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

VOL. XXXIV.

CHICAGO, APRIL 7, 1883.

No. 6

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

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My Ghostly Room Mates.

My parents were strict "regular Baptists" and had immaculate faith in the "Ghost" of the "Athanasian Creed." Other "Ghosts" were myths—creations of fancy. "Milton's" idea, that "Millions of spirits walk the air, both when we wake and when we sleen" both when we wake, and when we sleep," was the "Poet's" perverted sense of Scripture. Elemental environments such as these, twisted and predetermined the convolutions of my brain.

"When the mind impressible and soft, with ease, Imblues and copies what she hears and sees, And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue, That education gives her, false or true."

So my mind, by virtue of heredity, was adamant to the possibility of haunted houses and ghostly visitants, who, they said, made "night hideous," when they "revisit the glimpses of the moon."

It was not until my twentieth year that I realized there was truth in this quotation. It was in July, 1854, business prospects induced me to visit New York City. Crossing the river to Brooklyn, I secured a boarding house on Fulton Avenue, near the Ferry. My land-lady was a portly English woman, who feigned a refinement that was evidently not inherited, but she simulated the quality so well, that few could detect the borrowed mimicry. Her pleasing address and apparent sincerity soon gained my confidence, so board was engaged for an indefinite period, and the supper bell rang shortly after. While seated at the table, my analysis of the esprit de corps of her guests proved satisfac-tory, as from their conversation I learned that they were Brooklyn merchants and their wives. Just the element I had sought and was exulting over my luck in securing such quarters as an objective point from which a business outlook could be had and my plans of operation perfected. But as "Burns" says, "The best laid plans of mice, and men, gang aft agley," as my experience in the house that night proved. I was quite exhausted from the day's travel, and after a short stroll through Brooklyn, wend ed my way back to the house, where I did think to have a good night's rest. The night key that was given me, opened the heavy front door that led me into a wide, long hallway leading to the stairs in the rear. A few bounds landed me on the second floor, and passing through a hall similar to the one below, to my chamber front. I entered and locked the door, and began to disrobe for the night. While sitting on the bed at the foot, drawing off my boots, I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. Up, up they came to the second floor, where after a moment's halt, they resumed their tread along the hall.

I, of course, concluded that boarders were coming into their rooms and expected to hear them enter one of the many that faced along the passage; but to my surprise, they came directly on to my door, and so close that a lady's dress was distinctly heard to rustle against it.

The normal temperature of the atmosphere was in the agreeable eighties, but inexplicable as it may seem, when those footsteps started from the stairs toward my room, the temperature therein gradually fell; growing colder and colder the nearer the steps approached. After a moment's silence, a deer sonorous voice from without said: "Now Emily, why do you hesitate; there can be no harm in this. Come." A mild, sad-toned voice replied: "Well, William, if you still insist, I shall no longer refuse your request,

so we will enter."

My door was well secured with a stout bolt, in addition to a large, old-fashioned, heavy lock, so that I had no fear of intrusion. I

From my position on the bed, I had a clear view of the hall to the stairs, and in the lan-guage of the "Bard" could say, "I see noth-

ing; yet all there is, I see."

Just prier to the door opening, and while the steps and voices were audible outside, a thought occurred that perhaps the noises I had heard were the resounding echoes from an adjoining house, and the ilea that a mystery was involved, was remote from my mind; but when that door became animate and self-moving, I confess that my better part of man stood cowed before the ghost of my previous education. My perplexity was not yet complete, for the door had hardly lost its momentum, when those footsteps again resumed their tread, as though coming directly into my room, and if ever my auricular organs were sensitive to concussion, or if my sensorium ever made me conscious of contact with solid matter, then, at that moment these senses were doubly acute. As the rustle of a lady's dress and the steps of two persons in my room, was distinctly, and to my startled senses vividly audible, and so close did these invisible powers come to where I was sitting, that an actual body of avoirdupois pinged sensibly against my knees. At that instant, while being environment by the strenge and entitle vironed by this strange and subtile sub-stance, the same silvery voice of a lady, speaking close to my ears, exclaimed in distinct tones: "For God's sake, William, abandon your intent. I cannot, I will not, consent."

A gruff, angry voice replied: "Then farewell; I leave you forever." With these words the steps again started and-left the room, noising with creaking shoes along the hall and down the stairs. As the last faint sound of the stars did over the stairs.

seized the knob, and found to my astonishment that the door was securely locked as before. I concluded to see the landlady, tent her what had transpired, and, if possible, ing.
obtain an explanation of the mysterious proceedings; but pride, and fear of being recedings; but pride, and fear of being replaced as a visionary prompted me to change piece, carefully over the back of a chair that my tactics by telling her that I felt very restless in the chamber assigned to my use, and that it would please me to have another. Her reply, so ready and curt, indicated that she had anticipated my request: "I am sorry the room does not suit you, as there is but one more vacant, and that is double bedded and sometimes occupied by a middle-ared German." She then conducted me to the fourth floor and ushered me into a room, the third door from the stairs. She said that "I could take either of the beds as it would make no difference to her German lodger, for he only occupied the room one night in each week, and it was uncertain which night he would come." She then bade me good night and left me to my thoughts.

The beds occupied opposite corners, and my obliging landlady having left a candle burning on the edge of an old-fashioned mantlepiece, I selected the one nearest to the light, which glared directly across it. My experience down stairs had quickened my caution, so I searched the room to satisfy myself that no ingress could be had except by the door, which I locked and bolted, placing a chair against the panels in case this door also would follow the antics of the former; the displacement of the chair. I thought, would be sure evidence that I was

not self-deceived. I then for the second time that night, commenced to disrobe, and succeeded in getting into bed, where I quietly revolved the events of the past hour in my mind, and vainly attempted to formulate an adequate theory for the strange phenomenon. My mind naturally repulsed all other than purely material or physical causes, yet I felt so barren in knowledge of the possibilities of the laws of matter, that I resolved the subject back to my long list of unknown causes.

I did have a vague and indefinite idea of the possibility of sorcery or magic, and so real had the phenomenon been, that my thoughts inclined me to believe that I had been charmed, or was the victim of a species of witchcraft. My mind was strengthened in this, when I thought of the lines of Horace in the Ode to Canidia. The means resorted to by the sorceress to charm her victimsrubbing potent ointment and poisonous liquids on the clothing of her subjects, and th**a**t "no root or herb escaped her vigilance."

Could my landlady be a sorceres? If so what was her object in charming me? At all events I was now safe in bed and concluded to stop thinking about the matter and go to sleep; but this boon was denied me, for as soon as this mental conclusion was reached, I was suddenly startled by hearing tremendous rattling blows struck in quick succession on the floor and mattress beneath "Stop that! Who are you?" I exclaimed. The noise ceased I sat up and listened. Had I been dreaming? If so, then all life and its realities were a dream.

I again laid down and the whipping noise resumed. "Whoever you are, stop this trifing," I said in an imperative manner, at the same time I was about jumping from the bed, but was dumbfounded to find that it was suspended in the air, and began oscillating like a cradle, tossing me like a shuttle from side to side, and continuing this lively evidence of life for about half a minute, when it landed on its posts with a sudden bang, and rolling me out on the floor. Before restill sat listening, when, to my intense hor-ror and surprise, my chamber door flew open. groping my way to the mantle, I lit the

candle and found my bed reversed, crosswise from its former position, and the bedclothes

lying scattered about the room.

After this racket I really felt a contempt for myself, because I then realized that there was an element of cowardice in my nature; but as everything was quiet outside my room. I determined to brave the night through rather than make a second complaint.

I then placed the bedstead in its former position, and gathering the bedclothes from the floor, was soon tucked beneath them. I left the candle burning that I might watch, and if possible, detect the imp that was thus disturbing my repose. Scarcely a moment had passed, when the Whipping sounds commenced, and with terrible violence, upon the bottom of my mattress. I thrust my head over the side of the bed to catch a glimpse bethe side of the bed to catch a glimpse beneath; but I was too late, the power had gone, the noise had ceased. I now laid close to the edge to expedite the movement of my head should the noise resume. It did. Like an arrow from a bow my head went down, but the power again eluded my sight. I had barely touched my pillow again, when the whipping came once more, quick and sharp. I again dodged to see the cause, but only to gaze on vacant space.

gaze on vacant space.

At this juncture I heard footsteps coming up the stairs. They stopped outside my room and the door knob was quickly turned, as if some one sought an entrance. I inquired who was there, and a voice responded in the German language: "Ah! a comrade in my room?" "Yes!" I replied as I jumped from bed and unlocked the door. On opening it I saw before me a stout, square shoul dered Teuton, who was handsomely dressed in a black cloth suit, with a cross, studded sound of the steps died away, my door suddenly and with lightning speed closed with a rattling noise, resembling the click of a key and sliding of a bolt.

I sprang from the bed to the door, and larged the known and found to my estenish. night more contentedly with a companion. I locked the door and ensconced myself in bed once more, leaving the light still burn-

stroke down each garment with both hands as if to smooth it out. He continued this operation so long that it aroused my wonder. Finally he got into bed, without putting out the light, when I said he had better extinguish it. He laughed right out, and in an inetent he was at the results. an instant he was at the mantle. As he was about puffing out the flame he said, looking me straight in the eye, "You are the first man I have seen in this room that objected to a light." With these words he consigned us to darkness, and for a while seemed quite restless in his bed, but at last he grew quiet and I began to congratulate myself on his presence, as in case the noise under my bed should recommence, he would hear it and perhaps explain its cause. I did not have long to wait, for after a few moment's silence the whipping sounds again started at a furi-

ous rate. I said nothing at first, thinking that they would annoy my room mate and elicit from him some remark; but strange to say, he re-mained silent. The noise would start, and stop alternately; yet my friend would evince no sign of hearing. At last I could endure the thing no longer, and called to him, saying: "Do you hear those noises?" "Oh! yes!" was the reply, "but they don't disturb me."
"But what do you think produces them!"

persisted, wondering at his indifference.
"Well, my theory is this," he answered. When the air is once set in motion, the noise, as you call it, never ceases, and so with the human vofce; a word audibly spoken, that sound forever remains in the air, and every motion, every act, even our thoughts are distinct entities, and when once released from the mind becomes fixed forever, aerial residents of nature's bounds." Here, he paused for a moment, and then continued-'Yes! the apparent void of space is an immense receptacle which contains a record of every event that ever happened in human history, and there is a wise provision in nature, that these entities are constantly being utilized for the education of tutor stopped short, and silence pervaded the room. My friend had spoken in such an earnest and instructive manner, that I listened eagerly to catch every word, and felt anx-ious to hear him proceed! But after an interval of silence the blows commenced under

my bed again. I hastily said: "There it is again. Do you hear it!"

He made no reply.

I further said: "Do you think that this will continue all night?" He was still silent; so I concluded that he would pay no more attention either to me or the

noise, and that he wanted to sleep, but I felt uneasy and somewhat nervous and was in no mood to embrace "Morpheus." His limited theory, to my mind, might account for the voices and footsteps I had heard below, but it did not apply to the in-

telligent door and bed, and I was far from being satisfied. As soon as the whipping ceased, I resolved to dress and leave the house. Now, the strangest part of my experience is to be narrated. I arose and lit the candle, and in doing so naturally glanced to the bed of my supposed German room mate. Never before or since, did my nervous system receive such a shock from surprise. The bed was empty; the German was gone; turning from which to the door, I found it was locked. I looked In short, th for the clothes of the German which he had small tail.

so carefully laid over the chair back, they had disappeared, and the bed which I had seen him occupy but a few moments before, did not seem to have been touched by a human form. Seeing the situation, my faculty of decision acted very briefly. The crisis I thought, demanded expedition besides, my lower extremities instinctively inclined to carry me from the chamber undressed, but I donned my hat without reference to my usual esthetic style, drew on my pants, and placing my boots under one arm, the remain-der of my clothes under the other, I left the double-bedded room with candle in hand. No feet ever descended those stairs in less time than mine.

The noise of my descent was heard by the negress cook, and by the time I reached the lower hall, she stood by the kitchen door, with uplifted hands, and trembling like an aspen in the wind, she uttered countless invectives, as she stood watching me with her glistening eyes, while I hastily managed to finish dressing.

At last she came toward me and muttered: "Say, look heah, man, was dar a Dutchman come in yer room?" I nodded assent at which she fell on her knees in the attitude of prayer. "Never mind praying. Where is your mistress," I said. At this she arose, and passed me, hurriedly ran up stairs. In a few minutes my hostesss came down in partial dishabille, looking pale and excited, staring wildly at me for a moment without speaking. when I broke the monotony by saying:"I am very sorry, madam, to again intrude upon you, and at this hour; but I can no longer stay in your house. I am about leaving, and I thought it proper to see you before going."

I extended my hand, but her arms hung motionless, and her lips seemed paralyzed. So without further ceremony, I bade her good night, and left for French's Hotel. The next day I called, and had an interview with my English ex-hostess. She apologized for the annovances to which I had been subjected on the previous night, and begged that I would not identify the occurrence with her house, as it would tend to injure her business. She then acknowledged that there was a secret front room (where I had heard the voices and footsteps) and in the morning after their first night's lodging the lady was found dead in her room, and that the man was subsequently never found."

She continued: "And the double-bedded room from which you just came, was at one time occupied by a basket maker and his young motherless child: it was a frequent occurrence for him to whip his daughter unmercifully with the basket sticks, and upon one occasion, while engaged in his fiendish cruelty, an adjoining lodger, a pretty well to do German, went into the man's room, to protest against his brutal treatment of the child. An altercation ensued, which ended in the German being shot, from the effects of which he died." She concluded by saying that she had frequently heard the voices, and tread of steps in the house, and the German's ghost had often passed her on going up stairs, but she had never heard him speak as he did to me. Other parties had suddenly left the house, and she had no doubt for similar reasons to mine, but she had a living to make; the rent was cheap, and she intended to remain, though the house was haunted with ghostly room mates."

In concluding, dear reader, I am aware that eminent writers have said, speaking of extraordinary things, that "It is more probable witnesses should lie or be mistaken than that they should happen." But what ever view others may take of my 'statement, I know it to be a truthful narration of my CHAS. S. FORD. experience.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Religious Hysteria.

A young woman named Lizzie Johnson, who has been attending the "knee drill" of the Salvation Army in Trenton, N. Y., for some time, was attacked with violent hysterical convulsions at the "barracks" lately. She fell to the ground, uttering the most heartrending cries and shouting at the top of her voice that she had no friend in the world. This fit then became violent, and she lost consciousness. She was carried to the residence of Mrs. Ford, on Washington Street, where the convulsions have been almost continuous until to-night. Dr. W. A. Clarke, who has been in attendance, administered ether, which to all appearance had the effect of relaxing the system. The woman is con-sidered to be in a critical condition. There have been a large number of cases of hysteria among the women who have been attending the services, and the physicians in the vicinity of the barracks during the last two weeks have had frequent calls to attend the suffer-

A curious fish, new to science, has recently been discovered by the officers on board the Travailleur in their deep-sea soundings on the coast of Africa at a depth of 7,000 feet. According to description of it read at the last meeting of that august body, the Academie des Sciences, Paris, it is black, with a tapering, rudimentary body and an "amazing mouth," with a pouch like a pelican's, from which the little stranger takes its name. In short, the fish consists of a month and a

Phenomena through A. H. Phillips.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having in my previous letter described the independent slate-writing, I will now give some account of other kinds of phenomena I have witnessed in the presence of Mr. Phillips. I have heard raps in great variety, both in intensity and quality of sound, on table, floor wall, slates, drum, tumbler and other things. Sometimes three different and distinct sounds would be made at the same time, on the floor, table and drum, each having its appropriate sound. At times the raps would be as foud as a man could produce on the floor with the heel of his boot, and again as faint as the tapping of a pin on a piece of glass—the medium the while sitting quietly at the table, or, perhaps, standing apart from it with his full person in view. In view of the demonstrations which I have had of this particular variety of phenomenon, the "exposure" of it which I saw Mr. Stuart Cumberland attempt to make at his exhibition here, by cracking his joints, was ridiculous and contemptible. This, perhaps more than any other feature of his programme, convinced me that Cumberland was either dishonest or grossly ignorant of that which he attended to expose—in either case, of course, not worthy of much consideration.

That it was an intelligent power which produced the raps at Mr. Phillips's scances was made very manifest, because by this means, not only would questions be answered, and with the aid of the alphabet. names correctly given, but at request the raps would correspond in number to a figure I had mentally chosen. On one occasion the figure was thus correctly rapped out four times in succession. On still another occasion several familiar tunes were indicated in the

At my earlier scances with Mr. Phillips, the state writing and raps seemed to me of greatest interest. But afterwards I found myself still more interested in the communications and tests which came in writing through his hand. I could give many instances of remarkable tests received in this history connected with the dwelling; that upon one occasion (years prior) a young couple, claiming to be married, engaged the mention, by way of illustration, the two most recent of these: The sex of my unborn child was correctly told and with great positiveness of statement. Then afterwards, during my wife's illness, I received a communication, purporting to come from her spirit father, which said that he had stood at the foot of her bed and been seen and recognized by her twice. On inquiry, I was informed by the trustworthy attending nurse that my wife had within a few days on two occasions suddenly sat up in bed and declared that she saw her father standing at the foot. The nurse regarded it as simply a vivid dream, perhaps resulting from a feverish condition, and dismissed the circumstance from her mind. My wife herself had no recollection of it.

