discovered a phenomenally strange disposition on the part of many to excuse rather than to denounce this imposture. If the humbug is not an essential part of their manifestations, why not pound it to death with the trip hammer of a general indignation? One fact is worth a thousand lies. This toleration, and therefore encouraged admixture of truth and error, is fatal to genuine progress. Faith and credulity are not equivalent one to the other. A stern, implacable denunciation of well known humbuggy would clear the air, and allow some of us to see what we have been looking for, for many a year.

In this I know you are with me, Mr. Editor, and I remain sincerely yours, GEO. H. HEPWORTH.

New York, March 12, 1883.

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