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VOTED TO SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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

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### Intelligence from the Sphere of Light.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Was it a dream or reality? Did Sleep approach so near its sister, Death, as to allow the veil to be turned aside? It began in peaceful slumber, and I felt the scenes of earth melt out of consciousness, while a strange exhilaration, peaceful and delightful, came over me. There were changing flashes of color rivaling the rainbow, coming and going in receding circles, and then a misty brightness, out of which slowly came, as though the cloudiness were material in the hands of an artist, a form which I recognized as my mother. A score or more of years had passed since the fateful hour when we gathered around her couch, too distressed to weep, and awed by the presence of the silent messenger. Wasted by painful sickness, she was at last free from pain, and a smile of joy came over her pale face when she knew it was soon to be over. We thought her dead, for her eyes closed and her breath ceased, when she repeated with a voice sweet as music:

Bright spirits await to welcome me home. To that blissful region where you, too, may come. Weep not, for our parting is only to sight. Our spirits may still be more closely united.

Perform well each day the task which to you is allotted, and murmur not if you must do what now seems harshship, for so you will prove "The labor of kindness, an action of love."

Then her eyes closed again, and her features fashioned into a glad smile. There was now no mistaking the signs, and we went to our appointed tasks, feeling that it would be sacrilege to weep in the presence of such a triumph over death. We felt that we had been permitted to catch a glimpse of an unseen reality. As travelers in mountain regions are delighted after the valley is wrapped in twilight by the crest of some tall mountain catching the rays of the sun and reflecting its glory, so to us it seemed that the departing spirit had caught a glimpse of the light of its new life, and reflected a smile on the face of the body it was leaving.

How beautiful she was with the graces of youth and the complete and perfected charms of maturity. No wrinkles on her brow, no marks of care anxiety or pain; she was ideal in excellence.

What has happened to you mother? How are you the same and not the same?

### THE RESPONSE.

I have returned to my youth, and have brought my experience with me. I scarcely realize that the years have passed. Twenty-five, do you say? It to me seems not as many days; and yet let me recount. There has been a flood of events, and my recollection of the last time you saw me has grown dim. We count not time by years, but by accomplishments; by what we do and gain in thought. I am pained by the memory of the old time. You say it was twenty-five years or more ago! As I come again in contact with earth, my last sickness and suffering are recalled. How weary and worn I became! How I longed for the end! The love you all bore me and my love for you was the only cord which bound me to life, and as I approached the end I forgot even that. How much I suffered that day I cannot tell, but at last I was at peace. The terrible struggle between flesh and spirit was done, and the latter rested. I thought, I will sleep, and yet it was not sleep. It was a repose of all living functions, and yet my mind was intensely active. For a time I heard all that was said by those who were in the room, but soon I became so absorbed in the thoughts which rushed on my

mind that I lost consciousness of everything else. Oh! it was such a delicious sense of comfort and of rest! I was so very weary; I had been so tortured by pain that to be free was indescribable happiness. I had heard them say I was dying, and I expected the dread moment with forboding. It surely must soon come, yet I thought I had not reached it. The darkness began to lighten, and I thought the morn was breaking. An intense thrill of delight filled my being and the light grew stronger. I continued to rest and a new strength came to me. I am getting well again, I thought, and, perhaps, when the morning comes I shall surprise my friends and children by at once arising from my couch. The light streamed in with a soft and a refreshing warmth. There were no walls to prevent its passage. I was floating in a cloud of light, borne gently and softly as a weary child on its mother's breast. Then out of the light, as though it had formed itself into shape and substance, I saw three friends, long since dead, and my own blessed mother. To meet them did not appear strange to me, yet I know they were not of earth. When they came around me, taking my hands in theirs, and caressing my forehead, I was surprised at their beauty and sweetness of expression. They read my thoughts, and answered:

"Yes, truly we are of the dead; and you will find that dying means to live."

"I thought I was dying; they told me so," I said, laughing at the absurdity. "But I have become well, never so well since a child. It is a joy to breathe, and feel the fresh life come coursing through my veins. But why do you smile," I asked. They replied: "Do you not know that your new life means death? How much have you to learn, our sister."

"Yes, I have everything to learn, and my life has been full of cares," they replied. "They have been for others," they replied. "And such are treasures in heaven. For us to learn is not labor. If we bring ourselves into the proper condition of receptivity, knowledge flows into our minds. There is no effort, no wearisome study. We may know all that the highest intelligence knows if we are in the right condition."

"I must bring myself at once into that condition," I replied, "for there is need."

"Be not in haste, our sister," said they gently; "there is time, and you must have repose. The pain you have endured reflects on your spirit, and you have not yet recovered."

"I infer from your words that I have met the change I so feared," I said again, smiling at the absurdity of the idea. When did I pass the limits of earth life, and why do I lose sight of my friends?"

"You need have no more dread," replied my darling mother. "You do not see them because we are far away from them. It would not be well for you to remain and witness their sorrow. We have taken you away, that you may first recover and grow strong."

As I felt the swift motion, which I had not before observed, for it had been to me the gentle rock of sustaining arms, I asked: "Am I to be taken away so far I cannot return?"

"Fear not, child," she replied in her old way; "fear not, for whatever we justly demand is granted to us. The craving of the heart is not left unanswered. Presently it will be all made plain to you."

We were drawn onward as by the tide of a great river, and I saw countless others coming and going, as though on swift errands. Then we passed on an eminence, overlooking a sea of amethyst on our right, and a vast plain on our left. The sky was softest purple, and the light fell with indescribable mellowness over all—there was happiness in the air, and those we greeted were radiant. No words can describe what I saw, or my rapidly changing emotions. There is nothing on earth with which to compare the landscape. The softest earthly colors are opaque in comparison, and the clearest sky a murky cloud. Overcome I wept for joy, and my companions wept with me.

"Oh!" exclaimed one, "how sweet to know that this is the reality; no more doubts, nor forebodings; no more fears, nor distress; a life that of itself is the highest pleasure, and yields us heaven."

I started at the word, for it recalled a tide of beliefs: "Heaven! When are we to go there? Where is it and what must we do to go there?"

"Be not impatient, dear sister; we are in heaven already. Where happiness is, there is heaven. Heaven is activity. It is the deed of kindness, the pure loving thought."

"What is its first principle?" I queried, "for I am weak and undeserving."

done. They who can be unselfish under the coarse influences of earthly life, how grand must be their career under the purer conditions which here prevail."

As we conversed there came one from another group, tall, beautiful and radiant with light, and with him his companion more exquisitely beautiful than himself. They invited us, and we went to their abode. "How beautiful you are," I exclaimed involuntarily to her.

"I am glad," she replied, "for to be truly beautiful means that the thoughts are right and true, for they mould the features and through them gain expression; but it requires time, a great length of time."

"How long have you been here?" I ventured to ask.

"Many hundred years. I scarcely know how long."

"And you grow not old here?"

"We grow not old. The spirit knows not age. It is not limited by duration. It is an eternal now, concentrating the past and awaiting the future."

I had not seen myself since the change. I put my hand to my face; it was smooth and unwrinkled. A happy ripple of laughter came from my companions. He who had come for us said: "Dear Sister, you left those with your body. The pure spirit has not the wrinkles of care or of age."

I looked at him as he spoke and my attention was called to his robe. I had not thought of this subject before. I had been so eagerly watching the faces of my companions, I had not thought of their garments, or of my own. What a change! What was this raiment? I cannot describe it. It was a drapery as of a cloud, and its color depended on the spiritual condition of the wearer. I was glad that mine was azure, for that was the color of my companions, and thus I knew I was like them. What was it? A cloud or woven light? It fell around me soft and warm, and with a luxurious coolness contrasting with the burning of the fever I had so recently escaped. How different from the roughness of the old garments was this fleecy robe, glistening and reflecting the light.

As we conversed there came a spirit who, paused in front of us, dark and sullen. His raiment was sombre and grim, like his thoughts. "Can you tell me where heaven is?" he grumbled. "I paid a preacher to gain it for me, and now having lost all else, I want that."

"Poor brother," replied the elder, "you search for what you can never find outside of yourself."

"You are a deceiver!" he muttered as he fled away.

The elder brother gazed after him sadly, and turning said: "On earth he was a miser, and who can count the years before his regeneration? He sought wealth, trusting to others his religious and moral culture. The recording angel has written against his name not one charity, not one unselfish deed. He now must wander in self-torture, seeking and finding not."

"Was he of consequence on earth?" I asked, for he was proud and haughty in his degradation.

"Thousands trembled at his beck, for he had made them dependents and slaves. He had vast riches, houses and lands, mortgages and title deeds. He was wise in getting wealthy; but here mortgages and deeds are unknown, and he becomes the least in the kingdom; morally idiotic, mentally dwarfed, and a pitiable object of our compassion."

"How long before he will gain the light?"

"Ah! who but God can tell!" sighed my instructor. "Who can tell! Centuries may go by. He must first learn to ask; first learn humility and his mistakes. Then some kind angels will attempt his education. They will lead him out of his mental selfishness, and he will begin as a child in the old life. His task will be difficult because he cannot enter the sphere of receptivity, as we are able to do, and thus absorb knowledge from others. His nature must first change, and complete regeneration be accomplished."

The coming of this pitiable one brought a wave of sadness over us, but it passed, and the sun was more gladsome after breaking from the clouds. I had rested in delightful sleep; I do not know how often, and the old life was like a dream. It was not possible I had been sick, for I was so strong, so glad-some in my strength, and activity was a delight. My mind broadened. Contact with my companions gave me enlarged ideas. To think was to learn; to wish was to know. I was able to look beyond the effect to the cause. I could read the law in the result. Every day brought grander views, and my mental horizon expanded. Even in this larger growth I found rest. The faculties, dwarfed and starved in the old time, called for activity. The weariness of the body I was leaving behind me. How lovingly my companions would surround me with conditions of repose. How they gave me magnetic life, and drew to me those who would reveal the knowledge it was my desire to learn!

Then suddenly one evening I felt an earthward impulse. What power drew me thitherward?

"Is our sister disturbed?" asked my gentle companion.

"Oh! so disturbed! I have been selfish in my new joy, and how could I have been so forgetful; so unnatural! My husband and babe; my son and daughter weeping, and I have not thought of them!"

I wept, and my companion folded her arm around me and gently said: "You have been under our control, and are not responsible. To have been subject to the grief of those you

left, would have been painful and useless. You are now able to bear a full knowledge, and withdrawing our influence, you feel that of your family and friends. I will go with you and you will find what I tell you is true, and will bless us for our thoughtfulness."

We were poised, as it were, over a promontory beyond which the earth hung in space, as the full moon in a summer sky. Beyond were the stars. I was aghast at the journey, and fearful of the abyss which seemed deep as infinity. While I trembled it was passed. I was in my old home. A great flood of human memories came over me. How I loved the dear familiar walls, the chairs, the glowing fire and more than all the family group. My husband sitting with head bowed in his hand, my daughter performing the tasks that had been mine; my little boy and girl at play; the babe asleep. There were tears in my eyes as I turned to my companion for strength to bear: "Did I not leave my body? Was there not a funeral? Why is it so quiet if I have truly passed the ordeal?"

"Listen," replied my companion, supporting me. "Listen. It was October when you passed away. The bright foliage of the trees, then burning in scarlet and gold, has been blown away by the blasts of winter and the snow covers the earth with its icy shroud. All you think of has been done. It is finished. Were you to go to the churchyard you would find a mound by the side of relatives gone before."

It was so unreal and absurd I was bewildered, and laughed at my misunderstanding; to weep the next moment when I saw my family. I went to my husband and placed my hand on his head and called him by name. I called with all my strength to learn that my lips gave no sound audible to his ear, and that my touch was imperceptible. Then I turned to my daughter, and threw my arms despairingly around her. She was singing a song we sang together, and continued unheeding my embrace. Oh! how keen the grief when I found I was not known in my own old home. I who had come from such a distance, my heart beating with love found no response! My daughter finished her song, and her eyes filled with tears. I read her thoughts for they were of me. "Mother! Mother!" she was saying, and I responded. It was the call I had heard beyond the bars of heaven! I could not bear it, and my companion said as she again placed her arm around me:

"Come, my sister, you can do no good here. There is your child sleeping in its crib. It is cared for as by yourself. Kiss it and we will go. Be assured whenever you are wanted here you will feel the desire."

I kissed my child. "Let me stay," I pleaded; "I want to sit in my old place, in that vacant chair. Then I will go."

"As you will, and I will endeavor to impress your daughter with some ray of sunshine."

She bent over my daughter, and by means I did not understand, her mind responded to the spirit's thoughts: "Your mother is with you, and retains the same affection for you she had in earth-life." With the influx of that thought a smile lit up her face and turning to the organ she sang, "Annie Laura," a song we had often sung together. How thankful I was that one ray of sunlight gladdened her heart, and the memory of my mother was yet dear. I was grateful to the kind spirit who had assisted me, and then she said we must go, for the trial was too great for my strength.

"You must calm yourself," said my companion, "for this sorrow is without the least benefit. Believe it is for the best, and though the hour is dark, it will bring a perfect day."

"I cannot prevent myself thinking of my children and my husband. My love for them is stronger than ever, and I could not have been persuaded to have left them for a day. Can I not, oh! good angel, remain with them? The fairest scene of your home is desolate compared to the earth."

With tenderest compassion, she said: "You are now in the earth-sphere and take on its conditions. You are seeing through earthly eyes, and affected by earthly ways. When we once leave this scene you will be no longer distressed. Willingly would I leave you. I have no right to force you away. I influence you as I think for your highest good. Here you are unrecognized, and are constantly troubled because you cannot make yourself known, and by a reflection of the sorrow of your family. Whenever you can be of use to them you will receive the knowledge and can return. Now we had better go."

She placed her arm around me, and whether the earth sank away from us, or we flew from the earth, I was unable to tell. I have since learned how to traverse space by the force of will, but then I was ignorant of the method, and dependent on others. Now, when I desire to visit a place, or be with certain friends, the desire creates an attraction, which in spirit is the equivalent of magnetic attraction in the physical world.

When we again reached our spirit home our companions gathered around us, and I was soothed by the kind words of my mother. I felt condemned for my loss of interest in the earth-life which had so recently absorbed my mind, but it became like a dim dream, and ceased to trouble me. What if I should forget it entirely? I was appalled at the idea and cried out at the pang it gave.

"Do not fear, you will not forget, but after a time your affections will strengthen. Our sister has much to learn, and needlessly distresses herself."

The years passed and I became accustomed to my new life, when a message came for me. The palpitating waves repeated, "Mother!

mother! mother!" It was my youngest daughter, who had grown almost to womanhood. I knew by her cry that she was in mortal pain, and yielding to the attractions I was soon with her. She was motionless on a couch, surrounded by her relatives, and her cousin held her cold hand. "It is all over," they said in tears.

"Can it be?" I eagerly asked. "Oh! can it be that the time has already come when I am to have one of my children with me? To have one of them who will know me, and converse with me? Oh! heavenly Father, I thank thee for this answer to my incessant prayer."

Then I looked closely and saw that the great transition was approaching. I could not assist; I could only stand by her side and receive her. She seemed asleep, which I fully understood from my own experience. Slowly the spirit left the insensible body, and as I saw my spirit-daughter recovering her senses, I drew near and whispered, "Claribel." She opened wide her blue eyes, and I knew she saw me. I threw my arms around her and wept with gladness. "Darling Claribel, do you not know me, your mother?"

"Dearest mamma," she said, with her old smile, "know you? Why, you are younger, but the same. Where have you been so long? We thought you dead?"

"Do you not know?" I asked apprehensively.

"Know! what mean you?"

"Yes, I am what they call dead," and were you not likewise, you could not see me!"

"I dead!" she replied with a laugh which recalled her childhood, throwing her arms gracefully over her head. "Look you, mamma, how far from it I am. I have been wretchedly sick, and in such fiery pain, but it is over, and I am perfectly well."

We drew to one side and she then turning saw the friends, weeping, and her body on the couch.

"Why do they weep?" she asked, "and who is that on the couch? I am confused, for it is like another self."

"They are weeping for your loss, and that form on the couch is yours."

"Am I to return to it? What am I to do, dear mother?"

"No, you will need it no more. Your life is now with me and the angels."

"What mean you mother, by saying you and I are dead?"

"That we are, my child. That is, what people call dead."

"I do not understand," she replied musingly. "Then going to her cousin's side, who was still holding her physical hand, she said: 'Cousin Frank, what are you weeping for? Do you not see how well I am?'"