> At one time I thought the mind of the sitter in some way influenced or colored communications received through the medium's hand, and in order to test the matter. I tried the following experiment: Drawing from my pocket, in my clenched hand one of several coins, and without knowing myself which coin it was, I asked Mr. Phillips if he could write the date of the coin in my hand. He placed his pencil upon paper and was written twice. I then for the first time opened my hand and found that indeed to be the date on the coin. This seemed to me to indicate the presence of an intelligence outside the medium or myself. Whether or not I was correct in this, it was certainly an interesting experiment.

In addition to the other phases of medium-ship I have mentioned, Mr. Phillips is very impressional. Illustrations of this were very frequently given me at his scances. I remember once remarking to him that I had a friend from another city visiting me, whom I would like to have a sitting with him. Mr. Phillips immediately said: "The name Andrew comes strong to mind," that being the very name of the person of whom I had been speaking. Whether it is by impression or not, I am not decided, but by taking me by the hand, and indeed without contact, Mr. Phillips could find any object in the room upon which I fixed my mind. This is the so-called mind reading phenomenon, made familiar to us by Mr. Stuart, Cumberland, and which is, after all, the only thing unique or particularly interesting in the latter's performances. Even in Mr. Cumberland's speciality Mr. Phillips is more perfect than Mr. Cumberland, inasmuch as the latter requires contact of the hand in order to perform the experiment, while the former does not. And this it seems to me explodes Mr. Cumberland's fine theory that the nerves and muscles of the body so sympathize with the action of the brain, that a dominant thought can be communicated from one person to another by contact of hands.

It is only right that I should say in con-clusion that in all my sittings with him, Mr. Phillips seemed to me to be a man of unusual frankness and sincerity, ever ready to try any experiment and in any way desired, himself equally interested with the sitter in eliciting the truth, and one who can sympathize with the mind of an honest skeptic and knows how to minister to it, inasmuch as he himself is not one of those who have never known "the agony of one candid doubt or the luxury of a single earnest con-viction."

New York City.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Hand in Hand.

(Pomeroy's Democrat)

Ten years ago we stood at a wharf in the great city of New York by which steamers from the Old World came alongside that their

passengers might be landed.
A friend was expected, and though it was not certain whether or not he would come on the steamer just making a landing, we were there in waiting, as were hundreds of others. The friend we looked for did not then come. When the great iron ship was made fast, the gang planks were run out, and then came forth an out-put of humanity, from the cabins fore and aft, first and second class, all voyagers on the same ship—all crossing the wide and billow-breaking ocean together—all seeking homes in the New World.

Among those who came down the gang plank was a man of middle age, leading by the hand a child of three or four summers, a pleasant-voiced, honest-faced man. The child was a little girl, and her eyes opened in wonder as she gazed about and upon the strange things she saw, unlike those in her native German country. The man stopped as he reached the wharf and made inquiries of a countryman as to where he would find an old friend who had preceded him to this country.

He was a father. His wife he had seen buried near her old home place, and with his only child he had come to the New World and its great field of new opportunities. From one side of the ocean to the other-leaving friends behind and finding friends here Hand in hand the father and child walked out from the wharf-sheds and soon were lost to sight as they disappeared in the hurrying throng. Where they are now we do not know, but they are with God or God is with them, all the same, moving on to the fulfillment of life's mission.

A few days since as we were walking along one of the crowded streets of this busy city, we saw a man engineering his way along slow-ly and leading by the hand a little tot of hu-manity that could not have been yet a year and a half old, a wee midget that clung to the hand of papa, and with short steps was doing her best to show that she had little feet and was learning how to use them. The bustling men of business stepped to one side and smiled pleasantly, or spoke cheery words to the man and child who were there enjoying the warm sun and a short walk on the side-walk near a leading hotel. Who they were, where they came from or where they were going, we knew not. They appeared like new comers. They mixed with the crowd, but were not trampled on, and they made friends, as we could see by the expres sion on many faces, walking, as we were, be-hind the ones who went hand in hand, there having opportunity to see the faces of those we met. No matter who they were-God bless them and peace be theirs forever.

A little past the hour of noon. A warm, sunlit day, within one of the last of February. Winter just bidding good-bye and the weet spring time with its opening opportunities coming so soon. There is a steadily gathering concourse of humanity in front of and about the large brick house No. 540 Curhis street, in this, the city of Denver, so close to the great uplift of snow-capped mountains whose tops are so often among the clouds, and which rise as the Great Divide. The doors that open to the house from the gate in front are wide, so that persons can enter. On the side hangs a scarf of black and on the other side a hearf of white crape. Somebody has passed on earth till after the thought down to the last dissent, and where are they? to the plains that are beyond the Great Divide -gone over the Range into the new fields.

We enter as a friend and meet those whose voices are low, whose heads are lower and whose eyes are wet as their cheeks are stainod with tears that mark the agony of hearts struck with great sorrow. We step into the parlor, open to those who will enter. There stands on its black pedestal a black casket covered with flowers, and therein is the life-less body of a man. The body is at rest. The man himself has passed on. We look into the easket and there, as though taking his rest after a painful effort, is all that is mortal of one we knew as a brave, liberal, generous, progressive man-a friend. The house in which his spirit or rather he himself had lived for more than a third of a century, had gone to rack and tumble, and the good man who, from his birth had occupied it had gone The temple was there, useless; its mission ended, and as "so fleet the works of men back to earth again, ancient and holy things fade as a dream" was the temple returning along the oft coursed pathway of nature to come again at the proper time, with other life in keeping, till it, too, shall be relieved.

Beside the casket of black, on pedestals of white satin, finished gracefully, was one of white. Thereon, like a beautiful child of two and-a-half years, asleep, almost hidden in sweet flowers, were the physical remains of a darling babe. The house over there and the play house here, no more occupied, both going back to the bosom of our kind Mother Earth, wherein all of us will someday rest the bodies that at times ache and the hearts and the brains were no longer of use.

Father and son. Parent and child. In life they were together, and in that beautiful change men so foolishly fear as death. they are not separated.

Stand back, good friends. Ye who have seen now for the last time on earth, the temples wherein lived the spirits of father and son, now passed on—ye who come to pay tribute of love and respect to the manly man who has gone, and to mourn with those whose hearts are so heavy with grief and darkness now that, he the support, and he the little one, who was a light in the house hold are to be with them in the form no more. Stand back, to let the sorely stricken widow, supported on the arm of a loved and loving brother of him who has gone, draw nigh to look for the last time on the face that no more lights with loving smiles as of yore. Let the ones who mourn because they have such great cause for grief come, and let their tears come out thick and fast from the hearts that ache and bring the loads and cloggings of sorrow all away.

The busy angel of death has been here. One of the noiseless ushers from life here to the more beautiful life Over There, has kindly helped two loving and lovely spirits out from the pain-racked, cramped prisons physical they could in comfort no longer occupy, and set the captives free.

Ol God! Our Father in heaven. We thank thee for all thy gifts to man, but more than all for the great gift of death, which is but the call for life to enter life forever. Without death there could be no new life-no escave from the storms that rise at times dark and heavy over the way along which all must walk, the most favored being those who walk the fewest years, amid its briers and bogs. Death is but the door that opens to let us exit any way, the it here and enter there. This side is somber, life and vigor."

the other is light, as the black and white caskets so close together held the silent forms of father and son whose lives had gone out so near together. So near the junior on earth was hardly the senior in heavon.

Years agone, with others who were children, we often played at hide-and-seek. The several would blind and the one would hide. Then came the seeking. About the grounds, in the wood-shed, cellar and outbuildings, while the one sought would be up-stairs, out on a roof, or up among the limbs of some good fruit:bearing tree—higher up than we generally looked for. So, too, have gone the loved husband and father, the affectionate brother, the patient, thoughtful man and his youngest born. The last look given to the deserted temples, and then a long funeral cortege to the river side. Men, women and children stood with tear-wet eyes, while the companions of a busy, useful life lowered the caskets that were filled to their rest in the bosom of our great mother earth. A man of good life and full of sympathy for those who mourn, spoke words fit for the occasion, and those who mourned looked into the graves to see, side by side, the caskets that held mortality at rest. As they looked, the tears, the sobs, the plaints of anguish told of the depth and sacredness of sorrow. But why look into the grave. The ones who are mourned are not there. Why weep in front of a house from which the owner bas moved, as the same became too small for his needs or too much worn, and warped, and storm-racked to be fit for pleasant habitation. The ones ye weep for are not there. They are up higher. They have crossed the river and now father and son are hand in hand, and heart in heart united, walking the grand, the endless, the beautiful avenues of the Eternal. They have but left their loved ones in the old world and gone to their better, and busier, and brighter gone to their better, and busier, and brighter homes in the Blessed Beyond. The forms physical are outgrown and have dropped away from those who need them no longer. Already are they busy making new home surroundings. The prattle of the child is sweet music to the father there as here. Who would be so selfish as to refuse to the father in his home building in heaven the companin his home building in heaven the companionship of even one of his loved ones, as his busy mentality is at work there as here, to provide for those he loved and loves, even as they love him?

Gone! but where? And what are they do-Gone, not into darkness or into condition fringed with fewer opportunities for growth and usefulness than here. Gone, from the primary to the intermediate department. Gone, not into the grave, but over and beyond it, as steps a maiden out from her duds to array herself in her bridal costume. Gone, not to shrink, to wither, to contract of life and energies, but to expand and make ready to visit the millions of worlds in the limitless beyond, as this is not the only plantation belonging to the Great Master. Gone, hand in hand, into the new conditions; a sec-ond chapter of life, as the young bird goes with the old bird out of and away from the

What are they doing? They are doing there as new-comers do here; looking about; feeling their way; meeting and greeting friends; examining the places prepared for them for the time. Looking for the postoffice, the tel-egraph office; for opportunities to send back to the waiting ones by hearth-stone and fen-der, messages to the effect that "All is well." Establishing lines of communication as men do here. This is not the only land or locality where new inventions rise hourly to light the firmament of man's existence. There is had been conceived over there to be transmitted to us here. In the olden time they tell us that there were but two routes-by chariots of fire and by a ladder. Now there are thousands. Thought is for all time. Man is but a thought ripening in physical casing and destined to advance at the proper time. Without life there can be no thought—with thought there is no death, thus the plan and afterwards the execution. As time ripens it unfolds door after door. Beyond the doors where we have thought were closets filled with bears and darkness, are parlors ablaze with light, melodious with song and fragrant with flowers.

There, yes, there are our friends, taking rank according to their good intentions, their liberality, their progression, their true manhood and womanhood, and there—busy are all who have aims and work, plans and duties, lives and loved ones to care for-will be found our friends, father, son, mother, sister, all who have gone before, even as we are to follow them, and we are to precede others, world and progression without end.

Ere long the gate will open again, and others will pass over. Not into darkness, but into light; not into tears, but into joy; not to stand before lifeless caskets, but in the presence of living leveliness. As the gang plank is placed aright, the ones who now mourn will walk along to their new homes, and they will find waiting there on the shore to conduct them home, the father, and the son, and scores of friends who will bid them welcome. And as flowers were placed on the caskets and about, marking the purity of esteem for the loved and the wanderers, so they who come to meet the loved one, welcome them with flowers fresh from the Eternal Garden, and with a hundred smiles for every tear.

There is a world that is larger than this. There is a life that is sweeter, busier than this. There is the future, whose doors open in thousands of directions; a land in which are many mansions, and is but a few steps beyond the hillock by the river-side where are not the ones who are mourned this quiet Saturday Night. "BRICK" POMEROY. Saturday Night.

In Lyons, France, the cold-bath method of treating typhoid-fever has been adopted with marked success. In the civil hospitals the death rate was reduced from 26 to 9 per cent and in private practice to 1 or 2 per cent.

If Prof. Kolbe is to be believed, an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas will preserve beef sound and of good flavor for some weeks, but mutton treated in the same way turns offensive in the short space of eight days.

A company of scientists has lately been formed in Paris, called the Nile Society, which proposes to explore and study the entire Valley of the Nile much more minutely than has ever been done before, with hopes of adding materially to the world's knowledge of that interesting region, in all branches

Horsford's Acid Phosphate IMPARTS NEW LIFE AND VIGOR.

Dr. S. F. NEWCOMER, Greenfield, O., says In the cases of several aged men, who complained of forgetfulness and disinclination to think, move or be spoken to, or harassed in any way, they told me it imparted new

Bible Criticisms.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Every skillful mechanic works by a rule and we never see him bend his rule to his work, but he always brings his work to the rule. The Christians with all their numerous denominations profess to take the Bible as a rule of faith, yet strange to say they all bend the rule to suit their respective and conflicting creeds. Now, sir, my object in thus obtruding myself upon your attention, is to compare the churches of today with the book from which they claim as a rule to fabricate their fundamental points of doctrine. The word of the book is this: "To the law and to the testimony, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—(Isaiah, chap. 6; v. 20.) From the Catholic Church down to the last dissent, they all claim to be founded upon divine revelation and even apostolical succession; but let us bring this claim to the rule and see if it will stand the test. He whom they claim for their Lord and Master said in his last commission to his apostles: "Go ye into all the world and this, but they also condemn modern Spiritupreach the gospel to every creature. He that | alism because they profess to have it. Withbelieveth and is baptized shall be saved, but out stopping to investigate, they come to the he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe. In my name shall they cast out devils. They shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover.—(Mark, chap. 16; v. 15, 16, 17, 18.)

Now if they have apostolical succession, where are the signs that should follow them: They say the signs were only intended to confirm Christianity when first started, and that they had to cease with the apostolical age. But the rule says emphatically that the signs shall follow them that believe, hence we can very properly come to the conclusion that the signs ceased when they ceased to believe. The apostle Paul speaking of these signs in the 12th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, says: "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would

not have you ignorant.' The writer in the above chapter describes the spiritual gifts, and also gives the source they come from. "But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit; to another faith by the same spirit; to another the gift of healing by the same spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues; to another the interpretation of tongues." Now, how many of the modern churches have these spiritual gifts? Not one! They say they are not necessary, and thus rest contented with the

"form of godliness, but denying the power

thereof." The present condition of the sectarian world is graphically described by one of the ancient prophets: "Thus saith the Lord concerning the prophets that make my people err, that bite with their teeth and cry peace and he that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare war against him: there fore night shall be unto you that ye shall not have a vision, and it shall be dark unto you that ye shall not have a vision, and it shall be dark unto you that ye shall not divine, and the sun shall go down over the prophets and the day shall be dark over them. Then shall the seas be ashamed and the diviners confounded. Yea, they shall all cover their lips, for there is no answer of God."—(Micah, chap. 3; v. 5,

Their own rule shall answer the question by the mouth of the apostle Paul: "Tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness whereby they lie in wait to deceive."—(Ephesians, chap. 4; v. 14.) Thus millions of the human family are deceived and led astray and fall into sectarian ditches because the blind are leading the blind. They talk about the "unity of the faith," and at the same time they are marching in the opposite direction and in the midst of this confusion new sects are yearly spring-ing into existence, and each of these claiming to have their authority from the Bible. Now granting this book to have come through divine inspiration, it could only be a guide to those who received it and the age it was given in: but when we take into consideration that the Bible has been handed down from generation to generation, through some of the most barbarous and tyrannical systems that ever disgraced humanity, it is almost a miracle that there is any of it left to be claimed at all. The Bible itself makes mention of fifteen different books which are not to be found in it. We read in the Bible of "The Book of the Wars of the Lord," but it has disappeared. It refers to "The Book of Gad, the Seer," but the book is lost. The Bible also refers to "The Book of Nathan, the Prophet," and this also is lost. Good, honest old Jude, whose plain talk has caused his Epistle to be whittled down to one small chapter quoted from "Enoch, the seventh from Adam;" but we have no book of Enoch in the Bible. The apostle Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, refers to a former Epistle which he wrote unto them, but we do not find it in the New Testament, yet these creed makers have the audacity to say that the canon of the books of Holy Scripture are full, and that they need no more revelation for their guide. For upwards of eighteen hundred years they have been feel-ing their way in the dark with no other light for their guide than the oral traditions of some of the most despotic murderers that ever disgraced the world. Their testimony has been dragged through rivers of human gore. Men and women have been dragged from homes and dungeons, tied to stakes and burned to ashes with flaming fagots. The rack, the thumbserew and other diabolical instruments of torture have been resorted to, to enforce belief in the traditions of what they call the "Holy Fathers." These "Holy Fathers" formerly held in their hands the controlling power in the governments of all Christendom and their followers at the pres-

same means to enforce their creeds upon the Now, sir, in concluding these remarks, you will allow me to say that what is called "orthodox in religion has been the greatest enemy to progress in all ages of the world. No matter how far they disagree amongst themselves, no sooner than a progressive movement is set on foot than orthodoxy begins to scrape all its scattered forces together for the attack-not of the fundamental principles of the movement, but the moral character of those who promote it.

ent day only lack political power to use the

The Jewish Pharisees and the Sadducees differed materially in their religious opinions, yet they were one in saying that John the Baptist had a devil, and that the Nazarene was a wine bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners, and that his power to cast out devils was through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils. The self-righteous Pharisees of the present day never stops to investigate the truth of modern Spiritual ism, but like their ancient brethren, they cry, "Demons! The whole business is from

the devil." There is no such thing as progression in orthodoxy. "As it was in the beginning so it shall be ever more, world without end," is the stereotype old song of the Church. The progressive light of Spiritualism is no light at all to the Church. The Church has the law and the prophets for a guide, but, alas! what little there is left of them, untampered with, only goes to prove the apostasy of the Church. But I should like to know which of the many existing churches, is The Church. They all claim the definite article, and use the Bible for a rule of faith, but unfortunately each one has its own interpretation of the book, and thus the rule is twisted out of all shape, to suit their numerous creeds The true light is a direct and in mediate communication with the Spirit-world, but the churches have not only lost all sight of conclusion that all spiritual mediums are destitute of character and instruments in the hands of evil spirits to deceive the world. Surely this is an old argument; the ortho dox have always used it against the truth, but Spiritualism will go on and conquer all the same. The loved ones from beyond the vail are bringing a message of love to all who are willing to receive it, and the harbingers of truth are abroad in the world proclaiming the glad tidings of great joy, and throwing the beams of heavenly light upon all corrupt systems and making manifest their fallacy. ROBERT HUGHES.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the Religio-Philo-SOPHICAL JOURNAL 1

GHOSTLY VISITORS: A SKETCH OF AUTHENTIC NARRATIVES. By "Spectre Stricken." With an Introduction by M. A. (Oxon.) London: E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane, E. C., and the Psychological Press Association, 4 New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E. C. Chicago, U.S. A.: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Melbourne: W. H. Terry, 84 Russell Street. 1882. Price \$1.00.

