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 THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL REFORM.
 VOTED TO
 AL PHILOSOP

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 their news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Be brief, make plain what you want to say, and "short." All such communications will be properly considered 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 ROSTROM.

Where Did To-Day Come From?

An Address Given through the Mediumship of J. Clegg Wright, at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug 16th, 1885.

(Reported for the Religio Philosophical Journal by James Abbott.)

If I could stand a thousand miles from the earth and look upon the geography of this globe, I would see people living in India, China, Europe, Africa, and on this great continent. I would see them at work, and at their studies. I would behold the advocates of public reform. I would note the intellectual tastes and proclivities of the people that dwell upon the earth, and what a sight it would be! In China I would see a man who thinks that the institutions and civilization of the Celestial Empire are the grandest the world has ever seen. Looking toward Hindoostan I would see a man there imbued with the same principles, views, and prejudices. Coming to Europe, I would find the same intellectual, philosophical and moral proclivities. If I came to America, it would be just the same.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?"

Our environment and education make us just what we are. If you had been born in Constantinople, you would have been Mohammedans; if in India, probably you would have been Brahmans; if in Spain or Italy, the chances are you would have been Roman Catholics; and if born in England the probabilities are you would have been Protestants. The great majority of you were born in the Northern States of America, and your intellectual life has been developed by your circumstances, the educational influences and surroundings which environ you.

I want you to remember this, because it is not true, though often said, that right comes uppermost and justice is always done. I deny it. I shall try this afternoon to demonstrate that truth has to fight its way; that life is a battle, and onwards are not wanted here. [Applause.] The subject I have to speak upon has been selected for me, and it is:

WHERE DID TO-DAY COME FROM?

It came out of yesterday; yesterday came out of the day before, and the day before, and the day before—backward into the endless. There is, then, a chain of eternal evolution. The present is what the past has made, and what can live under the conditions of organization now.

I want to speak of the church of to-day, and the cause thereof, and I want to show it is not because the church of to-day is supposed to be founded upon truth, that it is strong. I want to show you the real cause of the success of Christianity; and I want, further, to show you the means by which that church will pass away from the civilization of to-day, and on its ruins will rise a brighter philosophy, a juster polity, a wiser morality, a broader justice and a clearer liberty through modern Spiritualism, than the world has ever seen before.

THE INSTITUTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

I'm going back to the institution of Christianity. I necessarily have to take you through an elaborate historical argument; and it is to that historical argument that I draw your attention now. Consider the times when Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth—and I assume there was such an historical person. I will not stop to attempt its demonstration. I accept for the time being that there was an historical Jesus. Certainly there was an ideal one. There were two of that name, the real and the ideal, just as you are making two Washingtons. You have the George Washington who fought the battles of the colo-

nies, and you have the George Washington who never told a lie. [Laughter.] Mankind will make ideals. Over the waste of two thousand years you pick up your ideals, and those ideals are the dream of your anticipation, the power of your hope. But when the historical Jesus walked this earth there was an established church in his country, a church according to law, a church before God was made a man, a church before a virgin was overcome by a God; [Laughter.] a church, too, which had all the prerogatives, emoluments and glory which belonged to a church. This church which preceded Jesus was one that was to be set aside. He came as a reformer, and there was not a man among the priests of that time that had any love for Jesus; and here is the correspondence and likeness between the church of to-day and the church of two thousand years ago. There are not many ministers, not many priests in your country who like modern Spiritualism any better than they liked Jesus. This Church of State had all the emoluments, power and glory which belong to a political establishment. It stood behind the law. It stood behind the judge, and God was supposed to stand behind them all. This church was consistent. It appealed to God as the last arbiter. It accepted him as the final and only authority. But this church was doomed to be set aside in the course of civilization, and a reformed church established by the Nazarene. I made a mistake. Jesus never established a church, never anointed a bishop, and never made a priesthood. All that came in after ages; but clustering around that name came the Western church, and to some extent the Eastern church, which went down largely before the triumph of Mohammedanism.

Christianity as a thought, gathering power and volume as it went along by force of its political conditions, made it advisable in the Roman world to have itself selected as the symbol of political and sacerdotal power.

Christianity was not established by the design of a God, but by the design of a statesman, by the ruler of the Roman world. That establishment made a tremendous change in the ecclesiastical, the philosophical and religious conditions of Europe. Ancient learning declined. A new order of thought and education took its rise; and to me to day as I look upon those conditions, it is one of the greatest wonders of history that Jerusalem should triumph over Rome and that the thought of the Nazarene should become the accepted symbol of the Roman world. Changes had come, and silently important principles had been at work. What made the triumph of Christianity so easy? In the first place, political conditions which have fallen out of the view of the historian now, then existed. Seeing his insecurity and the likelihood of his family losing the inheritance of the Roman world, Constantine sought to secure the allegiance of the scattered tribes of the empire, east and west, by the establishment of what seemed to be a compromise with the old civilization and the radical reformers of that day—not because it was true, but because it was politic, because it would tend to the unity or consolidation of the dynasty then in power. Men were the same then as now.

There are men in the United States who would sell the Republic if they could gain power and maintain it. There are men in your country wicked enough to establish an aristocracy now. There are men low enough to sell the highest honor they can have, a clear conscience, in the councils of your country; and there were such men living in those times. A priesthood existed then, and they had the emoluments of power. They had jurisdiction to a large extent over the Roman courts. Further, they had the tithes. Show me a church, true or false, with an established priesthood, who have their tithes collected from the industry of the country, and I care not who may be the generals or statesmen of that country—give me a tenth of the products of their industry and I will corrupt for ages that nation. It is there that the great power of the early church consumed and concentrated itself, and became the basis of the civilization of Europe. It had the tithes, and the money with which to send its missionaries over the semi-barbarous provinces of Europe.

A MERCENARY PRIESTHOOD.