He did not hear her words, and she spoke again, playfully patting his face. Then she saw that she was no longer able to be heard or felt, and threw herself in my arms weeping violently. I soothed her as best I could, upbraiding myself with foolishly teaching her the ways of our life before she was able to receive. "My child," I said, "how glad I am to have you again with me. They will all come to us sooner or later. Now we will go to my home, for it is not well for you to remain. After a time you will be instructed in these mysteries."

I attempted to go, but found that although I could depart alone, I could not bear Claribel with me. I had not perfected myself sufficiently in the method, and her attraction was toward that spot alone. I prayed for the coming of a companion, and soon there came one to my aid. On either side we threw our arms around her, and then our wills bore her onward with us.

When we reached our home, and the loving companions came with welcome to Claribel, and she saw the beauty and perfection everywhere, and felt how happy her coming had made me, tears trembled in her eyes as she said: "It is wonderful, mother, and I ought not to regret, but you know earth life was sweet to me, and I had plans for the future."

"Yes, my child," I replied. "The days were too short, and your friends were devoted, and your plans are thwarted, yet you must know that all is well." Her lowering air-castles had vanished, but soon she found far greater sources of happiness in the group of children she instructed.

I said I would not visit earth unless called, for the pain was greater than the pleasure. Even when called, I refused. "My husband," they said, "was about to wed again."

"It is well," I replied; "his is the rough, earth-life, hard to walk alone. If he so desires, I ought to be willing."

Yet I was not willing or I should have gone. It would have seemed strange, indeed, to have visited my old home, and found another in my place. It would have emphasized my death to me. Thinking the matter over, I said:

"No! I will not go. Let them be happy. I will not enter their sphere."

When years after the message came that he was soon to join me, I hastened to his side. When I reached him he had already nearly passed through the transition, and had regained his spiritual perceptions so that when I came he at once knew me, and opened wide his arms to receive me. The years were blotted out. We were again to each other all we had ever met. By intuition he knew that he had met the change, and the first words he said to me were:

"I am so glad the weary watch is over. I knew heaven was not so large! I could not find you, but I did not expect so soon to meet you. It was like you to come and I ought to have expected it."

"I heard your call," I replied, "and heaven

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Criticisms of the Press Upon Matthew Arnold's Lecture Upon Emerson.

Mr. Arnold's lecture on Emerson appears to have been a great success, and is itself the most complete refutation that could have appeared of the silly story that it was some "old" thing which he had brought over to "unload" on the American literary market.

Whether we agree or not with Matthew Arnold's critical estimate of Emerson, we must at least admire the frankness with which he speaks of our hero.

Many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who, in what they have written, show this sanguineness in a case where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy.

The paramount duty which heaven lays for its own honor on man's suffering heart.

But the very word "duty" points to an effort and a struggle to maintain our hope unbroken. Franklin and Emerson maintain theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy.

Matthew Arnold never did a more courageous thing than to speak his truth about Emerson, as he did yesterday, in Emerson's own country and among his own kith and kin.

It was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Arnold's lecture would be in a manner an attack; 1. Because the quality of Emerson's powers was of precisely that ideal and imaginative nature which Mr. Arnold is least able to appreciate; and 2. Because the speaker has a reputation to maintain as an iconoclast.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Matthew Arnold's estimate of Emerson will pass unchallenged by those whose only standard for admiration is unalloyed, if imaginary, perfection.

This is a view of the universe which enlarges its bounds and exalts its character, and indefinitely and very happily augments its variety.

spirit a message so fine, so lucid, and, we may add, so just.—Boston Traveller.

The discriminating review of Emerson and his works by Matthew Arnold, on Saturday, gave a brighter garland for the illustrious dead than though he had lauded him with cheap and easy generalities of eulogy as occupying the same pedestal of fame with some of the "choice and master spirits" of other times.

It was a rare privilege that Boston enjoyed in having one of the most profound thinkers of this generation—in simplicity and transparency of character not unlike Emerson—definitely point out the sphere in which the American writer is unsurpassed.

Supramundane Naturalism.

BY W. I. GILL.

The self-crowned naturalism of modern science is of very limited range, though it prides itself on the immensity of its scope. It is confined to the sensible world common to all, and the inner consciousness and the uniform phenomenal connections or relations between the inner and outer world.

There are different grades and classes of naturalism and supranaturalism which we ought to define. There is that which we conceive (whether real or not) as above and beyond all the universe, its Creator and the Determiner of its main course and destiny.

In the creation of the universe, God would be influenced only from his own immutable and eternal nature, as there is supposed to be nothing but this, as yet, to which he can conform.

But such a Being as we have partially described,—his actions are always supranatural, as above nature, and additional to nature as the knowable universe, even though he does not contravene any of its laws.

We are not designing in this connection to affirm these supranaturalisms, except as conceptions which are to be definitely noted in discrimination from other conceptions.

We can also conceive of finite spirits, who are related, like ourselves, to an external universe, by fixed laws, who yet do not belong to our world or to the natural universe as known to established science.

But these supramundane beings are not conceived as ultimately supranatural; they are a part of the universe to which we belong, and are related to one portion of the universe as naturally and fixedly as we are to another.

This is a view of the universe which enlarges its bounds and exalts its character, and indefinitely and very happily augments its variety.

yet leave the moral will to act freely under temptations.

Allowing the existence of such a supramundane economy, it raises questions of great philosophical, as well as religious importance, concerning the relation of that economy to ours, and the nature of the change by which we may be supposed to pass over into that state, and the modes in which its people may know us and affect us.

This subject is of very great importance to Spiritualists, because the advocate of evolution cannot be made to consider the claims of Spiritualism so long as he is perfectly satisfied that it is utterly inconsistent with physical science.

Materialization through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cobb.

The JOURNAL is requested to publish the following extracts from a private letter descriptive of three sances, held with Mrs. Cobb at Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY, 7th 1883. We found Mr. and Mrs. Cobb to be kind and friendly, and honest, as we believe, and willing to favor all serious seekers after spiritual knowledge, with such evidences of immortality as they can furnish to console the sorrowing.

Except when "Jimmie," the leader of the band, was talking, the light was at all times strong enough for one with good eyes to read common print. The cabinet is of plain lumber, standing clear of the walls, in the parlor, and open to inspection by any one.

There were ten or twelve materializations, beginning with "Jimmie," who, with the light quite dim, talked to us in a loud whisper. When done talking, the light was increased to its usual strength, showing the best of a square, stout-built man, of some 30 or 40 years, smooth face and black mustache.

Several forms appeared claiming to be friends or relatives, with some look that would suggest who they might be, and while acknowledging the name with a bow and other indications of pleasure at being so far recognized, still they were not clearly enough defined so we could say we fully recognized them.

SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 8th. After the opening by "Jimmie," various ones appeared, but faintly as before. We could not fully recognize them, or see all the old-time looks as we remembered them. But now came the crowning glory of the evening. We had not finished the last verse of the old song, "A Sweet Face at the Window," when our darling Minnie came gradually rising up in view, showing, first, the top of her head, her hair tied up with a blue ribbon as of old; then showing her full bust and curly waving golden hair, flowing low down over her shoulders, looking the young lady of sixteen or seventeen, with something of the old look of her childhood, delighted, happy, and beautiful beyond the power of my poor pen to portray—throwing kisses to us.

Both evenings a lady member of the medium's band materialized, and allowed us to come to the aperture and look at her closely—every feature well defined. She appeared to be twenty-five or thirty years old, well rounded form and features, lovely to look upon, but not as large as the medium. Both evenings she gave fine exhibitions of making lace and other fabrics, which we were allowed to handle and examine.

AUGUST, 17th.—Nine in the circle. There were twelve materializations, the first three in dim light, but the outlines of form, features and dress plainly seen. The first looked like a young lady of 20 or 22, tall and slim. The cabinet door was swung open, showing her standing in the door, beautifully dressed in white, with flowing sleeves. The medium was dressed in dark clothes. She appeared to reach her hand back and place it on the medium's head, at the same time stepping to one-side showing the outline of the medium sitting in her chair. The spirit then stepped out clear from the cabinet. Some one remarked that she was bare-footed, at which she raised and held toward, and near us, her bare right foot, showing a beautifully turned foot from the instep down. She remained out sometime, frequently returning to the cabinet for strength, and passed around placing her hand on the head of each one in the circle. The cabinet door stood open all this time, plainly showing the medium sitting in her chair.

Mrs. R., whom we had known in Titusville, Pa., came and we fully identified her. Of course we were delighted to see her again, and she was equally well pleased. Miss A. B., whom we knew well, came and was fully recognized. She was very plain looking and had a peculiarly shaped mouth and lips, which we remembered well. Prest. A. S. H., came and was fully recognized by those in the circle who knew him well during his last years on earth. We could see but little resemblance to the A. S. H. we knew some thirty years ago. Dr. O., of Titusville, who died seven or eight years ago, and with whom we were quite well acquainted, came, and we fully recognized him, which pleased him very much. A friend of young K. came and was fully recognized by him, and they had a very agreeable interview. An old lady with glasses, purporting to be a grandmother of a young lady present, came, but was not recognized.

Now came the one purporting to be our Frank, but so imperfectly there seemed at the time but little satisfaction, and we were

a good deal disappointed. Still we are well satisfied it was him, and that he did the best he could under the circumstances, and although we could see but little of him as we remember him, we are now thankful that he came as best he could.

Lastly came the lady who gave us a short exhibition of her lace-making powers. As a whole, the sances were a grand success, and one long to be remembered. The veil separating the two worlds was lifted for a time and we were again face to face with the angel loved ones, adding more knowledge to our faith. One leaves such a scene, elevated and purified in thought, and feeling better prepared to battle in the struggle of earth life, with a determination and purpose to prepare ourselves as best we can, for the grand reunion with our angel friends, when we, too, shall enter "The Sweet By and By."

Gerald Massey and His Lecture.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is worth while to send you a few words regarding the matters here, of sufficient importance to be made more public. Owing to a severe indisposition our speaker announced for the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation for yesterday, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, was unable to occupy the platform. Notice of this came so late that we were in a great quandary for a speaker. Late in the afternoon of Saturday Mr. Gerald Massey, the eminent poet, lecturer and writer, lately landed on our shores from England, came into my office, and consented to give one of his lectures, which are a part of the result of his many years of unremitting study.

Probably no other man possesses such a fund of knowledge on this and kindred subjects. The value of this lecture to the attentive listener cannot be easily estimated. In these days when we are hearing so much from the Spirit-world that we have no means of testing as to its truth, it is very opportune to gather from the literature, the signs and ruins of ancient and prehistoric nations and races, a knowledge of their religions and rituals, and to know upon what they had their foundations, and to have demonstrated as Mr. Massey does, how they are part and parcel of the canonical gospels of Christianity. I know that this is a matter which as first may tend to shock the nerves and sensibilities of many of the readers of the JOURNAL, and I confess to sharing with others a disposition to rebel against the seeming resistless conclusions to be drawn from these records and teachings. The masterly manner in which Mr. Massey treats these subjects, backed as he is by the stubborn facts at hand, is a crushing blow through the very keystone of the arch, that for ages has been sustained by every means at the command of the various Christian sects.

If Christianity is founded in mythology let us know it now. If true religion is founded in nature, then all others are false. If, as Mr. Massey contends and stands ready to prove, through a period of 50,000 years man has been upon the earth "in search of his soul," and if during a greater part of that immense period, Egypt was the center of civilization, of art and science, and if these ancients through their superstitions connected with their astronomy, founded a mythology in which the idea of a Trinity, immaculate conception, and the resurrection of a crucified God had a beginning, and if upon this follows a ritual of which the four canonical gospels are the sum and substance, rehashed and re-embellished, for modern priestly uses, let the truth be known now. To Gerald Massey the world owes a debt of gratitude it cannot easily repay for the many years of persistent labor spent by him in bringing to the notice of the civilized world these facts, for its perusal and serious consideration. Throughout our country, arrangements in every city and considerable town, should be made for the delivery of a course of at least four of Mr. Massey's lectures. This can be done on reasonable terms. Mr. Massey's address at present is 752 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Spirit Ministry.

BY REV. PRESTON KING SHELDON.

In my recent pulpit work, my attention has been directed to the study of the birth and infancy of Jesus. To the thoughtful mind no part of the history is more interesting and comforting than that which relates to spirit ministry. The angel of the Lord appeared to Mary, to Joseph and to the Persian sages, in a dream. Thank God for dreams, for spirit ministries, for anything that lifts us out of our isolation and littleness. The crowning blunder of the ages is materialism, the tendency of mankind to test the whole universe by the weights, measures and arithmetic of earth, and to believe in nothing that cannot be demonstrated by the known laws of matter.

1. This ministry of spirits is an uplifting ministry. I must state it as a fact that the influence of my parents has been far more potent with me since they entered the Spirit-world, than while they abode in the body. Every hour of darkness and depression has been brightened by this appearance to the inner eye of the soul, and the sweet words of assurance and hope they have whispered to the despondent heart.

2. It is a warning ministry. Why have you thrown aside that plan to which you gave weeks and even months of your best thought? Because your warning spirit has said to you, "There is failure in that plan. Throw it away." Before, you were deeply interested in it, now it has become insipid. You throw it from you, or preserve it as a memento of your own shallowness. Why did you not speak to that stranger? He looked smiling upon you. Because your warning angel said, "Avoid him. He is not the kind of a man whose companionship will benefit you." And how often we are warned in dreams—not the agonies of dyspeptic night-mare, but the ex-

alted exercises of the religious imagination, when the soul is least accessible from the world-ward side, and most accessible from the heavenly! Then the angels talk to us and give us timely warning of impending evil.

3. It is also a watching ministry. The angel of the Lord watched the wise men, watched Joseph, watched Mary and Jesus, watched Herod. So they watch us and our enemies. Let no man suppose he is living unobserved even in his most private moments. Whether we walk in the sunshine or under the cloud, kind eyes are watching us and loving hearts are longing for our spiritual exaltation. They watch us night and day. O, how can any man live a low, fleshly or brutal life, while conscious all the while, that the eyes of the pure and the heavenly are ever upon him? And even though he be unconscious of this fact, it is still a fact, that they are ever at our side.

4. And thus this spirit ministry is a guiding ministry. Why did not the Persian sages return by way of Jerusalem and visit hideous Herod? Because the guiding angel said, "I will show you the way home." An angel guided Joseph into Egypt, also, and preserved the life of the coming, the ideal man; so they guide us all along life's way, and even though they guide us into some Egypt of isolation, distress and long waiting, this also is for our safety and discipline, and when the danger is past and the discipline completed, the angel will come again and bring us word. Then shall we be led on further homeward and henceforth dwell in a summer clime.

Let us never forget that these spirit ministries are sent, guided and controlled by the wisdom, power and love of the great Father; and while we rejoice in their noble heritage, let us never cease to be thankful for it.

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Woman and the Household.

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

MAXIMUS.

I hold him great, who for love's sake, Can give with generous earnest will; Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake I think I hold more generous still.

It may be hard to gain, and still To keep a lowly, steadfast heart; Yet he who loses less to fill A harder and a truer part.

I bow before the noble mind That freely some great wrong forgives; Yet nobler is the one forgiven Who bears that burden and lives.

Glorious it is to wear the crown Of a deserved and pure success; He who knows how to fall has won A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may be he who can command And rule with just and tender sway, Yet is diviner wisdom taught Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God And earn the martyr's crown of light; Yet he who lives for God may be A greater conqueror in His sight. —Adelardo Proctor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, wife of Hon. I. B. Sherwood, ex-secretary of the State of Ohio, is the editor of the Toledo Journal.

Mrs. Drake of Huron, D. T., is a successful farmer. A year ago she purchased eight hundred acres of land, and is raising enormous crops of wheat, oats and flax.

Mrs. H. M. T. Cutler's letters from Vermont, where she is delivering Woman Suffrage lectures, are among the most readable things in the Woman's Journal.

Miss Alice Gardner, a distinguished student of Newhall Hall, Cambridge, has been elected, out of twenty candidates, Professor of History in Bedford College, London, in succession to Mr. Bass Mullinger.

The Senate of Bombay University, the pronoun he and its derivatives, were voted to denote either sex. Many Hindus, Parsees and Mahomedans were present. This will have the effect of opening the learned professions to women in Bombay.