The following series of Ghost Stories was placed in the hands of M. A. (Oxon,) some time ago by the compiler, with the request that he would pronounce an opinion on the advisibility of publishing them. Before he could offer any advice, it was necessary to arrive at some conclusion as to their authenticity. It is very easy to fabricate out of imagination a series of stories that shall beat facts out of the field. Such Christmas food is amusing, but valueless for any purpose beyond. He set himself, therefore, to inquire whether the stories were fiction or records of fact. He found that they are authentic records of actual fact, and he has in his possession the key to the various stories, with the full names of the persons who figure there under initials, or with some disguise.

"It is a matter of regret," say the ones to whom they were submitted, "that such narratives cannot be printed with full names, and due attestation. But no one will be surprised that people should shrink from such publicity, if only to avoid the annoyance that would assuredly come upon them from mere impertinent curiosity. It is obviously impossible to publish the options of the processing the complete the options of the process possible to publish the evidence which guarantees the authenticity of these stories. I who has concerned himself much with such things, might remove possible misconception. For this reason I take on myself to say these

few introductory words."
We give one of the ghostly stories, "The Spectral Candle," as follows:

"In these more primitive days, when it was the fashion for the bridegroom and bride to set out on their travels in company with the fair vestals who had acted as bridesmaids, an aunt of mine, then a school-girl in her teens, having officiated in that interesting capacity to a cousin of hers, was, with the others, her companion on her matrimonial trip. An entire day spent in and around a once celebrated old castle, Warwick, I-think, so thoroughly exhausted my aunt, who was far from strong, that she declared herself unable to continue her journey. What was to be done! In this dilemma, she suddenly remembered that the grandmother and sister of her most intimate school friend resided in the immediate reighborhood. She would find them out, and throw herself on their hospitality for that night. She did so: met with a most cordial welcome, and there she was left

by the bridal party.
"It was agreed upon by my aunt and her new acquaintance, that they should share the same room, as it was a large, gloomylooking apartment, such as is frequently as signed to a highly esteemed guest in oldfashioned country houses, and by no means calculated to promote anything like cheerfullness in the occupant.

"Not long after they had retired to rest my aunt suddenly inquired of her companion how she came to have the candle burn-

'I put it out,' said the other. "'You cannot have done that,' was the reply, for there it is, alight on the toilet

"So it is; how very stupid of me to leave it so.'

"With these words, her friend sprung out of bed to extinguish the light—but no light was there. Laughing at the trick played them by their imaginations, she betook herself to rest. Scarcely, however, had her head touched the pillow, than again my aunt declared the candle was burning. The other, with astonishment, saw she was right; it shone with a clear, steady flame. This time both girls got up. The result was the same the candle was not burning. This proved too much for their nerves. Shrieking as they ran, they flew to the grandmother, to whom they told their tale, and with whom they passed what remained of the night.

"On her return to school, my aunt told her friend what had taken place. 'In which bedroom did you sleep?' asked

the girl.
"In the stranger's room." "The very one in which my cousin shot

METHODS OF ANALYSIS vs. DOGMA, or the Data of Time versus the Speculations of Super-Nature. By W. M. Lockwood, Ripon, Wiscousin, Member of the National Society of Art, and Author of "Nature vs. Compulsory Methods in Reform," an Analysis of the Temperance Question. 1882. Advocate Steam Printing and Stereotyping House, Pagina Wis.

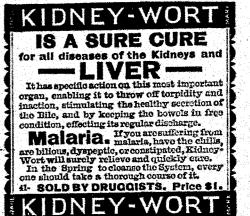
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This is a critical analysis of many ques tions now agitating the public mind, and will be read with interest. Prof. Lockwood is a deep thinker and a careful observer.

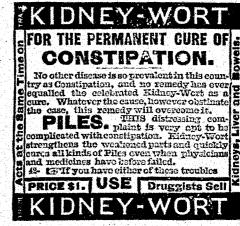
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KIDNEY-WORT HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST OURE for KIDNEY DISEASES. Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wortat once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily oversome the disease and restore healthy action. Ladies for complaints peculiar and weaknesses, Kidney-Wortis unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely, Either Sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or nopy denosits, and dull dragging. brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power. 43- SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price \$1. KIDNEY-WORT

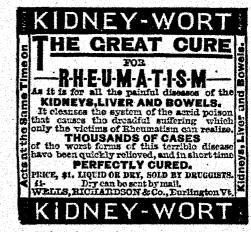
A well-known clergyman, Rev. N. Gook, of Trempelear, Wis., says: "I find Kidney-Wort a sure cure for kidney and



"Last year I went to Europe," says Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Reg., N. G. S. N. Y., now living at 173 W. Side Ave., J. C. Hights, N. J., "only to return worse from chronic liver complaint. Kidney-Wert, as a last resort, has given me better health than I've heretofore enjoyed for many, many years," He's cured now and consequently happy.



"I will recommend it everywhere," writes Jas. B. Moser, Carriage Manufacturer, Myerstown, Pa., "because it"—Kid-ney-Wort—"cured my piles"



"Mr. Walter Cross, my customer, was prostrated with rheumatism for two years; tried, in vain, all reme les; Kid-ney Wort alone cured him. I have tried it myself, and know that it is good."—Portion of a letter from J. I. Willett, Drug-gist, Flint, Mich.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother to the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

Massas J. C. Aver & Co., G. ntlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor, affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarch and catarchal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of Aver's Sarsaparilla, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarch and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the Sarsaparilla, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I place these facts at sonr service, hoping their publication may do good.

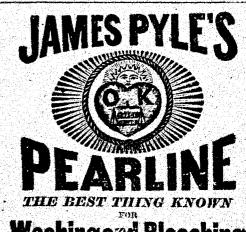
Yours respectfully,

Z. P. Wilds.

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LEAVES FROM MY LIFE

A Marrative of Personal Experiences in the Career of a Servant of the Spirits; with some secount of American Spiritualism, as seen during a twelvemonth's visit to the United States.

BY J. J. MORSE. Illustrated with two Photographs.

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Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. LMetuchen, New Jersey.1

CONSIDER THE LILIES. Lily, fair and pure and cool, Floating on you miry pool, Is the sweetness all of you? Has the mire from whence you grew

Naught of virtue, building up, Leaf by leaf, your perfect cup; By some strange, transmuting skill Moulding, shaping you at will?

Certes, many a flowering shoot, With the wholesome earth at root, Well may envy you, my queen, Blooming from such depths unclean.

Yet is wrought no occult spell; Nature but disposes well All her forces; then, she grows Here a lily, there a rose.

One she tends with dow and sun, Cribs in finest mould; and one Buries 'neath the dark and slime, Bidding each to bide its time,

Till, arrived at blossoming growth, She is justified of both; Since, which sweetest is, who knows— Or the lily, or the rose? Therefore, O ye darkened souls,

Struggling upward into goals Ye must reach 'gainst bitter odds Courage! Nature's ways are God's. What though He withhold from you.

For a season, sun and dew? Where you cannot understand, Trust to His transmuting hand.

Caroline A. Mason.

HOMES IN MANY LANDS.

In Dr. Dix's lectures to women, which have very properly caused so much righteous indignation, he advises the "inferior sex" to submit themselves to their husbands," and so forth. The very reverend gentleman does not condescend to explain what those unfortunates must do who have neither husbands nor homes. There are 100,000 such dwelling within sight of the lofty spire of that magnificent church in which he administrate and proposition advises even count. isters such unpractical advice; even counting all the suburban cities the number will certainly swell to 130,000. This vast and constantly increasing host of sisters, involving every stage of development, are completely ignored by our most sapient teacher, yet they are but as nothing compared with the toiling women of the world, who cannot tread the narrow round which he has circumscribed. Here are brief sketches of the homes in which women live in one or another country-rich or poor, high or low, happy or miserable. And all would assert truly that they long for ideal homes, and work for them whenever and however they are able. The first is from a recent explorer's account of Peasant life in Siberia:

"No matter how early you may awaken in the morning you will always find the mis-tress of the household already up—that is, her position changed from reclining to sitting, and as soon as she observes that you are really awake, she hands you a few small pieces of meat, not much, only an ounce, or two. which is merely an enclosure to keep the dogs away from the household stores, and after afteen or twenty minutes of pounding and chopping, returns with the breakfast. A large, flat, wooden tray is placed on the floor, and the landlady, dropping off her clothes. takes her position at one and the landlady of the state of the same and the landlady of the l her position at one end, a position inelegantly but accurately described as 'squatting.' The family and their guests gather around the board on either side, lying flat on their stomachs with their heads toward the breakfast and their feet out, so that a bird's eye view of the table and guests would look something like an immense beetle. The first course is some frozen weeds mixed with seal oil and eaten with small portions of fresh blubber, which the lady of the house cuts with a large chopping knife. The approved method of eating this food is to take a piece of the blubber and place it somewhere on the pile of weeds and then press as much as you can gather between your thumb and the three adjoining fingers into a mass, which will, if you are lucky, stick together until you get it in-to your mouth. The man with the biggest thumb has the best chance here. There are usually two meals a day in a well provided Tchouktchis household—the breakfast just described and dinner, which comes on late in the evening. The dinner is almost iden-tical in form with the breakfast, except that there is most always some hot cooked meat that follows the course of walrus hide.'

The next extract is a contrast to this cheerless scene, and comprises a vision of what industry, thrift and intelligence may do in the west when irrigation is necessary to reclaim the desert soil and furnish the foundation of social life.

A CALIFORNIA HOME.

"There in the sandy waste soon opened a vision of trees, grain fields and meadows, and of a pretty white house with wide piazzas and a flower garden in front. It was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to get out of the glare of the sun into a pretty sitting room—a neat rag carpet on the floor, pictures on the walls, volumes of history and poetry on the table—and rest in a big rocking chair, while a friendly, gray-haired lady made good her hospitable offer of dinner "if you will put up with what we have." What they had proved to be an excellent meal of venison stew, eggs and corn-bread, with such accessories of cake and preserves as good housewives usually keep on hand. The owner of the farin told how he had made it out of the desert by the aid of water brought five miles in a ditch. He raised excellent crops of wheat, barley, Indian corn and timothy he had all kinds of fruit trees and bushes: his cattle thrived on the mountains the year round, and whenever he wanted fresh meat he had only to go out in the cedars early in the morning and wait for a deer to pass. These good people lived a hundred miles from a rail road, with neither school nor church nearer than fifty miles, but they were bright, well informed and contented, and enjoyed nearly all the comforts to be got out of country living anywhere."

Here is a picture of

LIFE IN MOROCCO.

"He went up to the roof, which he found very spacious and completely surrounded by a parapet higher than a man, having a few loopholes for windows. Peering through these loopholes, you seemed to see into another world. On the terraces far and near were women, a greater part of whom, judged by their dress, were in easy circumstances—ladies, indeed, so far as the title is at all appropriparapets, some walking about, some jumping Above, between the towering brick walls, a Sessickness and Surgery; Kitchen L with the agility of squirrels from one ter- narrow stretch of sky is just visible. In the Notes in Science and Agriculture etc.

race to the other, hiding, reappearing, and throwing water in each other's faces, laughing merrily. There were old women and young, little girls of eight or ten, all dressed in garments of the strangest cut and of the most brilliant colors. Most of them had their hair falling over their shoulders, a red or green silk handkerchief tied around the head in a band, a sort of caftan of different hues with wide sleeves, bound round the waist with a blue or crimson sash, a velvet jacket open at the breast, wide trousers, yellow slippers, and large silver rings above the ankle. The slaves and children had nothing on but a chemise; only one of these ladies was near enough or Mr. De Amicis to see her features. She was a woman of about thirty, dressed in gala attire, and standing on a terrace but a cat's jump below his own. She was looking down into a garden, leaning her head upon her hand. 'We looked at her' says our author, 'with a glass. Heavens, what a picture! Eyes darkened with antimony, cheeks painted red, throat painted white, nails with a blue or crimson sash, a velvet jacket ture! Eyes darkened with antimony, cheeks painted red, throat painted white, nails stained with henna, but handsome despite her thirty years, with a full face and almond floor. The air in these rooms is heavy with her thirty years, with a full face and almond shaped eyes, languid and veiled by long black lashes; the nose a little turned up; a small round mouth, as the Moorish poet says, like a ring; and a sylph-like figure, whose soft and curving lines were revealed by the diaphan-ous texture of her dress. She seemed sad. Perhaps some fourth bride of fourteen had lately entered the harem and stolen her husband's caresses. From time to time, we are told, she glanced at her hand, her arm, a tress of hair that fell over her bosom, and sighed. The sound of our traveller's voice speaking to a companion suddenly roused her; she looked up, saw they were observing her, jumped over the parapet of the terrace with the agility of an acrobat, and vanished."

We will look now at some ENGLISH HOMES.

The Tribune says:
"A writer in an English journal draws a dismal sketch of the homes of English mechanics and laborers in cities and large manufacturing towns. He pictures a narrow, low-built cottage of two stories in a row facing upon a dirty street. On the ground floor there is a sitting room and a kitchen, and above two or three little sleeping rooms. If the occupants look frontward, they have the bare prospect of another row like their own. If they look backward the view is worse still including the back yards and their adjuncts of the whole block, all dirty, pestilential and a source of disease and quarrels. There is neither health, comfort nor education, no bath for the body, no larder for the meat, and no fireside amusements to develop the love of home. The walls are so thin that privacy is impossible, and bad odors from the sewage fill the air. At six in the morning the breadwinners are away winter and summer, re-turning in the evening when the work of cooking and household cleaning is going on, and all comfort is destroyed. 'All is work and sleep, work and sleep, and at the end of a life of toil a small insurance, possibly, for burial.

Another writer describes a tenement house in London, where he visited a young man ill with fever, and eight other persons living in the little room. While there a elergyman en-

"He inquired why they allowed so many people to stay in a room where there was a sick 'Sir. man?' I spoke for the family, and said: He is dying for want of room, air, light, ventilation.' He was sorry—perhaps a little offended at the tone in which I spoke. I could not help it. He had £1,300 per annum for preaching the Word of God. I had known him for years; and never, that I remember, had he lifted up his voice or wielded his pen to expose this iniquitous violation of the Creator's laws. Often had he spoken in favor of charity, and pleaded for flannel socks and pocket handkerchiefs to cover the feet and wipe the noses of the natives of some nearly uninhabited island 20,000 miles away; but here, close to his own door, was an evil too trifling to call even for a passing comment: and yet we inveigh against the sinfulness of the times in which we live. We whine about the horrors of female prostitution, and deplore the drunkenness and brutality which meet us at every turn of the street. Let us be quite sure that we do our duty as reformers of these abuses which create prostitutes, drunkards, thieves. Let us go to the fountain head, and we may then expect some good results to flow from our well intentioned labors.'

Such scenes from their own model. But we can not boast over our brethren across the sea, for here is a correct picture of

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK. "In one of the large houses there are usually four apartments on a floor, each consisting of two or three small rooms of which only one opens out of doors. In each set there is a family, sometimes numbering eight or ten persons. But keeping the average of four, this gives sixteen persons on each floor, or allowing four stories, sixty-four in the house. There are usually from three to five of these houses in a row, making in the entire row from 200 to 320 persons.

"The halls were narrow, dark and damp The continual passing makes it impossible to keep the stairways clean. In the hall on each floor are usually a sink and faucet where water is obtained. The halls form the common ground of the house. Here the inmates meet to chat or wrangle. In the day time slatternly and unkempt women hang over the creaking railings of the stairs shricking at children or neighbors below. Toward six o'clock the tramp of heavy boots and the odor of strong tobacco announce the return from work of the husbands, and simultaneously a strong odor of frying, mingled with the aroma of cabbage and onions, spreads through the house. At night the halfs are often unlighted, and are always permeated with bad

smells. "Entering one of the sets of rooms that serves as a home for from four to ten persons, the front room, looking out of doors, will be found utilized as a kitchen and living room. The floor is usually uncarpeted, although of ten scrubbed clean. A table, covered with oilcloth, some wooden chairs, and, perhaps, a lounge, make up most of the furniture. On the mantle over the stove are often one or two glass candiesticks or cheap china images, which, together with a chromo or two representing religious subjects, make up the at-tempts at decoration as pathetic evidences of a yearning for the beautiful as the withered plants, tended with touching care, which are occasionally to be seen. If the living room be in front of the house, its windows look into the windows of similar rooms just across a narrow street. From the pavement and crowdate in Morocco. A few were seated upon the ed sidewalk below rises a continual uproar.

rear of these houses the prospect is still more gloomy. Often blocks are built within blocks and the walls of the rear houses are only a few feet from these in front. At best there are only to be seen small dismal back-yards, littered with filth. Clothes flap before the windows and the only animation in the scene, save for the frowsy heads behind the glass, comes from the occasional stealthy presence of a half starved cat. Behind the front or living room is one, sometimes two, used for

the odors of cooking and fumes of tobac-co and is breathed throughout the night by six or eight persons. In the cold weather windows are seldom opened."