In the century which succeeded the establishment of Christianity, there arose in the Roman world a mercenary priesthood who, along with the legions of Rome, marched into the forests of the North, invaded Britain with their religious thought, and St. Augustine at Canterbury raised the banner of the cross; and that civilization planted by St. Augustine became the infusing spirit of Saxon feudalism. I want you to note that period. In Holland men were living in houses built of mud, banking up their little dwellings against the German Ocean; men fighting for the necessities of life in the densest ignorance, unacquainted with the religious thought, the philosophy and the literature of the ancient world, imbued with the Scandinavian ideas of religion. The two civilizations came together by the treacherous sword of the adventurer, who marched by the side of the priest. The priest inspired the soldiers with religious enthusiasm, promising to those who died upon the battlefield a happy inheritance in the world to come.

Are not the devastations of the legions of Charlemagne written down in history for your instruction? Was not the faith of the men who lived in the North, in the forests of Germany, on Saxon soil and in Holland, shaped by the sword of Charlemagne?

They were convinced, not by logic, not by the holy spirit, not by the divine impinging influences of inspiration, but by the sword in the darkness of that reign. You will not hear these sentiments from the pulpits. You hear only a one-sided statement of the case. You will hear that Christianity persuaded men because of the influence of the Holy Spirit. Why does not that Holy Spirit today descend on the soul of Buxley? Why does it not convert Tyndall? It is easy enough to convert a milkmaid in Massachusetts, but men of science defy successfully the Holy Ghost. [Laughter.]

We want phenomena. Ministers of the Gospel, give us some reliable phenomena. Moody, give us something else besides naudin nonsense. Give us phenomena that we may know there is a Holy Ghost and a power divine behind Christianity.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—WOMEN.

We now come to the 10th century, when that semi-barbarian, William the Conqueror, emerged from obscurity and led an army on conquest into Britain. The civilization of the heptarchy, with all its brilliant forms of thought and its ancient usage, were swept away by the descent of feudalism. And what was feudalism? What did it mean? It meant that a portion of the people of this world are to own the land, to rule the race, to hold all the offices and enjoy their privileges; that the great portion of mankind are to toil that the few may reap the rewards of their labor. It means struggling poverty, death and shame to the great majority. Christianity through the weary ages of the past, has stood by the rich, defended their right of power, upheld their sword. It never stood for the poor, for the down-trodden, for a cause that had the betterment of the world's laborers at stake in those dark ages. [Applause.]

In the age of William the Conqueror feudalism descended with its monstrous vices and crimes. Women, turn with me to the pages of history. In the days of the Apostle Paul, you hadn't a soul. Paul did not believe you had. What did he believe? He believed you had a soul when your husband got baptiz'd for you. [Laughter.] Why does polygamy exist to-day? Why have men in the East so many wives? Because they have not considered that women had an immortality. In the 10th century a woman had not obtained a soul. There was a time in the early history of Pennsylvania when women had hardly come to have an immortal soul at maturity. With the development of the idea of woman's immortality has come the civilization of the race. In the 10th century, if a serf got married, he did not see his wife first. The baron, the man who owned the land, had the preference. That has passed away, with the civilization which could tolerate it. Did not Europe blush with shame; did not the exonerations of the world rise at the murder of Letrim in Ireland? Why was he murdered? A few years ago he claimed the feudal rights of a Lord of Ireland. He claimed the married women of the serfs of Ireland, and died for his folly. I believe in murder when it means honor to humanity, and justice to outraged honor. In the time of which we were speaking these conditions existed, and the priests were silent.

ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

Then there came a reform. Men were growing out of their necessities, out of their pains, out of their mud houses. They made houses of wood, and then came the age of stone. How did those changes come? I will tell you. They came out of two conditions. The lands of Europe were tithed, and in the 10th, 11th and 12th centuries legions of masons and architects went through Europe building those ecclesiastical establishments which are the charm of to-day. The different forms of architectural design wove their beautiful tracery up toward nature's sky. Who paid for that? Who paid for Melrose? Who paid for Wally? Who paid for the 254 abbeys which were destroyed by Henry the VIII., the so-called defender of the faith? Who built the vast abbeys and monasteries in the middle ages? The people—the labor of the people. It was drawn from their labor, just as your labor is taxed to-day, but in a more unjust and rapacious manner. There grew up in the church asceticism. I do not admire it. I am not an ascetic. I think it is the maddest thing ever seen in God's world. Good men are wanted in society—not in the bowels of a mountain. They are of no use shut up in a monastery. Society needs all the good men—all the heroes. They are needed to-day, and always have been. But, then, the best men, best thinkers, the best scholars the country could produce, were to be found in the monasteries, and in the monasteries they cultivated learning. Outside all was ignorance and darkness. In the 11th century, were you to go into the monastery of St. Edmondsbury, what would you see? Outside was slavery and poverty of the darkest kind. Within lay the priests and monks drinking the finest wine from the vineyards of France, and the best ale brewed in England. They had a happy, lazy, grand old time. I wish you could have a peep into those sanctuaries of filthy debauchery. They were sinks of corruption as well as patrons of learning; sinks of infamy and prostitution as well as models of asceticism.

Out of the monastic system, with its rites, its usages, its prayers and its beads, grew the Crusades. Those men were environed by their circumstances. They were honest. They believed in what they said, and practiced what they taught generally. They were not designing men. They believed in living well down here; and show me a per-

son any day who does not. [Laughter.] He will point you to mansions in the skies, and picture paradise where the angels sing the hallelujah chorus, but he won't forget his dinner. Their practice is good theory this far, that we should live a day at a time, for to-day will make us ready for to-morrow.

THE PERIOD OF THE CRUSADES.

