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

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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 communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE NAME "SHYLOCK."

A Critical Examination of the Characters in the Merchant of Venice.

As we advance in life, sooner or later we realize that thought is far beyond the power of expression—that language is often inadequate to convey our full meaning. The language of the civilized world is indeed marvelous, but the demands of the progressive human brain are far beyond the world-power of expression.

As individuals we improve ourselves, our thought, our language and our style, by association with others; and the more their culture and superiority, if we have the power to grasp it, the more advantageous it is for us.

As a people, as a nation, we advance our own language and thought by adopting the strong words and apt and elegant expressions of the other nations of the globe.

The people who are the most cosmopolitan in this as in other things are the strongest. They have the best degrees and grades of expression—the most synonyms, and by far the best means of conveying the subtle meanings and creations of the brain.

One of the strangest things in this connection, however, is, that oftentimes a powerful expression comes from the vulgar element. Vulgarly, however, we find is quite a relative term. What may be vulgar or commonplace at one time or period is not so at another. Although these terms may come from the so-called lower grades of society they do not come from low mental people. Oftentimes we find a keen sharp intellect in the lower ranks of society. The person may be low, morally degraded, and even brutal, yet have, at least in part, a fine intellect. Oftentimes these people originate a phrase to give expression to their feelings, and even this may be the result of their ignorance; were they educated they would readily express themselves in elegant terms. They have natural ability but no cultivation of that ability, so they invent such expressions as "played out," "gone back on him," "paint the town red," etc. The street is full of these expressions; expressions and terms that cannot be found in the dictionary—not acknowledged by the written language, yet most powerful in the spoken language. When we think on these things we say to ourselves, may not many of the so-called classical words and expressions, at some early day, have had a similar origin, but in the lapse of years become engrained in the written language of the land, and being handed down to us we accept them all as classical? Suppose in a thousand or two years hence these common expressions of the present, now called vulgar, become polished and admitted in the regular written language of the land. The future philologist would be apt to comment on the powerful expressions of the people originating them.

In addition to all this we have another type—the type of character introduced by the novel, drama, or art in general. And he is the best artist in any of these lines who will give to the world the best, clean-cut character that will for all time stand out in bold relief as typical of some peculiar trait of the human mind. These characters come under the head of "too numerous to mention." We have them in the Bible and in all grades and degrees of works from the ancient times till now, and their creation or delineation still goes on.

The characters of Shakespeare are probably the most familiar to the English-speaking world. In later times he had the creations or sketches of Thackeray, Dickens and many others. When these characters once become

introduced and accepted, whether strictly correct or not, they are seized upon and appropriated without much ceremony and held with great tenacity. If this reveals any thing it reveals the dearth of human expression—a want of power to convey the thoughts of the brain; so any thing is acceptable that the person thinks will answer the purpose. Then a character, like a word, oftentimes comes to have a peculiar weight or expression—probably more forcible than the artist intended. How common to see Shakespeare's character, "Shylock," used to convey the idea of exacting meanness, and to connect this expression with the Jewish character in general. Every day this is used, and that, too, by most intelligent people. But intelligent people are not always thoughtful.

Before the age of Christianity the Jews were the leaders of thought, and stood in the van of civilization. Indeed, but for them Christianity itself would not have received such a start, and probably never have existed, or at least grown to be such a power in the world. This may seem to be a strange statement; and it seems queer now to think that the Jews assisted the early church and were the agents whereby it gained cosmopolitan influence, and secured at least a more ready recognition throughout the world. But long before the Christian era the Jews were located in colonies all over the then known world as merchants, traders, physicians, etc. Many of them became Christians, that is, Christians as then, by them, understood. The Christianity of that early day was quite unlike the development of later ages and today. A Jew could then be a Christian and no more be false to his nation and principles than he would be as a Sadducee, Pharisee, or Essene—or a follower of any of the older prophets. Those who were trying to introduce Christianity at that time were very willing to accept the support of such of their fellow-men—Israelites, as were willing—and had no objection to regarding their fellow Hebrew "Jesus" as a Godly man and great moral teacher. As such they could not possibly object to him, and as such they were evidently proud of him. But when this point had been gained, and this man "Jesus" was declared, not only to be the son of God, but God himself, and even superior to the ancient conception and time honored idea of Deity—when the man "Jesus" was to replace "Adoni"—the name "Christian" came to have quite another significance.

The more this idea of the deification of the "Son-of-Mary" gained ground the more the spirit of persecution went forth towards the Jews. In that early day they were glad to speak of "Jesus" as a new prophet, and as a Hebrew. The first idea was to establish him as a prophet or leader of grand moral ideas. Those who were enthusiastic in this, little dreamed that this person whom they thus honored would, in coming centuries, "become a God," or the God, in whose name the descendants of his very kindred would be persecuted and degraded for the simple reason that they would not be drawn, as the rest of the world, towards these views and accept an idea repugnant to their time-honored conception of Deity.

At this early age of the world thought did not travel as rapidly as now. It took fully a thousand years to establish this new and worldly conception of Deity; and it was only done by the most infamous and underhand methods—by such means and methods as would shame even a barbarous tyrant. This great blasphemous man-God idea securing such supreme control, it is no wonder, in those rude times, that persecution fell to the lot of the Jews or Hebrews. For about five hundred years this power held almost complete control over the destinies of the world, but the momentum of the idea continued beyond this period; and even to-day it is still powerful though somewhat curtailed. During Shakespeare's time it was at its height, as his own immortal dramas testify.

In some respects Shakespeare was born in an unfortunate age, and yet it was most fortunate for the world that such an unbiased and able character lived at this time and left such unperishable sketches of his age. We have often wondered what William Shakespeare's antecedents could have been. We have little evidence of his personal belief or feelings, though evidently Christian, at least nominally so. The chances are that he was quite independent of his surroundings; and in this respect more Jew than Christian. I do not wish to make Shakespeare out a Jew. I care not whether he was or not; all I have to say is that in his cosmopolitan character he was strangely in harmony with the Jewish mind—cosmopolitan—an artist who stood above all sects, classes and worldly degrees. As a great artist he sketched his surroundings, whether castles, convents, hovels or palaces. He cared not specially for any of them. He cared for man only as he found him. Had such a man been born and raised a Moor he would as faithfully have sketched the surroundings of Mecca or the Alhambra, and woven his philosophy therein as the Moors wrought the holy name "Allah" in their superb architecture. He found the Christian world bitter against the Jews—bitter against the people whom centuries before it had been glad to look upon as "a man and brother."

At this age of the world people travelled very little. The few who did go away to "foreign parts," like old Sir John Mandeville and his class, could return with all sorts of wonderful and absurd tales which the people were only too willing to believe. Old Sir John was evidently not alone—he was only a type. The Christian world was

in darkness, and purposely kept so; that is, the great mass of the world. There were a few learned men and scholars, but these had little influence upon the ignorant masses. Christianity of the Roman type was exalted and the poor Hebrew on whom it had built was oppressed to the earth. A few learned Jews were tolerated, principally as professors and doctors. But they were only tolerated, as a tyrant might tolerate some gifted artist, but there was little respect for the Hebrews as a class.

Shakespeare although a very original man, was not altogether original. Many of his plays are, at least in part, older than himself. He was like a man who is a capital story teller. He heard a good story poorly told; he added to it—introduced his philosophy as he went, and refold it with far more effect. As it were, he at times took the skeleton of other men's stories and dressed them up to suit himself—put his stamp upon them, and they passed as wholly his own; and it would seem that he was entitled thus to do. He found the story of the "Merchant of Venice" floating around as a common yarn. He at once seized upon it. He is indifferent as to the characters. He is surrounded by a certain dominant Christian idea. He sketches the characters as he finds them, and as become the age; and only in a bigoted age and among an ignorant and prejudiced people would such a character as "Shylock" have received such prestige. As in the case of Dickens and "Fagan" of to-day, the people of that day wanted a type, a type that suited their own low notions of what they thought a Hebrew should be. "Shylock" was that type, and once drawn by such a master hand as Shakespeare, it is no wonder that it "took" with the people of that day, and that the creation passed down to our age, as such things do, without the mass of the people stopping to give one thought in regard to it. The world generally accepts what it finds and never questions its origin or influence.

If good Christian people are satisfied with one character in a play it would seem that they should be satisfied with the others, especially when those others are all good Christian men and women—sketched by a good Christian man, at least one whom they have always been glad to boast of as such—who lived and died in good Christian times and left a good Christian inscription to be put on his grave-stone. Neither of the prominent characters in this play should be taken alone. In order to understand them we should study them in connection with each other and not neglect to pay close attention to the cast of the play—to the "persons represented."

- DUKE OF VENICE.
- FRINCE OF MOROCCO.
- Suitors of Portia.
- PRINCE OF ARIZON.
- ANTONIO—The Merchant of Venice.
- BASSANIO—His friend.
- SALARIO.
- SALARIO—Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
- LORENZO—In love with Jessica.
- SHYLOCK—A Jew.
- TUBAL—A Jew, his friend.
- LAUNCELOT GOBBO—A clown, servant to Shylock.
- OLD GOBBO—Father to Launcelot.
- SALEARIO—A messenger from Venice.
- LEONARDO—Servant to Bassanio.
- BALTHASAR—Servants to Portia.
- STEPHANO.
- PORTIA—A rich heiress.
- NERISSA—Her waiting maid.
- JESSICA—Daughter of Shylock.

As we study the personnel of this play, the most noticeable thing is the combination against "Shylock." The Christians are all powerful and high ranking individuals, and friendly to each other. "Shylock" stands alone. A friend (Tubal) is mentioned, but as a character in the play he might as well have been left out. He is of no importance, at least morally. "Shylock" is the only Jew that contends against the strong power that seeks to oppress him. He is represented as a money lender. This is his vocation—a vocation as honorable as any other. Money represents so much labor. When labor, or any product of labor, is scarce, it commands a high price. Thus far in the world the price of money is governed by the same principle. The scarcity and the demand regulate the rate at which it is loaned. A great abundance of money and of labor reduces the rate of hire. Money which is the product of labor is obedient to the same law as labor itself—and labor is obedient to the same law as money.

"Shylock" has money; it is his capital whereby he makes a living. There is no question about the legitimacy of his vocation. It is as honest and honorable a way of securing a livelihood as hiring labor or dealing in the products of labor. No man can afford to work for nothing. He may occasionally accommodate a friend. So a man may lend a sum of money without interest; but this is the exception. No one can live by giving labor or the product of labor for no equivalent.

Now let us turn to the characters; some of them, as the "Duke" and the "Princes" are only side-shows; they have little to do with the real plot of the play although they may lend some interest to it as a whole. The principal characters are "Antonio," the rich merchant, "Bassanio," "Lorenzo," "Shylock," "Portia," "Nerissa" and "Jessica."

"Antonio" is a man of means—indeed very wealthy. He has his ships in every part of the world. It is not unreasonable to believe that relatively he is like some of our heavy merchants of the present day who invest their capital in ships which they send to India, Africa, South America and China; and

who live in grand style by the income from the successful voyages which these vessels make. He is a friend to "Bassanio" and is desirous, for some reason, to help him. "Bassanio" is evidently poor, but loves and is loved by "Portia," an heiress; he, however, lacks the means wherewith to gain access to the society of the heiress. By the way it would have been well if Shakespeare had written another play—a sort of sequel to this, and therein show-up this side—shown the influence at work to accomplish this; what motive, if any, "Antonio" had in thus favoring "Bassanio." Such men as "Antonio" may appear to work and accommodate for nothing—to loan money to some poor young man in order to help him gain the affection and estate of some heiress, but it is not natural for any such man of the world to work for naught, any more than it is reasonable to expect the Jewish money lender to loan his money on this basis. "Antonio" is not only willing to help this young man, but he is all the while loaning money on the street for gratis, and doing all he can to destroy the legitimate business of his poor fellow men because they are non-Christian, and of a different creed from himself. The remarks that Shakespeare has put into the mouth of "Shylock" throws much light upon the character of "Antonio."

"SHYLOCK" (aside)—"How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him for he is a Christian;
 But more for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed him that ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On us, my bargains, and my well worn
 Which he calls interest; cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him!"

And again, a little further on he says:
 "SHYLOCK"—"Signior Antonio, many a time and
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my monies, and my usances;
 Still have I born it with a patient shrug;
 For suzerance is the badge of all our tribe,
 You call me—mishelief, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 ...
 "ANTONIO"—"I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again."

In this there is certainly nothing very commendable on the part of "Antonio." His treatment of "Shylock" is simply contemptible, and yet the world is full of condemnation for this representative (misrepresented) Jew, and very approbative of this exalted Christian gentleman merchant "Antonio." Suppose "Shylock" had had capital sufficient to have sent his "Argosies with portly sail, like signiors and rich burghers on the flood," to bring the treasures of the world to Venice, for nothing, and thereby destroy "Antonio's" business. How would Mr. "Antonio" have liked that?

But the reader may say, "This is only a play—the mere conception of a play writer." Very true, but it has had its effect on the world nevertheless. It is a reflection, a reproduction of the days of Venice, and of the times of Shakespeare. The Christian was a privileged character, the Jew a proscribed character, and one who had no rights which the Christian was bound to respect. From the whole character of the play there is much left out, but what remains readily reveals it and its importance.

In writing the Hebrew language, the vowels, being understood, are often omitted. As it were, the vowels are omitted in this play and it is no difficult task to supply them. It is plain, on the face of it, that there was a plot against "Shylock," a plot to ruin him. The powerful influence of "Antonio" is against him. The play does not enter into details, but enough is revealed to show that the community in which "Shylock" resides, bear him no good will. He seems, like the true Jewish character, to have considerable sly humor in his composition. He requests as a forfeit of the bond, a pound of "Antonio's" flesh. From the language used, it is evident that it was at least, at this time in the play, intended as a joke, and but for the unexpected turn of affairs further on there would have been no serious reference to it. At this point it must be specially borne in mind that "Shylock" has no power over the fortunes of "Antonio." If he had and then had put such a proviso in the bond, it would have shown a premeditated crime. But it would be foolish to charge such—as foolish as it would be to give him control over the winds and currents of the ocean. "Shylock" had no influence to wreck or stay the richly loaded vessels of "Antonio." If they were all total wrecks, it was for no fault or power of his. Also it would seem well to bear in mind the character of "Shylock," or what a true "Shylock" should be. The Christian ideal seems to be a low-fellow—a mere "Jack"; but there is no reason for this; and it is full time that he was raised above this conception, and placed on a plane, more in harmony with the character of dignified manhood, oppressed by reason of foolish caste.

"Antonio" is bent on serving "Bassanio." He evidently, from the disconnected consonants, had herein an object to accomplish. "Portia" is an heiress. "Bassanio" is his friend, perhaps, better confederate; for such worldly men as "Antonio" do not interest themselves to the extent of 3,000 ducats, for pure friendship. "Bassanio" may be simple enough to think so, but the revelation of the absent vowels—human nature—don't say so. A snapper is given, "Shylock" is pressed to attend; yet, the poor (and from this point of view) miserable Jew, is not only invited, but

pressed to attend! He does not want to go. He says:

"I am not bid for love—they flatter me.
 "But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
 "The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,
 "Look to my house; I am right loath to go;
 "For I did dream of money bags to-night."

His keen sense tells him that some ill towards him is brewing. He thinks, perhaps, that he will go and see, and learn the worst. He little dreams that his daughter, in whom he has the utmost confidence, will prove so weak as to become false to him and join the forces of the enemy. The plot to steal his daughter, and to completely destroy him did not originate and mature in a night. Here again the wanting vowels reveal the crime.

"Shylock" could not possibly know of the plot; and little did he dream of its infamy. He knew that there was something wrong. He had not sufficient vowels to guide him, yet he knew, or was quite sure that there was some foul plot maturing against him.