In order to complete the range, we will close by an extract from the Sun, showing the fearful range of life between the extremes of poverty and riches:

LUXURY IN NEW YORK.

The luxury and perfection of detail in New York dwellings is passing into a proverb. Nowhere in the world, probably, is so much time and money expended upon the furnishing and ornamenting of the homes of the rich as in this city. The draping of curtains has become a distinct branch of art, and every decorator and upholsterer has one or more employes, whose sole business it is to arrange in graceful folds the draperies, which are now indispensable, at doors, windows and fireplace. Even the banisters must now be stuffed and tufted and draped on either side with heavy fringe. Ceilings are frescoed and painted in the studios of distinguished ar tists and then transferred to the houses that they are to embellish. Hundreds of women are employed, at an expense of thousands of dollars, upon embroidery and art needlework which are to adorn the sumptuous palaces in which our rich men live. Paintings, statuary, carvings in stone and wood, the richest fabrics of French and Indian looms, indeed, all that is most rare and beautiful in nature and art, are brought to hear upon the decoration of these republican palaces. Even the stables in which the horses, coachmen and grooms are to be housed are far more luxurious than the simple homes in which the fathers of our race passed their lives. The newly finished stables of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in Fifty-eighth street far outshine those of the Roman Emperor whose sumptuous appointments have become a matter of history. The interior resembles a gorgeous salon, whose galleries are hay lofts and whose stalls are simply superb. Soft Turkish curtains darken the stable boys' apartments, and in front are terra cotta designs by Kemeys, the Parisian sculptor, the huge head of a Siberian bloodhound in the centre, and on either side the grim countenance of the bulldog. If the Sybaritish taste of the age continues to grow with what it feeds on, what will be left for the next generation to enjoy?"

Book Reviews Continued.

SPICES FOR EASTER INCENSE. By Mrs. Alice L. Williams, Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co., Publishers, Price \$1.25, fringed; 75 cents, plain. Mrs. Williams is an accomplished and thoughtful woman who has read widely and selects with great care and skill. This is a compilation of some seventy-five or more choice selections from the best authors, mostly poems, but with some prose extracts, filling eighty fair pages with matter appropriate to Easter—songs of hope, resurrection and spiritual life, and the best thoughts of gifted spiritual thinkers, irrespective of class or creed. Among them we notice Elizabeth Doten's golden poem, "Guardian Angels." Not only will the many friends of the compiler gladly welcome this beautiful work, but it will doubtless find wide reading among others, as surely it deserves. The publishers have set its words in exquisite type, on finest paper with fit illustrations, making it a beautiful specimen of bookmaking art.

IDEAS FOR A SCIENCE OF GOOD GOVERNMENT in Addresses, Letters and Articles on a Strictly National Currency, Tariff and Civil Service. By Hon. Peter Cooper, LL.D. New York: Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company, 201–213 East Twelfth Street. 1883.

The author has presented his peculiar views on governmental affairs, in a lucid manner, and whether he is right or wrong, no one can question the genuine honesty of the man. He is a philanthropist in heart and deed

Partial List of Magazines for April not before Mentioned.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: Gambetta; The Art of Rossetti; Adventures Among the Austrians n Bosnia; Church-going Tim; "The Creed of Christendom;" Poet and Nightingales; Fireside Musings on Serious Subjects; Mexico, and Her Railways; Hours of Rest; Lord Richard and I; The Violins Voice; The Photographic Eves of Science; Anthony Trollope; Doctor Henderson's Romance; The Beginning of Art: Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh; The Old-Looking Man; Curiosities of the Telephone; By Neighbor's Well; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Science and Art: Miscellany.

ST. NICHOLAS. (The Century Co., New York.) Contents: Frontispiece. "Snow in Spring-time;" The Summons; Louis's Ltttle Joke; A Brave Chinese Baby; Adventures of a Tame Crew; The Story of Viteau; The Beautiful Lady; Bob's Wonderful Bicycle; The Princess with the Sad Heart; An Object of Interest Poor Katie; Flying Without Wings; The Story of Mrs. Polly Ann Bunce's Best Cap; The Sad Little Prince; The Drop and the Cloud; A New Mother Hubbard; The Tinkham Brother's Tide-Mill; A Query; An April Day; Alone in Rome; A Rhyme for Boys; "Whoop-ee!" "Sing! sing! What shall we sing?" Work and Play for Young Folk; Butsing?" tons; Jack-in-the-Pulpit; For Very Little Folk; The Letter Box; The Agassiz Associa-

tion; The Riddle Box. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler & Wells, New York City.) Contents: Wagner and Dore; On the St. Lawrence, from Clayton to Montreal; Character of Lady Macbeth; A True Ghost Story; A New Cephalometer: A Phrenological Lift; William Cullen Bryant and his Poetry; Getting used to it; A Dutch Lady-Doctor; The Trance State as related to Sessickness and Surgery; Kitchen Leaflets.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, fass.) Contents: Frontispiece: Easter; No-Mass.) Contents: Frontispiece: Easter; Noblesse Oblige; Through Spain on Donkey-Back; Robin Hood's Ghost; Jack-in-the-Swamp; To-day; A Remarkable New Moon; Decorative Plaque; The Silver City; Three Happy Prisoners; The John Spicer Lectures; Mother and Poet; Madam Gila; John Angelo Visits the "Water Color;" A Black and White Exhibition; Old Caravan Days; Spring Weather; Cookery for Beginners; Tangles; Music; Pleasant Authors for Young Folks; The Price of a Little Pilgrim; Through a Microscope; Famous Trials; A Boy's Workshop; Anna Maria's Housekeeping; Health Mass.) shop; Anna Maria's Housekeeping; Health and Strength Papers; What to do about it; Wide Awake Post-office.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE, (L. N. Fowler, London, Eng.) Contents: Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D.; The Study of Phrenology Made Easy; E. T. Craig, Educationalist and Social Reformer; George Combe; Corsets and Health; Professor Ribot on Memory; Disease Germs; An Old Man's Story; Poetry; Book Notices; Facts and Gos-

THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE. (Robert A. Gunn. M. D., New York.) Contents: A Chapter in Psychological Science; Cerebral Anemia; Asarum Canadense; Poison Rhus; The Uses of Ergot in the Lying-in-Chamber; Dr. Ballard's l'estimony at the Recent Coroner's Inquest; The Mirror.

containing short stories in large print and pretty pictures.

The mind depends for its health very largely on bodily conditions. The gloomy fears, the desponding views, the weariness of soul that many complain of, would often disap-pear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; and thus conduces to health of body and sanity of mind.

There seems to be a general opinion among naval engineers that no iron passenger-steamship can be said to be constructed upon the best design which insures safety in case of collision or running upon a rock, unless she is provided with a double bottom. But the space which is thus taken up is, under existing laws, measured as tonnage-carrying area, and there is practically a premium for the neglect of an essential means of security. Few ship-owners like to be taxed for a costly effort in itself to preserve the lives of others.

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THE INDEX!

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Editors. W. J. POTTER.

CONTRIBUTORS:

Moneure D. Conway and George Jacob Holyoake, of London, will write for *The Index* every month during 1882. Among the other contributors are Prof. Felix Adler, John W. Chadwick, M. J. Savage, F. M. Holland, W. H. Spencer, Mrs. E. D. Cheney, Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Caroline H. Dale, Mrs. Sars A. Underwood, Miss M. A. Hardaker.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, April 7, 1883.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions not paid in advance are charged at the old price of \$3.15 per year. To accommodate those old Subscribers who through force of habit or inability, do not keep paid in advance, the credit system is for the present continued; but it must be distinctly understood that it is wholly as a favor on the part of the Publisher, as the terms are PAYMENT IN AD-VANCE.

Easter Thoughts.

The Easter Day has come and gone, and the preachers of various sects have done what they could in the way of explaining "resurrection." We have watched the papers carefully to see what new thoughts the season would evoke; what new discovery of evidence there is of man's immortality, but find only the same platitudes repeated. Man is immortal, because Jesus said so, as been known, though never definitely and by any revelation the Church has received, "How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come?" We note attempts to answer these. The Rev. Dr. Holland, of Trinity Episcopal Church, preached, as reported in Chicago Tribune, March 19th, a sermon on the text, "Because I live, ye shall live also." He said:

"Materialism says that man is immortal, but his immortality is that of matter, which though changing its form, can never perish But such immortality satisfies no hope. It is a fraudulent use of the word. It is a series of deaths, but no continuous life that feels its continuity. Pantheism says that man is immortal, but his immortality is that of God, in whose Spirit his spirit is absorbed. But this is God's immortality, not man's. Man can be immortal as man, and each individual only as himself. Absorption that leaves not distinct personality is as much death as were annihilation. The theory contradicts our consciousness of identity and our moral convictions. Positivism, too promises immortality. Individuals die, but the race lives on. As George Eliot hymne

'Oh, may I join the choir invisible Of those immortal dead who live again In lives made better by their presence.'

"But the trouble is that after death there is no I to join any choir, the I has ceased: nor is there any choir for the I to join. The singers cannot get together. They sing at different times, and one dies before another begins. Nor do they live again in lives made better by their presence. They may be remembered, but they are not conscious of the remembrance. Humanity itself cannot be said to be immortal rather than mortal. If its generations are coming, they are also going. It is always dying as well as always living-a perishing series. Its real life is no longer than the life of its personal fac-tors. If all human beings perish, humanity perishes with them. None of these oracle satisfy the soul. Immortality must be self tality alone fills all the gaps in man's na ture. Immortality completes the faulty pict ure of his thought. Immortality finishe the fragment of his nature into a vase o celestial Sevres, the casting and glazing of God's own hand, and fine enough to hold his fairest and most fragrant spirit-flowers. This constitutes'a reasonable hope, but he wishes more—some fact that will pledge its fulfill ment. Has death ever proven itself to be life? Has history any comfort for hope? Our religion answers yes. There is an empty sepulchre, opened from within. He is alive forevermore. Because I live, ye shall live

We have better evidence than an "open sepulchre." To us come those who were called dead, and testify daily that they live. Not on one resurrection, but thousands of them, do our declarations, our sure knowledge of tor. Jesus was conscious of his immortality. His intuitions were confirmed by what he saw clairvoyantly of angel life, but arguing ers, however, did not seem to mind the from his conviction of his own immortality, strangeness of the burial. The scene at the | time.

shall live also;" just as each one of us may say to-day, "I know I am immortal; I believe you are." This, we think, was what Jesus meant-not that their life depended upon his, but that they being under similar conditions, were as immortal as he felt himself

For illustration of the antiquated, wellnigh obsolete idea of the resurrection of the material body, we take a sketch we find in the New York Herald of a sermon preached in New York by Rev. Father Halpene, S. J., on Easter Sunday:

"He contrasted the materialistic opinions of the day which sneer at religious doctrine and which ridicule the idea of the body's be ing revivified in another state of existence And yet, said the preacher, there is nothing in science to controvert any religious dogma of the Church. The idea that the ashes of the world, the atoms of the body which have in the lapse of years formed other organisms could be brought together by Almighty Power and reinvested with their old functions, offords food for laughter. Why, science teaches that this very thing is going on day after day. No man is composed at one minute of the same matter he is the minute before. It is admitted that you and I are now composed of entirely different atoms from those which formed us seven years ago. Yet do either of us question our identity or believe the body we now possess is not our own? But skepticism sneers at the Almighty's doing what religion teaches, because for sooth it cannot understand how the prodigy is to be effected. How much is there in the world it cannot understand: Has it learned all the finer processes of life and vegetation? Has it solved the mysteries of the growing forests? Has it discovered the system on which the butterfly passes through its changes and from the chrysalis soars away a winged blossom? It admits them all. Yet because it cannot understand how it can be done, it denies the power of an infinite God to rehabilitate with his breath the dead of generations and gather into the parts they once filled ashes of a departed world.

It has been calculated that if the bodies of all the dead could be collected, they would cover the face of the whole earth thirty miles deep. The same matter has entered into thousands of bodies. It is not possible, even for Almighty power, without a new creation, to reproduce all the bodies that have been on the earth. A man may pay a thousand dollars, which shall enter into hundreds of transactions, involving many thousands of dollars, but it is only a thousand dollars after all, and would be insufficient to simultaneously act its part again in all the transactions in which it figured. That one or a thousand or a thousand millions could be raised by divine power and have the same bodies they had on earth, is conceivable but improbable, because useless; but that all who ever have lived on this earth could be raised again, is absolutely impossible—there if from earliest ages, the truth had not is not material enough on the earth to do it with. New bodies can be made, perhaps, clearly till modern Spiritualism arose to an- but they would be new, not the bodies of swer the question of the ages, "If a man die, those who died. Paul noted this when he shall he live again?" and that other, asked | wrote "Thou fool, that which is sown is not some conturies later, and as yet unanswered | that which shall be." "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."

Dear as the thought of immortality is to the churches, it is still dearer to us, for we know what it means. Bearing with us always the spiritual body, Paul wrote of knowing that our life here is determining the quality of that body, which shall serve to express the spirit action through eternity; the idea of resurrection, inevitable, immediate resurrection, is not the promise of a far off glory to which none have yet attained, but the fact of to-day. It is not what may be, but what surely shall be, what we know certainly is. It rests on demonstrations of hosts of real occurrences. We know, positively know, beyoud possibility of doubt, there is life beyond the grave; "the dead are raised," as Jesus said, not "shall be." Knowing this, we need no "open sepulchre," turn away from the gross materialism of the Jesuit father, and exult with a "joy unspeakable and full of glory" that "if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Spiritualism is Christianity purified and glorified.

A Strange Funeral.

It appears from an exchange that the burial lately of F. G. Stebbins, who was for twenty years editor of the Cuba (N. Y.) Patriot, has caused a sensation in Western New York. Stebbins was what might be pronounced an "Ingersollite." For years he has been dying of consumption, and for mouths past has brooded over his approaching dissolution. He was much impressed with the refusal of Charles R. Thorne, Jr., the deceased actor, to have any religious services held over his remains, and prior to his death exacted from his family a promise that no minister of any denomination should be allowed to hold religious services over his body. He was a member of Lodge No. 553, Knights of Honor, and asked that the obsequies should be conducted by the lodge. He desired the Knights, when following the remains to the grave, to sing "Marching Through Georgia," repeating the song as the earth fell upon the coffin. On leaving the cemetery they were to sing "Goodby, My Lover, Good-by."

Stebbins died a few days ago, the funeral, taking place at Gowanda, N. Y., Friday, March 11th. Twenty-eight Knights in full regalia attended the funeral; they sang immortality, rest. We always have thought | the song which the deceased had requested our theologians in error in their exegesis of | both in going and coming, and created quite the text used as a basis by the Reverend Doc- | a sensation in the quiet town, the citizens of which did not understand how such songs could be tolerated at a funeral. The mourn-

and perceiving like conditions in those grave when the earth rattled on the box and around him, he said: "Because I live, ye the Knights started up the old war song was quite impressive. As the sound of the last words died away the cortege moved on, and when outside the cemetery the sentimental song was taken up and sung with spirit.

The Moon Magazine.

We remember reading a Swedenborgian book some years ago, on the "Relation of Insanity to Inspiration," and reading a journal published in Brooklyn, N. Y., a materialization-psychometrical-physical-manifestation paper, (of which as yet we have seen only one number, sent us by one of those "good-natured friends,"everyone has, because it contained an attack on us and our friends), we thought we detected evidence either of insanity or inspiration in its pages—we were not sure which-but were tolerably certain that if it were inspiration, we didn't want to be thus inspired. Some of these days, when we have nothing else to do, and can't sleep, we may hold up for the admiration of our readers, its turgid editorials, its unbounded credulity, its false philosophy, and as it claims to be a Spiritualist paper, show how it has stolen the livery of heaven to serve the devil in. But just now we will not advertise it; perhaps some would take it if we did, as, many years ago, people used to take the New York Herald "just to see how bad it could be." and so we should be helping to spread insane utterances as true, or, if they were inspira tions, those of a demoniac order.

But this is not what we meant to write about. There is to be issued from the Insane Asylum, Ward's Island, N. Y. City, a monthly magazine, written entirely by lunatics. Possibly the delusions may be of a different class from those produced in the journal we have mentioned above, but we will warrant in advance that the peculiarities of some of our Spiritualist papers will be produced with startling veri-similitude. We shall expect to find the bad logic, the inconsistency, the faith in folly, the earnest defense of delusion that have so long been familiar to us in the Banner; perhaps, if the editor is careless we may find the same coarse denunciation, the same profound ignorance and pretense of knowledge which a limited number enjoy in a Philadelphia paper whose name we need not mention. Possibly, a religious lunatic may be permitted to write articles such as our Pecksniffian acquaintance issues out in Iowa. All these things are possible, and if we find these parallels in the forth-coming number of the Moon Magazine, remembering that the writers are lunatics, and don't pretend to be anything else, we shall begin seriously to doubt whother it would not be bet ter that some of our writers who

"Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven,

were duly relegated to the class they belong: for, if their so-called inspiration be simple lunacy, a knowledge of the fact would do much to prevent their insane utterances being accepted as true, and so doing harm.