The Tribune says: "In response to the invitation of the Bombay merchants, Dr. Edith Pechey, an English woman, sailed for Bombay a short time ago. She is to be followed soon by another medical woman, and both are to be attached to the hospital and dispensary which the merchants are about to found. Dr. Pechey is the woman who in 1870 won, but was not allowed to receive, the Hope Scholarship in the University of Edinburgh. She and her companion are to receive liberal salaries, and will, besides, have abundant opportunities for private practice. It is thought probable, says the London Standard, that the foundation-stone of the hospital may be laid by the Duke of Connaught, who will thus represent the interest expressed by her majesty in 1881, in response to the pathetic appeal of the Minka-Rain of Puna, who besought her to send medical women to the aid of the perishing sufferers in a thousand zenanas, into which no male practitioner can enter."

The women of Turkey have been ordered by an imperial ukase to cover their faces with their veils, a custom from time immemorial which they have persistently violated during late years. But they are inclined to be rebellious, evidently feeling the spirit of the age. European manners and habits are rapidly being introduced, and it is possible that in a few years more the narrow, moslem fashion may be abolished, and only the Christian, or sub rosa harem be maintained by those having the means to do so. But the moslem has the advantage in favor of honesty and morality.

When Mr. Ruskin was written to by a friend regarding his conceptions of the needs of a nursery, his answer contained so many good suggestions that we give it in full: "I have never written a pamphlet on nurseries; first, because I never wrote about anything except what I know more than most other people; secondly, because I think nothing much matters in a nursery—except the mother, the nurse and the air. So far as I have notion or guess in the matter myself, beyond the perfection of these three necessary elements, I should say the rougher and plainer every thing the better—no lace to cradle cap, hardest possible bed, and simplest possible food, according to age, and floor and walls of the cleanest. All education to beauty is, first, in the beauty of gentle human faces round a child; secondly in the fields, flocks, meaning grass, water, beasts, flowers and sky. Without these no man can be educated humanly. He may be made a calculating machine, a twangler or scratcher on keys or catgut, a discoverer of new forms of worms in mud; but this is a properly so-called human being—never. Pictures are, I believe, of no use whatever by themselves. If the child has other things right, round it and given to it—its garden, its cat, and its window to the sky and stars—in time, pictures of flowers and beasts, and things in heaven and heavenly earth, may be useful to it. But see first that its realities are heavenly."

During this cold winter weather it is pleasant to read Mrs. Child's account of her life in the country after old age had come, though not to waken fretfulness or repining. This is from a letter to a friend: "We live almost like dormice in the winter. Very few people are so completely isolated. But I warm up my little den with bright little pictures and rainbow glories from prisms suspended in the windows. I am amused twenty times a day with their fantastic variations. Sometimes the portrait of CHARLES SUMNER

is transmuted by the splendid light, and some times the ears of my little white kitten, in the picture opposite, are aglow. The moss on a stick of wood in the corner suddenly becomes iridescent, and then the ashes on the hearth look like the glittering soil where the metallic gnomes live. I am childish enough to find pleasure in all this, and to talk aloud to the picture of a baby in his bath. But you must not infer from this that I live for amusement. On the contrary, I work like a beaver the whole time. Just now I am making a hood for a poor neighbor; last week I was making fannels for the hospitals, old minutes are filled up with raveling lint; every string that I can get sight of I pull for my poor, oppressed brother Sambo. .... David and I are growing old. He will be eighty in three weeks, and was seventy-two last February. But we keep young in our feelings; as much interested as ever in the birds and the wild flowers, and with sympathies as lively as ever in all that concerns the welfare of the world. Our habitual mood is serene

and cheerful. The astonishing activity of evil sometimes makes me despondent for a while, but my belief returns as strong as ever that there is more good than evil in the world, and that the All-wise Being is guiding the good to certain victory. How bright are those whom He employs as His agents!"

The following, from Dio Lewis's Monthly, tells its own sad story, a story which has too many a parallel:

"For three years Mrs. B— had been a sad, nervous invalid, when by the death of an uncle she came into possession of bonds yielding an income of \$5,000. At once her health began to improve, she walked erect, and the lines of her face were curiously changed.

"Since her marriage she had become a beggar, and beggars are not strong in health or bearing. Her husband was rich, but 'careful' about his money. He never parted with a dollar if he could possibly keep it.

"Their house was handsome and their table good, but while Dora, the servant, who dressed quite as well as her mistress, was never obliged to beg for money, Mrs. B— could not get a dollar for personal expenses without explaining, urging—begging.

"Visiting her mother in another State, she related, with many tears, the following story:

"I needed a warm dress, but so great was my repugnance to asking John for the means, that I put it off till after New Year's. One evening we had company, and John was gratified with their praise of my singing. After we had retired and he had spoken very warmly of my success in entertaining our friends, I thought the moment auspicious, and mentioned the needed dress. He was silent for some minutes, and then said:

"Why, my dear, I thought you were the best dressed woman among them. Don't you think, dearest, it's a foolish thing to go on adding dress after dress, when your closet is so full that you can hardly get into it? If you will take my advice, I should say, wear out of the dresses you already have before getting more."

"Not another word was spoken by either of us. I did not choose to fall him that the dress I had worn that evening was my only handsome one, and that my only warm woolen dress was worn out. I could not sleep, and before morning, resolved, come what might, I would never beg again. That very night, during two years I have had no additions to my wardrobe, except the woolen dress you sent to me. Not one word has passed between my husband and self on the subject.

"When left my music-teaching, with its large income and sweet independence, and gave myself to John, it was easy to make me happy. I asked but little, and you know, mother, that I never shrink from care and labor. Now that Uncle Eben's hands afford me the means to clothe myself, and assist my mother as I used to, I shall forgive, forget and be happy. John is urging me to transfer the bonds to him, and let him take care of them for me."

"My daughter, will you do it?" "Why, mother, I will have kissed those yellow, dirty old bonds again, and again, because they have made it possible for me to become a happy and loving wife. I tremble when I think how near I came to hating my husband; I shall keep the bonds in my own hands. They are really and truly the only bonds that bind me to life."

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

WORLD-LIFE, OR COMPARATIVE GEOLOGY. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., Prof. of Geology and Paleontology in the University of Michigan. Chicago: S. G. Griggs & Co., 1883. Price \$2.50.

The first impressions, upon a hasty perusal of this volume, are: "A most excellent and readable book, thoroughly scientific and able, good paper, clear type, well and clearly illustrated."

It may, in most parts, be read and enjoyed by the intelligent student of popular science, yet furnishes to the more advanced scientist plenty of food to incite his keenest deductive powers. We were almost tempted to say: "Blessed be the man and the age that can produce such a work, and the people, many of whom, can read it with understanding."

As to the general style and treatment intended by the author, a reviewer cannot better explain it than by this brief quotation from the preface: "The present work possesses a double character. The general reader may confine himself to the body of the discussion, untroubled by the nature of the footnotes, and find a simple, continuous treatment of the theme, which I hope will satisfy his expectations. But if any one desires to know by what means some of the statements of the text have been established, he will find frequently in the foot notes, the indications of simple mathematical operations, which may yield him additional gratification. And if he feel prompted to pursue still further any branch of the inquiry, the accompanying references to the literature of the subject, will enable him to follow the masters of science into their most recondite investigations. Thus, for one class the book is suited to be read rapidly and laid aside; for another class it is a text book to be studied." The author has thus endeavored to accomplish, with a good degree of success, what is oftentimes most difficult, to make a book suited both to the casual and to the studious reader.

One of the first questions that will arise in the mind of the reader, but moderately initiated into the mysteries of science will be: "How is it possible to have dived so deep into the labyrinth of Nature's processes, and separated from us as they are both by unnumbered years of time and unmeasured distances of space; and to have brought thence such beautiful and clear deductions, such grand and far reaching generalizations?"

In speaking thus we do not mean to assume knowledge sufficient to fully endorse the established character of all the observations built upon, all the consequent theories advanced or all the deductions that are presumed to follow. We have "giants in these days" and our author is plainly one of them. But there are others who strike and have stricken mighty blows upon the entrance to truth's inner temple, and the revelations obtained by such may not, at all points agree wholly with his; yet we are free to say the book now before us is a most noble effort in the line along which truth is now leading; and as far as this reviewer is aware no braver notes than those of our author have been, in modern times, sounded in the cause of true science.

Our worthy and lamented Brother, William Denton would have revealed in the perusal of such a volume, and though possibly disagreeing with it at some points, he is doubtless joyful, from his present high estate that such prophets still dwell in the land. To arrive at the wonderful deductions and generalizations above alluded to, it soon becomes manifest to the reader that contributions must come from every field of scientific research; and every appliance of modern discovery and skill, must render tribute. Astronomy must yield up her stores of observation and assured deduction, coupled with the mechanics of the skies; and chemistry must reveal the laws of her varied combinations (as affected by heat, electricity, magnetism) of all forms solid or gaseous, withholding not, if possible, her 'utmost farthing.'

Time was in the memory of this writer, when the book under review could not have been written by mortal man. Newton had lived and given us the law of gravity as well as many of the laws of light, and he, co-operating with his noble coadjutor, the Marquis de La Place, and others, as well, had almost perfected the knowledge of celestial mechanism. Dimensional astronomy was also well understood. The elder Herschell with his gigantic tubes had penetrated as respects the mere sense of seeing, almost as far as any of the present day; but it remained for this generation to show that this quoted couplet—

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night; God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light," is only approximately true, though many of the grand discoveries of this day are still but structures raised upon the foundations laid by Newton and La Place. These later times have, however, done most nobly by the invention of the 'spectroscope,' the perfecting of chemical science, the discovery of the grand law of conservation of force, and that motion and heat are equivalent and convertible, the one into the other. Without these and their several extensions, modifications and adaptations made by a royal corps of those above named "giants of these later days," no such grand and assured deductions could have been made as this volume reveals. Extracting from page 37, our author says:

"The Spectroscope, invented by Bunsen and Kirchhoff in recent times, is one of the most marvelously efficient instruments, for scientific research that has ever been devised. Its powers are magical. It seizes the slender ray emitted to a darkened room and extracts from it, the confession of the nature of its origin. It compels the ray to enter into the constitution of the luminous body from which it proceeds. It compels it to declare whether its source exists as an incandescent gas or vapor, or as an incandescent solid or liquid, shining through gases or vapors. Such revelations of the constitution and physical condition of sun and stars and nebulae are not alone surprising; they are amazing. A luminous body separated from us by hundreds of millions of miles, sending its light across unexplored intervals of cold space, so remote that the light, which falls upon our eyes to-night must have left its source before Shufu ravaged the great pyramid above the plains of Egypt, has intimated a message which we read in the laboratory, like a letter delivered by post from a friend in another city."

The title of this work, "Comparative Geology," may at first glance mislead; since it does not by any means express the broad and comprehensive character of the theme. Geology, as originally understood, treats of the earth's structure, formations, changes and developments. Begging the author's pardon for presumption, we think "Comparative Cosmogony" would have better expressed the grasp of the work; old mother earth (sic) receiving marked attention only in a division of the chapter "Special Planology." In part first, chapter first, of "Cosmic Dust," we are instructed in meters, and the phenomena, in the Zodiacal Light, Comets, Saturnian Rings, Nebulae, Universal World-stuff, etc; in chapter second we learn of nebulae life; in part second, chapter first, we have "Origin of the solar system;" in chapter second, "General Cosmogonic Conditions of a cooling planet;" in chapter third, "special planology;" in chapter fourth, "Planetary decay;" and in chapter fifth, "Habit and beauty of other worlds." To be more brief; in part third we have "General Cosmogony;" in part fourth, "Evolution of Cosmogonic doctrine," closing with a "Systematic Resume of opinions."

The following extract from the chapter headed "The Cosmic Cycle," page 532, will be a fair sample of the author's style and of the stupendous generalizations of which he treats: "The views presented in the foregoing chapters direct attention to some of the sublime considerations that can occupy the human mind. We rise from the contemplation of the interests and affairs of the individual or of the human race, not alone to that larger scope of events which constitutes the life-time of the habitable globe, enduring while generations and nationalities come and disappear; but that grander conception of the cycle of events which make up the round of evolutions; awaiting every aggregation of cosmic matter in the material universe. I wish to impress this thought, of the unity of cosmic history and lead my reader to a proper apprehension of the vastness of the scheme to which he belongs, and to the exaltation of constituting a part of a scheme so vast."

The possibility of rising to a comprehension of a system of co-ordination so far out-reaching in time and space all range of human observation, is a circumstance which signals the power of man to transcend the limitations of changing and inconstant matter, and asserts his superiority over all insistent and perishable forms of being."

From page 538 we copy: "The deepest principle of change in cosmic existence is expressed by the word cooling. The broadest physical generalization to be drawn from the phenomena of the cosmic realm is the affirmation of progressive reduction of temperature."

"The history of a world is a history of cooling."

"All other world-making activities coming into play concomitantly. If the process of cooling transforms also a vast amount of mechanical energy into the form of heat, it is always, and necessarily, less in amount than the energy lost in transforming it." "A world's life time, with its incidents and consequences, is but a progressive cooling."

ically, that the growth of new theories following in the wake of grand and radical scientific discoveries, have sometimes been too fast and have overreached the real truth. Thus was it after the discoveries of planetary perturbations and secular variations dependent upon the law of gravity, fear arose for a time that these perturbations and variations might accumulate to such an extent as to produce the stability of planetary systems, and produce wreck and ruin. But after indulging in timid theories for a time, some yet more able analyst,—some votary who had drunk still deeper from the "Plerian spring," arose to discover an occult and overlooked element of compensation that seemed to secure stability for a period almost indefinite. So it is in the line of the cooling processes of suns and planets defined by our author. There are inquirers who think they have discovered a less partial compensations.

W. Matthew Williams in his "startling book" entitled "The Fuel of the Sun" (probably not generally familiar to American men of science) argues most insistently for the permanence of our central luminary, by his consequent gathering of heat and fuel during his march through space of near half a million miles per day. After discussing largely the theory of the ultimate extinction of solar heat, Williams risks this assertion: "A further examination of the machinery of the universe shows that no such extinction of the sun—even at the remotest conceivable period—no gradual diminution of his energies, need be feared." This theory, as it bears upon the permanence of heat in our planet, implies that after cooling to a certain equilibrium point, as respects the heat radiated from the sun, they also (including the earth) will cool no further.

The idea of the ultimate perishability of universal systems which are now so beautifully sustained by harmonious order and law, is not a gracious one to many; perhaps the majority of minds, and it is, therefore, that with much caution, we venture to introduce very briefly, the thoughts of this other late writer in the same line of inquiry. Our so doing may at least yield, in the nature of a forlorn hope, some basis upon which the lovers of permanence and stability may rest their claims. From one source at the worst we may at least reap consolation: As reported in our volume, the whole intersticed age of the earth, according to Sir William Thompson is 80,000,000 years and according to Prof. Newcomb about 11,000,000 years; therefore its decadence will not be perceptible to our children, or our children's children to the thousandth generation.

So we can all eat our Christmas dinners in this year of grace 1883, without fear of the untimely death of our very venerable mother; and if each one will purchase Prof. Winchell's book, we can guarantee them many hours of entertaining and instructive—not to say inspiring reading for their winter's residence.

J. G. J.

Books Received.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL MASTER MARK. By J. H. Shorthouse. Cloth bound, price 75 cents. Boston: Macmillan and Co., Chicago: Jansen, McClurg and Co.

HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD; OR HYGIENIC COOKERY. By Susanna W. Bolls, M. D. Cloth bound, price \$2.00. New York: Fowler and Wells, Chicago: Jansen, McClurg and Co.

THE DAYS OF THIRTY-FIVE, A STORY OF A SEAPORT TOWN. By Edward Henry Elwell. Price, cloth bound, \$2.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard, Chicago: H. B. Goodwin.

BRANCONAR, A TRAGEDY. By Geo. H. Colver. Cloth bound, price 1.00. Boston: Lee and Shepard, Chicago: H. B. Goodwin.