It is natural and right for man to seek, ask and demand at least a little property and friendship. Without it he is indeed a sorry creature. "Shylock" had but a few friends and his business. But he was prescribed by a powerful combination. He knew it, and it did not tend to improve his character or sweetness of temper. If any doubt this, let them "put themselves in his place." Under such circumstances man (or woman) can stand a great deal of rebuff and imposition, if they only have one little spot where the soul can rest. "Shylock" had, or supposed he had, this sanctum to which he might retire—a Holy of Holies—a fire-side, where the sterner muscles could relax—where soul would respond to soul.

The plot that was to destroy his peace had evidently been maturing for years. In these "good old Christian times" anything was lawful that would Christianize a Jew. The beloved and trusted daughter is prevailed upon to steal herself away. Not only to steal her father's gold, or allow good Christians to do it, but to steal herself and all the old family keepsakes, which are beyond all price.

We can imagine "Shylock" coming home. The infamous plot—when it is too late to prevent it, breaks upon his thoughtful mind—the wanting vowels, at least a part of them are supplied. Not only is his money gone, but the "flesh of his flesh"—the soul of his soul—fled—gone—and gone to a Christian stronghold, where were gathered all his powerful personal enemies—and the enemies of his race.

The great and good "Antonio," too, helps the escape of the fugitive by lending all the help he can, and giving the lie to the "Duke" when "Shylock" appeals to the state for protection, and to seek to restore the ducats, the treasures and the daughter. "Antonio" certifies to the "Duke." They were not with "Bassanio" in his ship—when he very well knew they were! Individually "Shylock" was sharp enough for them; but what can even the keenest person do, when thus surrounded and hemmed in on every side? Under such treatment it is to be wondered at that "Shylock" is fierce with rage? In our more enlightened times, many a man has taken the law unto himself, and avenged himself upon such villainy—such infamous villainy, and been vindicated at the bar of public opinion. But "Shylock" was too powerfully surrounded, and had sense enough to realize it. Any attempt at private justice, would have only made matters the worse for him. What he does, must be done consistently, in accordance with law.

Under such trials it is very difficult for a strong man to keep within the letter of the law. Self-control, power over himself during such a trying ordeal, required a moral heroism, very seldom exhibited to the world.

What was projected in the first part of the play as a joke, now becomes, to his frenzied mind, an impractical method of obtaining justice from his powerful and contemptible enemy, and satisfying the spirit of revenge provoked by these deep wrongs. Here was a man whom he had never injured—whom he had never wronged; but who had, without even the promptings of revenge, for he had nothing to stimulate this baneful passion, treated him most vilely. What "Antonio" had done he had done in cold-blood, while poor "Shylock" frenzied by a succession of dastardly acts, which he is unable to prevent, or defend himself against, seeks an impractical measure of revenge, that circumstances beyond his control have put in his power. The world calls him cruel, and the same world that has not a word of reproach against that cold blooded villain "Antonio." Surely the world, then, and even now, is governed by its passions and prejudices.

Here at the close of the drama Shakespeare would seem to reveal his ignorance of business affairs. But then it may be said that it is a poetical license to have "Shylock" insist upon the bond by "Antonio" himself, and with his own money. A business man of to-day would not find it difficult to raise the bond in such a case. When the money value of the bond is presented, at least so far as a common-sense transaction like this is concerned, that ends it—or would end it. "Antonio" cannot, at the time, pay the 3,000 ducats; if he could, all would, according to the drama, be quietly settled. As he cannot, the forfeit must be paid. "Bassanio," after having obtained the heiress, stands willing to double the 3,000 ducats to make it 6,000. Had he simply handed 3,000 ducats to "Antonio," "Antonio" could have paid the bond in full. Nothing is said about interest. From the drama it would seem that "Shylock"

Continued on Eighth Page.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence, and psychical phenomena of every kind, which have been witnessed in the past or that may be observed from time to time in private households, or in the presence of non-professional mediums and sensitive persons. These accounts may record spontaneous phenomena, and those resulting from systematic effort in the way of circles and sittings for the development of mental power, experiments in thought-transference, and manifestations of supernatural mental action.

Investigation Through the Raps.

About a year and a half ago, I was induced to investigate Spiritualism. Not being a Christian, but, on the contrary, if not a Materialist, at least an Agnostic, I had no hope of a future life, nor of reunion with lost friends, excepting that which was promised through Spiritualism. My experience with public or professional mediums was for one year extensive, and frightfully discouraging and disappointing, and I was on the point of giving up hope of finding any truth in it, when, greatly to my delight, something occurred which made me think my husband was a medium; but being a business man, a Materialist in his belief or unbelief, ignorant of any interest on my part in Spiritualism, and imbued with the idea that it generally injured men, both in business and intellect, etc., etc., how should I approach him on the subject? Calling to my aid an English friend, who was staying with us (a very orthodox Christian by the way) and who confessed she would like to "see something of the phenomena, if anything to be seen," we so worked upon Mr. M. (my husband) that he laughingly consented to sit at the table after dinner, and see what it would do. Accordingly in the evening we lowered the gas and seated ourselves at a good sized, solid pine kitchen table, which no ordinary human exertion could make creak or "wobble." Within four minutes we had our first rap!—clear, unmistakable, inimitable—the first that either of us had ever heard. With an air of indifference which we were far from feeling, we said, "No fooling now, Mr. M. Don't make noises like that," which was a somewhat transparent device or remark, as he was in such a position as to render it impossible for him to have moved a muscle without our observing him. He indignantly responded that in no way, shape or manner had he made the faintest sound. The chills were now coursing up and down my back in a most impetuous and "unintellectual" manner, but after several more raps were heard by us all, the alphabet was called and the name of "Susie" was spelled out. We did not recognize it. Then she gave her last name, and name of the city where she had lived while here. As she had announced herself as coming to me, I said, "I don't know you." She said, calling me by name, "H. I know you." Since then we have found that she was a little cousin of Mr. M.'s, who passed over many years ago (but whom he had never known). She has established herself as the guide par excellence of the circle. Then two more names were given in full, of cousins of the medium, sisters who died six or seven years ago. When asked if they had any message to give, the words, "I live, God is good," were rapped. Strangely enough these words were the first ever received by Mr. M.'s uncle, when he began his investigations many years ago, and who passed away from us last year—a very earnest Spiritualist. The raps for these communications were distinct, but somewhat faint, requiring close attention to avoid missing any of the letters. The following evening our circle included Mrs. B., an intimate friend, and a total unbeliever. She is a well known concert and oratorio singer and favorite pupil of the late Mme. K. In a very few moments after we sat down we heard the raps, louder and more uneven and varying in power than those of the previous evening, and to Mrs. B. came the words: "Cool, go home!" We both said, "That sounds like Madame," and almost before the words were spoken, three affirmative raps were given. Then the control seemed to change, and we were quite startled by several loud, crisp raps, and, "Child, I am glad," was the message spelled out to me. I said: "Dear Uncle G., is it you? Have you done all this?" The three raps for "yes" were given while I was speaking, and repeated again and again, seemingly with great delight. The third evening (for by this time we were pretty well embarked) the name "Kate" was spelled, and in answer to "Kate who?" we were delighted to receive the name of a very dear friend who died in '83. She said, "my girl wants me," alluding to a lovely child she had left, and then sent her love and greetings to a mutual friend, whose three initials she rapped out. Then for Mrs. B., who had again joined us, came the name "Amelia." Mrs. B. insisted she had never known a person of that name, but the spirit of Amelia was not to be ignored, and rapped that she had lived in San Jose, Cal., and her last name was Sauer. Mrs. B. said that settled it, as she had never even heard that name in her life. Early the next morning Mrs. B. came flying in, to tell us that after she had gone to bed the night before, she remembered having given an interview to a young girl while in Europe, who had come from somewhere in California, and who had afterward married a German whose name she had never heard. She did not know the young lady was dead. She has since verified the name rapped at the table as the lady's married name. This incident I refer to particularly, not because of the personal interest or gratification involved, but because it afforded the first proof that the intelligence influencing the sounds we call raps, could not have been gathered from our own mentality. The fourth night served to introduce still another influence. The full name of a gentleman, a mutual friend, who had quite recently passed over, was given by the raps and for one of the ladies at the table. All expressed pleasure at hearing from him, and the lady in question said, "Please say something that will identify you." The word "widow" was then spelled, rather to our consternation. Did it mean the lady was to become a widow, or could he have left a widow unknown to us. To each of these questions came, "No," and then the word "chips" was rapped, and we needed no further identification. The gentleman had been in the habit of playing poker once a week for years, and this lady had been one of the party, always taking care of the widow, or as some call it, the "Kitty" and the "chips." After this, one or two other names were given, but no message, and we were about to go from the séance when Uncle came and said, "Be patient." More than those words we could not get. The next night we sat without hearing a sound, and the following night and the next again, until we had sat eight or ten

times without hearing a rap or sound of any kind. This silence has never been explained to us; but we persevered, as the illness of one of the family prevented the usual amount of theatre-going and visiting. We had difficulty from time to time with the medium, who complained of pain in his arms when the raps came, and of being frightfully bored when they did not come, to say nothing of being deprived of a cigar for an hour at a time; but on the whole he behaved nobly, and we were finally rewarded by the return of Susie and the others, bringing names of relations and friends, some of whom were near enough to send a word or two, characteristic of their old selves; others who were still too distant were promised soon to be "brought within influence." By this time the messages became longer so that it was very difficult to remember them. We then hit upon the plan of providing a pencil and pad of paper, and one of the party wrote down each letter as it was rapped out; then when the light was turned on we could mark off the letters into words. This has enabled us to keep a record of every message we have received, and has also afforded us another proof that neither voluntarily nor involuntarily does the brain or mentality of any of the circle affect in the slightest degree the intelligence conveyed by the raps; and this is the proof. From the time we knew each letter was being written we kept no mental account of the words as they came, remaining in absolute ignorance almost invariably of the message, its purport and wording. When the three raps are given, we mark off the words, as I said before, and find one message. In receiving a very long communication, we have become so lost, and had so many lines of letters, that we have often left the table before the three raps came—only to find we had stopped in the middle of a word—then to fly back to the table, beg excuse for our stupidity, and find our patient correspondent ready to pick up the word from the very letter on which we stopped, and finish the sentence. About this time, they introduced a method of phonetic spelling, so to speak, as "nite" for "night," "U" for "you," etc., etc., greatly facilitating matters. One evening one of the circle asked Susie to find a dear friend from whom she had never heard since he left this side. Then right after Kate came, and without questioning said, "sought and found J. B. for E. [the lady who had asked and who was on this occasion absent]. He heard with delight, and will communicate as soon as in condition. He sends greetings now. This suggests, at least, that he had not known of the possibility of communicating with us any more than many here know of the means of finding those on the other side. Soon after this came the first intimation that our good friends heard and noted what we said and did when not at the table. A slight storm-cloud appeared on the domestic horizon, and when we sat in the evening, we were rebuked and told that such a state of things made bad conditions, and that they had great difficulty with us. In spite of this little admonition, the storm broke, and after it had passed away, we sat many times without receiving any attention. When the raps were again heard, we were severely scolded by each one, and warned that they might be severed forever. They also said they had a "great work" for me to do. What it is I am unable to discover. Theraps by this time—indeed, long ere this—had become as characteristic of each spirit as their faces would be if here with us. We recognize almost as surely the quick, ringing, decided raps of Uncle, as we would his manly voice, could we hear it. Susie's soft but distinct raps and those louder and more decided from Kate, are perfectly familiar and unmistakable, while the "whacks" of Mme. R. come with all her old-time force and power. I must now pass over some very interesting experiences, mostly of a family nature, but which were sweet and gratifying to us in the highest degree, in order not to encroach too much upon your space, as I want to give you word for word a series, so to speak, of messages which seem to us, to say the least, unusual in every respect. Upon seating ourselves one evening, Mrs. B., Mr. M. and myself only, we said to each other that we wished they would tell us of their lives, of their world, etc. After waiting the usual time, from three to ten minutes, we had these words: "Would like to-night to explain our world, but you can't conceive the idea by means at control. You shall learn gradually, but don't doubt or vex with tests. You ask 'rap.'" No one at the table knew that when Kate and I were in Paris together, we frequently talked in this ridiculous fashion. Mixing French words in English sentences, and vice versa. We had recognized the raps as Kate's. I explained the joke to the others and she continued: "Our condition is purely mental; it is our form of existence. Good-night."

The following evening, as we had discussed during dinner what produced the raps—if electricity, how was it done? we received the following: "You question our methods. The raps, as you call them, are not physical, but purely a co-responsive impression produced upon the minds of those assembled." The next communication on the subject came without any previous remarks from us, and was in these words: "Our condition of composite mentality is as the atmosphere, and intelligent communication is conveyed as sound is with you." The following evening we asked if any one would rap for us, and they said: "Many desire; few to perform. We are here, as related to earth, as if governed by laws akin to thermal conditions. Spirits released from earth take a place according to condition and development, far and near, as in zones—say Lambert nearest the earth or your life, and frigid most distant." Then in answer to a demand for a friend whose name had been given some time previously, these words were rapped: "He is in the further zone, difficult to reach. Our sympathy enables us to approach. We love you all." I have omitted to mention that ere this, my husband and I had been frequently the only ones at the sances, and at such times, during a temporary cessation of the raps, I had often risen from the table on one pretext or another, leaving him resting his arms and hands easily on the table before him, in which case he would invariably call me back, saying,—"They are rapping here. Come and see what they want." This, together with the fact that although others who had from time to time joined us, had tried to get the raps without Mr. M. and could not get the faintest sound, established him as the only medium of our circle. Once, while waiting for the preliminary sounds, we discussed why, if the raps were "co-responsive impressions produced upon the minds." The others could not get them without the medium, and were told this without delay: "Mr. M.'s brain is nearer co-relative to ours and, therefore, intermediate. Hence all bounds to our communications." At another time Mr. M. and I being alone, I had asked many questions which they had answered, and finally Susie rapped out my name and these cheerful words: "Wish you were here; too much to tell you by this means" (which sentiment I, at least trust, did not emanate from the medium). "Yes," continued Uncle, breaking in with his loud decisive raps. "Too much, and the language of our communications does not suffice to convey our information." We asked if there was not some other manner of communication possible for us, and were answered by a decided "no." At one sitting a friend received a strikingly characteristic message from her lovely child, whom we had never seen, reproducing her own charming individuality of phrasing and speech. The mother thought, indeed, she was sure she had seen her child materialized at a public séance during the past winter, but upon putting the question to the dainty little "rapper" as to whether or not she had ever been to the cabinet, she answered: "I live, but never there, dear, dear mamma. I grieve for the wicked things people do to my sweet mamma." Before closing this already long letter, I must give in as condensed a manner as possible, our most recent experiences. While we have been forbidden to sit so frequently, we have also received what may be considered the greatest test in our experiences. Some weeks ago we sat many times without hearing a rap, and the first message we received after that long silence was: "Dearest, for your own good we have kept away. We've gone much too rapidly. You've pressed development too urgently, and have done more in a month than should be done in a long time. You exhaust us." This idea was impressed upon us by each of our invisible correspondents in different terms, so we now confine ourselves to two sances a week—sometimes we slip in a third—but, to the secret glee of the medium, we are much more moderate. He is, of course, greatly interested and cannot be otherwise than perfectly convinced that there is no explanation other than that offered by Spiritualism, but he is opposed to becoming too much absorbed in the manifestations or to being carried to the realms of crankdom on the wings of this marvellous new knowledge. The test I mentioned is this. Some weeks ago Susie said: "One stands near who loves both well, but is still too distant." In response to our request for the name, she rapped the full title and name of the dearest old friend we ever had, who passed over from his home in France some few years ago. We were surprised and delighted to hear from him, as of all people on earth, he was probably as far removed from any knowledge of Spiritualism as possible. At our next sitting we asked when he would communicate, and Susie said: "He is here," and then followed a message from him in French. During the sending of this message, we lost all idea of what it was, but I, as usual, wrote it down as it came. We had no idea it was French, but the medium was so overcome while the rapping was going on, that he almost fainted, and for some moments after the message was completed, he suffered from palpitation of the heart and fever. After we discovered that the communication was in French we concluded it must have required more power than in English, and, therefore, had this strongly affected the medium. Now Mr. M. knows comparatively nothing of French, and could not write that message—in fact, did not fully understand it when read to him. As to my hands, they were not on the table at the time, nor, as I have before stated, had I the faintest idea that anything but English was being rapped. Since then we have had another French message from the same party, perfectly spelled and constructed. If this relation of our experiences should attract the attention of any skeptics, who would be sufficiently interested to form or advance any theory besides the spiritual, in explanation of these manifestations, I should be pleased to hear from them. We take refuge in the belief that the spiritualistic theory is the only one we know of, which satisfactorily explains the phenomenon; that it is the power it purports to be—the direct individual influence of our friends who have left the material, and are now clothed in spiritual bodies. In this case the charge of fraud is, of course, out of the question, and with that weapon taken from them, how will the scientists fight it? If, also, this relation of the experiences of "One Home Circle" should induce the formation of even one more, or should it carry any knowledge of this great truth to the breaking heart of any who are sorrowing "as one without hope," I can only ask that in such a case they would let us know through the JOURNAL, that we had been instrumental in assisting them and leading them to the light. New York City.