"A lunatic," says Blackstone in his "Commentaries," "is one that hath had understanding, but by disease, grief, or other accident, hath lost the use of his reason; he is indeed one properly that hath lucid intervals, sometimes enjoying his senses and sometimes not, and that frequently depending upon the change of the moon." This exploded theory is embodied in the word "lunatic," which comes from the Latin luna, the moon, and in the English phrase, "moonstruck." A very complete description thisit fits many who are not confined. We do not see why the lunatics should not make as readable a magazine, as some of our editors, whose sanity has been more than suspected. Dr. Macdonald, who originated the idea, tells a reporter:

"I have a whole bundle of manuscript al ready. There is a very pretty poem 'To Louise, written by a patient to Mme. Louise the actress, who delighted the people here when she visited us lately. There is also a story by a clergyman who was once a missionary in Palestine; and we have a good article on "Moon Blindness." One feature of the paper will be a series of descrip-tions of the various institutions on the islands; and another will be editorial articles in reply to correspondents."

We shall look for the first number with considerable interest; it will undoubtedly be of benefit to the writers themselves, even if it fails to furnish valuable hints to editors of other publications.

C. H. Murray of Leadville, Colorado, writes There is quite a revival and a new interes in Spiritualism in this place. There is no public organization, but many private circles that meet regularly, and the phenomena are of increasing interest with each additional meeting. I believe we shall soon be in a condition to have our own mediums of such strength and character that we need not go abroad for persons to produce the very highest order of manifestations. The Journal is on sale at three of our bookstores and sometimes no extra copies can be obtained."

Dr. G. W. King ably defends Spiritualism in the Saratoga (N.Y.) Sentinel, against the attack of Rev. A. Eaton. In the conclusion of his review he says: "Instead of Mr. Eaton tearing Spiritualism to pieces he tore himself to pieces. Of course he does not realize his shivered condition, and never will while he has a disrelish for common sense, fair dealing and truth. His charitable friends will probably give him food and clothing for his body until his soul acquires or is forced to have an appetite for the real bread of life."

We regret to learn that Miss Susie M. Johnson is suffering from ill health, and will be compelled to give up lecturing for a short

The Revised Version.

A Tribune reporter has been visiting different places in this city, making critical inquiries with reference to the demand for the revised edition of the Bible, and he has come to the conclusion that it has not proved the great success expected, so far as its circulation is concerned. This he accounted for by the reason that the generality of theologians and church-going people prefer to adhere to the old version, and their sincere belief that there is a place of everlasting puni and that place should be called hell. Doubtless they consider that the book which has satisfied their ancestors all these hundreds of years will in turn serve them, and that there is no need of their resorting to a more modern revision of the Holy Word. He then goes on to say, be that as it may, the fact remains that the sale of the "old version" that has been in vogue for centuries has not been in the least impaired, except for a short period, while there is but little or no demand for this revised edition. When the new edition was first published by the Oxford Press in England there was an immense demand for the work, and millions of copies were sold. Quite an interest was taken in the work by theological students, but it proved only transitory, as there is hardly a single minister in Chicago who uses the new edition in the pulpit beyond an occasional reference to elucidate more fully the obscure

The reporter called on several of the most prominent book dealers, and questioned them with regard to the sales of the revised work. and without a single exception all of them replied that the demand had dwindled down to almost nothing. Jansen, McClurg & Co. stated that there was a small demand for the new book, although the sale did not in the least interfere with that of the old version. When the new version first made its appearance there was an immense demand for it from people who wished to obtain a copy, as much out of curiosity as anything else, and they experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining sufficient quantities to fill their orders. But this did not last over three months, although during that time they disposed of nearly 25,000 copies. The present demand was chiefly from customers who wished it for reference, while those who did not possess a Testament invariably preferred the old ver-

passages occurring in portions of the old

The Methodist Book Concern was visited. and the reporter was informed by the Secretary that they did not have a call for the new version more than once or twice a week, although the Bible trade was exceedingly brisk. He stated that they had sold only about 1,500 copies altogether, most of which were of a cheap edition that retailed at 20 cents. They had published a costly edition of the work, which was sold only by subscription, but it had not proved a success, as the demand was

A Reverend Thought-Reader.

We learn from Light, England, that the Rev. E. H. Sugden has been exhibiting his powers as a "thought-reader" before a large audience at Bradford, after the fashion of ir. Irving Bishop and Mr. Stuart Cumberland. Having been blind-folded in another room, he returned to the hall where certain objects had been hidden in his absence, and taking the hand of the hider he found the secreted articles in most cases without much difficulty. In the same way he successfully followed a chalk track that had been drawn on the floor; and correctly indicated the number of a bank-note. At the conclusion of his experiments, the reverend gentleman said that the whole secret of the affair was that the thought-reader obtained a direction in space from the person whose hand he held. He followed the line of least resistance in every instance. It was necessary to push the hand of the medium first one way and then another to discover this direction, but the mind so worked upon the muscles as almost inevitably to give the required indication. The whole thing was done in the purest unconsciousness. He selected the medium's left hand in preference to the right because that hand was the most automatic. Light says that "if the reverend gentleman's object was to show that Mr. Irving Bishop's 'thought-reading' is nothing better than a trick, we are content to leave him and Mr. Irving Bishop to settle the matter between them. If his purpose was to suggest that all thought-reading is of the same character, he had better place himself at once at the feet of the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research, from whom he may learn something that will enlighten and surprise him."

The exercises commemorating the 35th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism at 55 S. Ada Street on last Sunday and Monday passed off to the entire satisfaction of all. The Hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens, flowers and spirit pictures. The singing, addresses, inspirational poems, recitations, tests, etc., were all that could be desired. No event of the kind in Chicago ever passed off more pleasantly or with greater feeling of satisfaction to those present. Mr. Howe will prepare a brief report of the exercises for our next issue.

James G. Clark, whose sweet music is so highly esteemed by all, was present at the Anniversary exercises in this city last Sunday, and entertained the audience with one of his choicest selections. Next Sunday he sings at Wausau, Wis.

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 .]

Charles E. Watkins is in Grand Rapids,

Mr. Howe was called into the country last Monday to attend a funeral service.

Dr. Benton, a mesmerist, is attracting arge audiences in Troy, N. Y.

It is said that Dr. Vosburgh, of Troy, is meeting with remarkable success in healing. W. D. Jack, M. D., of Haverhill, Mass., was at the Anniversary gatherings in Philadel-

Mr. Howe's address last Sunday evening was replete with excellent thoughts and wise suggestions.

Fred A. Heath, the blind medium, spoke at Newburyport, March 18th; will be there again April 29th.

Capt. H. H. Brown gave an Anniversary address at Horseheads, N. Y., April 1st. He wishes engagements in New England for

Geo. H. Geer made some happy hits in his anniversary address last Sunday. He has a clear appreciation of the wants of Spiritu-Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the musical medium.

is now located at 18 Allston street (off Bunker Hill street), Charlestown District, Bos-Judge Holbrook of this city participated

in the exercises at Omro, Wisconsin, in commemoration of the 35th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

A Belgian scientist has demonstrated that a rifle ball shot through a metal plate does not touch the metal, the hole through which it passes being made by the compressed air driven before it.

Mrs. Mary E. Triplett, mother of Mrs. Samuels Shepard, the lecturer, passed to spirit-life lately at the residence of her son in Arkansas. The remains were taken to Frankfort, Ky., for interment.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke in Norwich, N. Y. the 18th; in Deansville, N. Y., the 25th; in Binghamton the 28th; Maine the 29th; Owego the 30th. He gave the anniversary address at Horseheads, N. Y., April 1st. He will speak in Corry and Columbus Penn., April

There is, out in Reno, Nevada, a religious crank who says that he is commissioned of Christ to inform the people of Reno that the Messiah will appear among them two weeks hence, preceded by Gabriel, who will blow his horn as a warning that the grand climacteric is upon them.

Somebody in England has made a decided hit in his criticism of Oahspe, the new bible. The author thereof is entitled to a valuable medal. In this country he would be instantly engaged at a large salary as a minstrel performer. He says: "Oahspe very properly condemns the killing and eating of animals, still it is 'bound in sheep.'"

A horrible instance of priestly fanaticism occurred recently in Spain. A physician was sent for to attend a confinement. When he arrived he found that a priest had preceded him, who assumed the woman's fainting lit to be death, and coolly proceeded to cut the body to extract the child for baptism. The physician found life extinct in both mother and child, and the priest and a crowd of kneeling peasants chanting the conclusion of the baptismal service, no one having dared to interfere with the priest in his double

The Continent has invented a new heading for its editorial departments, namely, Migma. Judge Tourgee in defining and defending its use, says it is from the Greek and is the same sort of transplantation that comma was when first used. The editor sought a word to express a certain definite idea, and could not readily find one in the language which seemed to suit the purpose, and so adopted this. Migma is designed to include all sorts of topics and to be grave or gay, as the case may be.

We learn from Mrs. J. D. Jones, that Mrs. Shepard-Lillie's three months' engagement at Alliance, Ohio, has given excellent satisfaction to the society there. At the close of her successful labors there, resolutions were passed by the members, extending to her their "cordial and heartfelt thanks." and inviting her to renew an engagement with them at some future time. Thanks were also extended to Mr. Lillie for the excellent music which he contributed at her meetings. The work which Mrs. Lillie has done at Alliance, will leave a permanent impression on the minds of the people there.

The Nouvelle Revue for March contains an interesting study of the prehistoric races of Africa, which claims that Northern Africa and Europe formed one continent and were inhabited by white races during the earliest ages. The Bochimans (Bushmans?) are the only direct descendants of these white races now extant, and the most ancient Egyptian frescoes give frequent and unmistakable representations of them as they are seen at the present day in the wilds of Southern Africa, their identity being fully established by a fleshy protuberance from which few or none are free. They are, without any question, the most degraded specimens of the human race known. The Hottentots and other tribes shoot them at sight as they would wild animais. Their average hight is a trifle below four and half feet with bestial lips and skulls. They live by hunting and theft, their agility being wonderful. They can easily keep abreast of a horse at full gallop.

The Gallatin (Tenn.) Examiner says: "Advanced thinkers who are always tolerant and willing to give every philosophy a candid hearing, will find the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHI-CAL JOURNAL just what they want."

Mr. John S. Farmer of London, England, has our thanks for three bound volumes of the Psychological Review, volumes III, IV and V, from July, 1881, to December, 1882, inclusive. Such an attractive form of these valuable numbers is most acceptable.

Rev. John O. Foster sends us a notice, setting forth a call for the fourth re-union of the Christian Commission, the Sanitary Commission, and all the chaplains of the late war (Federal or Confederate) at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, July 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1883.

Mr. N. C. Buswell of Neponset, Ill., writes that during the past six weeks not less than six mediums have been developed for physical manifestations in a circle held there; good strong ones who never fail to convince the skepties. He looked about for a good medium, but not finding one, he and a few friends decided to form a circle and sit regularly and watch the result, and the success has been truly wonderful. He is inclined to think that mediums could be found in any village if Spiritualists would only think so, an impression as of a voice speaking to herand work together in that direction.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, writes: "A dainty little girl of eight or nine, with dangerous big eyes, appeared in the library of the White House the other day when it was full of great men of one sort and another, and quietly waited her turn to speak with the tall gentleman with the gray whiskers and hair, and the sober face, and the courteous manner, down by the bow window in the south end of the room. By and by her opportunity came. She tripped forward modestly, but bravely, and with a 'Good morning, Mr. President,' told a niece of Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock, and she wanted a few sweet flowers from the Executive conservatory for the Easter decoration of a little Episcopal church. She smiled archly as she told her errand, as though she was quite sure of a favorable response. The President's tired face brightened with smiles as he turned from the tiresome politicians to the sweet little face before him. It was on a hot summer's day. He told her honestly that he was very glad to see her, and then he gave her carte blanche in the conservatory, much to lighten up his life in the White House. Her handsome uncle could not have Arthur's place."

The Chairman of the Anniversary Committee of Atlanta, Ga., sends the following congratulation: To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you please accept the heartiest wishes and congratulations of the Atlanta Society of Spiritualists for your growth in spiritual knowledge and attitude. May angels inspire you to holy thoughts and noble deeds—may they be with you in all private and public efforts for human redemption from ignorance, bigotry, superstition and error. We send you our congratulations on this our natal occasion or mousin space. Some state of the state o natal occasion of modern Spiritualism, the

Farewell Reception to Mr. and Mrs. Lillie.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Saturday evening, March 24th, as announced from our platform on Sunday, the 18th inst., at Independent Church, we gave at the home of the writer, a farewell reception to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lillie, which was a success in given wantiantal. in every particular; the house was full to overflowing with their many friends, who wore smiling faces at the meeting and greeting, but the shadow of sorrow at their parting was only brightened by a promise to come to us again in the Fall. We surprised them by presenting them during the evening a beautiful silver card receiver and cake basket combined; it was presented by Mrs. J. D. Jones, our Secretary, in a few very appropriate remarks, after which the writer of this read a poem. Mrs. Lillie made a very pleasant response, closing with a beautiful inspirational poem.

LAST MEETING OF MRS. LILLIE. Last evening the engagement of Mrs. J. T. Lillie closed in our city with a crowded house, many standing the entire evening, and many going away not finding room with-in. Her subject was, "Life and its Crowns." It was handled with great power and eloquence, it being one of her grandest efforts during her stay of three months with us. We had thirteen additions to our ranks yesterday morning and evening, making thirty in all since she has been with us, all of whom are men and women of worth.

Mr. Lillie is a fine musician and one of those genial hearts that wins its way into your affections. They came here with many friends, January 1st, and go away with hosts of them. The shadows, as they bid us adieu, have a silver lining, for they promise to

come to us again.
When we arrived at the church yesterday morning, we found a grand surprise awaiting us; the chandeliers, etc., were all festooned with smilax; the stand was beautifully decorated with flowers; a very handsome vase of flowers completed the scene-a surprise from our florist, Leroy Lamborn. An enthusiastic vote of thanks was tendered him in the evening at the close.

W. S. PETTIT. Alliance, O., March 26, 1883.

Sun-spot periodicity is the subject of a late memoir by M. Wolf, of Zurich, Switzerland. He has arrived at the following conclusions: 1. There is a 10-year period; 2. An 11-year period; and 3. A 12-year period, due to the action of Jupiter. Notwithstanding the great difference between the two periods, the interval between a minimum and the next maximum outburst of sun-spots is the same—112 years. After 170 years the phenomena recur in the same order and with the same numer-

A CONTRACT OF STREET

"Jennic, Get Up."

The country around Coldwater, Mich., is considerably exercised and interested in regard to a case of faith-cure which occurred there lately. Some two years ago Miss Jennie Campbell, daughter of R. M. Campbell, Esq., of Quincy, began to go into a decline with consumption, and has apparently failed ever since. She is a devout Christian girl, and has always had great faith in the efficacy of prayer. A year ago she was in a very bad condition, but she prayed earnestly that her life might be spared long enough to see her brother converted in a series of revival meetings being held in the village at the time. Her prayer was answered, and she seemed to grow better until in the fall, when she began to grow rapidly worse, and continued so until she could scarcely take any nourishment, was much emaciated, and had not strength to raise her head from the pillow.

She was made an object of special prayer by the wife of the Methodist minister, who said she had assurances that Miss Campbell would be healed; told her husband that she would be at church the next Sunday. The Friday afternoon following she felt the healing process passing through her system, and "Jennie, get up." She had not faith to make the effort, and immediately became weaker again. Saturday morning the minister's wife visited her by request, and said to her after conversation and prayer: "Jennie, you are going to get up and go up-town with me.' About 10 o'clock she arose from the bed, walked into another room, returned and dressed herself, put on her wrappings, and walked to the residence of a neighbor some fifty rods distant, took dinner and walked home in the middle of the afternoon. The next day she rode to church and remained to Sunday-school and is now doing first rate, partaking of solher name and proffered her request. She was | id food. The family rejoice over her almost as one risen from the dead.

At one of the last meetings of the Paris Academy of Sciences an ingenious trick was discussed by which a certain gentleman was swindled into buying a large yellow African diamond, thinking he was securing an exceptionally fine white Brazilian stone, thulosing almost a fortune. The diamond was like a cooling zephyr from the Chesapeake | apparently of the purest white variety, with out flaws, and only after it had been bough: and paid for did it turn to a yellow stone. The dealer confessed that he had dipped the and dismissed her with a pleasant word or | yellow stone into a solution of aniline pur two about his own little girl, who does so | ple, which in some mysterious way supplied the missing complimentary colors, causing the stone to appear white. This deceit c: n done more for her had he been standing in be guarded against by dipping the diamond into soap and water, which would remove the aniline coating if there were one.

> The Theosophist for March has come to hand. This number is a very fine one. Price 50 cents. For sale at this office.

As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea there has been much dispute. Animals dredged from below 700 fathoms either have no eyes, or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding. Crabs' eyes are four or five times as large as those of a crab from surface water, which shows that that light is feeble, and that eyes to be of any use must be very large and sensitive.

Business Notices.

To the lower orders, all smells are alike; it is the sweeter, cleaner, purer, that enjoy Dr. Price's rich perfumes—perfect flower odors.

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Spiritual Meetings in Chicago.

SECOND SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS meets regularly in Martine's Hall, No. 55 South Ada Street, between Madison and Washington Streets. Services at 10:45 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Lecturer: Lyman C. Howe.

The Chicago Progressive Lyceum convenes at 12:30 each Sabbath at Martine's Hall, 55 South Ada Street, to which all are cordially invited.

Medium's Meeting at Martine's Hall, 55 South Aga Street, each Sunday at 2:30 o'clock P. M.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

NEW YORK.—The New York Spiritual Conference, the old est Association organized in the interest of modern Spiritual ism, in the country, holds its sessions in the Harvard Rooms on Sixth Avenue, opposite Reserveir Square, every Sunday from 2:30 to 5 p. m. The public invited.