Magazines for January not Before Mentioned.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Contents: The Poetry of the Early Mysteries; Medusa; Some Indian Stories; Amerun Moor: A Historical Ballad; Senilia; Werewolves; Manzoni, Poet and Patriot; The Count de Rochmont; Voices of the Sun; Dust and Fog; Wonders of Photography; The Poetical Condition of Spain; A Biopipe; The Late Dr. Moffatt; The Emperor Julian's View of Christianity; The Second Part of 'Faust'; The Napoleon Myth in the year 3,000; Martin Luther; An Annuaire Deologie; Sir William Siemens; Literary Notices; Foreign Literary Notes; Miscellany.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Punk & Wagnalls, New York.) Contents: Sermon; The International Sunday-School Service; The Prayer-Meeting Service; Best Methods of Preaching and Sermonizing; The Oldest Christian Sermon, Prayer and Hymn; Commentary on the Epistle of James; A Symposium; Living Issues for Pulpit Treatment; Sermon Criticism; Hints at the Meaning of Texts; Preachers Exchanging Views; Queries and Answers; Helpful Data in Current Literature; Gems from Old Authors on Preachers and Preaching; Notices of Books on Homiletic Value; Themes and Texts of Recent Leading Sermons; Suggestive Themes.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (Century Magazine Co., New York.) Contents: Portrait of General Sherman; Edinboro Old Town; The Bread-Winners; Aurora; Log of an Ocean Studio; Early Mort; Tom Dutt; An Average Man; More Life; 'The Forty Immortals'; Garfield in London; Dum Vivamus, Vivamus; In Wordsworth's Country; Dr. Sevier; Husbandry in Colony Times; Some Old Considerations; General Sherman; Her Choice; 'His Wife's Decader'; Sisters; Topics of the Time; Open Letters; Brío-a-Brac.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler & Wells, New York.) Contents: Some Distinguished Visitors; The Oratorical Type of Character; China; Some General Observations on Amateniveness; The Stormy Petrel; Comus; A Few Strains of Seventeenth Century Song; The Mental Treatment of Disease; The Heart; How He Died of Starvation; Notes in Science and Agriculture; Editorial Items; Answers to Correspondents.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (L. N. Fowler, London.) Contents: Martin Luther (with Portrait); Fiftine and her Friends; On the Correspondence and Relations of the Organs of the Body with Those of the Brain; Face-Reading; Remarks on Dr. Gall's Theory Concerning the Organs of the Brain; Palmistry; Poetry—The Mower-Maiden; Facts and Gossip; Answers to Correspondence.

THE COUNTING-ROOM. (Office 29 Warren Street, New York.) Contents: Mines and Mining Companies; Public Monies and Accounts; Silver in Holland; Culture and habit in Handwriting; Merchants' Law Library; Counting-Room Chats; Notes and Comments; The Library; Business Reverses; Markets and Exchanges.

start. While a pure and well-selected fiction is always plentifully provided, the range of this magazine is by no means confined to that department. It comprises a large and varied scheme of recreative reading and useful information. The illustrations will be of the best order, so that the high reputation of Cassell's Magazine will be fully sustained. Price 15 cents monthly and \$1.50 per year.

T. Y. Crowell & Co., have gotten out a tiny book "Bryce's Pearl English Dictionary," containing 15,000 words—small enough almost to go in the vest pocket—only two-and-a-half by three-and-a-half inches—and retails at 50 cts.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents.

Exchanges and Individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 5, 1884.

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 ADVANCE.

The Kansas City Ministerial Alliance.

That Spiritualism is gradually permeating the churches, diffusing there a liberalizing influence, and imparting to many ministers and members a higher and grander conception of the ultimate destiny of the whole human family, is plainly discernible.

First, the movement of heavy bodies with which the medium is in contact; second, singular noises; third, the attraction of weighty bodies; fourth, movement of heavy bodies when at a distance from the medium; fifth, the lifting up of tables and chairs from the ground without contact with any person; sixth, the levitation of human beings; seventh, movement of various small articles, without contact with any person; eighth, luminous appearances; ninth, the appearance of hands, either self-luminous or visible by ordinary light; tenth, direct writing; eleventh, phantom forms and faces.

The Reverend gentleman places but little confidence in these statements, or the positive claims of Spiritualists generally with reference to tests of an unmistakable character which they claim to have received. As to the witch of Endor, he denounces her as a fraud—she never succeeded at any time in "raising" a spirit—Samuel having been sent back, fully materialized for a special purpose through the direct instrumentality of God, and not by virtue of the mediumship of this remarkable woman.

Rev. Dr. Bell followed briefly, but was not sufficiently informed on the subject to have an opinion, but he would like to believe in Spiritualism if he could. Dr. Thorne, a prominent Spiritualist, being present, was invited to speak, but the ministers proved so

turbulent and refractory, that he was suppressed without having an opportunity to fully explain the claims of Spiritualism. Rev. Mr. Taylor believed that ministers should speak out on the subject, and it was not necessary that they should go to séances and circles to know something about it. Rev. Mr. Beggs could not agree with the paper altogether, which had been read. He could see much comfort to the true Christian in the spiritualistic theory. He disclaimed, however, teaching his own private opinions. He was in doubt about the story of the "Witch of Endor," which was given as Bible history. Saul had asked for Samuel and he had got him through the medium of the woman Rev. Mr. Graves said the common sense of the nineteenth century was against Spiritualism. Rev. Henry C. Brown stated that the result of his investigations of the subject was that the so-called manifestations were the result of an application of scientific facts going beyond the knowledge of their credulous believers. Rev. Mr. Medsker didn't believe in Spiritualism, and didn't believe it was taught in the Bible. Rev. Mr. Wells did not believe the Spiritualism of to-day was the same as it was according to Robert Dale Owen. Two-thirds of the Christian world could accept the most of Owen's teachings. Rev. Mr. Wood expressed the opinion that the so-called phenomenon did exist in some measure, but that it was not brought about by the spirits of the departed. Rev. Mr. McClellan believed there was no such thing as spirits coming back to indulge in the absurd antics attributed to them. Rev. Mr. Hull thought Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie seer, the Jefferson Davis of Christianity. He believed, to some extent, in Spiritualism. Rev. R. H. Brown thought electricity was the means that produced the so-called manifestations. Rev. Mr. Gottschall couldn't find modern Spiritualism in the Bible, and that was the rock on which he stood. Rev. Mr. Hopkins spoke of the distinction that must be made between the philosophy of modern Spiritualism and the Spiritualism to be found in the Scriptures. He thought the ministry should counsel those under their care against having anything to do with materialistic manifestations, and should await scientific investigation. He deplored the tendencies of modern Spiritualism.

The discussion by members of the Alliance was instrumental, of course, in giving special prominence to Spiritualism in Kansas City, calling out an incisive letter from Dr. Joshua Thorne in its defense, which was published in the Daily Journal. For the discourtesy and insolent turbulence manifested by the Alliance when he attempted to speak before it, he did not care, saying:

"For this discourtesy to myself I do not care, for in discussing questions of humanity, immortality and God, what are feelings worth? The object of earth is use; if I can be of use you may kick me as often as you like. My master, the Nazarene, while treating this same subject of immortality and a higher life, was treated by your legitimate predecessors in the priesthood worse than you have the power of treating me: that he was crucified, is due to the fact that he lived in the first century of mercy, while I, more fortunate, live in the nineteenth. In all kindness permit me to remark that your Alliance is not the place to consider such grave questions as Spiritualism; nor are you, as ministers, the proper judges of its merits, since the priesthood, in all ages, from the time of Jesus down to yourselves, look only to the past."

Speaking of mediumship, he says: "The medium cannot influence or call back a spirit, but a spirit can influence a medium. Iron is to electricity a medium. You send a message to St. Louis, you select a medium to convey that message—a telegram—and what is the medium you select? A piece of iron wire. Does this wire call up a message from you for your friend in St. Louis? No, it is only the medium through which the message is conveyed. The message is dictated by you, the electricity is the motive power, the wire is the medium through which it is sent and your friend in St. Louis interprets the meaning. Here we find two intelligences, one at each end of the wire, the force or batteries furnishing the power, and the unconscious passive medium—the wire."

The Doctor also alludes to the brightest and most honored men of earth, who have endorsed Spiritualism, gives a lucid view of the Bible, the various dispensations, the ages of faith, and concludes with an excellent description of the grandeur and beauty of the spiritual philosophy.

Dr. Bowker, another well-known Spiritualist, also publishes in the Daily Journal, a well written article criticising the proceedings of the Alliance. He alludes to its action with regard to Dr. Thorne, also to its misinterpretation of Robert Dale Owen, and its position with reference to the witch of Endor. In a later issue, able articles follow from "Sargis" and Dr. Thorne. This discussion, carried on in an influential daily paper by prominent representatives of our cause, cannot fail to exert a beneficial influence on skeptics and investigators.

The concluding sentence of Mr. Darwin's posthumous paper on "Instinct," read before the Linnæan Society in England the other day, is: "To my imagination it is far more satisfactory to look at the young cuckoo ejecting its foster brothers, ants making slaves, the larvae of the ichneumonidae feeding within the live bodies of their prey, cats playing with mice, otters and cormorants with living fish, not as instincts specially given by the Creator, but as very small parts of one general law leading to the advancement of all organic bodies—multiply, vary, let the strongest live and the weakest die."

Mr. H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., has our thanks for a complimentary yearly ticket to his Observatory. We shall take pleasure in visiting it when next in Rochester.

"Better no Mediums at All than Bad Ones."

The editor of the Medium and Daybreak, has never manifested a kindly spirit toward the policy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in regard to Spiritualists demanding a higher standard of morality and proper safeguards or "tests" from mediums. But he evidently has, by bitter experience, learned the sad lesson so many have received before him, and now comes squarely out on the platform occupied by the JOURNAL from the first. When Thomas Walker, notorious for his Toronto affair, in which his partner lost his life, went to England and under the protection of J. M. Peebles, was received by Mr. Burns, who gave him (Walker) a hearty welcome, although told by his partner of the "plight Walker was in when he (Peebles) picked him up shortly after" (the Toronto affair).

Knowing his character, Mr. Burns screened and recommended him. He soon had cause to regret this act of injustice to Spiritualism. His remarks on this dereliction to duty will be deeply impressed on many who have sinned in the same manner in their charity for the shortcomings of mediums. He says: Now, we fear that in screening this man and charitably giving him a chance of working further mischief, we committed a grave fault, for which we have been most rigorously punished. Several others we treated in a similarly lenient manner, and they all faithfully joined Walker in his attack upon us. It is really hard to know what is right in such matters. It seems cruel to expose the sins and faults of others; for no one is perfect; and the best of us would not like to be turned inside out. Again, it appears to be highly injudicious to promote the professional career, in Spiritualism, of bad people. Our twenty years' experience teaches us that such mediums go from bad to worse. Mr. Peebles picked up three gutter waifs and made spiritualistic apostles of them; and the result has done more harm than all the good Mr. Peebles's spiritual work has accomplished. We have to some extent helped in this work, and with the very best of motives; but had we committed the crimes imputed to these persons, and stood the demands of the law in respect thereto, we could not have suffered more bitterly than we have done for long years; and it is not all over yet.

Charity covers a multitude of sins, but it is a false sympathy which spares the offender to the untold cost of the innocent. The putting forward of a gutter snipe as a trusted medium, when his utter want of moral character and reliability is known, is little short of a crime against Spiritualism and Spiritualists. The history of these three proteges furnishes a valuable and striking illustration of this subject; showing the folly of this ill advised charity, or of the expectation of any good to grow out of it.

An Early Instance of Mediumship.

Cædmon, the earliest of Saxon poets, who died in 680 A. D., wrote professedly under inspiration. His writings are the oldest extant specimens of Anglo-Saxon metrical composition, and are said by critics to have served Milton for the foundation of "Paradise Lost." He was originally a cowherd, attached to the monastery of Whitby in England, but became a monk. Not having any musical training, when the harp was passed, he always retired before his turn came. On one such occasion when he had retired to his cattle-shed, mortified and depressed, after a time, worn-out with self-reproving, he fell asleep. In a dream, if it was a dream, he heard some one say:

"Cædmon, sing me something." "I cannot sing," he replied. "Yet," said the voice, "thou must sing to me." "I cannot sing," he again replied. "Sing," said the vision. Then Cædmon asked, "What shall I sing?" Said he, "Sing to me of the Creation of all things."

Then the poet composed his first poem, an ode in honor of the Creator. This poem he remembered when he awoke, and repeated to the Abbess Hilda, who caused it to be written as it fell from his lips; more than this she did, she took him under her patronage, he was at once released from cattle-keeping, and in the monastery gave his time to study and composition; some of his later poems exceed in power and beauty the first composed in dreamland.

Origin of Man.

Many of our readers were unable to hear Prof. Garrison on this subject last winter. These, with all those who then heard him, will be glad to learn that he will give two lectures on this subject, on the 6th and 13th of January at 3 P. M., at the Grand Opera House.

While scientific subjects, as usually presented in books and lectures, are as a rule, very prosy and difficult to understand, they become in the hands of Prof. Garrison, clear, intensely interesting and often amusing. Like Col. Ingersoll he fires hot shot and shell with now and then a charge of grape or chain into the ranks of superstition. But, as to the effect, there is a noticeable difference. While it is easy to upset some of Ingersoll's logic, Garrison's facts from nature, are unanswerable as far as they go.

Harvey Mapes, an old Spiritualist and subscriber to the JOURNAL, passed to the higher life from Kipton, Ohio, on the 24th ult., in the seventieth year of his age. He was a man of excellent character and respected by all who knew him. Mr. A. B. French, having reached home on the 25th, conducted his funeral services on the 28th, which were largely attended.

At the last meeting held here by C. Fannie Allyn, an envelope containing a lock of hair was psychometrized by her. It was given to her by a total stranger. She gave a perfect description of the person to whom the hair belonged, telling of the death, surroundings, etc., in a foreign country

GENERAL NOTES.

Any book can be ordered through the JOURNAL office, whether advertised or not.

A Los Angeles, Cal., man is experimenting on ripening wheat by electricity.

Milton Allen of Philadelphia, writes: "You are making decidedly the best paper we have."

A cabinet picture of L. L. Darrow of Sturgis, Michigan, has been added to the JOURNAL's large collection.

A buzzard with a bell on its neck is frightening people in Maryland. They take it to be the Angel of Death.

Since Dr. Shea's expose, it is said that he don't venture out of the cabinet. He has a few dupes left that he can still deceive.

Miss Susie M. Johnson has closed her labors at Minneapolis. She has labored long and well in that city and done good work.

Fortunately for Mr. Geo. R. Moore, he has failed to consummate arrangements to resume publication of his paper, The Medium's Friend.

The clergy of Yonkers denounce Mr. Beecher and his words as infamous. Have they in mind his sermon, lately delivered, from the text "Love thy neighbor as thyself?"

A London clergyman vouches for the fact that he scolded a pet dog to death. It is safe to assume that that man understands how to see to it that the contribution box is filled.

We refer our readers to the excellent narrative by Hudson Tuttle, on the first page of the JOURNAL. It were well if Spiritualists would take to heart and practice more generally the ethics inculcated in the story.

Mrs. Abigail Dumitway, the enterprising editor and publisher of The New Northwest, has a very beautifully illustrated Christmas number of her paper. The Reformer of Windham County, Vermont, has also celebrated in the same manner.

Geo. P. Colby writes as follows of the Convention lately held at Michigan City, Ind.: "The Convention was a success. We had good audiences, and they seemed interested. Regrets were expressed by many that you were unable to attend."

The superstitious residents and the negroes of North Texas are so agitated over the red lights in the west, that revivals have sprung up all over that part of the State, and the churches are so crowded that there is not standing room.

The Mormon organ at Salt Lake states that God struck Congressman Haskell with a strange, mysterious, incurable disease, because he was conspicuous in anti-Mormon legislation. This is strictly orthodox, however absurd it may be.

After praying constantly for twenty-four hours, an Ohio widow found \$13,000 which her husband concealed before his death, and for which she had searched unsuccessfully for several days. This is a powerful incentive toward devotion.

A new edition of "Garrison in Heaven, a Dream," and "Is Darwin Right? or, the Origin of Man," by Prof. Wm. Denton, has just been issued by Mrs. E. M. F. Denton of Wellesley, Mass. Both are valuable productions. The price of the first is ten cents; the latter, \$1.

The Mormon Church now includes a president, 12 apostles, 58 patriarchs, 3,885 sentinels, 3,153 high priests, 11,000 choirs, 1,500 bishops, and 4,400 deacons. In Arizona there is a membership of 2,262, in Idaho, twice as many, and Mormon missionaries are at work all over Europe and the United States.

An advertisement for prayer is said to have lately appeared in a Washington paper, as follows: "The prayers of God's people are most earnestly requested for the thorough purification of a young church whose pastor and officers are inveterate users of tobacco, much against the wishes of its members."

De Long's remains with those of his dead comrades, have arrived at the City of Irkutsk, in Russia, and were received by the populace with high honors. Many wreaths were placed on the coffins and poems reciting the sad fate of the explorers were distributed among the people.

Prof. Morse, in his last lecture at the Lowell Institute, Boston, translated a number of mottoes found on Japanese pottery. Among them were: "Long life; never old," "The dew of the bamboo makes a very pleasant sound when falling on the leaves below;" "The fair wind blows, the branches turn green, and those on the south side blossom."