Telegraphing. While in California (Ferndale, Humbolt Co.) I attended a spiritual meeting. The medium and speaker was the wife of old Dr. Payne. While at one of their circles one evening, we had as perfect telegraphing as I ever heard in any telegraph office—the sounds seeming to come from the space midway between the center table and ceiling over head, for the space of half an hour more or less, with no sign of any telegraphic apparatus. O. STODDARD.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Beecher's Last Sermon On Evolution. Sunday, June 5th, Mr. Beecher delivered his last sermon on Evolution, for the present. In the coming fall, he proposes to wrestle with such subjects as Miracles, Prayer, Divine Savior-Jesus and Immortality. He will not be able to give a rational explanation of either of these subjects without coming pretty squarely over on to the grounds occupied by spiritual philosophy. In the last sermon Mr. Beecher concludes that the acceptance of evolution by the churches, will bring about some excellent results. He says: "There will also be a cure of the despotism of the church and its consequent, 'No safety out of the church,' 'no covenant safety for an unbaptized child'—these things are passing away. 'No grace that comes to a man of his own choice, and endeavor; none that does not come to him through an ordinance and a priest'—a monopoly of God's spirit in the hands of men in church connection—these things will be exploded. With the passing away of these despotic claims and tendencies, there will be a gradual cure of the quarrelsomeness of the churches." We can all remember the story of the Irishman rising up in the morning, and looking in a glass, he failed to know himself. Some mischievous wag had cut off his beard. If the churches should all wake up some pleasant morning and find themselves in such a befooled condition as Mr. Beecher's imagination has pictured, they could no more recognize themselves than the Irishman. But evolution is in no great hurry; we may hope that such a good time will come, though all now living in human

bodies will, most likely, have gone to the "Land O' the Leal." It is charming to have Mr. Beecher say that: "The whole aspect of religion is becoming more beautiful, more loving, more genial. Theology is not half so black-faced as it was. Men apologize now for preaching doctrines that once they preached with all the thunder of God, as they supposed." It is doubtless true that popular theology is growing paler. The number of ghosts the Spiritualists have been reporting for the past thirty-seven years, has so often blanched the face of theology, that it can hardly resume its original blackness. When the churches welcome the return of their departed friends as freely as the primitive Christians did, then theology may have as comely a face as science or philosophy. Mr. Beecher declares that: "A true preacher is a man that lives for his fellow-men. A minister that is merely a scientific professor, is no minister of the gospel. Evolution is not going to take away either the grandeur or the idea of the ministry, or the necessity of it to the human race." Here Mr. Beecher is quite near to the truth—a true preacher is so, to the manor-born, as much as a musician. The man who learns preaching as a trade only, is nothing more than a basswood preacher—he never gets to be the genuine hickory. When the churches come to understand that all truth is God's, and divine, and a lecture or sermon about scientific facts is of more service to the human soul than a discourse made up of speculative platitudes concerning traditional fables, then the ministry will be crowned in nobler dignity—will be engaged in higher service to humanity, and their lives will be more acceptable to God, as co-workers with him, in assisting humanity to rise into higher states of knowledge and moral excellence. Mr. Beecher said: "Above all, evolution is going to drive out the villainous doctrine that man was cursed in the fall of a fabulous ancestor. This wild heathenism, this outrageous paganism, yet lurking in the bowels of the church, will be purged away by evolution. There are a great many things that theology is going to drop, and be all the more powerful for that which it has dropped." It is certain that theology has long been carrying a heavy load of error, and its energies have been largely consumed in fighting to keep its load intact. Emerson said: "Popular theology is ancient mythology gone to seed." If the church will set aside this mythology, and teach to humanity the soul elevating, grand truths, which God spreads out to infinity, for the benefit of his children, then the church will be stronger than ever—she will never again find it necessary in maintaining her power or prestige, to trail her mantle in the blood of the innocent, or shut out the light from heaven to cover up her own deformity. The shackles she imposes on personal liberty and the holy aspirations of humanity, she may throw to the winds, and thank God that her load of cruel rubbish is gone. In the role of prophet Mr. Beecher is not of the weeping kind—he is as hopeful as Isaiah. His vision runs thus: "I seem to see the church embalmed and interred, hearing the voice of Him who stood without, crying, 'Lazarus, come forth, and out of the crypt, staggering and half blind, he emerges, bound about with grave clothes, and with a napkin bound about his face, and Christ says, 'Loose him and let him go' out of all antiquity, out of all synod, out of all council, out of all ecclesiastical hierarchies, out of every form of interment, and out of all bondage; methinks I hear that voice calling out from heaven to-day, 'Loose men; take off the bandage; take off the napkin; loose them; let them go.'" No well informed Spiritualist can converse on religious subjects with any man sound in orthodox faith, without feeling that the church enslaves and binds human souls to the full extent indicated by this vision. A church member should entertain some rational views concerning God and the future life; but of all men they seem most destitute of anything like reasonable views or knowledge on such subjects. They are not only staggering blind, but they are so loaded down with error, and so disordered in their mental vision, that they shun the light, not daring to trust themselves to investigate facts, or do any independent thinking, so thoroughly are they wrapped about with napkins, bondages and chains. Wm. C. WATERS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Evolution. BY D. D. BELDEN.

That evolution is not a cause, but simply a means by which an end is accomplished, I believe to be sufficiently proved by the sense of moral obligation in man alone. "When I contemplate the starry heavens and the sense of moral obligation in man," says Emmanuel Kant, "I am filled with awe." Why did this great man so much emphasize this sense of moral obligation? Doubtless because it is one of the most important and far-reaching facts known to the human mind. We all know that a man may reason with himself until he exhausts himself to rid his mind of this sense of obligation, but it will be all to no purpose. This idea is just as constant and vivid in the human consciousness as the fact is of existing at all. We can no more rid ourselves of one than the other. All our actions, feelings and sentiments towards our fellow men are predicated upon the fact, and presuppose the idea that man is free and morally responsible. All our laws, all human conduct presuppose it. It has ever been so. It ever will be so. Reason, progress and discovery will doubtless change the human understanding about many things, but about this, never. I take it for granted, therefore, that there is no single fact better known to man, not even that of his own existence, than this one of his moral responsibility. Now how does this idea of moral freedom and obligation comport with the Evolution theory of creation when viewed from a purely material standpoint? Can the two stand together? Spencer himself says that no two truths can possibly exist in antagonism. Does not the Evolution theory of creation imply that man, in every department of his being, even in the highest attributes of his mind, is a mere machine, an effort, the offspring of a more than iron necessity? I think so. The most devout disciples of Spencer interpreted him as teaching that man is simply the creature of his environment—just as much a result and mere plaything of necessity as a plant or a stone; that matter and its inherent force have created him, and that they control him just as absolutely as the law of gravitation holds a rock in place. Now, if, in the mind of men, there is not something independent of, and above, this mere choice of causation, then, to praise him is the very height of folly, and to blame, or to punish him, is the worst of crimes. But do we not know that man to a very great extent (and becoming more so) is master of nature itself? If he is but a link in the causation of

The bones of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, lie in the crypt of the Grand Cathedral at Lima, which he built in 1540, and which is the most imposing ecclesiastical edifice in America. It is said to have cost \$9,000,000. The money came from the old Inca temples, which were robbed of their gold and silver ornaments and stripped of their carved timbers by the Spaniards. The Duke of Argyll is the best orator among the British peers. Horsford's Acid Phosphate. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared. Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 25th Street, New York.]

PATIENT WAITING.

The aloes grow upon the sand, The aloes thirst with parching heat, Year after year they wait and stand, Lonely and calm, and from the heat Of desert winds, and still a weed...

"I grow upon a thorny waste, Hot noontide lies on all the way, And with its scorching breath makes haste, Each freshening dawn to burn and slay. Yet patiently I bide and stay, Knowing the secret of my fate. The hour of bloom, dear Lord, I wait, Come when it will, or soon or late, A hundred years is but a day."

Mrs. Hattie Dennison has been confirmed by the United States Senate as postmaster of Vancouver, W. T. This is the first instance in the Territory where a woman has been appointed to a presidential office.

A girl fifteen years of age recently rescued from the streets in London, thus quaintly related her religious experience in a mission school the other day. "Father has told me that God made the world, and I've heard him talk about the first man and woman as was made and lived—it must be more than a hundred years ago—but I don't like to speak on what I don't know. Father, too, has told me about our Savior as was nailed to a cross to suffer for such poor people as we are. Father has told us, too, about His giving a great many poor people a penny loaf and a bit of fish each, which proves Him to have been a very kind Gentleman. The Ten Commandments was made by him, I've heard say, and He performed them, too, among other miracles."

Helen Taylor who has accepted a nomination to Parliament and who has long been an active member of the school board in London, is a step-daughter of John Stuart Mill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson of New York well known for her many charities, has a new scheme in progress. It is to organize traveling bands of singers of religious music, to give concerts in halls and public places, in order to awaken religious sentiments. These companies are to be trained and fully equipped for that purpose.

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, whose pictures of cattle and horses delight the world, is short in stature, but she is robustly and broadly built, and she carries her head proudly. Her cheeks are pink, and her face is full of health and vigor, though her hair is fast turning gray. She still wears it cut and parted like a man's. In the studio and at home she wears the masculine costume; but it is said "her face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small, regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. When she goes to Paris she dresses in the uniform of her own sex; but she never assumes petticoats without deprecating the custom, and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of the limbs, and thereby impeding the power of locomotion."

The St. Louis Republican said, not long ago, concerning the Mental Equality of Women: "Mary Somerville and Caroline Herschel in science, Queen Elizabeth and Madame Roland in politics, Charlotte Bronte and George Eliot in literature, Joan of Arc in war, Burdett-Coutts in finance—these and a score of others who might be named prove that there is no inevitable and inexorable inferiority warring against woman. In proportion to the number of women who have entered the fields of science, politics, literature, war and finance, there have been fewer failures than among the men; and if we could search the annals of private life we should find enough instances of first class executive ability to convince the most incredulous that what woman wants to achieve success in the struggle of life is not brains, but practical and thorough education, supplemented by encouragement and a fair chance."

Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, the wife of Alexander Sullivan, the late president of the Irish Land League, called the ablest woman-journalist America has produced, considering journalism in the light of the varied and universal work of the daily newspaper. A contemporary says of her: "She stayed on the Chicago Herald three years, her salary growing from \$12 a week to \$45. She manifested an adaptability, a quickness of perception and keenness of wit, a wide range of information, the ability to tell with spirit what she knew on a given point, and above all, a timeliness and readiness that made her a valuable workman."

Mrs. Sullivan was for some years dramatic and musical critic on the Chicago Times in its great days, and held at one time the important place of night editor. No other woman journalist has ever held so responsible a position on the daily press."

In the town library of Lexington, Mass., called the Cary Library, from its chief donor, stands a marble bust of Hon. Samuel E. Sewall, executed by Miss Anne Whitney of Boston, and presented by Mrs. Ellen A. Stone of Lexington. Mr. Sewall is one of the oldest and best lawyers in Massachusetts, and no man in the commonwealth is more universally and deservedly respected. Over thirty years ago, when in the State Senate, he introduced a bill giving a married woman the right to be the legal owner of her own property.

Though retiring from the political field, he devoted much time to aiding and formulating measures to improve the legal condition of woman, his objective point being always to secure her full rights in the enjoyment of suffrage. Beneath the bust is a polished brass plate, bearing three original verses from the pen of John G. Whittier. The two last are:

And never woman in her suffering saw, A helper, tender, wise and brave as he; Lifting her burden of unrighteous law, He shamed the boast of ancient civility.

No less as light that melts the darkness is, He wrought as duty led, and honor bid. No trumpet heralds victories like his, The usefulness worker in his work is hid.

Margaret Fuller in her "Nineteenth Century," eloquently says: "We would have every path laid open to woman as freely as to man. Were this done, and a slight temporary fermentation allowed to subside, we should see crystallizations more pure and of more various beauty. We believe the divine energy would pervade nature to a degree unknown in the history of former ages, and that no discordant collision, but a ravishing harmony of the spheres, would ensue. Yet, then and only then, will mankind be ripe for this, when inward and outward freedom for woman as much as for man shall be acknowledged as a right, not yielded as a concession."

"But, if you ask me what offices women may fill, I reply—any. I do not care what case you put, let them be sea captains, if you will. I do not doubt there are women well fitted for such an office, and, if so, I should be as glad to see them in it, as to welcome the maid of Saragossa, or the maid of Missolonghi, or the Suliote heroine, or Emily Plater."

THE GIRL GRADUATE. Commencement season has just passed, and the girls are at last released from long months of discipline. Vacation has come in with summer hours, and the rich days of flower and fruitage can be spent by them in recuperation and amusement. They may be free from care and long and full of sunshine! It is a thankless and a trite task to profess of care and disappointment. Soon enough will the lessons of real life be learned. We will not anticipate.

From out of Vassar and Smith and Wellesley and a thousand lesser schools, have the sweet girl-graduates poured forth to join the ranks of mature womanhood. At South Hadley, \$40,000 have been received in legacies, most of it the gift of one gentleman, during the year. Only three or four servants are employed in the entire building, all the ordinary house work, except the most menial offices, being performed by the pupils, each having some allotted daily task.

But it may not be out of place to say that every year increases the responsibilities, in proportion as it increases the opportunities, of young women. The strife for existence is harder, but so is the discipline and dexterity which enables the worker to compete with other workers. Not that a moiety of these young, fresh girls will be driven into the ranks to work for daily bread. The majority of them have homes, parents and comforts, if not luxuries. Still are they workers, unless absolutely characterless and idle members of society. For we weave the threads of life into the warp of time, unceasingly. As daughters, sisters and members of the large social family which embraces numerous separate homes, we cannot and should not, be nobodies. Our impress should be strong and well defined, however small the circle on which it may be stamped. Is it restricted almost entirely to the home? What can we do to help mother, to lift the burdens which give her untimely age, burdens which all householders must have? Are there younger brothers and sisters? They will unconsciously imitate our faults as well as our virtues. The atmosphere of the household may be redolent with unselfish sweetness, or bitter, sour and clouded, by one member. The web may fall from the loom of life rough, knotted and unsightly, or it may be lovely to look upon. And all lies in the exercise of our wills.