P. E. FARNSWORTH, Secretary. Address Box 777 P. O.

At Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue, New York City, the Harmonial Association, Andrew Jackson Davis, President and regular speaker, hold a public meeting every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, to which everybody is most cordially invited. These meetings continue without intermission until June 10th, 1888. Services commence and conclude with music

THE FIRST SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS holds services at Republican Hall, No. 58 West 33rd St., (near Broadway) every Sunday at half-pact ten, L. M., and half-pact seven P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 3 P. M.

CHERCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, Clinton below Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Inspirational preaching by Walter Howell every Sunday at 8 and at 7:30 P. M. Sunday school for old and young, 10:30 A. M. Ladies Aid Society every Wednesday at 2 and the Young People's Sociable at 7:30 P. M. The Psychic Fraternity meets every Saturday at 7:30, All most at the Church and seats free.

A. H. DAILEY, President.

The Friday evening Conferences will be held at the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation on Clinton Avenue, between Myrile and Park Avenue, at 7:30 r. m.



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MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE

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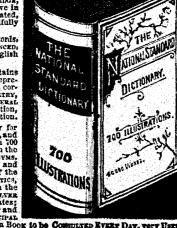
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Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. To My Sweetheart, Nellie Zimmerman.

FROM C. FANNIE ALLYN.

Often with the sunrise gleaming, Comes a vision fair to greet, And the fairy fancy beaming, Thrills my heart like music sweet. Then my soul with wistful yearning. Sings unto the vision bright; Nellie darling, darling Nellie, Are you waking to the light?

> Darling Nellie, Nellie darling, Tho' I roam o'er land and sea, " Thro' life's sunlight and its shadows Ever I'll remember thee.

Sometimes when the moontide's splender, Flushes house, and rock, and tree,
Then with love's emotion tender.
Comes that sparkling face to me;
Dimpled cheeke, and dark eyes flashing,
Bright as stars o'er foaming sea;
And I say, "My darling Nellie,
Are you thinking, dear, of me;"

When the twilight, spirit-laden With the breath of Peace and Rest, omes like prophetess and maiden. In her floating garments dressed; Heams a sleepy face mid shadows. And my heart keeps singing clear: "Darling Nellie, Nellie darling. Are you thinking of me, dear?"

oft when midnight's star-genmed curtain, Droops above my lonely heu, Send I love and blessings certain They will find her precious head; Telegraphing thro' the silence, By my own heart's quickened heat, Darling Nellie, Nellie darling, Will you dream of me, my sweet?

Mediums.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Oh! how I wish I had the persistent sagacity to eliminate from all the public conflicts touching this great subject, Spiritualism, those things which are frauds and deceptions, and to leave the remainder clear, pure and true; but it makes the heart sick to think that men will use fraud either for reputation

or for money. There is a prevailing opinion among Spiritualists in this portion of the country, that the Journal is battling for truth. I am persuaded that this is in-deed true; for I see nothing of the unreal, mythical and imaginary in it. Of course the sensational is the string to vibrate in order to tickle the public palate; the spiritual journal that does not do this carries on the face of it at least the presumption of

The writer has been placing himself in the way of all accessible spiritual phenomena for the last thirty years, and he has during that period been upon every grand division of the globe; but he can never see haif as much as he can hear of. Now, the question is an ethical one; shall we attempt to popularize Spiritualism by being truthful, or shall we assume faith in frauds to make the wonder-loving flock to our standard to find themselves defrauded and deceived? The writer thinks that those who pretend to have faith in all the frauds, are hypocrits and do not be-lieve in spirit communion at all.

How shall we understand the Banner, which suppresses all articles opposed to its way of thinking? Does that appear honest? What shall we think of its fatherly advice not to make war upon mediums, as they are the mouth-pieces of angels, etc., and then, perhaps in the same number, it warns Spiritualists against some pretended impostor? Is it not because the Banner is entisfied that such person is not a medium? Then, if so, haven't I a right to express my opinion as to the falsity of some other pretended medium without being open to the charge of "making war on mediums?" The fact is, free expression should be accorded to all. Who believes that any one desires to make war upon any genuine medium? Heaven knows that the writer would help every true medium with all his heart; that with both pen and tongue he is doing his best to present to the public what he really believes to be the truth on this vital subject. It is sometimes said that when we hear of a true medium, we should act upon the rule of law which presumes innocence until guilt is proven; but experience has shown that this rule will not do in the case of public mediums, for a large majority of them are frauds.

The writer would give much to be insured of the mediumship of Mrs. Pickering. Let it be understood that he never saw her, never even saw any one who has seen her; but only knows what he has read of her. Still he reasons upon it this way: Mrs. P. was detected in fraud some years ago. It had not then been discovered that a medium could be detected in fraud, and boldly claim that not she but the spirits had perpetrated the same. Mrs. P. did (if the Banner report was true), not only plead guilty to the charge of fraud, but she did also say essentially, that it was the way "they all did." Now. Mrs. P. was assuredly not a medium at that mrs. P. was assurency not a mentum at that time; she was not amongst enemies who forced her to confess, but among friends, so that we may con-clude without possibility of error, that she was not a medium at that date. Well, that being admitted, is she a medium now? Let us see; if a medium, the spirits acted very unwisely to develop one against whom such an enormous fraud had already been proved! They must have been seeking the ruin of the cause which they certainly espoused; as this last conclusion is unreasonable, I conclude just as we would in drawing an absurd conclusion in a demon-stration in geometry; that the premises are false that is, that by assuming her be a medium, we prove that spirits are inimical to their cause, therefore she is not a medium.

Now, again, if she was not a fraud, why did she (as I read she did do) lose the opportunity of taking Cumberland's \$100, and giving him a chance to show her to be a fraud? Had he really the hardihood to offer a hundred dollars for the chance of proving her a fraud, if there was any doubt of his success? Had he failed it would have spoiled his hopes of making a fortune by exposing Spiritualism. Still, I hope it may be true that Mrs. P. is really a medium. God grant it. I love every true medium whom I believe to be such, and as heartily despise frauds.

B. R. Anderson. Concordia, Kansas.

An Indorsement from India of an American Author.

Berhamppur, Bengal, India, Jan. 23rd, '83, John E. Remsburg, Esq., Atchison, Kan.—I have read your radical tracts with deep interest. They are full of terse, trenchant, radical matter. The subjects have been ably discussed by you in a small compass, and I am of opinion that they will open the eyes of every reasonable man. I have already translated your No. L t ract into Bengalee language and have sent the manuscript over to the press and will send you some 30 copies. I will also translate your Nos. 2 and 6 in the same tongue. I hope you will kindly send me a copy of your "Thomas Paine, the Apostle of Religious and Political Liberty," and a copy each of your No. 3 and 4 tracts, asyour works

vell worth perusing. The translation of your No. 1 tract will cost me rupees for 5,000 copies, but I do not wish to ouble you on that account. I would simply ask your hearty co-operation in the movement I have or-ganized here. Wishing you well, KEDARNATH BASU.

I am yours very truly, Thomas G. Poynton an old subscriber to the JOURNAL writes: I have been reading very many newspapers, but none so interesting as the RE-

LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOHNNAL

C. B. Sylvester writes: I am well pleased with the dear old JOURNAL and calculate to take it as long as it stands for true mediumship and truth in all things in regard to Spiritualism.

Mirs. A. Clark writes: We heartly approve the Journat's course. Go on. Nothing affords us more pleasure than to help swell your subscription list, it but a single subscriber.

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

The address for the evening was made by Mrs. Mary F. Levering, of East Boston, Mass., who, I believe is new on the spiritual platform. Mrs. L. is a pleasant-faced, intelligent woman, of a deeply reverent and religious nature, one who in the home life would be pre-eminent in those relations which tend to make men and women better and truer. She is also somewhat of a musical medium, and composes the words and music of the songs she sings. She favored us with several of these pieces, and read an improvised poem before her lecture began. The subject for the evening was, "Faith, Hope and Charity." It was kindly but earnest in tone. She spoke of the spiritual gifts which Paul had enjoined upon his followers, to cultivate most cornectly, that here his followers to cultivate most earnestly; that be-cause we feel we have the truth, we have no right to condemn the brother or sister who differs with us. Charity, or the true rendition of the word love, should make us kind and respectful to all. The lecturer cited the life and works of the Master as being the brightest and best example for men to follow in their search after faith, hope and charity, for this was potent in his life. For the sin-sick soul, Jesus had naught but love and compassion, and while he was always ready to rebuke hypocrisy and cant, he

always had a heart full of love for the sorrowing. The lecturer also spoke at length in regard to the effect and influence of the ministering angels who came from their supernal homes to bless and save the world. The Master said that he must go away, but that he would come again; has he not sent the Comforter to all true believers, and in some way said to you, "Believe my words and ye shall never die?" The true meaning of these words will outlive the grave, and extend through the different spheres of existence, and the echo will be heard through all traces it account he spartling rays of light over the existence, and the echo will be heard through all space, its accents be sparkling rays of light over the heads of all who feel its vivifying influence in their daily walks here below, for hope will strengthen faith, and faith is the ladder of progress before each one's gaze, that must be ascended step by step in order to gain the summit where from its eminence we catch visions of the delectable mountains and promised land.

"Let me encourage you to persevere," said the speaker; "there is a hight to be attained in your ex-perience, that will bring to your soul more satisfaction than the wealth of Indies, for the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. The reward of well doing is to be found in peace of conscience, good will toward God and man, void of of-

"The rounds on this ladder of faith are not far apart; a slight action upon the will force mounts us a little higher so gradually, hardly perceived; but each new point gained builds for the soul a structure of permanence, and in its compartments are found chambers of wisdom that are unlocked by the touch, and from their resting places, things new and old are brought to view. The spiritual eye interprets the meaning of the golden letters engraved upon the pages of its instructive list, and from the inner depths of man's nature, new desires spring up, craving for hearing. We are invited to ask for spiritual gifts. If we desire them we shall of necessity ask, and asking in this spirit of faith and love, we shall receive.

"What gifts should we most earnestly cover? Paul' are the without the eff of charity, we have path-

says that without the gift of charity, we have nothing. Let us then cultivate this choicest gift, and drink into our souls the spirit of inspiration with which Paul was filled when he gave expression to those sublime, soul-stirring words which have come floating down to us from the ages; if they are closely interwoven in our lives, they will reflect its radiance all around, even as in those days. By this influx of spiritual gifts, many avenues of truth are opened, many rough places made smooth, and the journey is less thesome; as daily blessings descend, charity will prevail and all love one another. This spiritual in-flux is reaching every nation and clime. God's word in all the Bibles of the ages is being interpreted as never before. The great throbbing heart of humanty is beating in unison with the Infinite love of the Creator, and the world is coming closer together in this bond of unity, peace and fraternity. In this we see the dawn of the millennium morning—perchance, as yet, many centuries in the future; its rays of sunshine are penetrating through the dark clouds of superstition, forcing back from our eyes the scales of doubt and gloom, while from the resting places of the departed, the voices of loved ones speak to us. Their language is: 'We are not dead, only risen, and are preparing bright mansions for those on earth.' In the cemetery of buried hopes, where once only waved the willow, choicest flowers are blooming. In this new spiritual revelation, we shall find God's broad church where man can reverently hold com-munion with his Master, and catch glimpses of the beauties of the Summer-land. We find in these later revelations that are coming from the Spirit-world, that which strengthens our faith in the upbuilding of a true faith. We have a hope that the world will see and comprehend this truth, and that love which makes every duty clear and plain and brings joy unspeakable to those who are in harmony with its influence, will redeem and save our world from sorrow

Dr. S. S. Grey said, that if one has the good fortune to be on a high plane morally or socially, it should be his duty to aid those below him; to bring them

up to a better condition in this new world.

F. Harlam said: "I like to hear a lady speak who is living a moral and religious life. This world is a nystery to me, and when I try to comprehend infinty, I am lost in a wilderness of doubt. Is not this oving our neighbor as ourselves mere sophistry? So appears to me; something good in theory but hard practice. I find no difference in Spiritualism and daterialism. I find matter in everything, and hence there must be spiritin everything. It depends upon what use you make of the truth."

D. M. Cole said: "Paul said, Covet most earnestly the spiritual gifts.' In this saying of Paul, the word charity is mistranslated. It is love. Now, as to faith as if there is any thing that a man knows; a man must reach out for this ideal. Men cry out against faith, but they have to walk by it day by day, and hope binds faith with love in a trinity, and this love which pervades all the universe is a part of the divine prophecy; does not mean to foretell future rents, but to make others feel the glad tidings. We declare that we know; that there is a continuity of life, and we get faint glimpses of immortality. The world is not to be saved at once. There will always be sin-sick and sorrow-burdened hearts, and there will always be love. Your duty is to live your highest, live your noblest thoughts, and if you have not saved others, you have saved yourself. Some one asked a Jew in the Jerusalem of olden times, what made the city so clean, and the reply was that every man cleaned his own door-step; now everybody wants to reform everybody else. Let this work begin in your own souls, and when this is done, faith, hope and love, will abide with you for ever more."
S. B. NICHOLS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 17th, 1883.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.

Harper's Weekly.

A reference in the Easy Chair of Harper's Magazine to Charles Fenno Hoffman, a charming literary figure of forty years ago in New York, and the founder of the old Knickerbocker Magazine, has drawn from a correspondent at Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania a touching glimpse of the author whose career was so early and sadly clouded, but who is living still:

"He has been for many years, and is how-or was very recently—in the State lunatic hospital near the city. I used to see him quite often there. His in-sanity is of a harmless kind, I believe, and consists in the illusion that the air is full of spirits in actual bodily existence, and that they approach him as if to hurt him. He is free to go where he likes at most times, I understand, and does go off without an attendant, always into the country, avoiding people and roads, and in all weather. He is fully of middle height; his hair is grizzled, and rather long and straggling; his face and form are spare; his eyes bright and keen, but wandering; his figure erect; and his physical health strong. He is a striking and bizarre figure, striding along, a fur cap on his head, and a stout stick in his hand, with which he continnally makes passes into the air to ward off the spirits when they approach too near. His wooden legor rather stump—does not seem to hinder his going anywhere. He returns of himself at night, and seems perfectly content. He has intervals of comparative lucidity, and is then a most interesting talk-

Mr. Holfman is now 77 years old, and he is probably unknown to the new generation of readers. But the manliness of his character, the brightness of his mind, and his literary skill made him one of the most delightful writers of the Knickerbocker school.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal Spirit Messages.

In 1859 I received through the mediumship of an uneducated young lady of this city, since deceased, a message in writing, purporting to be from Melancthon, reading as follows:

"Spirits are drawn to mortals as teachers, guar-

dians and friends, from two distinct causes: First, a harmony of condition or development, and again, harmony of condition or development, and again, from a natural harmony of organization. You have spirits around you; every one has. They are attracted by an affinity with your present condition of mind, just the same as in the earth-life a painter and one studying mathematics would attract to them persons who would harmonize with them upon their plane of thought and study; but this is only temporary, and as soon as your condition this is only temporary, and as soon as your condition of mind or development changes, they no longer at-finitize, and leave you for others. These we term temporary guardians. So you have spirits around you one time who remain only for a season. There you one time who remain only for a season. There are others who come to you who are drawn by a harmony of organization. When once they meet you, they remain your spirit guides; that is, there is a similarity in your natural organization, irrespective of development, and it matters not how far inferior or superior the one may be—the spirit to the mortal, or vice versa—the spirit will immediately recognize the natural relationship and feel a barmony with the natural relationship, and feel a harmony with you, even if he has been in the Spirit-world a thous-and years, and you may be, for instance an earth child. In these instances there is no change, for as you progress you become nearer and nearer to your guide, for you are going directly towards him, and while you as a child may afford him harmony, you, as the negative one, intellectually draw wisdom and intellectual strength from him. Even if you never converse with him, his influence is around you and develops the seed of thought. You also benefit him in harmony with a natural law by which nothing can be given, but what a corresponding good is returned. You may have noted how a child may suggest new thoughts to an old man; so may earth's children suggest much wisdom to spirits who

have dwelt here ages.
"I come to you as one of the guardians last named, and you have given me some new ideas. I presented myself to the medium the other day and wanted to assure you that you might count me among your regular guides, and you may consider this an introduction to further and more elaborate messages through this medium from me to you."

This message was soon after followed by a second, reading as follows:

"There is a great deal of meaning in the visions of the Bible. There is in that book the result of a great deal of inspiration—the expression of principles of nature never yet comprehended. It is to be a part of your mission to read them in their true language and significance, and clear from the gaze of thousands the mists they have wrapped around these really sacred writings, rendering them stum-bling blocks instead of what they really will be-come, laws and sacred lights that will illuminate the hilltops of science, and the valleys of unbelief."

This second message was shortly after followed

by a third, as follows: "There are creeds and systems of religion in the Spirit-world, the same as on earth, with their min-isters and congregations of believers. Many deny this, saying it cannot be so, for in the Spirit-world they have every opportunity of learning the truth— the experience of those who have gone before, and the company of those who have outgrown error; but it is so; mind is governed by the same laws of progress here as it was before it came, and certain creeds and beliefs are the results of certain stages of progress. When the reasoning powers are unfolded to a certain extent, and the perception is proposed to a limited decree a certain amount of opened to a certain extent, and the perception is opened to a limited degree, a certain amount of truth can be seen, and no more. The open volume of nature is spread out before all in earth life, and with her myriad voices she proclaims from every shrub, rock and river certain living, acting laws, and yet in the face of this, temples are reared to an unknown God, and creeds and theories are put forth from their pulpits in direct war with the teachings of nature around them.

of pature around them. "It is not intended that Spiritualism should have a creed. The mission of the lolitest minds that come to earth, is to teach all mankind to look within themselves, to develop the germ of their own being, and study the natural laws of the universe, con-scious that, as far as their misunderstandings of these go, they will have no steps to retrace; that there is a voice within, which, if listened to, will grow stronger, and teach the heart of every one the only true religion, and that the laws of nature when

inderstood, will bring to man the only true w suom. The residue of this message I omit, it being wholly personal in its application. M. A. Philadelphia, Pa.