But I must not lose the sequence of my argument. I was just coming to one of the greatest events in the history of Christianity—the period of the Crusades. We all owe a great deal to them. Saracen civilization was believed to be barbarism. The manners of the East, the civilization of Mohammedanism and the Oriental world was little known in Christendom during the 11th and 12th centuries. The Christians were thinking that Jesus was about to come again. Some of them are thinking so yet. In the 10th century you could not find a conveyancer who would make a lease of any property beyond the end of the century. He believed the end of the world was at hand. Some men are so cracked, so crazy, to-day that they are actually looking for the second coming of Jesus. I hope they may live until he does come. [Laughter.] I venture this remark, that never again in this world will Jesus of Nazareth see his appearance. If he comes in Massachusetts, your medical laws will put him in jail [laughter] in New York. I shall be better acquainted with your statutes after a bit. I wish the adventists who are looking with the telescope of faith heavenward might see Jesus, and what would they behold? Would they see God? No! They would see Jesus, to be sure; and who is he? A man like any of you. I saw a spirit the other day who was very much disappointed when he got to heaven. He was a bishop, and he thought when admitted into Paradise that he at any rate would receive a welcome and a hallelujah and the blessing of the God of the universe, and whom do you think he met? He didn't meet Jesus, nor did he meet Abraham, or any of the prophets. Whom did he meet? His mother. [Laughter.] And I would sooner have you all, when you die, meet your mothers in the spirit world than 10,000 Jesuses. [Applause.] Look after your mother; she will look after you.

IMPIOUS WICKEDNESS.

I believe I had got down to the tenth century when I digressed. The career of impious wickedness under the sanction of the church was going on. I say "impious wickedness" because it sanctioned all the property being maintained in the hands of the few. It sanctioned serfdom, and it had the ecclesiasties dragon and drill the people in that kind of thing. Men were ground down by despotism at that time. They dare not think, and they were only taught to believe. Why, thinking was not even done by the priests. I will tell you how they used to do it. In the early church for hundreds of years a minister was not allowed to preach his own sermon. The highest authority in the church wrote homilies. These were committed to memory by the priests, leaders and elders throughout Europe, and recited Sunday after Sunday in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries.

Let me be correct. In the seventh century there were not five priests in England who could read. Think of it! God bless the people when the priesthood can't read. [Laughter.] In the eleventh century it was a little better. The night was breaking, but still the priests were ignorant. They could scarcely read. Noblemen could not read. Go to a lawyer's office and look at those mysterious deeds on parchment, and there instead of a signature you will see a sign and a seal. That tells a great deal. Go to Westminster Abbey and you will be shown the great charter of Henry the VII. There is a seal. He could not write his name. A nobleman of those times thought it beneath his dignity to be able to write. A monk could write. A nobleman was too grand an arch-angel in society to be able to write.

Some of the Lords of England are too proud to make a speech themselves. They hire a man in a back room in Fleet St. to write it for them. And it is said that nearly half the clergy of the Church of England buy their sermons ready made at so much per dozen. [Laughter.]

Well, there is some difference between those fondal days when the priests were in their glory, and now. This is a great age but it is a gigantic sham. But what is it? There are sham men, sham institutions, sham statutes, sham legislatures, and sham churches. It is a day of shoddy. Let us see if we can't remodel it into a better fabric.

THE CRUSADES.

The eleventh century, the mad crusade was fomented by Peter the Hermit. What a burning eloquence had he. When he spoke he stirred men's hearts. He was an agitator. He said the church at Jerusalem was in the hands of the Pagans, and what a job it would be when Christ came if he could not get back to Jerusalem. [Laughter.] Jerusalem must be in the hands of the Christians. That was all they had to talk about, all they had to think about for 200 years. Think of Europe crazed with this idea for 200 years, talking about nothing else, and thinking about nothing else!

It is said that when Thomas Carlyle was writing his French Revolution that he talked about France at the breakfast table, at the dinner table, and at the supper table. It was France! France!! France!!! and he nearly killed Mrs. Carlyle. And so in the eleventh century it was Palestine, the Holy Sepulcher. Men at first in their incredulity looked upon it as a mad thing. Then they thought, "We

ought to have it." Then they said, "We will have it. We shall go to hell if we don't get it," and when you get hell planted in a man's soul, you can make him do anything. Fairly make a man think he is getting his foot into the flames, and he will jump like a live herring out of a stew pan. [Laughter.] They didn't get the sepulcher the first time, so they went again several times to try to get it. What a Europe that was.

Your American War with all its tragedies, episodes of valor and deeds of glory, was nothing like the Crusades. Imagine an army of great magnitude, less disciplined than—I will not tell you of Bunker Hill; less disciplined than the forces which maneuvered at Bull Run, crossing Europe like a procession of locusts. They ate up and destroyed everything before them. The sacredness of women did not escape. Villages were pillaged, houses destroyed and the continent of Europe streaked with blood. That was the scene enacted again and again. For what? Thousands and tens of thousands were slain, millions lost their inheritance, property was destroyed, and countless homes made desolate—all for what? For the tomb at Jerusalem.

We stand here to-day to condemn these things, that the folly may not be repeated. What came of it all? Learning. What seemed to be darkness and chaos and crime actually resulted in something great and good for the world. It made the reformation possible. It brought Christians in contact with Saracens. The Christians had never thought before that there was another idea of heaven besides their own. It opened their minds and enlarged their souls, so by their coming in contact with the Saracenic civilization, reformation in religion became a possibility.

I am giving you the philosophy of the Christian-unfoldment—not that it was true, but that it was a development out of the political and philosophical and social conditions of the world. I want to emphasize this idea, that the Church in consequence of its property was powerful. It cultivated the allegiance and secured the devotion of the people. Money is power. Lord Bacon said that knowledge was power. Sometimes I think the philosopher meant money. Money is power. Midas with his asses here is god. I want fairly, then, to realize that all the successful movements of the world, churchianic and otherwise, have been successful in proportion to the length and breadth of the exchequer. It has been a fight for the survival of the fittest; and those best equipped with money are the most successful in an ignorant world. There is a new power to-day; the power of intelligence is recognized and the Church must be subjected to criticism. Its theology, its creed, its condition, its zeal, are not above being subjected to a judicious and philosophical criticism. It is now undergoing its crucial test; and what are you doing in the mighty contest, this mighty fight for civilization, for the highest man can think of or wish to obtain? You have obtained a knowledge that man lives after death. You have that knowledge through phenomena. Are you prepared to pay for its propagation? The old systems of error and the days of tithes are over.