The New York Morning Journal suggests that, instead of sending missionaries to Africa, India, China, etc., we had better send a few to the many-wived heathen at home. The name "heathen" does not apply to a people who read and believe the Bible; and the Mormons so interpret its pages as to make it support their polygamous practices. They can never be cornered on scriptural grounds.

The Elgin (Ill.) Advocate for December 22nd, was a most gorgeous holiday number. It gave a very complete history of that enterprising little city, with fine illustrations of the principal buildings and some of the more elegant private residences. The Advocate, always a good paper, seems imbued with new life, and shows up the best of any country paper on our exchange list at present.

Charles Bradlaugh announces his intention of forcibly taking possession of his seat as a member of the House of Commons for the Borough of Northampton at the next session of Parliament. He says that, having been promptly reelected to the House when he was declared ineligible, and again when he was expelled for not taking the oath, his duty toward his constituents requires that he should insist upon his seat, but he has refused the offer of some thousands of his supporters to come in procession to the palace-yard and demand his admittance.

A. B. French is meeting with good success under the auspices of the Lyceum Bureau. During the past month he has lectured at Shelby, Grand Rapids, Petoskey, Corunna and Mason, Mich.; South Bend, Delphi and Remington, Ind.; Blackberry, La Moille, Brighton, Greenville and Cowden, Ills.; Fredricktown, Dunkirk and Alliance, Ohio. He is now filling dates in Eastern Ohio, and will return to Chicago the last of the month to fill engagements in Iowa and various Western towns.

Edward Eggleston continues in the January Century his series on early colonial history, with a paper on "Husbandry in Colony Times." In connection with the recent attempts at silk-culture in the United States, his story of the trials of the colonists in starting this industry will be of interest. Before corn had been grown in the Jamestown settlement, sufficient to keep away starvation, mulberry trees had been planted, and the culture of silk begun. Silk was at one time believed to be the long-sought staple that should take away the reproach of barrenness from New England. Dr. Eggleston describes also the beginnings of tobacco, rice, indigo and wheat culture.

For some time past there have been startling rumors in Cleveland to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Davis, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman of that city, was about to introduce many Romish innovations in his church. It was affirmed that he would soon appear habited in the vestments of the Catholic Church, and that crosses and incense would shortly be introduced in the Sunday service. The rumors have turned out to be only a bit of malicious tittle-tattle. Mr. Davis recently expressed a wish to wear the cape which is often worn by Presbyterian clergymen, but on learning that some of his people would object, he wisely refrained from doing so. That, and the fact that an ornamental cross was painted on the wall back of the pulpit, were the sole foundations for such unnecessary commotion.

The Rev. Dr. Newman, at the annual banquet of the New England Society, in responding to the toast—"Utah, what of her anti-pilgrim methods"—gave expression to many pertinent thoughts. During the course of his remarks he claimed that the first work should be done by Congress; that is, Congress should declare that Cannon, the Utah delegate, has no right to a seat in the Congress of the United States. He says: "Here is a practice that is contrary to the order and constitution of nature, and our legislators must fall back, not upon the Bible, but upon nature itself, for nature has provided an equality—numerical equality—of the sexes, so that the apostle's command, 'Let every man have his own wife, and every woman her own husband,' is the law. I would, therefore, legislate against polygamy, standing upon this, that it is a fraud; that it defrauds a man of his rights; that if one man has a right to twenty-five wives he thereby defrauds twenty-four men out of their natural rights."

The Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg is one of the finest sights in Chicago and well worth the time and money required to inspect it. The owners are among the most solid, conservative and law-abiding citizens, but they very properly keep their exhibition open on Sundays, thereby accommodating thousands who otherwise could never see it. This annoys Rev. W. H. Ryder, one of the few remaining vestiges of the moribund sect called Universalists. He complains feebly in the daily papers. As he has been striving for years to have the Universalist corpse recognized as "orthodox," possibly he thinks this whine against Sunday opening of the panorama will make for his claim. While the owners of the Gettysburg picture may not as a body be strictly orthodox, nor given to supporting universal salvation, yet it is safe to say, none of them ever got their discharge from bankruptcy by paying twenty-five cents on the dollar, and then lived in as good style as before. It has been reported in times past that a Universalist preacher did this and thought it not sinful or against good morals.

The annals of a terrible year are presented in the Tribune this morning. Fair estimates of the number of lives lost by the more noticeable accidents give a total of 125,000, or over 342 for each of the 365 days of 1883. Of course these colossal figures are attained principally through the results of three calamities—Ischia, Java, and Syria. Aside from the earthquakes, the year was unequalled in shipwrecks, cyclones, fire-scenes and mining horrors. Over thirty people were killed for each day in January, the Newhall fire, the Russian circus horror, and the Cimbric shipwreck being the principal of thirty calamities during the month. Three hundred and ninety-eight people went down in the Cimbric alone. Two hundred and seventy people burned in the circus at Berditcheff. The panic later on a Sunderland, Eng., caused the death of 197 little children—perhaps the most astonishing catastrophe of the time—and 150 workmen were drowned like rats in the tub called the Daphne on the Clyde. There were 1,697 murders, 107 executions, 135 lynchings, and 727 suicides. The confagurations which exceeded a destruction of \$100,000 each summed up a loss of \$41,000,000. The ordinary list, while hardly equaling that of the previous year in point of interest—for the world lost no Darwin, or Longfellow, or Emerson—is still a remarkable catalogue, headed by Chambord, Gambetta, Gortschakoff, Alexander H. Stephens, Karl Marx, Schuitze-Delitzsche, Turgeon and Prof. Anthon. In each department of the records which the Tribune this morning lays before its readers for passing notice or future reference the proper information will be found reliable and of great advantage to those who may choose to use it.—Chicago Tribune, Dec. 30th.

**A Mine Claimed to be Guarded by Spectres.**  
*The Traditions and Legends Hanging About an Ancient Silver Mine.*

CORNING, N. Y., Dec. 20.—A number of Philadelphians are negotiating for the purchase of a large tract of land in the town of Jasper, this county, somewhere, on which legend has from time out of mind located a silver mine, which the parties hope to find. On the tract is the "treasure cave," of much local fame. The legend is that during the French and Indian War two Quaker brothers by the name of Dickinson came into the Cohocton Valley to trade with the Indians. They gained the confidence of the Indians to such an extent that the latter revealed to them the existence of a silver mine somewhere on Bennett's Creek. The brothers had in their employ an old servant who had come with them from Philadelphia. The Quakers worked the silver mine, the ore of which was very pure, and hid the treasure in a cave known only to themselves, until such time as they could convey it to Philadelphia.

Near the close of the French and Indian War a stranger appeared at the cabin of the Quakers, in the deepest part of the wilderness. He said he was a deserter from the French army, and begged for shelter and food. This was gladly given him. The first night he was in the cabin he overheard the Quakers talking about their treasure, after they supposed he was sleeping, and learned that it was secreted somewhere in the vicinity. He also learned from their conversation that they intended to start their servant for Philadelphia the next day, and had given him a message to another brother there which would inform him as to the hiding-place of the treasure in case anything should happen to the brothers who were working the mine.

The diabolical thought entered the mind of the stranger to murder the Quakers in the morning, pursue and overtake the servant, murder him, and secure the message revealing the place where the treasure might be found. He carried out his plans, but upon getting possession of the message, found that it was written in cipher. He was unable to find a key that would solve the mystery, and, haunted by his fruitless crime, he fled to France, taking the cipher with him. For years he studied it in vain, and finally died in a mad-house. This is the legend the first settlers in the region handed down to their descendants.

In 1830 Gregory Harding settled in the town of Jasper. He had been there but a short time when he dreamed that near his place there was a cave, the opening of which was covered by a large flat stone, upon which was a copper kettle. In the cave was stored enormous wealth in silver, but it was guarded by two ghostly sentinels. Harding did not investigate the accuracy of his dream. Shortly afterward a twin brother of his joined him. This brother had a dream corresponding in every particular with his brother's. The two then searched for the cave. They found the locality just as they had seen it in their dreams, and discovered the copper kettle and the flat rock, but remembering the spectres that guarded the treasure beneath it, they did not venture to disturb it. The next day Gregory Harding was killed by a tree he was felling, and his brother was thrown from a horse and killed. The secret of the cave's locality died with them.

In 1830 a Methodist minister named Anson Green came from the Genesee Valley with a woman who had a glass, by looking into which she said she could see the secret cave where the treasure of the murdered Quakers was hidden, and its exact location. They went in search of it. They found the spot the woman saw in the glass, and then she was suddenly stricken blind, and they were obliged to return without discovering the cave. They stopped for the night at the house of the Rev. Jedediah Stephens, who lived in the vicinity, where they related what had occurred. His son Silas tried the glass, and could see the cave and its locality, but he was the only one who could see it. His brother Nathan and himself started next day to search for the cave, but as they neared the spot he became not only blind but deranged, and the search was necessarily given up again.

**Seets in Australia.**  
*Nearly One Hundred and Fifty Denominations in Australia.*

The Chinese are tabooed in Victoria even more than they are in California, says a letter from Melbourne to *The Philadelphia Times*, and there even appears to be an agreement among all Christian sects that they may go to the devil without any effort being made for their conversion. The great churches here have as much as they can do to arrest the tendency to disintegration. I suppose that never in the history of the world has there been such a breaking up into denominations as may be witnessed in this colony. The census of 1861 gives Victoria a population of 862,346 and it also registers 144 denominational religious names, though only a few people are entered as members. In several cases a denomination has only one member. One is reminded of a sect in Scotland which believed that all not connected with itself must be forever damned. Some investigator observing that this sect had so far diminished that only two persons remained in it, sought these two out and found they were an aged man and wife. The inquirer only saw the old woman, and asked whether she really believed that she and her husband, Sandy, would alone escape hell. The old lady replied: "Between ourselves, I sometimes have my doubts about Sandy." Some of the names by which the Victorians enter themselves in the official Year-book are novel—e. g., "God-fearing," "Saved Sinners," "Silent Admirer," "Free Trade," "Nature," and three men give their church as "L. S. D." Perhaps this last persuasion would be more numerous if men were less reticent about their religion. Some of the denominations are mysterious. What is "the church of Ell Sands"? Five people belong to it—all women. One woman records her fate as a "Walkerite," which no doubt refers to Mr. Walker, the secularist lecturer of Melbourne. But what is a "Borrowite"? It can not mean one who borrows, for it is a sect of only one member. The sect of those who borrow one may assume to be much larger even in this prosperous colony. There are numerous entries which indicate the religious fermentation going on in Australia—"Believers in Parts of the Bible," "Liberty of Conscience," "Liberal Views," "Justice and Liberty," "Free Religion," "Natural Religion," "Rational Christians," "Reasonists," "Eclectic," "Neutral," "Humanitarians." There are 53 "agnostics," 87 "atheists," 14 "infidels," while 7,277 register themselves as having no creed or unconnected with any denomination. The number

of those who reject every form of Christianity is 20,000, a vast percentage of the population. This, of course, includes Unitarians, who number 1,000. In 1851, when registration of opinions was compulsory, 1,700 confessed the Unitarian faith; those who now use the name are those who rejoice in the opprobrium which seems to attach to that name more than to others far more heretical. In the subsidy was continued pro rata until a few years ago. Under that arrangement the Unitarians received a good piece of property. It has for its preacher Mrs. Webster, who began preaching there as Miss Turner. She is sister of Henry G. Turner, of the Commercial Bank of Australia, himself a literary man and editor of *The Melbourne Review*. Mrs. Webster is a Unitarian of the advanced school and her discourses are of a highly-cultured character that year (1851) the Victorian government voted to divide £50,000 among all the churches in proportion to their members (giving the five talents to him who had five and the two to him who had two), and and poetic character. She is about to leave the society, however, and goes to reside in England and I believe the church is anxious to get some Harvard graduate out here to take her place. The most powerful church in Melbourne is the Presbyterian. It is surpassed in the colonies generally by the English church, but in this city it is pre-eminently so. It looks, also, as if the union of the three great churches of Scotland in Victoria was destined to have a remarkable result. Meetings are just now being held in Queensland, New South Wales, and probably in other colonies, looking to a union of all the Presbyterian churches in Australia. If there should be such a combination that church would stand a fair chance of overwhelming the Church of England. It might even become an imperium in imperia.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Robinson are visiting Galveston, Texas, and will attend the wedding of Mrs. Robinson's granddaughter. They are enjoying the delightful weather there; thermometer at 70° and flowers in full bloom.

Next Sunday Lyman C. Howe speaks at the Grange Hall, North Collins, N. Y. We regret to learn that Mr. Howe's estimable wife has been dangerously sick. She is now, however, out of danger.

Mr. E. V. Smalley's sketch of General Sherman in the *January Century*, has been inspected and revised by General Grant, whose suggestions have been of great value in assisting the writer to give an authentic and trustworthy account of the important events of General Sherman's career. A paper on General Sheridan will follow in the February number.

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**Spiritualist Meeting.**

The First District Association of Spiritualists, composed of Oakland, Macomb, St. Clair and Lapeer Counties, Mich., will hold its second quarterly meeting at Stone's Hall, Melmore, Lapeer County, the second Saturday and Sunday of January, 1884. The hour of the opening of the meeting will be at 2 o'clock P. M. Saturday; again at 10:30 A. M. Sunday; also 2 o'clock P. M. and 7 o'clock, evening. Various good speakers, reduced rates to \$1.00 per day at hotel.

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CHURCH OF THE NEW SPIRITUAL DISPENSATION, 133 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Public services every Sunday at 8 and 7:30 P. M.

Lectures for young and old, Sundays at 10:30 A. M. Abraham Kipp, Superintendent.

Ladies Aid and Mutual Relief Fraternity, Wednesday, at 2:30. Church Social every second and fourth Wednesday, in each month, at 8 P. M.

Mutual Improvement Fraternity every first and third Wednesday evening in each month, at 8 o'clock. Daniel Coons, President.

Psychic Fraternity for development of mediums, every Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, sharp. Col. John D. Graham, President.

Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity every Friday evening at 7:30, 8 P. M. Nicholas, President. A. H. DALLIE, President. Brooklyn, Sept. 23, 1883. (E. O. address 10 Court St.)

At Mack Hall, No. 11 East 14th Street, near Fifth Avenue New York City, the Harmonical 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 11th, 1884. Services commence and conclude with music.

New York City Ladies Spiritualist Aid Society, meet every Wednesday, at 3 P. M., at 171 East 8th Street.

The Spiritualists Conference and Test Meeting will be conducted by the Spiritual Light Seekers every Sunday at 8 P. M., in Lester's Academy, 619 W. Lake St. Lecture in the evening at 7:45.

The First Spiritual Society of Kansas City, Mo., meets every Sunday evening at 7:30, in Pithian Hall, corner 11th and Main Street, Dr. E. G. Granville, President; A. J. Colby Secretary.

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From our great system's centre pouring,  
And drop with universal blight,  
Beyond our power of restoring;

As streams would miss their secret source  
In snow summits of the mountains,  
And no more run their shining course  
To leap and laugh in silvery fountains;

As night would miss her crown of stars  
That shines transcendent, sempiternal,  
Whose beauty time nor distance mars,  
God's loving smile transfixed, supernal;

So should we miss the golden truth,  
That to our thirsting souls is given,  
With power to heal all human ills,  
Decended fresh from highest Heaven!

The blessed truth that God is love,  
And mindful of the humblest creature,  
Ruling in brightest realms above  
No more than in the works of Nature!

And that the earth is but a school,  
Where finite souls make a beginning  
And learn obedience to God's rule  
By learning consequence of sinning!

That every child of ignorance  
Shall yet come to this state of evil,  
And none are left to cruel chance  
Or subtle wiles of any Devil!

But that around the very least  
Of those who bear life's bitter burden,  
The love of one who all things sees  
Surrounds in safe and shining guard!

And that through all our night of sin  
The dark is thronged with star-eyed angels  
Who seek our wayward hearts to wing,  
And make us one with Love's evangel!

Ah, yes! the blessed, soul-born truth,  
That error is a bond external  
And will pass by, with every truth,  
While Love and Virtue are eternal!

And that the shadow of the grave  
Falls not within the realm of Spirit,  
Which hath the power its own to save  
With every golden grain of merit.

The truth that though we now are blind,  
To many a sacred, shining vision,  
Hidden our fleshly sense behind,  
Lies near to all life's sweet elysium!

And those whom we have counted dead,  
So surely to our souls should sever,  
Return, till we are comforted,  
To mourn for them no more forever.

And now into our daily life,  
With all its turmoil, wrongs and grieving,  
Its poverty and petty strife—  
A golden thread of song is weaving.