A Rough but Grand Specimen.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Only an ordinary mechanic. It is no importance about his name. We will simply call him Jules—a big, brawny lad, uncouth in appearance and sadis lacking in education and mental training. He would not be picked out as a sample copy of a fine gentleman, yet with all his rough exterior and lack of refinement, he is one of nature's true noblemen. Losing his father, the only bread-winner, when quite a small boy, his widowed mother, having three other still smaller children, with but little means to go on, had a "hard row to hoe." She was constrained to do as thousands of other poor widows have had to do—settle down to the wash-tub, and begin the pinching struggle to support her orphan family. At the earliest moment Jules was set to work, and from that time forward he lost all chance for schooling, except such as could be gained on the Sabbath. And from hence forward to this day he has helped his mother, standing in the place of his dead father, the main stay and support of the aged widow. A number of years beyond the portals of opening manhood, he has formed no ties that could break him away from his care of the now feeble dame. It is true that his speech is rough and often profane, while his manner is ungainly; indeed, totally devoid of fine breeding; but he clings to the woman who brought him into the world in pain and sore travail and tenderly cared for him in his helpless infancy. I am afraid he spends time and manner quite feelight in the true. money quite foolishly in theatres, beer-houses and pool rooms; but he plays a man's part in supporting the old widowed mother. He goes to church but seldom, it must be said, nor is it probable that he is deeply versed in Bible teaching; but he stands like a true knight in behalf of the best woman in all the world to him. Doubtless he sees many comely young women who strongly attract him, and who might win him to make one his wife; but the sacred charge left on his young shoulders by a dead father has never been forgotten. Say that it is the mere dumb instinct of filial tenderness bequeathed to him by the manhood of his father—it is the grandest instinct of our often too selfish humanity. Resolutely shutting his eyes to all the young beauty and attractive alluraments of her gov these is and attractive allurement of her sex, there is only that one old feeble mother of all her race for him. We doff our hat in honor and respectful deference to this rough workman, and say the world that can produce so grand a specimen of true manhood, has Cleveland, O.

W. B. Massey, of Mt. Vernon, Arkansas, writes: Why does not some good medium visit Arkansas. I think that one could get a good audience at several towns in this country. I live twenty-five miles from Searcy, but if I was to hear of a good readium on a good. medium or a good lecturer going there, I would take deck passage on the outside of a horse, (the only way of conveyance from here there) and go to hear what is said and done. I think that there are many others that would do the same. We would want mediums with whom are connected no fraud.

Incubation.—A paper was read before the Academie des Sciences last month giving the results of a long series of experiments on hen's eggs, showing that jars and shocks produced malform-ation in the embryo. Even the slight jar of a rail-road train was sufficient to prevent incubation in many cases; while eggs placed on a machine that gave them a constant shaking or sudden shocks were ure to produce monstrosities.

Crematory Fires .- John L. Dye, the fire man, lighted the crematory fires at Washington, Pa., preparatory to the incineration of the remains of Charles Soehner, of Indianapolis, Ind. Arrange-ments were immediately made for the cremation of the body, it being his request. The remains were lifted from the casket, and after being wrapped in a sheet saturated with alum water and laid in the iron crib, were slid quickly into the retort. The heavy lid was fastened, and the process of incineration be-gan before the hour of noon had arrived. THE LOST CHILD.

A FATE WORSE THAN ABDUCTION.

How Parents, by a Lack of Precaution and Care, are Responsible for the Death of Their Children.

(Camden, Me., Herald.)

The moral and legal responsibility of parents, in the care of their children is, fortunately, attracting the serious attention of the better portion of the en tire country. The many instances of child beating, oppression, and other forms of cruelty which have come to light, demand that something be done; and it is gratifying to know that the people are becoming thoroughly aroused. Whether the cruelty be in the form of physical violence or physical neglect matters not—the principle in both cases is the same. The man or woman who neglects his or her own health may be pardoned, as the consequences fall upon the individual alone; but the parent or guardian who permits the inroads of disease upon the innocent ones dependent upon him for protection, is criminalin the eyes of men. There are, however, parents that intend to care for their children, but, who through carelessness or the urgency of other duties, permit them to become the innocent victims of disease. Such parents may be guiltless of intentional wrong, but the disastrous results upon their children are just as great.

These are truths which must be manifest to every worthy parent and especially in a vicinity where the unknown effects of the atmosphere, the water and the general tendency to malaria are so great. There are many families in this locality who have been called upon to mourn untimely losses, even when the greatest care was exercised; but the experience of one only will be given: It is that of the late W. O. Thomas. The children were all most promising, but for some unexplained reason their health and strength seemed to gradually lessen until their friends feared they were the victims of consumption. One by one, they siekened and died until three had devorted one, they sickened and died until three had departed and two of the surviving brothers were also taken ill. Their names were Hermon and Edward. Hermon, however, seemed the stronger of the two; and, while his younger brother was confined to the house constantly, and to his bed much of the time, Hermon was able to be about but in so weak a condition that he had no desire to play. Eddie's symptoms were terrible! He found difficulty in retaining food upon his stomach, was restless and irritable, and out of his head frequently. At various times three different physicians visited him; and each one told his friends

he could not live. He finally got so low that death was only considered a matter of a few days. At that critical time his elder brothers, aroused almost to the pitch of desperation by the three deaths that had so recently occurred, and the other one staring them in the face, resolved to take the case into their own hands. They accordingly did so, and secured a remedy that was then being universally used, and began giving it to him. Its effect at first was slight, but any improvement was considered a good symptom. By degrees his strength returned; he was able to eat with a relish, then walk about the house; and finally he regained complete health and strength. The boy was so rejoiced over his recovery that, accompanied by the editor of this paper, he went before Justice Charles K. Miller and made oath to the facts of his sickness as above related, and that he was restored to perfect health by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. Now, Edward Thomas's parents, while they lived, undenbtedly, provided faithfully for the wants of all their children; and yet the seeds of disease had taken deep root. Their care in one direction had been counteracted by unknown carelessness in another. Their love was sincere, but wholly misdirected. They should have known that children are just as liable to kidney and liver diseases as grown up people; and that the fatality of Bright's disease of the kidneys is just as great among little children as with adults. This is a serious subject. Hereditary traits; the after consequences of measles and scarlet fever, diphtheria and the passing troubwith a relish, then walk about the house; and finally and scarlet fever, diphtheria and the passing troub-les which so easily become chronic, all demand the greatest care and caution. No case of cholera infantum, measles, scarletina, or diphtheria was ever viru-lent while the child's kidneys and liver were healthy. It would simply be an impossibility. These important organs of the body are just forming within the child and growing with its growth, and they can be traingrowing with its growth; and they can be trained to strength and health as readily as the little mind can be trained to truth and uprightness.

The importance of carefully watching the slightest troubles of the child, and especially those affecting the kidneys and liver, cannot be too strongly em-phasized. Children respond so readily to the proper remedies and are so sensitive to disease, that it is a sin to deprive them of one at the risk of incurring the other. By a judicious treatment these essential organs can be developed so that a strong constitution able to resist the inroads of disease through coming years, shall be the result.

SECOND SIGHT.

Scottish Belief in this Phenomena-Striking Instances.

The London Gentleman's Magazine says: Accordmg to a theory which in years gone by was much credited in Scotland, the gift of second sight is conveyed to some persons by means of dreams. It is asserted that occasionally dreams are used as a vehicle of intercourse between the visible and unseen world, whereby an intimation is made not only of what is actually taking place at a long distance off, but of coming events. Indeed this belief is still a deep-rooted one; and, it must be acknowledged, many curious instances are on record illustrative of its truth, evidence which, as Sir Walter Scott affirms, neither Bacon, Boyle nor Johnson could resist. Mr. Henderson has collected together some striking cases, two of which we quote. A lady of Truro dreamed the night before a boating party that the boat had upset and she herself drowned. She therefore determined not to join it, and sent an excuse. The party returned safely, however, and the lady, after telling a friend what had passed and describing where she had dreamed the body would be found, ceased to think of the matter. A month or two later the lady had occasion to cross the river at King Harry's Passage: the boat was upset, she was drowned, and they sought for the body in vain. Then the friend to whom she had told her dream came forward, and pointed to the spot marked out in the dream as the body's resting place, and there it was found. The second instance, which occurred in 1848, and was narrated in the papers of the day, is as follows: Mr. Smith gardener to Sir Clifford Constable, was supposed to have fallen into the Tees, his hat and stick having been found near the water side; and the river was dragged for some time, but without success. cess. A person named Awde, from Little Newsham then dreamed that Smith was lying under the ledge of a certain rock about 300 yards below Whorlton bridge, and that his right arm was broken. The dream so affected this man that he got up early and set out at once to search the river, and on the first trial he made with the boat hook he drew up the body of a drowned man, and found the right arm body of a drowned man, and found the right arm actually broken. There are numerous cases of this kind, many of which it has been found difficult to explain; but the question is one which has already engaged the attention of the psychological student.

Notes and Extracts.

Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline.—Dantel Deronda. A dozen people in Hartford, Conn., have formed an anti-vaccination society.

If we do not know what the sorrow of penitence is, we have been living only on the surface of life, unmindful of its deep realities, unconscious of its grander glories.—Bishop Huntington.

A narrow-minded person has not a thought beyond the little sphere of his own vision. "The snail," say the Hindoos, "sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest place in the universe."

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigor in the body.—Dr.

When our thoughts are born,
Though they be good and humble, one should mind
How they are reared, or some will go astray.—Jean
Ingelow.

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MEDIUMSHIP. -A--

CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES. By MRS. MARIA M. KING.

This Pamphlet of 50 pages is a condensed statement of the laws of Mediumship illustrated by the Author's own experiences. It explains the Religious experiences of the Christian in consonance with Spiritual laws and the Spiritual Philosophy, It is valuable to all, and especially to the Christian who would know the true philosophy of a "change of heart." It ought to be largely circulated as a tract by Spiritualists.

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A Weird, Spectral Form Reminds the cople of a Murder Unavenged. By the readside, on a high bank of the Licking, near the northern boundary of West Liberty, is a lone grave, a little rude mound, marked by rugged stones at head and foot but no inscription to inform the passer by who sleeps beneath. Here lies, awaiting the resurrection, the body of Morris Haggerty, an Irish peddler, who was murdered in this county in 185%. To some of our people whose minds are imbued with guaractitious notions this is a goot of neculiar inter-To some of our people whose minus are imputed with superstitious notions this is a spot of peculiar interest. Rumors of lights seen at night dittering about the place, accompanied by a weird, spectral form that vanishes in the air, and strange voices, have invested it with all the dread phantasies of a haunted place. Many and strange are the stories told of sights seen and noises heard about this place, and many an urchin sits at night with dilated eyes, quick-and upils, and "hair on end." as he listens to the many an urchin sits at hight with dilated eyes, quiexened pulse, and "hair on end," as he listens to the
stories told of the frightful forms that caper at night
about the grave of the murdered peddler. Ridiculous
and absurd as it may appear, it is told and believed
that the mystic wanderer from that humble grave
entered the cottage home of Dr. Thornley, when he resided here, and filehed his knife from his pants-pocket and played havoc with his queensware. It is reported that these stories recently prevented the consummation of a real-estate transaction in that vicinity.—West Liberty, (Ky.,) Scorcher.

Buddhist Sacred Music. A French traveler recently returned from Siam gives an account of a new Buddnist temple which has just been complet-ed in the environs of Bangkok, and which closely re-sembles in appearance a Christian church. The guide told him to his great surprise that it was a pagoda, and on entering the building he observed the same close imitation of the interior of a Catholic place of warship. There was an alter with a large the same close initiation of the interior of a Catholic place of worship. There was an altar with a large image of Buddha placed on it, stained-glass windows, priodicus, and all the other accessories of Catholic devotion. "What do you think of it?" asked the Bonze who took him over the building, and who was evidently very proud of it. "It is very modern," said the tourist deprecatingly. "Modern it is, of course," said the priest, who took the remark as a compliment. "We have even an organ, and a better one than any We have even an organ, and a better one than any you have in France, for it plays without an organist. We had it made to order by a firm in London; and, as you will hear, it plays nothing but the finest sacred music." Whereupon he turned the handle, and the Frenchman, to his great edification, heard the familiar air which fits the words, De Madame Angot je

Strange Influence of Malaria. - The Rev. A. M. Woodworth, pastor of a church at Otisville, N. Y., lost himself the other day and was found by an acquaintance in Port Jervis totally oblivious in a barroom trying to play cards with an apparent loafer. The acquaintance told the people of Otisville about, it, and the next Sunday when the pastor went to his church to preach he found the doors closed against him. He carried his sermen home and reflected to his church to preach be found the doors closed against him. He carried his sermon home and reflected upon the story about him of which he had heard whispers. He confessed this much: That he had suffered from malaria, and had taken quinine and whisky at home, the jug of whisky having been furnished by a member of his congregation. One morning after the jug-medicine he walked out for exercise, and the first thing he knew he was on board of a railroad train, with no definite knowledge of how he got there or whither he was going. He got off at Port Jervis, and remembers going into a saloon, nothing more. His trip home is also a blank. Malaria was the cause of his moral aberration, and his people will forgive him. his people will forgive him.

The Mischievous Jesuits .- When the Jesuits were expelled from France some of their English sympathizers purchased for them an estate on the Island of Jersey. Recently their settlement there has been viewed with ill-favor by some of the natives, and agitation has been started with the object of driving them off the island. Notice of a bill harder that each in view has been given in the States. having that end in view has been given in the States Assembly, and a petition has been presented to the same body in which is set forth that "in the different countries in which this society or congregation has established itself experience has taught that its acknowledged principles and aims are hestile to the liberty of the subject, to the rights of conscience, to the happiness of families, and to the authority of the State, in consequence of which the Governments of these countries have been compelled to resort to precautionary and repressive measures."

Inspiration Fallible. Yet, startling as these things are, they are not unprecedented. In a recent conference of the Episcopal Church held in Richmand, Va., the doctrine of Inspiration was dis-Dr. Gardiner aband theory of Inspiration, on the ground that "there are acknowledged errors and uncertainties in the text of soth Testaments; different accounts of the same thing, such as the inscription on the cross; the words of in-tiution of the Lord's Supper, etc., do not verbally agree." Dr. Satterlee said "the theory of verbal inspiration is an incubus, and in throwing it off we are returning to a purer and simpler faith." Dr. A. M. Bandolph said "the whole of the Bible from beginning to end is inspired; but the letter is human, the errors are human."

A "Spasm of Virtue."—The Chief of Po-lice at New Castle, Pa., stopped the sale of papers on the streets of that place on one Sunday by threaten-ing to arrest the venders under the Sunday law of rest the venders under the Sunday law of Pennsylvania. The law which the virtuous Chief so suddenly concluded to enforce is an obsolete statute almost a hundred years old, and has practically been a dead letter for nearly half that time. This sudden spaem of virtue was inspired, it is claimed, by the adverse criticisms of the correspondent of the Pittsburg Sunday Leader, who, in a previous issue questioned the capability of the above officer to fill the position he occupies.

A mind, by knowing itself, and its own proper powers and virtues, becomes free and independent. It sees its hindrances and obstructions, and finds they are wholly from itself, and from opinions wrongly conceived. The more it conquers in this respect (be it in the best particular), the more it is its own natural liberty, and congratulates itself on its own advancement and prosperity.—Shaftesbury.

Books that can be read without leaving some lasting impression on the mind are mere bubbles on the surface, evanescent as dreams. Books that are worth reading at all, are worth repeated perusal. That is shallow and poor soil that can be exhausted with one harvest; and that country dull and barren that can be thoroughly explored by traveling over it once,-The Criterion.

Strength for Mind and Body.

There is more strength restoring power in a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic than in a bushel of malt or a gallon of milk. This explains wby invalids find it such a wonderful invigorant for mind and body. See

Kissing. A Georgia Judge has abolished the practice of kissing the Bible when taking an oath. He says it is a merely meaningless form which takes up time to no purpose, and that the oath is just as binding "either with or without laying hands on the Woly Evangelist of Almighty God" as with it.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, &c., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold

Pharmaceutical Hieroglyphs.—The New York Sun of a late date avers that "several Chicago physicians have been detected sharing with druggists the profits of prescriptions. Hieroglyphics were used to inform the compounder when to charge extortionate prices."

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We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we de-serve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.—George Eliot.

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And truly, when we peruse this novel, we at once feel that it is Genius who speaks to us with the whole power and fullness of his divine origin; the Genius, who following his exalted destiny, swings the torch of Truth in his hand and enlighteningly walks in advance of humanity in paths of the future; the Genius, who with the mouth of heavenly prophecy calls to it: "Here thou shalt walk" in the coming centuries!"