In Ireland, not fifty years ago, the priest marched with a regiment of soldiers into the farmer's fields to take the tenth sheaf, the tenth pig, and the tenth pound of butter. At the point of the bayonet the peasantry of Ireland paid their tithes in 1835. That was Christianity. That was the best God the world had at that time, collecting tithes at the point of the bayonet. Do they stand it to-day? Will you stand it in this country? No! It is unjust, and you will not stand an injustice. Be as firm for justice, right and truth as you are for your independence, dignity and sovereignty.

Here the cause of modern Spiritualism needs your support, advocacy, tithes and time. Let your contribution be voluntary. Let it be according to your conviction of truth; and let this be a centre where you can gain light; where the truth of heaven can be born again in your thought and understanding. From here let the sunshine of your knowledge radiate. Let this be a centre from which societies can be originated and invigorated, from which liberty can grow, from which truth can expand. Go to your homes and investigate modern Spiritualism, if you have not done so before. If you find it to be true, accept it.

Those crusaders marched in legions across Bulgaria; they bared their breasts to the spears of the Saracens for what they believed to be true. Your liberties and civilization have cost somebody a great deal. What are you doing for the generations which are to come? Will you not wipe away your indebtedness, and have your eschecheon bright, ready for the service? Let us be a power that we may fill the churches with men of science; that we may smother superstition; that we may establish an order of benevolent right and progressive justice, which shall be an effusion of heaven, and which shall be an infusion of power and humanity, that poverty may cease to be a crime; that life may be more happily developed; that homes may have the more joyous confidence in their members and the light of civilization may dawn over the hill-tops of the world we love so well. [Applause.]

The property of France, stored in the Garde-Meuble in Paris, is said to have a value of 30,000,000 francs. It consists chiefly of furniture, glass and china, and contains among other pieces of historical interest the bed and writing desk of Louis XVI.

In the Law of Progress one of Harmony, or Discord?

A Paper by Rev. Antoinette Broek Blackwell, read before the Woman's Congress at Des Moines, Iowa, October 8th.

The important question proposed by the topics committee of this association: Is the law of progress one of harmony or discord? may be fully included in a still broader inquiry: Is law a harmony or a discord? In other words, is natural law an order or a disorder in nature? The question put in this inclusive form very nearly answers itself. Law is law because it is an order, is an inherent, continuous self adjustment, the established method of nature's working, her vast, uniform scheme of habitual processes and progression. In the very constitution of things, no persisting mode of action can be destructive or can work out of concord with the general methods of the system with which it co-operates. Nature is and continues to be; her laws also continue, each uniform; but co-operative and therefore variable in joint outcome; which is equivalent to saying that natural laws all work together as a whole, despite superficial temporary conflict, in a steady and large harmony as eternal as the indestructible elements of the physical world. They are parts of one working unity, but co-operating so variously they may run partially across each other's pathway, and yet their roads all lead to the same ultimate goal. Then, is there an embracing Law of Progress? Superficially, no; comprehensively, yes. In the narrow sense, the answer must be negative. In a vastly broader sense the answer can be made equally clear and sure in the affirmative, and with the advantage of being, as I think, on this large estimate, absolutely universal—so universal that all discords are swallowed up in the one grand harmony, are made literally to become part of one perfect success. To illustrate, a stupid toad who sleeps all winter in one hole without motion, probably without sensation, would hardly be described as making progress during that period; yet after years of alternate sleeping and waking he has progressed far beyond his tadpole birth, in size, in structure, in activities, in all toady compensations and enjoyments. And even his annual torpor has contributed to that result. Suppose he has been kept one year without food and thus emaciated and made to suffer. That episode could not be called a progress. If he has been wounded and a foot torn away, here is positive retrogression. And yet, poor toad, finding himself hale and hearty at 30 years, in the full enjoyment of his simple life, existence on the whole has been a real gain, with still a goal somewhere beyond, toward which he is hopefully wending. His checkered life shows us that continuous progress is not always ensured, perhaps is never and nowhere ensured, to any one thing, animate or inanimate. As a unit his pilgrimage was a progress. Similar progress, universal and in various phases, becomes a hopeful probability. But progress is essentially social and co-operative. This is a co-partnership world. Like all living things, the toad finally reaches death by accident or decrepitude. His remains becoming food for other organisms, vegetable or animal, obviously promote a wide physical life. But especially consider also, that although he fed greedily on other creatures, using them and their stored activities for their own ends, that he only borrowed them temporarily, if forcibly; wasting nothing; but handing all again, largely from day to day, back to the general food store house, transformed indeed, but therefore the more useful to such of his cohorts in the vast hierarchy of living things as can best utilize the materials in the transformed and transferred state. He robbed on one hand, but he got the full benefit of the values himself and then he handed them yet again to others. The values have been kept in active progress. But the thrifty toad has been making profits besides. He has been helping to uplift dead mineral into living organism and to upbuild living improved tissue. If he has seized and appropriated unliving flesh, he has also utilized senseless air and water, and prepared them as more available food for others nearer the foot of the ladder than himself. The organic world seems to be a fraction richer and larger, and is able to mount a trifle higher in the cycles of change because of his contributions. The manifold relations of the biological kingdom, and of those to the inorganic, are still largely hidden from our knowledge; yet we know that every organism is a wonderful laboratory in which the inorganic becomes more or less permanently co-operative with the organic, and in part is itself organized. As we are taught, it is the plant which preeminently converts mineral substances into plant tissue. Yet it has not been found that plant or mineral can either begin this transforming process or can continue it without the aid of prior once-living food. We nourish our plants with not yet quite deorganized refuse; then jointly with this helpful upward push, they are able also to appropriate the inorganic. Poorly fed from once-living sources they can make but a poor use of their vast mineral resources. All living things, vegetable and animal alike, grow and perfect their processes in absolute dependence upon an intimate alliance and close co-operation with the inorganic. Air and water are as indispensable as food; nor are mineral medicines yet discredited for the sick. Every breath, every motion, every function is enfolded in this unorganized outer kingdom as in a bath, and the vital activities, here a little and there a little, carry the others up and over into their own realm. There is perpetual falling into or towards the inorganic, but the lower orders greedily arrest and variously utilize the result. Apparently the higher kingdom is forever growing, but the other diminishes. Every physical life contributes its own share to this advancement, and in this sense is a general benefactor, and a law of progress is established to this extent. But every thing, in its own degree, must be fed in part from the organic crib. Hence the struggle for existence, the hourly blighting of a myriad of lives before their prime, the unceasing, many sided conflict. If man himself is not the daily food of some creature larger, wiser and more masterful than he, he is set upon by an almost infinite, invisible host, to whom the breath of cholera, fever, pestilence and decay is the very aroma of life. If he cannot live well above their plane, showing them hard to the background, he becomes partially their prey; or becomes prematurely their conquered victim. The personal loss on all hands is plain enough, is certain enough, is hard enough to bear. The suffering is sharp enough, and this great tramway of discord is admitted to be the universal highway through which all flesh must pass. Nor is it always a direct progress to the individual or to the race. There are vast tribes of creatures who were once higher in structure and in functions than now, but because they could find surer supplies in some lower grade of life, they steadily went down and back.