The voice of love, now purified,  
Pours through Death's fresh-limbed portals,  
And all our joys are multiplied  
Through these dear ministering Immortals.

### The Universalists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

"The Universalist Church of Our Father," this city, is served by Dr. E. Rexford, a very able gentleman, and a good scholar—one who throws off a wholesome magnetism; as a consequence he draws large audiences. Many of his hearers are of the best spiritual and liberal thought, who do not accept Universalism, but bear him for the many good thoughts he throws off outside of his general teaching. At times he carries his hearers to great heights in spiritual wisdom, and encourages the belief in a future state and the "ritual philosophy," thereby dropping many crumbs for his congregation to gather up that they otherwise would not get; but while preaching on the evening of Dec. 2nd, he seemed to forget the previous positions he had taken, and he said that it is impossible to form any conception of the future life. It is impossible to be specific, and he would discourage any attempt at giving the geography and industries of the world to come. There is nothing specific in that respect in ancient or modern history. The Old Testament is silent in regard to the future state. The New Testament gives us large hopes, but no details.

Man is fallen; a very pitiful position to be placed in before the people of this city, who have given him large attention for his outsider, and liberal spiritual expressions. Now, if nothing is known of the hereafter, what line of thought has supported the many theological teachers these thousands of years? The whole religious fabric from one end of the world to the other, is built upon this thought. Take it away from the Bible, and its sacredness is lost; the religious element is gone, and it becomes very common among the unitarians in the home city. Take away this thought from the churches, and there is nothing upon which they can harmonize, and they must become failures, even as social gatherings. Universalists and Unitarians have much more liberal thoughts than many other denominations, but their days are numbered unless they still advance and keep pace with progressive thinkers. They must come up to the spiritual thought or very soon preach to materialists.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 16th, Giles B. Stebbins delivered a very able lecture on the "Immortality of Life," in which he severely criticised the Reverend gentleman for the position he took on the occasion referred to. The audience was quite large, intelligent and very attentive. The thoughts advanced by him, were well received, and I have no doubt much good must come therefrom. W. C. CLAXTON, Detroit, Mich.

### An Anecdote of General Sherman.

Many good anecdotes of Sherman were current during the war. Some of them, he once said, when they were brought to his notice, he had heard of every general since Hannibal. Here is one of unquestionable authenticity, which shows his sagacity in dealing with the population of conquered towns. After he occupied Memphis, the people kept the churches, schools, and places of business closed, so that, save for the movements of the soldiers, the place looked like a city of the dead. He issued an order directing that the stores and shops should be opened during business hours; the schools resume their courses, and the churches hold their customary services. Among the people who called at his headquarters to protest against this order, or to ask for explanations, was the clergyman of an Episcopal church, who said that the ritual of his denomination contained a prayer for the President which, under the circumstances, embarrassed him. "Whom do you regard as your President?" asked Sherman, bluntly. "We look upon Mr. Davis as our President," replied the minister. "Very well; pray for Jeff Davis if you wish. He needs your prayers badly. It will take a great deal of praying to save him." "Then I will not be compelled to pray for Mr. Lincoln?" "Oh, no. He's a good man, and don't need your prayers. You may pray for him if you feel like it, but there's no compulsion." answered Sherman, instantly divining that the worthy clergyman wanted to pose as a martyr before his parishioners, and had hoped that he would be ordered to use the prayer for the President of the United States. The next Sunday the prescribed prayer was modified by the preacher as to leave in mention of the President, and to refer only to "all in authority."—*E. F. Smalley in January Century.*

A subscriber writes as follows from Indianapolis, Ind: I will give you some idea as to what we have done here in our city. I have been having meetings at my house for over one year. Two weeks ago there were so many in attendance that a committee was appointed to secure a hall. Last Friday we took a lease on the Plymouth Church building for one year, and had our first meeting here Sunday morning and evening, with an encouraging success. The meeting on Sunday morning was held in the morning, and gave

### The Spirituallists Alliance, New York.

The Alliance held its regular Sunday afternoon meeting on December 16th, Mr. Nelson Cross in the chair. Mrs. Henry J. Newton read a poem in her usual acceptable manner. The selection was well chosen. Mrs. Milton Rathbun read a paper entitled, "The Way Made Clear." She claimed that everywhere there was confusion and conflict. It was quite time that Spirituallists opened their eyes and did their duty; that they supplement their professions with action. In making the way clear it was their duty to use every effort for the furtherance of temperance. It was the duty of all to not only be healthful spiritually, but they ought to take care of the physical body in order that the spirit might grow and develop.

Mr. George H. Jones spoke of the recent account in the papers of the young man named Brooks, who died recently in Brooklyn, on the day, hour and of the disease he had foretold. Mr. Jones had written to the boy's father, who resides in Baltimore, and the answer to his letter was read, which substantially corroborated the statement published. Mr. Jones said he did not know why there were so many skeptics. It was a marvel to himself that he was a Spirituallist. He found himself constantly questioning the phenomena, and yet he was a Spirituallist.

Mr. McCarthy said he could read between the lines of Mrs. Rathbun's address that he was receiving a good scolding, and he deserved it. With the practical work advocated in the address, he was in full accord. About the supposed wonderful prevision which was referred to, it must not be caught at as anything very great. He related the case about the daughter of Mr. Taylor, employed at the London Polytechnic, who foretold her own death nine months to a day, hour and minute. That lady was in the habit of standing on the platform at the Polytechnic, and she would tell the number on a watch, keys, letters written haphazard, if only her father could see them first. The father did not move or speak to his daughter. All this comes within the mysterious power of the spirit in the body and was no evidence of spirit outside of the body. He mentioned that he had frequently psychologized the lady referred to in London.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn was in full accord with every thing in the address. The last part of the address, that he never believed in eternal hell. Early in life he was a great stickler for education. He thought if people only knew how little doctors knew, they would have no more sympathy for them.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham related her recent experience as a writing medium. This phase of mediumship is something quite new to the accomplish-

### Mediumship in Central Asia.

(Translated from La Revue Spirituelle for October 1883.)  
ST. PETERSBURG, July 16th, '83. The embassy of the Emir of Bokhara, consisting of his son, Seyid Abdul Agate-Khan (prince and heir) a fine young man of twenty-seven years of age and twelve persons of his retinue sent to Moscow to be present at the coronation of the czar, has just left St. Petersburg, yesterday July 15th, after a brief stay in this capital.

Among the persons accompanying the prince, was a learned Mussulman acting as interpreter, Aline Jounousoff, who had been specially recommended to me by a friend residing in Samarcand, a city of Russian Turkistan. He had traveled much in Arabia and the East Indies, speaks Russian and several oriental languages perfectly well, is skilled in the modern physical and mechanical sciences, is actually occupied at present in establishing in Central Asia (where a French scientific expedition is found just now), a new system of irrigation with electricity as the motive power. Having been told that I had had several long and repeated interviews with him, conversing freely upon religion and Mussulman philosophy, in which I am much interested for several reasons and with which I have busied myself for a long time past.

Among other matters I gave him an account of the Spirituallist doctrine and was gratified to learn from him, that there existed in Central Asia, for centuries past, a society like that of Masonry, known by the name of *Muridism*, whose adepts are students of magnetism and mediumistic phenomena and are well acquainted with the truths of Spirituallism (including the doctrine of re-incarnation) and accept the same.

They have numbers of good mediums, healers, seers, clairvoyants and mediums for physical demonstrations. The *Murids*, as the adepts of *Muridism* are called, must, first of all, according to the assertion of Jounousoff, who is himself a *Murid*, make renunciation of their own persons and look out only for the interest and advantage of their neighbors. In this connection he gave me a short piece of poetry in Persian, the translation of which is about as follows: "Thou mayest give thyself up to wine and idleness, mayest burn mosques and even the Koran; these are sins for which thou mayest be pardoned; but never offend thy neighbor. If thou wishest the salvation of thy soul!"

In order to attain to the degree of complete disinterestedness, the *Murids* begin their studies of mediumship under the guidance of the adepts of their society known under the name of *Cheliks*; they modify the body by all sorts of privations in food, clothing, etc. On reaching the degree aimed at, in which their will, and as Jounousoff told me, their "me" (or soul) becomes absolute master of the body, the *Murids* begin their mediumship by the healing of the sick, laying hands on them, but without any motions. It is evidently the magnetic passes but under different forms from ours. After this degree of mediumship comes that of clairvoyance through opaque substances, vision at a distance, the aspect and movement of objects, and finally the palpable materialization of spirits or souls disincarnated from the earthly body.

It is to be noted that this materialization is generally that of the spirit of a *Chelik*, or a *Chelik* who during his earthly life had been the initiate of the medium in *Muridism*. Jounousoff told me that during his mediumship, which does not last forever and only according to circumstances and the life that one leads, he often saw his *Chelik* or deceased master under the palpable form of the body he inhabited while on the earth and always when some person was threatening him, to retain permanently the quality of medium, the *Murid* must maintain a sober and disinterested life and busy himself with prayer and the healing of the sick. The *Murids* are generally held as holy men in Bokhara and other countries of Central Asia and are much honored by the Mussulmans. Their science is secret; they make no parade of it and do not use it as a trade or speculation to earn their bread like many European mediums.

Such is a brief outline of the mediumship of a *Murid* related to me concerning *Muridism* in that country. Jounousoff becoming much interested in Spirituallism and finding it in perfect harmony with the religion of Islam which he professes and with the philosophy taught by the great prophet of the Arabs, Mohammed, whom he holds in high honor as one of the most eminent *Murids* and laborers for the progress of humanity, took upon me the name of *Ali-Karlic* (in Russian "Spiritualism in its Simplest Expression," and also the manuscript of a translation in Russian that I gave him of the treatise, "Outline of the Law of Spiritual Phenomena," which he intends to translate (both of them) into Arabic and Persian for publication. He begged me also to send to him at Bokhara from time to time, news of the progress made by the mediumship of *Muridism*. I keep your readers acquainted with my correspondence with this interesting personage, who is in harmony with our ideas, has a mind of great philosophic capacity and is free from all religious fanaticism.

In conclusion Jounousoff proved to me that Islamism, truly understood was not at all opposed to Spirituallism; on the contrary, the religion of Islam, founded by the prophet Mohammed, was a religion that transcended towards it than the different religious confessions of the Christian churches. It is well to have this known in our little Europe, which thinks itself the most civilized corner of the globe and also in our Catholic world which fancies itself the sole depositary of religious and philosophical truth.

### A Fight.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A fight is predicted by Mgr. Capel, the representative of the Catholic Church in the United States. In speaking of the Public Schools of this country and their system of government, he says: "There are a good many Catholics in this country, and there is going to be a fight. Somebody says they number 8,000,000. Your public system is inadequate for them and they are going to leave it. Suppose the Church sends out an authoritative demand to the Catholics to start a school in every parish and support them, and send all Catholic children to them. It can be done by the utterance of a word, sharp as the click of a trigger. That command will be obeyed. New schools will spring up everywhere. Well, who objects? The object of schools is to teach the young idea how to shock the government. How can the knowledge of God and his works?"

"What will be the result? A fight," says the priest. "Do you suppose some millions of people are going to pay taxes twice? One for their own schools and again for Protestant schools from which they get no benefit." If it is not a downright fight—it will be at least a war-like condition—a million or two of tax-paying citizens looking to the government. How can the Government? Because this Government will not consent to extend the instruction in the public schools to the exceptional sentiments and numbers of Catholic teaching, which are not now allowed in a sectarian sense to any Christian denomination.

The Catholic Church is free to enjoy equal rights in the Public Schools with all others; but with this it is not content. It has given up its own schools; Catholics only await the power to establish their supremacy; the priest of the American Bishops and the Pope at their head to demand specifically the right of Catholics to establish sectarian schools supported by the school money of the government. It must not be forgotten that the Catholic leaders threaten this land of the free with its 60,000,000 of inhabitants with a union of Church and State under the direction of the Pope. Drayton says:

"All Europe was horror-stricken at the Huguenot massacre of St. Bartholomew Eve (1572). For perfidy and atrocity it has no equal in the annals of the world." Readers of history have not forgotten the Inquisition with its instruments of torture and death, and the victims of a *Victor* (Victor) wrath burnt at the stake for their honest choice of their religion; nor have the friends of Victor Emmanuel, the noble advocate of Roman religious freedom, forgotten the anathema maranatha pronounced by the Christian Pope against him; an anathema which the prince of devils could, for malignity and spite in vain attempt to imitate. GEORGE WHITE, Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, 1883.

Mrs. W. E. writes: I should like to hear some of the calamities heaped upon Spirituallism and its friends, annexed from every liberal rostrum in the United States, on the day of our next anniversary, by a lecture delivered upon, "The effects produced upon the sentiments and morals of the masses who have been reached, by the teachings of Spirituallism up to the present time." Then let each lecture be published in the immediate vicinity where delivered, as far as practicable. I think that a volume of facts can be hurried upon our readers, that will accomplish a large amount of good.

### Meditation in Baltimore, Md.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The impatient waiting for the lectures to commence before the Third Spirituallist Society, ceased upon the return of Mrs. Rachel Hooper on the first Sunday of December. She will occupy the rostrum during the winter. She returns from the North improved in health, and her lectures emit no uncertain sounds in the advocacy of the highest and most moral sentiments of refined and pure Spirituallism.

The progress of our cause is much handicapped here, on account of its being unattractive, and I was about to add, being misunderstood; but I won't, knowing as I do, that the great majority of persons who attend our churches, do so because it is fashionable, and not because they understand their doctrines, or are imbued with the spirit and love of the humble Nazarine, of which they hear so much and recollect so little—their object being, rather, to be seen of men, and to display their purple and fine linen, and upon the similar display of their co-worshippers. They are, however, a strong and deep undercurrent silently setting in towards the shores of Spirituallism; the minds of men of position and note amongst us are drifting towards our cause, and are accepting its truths; but, as yet they fear to proclaim the fact, least their profession or business might suffer injury from the hands of the church-going men.

There are private circles held all over the city, at some of which most interesting manifestations occur, but they are kept a sealed book to all outside the circle. We are having some wonderful manifestations at one of those private circles, which are attended to by my friends who attend them, but they are done in the dark, and I am so much opposed to dark doings, that I refuse to report any thing that I see or hear, and I do not think that I should use of all my senses at all times, and that I would not be justified in deciding upon the merits of anything presented to me, which required the use of my vision, at a time when I was deprived of my second sense; were this not so, I could tell a tale, and most probably a true one, which would interest and engage the eyes of your readers. Until the veil is lifted and the light allowed to shine in upon the dark places, I shall not enter into them. CARROLL, Baltimore, Dec. 15, 1883.

### Letter from C. Fannie Allen.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I clip the following from a notice of my lecture in a late JOURNAL:

"The control, however, did not give the name of the individual referred to. When the entire paragraph was read, it was evident that I had been enabled for years to swindle the people, and of which an advanced spirit should be fully cognizant, it does not seem to be improper to mention his name in full."

Please allow an explanation: "The control" did not read the notice. I read it as I am able to do so without spirit aid. I claim no "control." Advanced spirituallism is a fraud. I influenced and assisted in my platform exercises. I did not read the name of the medium, for it is my code of honor, not to "kick a man when he's down." The law had him in its grasp. He was completely exposed. Even the most credulous were convinced of his crime. The purpose was accomplished. For years I have been ostracized because of my outspoken condemnation of so-called materialization. I have no fear, neither do I court favor. I have no belief in the justice (?) that is quiet and excusing in its treatment of the popular and smooth-talking mistaken ones, and is indignant over the weaker unfortunates. I leave calling names to my superiors in culture, intellect and etiquette, and remembering my motherhood, remember "somebody's boy" without condoning the crime.

Some of the causes that lead to wholesale trickery, should in my opinion, be discussed and studied; viz. credulous seekers, emotional Spirituallists, faith in and authority of Bible manifestations, the large acquiescence and other unfortunate surroundings of the so-called medium.

I shall try to practice the "charity" I preach, and I would not resort to a penalty attached to wrong doing. No one has a right to do what seems to him or her wrong, and though I gain no favor from the world, yet I shall still trust the angels will help me, if I try to educate myself and others up to a standard where truth, reason and honest investigation lead the way. I do not think that anger or bitterness of words will help animals; principles, not individuals, what I desire to reach. If I am wrong in my methods, I am willing to be taught. No "advanced spirit" is responsible for my ignorance. With love for the cause of humanity, I am, as ever, CLIFFTON HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL. C. FANNIE ALLEN.