This poet does not desire to merely amuse or entertain us, both his own time and ours is too precious to him for that; with sure, strong hand he leads us along upon the flowery paths of his living poetry, past immense abysses and shafts which horrify the sight and make the soul quake-abysses wherein we can see the fundamental roots of all human misery and suffering, in all their often deeply hidden ramifications as well as their growth and development—he plunges his torch down into the awful nightly depths and labyrinths of human error; reveals the depths of human ignorance and its destroying effects, but he also directs our perceptions above these realms of night, into bright distances to the sunny summits of glorious recognitions of Truth. With the Aaron's rod of Genius he opens the granite rocks of thought and causes the heavenly sources of refreshment and healing to spring forth; he shows us that we are called upon to work unremittingly for the future, and how we are to

May, then, nevertheless, a dry every-day eriticism (if it dares to compare this only work of its kind with other literature) have many accountings with the poet as relating to the form of treatment, the unprejudiced reader will be impressed anew with the experfence that Genius creates its own world and follows its own inborn law; he will be seized with respectful admiration for the grand symmetric method with which the powerful gist of the work develops itself, to-

That man, as regards his whole natural disposition, his physical and spiritual constitution, is a product of the anterior lives of his progenitors and that, therefore, his whole destiny is a wrestling with his own

2. That he, therefore, on the one hand, as concerning his personal responsibility, is to be partly absolved as regards the past, of either guilt or merit; on the other hand, as regards the future and his descendants, he has to shoulder a correspondingly higher responsibility, but that nevertheless, this responsibility stands in exact ratio to his spiritual discernment and the moral power of his will.

3. That man, therefore, as a link in the great chain of humanity, incurs the moral obligation to work with all might at the continued improvement-harmonization-of himself, and consequently of the future of

This fundamental idea of the work advances more visibly, plastically and masterly in progressive grandeur, and throws its reflex upon all the principal characters of the action, which letter shows the good as well as the bad consequences of this truth in comprehensive form, so that a truly incomparable drama is presented to us, showing in truly Shakespearian, objective manner the wrestling of humanity with its own demon and good angel. But while the great truthseeker thus affords us a deep insight into the most interior depths of human misery, he at the same time exercises his high calling as a "physician of humanity," in a comprehen-sive manner, as he also shows us all the primary causes of this misery and on the other

tale: we here see a female spirit, at heart spiritually and angelically disposed, partly through parentally inherited defects, partly through errors sacred for centuries by public opinion, pass through the lowest degradations and all the bitter trials and sufferings of woman's life, painfully instructive, but at last, through the power of the good spirit leading to a victorious purification. To this, the poet and advocate of the ideal of true marriage most impressively adds and exposes, through various clearly drawn characters and situations, all phases of womanly suffering, show ing us how even the efforts of reformatory female minds, issuing from amidst this misery, turn anew into a curse, because guided by erroneous principles, showing also how the genius of true womanhood, even in its most awful misdirections, maintains its victorious power, and still further showing us the holy, divine consecration, power and blessing of family life, as also the curse resulting from everything calculated to repress and undermine this blessed power, this true basis of humanity.

The idea of healing, however, is embodied in the male hero of the "Tale," Dr. Du Bois, and never has the exalted triumph of genuine science been pictured more magnificently than at the end of the second part of the work, where the dector, in opposition to the intellectual opinion and the seemingly generally confirmed experience of the world, although at first laughed at as a dreamer, by listening only to the unerring voice of genuine scientific knowledge, nevertheless foresees with wonderful accuracy the whole complex case into all details and subsequently sees all his genuinely scientific conclusions most brilliantly confirmed by their complete realization. Never has the power of the true genius of humanity-true science-been depicted with more powerful beauty, grander simplicity or more elevating poetry.

The whole work might also be called "A

Natural History of Crime;" but without trying to curtail the reader's enjoyment by mentioning further details, we will only state that the poet has taken an actual fact unprecedented in the annals of crime (in the city of New York), as the nucleus of this engross ing and highly interesting action, and that most of the persons in his touching drama and nearly all the situations of the latter are taken from actual life. Even masters of poetry might learn from the talent of characterization, the art of the author to make the right hit in the right place and at the proper time, and that of effecting and retaining the epic climax. Aside from the already mentioned principal topics of the work, a whole mass of wonderful ideas, of new fruitbearing reformatory thoughts, flowers of sweetest poetry, of mightily moving sidelights thrown upon nearly all human circumstances; into all classes of society: into the active workings of the great cities as well as into the most secret recesses of family life, and here presented to the reader, may only be indicated; furthermore, no one can read a single page of this work without being interiorly touched somehow, which, with a book by Davis is self-understood, he never yet having written a line without internal substance; this book therefore, this most comprehensive of all novels-according to the opinion of the undersigned—is herewith most warmly recommended to all German readers, especially however, to all thinkers and philanthropists.

WILHELM BESSER. Leipzig, January 1st, 1879.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Prophecy.

Many volumes have been written by learned commentators to establish the pretensions of the Bible as the inspired word of God, by endeavoring to prove that many of the prophecies contained therein have been ful filled. I propose to mention some of the prophecies recorded in that book, that have not been verified, and thus demonstrate that implicit confidence cannot be placed on the Scriptures as a revelation from the Supreme Being. It is assumed as part of the orthodox faith, that the Scriptures are to be regarded as a work of plenary inspiration; that the providence of God controls all events, and that his omniscience can alone pierce the dark future, and hence that a prophecy can only be uttered under his inspiration, and that the prophetic gift is confined to those favored with that special influence. It is further held that the age of prophecy has passed and that the divine gift was confined exclusively to the Jewish prophets, and they were infallible exponents of the future.

Now, if it can be shown that many of the most important predictions of the Jewish prophets have failed to be realized, it will certainly show that the source of their inspiration is questionable. If it can be shown that the gift of prophecy still exists, it will prove either that God reveals the events of the future to those of the present age, or that the inspiration that is necessary to the perception of future events was not derived directly from Deity, either in the past or present age.

Among the Jews it was not every one that was capable of being the supposed mouth-piece of the Almighty. Indeed, there existed in that country (Judea) what were called schools of the prophets, in which many persons were trained and educated for that purpose. Some persons that were anxious to pry into the mysteries of the future, kept several hundred prophets. Ahab is reported to have had 450, and Jazabel 400 prophets. They did not always speak the truth, and they frequently upbraided each other with charges of speaking falsehoods. Indeed, God him-self is accused by some of the authors of the Old Testament, of sending out lying spirits. On some occasions, it is said, he sent out many lying spirits to utter false statements. —(1st Kings, chap. 22, v. 23; Ezekiel, chap 14, v. 9; 2nd Chronicles, chap. 18, v. 18, 19, 20 21 and 22.)

Why does not Bro. Talmage denounce the great blasphemer, who has had the temerity to thus slander God?

Perhaps the only true test of the predic

tion of any prophet is that given by Moses to wit, that if what they prophecy comes to pass, they are to be regarded as true prophets. (Deuteronomy, chap. 18, v. 2 I will now mention some of the prophecies

in the Old and New Testaments that have failed to be verified. The first one is contained in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy: "The Lord shall scatter them amongst all people from the one end of the earth even unto the other, and there thou shalt serve other Gods which neither thou nor thy Fath-

ers have known even wood and stone."-See verses 15 and 16 of chapter 28, Deuteronomy That punishment was to be inflicted if they neglected to regard the Mosaic law, but they were not dispersed on that account. They were destroyed as a nation because they clung to their religion and resisted the mary causes of this misery and on the other Roman power. Their dispersion amongst all ed works bear the name of Mary S. B. Dana, in; the Edison C hand exposes the grand idea of healing, in a nations is often alluded to as showing the Dana being her first husband's name. She the United States genially embracing manner. The first, he literal fulfillment of prophecy, but the latter was a widow eight years, when she mar-

graphically shows us in the heroine of the part that they were to worship gods of wood and stone, is never alluded. Indeed it is notoriously untrue. There are numerous prophecies in the Old Testament, that are supposed to have relation to Christ, who it was predicted was to come as a savior of the Jewish nation, rescue them from thraidom and sit as a prince on the throne of David. But the Christ that actually came and is supposed to have fulfilled the prophecies, failed to deliver the Jewish nation from the dominion of the Romans, or to hold any place of power, or to sit on the throne of David. His mission so far as the propagation of his religion is concerned, has been amongst the Pagan nations, and not to the children of Israel, who refused to recognize him or his religion. Isaiah in his prophetic utterances in re

gard to the coming Savior, says:
"Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David and of his kingdom to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with jus-

tice from henceforth even for ever."-(Chap. , v. 6 and 7.) The above and many other prophecies in dicated that the coming Savior was to reign over the Jews as a temporal prince, and so

the writers of the New Testament continued to express themselves.—(See Acts, chap. 2, v. 20; Matthew, chap. 2, v. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6.) The Jews that were learned in their sacred books did not consider the prophecies now quoted in support of Christ being the Messiah, as applicable to Jesus Christ, nor do they now so understand them after the elaborate explanations of modern commen-

tators. An important prediction was made by Christ and the New Testament writers, as to the approaching end of the world and the inauguration of Christ's reign on earth. Jesus not only asserted that the generation then living should not pass away before he came into his kingdom, but to make his meaning more certain he said: "That there were some standing here that should not taste of death till they see the son of man coming in his kingdom."—(Matthew, chap. 16, v. 27 and 28; Matthew, chap. 24, v. 29 to 34 inclusive; 1st Thessalonians, chap. 4, v. 15.)

We find that the same idea prevailed dur-ing the earlier ages of Christianity, and of late years many times have been appointed for that great day. When the heavens and the earth are to pass away and the millennial age be ushered in, and the saints reign on the earth with Christ as sovereign king. But all interpretations of prophecy and calculations based thereon have so far failed in their fulfillments. I have no doubt that Jesus and many other good men have labored under delusions as to coming events. I make no imputation of bad faith or fraudulent purpose against any of them.

I only allude to these matters to show that the prophecies of the Bible are not so in-fallible as to sustain the absurd dogmas of orthodox churches. I however have no doubt that there is such a thing as the prophetic vision. It has existed more or less in all ages, and some of the predictions of modern times have been far more certain and definite than any of those of Jewish origin. I will mention only one of the modern instances. The prediction I allude to was made in September, 1860, before the election of Abraham Lincoln as President, and published in the Herald of Progress, a newspaper edited by Andrew J. Davis, on Dec. 5, 1860. It was shadowed forth in a vision of an en-

tranced medium who said she seemed to be standing on the sea coast, surrounded by a vessel to her fate; that she saw seven men go out in a life boat and finally succeed in boarding the vessel which they ultimately brought safely into port amidst the rejoicings of the multitude of spectators. She then said that she saw a scroll enrolled in the heavens with these words, "17th day of April, 1861."

The medium then proceeded to interpret the vision, and said that the ship she saw represented the union; that the President now in power would desert the country to its fate, but the incoming President would suppress the rebellion and save the Union, and that the first effectual effort for that purpose would commence on the day indicated, the 17th day of April, 1861. The reader will no doubt, remember that seventy-five thousand men were tendered to the government on that day by telegraph.

That prophecy was made six months before the event occurred and published in the newspaper more than three months previous to the day designated by the vision; that prophecy came through a spiritual medium, and I do not know of any one in ancient or modern times, that was more remarkable for its fulfillment on the very day appointed. As regards future events in our individual life, Mrs. Mary A. Severance, of White Water, Wisconsin, has proved to many persons that she has a rare prophetic vision.

Upon consideration of the question, "Whence lo prophecies come?" we must conclude that hey have no higher source than that of spirits, and that none of them come directly from God, and moreover that no prophet is

Incidents in the Life of Mrs. Mary Dana Shindler.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In reading a late number of the Journal I

learned of the transit to the higher life of my esteemed friend, Mary Dana-Shindler. deem her so noteworthy, she should receive something more than a passing notice. As she resided with me for six months in the city of New York, I became well acquainted with her character and history. She was, indeed, a spiritual woman, even the strictest dogmatic Christian placed her high in their ranks while she was a member of their sect. She left with them volumes of her hymns and songs, which to-day are popular among

As it may not be generally known, I will mention here that Mrs. Shindler was the author of such poems as these, that have been known and sung for the last forty years:
"Pass Under the Rod"; "Flee as a Bird to Yon
Mountain"; "Shed not a Tear"; "Sparkling
and Bright in its Liquid Light, is the Water
in our Glasses." These and other well known poems betokened at an early age her suscep-ability to a true inspiration. Her loving humanitarian nature stepped out of the gloomy dogma into Unitarianism; and that denomi nation published in book form the letters and discussions that had taken place between her and her father, he being a Presbyterian minister, and upholding his faith, and she denying it, and supporting the better idea. This book had an extensive sale, and was published in foreign languages. Her published works bear the name of Mary S. B. Dana,

ried Mr. Shindler, a teacher, he soon after becoming an Episcopal minister. She lived a happy married life with him for twenty years, when he died, leaving her with one son. Soon after this she investigated and became a believer in Spiritualism. She told me that she had seen and conversed with her husband while he was fully materialized, and had many good tests through different mediums. She published a book which is now for sale among the Spiritualists' publications; it is called "A Southerner among the Spirits." But she was not a person to be contented with simple phenomena; her mind and pen were always active in de nouncing wrongs and advocating religious and political reforms. She est sed the Greenback and Labor Reform Move ant, and worked earnestly and ardently for that

While she was living with me, I found her every morning as early as five o'clock, with her pencil and paper, writing her freshest thoughts on social and political corruption, and so on up to the last she lived and stepped forth to a better world, fully ripe for the change. I do not regret her departure, for she was anxiously waiting for the messen-ger to take her there, where most of her loved ones had gone before.

I will close with a verse of her own com-

position: Rest, sister, rest; thy work is done. The hattle's fought, the victory's won; Behold the pearly gates are opened wide— What glorious rapture now Awaits thy spirit glorified:

SARA E. SOMERBY, M. D.

Science and Art.

The latest suggestion in regard to electrical improvements comes to us from Paris, where a clockmaker has connected a small strike with each branch of the electrical annunciators now so universally used in our hotels, etc. By this arrangement a bell strikes the hours and quarters in each room of the building in unison with a central timepiece.

The Congress of Austrian Archæologists, recently in session at Salzburg, was the scene of an interesting discussion of human. jaw-bone, in which the proportions of a giant were found associated with the teeth of a child, which was dug out at Stamburg. in Moravia, from under a formation containing bones of the reindeer, snow-owl, cavebear, and other Arctic animals.

Another medicine has recently been added to the pharmacopæia medica by Prof. See, of Paris, which resembles digitalis in its beneficial effects with none of the dangerous tendencies of the latter. It is an alkaloid of the common lily-of-the-valley, and has been hamed convallerine, from the botanical name of the flower, convallaria majalis. It acts upon the heart, decreasing miraculously the number of beats to the minute.

A malignant tumor, Les Mondes states was produced on the cheek of a man by the bite of a large black-fly, which was killed in the act. The pustule was cauterized, and the patient took internally, in twenty-four hours, 500 grammes of Spanish wine, 300 grammes of rum, and 200 grammes of Chartreuse without experiencing the least symptom of intoxication.

Dr. Neuber, at the late Congress of German Surgeons, spoke highly of the antiseptic virtue of peat or black earth, which is filled into bags made of loose gauze and laid over wounds. The bags are held in place by ban-dages of the same material. There seems to vast multitude of people, who were anxious-ly watching a ship in distress, that was being driven on the breakers by a storm; that the officers and crew had deserted the the earth or turf, and the healing proceeds very rapidly.

"It seems to us, and not to a few others," a writer in the Journal of Science seriously remarks, "that the moral character of the cat has altered for the better, and is still altering within, say, the last century. There are few persons now given to studying closely the habits of animals who would join in those sweeping charges of treachery, selfishness, and ill temper, which were brought against her by earlier writers."

Philadelphia derives a revenue from the telegraph, telephone and electric light companies for the use of overhead and underground wires. Each company, says the Sanitaru Engineer, makes a return annually of the number of poles, etc., and a payment of \$5 a year for each mile of wire used for telegraph or telephone purposes and of \$15 per mile of wire used for electric lighting is required. There are at present about 10,000 miles of wire in the city.

An instance of black appearing orange-red is recorded by M. A. Trecul. He observed last Summer a lady wearing a black veil consisting of a network of very close meshes, and directly illuminated by the sun. All the knots of the network appeared externally of an orange-red, while the inner half remained black. He gives the following as the explanation: The black of the dyers is really an intense blue, to which orange-red is complementary.

MM. Bertrand and Du Moncel have verified the law formulated by M. Marcel Duprez, namely: 1. The intensity of an electric current remaining the same; whatever be the speed of the motor the static effort does not change. 2. In a machine worked by a current the speed may be doubled, quadrupled, or decupled without the intensity of the current varying. During the experiments the resistance of the circuit had been varied without changing the intensity of the cur-

Some interesting experiments lately made by Prof. Margis have shown that a certain acid much used in trade can be economically procured from ordinary atmospheric air by subjecting it to a strong pressure. This discovery, by cheapening production, may lead to very important results. The modus operandi is as follows; A certain amount of air is formed against a rubber membrane for a certain length of time, which causes a glutinous substance to col lect on the other side of the rubber. Analysis shows this substance to contain 40 per cent. acid, and each repetition of the process raises the percentage until 95 per cent. acid is obtained at the fourth repetition.

The Moniteur Industriel says that electrical force is regularly installed as the propelling power of the trains on three railroads from Lichterfeld to Spandau, Prussia; from Port Bush to Busa Mills, Ireland; and from Zandvoort to Kostverloren, Holland. Electrical railway lines are in construction from Weisbaden to Neroberg, Prussia; at Zankerode, in Saxony; a subterranean and subfluvial road in London; and one in South Wales, the motive power for which is derived from a fall of water. Of lines projected are the urban railways of the Cities of Milan and Tur in: the Edison Company's projected line in the United States; and the South American

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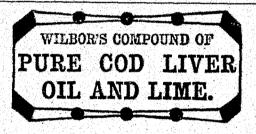
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