intent only to live. True, others are in their old places and the domain as a whole is only widened so much the more! The general progress has been secured. First man himself, and after him rank on rank the higher animals are all the outcome of the universal law: eat and live, carry up the lower organism to a higher level, up and up through long and often deviously winding cycles. Let the debris drop for the humbler folks at the foot again to remount. Yet it is not simply an endless round. The geological record shows engraved on every leaf, great series of moving spirals never returning upon themselves, but winding on and up in all directions. Up and on. That way lies the goal, and so only can it be reached! Nature's endless prodding from behind means exactly this. Better to be a man, able, wisely to choose and prepare healthfully the needed food; better to be able to select and to beautify one's surroundings, to build artistic houses, to design and weave dainty fabrics for clothing, and, above all, to educate himself and his kind, to feel and think as the gods, than to kill a reptile, to creep on the earth, never to hop but a foot above the clouds themselves, and to crawl alone ingloriously beneath his head covered to the black night of months-long torpor. So much at least the merciless lesson of get what you need, inexorably teaches. We have seen, too, that it secures a solidarity of progress which bears forward all individualities with uncompromising impartiality. Let us pause a moment to consider what has been the result as we find its general outcome among mankind to-day. The nations are farther advanced in almost every art and science and bodily comfort, and in health and numbers than any people of past history. There are shocking morals and fiendish crimes to horrify us; and the cries of that meanest human conflict, the strong against the weak, still vex the air. But we can find no time when these things were better than now. We must admit progress as a unit. Call the method good or bad, we must accept its measure of success. If we fix our eyes only upon the conflict we can blot out a whole heaven of sunshine beyond. When we of the East have heard of the merciless tornadoes, the unsparring plague of grasshoppers, of the various unthought of reverses which have swept over different portions of this mighty West from time to time, it has almost seemed like a cruel smiting in wrath. But put these things in perspective. Fifty years ago a wilderness. To-day the grateful fields have just paid in their thousands of bushels of fairest wheat; the yellow corn is waiting for the harvest; the ranches are teeming with cattle; the farmsteads are homes that the daintiest kings of old would have envied; the cities are upspringing like mushrooms, but they are not withering away though the sun of prosperity shines almost cloudless. Cyclones and grass-hoppers are as the grains of dust with which the wind smites the face, to the whole solid earth beneath the feet. They are as the sparks which fly idly from the engines, to the vast network of railroad systems which will carry you from Boston to San Francisco, from the Queen's Dominion to the Mexican Gulf, on this magic carpet. In this proportion are the conflicts of sentient life to its all-enfolding harmony. An hour of sorrow—days, weeks, months of joy. Crimes even are only soil stains on the garments of a large, unretiring progress in which there is no variability, neither shadow of turning. Omnipotence might have ordered a world where physical life could be sustained with no cost to other life, where every organism should have arisen directly from the inorganic, and where all growth should immediately uplift mineral matter into living flesh and blood. Unlimited power might have made all sentient life run on in advancing parallel grooves, with no possibility of self seeking interference, with no conflict, no pain, and steadily increasing enjoyment. But that is not the established plan. The present one seems to be a good deal broader in its scope. The wise, small honey bee may not understand why men persist in planting potatoes, cabbages, beans and apple trees instead of delicious white clover exclusively. The very lips which established as Christian law the mandate "Love thy neighbor as thyself," also set the daughter at variance against the mother, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law. We know that that kind of variance is only the wholesome stir of motion, and the kiss of fresher air needed to keep the waters sweet. Nature's thorny goad, hunger—ever-recurring hunger—well-nigh enforces her first savage code: "Help yourself; choose the best!" The beginning lies far down in the blind unconsciousness of right or wrong. Yet what other instincts could have made inert, cloddish creatures equally alert, could so have aroused everything that lives into fuller life, stimulating growth, compacting muscle, compelling physical power and adroitness with ever widening methods of work and definiteness of function? What other could so keenly have stimulated intelligence? The recognition of this and that, the caution of avoidance, the skill toward success, the dawning knowledge of relationships between means and ends, the distinguishing of quantities and qualities. What other could equally have stimulated the nascent germ of choice between one thing and another, one method and another; and have organized sensation as a memory, an experience, a data for future action? These growing powers, physical and mental, perhaps might have been established in their full present development, then the creatures could have used them in perfected activity; but only as alien gifts, as the automaton swings through his appointed round of motions. The physical power could not have grown as now the exponent of needs and possibilities. All of life would go out of life on that plan. Stimulus, incitement, adaptations of result to demands in all kinds and in all their wonderful shadings of variety, all as imperative, as effective, as want-stirring and life making as gratification itself, would become but dead steel springs, doing their work with clock-like effectiveness, but also with clock-like inane-ness. Enjoyment means growth, new acquisition. The familiar, if it also is not a progress, a manifold of changes, becomes insipid. The very winds, if so chained that they must sweep on in grooves of direct benefaction, would become tedious. We should weary of them as of eating sugar and honey for an habitual diet. Better the chill wind and the blast, now and then, as a spur to the lagging prudence of providing against their ravages. Or could pain and penalty be dispensed with in the economy of uprising life! This would bring down all things at once to the sterile level of blank indifference. To do or not to do would be made to give equally severe results. There could be no standard set up for attainment; no motive available to urge one forward in one way rather than another; and no inherent warning off from the inexpedient. At best there could only be enjoyment on one hand and on the other indifferent negation. The quickening touch of inherent penalty is the wand of power to