We can do what we desire, and this doing is most important. And no intellectual development is of real value, which is not accompanied by spiritual development, which includes the affections and the will.

Magazines for July not Before Mentioned.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) Dr. Holmes has Two Anniversary Poems in this number; one addressed to James Russell Lowell and the other to the Poets who only listen. They are both charming. There is much excellent poetry and the continued stories are full of interest. The Port Royal of Mere Angeltique; Should a College Educate? and an article on Miss Ingelwell and Mrs. Walford are some of the more solid reading. Wong Chin Foo relates The Story of Sant Tszon, a legend of Buddhism. Book Reviews, the Contributor's Club and minor criticisms with other interesting matter fill a number which is up to the usual standard.

THE VACCINATION REVIEW. (London, Eng.) A Health Review and the organ of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination.

THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH JOURNAL. (Chicago.) A monthly magazine devoted to Health, Hygiene and preventive medicine.

Magazines for August Received.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. (New York City.) A veteran legislator, the Hon. George W. Julian, who has given special attention to the acts disposing of our public lands, contributes an article on the subject to the North American Review for August. Five medical authorities discuss the question, Can Cholera be Averted? Felix L. Oswald contributes a suggestive article on The Animal Soul; and the Rev. M. J. Savage, A Profane View of the Sanctum. The other articles are: The Price of Gas, by Charles H. Botsford; Temperance Reform Statistics, by Prof. W. J. Beecher, and the chapter of Comments, by various writers, on articles in previous numbers.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The opening article is an account of the winner of The Quiver's first silver medal offered for heroic conduct, and a reproduction of the design is given. Other articles are by well known writers and a variety is found in the serials, poetry and papers.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) This number contains Serials, Short Stories and Poetry, with pictures and music to enliven its pages.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. (J. H. Fauldenbeck, Philadelphia.) The usual amount of good reading, Fashions, Plates, suggestions, etc., are found in this number.

BABYLAND. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) A magazine for youngest readers.

Alleged Relic of the Savior.

"I was present on Whit-Monday," writes a Paris correspondent of the London News "at a religious ceremony of a very remarkable kind, which is celebrated every year in the parish church at Argenteuil, a small town upon the banks of the Seine, just outside Paris. For ten days every year from Ascension day to Whit-Monday, a casket, containing one of the supposed fragments of the robe or tunic worn by our Lord just before His crucifixion, is carried in procession along the aisle of the church, and the congregation are afterward admitted to view it in the vestry. Many of our readers will doubtless be aware that what is said to be the exterior robe worn by our Lord is preserved in the church of Treves, in Germany, but that at Argenteuil is alleged to be the inner garment which the Savior wore, and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots. The holy tunic is enclosed within a double shrine, and is only exhibited in its entirety at rare intervals, as it is placed under seal by the Bishop of the diocese (Versailles), who alone has authority, under the pope, to break them. Thirty years ago the seals were broken by the then bishop, as the late pope had expressed a wish to have a fragment of the sacred garment, and at the same time two other fragments were cut out of it and placed in two small shrines, which the faithful are allowed to kiss, kneeling at the altar. The seals affixed in 1854 began to crumble away about three years ago, and they were renewed by the bishop of Versailles just before the Whit-Monday festival, among those present being the parish priest of Argenteuil, who tells me that the holy tunic is made of camel's hair, being dark-brown in color, and very much like the garment which the Arabs of the present day wear next the skin. He adds that it was examined through a microscope, and that all who were present unanimously agreed that they could detect no stains, but traces which they are convinced are of blood."

Beyond remarking that there is no inherent impossibility in a camel's-hair garment being preserved for eighteen centuries. I do not feel called upon to express any opinion as to the authenticity of this relic, which, however, is venerated as such by all Catholics, and believed by them to have been the means of effecting many miraculous cures, among others those of the eldest son of Lord Clifford, the Marquis d'Harcourt, and the Comte de Damas, who was for many years the companion of the Comte de Chambord."

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

TWENTY-FIVE SERMONS OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS. By William J. Potter. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

Mr. Potter has presided over the Society in New Bedford for twenty-five years, and that is a long time in these restless, changeable days, for a minister to stay with one congregation especially with one known as a Liberal Society; but it is as one of the scholarly Editors of The Index that he is best known to our readers. Mr. Potter, in the preface, says to his parishioners:

"For more than two years I had cherished the thought that, if I should remain your minister twenty-five years, I would print a volume of discourses selected from those years, and have it ready as a surprise gift to you on the twenty-fifth anniversary. But the pressure of ordinary work delayed my entering on the execution of this purpose until last summer's vacation; and then I found that the task of preparing and getting through the press such a book was too great for the limited time at command. This book, therefore, has been made chiefly for your eyes. It may be regarded as, in a sense, a memorial record of our twenty-five years of parish life together. With this end in view, it contains the first and the last discourse of the quarter-century, and with one exception, one from each of the successive years between, in chronological order. For one twelvemonth, though still your minister, my ministry was in soldier's hospitals and near battle-fields. As that twelvemonth did not entirely synchronize with the calendar year, I might have found some sermon with the date 1867 attached to it; but I came across nothing which it seemed worth while to print. I had left some of my physical vigor in Virginia, and it took several months to recover mental elasticity. This plan of selecting the sermons from the whole period of the twenty-five years is one, I am well aware, which involves a risk. Possibly, it involves some moral risk to assume that anything I wrote in the earlier part of my ministry can be worthy of preservation; but there is also a risk that the plan may cause some misunderstanding in regard to my present intellectual beliefs. As explained in the anniversary discourse—the last in the book—my views have undergone considerable change in this period. Hence there are among my earlier discourses many which I could not write in just the same way to-day, and some of those chosen for this volume came, in a measure, under this class. I have chosen none, however, the main lesson of which I should not still stand by and hold important; and, if certain incongruities in respect to subordinate ideas and phraseology may appear between the earlier and later discourses, they are a part of the record of my ministry which I have no wish to conceal, and which may have, indeed, a certain interest and value. . . . As you know, I have, not in late years held to the custom of taking texts, either from the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures or elsewhere. My habit is to use a text, from whatever source, only when the text actually suggests the sermon. But sometimes I have written a quotation as a motto at the head of a sermon, without referring to it in the delivery; and in a few instances, for the sake of uniformity, I have prefixed such mottoes to sermons chosen for the volume, where they were wanting."

Because this is called a book of sermons it may tempt some readers before whose mental vision at the word sermon there always passes a dull, dry bit of moralizing. But we hasten to assure those wearied ones that Mr. Potter's book will be to them a green and fertile oasis in the arid theological desert. Indeed, there is scarcely the color of theology in the whole four hundred handsomely printed pages. But there is plenty of strong and wholesome thought beautifully expressed in classical English, losing nothing of its native strength by the high polish given it. The book is well worthy of extended circulation.

New Books Received.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. By Geo. Rawlinson, M. A. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 60 cents.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—an inspirational lecture. By W. J. Colville. Price, 5 cents.

MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY: The Dawn of a New Civilization. By Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D. Boston: Press of the Roxbury Advocate. Price, \$2.00.

THE QUESTION SETTLED, or Religion versus Superstition. By Gnoctees. Melbourne, Australia: Geo. Robertson & Co.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. Vol. I. contains Sartor Resartus; Past and Present; The Diamond Net; and Mirabeau. New York: John B. Alden. Cloth binding, 12 vols \$15.00. (\$1.20 per vol.) For a short time Vol. I. is offered for \$1.00.

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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. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

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, August 1, 1885.

Metaphysics, or Mind Cure—What Is It?

This is the question asked some time ago by a Boston paper, as heading to a letter from J. V. Beneficio, who dates from "7 Mt. Pleasant Place, Boston." It is to be hoped that the beneficent name of the writer is significant of real philanthropic qualities. His epistle is his answer to the question. There are, however, so many answers, and so many names, old and new, for the same thing, that good people get puzzled and ask, Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Metaphysical cure, mind cure, faith cure, prayer cure, etc., are all names for psychological and magnetic influence, the supremacy of mind over body, the will power royal and supreme in its higher range, the subtle and healing quality of the invisible magnetic aura, whether going out from the healthy and harmonious person by passes of the hand, or by personal presence and attention turned toward the feeble and sickly without touch or motion.

In Chicago as well as in Boston, and in many other places, these cures are going on. "It is somewhat more than a 'Boston craze,'" as the Transcript correspondent says. They have a "school" in that scholastic city of which, and of the cure, we are told:

It has its basis in mental philosophy, which is itself the basis of natural philosophy. As taught at the Highland School in this city, its students are at first made acquainted with what is called the "Statement of Being." Its genesis, reflection and definition, the major and minor scale of being, the genesis of knowledge, transfiguration, ancient metaphysics and their application to healing."

This Highland School has a "class book" from which these and other extracts are given as follows:

- Q.—By what general term is being expressed? A.—By the term "mind and matter." Q.—What is the evidence of being? A.—The being of both mind and matter can be manifest to mind only. Therefore all evidence of being is mental evidence, that is, evidence of the being of mind. Q.—On what, then, does the being of matter depend for proof? A.—Upon the being of mind; that is, upon mental observation, since there can be no other. Q.—What does mind observe? A.—Mind, whether finite or infinite, can observe nothing exterior to itself, or outside of its own being. Hence, outside of the being of mind, finite or infinite, there can be nothing for mind to observe. The being of mind must therefore exclude the being of matter, except as a manifestation or reflection of the being of mind. Q.—If disease is in the mind, why does one take a cold, or a malarial fever, though ignorant of any exposure? A.—All mental action is not conscious. Not every touch of the finger of the plaintiff is recognized, though actually felt and reported to the mind. So our material bodies, taken on from our ignorant or ante-natal ancestry, as well as from the mental malaria of our present surroundings, are not necessarily recognized at the moment of their action. Q.—What is material belief? A.—Belief in the power of matter over mind. Q.—What is mental malaria? A.—It is the atmosphere of error, or belief in the existence of physical evil. Q.—What application has mind cure to this belief? A.—It declares it to be untrue in the nature of things. Q.—What do we mean by the nature of things? A.—The Divine nature, which excludes the possibility of disease as an entity. Q.—To what is the unconscious growth of internal tumor, or cancer, attributable? A.—To the action of unconscious mind, in error. Q.—How is the mind in unconscious error corrected? A.—By the mind in conscious truth. By the inspired mind, which knows no pain or danger. Q.—What does pain or danger do? A.—It neutralizes pain or danger? A.—The example of the martyr at the stake, or the soldier in battle. Or, better, the Scripture records of prophets entering the lion's den, or passing through the fiery furnace physically uninjured.

Out West we should put this in language somewhat more direct and less shadowy, but this does very well for our readers who can get its gist out of the fine words.

The positive control of the mind over the body, the conception that disease is primarily in the mind, and that a healthy mind helps to bodily health, are familiar to students of the spiritual philosophy. The interesting fact is that our metaphysical cure and prayer cure friends, many of them orthodox church members with a holy horror of Spiritualism

and mesmerism, are taking these awful heresies in the shape of sugar-coated pills, the outside being prayer cure, the inside just such good medicine as agrees with so many Spiritualists.

They have "free Monday evening lectures" at Mt. Pleasant place, whether beneficently given by Mr. Beneficio, or not we are not told. But he gives the following from one on "the laying on of hands."

The keys of life are perfect; but the hand that sweeps over them is progressive. In it are the poles of all forms of physical and executive force, from the lowest zoophytes, with their primal feelers, to the magnificent gestures of Cleopatra, or the musical oratorios of Mozart or Beethoven. The scientists say that the hand was developed from the lower animal; but we aver that it was developed by the higher animal—the spiritual man. To lack a hundred thousand years, and look for the human hand. You do not find it, but only its germinal potency. Tracing it through the carnivorous eras, we find it to be a symbol of strength. But what kind of strength as compared with the hand of man? The forearm of the tiger or bear is extended to destroy or strike down. But I extend my hand, or you yours, in friendship. The forearm of power has now become reciprocal. We "shake hands" and a beneficent current is formed. This is "animal magnetism." If my hand is cold, yours will seem warm to me, or vice versa. The whole question of "laying on of hands" in healing rests upon our benevolence of purpose, or upon the nature of the influence which moves the hand. It is "animal magnetism" merely, it is illegitimate in metaphysical practice.

Jesus often laid hands upon the sick and healed them. But it was not the hand that healed. It was the moral goodness that was resident in the soul. So far as hands were concerned, everybody in Judea had them, but not everybody had the Divine wisdom which constitutes spiritual magnetism.

The hand, as well as the whole body, metaphysically, is but a shadow of the mind. But in the focus of the mind, the hand is the lever of the mechanic, the persuasion of the orator, or the magic wand of the healer. It is the magnet of the psychologist, who may be himself psychologized.

This is, on the whole (though a more scientifically accurate statement would have been better) well said, save that any need of a healthful physical form for magnetic success is not at all spoken of. We are told that other lectures treat of "Christ as a metaphysical" — a word more acceptable than magnetizer or medium, but less fitted to give idea of his personal qualities, in this line of action and influence. "Metaphysics and Magnetism," "Bread of Life and Life of Bread," and "Conjugation of the verb To Be," are subjects of other lectures.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan and Epes Sargent and others give much rational and valuable information on these topics, and reading their statements would make all these cure methods better understood, as really varied forms of powers in us, and helped sometimes by unseen intelligences from the Spirit-world.

In a large central town in one of our western States we hear of an intelligent woman, a devoted Baptist church member, who is full of zeal for the metaphysical cure, and acts, talks and reads a good deal in that line very frankly and with benefit to herself and others. The good woman does not suspect that she is getting filled with just such ideas as Spiritualists have enjoyed for years. And there are thousands like this good woman in other churches.

The Dying Moments of Gen. Grant.

The dispatches from Mount MacGregor, on the day of Gen. Grant's death, July 23rd, gave a very vivid description of his last moments. The wife almost constantly stroked the face, forehead and hands of the dying General, and at times, as the passionate longing to prevent the event so near would rise within her, she would press both his hands, and, leaning forward, tenderly kiss the face of the sinking man. Col. Fred Grant sat silently, but with evident feeling, though his bearing was that of a soldierly son at the deathbed of a hero father. U. S. Grant, Jr., was deeply moved, but Jesse bore the scene steadily; and the ladies, while watching with wet cheeks, were silent, as befitting the dignity of a life such as was closing before them. The morning had passed five minutes beyond eight o'clock, and there was not one of the strained and waiting watchers but who could mark the nearness of the life tide to its final ebbing. Dr. Douglas noted the nearness of the supreme moment, and quietly approached the bedside and bent above it, and, while he did so, the sorrow of the gray-haired physician seemed closely allied with that of the family. Dr. Shradly also drew near. It was seven minutes after eight o'clock, and the eyes of the General were closing. His breathing grew more hushed as the last functions of the heart and lungs were hastened to the closing of the ex-President's life. A peaceful expression seemed to be deepening in the firm and strong-lined face, and it was reflected as a closing comfort in the sad hearts that beat quickly under the stress of loving suspense. A minute more passed and was closing as the General drew a deeper breath. There was an exhalation like that of one relieved of long and anxious tension. The members of the group were impelled each a step nearer the bed, and each waited to note the next respiration, but it did not come then—it never came. There was absolute stillness in the room and a hush of expectancy, so that no sound broke the silence save the singing of birds in the pines outside the cottage and the measured throbbing of the engine that all night had waited by the little mountain depot down the slope. "It is all over," quietly spoke Dr. Douglas, and there came then heavily to each witness the realization that Gen. Grant was dead.

Then the doctors withdrew, the nurse closed the eyelids and composed the dead General's head, after which each of the family group pressed to the bedside, one after the other, and touched their lips upon the quiet face so lately stilled.