### Confidence in Self.

Rely on yourself; take it for granted that you can accomplish your plans. Never say, "I can't"—they are ignoble words. He who does not feel within himself the power to conquer fate, is not a man in the true sense of the word. Of course it is a misfortune for him, since he can never be of any benefit to himself or anybody else. Heaven help the woman who marries him! Somebody says, "O, I don't like these self-conceited folks!" My friend, self-conceit and self-confidence are two qualities as different as light and darkness; and though the self-conceited man may not be the most agreeable of companions, we infinitely prefer him to the creeping, cringing, craven-spirited fellow who is never ready for an emergency, and who, like Urian Heep, spent his life in trying to be "useful." The man who says, "I will do it"—who says it from his heart, and means it, too—who bends his whole energy to the work, almost always accomplishes it; and the people call him lucky and successful, and all that sort of thing, when, in fact, his luck has been brought about by his own persevering efforts and by his confidence in himself. Fortune deceits cowards; and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favorite.

### Koot Hoomi.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A late issue of your valuable paper contains a letter alleged to be from Trebizond, in which the writer speaks of the death of a man who he calls a plagiarist upon Mr. Kiddle by "Koot Hoomi," citing a paragraph from a lecture by Mr. Kiddle, given Aug. 15, 1880, while the extract from Koot Hoomi's letter is of date 1881. The object of your Trebizond correspondent is to show that Koot Hoomi, an adept, is not to be believed because he has stolen an idea from Kiddle and passed it off on Sinnet as his own. It seems to me you devote much space to word-advocating, but it is given up to efforts to demolish a very common sentence, while no space is devoted to the other ideas put forth by Koot Hoomi. Perhaps your Trebizond gentleman can show that some other Spirituallist has enunciated all those views of moral rewards and punishments, re-incarnation, a future state, cycles, etc., which have been the property of the Buddhist, from time immemorial, and which are handed out again by Koot Hoomi and other Theosophists.

But, of course, neither he nor you can do this, unless you first sweep away the testimony of centuries and the declarations of such men as Rys-Davida and Max Muller. Now as to the plagiarist:

1. It is not proven that Mr. Kiddle was the first to use the words referred to.
2. It is an idea which has been common property for a long time, and has been used, in nearly identical words by others before Kiddle. Can you or Mr. Kiddle claim that, "Ideas rule the world" is an expression original with the gentleman? Is the clause: "It is just as impossible to resist their influx when the time comes as to stay the progress of the tide," new speech to you? I think not. These very ideas and sentences I have used myself often before 1880 and have heard others use them.

In the inaugural address before the Theosophical Society, Nov. 17, 1875, (in print) the same ideas, inspired by Koot Hoomi may be found. In July 1880, a circular was written and printed in India for distribution through the Theosophical Society. It attacked here, before Mr. Kiddle's lecture was reported and contains among other things, this: "Individuals count as nothing; the idea we represent is everything. Though an entire Branch of the Society should be obliterated... this idea which has been set before the century would run through its entire career and work out its legitimate results."

It is the same proposition in slightly different language but neither author can be accused of plagiarism.

Again, Mr. Editor, let me make the declaration that I knew of and heard from Koot Hoomi in New York in the beginning of 1875 to date, and have often heard the declaration contained in the Kiddle lecture repeated by Koot Hoomi orally and in writing, just five years before Mr. Kiddle's lecture. I have seen also in New York through 1875 up to 1878 phenomena performed by Koot Hoomi and other adepts, similar to those detailed by Mr. Sinnet. If you want an account I will let you have it. Finally, it may surprise you and "Whoomslambig," which I translate "W. E. Coleman," to know that there are many persons in America who know of, and firmly believe in, the number, name, and the honest of Koot Hoomi. In India there are thousands who know him, and who will thank you if you will print this letter as fairly as you printed that of the gentleman from Trebizond. WILLIAM O. JUDGE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We will say for Mr. Judge's information, that Mr. Wm. E. Coleman never saw the article referred to till he saw it in print in the JOURNAL.—ED.

### "Who-Slams-Big."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Your issue of Dec. 8th contains an article from a Mr. "Who-slams-big," at least one would suppose he thinks he does from the language he uses. He wishes to appear very witty and smart at the same time that he accuses of plagiarism one who is so far above his little contemptible lordship, that the "big number," he calls himself, cannot conceive of man attaining such a pure, elevated condition of morality, and, therefore, judging all men by himself, he makes a false statement and exposes his ignorance of occult matters by calling the projection of a person's astral body an elemental. I would advise him to read the article on page six of the same paper his trash appears in, entitled, "Can the Spirit leave the body?" or, if that does not satisfy him, let him ask any good trance medium if it can be done, or, further still, let him read Bulwer's "Strange Story." As regards what an elemental spirit is, he may find out by perusing "Fragments of Occult Truth." They will show him that the spirit of a human being is not an elemental. At the end of his article he asks for explanations. If it be sincere, he can get them.

He appears to have a rod in soak for the "Himalayan Brothers," who certainly must feel (?) already (as they are sensitive) the weight of his exhortations. He does not seem to know that according to the doctrine of Spirituallists people can be influenced to receive communications unknown to themselves (as far as the impartor is concerned.) Some people say they receive or have impressions; who impart these impressions? He does not know or he would not write what he did.

Two people have the same ideas and one expresses his; the other says I was thinking the same thing the other day, or a month or year ago. Can Mr. "Who-slams-big" say that one stole the other's ideas? When he accuses the Himalayan Brothers with deceit and lying, he merely assumes the position of the pot, and calls the right in kettle black.

As regards Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, they are out of reach of the slanderer, or possibly he might have his ideas, as regards them, corrected by a personal explanation.

He may assure himself that he will remain disenchanted as regards the existence of the Brothers as long as he persists in abusing them, but if he excuses them in his heart, possibly he may have the opportunity of satisfying himself that they are real flesh and blood, as others know them to be. T. RUTH.

### A Lively Girl.

Making Furniture Walk Around in a Very Queer Manner.

ROME, Ga., Dec. 21.—The Cherokee section of Georgia is greatly excited over the manifestations of Miss Lula Hurst, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. William E. Hurst, a substantial farmer of Polk County. The stories told were of such a strange character that Col. Freeman, of the *Cedartown Advertiser*, Dr. E. Liddell, and several other prominent citizens went out to Mr. Hurst's residence for the purpose of investigating them. They found the young lady to be the picture of health, and of moderate size. Upon a request to manifest some of her newly-developed powers, she arose and placed her hands upon the back of a common chair, which soon began to move, first slowly, then violently. The Doctor was requested to hold the chair, but being unable to do so alone, two, and then three men, tried with no better effect. Apparently there was not a particle of physical force used by the young lady, her hands merely resting carefully on the back of the chair. On a previous occasion four of the stoutest men in the neighborhood had found it impossible to hold the chair. A large, old-fashioned bedstead stood with its head back in the corner of the room. On the foot of the bed Miss Lula placed her hand lightly, and the bed arose two feet in the air and moved swiftly around the room. Now, Miss Lora Wimbler, a cousin of Miss Lula's, while in bed recently, heard a thumping noise on the headboard, which she thought was produced by her cousin with her fingers, and requested her to stop and go to sleep. Miss Lula protested innocence, yet the sound grew more audible. A playful remark that it should strike her caused a sensation like a slight shock, felt by Miss Wimbler about the face. The sound was then called to manifest itself where commanded about the bed, and the bed was finally commanded to move, and to the wonder of the occupants, rolled briskly around the room. This is the circumstance which led to the subsequent experiments. On a recent occasion, while Miss Lula was lying across the bed, she thought of some favorite air, when its music emanated strangely from the headboard of the bed and was heard by more than a half dozen persons, sitting around the room. On another occasion an uncle, above the ordinary weight, in a chair, his feet on the rounds, while the lady placed her hand with an under-grip on the upper back of the chair and lifted him across the floor. These people know nothing of Spirituallism, and are sorely troubled by manifestations which they deem the work of an evil spirit. People from afar and near come daily to see and hear the latest developments.

### A Human Fire.

The Phenomena of a Burning Mine Repeated in the Physical System.

A few years ago one of the most important coal mines in Pennsylvania caught fire. It started slowly but soon obtained such headway that it spread through the greater portion of the entire mine, but it did not burn until it had reached the top of the shaft, where it was extinguished. At that juncture a young man stepped forward and suggested that all the entrances and vent holes of the mine be covered and secured, thus shutting off the supply of air. His advice was followed and the flames were finally subdued.

To compare the condition of this mine with many places of the human system, is most natural and appropriate. "Fire in the blood" is not a mere expression, it is a most serious fact. How it originates, it may be impossible to say; but that it burns and rages with an increasing fury, the one who is its victim only too painfully knows. The blood is the life. It is designed by nature to purify, strengthen and sustain the system. It is the medium through which the life force is disseminated and death is transported. Poisonous acids coming through the veins and arteries inflame and cause a fire just as real as the one which existed in the mine. They burn and irritate causing the brain to become weak and the nerves unstrung; they carry pains to the muscles and leave agonies in the joints; they bring destruction instead of strength; they destroy the very fabric of the body that most require help, and they hasten the approach of death in its most horrible form. These things have been felt by innumerable people who have been the victims of rheumatic disorders, and the agonies they have endured confirm this description.

There is but one way by which this fire in the blood can be extinguished, and that is by shutting off the supply of these poisonous acids. The lactic, lithic and uric acids come in to the blood through the liver and kidneys, and they remain in solution in the blood producing inflammatory rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuralgia, gout and all rheumatic fevers and affections. When they are deposited as gritty crystals in and near the joints, they cause articular rheumatism; when they lodge in the muscles, they cause rheumatism; when in the tissues covering the nerves, sciatica; when in the face, head and nerves generally, neuralgia. In every case they are painful; in most instances, dangerous. Inflammatory rheumatism is likely to locate in some joint and become chronic, or suddenly attack the brain or heart, causing apoplexy or heart disease. The fire in the blood must be extinguished—the supply must be shut off. This can only be done by purifying the portals to the blood—the kidneys and liver; and no means has ever been found for accomplishing this which can equal Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure. It acts directly upon the seat of the disorder; it extinguishes the fire by controlling the supply and removing the cause.

The well known standing of H. H. Warner & Co. of Lowell, Mass., in the remarkable success which Warner's Safe Cure has achieved, being endorsed by no less a personage than Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Dean of the United States Medical College, New York, and the fidelity with which they have carried out all their promises to the public, should be an sufficient warrant that the above statements are true. They, however, guarantee to cure ninety-five per cent. of all rheumatic troubles, especially those known as "well," that the demonstrated power of the remedy justifies them in so doing. Nothing can be fairer than this, and those who suffer in the future from rheumatism with such an offer before them, do so on their own responsibility, and can blame no one if living pain and untimely death are the results.

### Spiritualism in South Chicago.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have only lately begun to take the JOURNAL, and I wish to tell you how much pleasure it has given me. I feel that it is going to be a great help to me. I am very much interested in your work of giving to the public your own ideas, and exposing the frauds and tricksters who make it so hard for an honest medium to gain the respect of the people, for I find doubts and fears wherever I go. The interest the JOURNAL takes in investigation is doing a great work. We organized our society here one year ago, with four members. We have increased that number to twenty. As many more meet with us each week for investigation. I think that before very long we shall have one of the largest circles ever held in so small a place. We met for six months every week before we had any manifestations that could be relied upon. After our spirit friends had got into harmony with us, the manifestations were such as caused a number of well educated people to investigate the truth of this great power.

South Chicago, Ill. MRS. H. SPARROW.

### Mgr. Capel.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It appears our pugnacious visitor, Mr. Capel, will not be deterred by our refusal to fight; he is fast getting himself into hot water, and it seems also that there must be a pious lie out sometime. The Reverend gentleman may not "refuse a fight," but it looks as if he would like to back out of his own statements. Mr. Croffut, a correspondent of the New York Tribune was cordially received by Mgr. Capel, who, tired and regaled by him, made sundry threatening remarks touching the public school system in this country, as well as his peculiar church, of which the following are samples:

"Suppose that the church sends out an authoritative command to Catholics to start schools in every parish and send all Catholic children to them! It can be done by the utterance of a word. Sharp as the click of a trigger that command will be obeyed!" Then he asks the question: "What will be the result?" He answers: "A fight." He "proposes to go to Washington and make a formal and authoritative declaration," and so on with a pack of like stuff, occupying an hour, as Mr. Croffut avers, all of which he took down at the time, and has preserved the notes. Some one since the interview has probably been whispering in the churchman's ear that he has been reckoning "without his host;" for a telegram appears, saying that "a fight" is declared in language, as well as the thought, utterly unlike anything he has ever said or is likely to say.

Her Choice.

"Behold! it is a draught from Lethe's wave, Thy voice of weeping reacheth even that strand..."

Birds of the Mississippi Valley. The birds of the Mississippi Valley, the Globe-Democrat says, have for a long time been studied by several residents of the valley...

Cured by the Laying on of Hands. For nearly eleven years Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson, of Muncie, Ind., who is eighty-three years old, has been almost helpless invalid.

For some time past there have been startling rumors in Cleveland to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Davis, a prominent Presbyterian clergyman of that city, was about to introduce many Romish innovations in his church.

A Youth Who Whistles in His Sleep. A singular case is reported at St. Thomas. A young man employed in the sewing machine works has been accustomed to working alone...

Rather Sudden. A botanist in this city recently received some seeds from a friend in Africa, who forgot to send an account of their peculiarities.

The Latest Faith Cure. Mary Dunn, of Danville, N. Y., has for six years been an invalid, and for two years has been unable to speak.

General Sheridan will soon make his annual pilgrimage to his old home in Ohio to visit his mother. She is eighty-three years old, and the General never neglects to visit her once a year...

Professor Morse, in his last lecture at the Lowell Institute, Boston, translated a number of mottoes found on Japanese pottery.

A Single, sudden and tremendous peal of thunder on a recent Sunday night so affected two ladies of Newburyport, that the following Tuesday they were unable to remember anything which had occurred the previous day...

A Meddlesome Crow. A pet crow belonging to H. G. Heidt, of Columbia, S. C., jumped upon a shelf where its master's revolver lay, and began playing with it.

I feel very grateful for the wonderful cures performed with Ely's Cream Balm. I have had Catarrh in its worst form for 25 years.

Pope Leo XIII. daily dined at a cost of \$7 cents on a simple soup, a little bread, a leg or wing of a chicken, six or seven grapes and one pear.

A slight cold if neglected, often attacks the lungs, showing as B-ONCHITIS, BRONCHITIS, pleurisy and immediate relief.

Three thousand Americans and 12,000 English are now living in Paris.

"Samaritan Parrot" cured me of general debility and dyspepsia," writes Michael O'Connor, Galesburg, Ill.

Cornell University has an Egyptian student. He is a bright young fellow.

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IN THE LIGHT OF THE HARMONICAL PHILOSOPHY

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is not so wide that I could not come. Now we must go, and I will take you to the most beautiful place you ever saw in dreams. You must not remain to witness the proceedings further.

He smiled at my words:—"Why, you talk as if there was something terrible about death. It has been the most pleasant passage in my life. I have suffered a great deal in its approach, but when it came it brought only joy. When I saw you, I was so pleased, my clay-lips uttered my thoughts, the last words they ever gave. Now it is done, I must stay till it is over. I want to see how the relatives and friends act, and hear what they say. You know it will be strange to hear one's own funeral sermon."

As he would not go, I remained with him, and entering again into the earth sphere, suffered from the contact. My husband was greatly interested in the ceremonies, and when they were over, he said: "I am glad the old aching body has at last gone to its final rest. The children were grieved, and ought to know how they misanderstand. Perhaps I can tell them sometimes. Hearts do not break with grief, else mine would have broken. Come, now, my new-found wife, I will go where you wish."

I need not repeat the story of the journey, or describe the meeting with our Claribel. Her father was of the happy disposition, that at once assimilated its surroundings and became one with its companions.

"I have worked and struggled along," he said, "having little time to think, and I am ignorant as a savage. I desire at once to commence gaining knowledge. How am I to proceed?"

We all laughed at his eagerness, and one said: "There is time enough; you must first rest and recover strength."

"Rest! I was never stronger, and I am anxious for exertion. I feel mentally starved and crave thought food."

"You will find no difficult task. To desire is to have, and you will soon become in sympathy with the thought atmosphere of our home."

Then one of our number, who was a poet, superior to us all, said he had had a singular and painful experience, and we demanded to hear it.

THE POET'S STORY.

I had been enthralled, and as I came up the pathway leading to this eminence, I met a boisterous throng of people. Strange faces they had, and yet they were familiar. I looked closely, and imagine my surprise when I found they belonged to me. They were the thoughts I had expressed in my earth-life. Some were dark, repulsive and inexpressibly ugly, while others were exquisitely beautiful. What a horde they were, and though some were pleasing, the greater proportion caused my cheeks to blush with shame.