guide one up and beyond. It is Scylla and Charybdis both, threatening on either side the one channel of safe adventure. Finally, can we imagine life in any or in all orders to have developed more rapidly or more nobly without the ingrained physical antagonism; without the sharp spur of the universal, inexorable law, eat and be eaten? Any organism exempt from this latter fate would have lost one of the two most powerful incentives to a many sided growth. Hunger would still impel, but the art of self-defense, with all the ingenuity, the strength, the skill, the manifold clever adjustments on all sides, would never be acquired. The resulting disuse of faculty would lower its vigor, would narrow its range, its direction would lose in definiteness and sharpness of purpose, and with the one great occasion of conflict would go also the strength which arises because of conflict, and for this manifold loss there would be found no substitute to insure a corresponding gain. Individuals, they who are now pushed to the wall, might directly benefit by the new plan; but the race would lose immensely. The scheme as a whole would be a failure. Avoiding hungry enemies has promoted a growing advance in structure and function, in all kinds and classes of animals to a degree which is perhaps quite as marked as the corresponding growth impelled by direct food seeking. Among men, would heroic minds struggle on in their very dangerous, distasteful, experimental quest among the filth of various decay, if human life and its interests were not threatened by the microscopic devouring hosts? These puny hosts may slay their tens of tens of thousands, brought down in the prime of manhood, and yet they may prove to be human benefactors. They are the scavengers of a needy planet. They beaten all the pathways of busy life. Above all they quicken the divine in human purpose and its results; they impel intelligence, which is equally Godlike to investigate, to discriminate, to learn; to carry the domain of quest and resulting knowledge into invisible realms, once wholly undreamed of by all dwellers upon the earth. They encourage humanity to believe that no mystery is unfathomable, no coil invincible. They point onward the human hope of conquest, of gaining the gratitude and admiration of mankind as reward for high services rendered. The overflow of good example spreads out on all sides around us, promoting courage and high endeavor in whatever hands, or head, or heart, can find to do. Time alone fails us in carrying these suggestions into abundant illustrations. As to the outcome of the social instincts, a few words only must suffice. The love of offspring, the instinctive unselfishness of the parent, has grown and strengthened, has become tender and brave, and it sprang from the ever present necessity to defend the helpless baby against all its foes and to be the direct providence for the supply of all its needs. What other pathway out from self could so adequately have begun to visit the perfect higher lesson: "Love thy neighbor." In the order of social development the unselfish care begins to reach the other parent, the family as a whole, the tribe, the nation, the race, all races, low and high. Even the eater shall learn to love the eaten, not as a sweet morsel under the tongue, but justly and divinely, willing gladly to do him good and not harm. Do we still halt very far from the ideal? Courage! When the despicable crimes of to-day, which might pass unchallenged in mid Africa, begin to stir the throbbing pulses of even a small fraction of Christendom with shame, pity, indignant protest and new generous resolution, there is dawn already in the horizon of a brightening future. The moral sentiments gain foothold among the last, but once here, they come to stay. The mills of God grind slowly. The methods were made to work on and on, and ever onward through all ages. But what is this which has been increasingly arousing into new and higher consciousness, stimulated through whip and spur and manifold discipline; through rewards as various as the penalties! A growing structural fitness of nice adaptations has everywhere accompanied sentient results. Is there nothing beyond structure? nothing beyond the organism to emphasize; gain, to dignify purpose? Is there nothing to make the long experiment anything more than a curious, hopeless, aimless, ages-shaming failure? There are many who can find no awakened consciousness which can outlive the responsive, helpful organism by whose aid it won its way toward a broadening life. But why not? When a chemical compound dissolves partnership its elements move on into new alliances. There is one unseen universe beyond the telescope. There is another beyond the microscope. Who has proved that there is not another beyond failure, beyond injustice, beyond despair? If the long, devious pathway of progress leads straight on thither; and if all the old patient methods of promoting growth are still in needful but kindred action, life has no ill. Its catastrophes, its hardships, its mistakes, all the conflicts which smote heavily, drop away softly, like night-dews from the awakening rose bud when the sun rises. Nature becomes an endless poem. It spreads wide around us an ever unfolding story, yet tender beneficence; leaving none other, amid all the rush and sweep of its mighty physical forces, for the growth of new-born sentiment with its moulding discipline, even to the free play of selfish greed which beams only by failure and loss, and to the sore heart of innocence which is yet passed unscathed beyond its trials. The marvelous scheme becomes the far-reaching adequate, incarnated embodiment of an Infinite Love and Omnipotent Wisdom; of an Infinite patience also. And we are in the midst of the triumphal march of this unending stately progress!