Dr. Shradly passed out upon the piazza, and as he did so he met Dr. Newman hastening up the steps. "He is dead," remarked Dr. Shradly, quietly. The fact of having been absent from the side of the dying man and his family at the last was a cause of sorrow

and sore regret to the clergyman who had waited all night at the cottage. He had been summoned from his breakfast a moment too late and reached the cottage only in time to minister to the family sorrow and gaze upon the scarcely hushed lips of the dead General, to whom Dr. Newman's love had bound him in such close ties and relations. Those who saw and knew, and all who learn of the clergyman's absence from the deathbed, quickly speak their impulsive, hearty sympathy.

HIS LAST WORD.

Soon after Drs. Douglas and Shradly left the deathbed they conversed feelingly of the latter hours of Gen. Grant's life. The pulse first had indicated failure, and the intellect was last to succumb its clearness and conscientious tenacity, and that after midnight last night, though a circumstance at four o'clock indicated cognizance.

"Do you want anything, father?" questioned Col. Fred Grant at that hour.

"Water," whispered the General huskily. But when offered water and milk they gurgled in his throat and were ejected, and that one word of response was the last utterance of Gen. Grant.

Dr. Douglas remarked that the peculiarity of Gen. Grant's death was explained by the remarkable vitality that seemed to present an obstacle to the approach of death. It was a gradual passing away of the vital forces, and a reflex consciousness, the Doctor thought, was retained to the last. The General died of sheer exhaustion and a perfectly painless sinking away.

"Yes," interjected Dr. Shradly, quietly, "the General dreaded pain when he felt he had begun sinking, and he asked that he should not be permitted to suffer. The promise was made, and it has been kept. Since he commenced to sink Tuesday night he has been free from pain."

Toward the last no food was taken, but when a wet cloth was pressed to his lips he would suck from it the water to moisten his mouth. During the General's last night Dr. Shradly was constantly within call. Dr. Douglas was all night at the cottage, and Dr. Sands slept at the hotel after midnight.

Within twenty minutes after the death of Gen. Grant, Karl Gerhardt, a Hartford sculptor, who has been making a study here of the General, was summoned to the cottage, at the suggestion of Dr. Newman, to make a plaster cast of the dead man's face. He was highly successful.

"The Maiden Tribute of the Modern Babylon."

England is shocked and indignant, and these feelings go round the world. The Pall Mall Gazette has published a series of articles under the above heading, revealing terrible facts which it has quietly gathered up, and is now able to array and verify, if need be. It gives facts, and is bold and strong in its statements, which go to show the existence of twenty or thirty elegant houses in London, the centres of a vile traffic by which thousands of innocent girls, children almost, are brought in from the country and from Europe, trained in brief luxury, and sold to gratify the passions of the aristocracy. For instance, a member of Parliament laughed heartily and said: "I have bought a hundred girls myself for £25 (\$125) each." The Gazette says: "We are sick of this perpetual harrying of the poor, and leaving the well-to-do alone. We challenge prosecution. We are prepared to prove our statements up to the hilt, although it may be necessary to call as witnesses all those alluded to in our inquiries. . . . But let those who do not wish to shake the very foundation of our social order think twice before they compel us to confront in courts brothel-mongers with princes of the blood, and prominent public men with the unfortunate victims of their lawless vice."

These are bold words, but when young girls going out on errands in the streets are in grave peril, and when physicians lend themselves to the vile use of giving certificates of the virgin healthfulness of the victims on sale, it is high time that this iniquity in high places should be boldly rebuked and exposed. Cardinal Manning upholds the Gazette. Spurgeon, in his pulpit, stands by this brave newspaper with commendable courage, and the great body of the people are indignant to know of a traffic in girls from eight to fourteen years old from Belgium, at an average price of \$50 per head, and a like trade at home, all to pander to the wretched views of the so-called upper classes, for princes, bishops, statesmen and generals are implicated but not named. If the Gazette is prosecuted the names must come out, and therefore it is safe.

A great meeting of women has been held in London—women of acknowledged weight of character and standing—to demand better laws on these grave questions.

In the Dark Ages the fearful vices of the aristocracy went unrebuked, and it is a hopeful sign that they are now boldly exposed. It may all be but the beginning of the end of the titled nobility of England, for a privileged class inevitably tends toward pride and vice.

It shows the pressing need of spiritual culture and self-control, leading to a higher reverence for the sanctity of womanhood.

The awful facts of the Gazette's reports have their use in England, their reproduction here, in detail, would be worse than useless. They are given in that country, not to pander to any depraved sensationalism, but to give needed warning of the terrible vice that is sheltered in palaces, and hidden in padded rooms from whence no screams of

agonized and outraged innocence can be heard.

The following vigorous and timely comments are from the New York Sun:

We are not surprised at the widespread and poignant interest excited on this side of the Atlantic by the charges of aristocratic vice in London. The fervent approval of the course pursued by the Pall Mall Gazette, in which the most honored representatives of English Christianity concur, is echoed here by the clear-sighted and pure-minded men and women who sway the judgment and the sympathies of the American community. Our people know when squeamishness means modesty, and when it means hypocrisy, and they can see that depravity so ramified and consummated as that which rears its head in Parliament and browbeats the metropolitan police can be dealt with only in one way—namely, by such merciless exposure as shall shame the courts of justice and the officers of Government into a resolute, impartial assertion of their punitive powers.

It is no less plain to those whose abhorrence of iniquity is genuine and who would safeguard our society from the pollution to be feared through the persistent influence of the British aristocracy, that for us as well as Englishmen the London scandal was a thing to be blurted out, not gazed over, a thing to be unflinchingly laid bare in all its devilish significance and atrocious details, not extenuated, shrouded, and hushed up by vague, equivocal allusions and pithless generalities. What our people needed to behold in this instance was the concrete gravamen of the charges, the text of the terrible indictment launched by the Pall Mall Gazette against the rich and titled profligates, who in spite of seeming concessions to decorum and reform have continued to dominate and defile the British nation. Since the "Diamond Necklace" affair by uncovering the shocking impurity of Versailles dealt the ultimate and crushing blow to the French ancien régime, Europe has beheld no incident pregnant with more tremendous consequences than the inquisition forced upon the British heart and conscience by the Pall Mall Gazette. Nothing but a foreign war, on which the nation's fate should be suspended, can block the work of expurgation and retribution now begun. War itself could but for a brief period postpone the ruthless demolition of the British aristocracy and the complete reconstruction of England's political and social fabric. It bodes ill for privilege and title, and for all the power and influence built upon prescription and ancestry, that the immense employment of these gifts will for some months to come be bruited from pulpit and from rostrum, until the lowly millions, who next autumn will be summoned for the first time to the ballot-box, feel that God at last is on their side.

Here in this country we are, or trust we are, as yet unincensed by such a scourge of organized superstition as has for years wrought havoc in the homes of London. The fact that we can reckon on such happy immunity from systematic degradation in the presence of the myriad coadjutors to the multiplication of great fortunes, the tendency of the opulent and idle to aggregation in large cities, and their notorious propensity to emulate the luxury and the vice of foreign capitals? After all, if we look sharply at the facts, the upper class in England is less an aristocracy of birth than an oligarchy of wealth. Well, are there not parts of our own country which seem fast drifting into the clutches of plutocracy? and who knows but New York, like London, may even now harbor men who look on the virtuous poor as the prey of their foul appetites, and who, could they once acquire the British assurance of impunity, might essay the perpetration of like revolting crimes?

Psychometry.

Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan's contributions to the literature of Spiritualism, as well as to important branches of science, have been extensive and important. He is a lucid thinker, and consequently clear and comprehensive in the ideas that he advances, and therefore is enabled to interest as well as instruct. His new work on Psychometry is certainly far in advance of anything heretofore presented on that subject, and is of especial importance at the present time in view of the large number of eminent men in this country and Europe, who are becoming deeply interested in Spiritualism, or in subjects that come under the skillful manipulation of members of the various Psychical Societies. The author assumes (we use nearly his own language) that the word Psychometry, coined in 1842, to express the character of a new science and art is the most pregnant and important word that has been added to the English language. Coined from the Greek (psyche, soul and metron measure) it literally signifies soul-measuring, being analogous to the words, thermometry, barometry, electrometry, and similar terms, which signify special measurements. The thermometer measures caloric (thermo, temperature). The barometer measures the weight (baro, weight) of the atmosphere; the electrometer measures electric conditions; the psychometer measures the soul (psyche). In the case of Psychometry, however, the measuring assumes a new character, as the object measured and the measuring instrument are the same psychic element, and its measuring power is not limited to the psychic as it was developed in the first experiments, but has appeared by successive investigations to manifest a wider and wider area of power, until it became apparent that this psychic capacity was really the measure of all things in the Universe. Hence, Psychometry signifies not merely the measuring of souls and soul capacities, or qualities by our own psychic capacities, but the measurement and judgment of all things conceivable by the human mind; and Psychometry means practically measuring by the soul, or grasping and estimating all things which are within the range of human intelligence. Psychometry, therefore, is not merely an instrumentality for measuring soul powers, but a comprehensive agency like mathematics for the evolution of many departments of science. As a science and philosophy, Psychometry shows the nature, the scope, and the modus operandi of those divine powers in man, and the anatomical mechanism through which they are manifested; while as an art it shows the method of utilizing these psychic faculties in the investigation of character, disease, physiology, biography, history, paleontology, philosophy, anthropology, medicine, geology, astronomy, theology, and supernal life and destiny.

The author speaks of Psychometry as an introduced and established science. Establishment in the philosophic sense does not consist in currency among the multitude—it does not consist in a favorable verdict from public opinion, which as Douglas Jerrold once said, is but the "average stupidity of mankind," and which is always steadily and persistently opposed to great and revolutionary discoveries. Establishment consists in the favorable verdict of the competent, as ownership depends on the acknowledged deed

from the donor. The competent alone can establish, and the court of the competent is so harmonious with itself in science, that the verdict of the first score whom we meet is virtually the verdict of the thousands and the millions who succeed. The court of the competent consists of those who honestly love the truth, and who with earnest zeal either devote themselves to its search or hold themselves ready to give it a welcome, and who with sound judgment make a fair and full investigation; all such matters of demonstrable science come to a substantial agreement, and their first verdict is as conclusive as the last. The sagacious listen and respect it, but the multitude (learned and unlearned alike) look not to the competency of the court but to its personal rank, social influence, and numerical strength. The claim is made by the Professor that the dark underworld of intellect in which we find the responses of oracles, the revelations of magnetic somnambules, the prophecies of the saints, the forecasts of the fortune teller, the mysterious presentiments and sudden impressions by which many are guided, the warnings of death, calamity or accident, and the mysterious influences attached to places, apartments, amulets and souvenirs, is illuminated by the light of psychometric science, and its phenomena made entirely intelligible; for Psychometry demonstrates in man, and explains the mechanism of those transcendent powers which have heretofore defied the comprehension of philosophy, and have been regarded with defiant hostility by materialistic cultivators of mere physical science, while they have been welcomed by poetry, religion and the deepest emotions which ally man to heaven. In studying Psychometry, mystery disappears, and the most cautious inquirer in vital science will feel that he is treading on safe and solid ground. That he should enjoy this feeling of certainty and security he should be introduced to the science by the successive steps of its original development, and therefore the author would take the reader back forty-three years to his first experiments, showing how Psychometry was evolved.

* MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY: THE DAWN of a New Civilization. By Joseph Rodes Buchanan, M. D. Author of "Anthropology," "Therapeutic Sacroscopy," and "Moral Education." Professor of Physiology and Institutes of Medicine in four Medical Colleges successively, from 1845 to 1881—and for five years Dean of the Eclectic Medical Institute, the parent school of American Medical Eclecticism—Discoverer of the impossibility of the brain—of Psychometry and of Sacroscopy. Published by the Author—20 Fort Ave., Boston.

A Devil of a Fortune Teller.

The Tribune gives an account of how W. H. Beerhalter purchased a "fortune telling" machine of the Novelty Manufacturing Company of this city, he depositing therefor \$50, and agreeing to pay \$100 from the proceeds, he retaining \$10 a week until all was paid. He took the machine home, but it didn't work satisfactorily, and so he had the company arrested. The machine is a polished tin affair, which looks like a coffee-heater used in restaurants, set upon four round, hollow tin posts. Between the posts is a glass tube of about two inches in diameter filled with water and running from the main portion, between the legs, to the board it stands on. The contrivance is about two feet high, and when used is set on a table, covered by a long cloth. The operator tells the applicant for a fortune he will produce the devil, who will ascend through the glass tube, and write his fortune on a sheet of blank paper. The top is opened and a sheet of innocent-looking note paper is placed in it. By pressing a hidden spring the operator releases the cover of an air-valve which causes an image of the devil to rise up and apparently pass through to the paper. When he is supposed to have had time to write the fortune the spring is released and he sinks back to his native clime. The paper is brought out, a glowing future written upon it. Packages of this paper are furnished by the company to the operator, prepared with invisible writing, worded to suit different persons. The writing is susceptible to heat, and the machine has a nicely-constructed spirit lamp hidden under the upper portion, which is not made visible to the customer. Mr. Beerhalter could not make his satanic majesty appear at will, so wants his money back.

W. H. Vosburgh of Troy, N. Y., writes: "Mrs. Watson speaks wholly under inspiration, and is without doubt one of the most able speakers upon the spiritual rostrum to-day. Returning here from Saratoga, N. Y., two grand receptions awaited her. The first at Dr. Swamsted's parlors, July 15th, and on the following evening in the society's parlors, Keenan Block, where a pleasant reunion of the friends were assembled to receive and give her greeting and bid her God speed in her work. The next morning, the 17th, she moved on in her mission to Philadelphia."

The Lowell Courier is authority for the statement that the late Dr. Whedon "called the departed dead 'angeloids.' His theory, in a general way, was that the ramifications of the nerves, forming in themselves a shape conforming exactly to that of the whole figure, made the soul of man just like his body so far as configuration is concerned. At death, so Dr. Whedon thought, this contour and semblance of the dead body separated itself and became the eternal form of the spirit, visible to its fellows, and in some conditions to people who were yet in the flesh. This was his explanation of spiritual materialization."

The copartnership heretofore existing under the name of James R. Osgood & Co. of Boston has been dissolved.

Voices from the People, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Temperance Song for Progressive Lyceums.

Given by Rev. John Pierpont, Washington, D. C., at the National Convention of Spiritualists, Providence, August 22, 1886.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Reading an article in the JOURNAL in which mention is made of Mr. John Pierpont at the convention of Spiritualists in Providence, reminded me that I have a copy of a little poem which he read at that convention when the subject of Children's Lyceums was being considered.

The following remarks prefaced the song: The Greek poet Anacreon lived and wrote songs in praise of wine, till he was more than 80 years old. I do not claim to be like Anacreon in anything, more than my age; but I have lately written a few stanzas in praise of water, which may possibly be sung by the children of your Sunday Progressive Lyceums.

When the bright morning star, the new day light is bringing, And the orchards and groves are with melody ringing, Their way to and from them the early birds winging, And their anthems of gladness and thanksgiving singing.

Why do they twitter and sing, do you think? Because they've had nothing but water to drink. When a shower on a hot day of summer is over, And the fields are all smelling of white and red clover; And the honey bees—busy and plundering rover—Is fumbling the blossom leaves over; Why do they hum and sing, do you think? Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

Do you see that stout oak on its windy hill growing? Do you see that great balsam tree that black cloud is throwing? Do you see that steam war-ship its ocean way going, Against trade winds and head winds, like hurricanes blowing? Why do oaks, clouds and war-ships so strong, do you think? Because they've had nothing but water to drink.