"Father, father," they called, rushing toward me!

"Away! I cried! I own you not."

"Then we shall follow you. We belong to you and wherever you go we shall go. We will not desert you."

"If this be so," I cried in despair, "then I am burdened beyond endurance and immortality becomes a curse. If I must drag this throng of tormentors, reminding me continually of early follies, then extinction were preferable."

What shall I do with this miscreant crowd, deformed and rude? I cannot take them home to my companions. If these are embodiments of my earthly thoughts, how they would scorn me. If this is to be my retinue, then I must seek a new home where I am unknown. I must cast aside the pleasures of this company. My punishment is terrible. I threw myself down in a paroxysm of grief and remorse. An angel came by, and pausing, said:

"Would you escape from your thralldom?"

"Escape!" I cried. "Can I escape?"

"Do you not see that the most repulsive of these spectres are fashioned of the thoughts which are of yourself, recording your former vanity, pride, uncharity, selfishness and forgetfulness of others? See you that lovely being representing a deed of self-sacrifice?"

"Oh! that they were all like her!" I cried.

"Then listen. You must act in such a manner that the good will eclipse these shadows, and they will disappear."

Saying that, he vanished, and I, reflecting, said that I would at once free myself from the dreadful following. Opportunely there came a spirit moaning past me. Her brother on earth was contemplating a horrible crime. He had determined to take the life of his mother in order to become possessed of her estate. The sister had vainly attempted to give warning or to influence him, and in despair she had left them to their fate. I said to her:

"Come, I will go with you and perhaps we can together prevent the crime."

She fervently expressed her gratitude as she conducted me to her mother's house. It was midnight when we arrived, as I saw in the dim lamplight by the tall clock, and the mother was sleeping.

"We can only watch," said my companion, "and if he should come, we can do nothing to save her." "Did you not know that sometimes sleep unlocks the avenues of the spirit, and we can approach much nearer than in waking hours? When we thus come, people say they have dreamed."

I bent over the mother, her white locks fell from beneath her cap over the pillow, and there was somewhat in the expression of her lips and cheeks, reminding me of my own. I tested her sensitiveness and found that her mind responded. Then I uttered these words: "Edward intends to kill you with a knife. He will come into your room, and you must awake and charge him with the crime, and say to him that his sister came from heaven to tell you."

She started as if by a blow, and with a horrified expression, she sprang upright.

"Who is here?" she cried. "Who spoke to me? I have had a fearful dream, so vivid I thought it reality."

She sank again on the pillow, and there were soft footsteps at the door, which slowly swung open, and the brother entered. The mother waited only a moment when she arose and addressed him in the words of her dream. It came so suddenly that he admitted his intentions, and pleaded for forgiveness. He had been made the victim of bad men, and if he could escape from them he might be saved. By nature he was not so bad, but he was weak.

Leaving them to each other, I started again for my home, my heart full of gladness, for I had followed the advice of the angel, and expected to thereby escape my followers. Judge my surprise when on looking back I saw a new form, more ugly than any of the others, the result of this act from which I had expected so much. As I gazed in despair, the angel came again, and with a smile said to me:

"It was a selfish act."

"Selfish!" I asked.

"Aye; you had not the good of the woman

or the salvation of the son, or the happiness of the daughter at heart. You had only your own pleasure and gain. You would thereby relieve yourself of a burden. The world is ruined by such benevolence. You will have a long and weary road if you travel in that direction."

"I am a fool," I said, overwhelmed by my imbecility and want of spiritual understanding. "What can I do?" I implore.

"If I directed you, there would be no merit. You must determine for yourself."

As he spoke he vanished, and I sat down, resting like a weary pilgrim, overburdened. Then I saw a spirit coming rapidly toward me, and on approach she hurriedly said:

"I am told you can influence mortals. My son is Captain of a steamer, and, having lost his course, is sailing directly on a rocky coast. Come and save not only him but the hundreds of slumbering passengers."

Without a moment's delay I followed her, and came to the steamer. The grey of morning was flushing the sky, and the crests of heavily rolling seas gleamed in the cold light. Everything was quiet on deck, for the passengers were asleep, and nothing was heard but the steady pulsations of the engine. I looked beyond the bow, and saw the shore some miles away. It was a high promontory of black rocks, against which the surf was violently beating, and the ship was most violent on the point where it was most violent. What ever was done, must be done quickly. We went into the cabin where the Captain sat with his head resting on his hands, between sleeping and waking. Could I impress him with his danger? I made the attempt and failed. I repeated several times with no better success. I became anxious, as the danger increased, for every pulsation of the engine brought the ship nearer to her doom. The sleeping passengers, strong men, helpless women and children, how soon would they be called to face certain destruction? What agony the now quiet decks would witness! What waiting and hoping against hope, there would be in hundreds of desolate homes! The contemplation unmoved me, and I was unfitted to exercise my skill in impressing thoughts on mortal nerves. I was recalled by the voice of the mother:

"Can you not save my son?"

I confess that when the picture of agony I have sketched, came to my mind, in my wish to prevent the catastrophe, all selfish considerations were forgotten, and I would unhesitatingly have given my existence for the salvation of the ship, were it possible to have done so.

"I can do nothing unless I have aid," I replied, and with my whole strength I invoked our elder brother. As a thought he came. He understands the methods of impressing thought so perfectly that, as you know, he rarely fails. He placed his hand on the Captain's head, and the thought he gave was:

"Ship ahoy, breakers ahead!"

The Captain sprang to his feet, and rubbing his eyes in a bewildered manner, rushed on deck.

"Who hailed us?" he demanded of the drowsy watch.

"No one, sir; all is quiet."

"We were hailed," he said firmly, and gaining the bridge he sought to penetrate the darkness. He listened, and his face paled, for distinctly came the boom of the surf.

Swift were the commands, and the ship in a sharp curve doubled on her course, the rocky ledge so near that a few revolutions more and there would have been no escape.

A great many of the passengers came on deck, aroused by the unusual motion of the ship and the shouting of orders, and when they understood the peril they had so narrowly escaped, they embraced each other and cried for joy.

As I again sought our home, forgetful of everything but the benefit I had conferred by my journey, I glanced behind me, and saw a shining light, and afar off, in dim outline, the group of beings I so strongly desired to escape. Unconsciously I had performed an act that had placed a light between me and them. Rejoice with me, dear friends, I am enabled to be unselfish.

Then the elder said: "Our brother adds to his other good qualities, that of humility."

The angel life became more complete and perfect as year by year the loved ones came up from the shadows of earth, until our family circle was almost restored. After a time its old members will take their new places, and when my earth-friends are all here, there will be little attraction for me in the old life.

This life is yet new and strange, and cannot be described to mortal comprehension. Language itself must be spiritualized and words given new meaning.

I have mingled tears of pity with those who have been bereft, at the same time knowing that their loss was the gain of the departed ones.

Activity is our happiness, and thinking and doing are the gateways to heaven. Earth-life is a joy only when the end is known. Here its infinite possibilities are realized. Not in a year, or a century, but in the fullness of time. Weep, for it is human, when your loved ones pass the shadowy portals, remembering, however, that the spiritual sun on the other side would by comparison, make your brightest day on earth a rayless night.

Letter from Gerald Massey.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

You will have heard of my breakdown in New York? I suppose I was not so strong as I had fancied. I have been working at my book some ten hours a day, seven days a week, for ten years, and was, no doubt, worn down a little more than I knew. Anyway, I was caught in the course of being acclimated, by the cold spell of a month ago, and only able to deliver one of the four lectures which had been announced by the United States Lyceum Bureau. Since then the weather has been mild, and seems to smile at my inability to breast that one cold wave! I have been in haven at the house of Judge Dailey, and the kindness there received has greatly helped to make me well again.

One object of my writing now is to make mention of a very extraordinary magnetic healer, Dr. Dickson of Chicago, who happened to be in Brooklyn on a visit. He was brought to me by Judge Dailey who had already had personal experience of the Doctor's healing power. In addition to my late sickness, I have had a touch of chronic bronchitis for some four years; but with his first treatment the healer appeared to put a lining of new life into my bronchial tubes, and a course of five manipulations leads me to think he is able to eradicate the disease by his curative process, which seems to be scientific and sound. I know something of what is termed "human magnetism," but I had no previous knowledge of the extent to which it may be available. I have also witnessed still more remarkable effects produced on others by the same treatment.

Dr. Dickson is not a "faithist," and does

not "pan out" on the name of Jesus Christ, or "Tar-water and the Trinity," but on honest hard work, based on certain peculiar and powerful personal qualities.

My other object is to announce that I am not only recovering from my recent breakdown, but that I am now well enough to resume my lecturing course, in case any of your readers are thinking of inviting me to the cities and towns of the West. Will you allow me to quote the following remarks which appeared in the Medium after I had left London:

"If you lectured in a proper manner his lectures are bound to be a success in every respect."

"We have been associated with two courses of lectures by Mr. Massey in London; one in St. George's Hall, on the eve of his former visit to America, and again just recently. The results have been all that could be wished financially, as well as giving a decidedly healthy stimulus to the cause of human progress. Our experience would suggest that the best plan would be in every place to form a small and influential committee especially to work Mr. Massey's lectures. Place him before the public on his own merits and disconnected from all other considerations, and the effort is sure to succeed. Guarantee the lecturer a suitable honorarium; then go on earnestly for success, irrespective of profit to the promoters. The momentum given to the minds of the people will be ample satisfaction to the promoters for their labor of love. Many would enter into a work of this kind if they only knew how to fall about it. In the interests of such, and the cause of human enlightenment, we offer our experience in such words."

Yours faithfully, GERALD MASSEY.

Care of Hon. A. H. Dailey, 16 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Satan Vindicated in the Book of Job.

BY M. D. CRAVIN.

Orthodox theology teaches that the devil or serpent is accountable for all sin and misery that has ever afflicted the world. He is charged with having caused the first happy pair to fall from their immaculate state by eating fruit contrary to divine orders; that entailed death and eternal ruin to their posterity, only atoned for by the crucifixion of Jesus in after ages, to satisfy divine justice. If the Lord designed them to live forever in the blissfulness of their pristine ignorance, he defeated his own purpose by planting a "tree of knowledge," where they were to dwell in company with a subtle being predestinated to reveal its edifying qualities to the first feminine candidate for learning that graced the bowers of Eden with her innocent smiles.

Even if Adam as a component of dust, was happy in prospect of an endless untaught condition, it was fallacy to suppose that a woman of interesting activity would thus yield to eternal stupidity with educational facilities at hand. Hence when she saw that the fruit was desirable to "make one wise" she partook of it and gave to her husband. But instead of causing their death, as the Lord announced, it verily raised them to an equality with the deities in intelligence, by becoming "as one of us" in metaphysical discrimination between good and evil, as the serpent foretold. Thus the apostolic charge that he was a liar from the beginning, is refuted by scripture testimony of his primitive veracity in contradistinction to deific untruthfulness. Their eyes were then opened to see the propriety of being clothed like people progressed in civilization; which unbecoming nudity had hitherto escaped the Lord's observation. The inference is that he intended them to go eternally naked, groping hoodwinked about Eden, happy as monkeys, devoid of intelligence to make fig-leaf aprons.

In a figurative sense, mankind are thus indebted to the serpent for all advance ever made in civilization. If this "subtle" creature was a mischievous addition to creation, as theology indicates, an almighty God could as easily have annihilated such a devil as to have created him, on discovering the pernicious consequences. But instead of destroying this reputed adversary of all good, as the only means of restoring the race, scripture shows that from a rational standpoint of interpretation, they work on a system of theological co-operation, by which the devil only acts as an instrument for evil in the hands of his Maker. For if an almighty Being really exists as Supreme Ruler of the universe, the corollary is irresistible that the moral economy of the world is operating in acquiescence with his will and pleasure. If such a malignant being existed with influence over man for evil with which the Lord could not successfully contend, the latter would forfeit his "all powerful" title; otherwise, if he is omnipotent, his responsibility for evil is beyond controversy. Then according to Isaiah (45:7) he "creates evil," and consistent with logical deductions keeps a devil to run the team.

Biblical proof of mutual association between the Lord and Satan is metaphorically illustrated in the book of Job. He is here found among the sons of God in heaven, receiving special favor from the Lord, who readily grants him his desire to do the devil's work on earth, and become responsible for Job's lamentable condition, by not only permitting Satan to act, but by first vainly boasting to him of his favorite devotee, whom Satan would not otherwise thought of assailing. Job's wife took a sensible view of the subject in charging their family calamities to the Lord, and advising the administration of the old fashioned malediction for his treachery. Job was evidently not aware that the devil had become exalted in heaven to the ruin of his happiness on earth, or instead of wasting execrations in cursing the day he was born, would have made different use of his redundant anathemas. While he is commended for fidelity to the Lord, his wife receives no credit for counsel in a more consistent distribution of his curses.

This sad affliction of Job and ruin of his family is much to be regretted as an act of the serpent or Satan, as the only malicious conduct displayed during his whole theological career, from Genesis to Revelations. The seven-headed and ten-horned red dragon the Revelator says persecuted an innocent woman and attempted to drown her by casting a flood of waters out of his mouth, cannot be identified as the devil of Christian theology, who early evinced his courtesy to woman by teaching her to utilize fruit with an enlightening effect, which the Lord apparently intended to waste on the ground. If the Lord had placed this hydro-headed monster to guard the "tree of knowledge," it would have insured him from loss of fruit by thieves; though with the risk of having tree and all devoured by the dragon.

With the loss of reserved fruit he commenced a system of imprecation reproachful to Deity, that entailed its immoral example to future generations. The serpent or devil never indulged in such profanity. He did not go cursing about Eden because the Lord

had not laid his plans consistent with satanic judgment; but almost invariably conducted himself with the dignity of a sage through subsequent ages, so decorous that he did not even take offence at Jesus for contemptuously ordering him to get behind, when solicited by worship in the gospel dispensation. While this aspiration for devotional homage was only a weak point in his nature, which a refusal caused no irritation, biblical history shows that when the Lord was not worshipped according to his pleasure, he would get angry and swear in his wrath, displaying an ungovernable human temper, which never disgraced the devil. Even the archangel, Michael, could bring no "raiding accusation" against him, when contending for the body of Moses, but merely invoked the Lord, who buried it in obscurity, rather than let the devil dissect him for scientific purposes.

If Jesus had not considered him an agreeable companion, he would not have been seen in his company promening the streets of Jerusalem, and accepting his services in elevation to a pinnacle of the temple. As Jesus declined making a supernatural descent for fear of tempting God, the devil only knows how he did get down, for the record does not state. Instead of going to visit and administer consolation to his friend and forerunner, John the Baptist, who was then being imprisoned in Machoerus castle for preaching righteousness, he preferred the devil's society by next starting off with him apparently on a summer vacation to the mountain for the enjoyment of landscape scenery, embracing all the kingdoms of the world. If the devil was such a notorious foe to the human race as theologically represented, then would have been the time for Jesus to have exercised his "all power" in conversion and sending him as a missionary to the Gentiles, in fulfillment of John's prophecy that he came to take away the sin of the world. Yet notwithstanding the religious organizations to resist him, it is still as abundant in the world as when he came.

Apostolic presumption that the devil went about as a "lurking lion" seeking whom to devour, is not confirmed by scripture testimony that he ever devoured a single individual after being commanded to go on his stomach and eat dust all the days of his life. This instead of this theologically perverted advocate of human progress being guilty of the outrage charged him in the Book of Job, his innocence is vindicated by collateral testimony that the narrative is merely an allegorical poem of Gentile genius, in which the epic poet misrepresents his moral status under the popular delusion of the time. Neither Job nor his friends having any connection with the Lord's "chosen people," conclusively shows its extraneous origin, compiled with the Jewish sacred writings because of its hero-worshipping deity by the name of the Lord, long before Moses claimed to have received the first revelation of that divine title.

By antedating the Mosaic law, according to biblical chronology, its antiquity gives skeptics latitude to infer that the narrative may have been written before the serpent was deprived of his traveling facilities with which under the Gentile name of Satan, he had been walking up and down in the earth and apparently found useful in getting to heaven. If, according to tradition he was originally a rebellious angel cast out from there, that landed in Eden, it would indicate rather loose discipline in the Lord to keep the gates of heaven open to such tramps on festive occasions among his sons. Yet this pre-Adamite legend of his origin is sustained by no better authority than the myth that Vulcan fell in Lemnos when ejected from paradise by Jupiter.

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