wondrous tale of how Joseph Smith, the prophet, received from "an angel" the golden plates on which was written, in a language described as "reformed Egyptian" (whatever that may be), the revelation on which he founded a new "religion." The basis of this rambling narrative is sufficiently absurd, resting as it does on the assumption that the North American Indians are the descendants of certain old Hebrews who migrated at some unknown period to what is now the United States. They did not improve in their new home, and finally, in the year 384 A. D., a decisive conflict took place at the "Hill Cumorah" in Western New York, in which the "Nephites," or Christians—who seem to have obtained a direct revelation of their faith—were nearly annihilated. Unbelief henceforward became supreme. But shortly before this the Prophet Mormon had written an abridgement of all their prophecies and histories on certain plates, which he hid in the earth, where they remained until Smith found them, by the aid of the advice tendered him by "an angel." Heaven, no doubt, sometimes selects peculiar instruments. But even the Palmyra people were justifiably incredulous upon hearing that this Joe Smith (of extremely doubtful antecedents) claimed to be the latest of these messengers. They were still more critical when Smith's own father and his two brothers appeared among the authorities for his statements, since these relations of his had long been suspected of sheep stealing and other nefarious practices. These illustrious witnesses all declared, with one voice, that they had seen the golden plates. But, though thousands of other people loudly demanded the same privilege, they have not up to the present date been successful. All we are told is, that Smith, not being much of a scholar, sat behind a blanket screen, and by the aid of his "Urim and Thummim," dictated to Oliver Cowdery his translation of the golden plates. After this the sacred manuscripts fortunately disappeared, no one except the witnesses mentioned having "seen" them, and even they were only able to do so by "an angel" coming down from Heaven for the express purpose. But, if the skeptics were incredulous of Smith's story, they were still more inclined to scoff when they read the "Book of Mormon," and found Calvinism, Universalism, Methodism, and Roman Catholicism directly referred to by a prophet who wrote in the fourth century! Infant baptism was condemned; and, so strange to say, were polygamy and Freemasonry, which were just then beginning to arouse some animadversion among the more ignorant classes in the United States. Then came a fresh revelation in the shape of the assertion, which was made by scores of people, that the whole story (the Biblical passages interpolated alone excepted) was a mere parody of a novel written by Solomon Spaulding, a local preacher and blacksmith, who had died some nineteen years before. Spaulding was not an intellectual man. But he seems to have been imaginative and to have been impressed with the craze, more current then than now, that the Indians were the direct descendants of "the lost tribes." An earthen mound near Conneaut fired his fancy, and, being ignorant of the accepted theories regarding the mound-builders, he whittled away the days of a long illness by writing a novel, which, by all accounts was a rather dull affair. This was in 1812. In 1816 Spaulding died, but before that date various people had read the manuscript, and the book remained in the hands of his widow, who seems to have regarded it as a work of genius. Before Smith was heard of as a "Prophet," Mrs. Spaulding had tried to get the book published; and with this object in view it lay for some time in the office of a printer, where a man named Sidney Rigdon was employed as a compositor. Rigdon had before this been preaching a crude sort of Mormonism; and in 1829, becoming acquainted with Smith, the two joined for the purpose of promulgating the new creed. A sacred volume was, however, necessary; and it is believed that Spaulding's novel, which Rigdon had copied and kept by him, was utilized for this purpose. The "Book of Mormon" is a curious medley of decent grammar mixed with ungrammatical passages that bear the appearance of having been interpolated by another hand. The theory is, therefore, that the illiterate pieces are the work of Smith, while the basis of the book is the work of Spaulding, who was a man of some education. But it has always been as difficult to confirm this assumption by a sight of Spaulding's novel as it has been to confirm Smith's story by an examination of the golden plates. The "Manuscript Found," as the romance was entitled, was said to have been lent in 1834 to a Mr. Hulbert, who, when "interviewed" in 1851, denied the statement. He admitted having borrowed a manuscript from the widow, but, finding that it was not the one in question, he said that he returned it through a friend, and it was burnt before it reached its proper destination. This version of the story was not, however, generally credited. There were obvious discrepancies in it; and in a curious correspondence on the subject, published four years ago, it was plainly insinuated that Hulbert got the real manuscript, but took care that a document of so much value to the Mormons was placed beyond the reach of hostile critics. The affidavits of people who heard Spaulding read the manuscript, or who read part of it themselves, are conclusive as to its identity with the "Book of Mormon." On the other hand, the "Saints" consider the whole story a scandalous fabrication, while some "Gentiles" are not disinclined to pronounce Spaulding's novel and Joe Smith's golden plates to be mere inventions. It will be well, therefore, not to depend too implicitly on the circumstantial account of the "discovery" of the Spaulding manuscript. So many "interests" are bound up with this notorious document that it is more than probable that the new story is not more authentic than the old one. This, however, is the story as it is offered to the public. A Mr. Rice, who had for thirty years been a newspaper-editor in Ohio, took up his residence about four years ago in the Sandwich Islands. Only recently, in examining a box of papers which had not been disturbed for a long time, he came across a parcel labeled in his own hand-writing, "MS. Story, Conneaut." On opening it the manuscript proved to be the long-lost writings of Solomon Spaulding! The owner is unable to imagine how it came into his possession, except that, living as he did not far from Conneaut, the residence of Spaulding, "the novel" may have been put into his hands for perusal, or perhaps for publication, and forgotten in the turmoil of other affairs. The Spaulding manuscript is described as not written in sham Hebraistic phraseology, like the "Book of Mormon," but in ordinary English. It contains no quotations from the Bible, which shows that the extracts from Isaiah and other sacred books which are in the Mormon scriptures were, as was always believed, interpolated by Smith.

Both books invent a number of uncouth names for the characters; both record desperate wars, and both record a voyage across the Atlantic, and describe an ancient settlement of Jews in America. There is, of course, even admitting that the account given is correct, a probability that the manuscript is itself a forgery, devised to back up the Spaulding story. Honolulu is a long way from the center of civilization. One would like to see the "copy" to compare it with unquestioned specimens of Spaulding's writing, and to examine the paper on which it is written in order to satisfy oneself that it is of the date claimed. Should it be found to be written on paper manufactured later than 1812, and, above all, posterior to 1846, when the putative author died, then, without a doubt, it is a gross fabrication. And these points are all so obviously important that, unless the "Hon. L. L. Rice, late of Oberlin, O.," does not desire to be classed with the Palmyra-nazars and Macphersons, to say nothing of the Spauldings and Smiths, he should without loss of time submit his "find" to the scrutiny of experts.—London Standard.

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. These accounts may record spontaneous phenomena, and those resulting from systematic effort in the way of circles and sittings for the development of medial power, experiments in thought-transference, and manifestations of supernormal mental action. The value of this column will depend wholly on the active co-operation of our subscribers, upon whom we must depend for matter to fill it. Stored up in thousands of homes are valuable incidents never yet published which have great value, and others are daily occurring. Let the accounts be as brief as may be and yet sufficiently full to be clearly understood. Questions not requiring lengthy answers, and bearing upon the accounts detailed may be asked. They will be answered by the editor or an invitation extended for others to reply.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

A Remarkable Manifestation.