Now if we have to work in the shop, field or study, And would have a strong hand, and a cheek that is ruddy, And would not have a brain that is addled and muddled, With our eyes all bugged up and our noses all bloody, How shall we make and keep ourselves so, do you think? Why you must have nothing but water to drink.

An Earnest Appeal for More Light—Questions for Rosamond Dale Owen.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In your issue of June 20th, Miss Owen, in her letter opens anew the oft recurring subject of "Christian Spiritualism." I have heretofore read with deep interest and great care all I have seen upon the subject, hoping to find something tangible, understandable and intelligent, as to what is this new and peculiar phase of the imaged, poorly understood system of doctrines and beliefs called Christianism. I thought I had a fair understanding of what Christianism is, as an organized system of doctrines, was and is. I was an active worker for Jesus and his cause for some fifteen years, and have a reasonably familiar acquaintance with leading, intelligent Christians of various denominations, and had supposed that amid all their discord, contentions and divergent views there were a few cardinal doctrines or basic principles of Christianity upon which all agreed and were in perfect accord. As I understand the subject, to be a Christian one must believe in Christ and accept him as a mediator and as God coequal with the Father, etc. To deny that is anti-Christian. Scarcely all sects of acknowledged Christians agree that in some way in the dim and distant past some kind became estranged from God or "fell," and became subjects of condemnation, and that Jesus was sent as a mediatorial sacrifice, or made an atonement for the sins of the human race, and that our condition or state in the future life depends upon our acceptance of the terms of that atonement or sacrifice. I know of no genuine Christianism as a system of doctrines without an atonement.

N.W., I want more light. Will Miss Owen please inform me through the JOURNAL just what, in brief, constitutes the Christianism to which she has been converted? What are its cardinal doctrines and basic principles? What is the place occupied by Jesus Christ in the economy of this world's government as she has been shown. Please tell us at once, Miss O., that we may enjoy "this new and peculiar working together, this blessed peace of which we as yet have so little perception." Please do not make us wait in darkness till your next lecture of a series. We do not ask for all the experiences or your reasons, but we (multitudes of honest Spiritualists) do want to know what of Christianism we can utilize honestly and truly as Spiritualists.

I have no war to make, as well meaning, honest Christians, but I fall to find any use for their doctrines. I have read the history of the Christian Church, and the farther back I get toward the starting point, the genuine first organized Christianism as a system of doctrines, the more repugnant I find them to reason and justice. The more modern departures from the faith of the fathers has been an improvement.

I do not wish, however, at this time, to enter upon a lengthy discussion of these almost trite questions, though I regard them as vital and worthy of our best thought, and I earnestly hope the advocates of a Christian Spiritualism will furnish us with a concise statement of what Christianism is which they ask us to accept and harmonize with our newly found truths.

Miss Owen finds rest and peace in the Church. Mrs. Diaz's controls urge a cessation of hostilities and a general stampede to the Church, claiming that it is ready to "cry quits" and take us all in as good fellows. If we will just drop all our characteristic work and bid good-by to the "little cradle" and join her ranks and henceforth "walk by faith." Good-by to all such silly nonsense, whether from mortals in the form of or from some half-reconstructed Talmage scribbling working for his idol.

Geneva, Fla. S. BIRKLOW.

A Dream Verified.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I had been reading some remarkable dreams in your paper, when a strange experience of my own came to mind. Years ago during the civil war, I was visiting with my husband in Charleston, Va. I had left my children at home in Cincinnati, with my mother. One night I was aroused from sleep, much startled by a dream. I saw my mother take my little daughter from her bed, and in a despairing tone, call "Correll, oh, what shall I do? I wish you were here." I arose and at once a clock in the morning had taken her from bed at one o'clock in the morning, with the distressed cry for me. She had changed her dress from flannel to cotton, thinking the weather too warm for flannels. I cannot account for this only in this way: I was anxious about home, and my spirit wandered there in the night time, and saw what I have related.

Santa Fe, New Mexico. CORELIA M. HATCH.

Wm. Masson writes:—I like the JOURNAL because of your strenuous endeavors to stand by the truth and expose falsehood. Shame I hate, and will have nothing to do with them. I believe in concerning the better part of old ideas that will bear reason, and not throw all overboard because of some screen.

Clerical False Representation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The scoring you gave to De Witt Talmage for his false representation of the great Welsh poet, Dr. Hugh, was well deserved. It is not complimentary to the class of clergymen that so many of them are given to this sort of untruthful representation. The memory of Thomas Paine has been persistently blackened by clerical lying lips; and so in scores of similar cases, the bearing of false witness goes steadily on where truth should alone prevail.

Reason is not stated, but the charge is that "poor people need bread more than prayer," to which Chaplain McCabe refers with the assertion: "No they don't. They need prayer to help them to get bread." Assertions are cheap, but proof of assertions is a very different matter. Now, if they had to prove that prayer ever helped a living soul to a loaf of bread. Millions of prayers, wrung from the agony of suffering hearts, have come up to heaven from the lips of starving millions, for a way open to gain bread needed to appease pitiless hunger, and not one of the prayers were answered. Millions of prayers are going up to-day, all over the land, from the lips of thousands on thousands who vainly seek work for their hands, but not all the prayers move a single ship or factory into service, nor gain for the workless hungry ones so much as a crust of bread. To talk of prayer helping to gain bread, is the sheerest baldness, and the assertion that it will help, as bold a piece of false representation as was ever uttered. A man may pray, and pray, and pray, till his tongue tires out with the useless formula, but if he is not present with paper's fork, or does not strip off his coat and earn not a bare loaf will supply the bread, nor will a loaf hang on a convenient bush for his purpose. But if some little Bethel presents a loaf, or opportunity to earn it is made use of by energetic labor, the bread may be obtained though never a prayer is uttered.

Prayer, as a means of gaining bread, is not taken into account in the economy of Nature's operations. Her immutable demands for force, energy, unceasing effort. Not an animal can live that does not use its utmost exertions in the acquisition of food and protection from harm; not a plant, unchecked in its acquisition of the essential life forces of air, water and sunlight, can thrive; and not a man can have his hunger appeased without the labor of himself or others. The unchanging law went forth at the outset: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread"—not by prayer, Reverend McCabe; and your assertion that prayer is needed to help a man get bread, is a false representation of the most pernicious quality. If it were true, the necessary inference would be, that those who did the most praying would acquire the greatest abundance. But this can scarcely be, for it takes small efforts to note that those who pile up the greatest amount of riches, and who gain their wealth by the least amount of honest labor, are the greatest scamps living, while those who lead the most righteous lives, and who are most persistent in earnest daily prayers to the God they serve, are least successful. I make the assertion advisedly, that those who endeavor to live upright lives, dealing with their fellow men as equals, and by the honest, honest means, are sure to be driven to the wall by less conscientious competitors, let them pray ever so earnestly for aid in their honest endeavor. Nay, more; the man who, in these times of grasping money greed, seeks to carry on workshop or commercial enterprise on true Christian principle will inevitably become bankrupt, though he prays with all the zeal that even Chaplain McCabe could acquire. Successful business men do not flourish by prayer. It is accomplished by sharp speculation in the rise and fall of market's, in gambling ventures, in making corners in wheat and provisions. When Gould or Vanderbilt lay their plans to scoop a million from the dupes who have been led to purchase their worthless railroad stocks, they do not waste breath in prayer. They play the skin game just as does the gambler, and are not afraid of the keen-witted, successful manipulators of huge fortunes, who always use the tools best adapted for the purpose.

I was very young when I first learned the utter inability of prayer in the role of a bread winner. My father and mother were two of the most sincerely earnest Christians I ever knew. Moreover, they were perfectly industrious and diligent in all they operated in all their habits. Their life conduct was squared by the Christian principles they believed in, and not a day of their existence on which they did not sincerely pray for divine aid and sustenance in all their endeavors. And yet for the greater part of their lives they were unable to lift themselves out of the crushing struggle to gain a bare subsistence, and many times they drew out long and wretched borders of absolute suffering. Yet all around them I saw numbers of so-called godless men who never breathed a prayer, but who flourished exceedingly, and looked down in contempt on my parents, as onto religious fools too honest for business recognition. I saw that prayers availed them nothing in the betterment of their condition; as how should they, in a state of society in which every avenue to success was closed in the hands of a favored class, and only the unprincipled schemers had the slightest show of success? In good truth, religious principle was a positive bar to success, because it stood in the way to the tricky scheming that takes dishonest advantage, and my parents' conscientious scruples, born of their Christian faith, constantly weighted them out of power to succeed. And when father died, and the stricken widow alone, with reduced energy to earn bread for her children, and all her pious prayers increased the size of the loaves she earned with her needle by a single ounce. They never do. Not all the prayers that were ever uttered could make a two-pound loaf one-half ounce more, nor help a man to earn a single cent. Better preach that the greed of selfishness stands in the way of man's contentment and peace, than that prayer, what we need is the elimination of this selfishness, and more truth from the lips of clerical advisers.

Cleveland, Ohio. W. WHITWORTH.

The Little Householder.

"Oh yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman; "but the one that I like the best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the West Side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After awhile a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him."

St. A. Greer writes:—The JOURNAL is a great comfort to me. Each number is boiling over with good thoughts from different writers. I should be glad to see it in every household, that children might appreciate it, and be taught truths from its page.

Notes from Onset.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Our first week of camp meeting at this place has been an uninterrupted success. A lively interest has been manifested in all the regular meetings, and attendance and earnest workers in the cause have spoken from the platform. Tuesday, the 14th, Dr. F. L. H. Willis spoke upon the influence of Spiritualism upon public opinion. Wednesday, the 15th, Miss Jennie B. Hagan spoke upon "The Uses of Life," subject given by the audience. Saturday, the 18th, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw spoke upon "Spirit Communication and Spirit Communion." Joseph D. Sikes has done noble work during the week in his phenomenal platform feats. Miss Jennie B. Hagan has held herself ready at the close of all regular exercises to receive subjects from the audiences for poem improvisations, which always give unbounded satisfaction.

The chances for materialization are being well patronized to the exclusion of nearly all other phases of mediumship. It is to be regretted that our old and tried mediums for Spirit communion are so woefully neglected by the investigating public for the very unsatisfactory and loose conditions of the dark end rooms, and the heavy-weight materialization of the present day. Certain it is that a radical change must be inaugurated in the organization of these phenomena, before anything but the merest guess work can be had; but I leave this part of the subject for abler pens than mine.

Social gatherings are beginning to take place at the different cottages. One of these real enjoyable occasions was observed by a birthday party at Old Fen Cottage on the evening of the 14th inst. The friends of Mrs. Currier to the number of twenty-five, called to extend their congratulations and words of greeting for the return of her birthday. Special remarks were made by Giles B. Stebbins, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Jennie B. Hagan, Joseph D. Sikes and Charles W. Sullivan. Mrs. Currier responded in words of thanks for all expressions of greeting from the friends present.

A reception was given, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, at Mrs. Woods's Harmony Cottage on Pleasant Avenue, on Thursday evening, the 16th inst. The cottage was literally packed and many were obliged to go away, not being able to gain admittance. It was a feast of good things in behalf of a long-tried and earnest worker in the Spiritual vineyard.

Sunday, July 10th, the weather continued fair but very hot and dusky. At 9 A. M. the thermometer stood at 78 degrees, with a northwesterly wind. The Middleboro Band gave a concert at the Grand Stand at 10 o'clock A. M. At 10:30 o'clock President Crockett introduced Mrs. J. T. Little, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as the speaker of the hour. She chose for her subject "The Earthly and Spiritual Kingdom." She spoke to the table at her side, she took from among the flowers a beautiful Poinciana Lily. Then speaking of its life and development, she said: "This shall be my symbol, clear and bright, Of something just as clean and white."

She spoke of the flower of a pure Spiritualism evolving through the darkness of infinite ages of the past, and the need of a more advanced and higher great necessity of evolving ourselves out of the fault of self-conceit, and allow all others the same privileges that we enjoy—the right to religious liberty that we claim for ourselves. She made an especial reference to the individual responsibility of mediums, but did not state clearly whether she believed mediums were responsible for their utterances or not, but did say that the basest of Spiritualists had more weight than any other religious sect extant, and then said, "Fan out the chaff. Hope for a better fanning-mill, for it is surely coming. Park cabinets and dark rooms will be dispensed with, and we shall see in the light of day." Her utterances were listened to with marked attention and were warmly applauded.

At 12 o'clock P. M. Mr. Stebbins spoke, taking for the basis of his remarks, "Onset, the Fruit of the Seed planted by the Mayflower." He traced the cause that induced the Pilgrim Fathers to leave the mother country for this western world, and plant the seed of their belief in the immortality of the soul. He prophesied that within twenty-five years the popular church of to-day would either be a no-worship Spiritualist or cold Materialist; there can be no half-way ground.

Letter from Sidney, New South Wales.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Some time has elapsed since my last letter to your paper, owing chiefly to the dearth of Liberal or Spiritualist news. However we are now receiving fresh impulses, and opportunities for indulging in mental food. Your eminent lecturer, Dr. York is now in our midst, and judging from his reception last night, he is likely to remain here some time. I trust he may, and do the good work of emancipating a few more minds from the iron fetters of Orthodoxy. The audience last evening was completely carried away by his eloquence, the subject of the lecture being, "How to be happy," a question many, unfortunately, are unable to solve for themselves. Dr. York is, I should think, very similar in style to Col. Ingersoll. He speaks to the point, and well, is humorous, and his ideas seem with beautiful sentiments, inclining men and women to aim at a true and noble life, letting good actions and kind thoughts for one another take the place of creeds and dogmas, each individual being a law unto himself. How human beings can still reject this new and glorious dispensation, I know not, but we can see content, knowing that the time is close at hand when their hearts must no longer be closed to these things of great joy which fill our beings to overflowing with love and gratitude for all mankind. What more ennobling, more elevating, than glorious nature, if we but listen to her voice. We find her teeming with beautiful truths for man, which ever point to immortality.

The Colonies are rapidly following in the footsteps of America. Lecturers with liberal views are advanced thought ever meet with a hearty welcome. Orthodoxy, with its cold comfort, is rapidly giving out, and the happy time when mental freedom will be accorded to all is close at hand. I cannot say farewell without a word of thanks, heartfelt thanks, to you, Mr. Editor, for the beautiful words of comfort and hope which I find ever in your paper. Some of my happiest hours are spent coming to your pages. Long may you continue to do the good work that is undertaken, teaching men and women that there is no death, and we are here to prepare ourselves and one another for a higher, purer and better life.

ROSE CAVENAGH.

A Man Who Hanged Himself Appearing Nightly at a Window.

The upper section of Reading, Pa., is greatly excited over a spiritual revelation in the shape of a suicide's ghost. Henry Kissinger and family resided in a two-story frame house. Last Saturday afternoon Kissinger was found dead in his bed room. He had fastened his suspenders to the bed-post and around his neck and slowly strangled himself. The crowd found kneeling in front of the bed in a praying attitude. Mrs. Kissinger and the children and many of the neighbors declare that the house is now haunted. Large crowds gather nightly in the vicinity of the house, and many declare that they have seen Kissinger at the upper window, without a coat and wearing dark pantaloons, with a strap around his waist, and his feet on the floor. The crowd is very demonstrative, and there were cries of "There he is," "How do you do, Henry?" and similar expressions. The people say that the face which appeared at an upper window was ghastly white. Several women fainted, and Mrs. Kissinger, who had opened the house to let in a little fresh air, nearly went into hysterics. The people who were on the first floor heard strange noises in the air, but no going up saw nothing. They say that there are still mounds, death rattles, and loud thumpings on the floor as if someone was struggling desperately. Mrs. Kissinger says that one evening her brother was sitting against the door of a stair, leading up stairs, when they were startled as if a ton weight was coming down stairs, but nothing was discovered. The crowds have become so dense that policemen have been employed to disperse them. Fifty persons are willing to swear that they have seen Kissinger's ghost at the upper window, with his eyes staring from their sockets, his tongue protruding, his neck stretched to great length and his face a ghastly white.—Philadelphia Times.

J. B. Pelham, of Peru, Florida, writes: The Spiritualists and Liberals of Peru and Limona have organized a Society, known as the Hillsboro County Spiritual and Liberal Society, with nineteen enrolled members. E. B. Burdick is Chairman and J. B. Pelham is Secretary. This Society has been controlled and governed by some good addresses. Long may the JOURNAL go forth proclaiming truth and honesty.

Little Tommy's Death.

Mr. Frederick Langbridge, an English poet, has just published a volume of poems under the title of "Sent Back by the Angels, and Other Ballads of Home and Homely Life," from which the following poem, perhaps the most effective, is taken. It is upon the death of a little boy who takes a solemn leave of all his friends and favorites and playthings before he goes—his favorite rabbit being the creature apparently from which he finds it hardest to part.

But hush! the voice from the little bed, And the watchful mother bent her head, "Mammy, I know that I'm soon to die, And I want to wish them all good-by."

"In heaven I never should feel content If I hadn't been kind before I went; So let me take leave of them, great and small, Animals, people, and toys and all."

So the word went forth, and in no great while The servant who served in the kitchen smiled, The stout old cook, and the housemaid Rose, And the spronny boy with his snouted nose.

So each of the women, with streaming cheek; Bent over and kissed him and could not speak; For he said that they must not grieve and cry For they'd meet again in the happy sky.

'Twas harder and longer to deal with Jim— The child grew grave as he looked at him. For he thought to himself: "He betwixt and swears, And I hardly believe that he says his prayers."

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Chicago is growing faster than any large city in the world. Forty thousand masons and hodmen in Berlin are out of work. The Thousand Islands are said to be almost 1,800 in number. All Queen Victoria's children are fond of the theatre and go there frequently. There has never been a holiday, a theatre, or a circus on the Island of Malta. If 32,000,000 women should clasp hands, they could reach around the globe. Until Andrew Jackson's time, office seekers were not permitted to see the President. New York ladies, for lack of other escorts, are attended to the theatres by messenger boys. An American scientist says the ivory of Central Africa will give out in ten or fifteen years. A good base ball player in Rhode Island gets a bigger salary than the Governor of the State. Lightning struck a Chinaman in Montana and changed his complexion from yellow to black. A widow in Wilton, Conn., says she never intends to marry again. She is one hundred and four.

The Governor of Massachusetts gets a salary of \$5,000 a year, and the Mayor of Boston \$19,000. There are few towns in England under 90 inhabitants that have not from two to five papers. Thirty-four female Arab soldiers were killed in one of the battles with the English in the Sudan. General Scott conquered Mexico with 12,000 effective men. He fought six battles and was victorious in all. Portland, Oregon, is about to have some of her streets paved with granite brought from Hong Kong for the purpose. A colored man has just died in Chesterfield County, South Carolina, "leaving his thirteenth wife to mourn his loss."

A man of seventy was among the nineteen residents of Arlington, Ga., arrested recently for playing ball on the streets. Small farms in Europe are prosperous. The edible snails find ready market and at good prices, Paris being the chief customer. The largest shaving ever made by a wood-working machine is forty-two inches wide, seventeen feet long, and of uniform thickness. Georgia has become as much of a temperance State as Maine or Kansas. Whisky is a scarce article, and a drunken man is a rare sight. The English, stimulated by Russian enterprise in the same direction, are beginning to talk seriously of a railway from Europe to India. There are now 110,000 miles of submarine cable stretched under the ocean, though it is less than thirty years since the first ocean cable was successfully laid. Theodore Thomas says that every singer and musician should be bald-headed. It not only adds dignity to their positions, but is a natural mark of superior endowments.

The annual sale of Cologne water in the United States is about \$2,000,000. The total value of the water exported from Cologne to this country in 1884 was \$23,134 48. Roman Catholics are estimated at 184,000,000 and Protestants at 148,000,000, but the latter claim a gain of 250 per cent. during the past century to 50 per cent. for Rome. It is said that the stomach of an ostrich is located in its back, between the wings, and the food can be seen protruding around the base of its neck to get at this strangely located receptacle. It was proved in a San Francisco court a few days since that a Chinaman lived well, clothed himself and saved money while working as a shoemaker at \$18 a month, without load. A man went down to Rome, Ga., from Atlanta and opened a female barber shop, but before the place had taken in 35 cents a crowd of 100 indignant wives had made a wreck of it. A deliver in matrimonial statistics has discovered that out of nearly 600 graduates of a prominent college for young women less than 200 have secured husbands, the remaining two-thirds being hopelessly fixed in the single estate.

According to Supervising Examiner Banks there are hundreds of men upon the pension rolls who were in the Confederate army, but afterwards enlisted under the Union flag, and pensions are granted to such people every day. More is required of young ladies in society than of young men. A young man need not be beautiful, need not sing, play, or say anything intelligent. He may be positively idiotic and yet get on well in society, as is shown in numerous instances. It is said that the A-tors have paid at the rate of \$6,000,000 per acre for land in Wall street. The land for the Drexel property, corner of Wall and Broad streets, which was bought during the highest period of inflation, cost at the rate of \$14,000,000 per acre. As a test of sight reading, an original hymn, which had not been seen by the children until just previous to singing, when it was distributed to them in sealed envelopes, was sung at a recent musical festival in Providence by a chorus of 1,050 voices, composed of pupils of the grammar schools of that city.

Although but a short time has elapsed since the present system of testing the milk and butter capacity of the Jersey cow was adopted, there are already a few of the breed that have records of butter running for as long as forty-six pounds twelve ounces in seven days. Mr. Erastus Brooks says that he has seen 120 daily newspapers established in New York, and of those only six are now in existence. He estimates that \$25,000,000 has been sunk during that time upon daily newspapers, and yet every other college graduate thinks he can run a newspaper. Suit for \$500 damages has been brought against a Wisconsin beekeeper by a sheep farmer, who claims that his animals are so annoyed when running at pasture by the bees as to injure his flock of thoroughbred sheep to the extent of the above amount. Much interest is manifested in the result of the suit among beekeepers.

Mr. Cleveland has been taking great delight in a magnificent night blooming cereus at the White House. The President, whose love of flowers frequently turns his steps as soon as he has leisure in the afternoon into the conservatory, was the first to discover that it was about to bloom, and stood before it in rapt admiration. A whirling that struck a field near Marietta, Ga., a short time ago, caught up David Reaky, a colored man, who was working in the field at the time, and whisked him into the air to a height that must have been great if he does not exaggerate his experience. He says that while up in the air the trees looked like little bushes and the roaring wind sounded like rushing waters. His descent was so easy that he was not in the least harmed.

Last autumn a bookseller named Meyer, of Ronenberg, tied a waterproof label under the wing of a swallow which had occupied a nest at his house, and had become comparatively familiar. On it he wrote a query in German to the effect that he wished to know where the swallow would pass the winter. The bird returned to its former nest bearing an exchange label similarly fastened, saying in German that in Florence, in Castellar's house, and I bear many salutations. An interesting archaeological relic has just been brought to light at Traismauer, in Lower Austria, some miles southwest of Vienna. A large portion of a volute shield of bronze was found among a great quantity of fragments of glass and earthenware. On the obverse is an eagle, and below it Jupiter in Roman war dress, with an axe in his raised right hand. On the reverse is a full moon, and below it a young Mars. It is conjectured that the shield belongs to the third century of our era.

The people of Holland will soon be defended from invasion by a water line from five to ten miles wide and some sixty miles long, directly barring the advance of an invader coming from the east. Above the line of this inundation, nothing will be visible but a few narrow roads raised on embankments, or overflowed by fortifications bristling with cannon. The water, for the most part, will be only a few inches deep, so that it will not be navigable by hostile gun vessels or flotillas, while deep trenches cut in the ground below will frustrate any attempt to wade through the inundation.

loaned it to him without interest, and all he wants is his principal returned to him. It looks as though the plot of the drama was written to hinge on this one point; as though the idea was first conceived and then the drama arranged to fit it; as though it would be a capital idea, whereby to illustrate the Jewish *carus* the Christian character to suit the taste of the medieval age. The Jew must be made to appear as a low, contemptible person with no regard for the higher demands of a civilized society. This seems to be the light in which the world views this character and scene. But then the world generally takes such a view of things as is most pleasant to it, or as best suits its fancy or prejudice.

Shakespeare's mind was cosmopolitan. He had little care, evidently for persons, nations or creeds. The ideal actor of to-day will play any part the public calls for. The play that has a great run is a reflection of the demands of the public, and not a reflection of the creed or sympathy of the actor. On the same principle Shakespeare wrote his plays. How finely this public feeling reveals human nature. All these years this piece has been played, and "Shylock" has been a despised character. Who ever heard of the name "Antonio" called or given with reproach; yet when we come to analyze the two, "Shylock" is as far ahead of such a contemptible character as "Antonio," as the ideal "Antonio" is, in the public eye, ahead of the ideal "Shylock." "Shylock" is simply robbed, insulted, and most shamefully treated, and that, too, by a number of the first citizens of Venice, who can plead so eloquently for justice and mercy, when their side or party is affected; but so soon as they secure their easy triumph—many over one—a State over a humble citizen, they become as heartless and satanic as an ancient Spanish inquisitor.

"Antonio's" ships come in, and he has an abundance of money—ample to pay the mere 3,000 ducats, a large sum, but small for so wealthy a man as he is to pay; and yet it never once enters his mind to make good that 3,000 ducats, an honest loan. On the contrary he is only too willing to rob poor "Shylock" of not only the 3,000 ducats, and of much greater sums, but far more than this, to rob him of that which is dearer to him than money. "Shylock" is robbed of all that could make his life happy. His little household destroyed, even the precious keepsakes whereby he treasures the memory of Leah are not left. Money, daughter, keepsakes, the treasures of the heart and soul taken, and the feeling of security and priceless bond of fellow-feeling, such as in his humble way he had, all withdrawn from him! No wonder he pleads

"I am not well."

If there is anything that would prompt in man a desire to withdraw to some lonely spot, away from the very sound and sight of his fellow men, it is such treatment as this. "Shylock" has borne this great injustice and wrong long enough—even too long. It is full time that the intelligence of the world ceased to be governed by passion and prejudice, and advanced to a more noble platform, and took a more humane view of this character. If "Shylock" wanted his "pound of flesh," "Antonio" wanted the whole body—and he got it!—got it by foul means—by the weight of might, not by superiority of mind; not even by business sharpness, but by the most detestable means—by the triumph of the powerful over the weak. If (in this respect) in a scale of ten "Shylock" was represented by one, "Antonio" should be represented by the whole scale, and even more if possible.

When the world finds itself inadequate to express its feelings for the most contemptible, wholesale brutality and downright meanness, let it sum it up in one word, and let that word be ANTONIO! Such a character well deserves such mention. But it is to be hoped that such characters, drawn by such an artist as Shakespeare will be like mirrors to the world. Seeing the good, will prompt us to imitate it; seeing the mean, will cause such a reaction within us as to prompt us to inwardly vow to ourselves that we will do all in our power to "help them to right who suffer wrong—to help all the poor and oppressed upon earth from them that swelleth against them."

Annoying a Dying Man.

"Offensive partisanship" of the orthodox type is not so common now as formerly, but a case has been recently brought to our attention, which only requires publication to secure for it the rebuke which will assuredly follow from all thoughtful and right-minded persons, no matter what their church connections may be.

The occurrence took place in one of the Chicago hospitals. A man lay dying of consumption in one of the wards. A lady well known in Evangelistic circles, whose name we suppress, making a religious visitation to the hospital, went up to the bed and said to the sufferer, "Do you know you are going straight to hell?" There was a gesture of rebuke from the dying man. The orthodox tormentor continued despite the rebuke: "I see the flames ascending around you even now!" "Go away!" said the man, "and let me die in peace." On this the doctor in charge of the ward interfered and told the lady she must leave and she at once took her departure.

If any one doubts the authenticity of this brief narrative, which has not been heretofore made public, the name of this "offensive partisan" is at their service. Such an outrage, perpetrated in the service of religion, demands the severest censure. We are heartily glad the physician in charge had the courage to do his duty in the emergency, and protect his dying patient from the annoyance of the visitor.—*The Universalist.*

The Existence of God.

To the Editor of the *Belleisle Philosophical Journal*:

Your able correspondent, W. B. Hart, says: "I hardly think the last word has yet been said, touching this question of questions—Is there a God?"

Probably the last word will never be said (as a finality) but a new contribution to the discussion may be called the latest or last, and I think a new contribution may be made. There are two arguments for the existence of a God which have been developed in my researches, which I believe have not been discovered or used in all the discussions on this subject, and which are to my mind more convincing and instructive than any that have heretofore been adduced. I do not say more cogent than the argument from the infinite procession of cause and effect, but more satisfactory, for the argument on the line of causation leads only to the incomprehensible and infinite, unless it be associated with, and illuminated by, the revelations of spiritual science, without which it leads only to the unknowable power, in which the philosophy of Herbert Spencer ends. My own line of argument leads to a God whom we may intelligently adore and love and to whom we may have important and practical relations throughout our lives. I have not the time just now to elaborate these views for the public, but expect to present them hereafter.

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A writer in the *New England Medical Monthly* says that unreasoning apprehension of possible calamity depresses the vitality, and thus indirectly increases the power of disease. He cites the case of a man so panic-stricken about cholera that he rushed immediately out of his town, leaving his family to follow. He died in a few days, not of cholera, but of fright.

THE "LOST CONTINENT."

The Golden Age of Pre-Historic Times.

Exhumation of Treasures from the Indian Ocean.

Through the Mediumship of Abram James. Reported and Edited by E. Whipple.

LECTURE FIRST.

The day dawneth for the resurrection of forms of knowledge long since passed from the remembrance of mortality on earth. We have patiently waited the slow movements of the centuries for this building up time. We come to you, a band of ancients, to announce that a Golden Age existed on your planet in pre-historic times, and that the time draweth near, when that era is to be re-established and continue a perpetual kingdom on your earth.

We come to you as representatives of the "lost people." As ones who once lived on lands which sunk into the Indian Ocean ages since. Before Babylon was founded, before the Pyramids were built, our country blossomed with a noble civilization. Arts and sciences flourished and social regulations existed, which the laws declare are entitled to come forth again, as a more glorious era dawneth on your globe.

The exhumations will require centuries of patient labor. But we open a door at this time to give you a glimpse of our sunken lands, and so prepare the way for much that must be revealed in the coming years.

While our medium is present with you in physical form, we conduct his spirit with us to the "lost lands," retaining power the meantime to move his utterance and give you a detail of our journeyings. Bear in mind, we are not visiting strange realms, but we go to the land of our remembrance. We re-visit scenes with which we are familiar. The wreaths yet remain. The cities buried in the silent abysses of old ocean have not entirely crumbled away. The streets of the imperial mart are clean and fresh as when they resounded to the footsteps of the ancients. The river valleys, the once fruitful plains and the mountain ridges, retain quite perfectly their former topographical features.

In the ensuing lectures, we shall describe to you in part, aspects of the sunken lands, as they are presented to our vision to-day. In part, we shall give from our memory of the most prosperous period in the career of the "lost people." And lastly, we shall present an abstract from the "records" left by an illustrious discoverer and law-giver, who flourished in our country about three hundred years before our time. This abstract will embrace facts relating to geographical discoveries, together with an account of the form of government and social regulations under which our people lived. These "records" have never been known to history, but are accessible to us, who were made familiar with them while we sojourned in this land of a lost race.

Now, we yield to the impusions of our desires, and penetrate in vision the secret abysses, which cover the wealths of a long buried past. A soul-light hovers over the "Parent City." We are familiar with the way and shall not become bewildered in our search.

We quit the shores of Ceylon and journey southward. For a hundred miles or more, the submarine plateau has a gentle descent. Eventually we reach the verge of the declivity, which breaks off abruptly into the profound depths below. The ocean plain lies from 12,000 to 18,000 feet beneath the surface. This extends for a considerable distance to the southward, when submarine walls of rock interpose; and these stretch away to the right and left for several hundred miles.

Spreading out toward the interior from this rocky border, we behold a submarine plateau, perhaps from 6,000 to 10,000 feet below the surface, presenting a varied aspect of mountain, valley and plain. This is the continent upon which we once lived. Here are the lands that went down ere history as known to your age began.

We direct our vision to the banks of a once beautiful river. Upon either side of this river stands the "Imperial City"—the parent city; the holy-city of the first patriarchal people. The outlines of granite and marble structures are still here, much as we once knew them. We behold the tessellated pavements, which our feet so often pressed in the long ago. The olive and pomegranate trees once spread their branching arms over these broad avenues. We come into close relationship with our once happy home. We meditate upon the holy beauties of the past. We reverently gaze upon those ancestral halls, and bring a portion of the wealths for your inspection. The people have all gone! The streets are deserted. The city is silent; yet we weep not, for the golden memories are to rise and become as actual life again.

We cast our eyes about and behold many objects with which we were once associated. Here is the "Council House," and there stands the old "Hall of Probation." How natural all looks! We cast our eyes up Silona Avenue. Many life-times since we walked up this noble street.

Here on our left is the house of "Siloria," who was once famous in laws and government. It is a massive, octagon structure. The first floor contains a grand reception hall which would seat 3,000 persons. The next story above contains two halls, one of which is very large, besides many smaller apartments. And still above is the living story. The windows are of stained glass and very large, with figures and quaint devices. This is one of hundreds of stately mansions on Silona Avenue.

Now we will move forward. Yonder is a palace of orange-colored marble, very high, not heavy or massive, but with slender columns and a wealth of ornamentation. The columns are all carved, representing nearly everything in the living world. We passed many seasons in this palace, while the early days yet remained. We will give you a glimpse of the interior from our memory.

We pass from the street into a large audience-chamber. Next we enter a hall and approach a large stairway. The steps are of metal and elastic. We ascend 56 steps and stand before two glass doors, which are ornamented with figures of animals that seem to stand out in natural perspective, as in a stereoscopic view. These doors open into a magnificent banqueting room, where twelve tables, each fifty feet long, are presented to view. They consist of marble. No table linen is used. Four golden urns filled with wine stand upon each table. A gorgeous array of dishes is seen. The tables are high, as the guests stand while eating. We pass on, and pause before what appears to be a wall of stained glass; but as we place our finger upon a star against this wall, a door is lifted, and we walk into a stone-room. Upon one side shelves are placed and filled with preserved meats and fruits. From this

we enter the cook-room. The air is sweet and everything looks orderly.

Below the cook-room is a large cistern in the rock. It is sealed, as it is a reservoir of fluid fuel. Pipes connect this reservoir with the heat-generators. The furnace is an upright cylinder, twenty feet high and twelve feet in diameter. It is constructed of plate-iron an inch in thickness. No rivets are used, as it is a continuous shell of iron. It is filled in all its lower portion with interlacing cells, distributed in such a manner that every cubic inch of water is brought in direct contact with heat. From this furnace, heat is distributed to cook-room and laundry, and to other parts of the building. This furnace also supplies the motive power to a machine which is used for the distribution of perfumed air throughout the building.

We pass from this department, and once more enter the hall. Here we place our hands on a banister covered with gold, and ascend elastic steps of burnished steel, to a beautiful apartment on an upper floor. This is a ladies' parlor. An orange and blue light is produced by colored glass windows. A center table is spread with a cloth of gold, flowered with silver. The floor is of marble and richly ornamented, though void of a carpet. The seats have curious shapes and devices. One is supported on a medallion boy, who kneels with his face towards the ground. Others are supported by metallic representations of animals poised in various attitudes. There is a portrait on the wall of a beautiful woman. She has sandals of bright metal on her feet. Her sleeves are wide at the bottom. Two bracelets on her arms. A golden girdle round her waist. Her hair is long and black. A coronet is on her head, set with diamonds.

We pass on to the "Treasure Building." It is a high and massive structure, with great pillars and a magnificent silver dome. Its location is between Silona Avenue and Aetura Street, in a circular plot, surrounded with a large railing. The doors are large and heavy, but they open easily when you have the name, the secret, the sign. Here is the "Gold Chamber." It contains wealth enough for a world. It is one solid mass of masonry. The walls are not less than twenty feet in thickness, with solid rock beneath. Here are bars of gold, grains of gold, and a peculiar coin, elongated, on which is the profile of a king. On the opposite end is a shepherd's crook, which indicates that it was coined under the rule of a Patriarchal Order. Value about \$120. Another smaller coin, pyramidal form. On the base there is the likeness of a man and woman. On one of the sides two hands clasped; on another, two hearts; and on the third, the full sun shining out. Value of each piece about \$60. On a smaller coin is a symbol from whence the cross was derived.

We step into a car and ascend to the top of the building (we are delineating from memory). We have a grand view from this position. Through a glass we behold the mountains of Morena to the north. In their vicinity we see a winding stream, the headwaters of the Dobra. To the left, toward the west, is a lower range of mountains called Azazel. A lovely little stream runs through the valley of Aluta, and that opens into a larger valley, which then takes the name of Alinda. This last is also called "the home-valley of Arazo," a good Patriarch who was born and educated here.

Surrounding the "Treasure Building" is a beautiful circular walk, known in times past as "the morning walk of Epranetus," the patriarch, the holy shepherd of the harmonical brotherhood. This Treasure building was commenced during the latter part of the reign of a patriarch whose name was Siolanis, who was also toward the end of his family line. That reigning family had the Staff or Shepherd's Crook, as a token of the purity of their lineage, and as a mark of the patriarchal degree, which had existed in one unbroken line for 73 generations. [Dr. Kenney says: "The Arabs say there was a dynasty of 73 Soleyman or Kings who ruled mankind. The Orientals call them the Pre-Adamate Sultans."] During this long period that family had been diligently employed in educating and bringing up to the highest possible degree the intellectual and social character of the people.

MESSENGERS SENT ABROAD.

For many generations our people were in the habit of sending forth agents or messengers in disguise, clothed in silence and secretiveness in a manner that no other nation, tribe, people, kindred or tongue should know in truth from whence they came, whither they were going or what was their mission. In various disguises they were distributed over foreign lands; often participating in the trades and professions of the people among whom they sojourned; always intent upon acquiring every minute item of knowledge pertaining to the arts and customs of the countries they visited.

These messengers were always drawn from the ranks of the nobles. The oldest son of a family was the Patriarch, but younger sons were also included in the noble orders. Each messenger was carefully prepared for his mission by a regular system of training. He was educated in physical exercises, in the arts and sciences, in the languages of all the nations then known, and in all secret and occult knowledge accessible to the earth's inhabitants. The object of his travels was to gain still further knowledge of all mental growths, of all new applications in the industrial arts and the forms of administrative policy in the various governments.

Having completed his studies, the prospective messenger was taken into the great temple; there disrobed, bathed, perfumed and then conducted into a chamber, the floor of which was covered with a straw-cloth, woven into triangular figures. The walls were trimmed with rich tapestries. Light was admitted into this chamber through seven spacious windows, each provided with a single pane of solid plate-glass with a distinctive color. Through one window at a time light was admitted, imparting to the objects in the chamber that particular hue. Thus the initiate was directed to describe in succession the appearance of the same objects as they were flooded with light through each of the seven windows. Thus he had the lesson indelibly impressed upon his mind, that appearances should be scanned with an intellectual discrimination.

Next the initiate was conducted to the "hall of robes." There he was provided with robes befitting his station. He was supposed to have all knowledge then existent within himself. Hence the robe was of royal color. Having received the insignia of office he was brought forth into the great Council Chamber of the Judges. This was a beautiful apartment, with massive fluted pillars on all sides. The chamber was in the form of an ellipse. A dome was overhead, set with beautifully colored glass. The air admitted to this hall was filtered through spices and charged with ethers which rendered it vitalizing and inspiring to inhale. At the north end of this chamber a series of seven platforms or thrones rose in succession, one above another. Upon each platform sat one of the

Judges who was to examine the initiate for the office of messenger abroad. Thus was the examination prosecuted through the widest range of knowledge, from the most physical to the abstract and occult. If the initiate was found deficient in any item, he was detained and disciplined to the required degree of fitness.

When the examination was concluded, the high judge came down from his position and advanced to the center of the hall, under the colored light that gave to him form the appearance of gold. The initiate advanced in front of the judge, bowed his head, dropped upon his knee and received his pledge from the mouth of the judge. His oath was to the effect that he would never reveal to strangers aught that pertained to his people. After the pledge was given, the high judge placed upon his forehead a seal, that would be recognized by all his own people in whatever quarter of the globe he might meet them; and by that seal all power delegated by his nation was conferred into his hands. With this seal he held within himself the law, the power and the interest of the nation, and at all seasons could command whatever he needed.

On the eve of departure the initiate was conducted at the head of a procession—in which white elephants, palanquins and electric carriages were brought into requisition—to the Hall of Preparation. Here the most solemn secret of the Patriarchal Order were imparted. Then a purse of gold was given him, greetings were exchanged, and he repaired with his captain to his ship. Usually a number of candidates were examined on the same day and set sail at the same time for their different destinations.

Some of these messengers never returned, but died in the strangers' country. Some were invited to the courts of kings, appointed to important offices and given various trusts. Some even became Emperors and ruling potentates over the nations they went unto. A great power always attended their lives, for besides the rigorous discipline received at home, they carried with them forces and endowments—by reason of race-quality which enabled them to wield an influence that was always felt, though it was but little understood.

We may add here that the blossoming period of the "Lost People" was about 14,000 years ago. Their social conditions and form of government were such, that all souls were contented and happy.

[To be continued.]

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

The old heathenish notion of the resurrection of the physical body, unhappily grafted on the most prevalent forms of Christianity, have had a mischievous influence through the ages in excluding those rational conceptions of a spiritual body, manifestly entertained by St. Paul, and which the present phenomena are doing so much to corroborate. As soon as we get out of the close, unwholesome air of a merely dogmatic system of theology, it is surprising to see how naturally the human reason turns, instinctively, as it were, to this theory of a spiritual body, the counterpart of the external and visible—a theory which spiritual manifestations have impressed even on the minds of savage tribes.

Among the books very popular in its day, and not unworthy of republication even in these crowded times, is *The Religion of Nature Delineated*, by William Wollaston, a native of Staffordshire, who died in London, in the year 1724, at the age of sixty-five. A man of fortune and education, he devoted himself independently to the study of the ancient languages, Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, and to meditations in theology and psychology. In regard to the spiritual body he arrived at conclusions quite in harmony with those of Spiritualism. He regarded the soul as "a thinking substance intimately united to some fine material vehicle." He says:

"Though I understand not perfectly the manner how a cognitive and spiritual substance can be thus closely united to such a material vehicle; yet I can understand this union as well as how it can be united to the body in general (perhaps as how the particles of the body itself cohere together), and much better than how a thinking faculty can be superadded to matter; and beside, several phenomena may more easily be solved by this hypothesis; which (though I shall not pertinaciously maintain it) in short is this, namely: that the human soul is a cognitive substance, clothed in a material vehicle, or rather united to it, and, as it were, inseparably mixed—I had almost said incorporated—with it; that these act in conjunction, that which affects the one affecting the other...."

"We are sensible of many material impressions (impressions made upon us by material causes, or bodies)—that there are such we are sure. Therefore there must be some matter within us, which being moved or pressed upon, the soul apprehends it immediately. And therefore, again, there must be some matter to which it is immediately and intimately united, and related in such a manner as it is not to any other. Let us now suppose this said matter to be some refined and spiritual vehicle, which the soul doth immediately inform; with which it sympathizes; by which it acts and is acted upon; and to which it is vitally and inseparably united...."

"By many symptoms it appears most probable that this matter, to which the mind is immediately present, and in which it is true Shekinah, is not the whole gross body, but some subtle body, placed in the region of the brain.... So if we should suppose the soul to be a being by nature made to inform some body, and that it cannot exist and act in a state of total separation from all body, it would not follow from hence that what we call death must therefore reduce it to a state of absolute

insensibility and inactivity, which to it would be equal to non-existence. For that body, so necessary to it, may be some fine vehicle that dwells with it in the brain, and goes off with it at death."

All this is substantially consistent with the deductions from the phenomena of Spiritualism. According to Chavé, the French physicist (who is not a Spiritualist), we contravene no known law of science, chemistry, physics or mechanics, in admitting the existence of an ethereal or electro-luminous organism. He says: "There are cases of positive pathology where we can grasp the superior organism, and observe its action, while the inferior one—that which is perceptible to the senses—is no longer in exercise. These cases are natural and mesmeric somnambulism and trance. This observation leads us to conclude that there is a future life."

Another French physicist, Dr. Georget, who wrote a book on the Physiology of the Nervous System, in which he expressed views similar to those which Vogt, Buechner, Hoeckel, and other extreme materialists advocate now, was fully convinced by the phenomena of mesmerism that he had made a great mistake in limiting the life of man to its material earthly manifestations. He manfully retracted his whole materialistic philosophy, and, in his last will and testament, proclaimed that he had arrived at a "profound conviction, founded upon incontrovertible facts," that there exists "an intelligent principle, altogether different from material existences; in a word, the soul and God."

If, in their experience the light of Spiritualism had been added to the cognate facts of mesmerism and clairvoyance, the conclusions of Chavé and Georget would have been still more decisively illustrated.

It was the opinion of Charles Bonnet, the great Swiss naturalist (1720-1793), that man's future body exists already with the body visible; and he believed that science would "some day have instruments which would enable it to detect this body, formed as it probably is of the elements of ether or of light." The experiments in spirit photography point to the verification of this prediction; while the form manifestations through Dr. Monck, as recorded by the Rev. M. Colley and M. A. (Oxon), show what science may expect from further persistent investigations in this direction.

Of the operation of an intelligent force, independently of any visible organism, the slate writing phenomenon gives us a most conclusive proof. This phenomenon is destined to be placed upon a basis of testimony sufficient to meet the most rigorous demands of science. It will go far to confirm the theory of an invisible organism through which the veritable man survives the dissolution of his earthly body.


For a vast amount of learning and testimony on this subject of a spiritual body, see Ralph Cudworth's *Intellectual System of the Universe*, first published in the year 1678. He tells us that: "The luciform body can pass through any solid thing. It lieth in this mortal body, continually inspiring it with life. By it is the soul connected with the mortal body. Plato and Aristotle concur in this idea of a luciform body. The latter says: 'All souls seem to have another body and diviner than that of the elements.'"

In the *North American Review* (May-June, 1877), Mr. Thomas Hitecheek happily remarks: "The advantage of thus conceiving of the soul as a substantial organism analogous to those which affect sight and hearing, is that it explains the mystery which surrounds the relations of mind and matter, and accounts for many things which now puzzle the scientific explorer. Allow the soul to be a real substance coextensive with the body, and intimately interwoven with it, and the difficulty expressed by Professor Tyndall and others in perceiving the connection between its operations and the molecular changes of the brain need be no greater than that of perceiving the connection between magnetism and the motion of the magnetic needle."

I have but skimmed a fragment of a subject vast in its proportions and spreading out into the most ample fields of fact and of speculation; a subject on which much more has been written than we seem to be aware of, and the testimony in regard to which is coextensive with all extant literature.—ERES SARGENT.

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