To the Editor of the Heliozo-Philosophical Journal

In the year 1853 or 1854 I attended a séance at the residence of Judge Edmonds in New York, at which were present Laura Edmonds, Doctor Dexter, Gov. Talmage, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Sweet, Owen Warren and three or four others. The whole party were seated in his library in an upper room, and the Judge, his daughter, Doctor Dexter and Mrs. Sweet were the only mediums present. The rest of us were in our natural state, and inclined to be skeptical. At first a spirit assuming to be the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, took control of Miss Edmonds and through her organs asked many questions, among others, "What this new truth would accomplish? What good would result from Spirit Communism?" He appeared very modest and unassuming, and desired to learn all about its mode of operation and the motives of its advocates. The Judge did most of the talking with him and we supposed he was teaching an unsophisticated scholar. At this juncture, Doctor Dexter was controlled by a spirit assuming to be Lord Bacon, and he said in substance to the other spirit: "Stop your hypocrisy. We have allowed you to deceive this party long enough." As this was spoken Loyola shrunk back, and a most terrible howl rang all through the room. It seemed partly human and partly like a wild animal. The parties present were horrified, but all remained silent while Bacon continued his rebuke of the wily Jesuit: After a few moments, Lord Bacon turned to us and said: "This whole place is filled with thousands of Jesuits who came with their leader. They appear dark and surround you as if occupying a large amphitheatre, watching intently the interview. They considered their great leader as almost omnipotent, and when they saw his hypocrisy was detected, with one accord they gave that howl of despair, which was so powerful that you all heard it with your natural ears." Lord Bacon proceeded to state that this scene had been permitted as a warning to us to beware of false and fraudulent spirits; that if we were not very cautious and gave up our own reason and manhood, we would be deceived and led to ruin; that while the good angels would always be with those who intended to do right, yet we were equally surrounded by those who would lead us into temptation if we gave a listening ear; that Loyola was yet as ambitious as he had been in the world below, and his love of power and dominion over the minds of others, had increased with his years in the other life. This is the substance of the interview, and it made a lasting impression upon my mind. As it has never been published, at the request of many to whom I have repeated it, I now put it on record for the benefit of those who have eyes to see and ears to hear. Several of the parties who were present are yet living, and although I have not seen them for a long time I have no doubt the matter is yet fresh in their memories.

EDWARD F. BUELLARD.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Fears of a Toothless Future.

The American tooth, the dentists tell us, is something fast disappearing. What is to take its place they leave to conjecture. Whether a toothless race is on its way or whether a new animal is to be evolved from the present human creature on this continent is perhaps an open question. Whatever it is that may come to pass, the fancy recoils before the prospect. Children of 12 years of age have \$100 worth of gold in their mouths, others needing as much quite as badly, but unable to afford the outlay. Children of 16 often wear complete sets of false teeth, and other children innumerable have teeth that are decayed before they penetrate the gum and that have to be filed as soon as they are in sight, the crumbling material and thin enamel, even then, giving but little to work upon. At first it was thought all this resulted from ignorance, from candy eating, from want of care and cleanliness. But it is understood now that in most cases the fault is inherent in the quality of the tooth, and the only remedy so far suggested is a diet calculated with especial reference to the making of sound bone. This is supposed to be found in the coarse grains and food of a similar character, and the most confirmed beef-eater alive yields to the superiority at this point of the little kernel of grain that feed the grain itself.—Harper's Bazar.

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.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

One of the Romances of Fraud—Spaulding's Manuscript Found—An Old Story Well Related.

The report that the "Book of Mormon" has actually been found will be received with general and justifiable incredulity. This so-called "faith" has long been affirmed to be little better than an illiterate travesty of a novel written by one Solomon Spaulding. Hitherto, however, the assertion has rested solely on the testimony of people who read the romance fifty years ago, and none of whom are at present living. The book was never published, and the manuscript, which seems to have passed from hand to hand among Spaulding's acquaintances, was generally believed to have been destroyed by the "Latter-Day Saints" for purposes not difficult to divine. If the report that the manuscript has at last come to light prove well founded, all surmises on the matter are likely to be set at rest, though, of course, the Mormons will not be backward in asserting the document to be a forgery, just as they declare Solomon Spaulding to have been what, in the vernacular of Utah, is expressively termed "a fraud." They will continue to repeat the

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 31, 1885.

What Presbyterians Think of the Heathen.

The Michigan Synod held its sessions in Detroit October 14th-16th, and a leading topic was the duty of saving the souls of the poor heathen.

Rev. Mr. McCorkle regretted that the Foreign Mission Board was \$57,000 in arrears, which surely shows a decrease of zeal. Rev. W. R. Ingersoll thought this deficit was "largely due to a practical unbelief in the condition of the heathen." To him the thought that "a thousand million were doomed to perish every thirty years was appalling" as well it might be! He said the ease and safety of preaching in pagan lands was greater than ever, "but the majority of Presbyterians in America did not believe the heathen were lost, but that, by some process, they would get to heaven," which called out loud cries of "No! No!" from the audience.

The speaker wished he could perceive in this land as much willingness to bear shame and contumely for Christ's sake as he had seen in India. They gave three times as much money for religious objects as people in this country. The personal knowledge of this missionary led him to give a better idea of the virtues as well as the vices of the Hindoos, and a more intelligent view of their condition and modes of thought. In justice he should have enlarged on "improved Hindooism" and given some facts touching that remarkable free religious movement, the Bramo Soms; but he probably would hold that as a heresy outside the narrow pale of his orthodoxy.

The coming religion of pagan and Christian will not be such as the creed of this Synod teaches, or as its missionaries preach in foreign lands; but with increasing ease of travel and better mutual knowledge, each will take the good of all others and we shall gladly learn that "the broadest religion is the best." It surely is an honor to the Presbyterians that they actually begin to doubt that God has doomed three-fourths of the human race to eternal despair and awful torture—a purpose and plan malevolent and cruel beyond any depth of hardened human tyranny ever reached by the worst man on earth!

That old word hell—hot and hissing, telling of concentrated wrath and persistent torment—has gone out of the revised Bible, and the gentle euphony of sheol takes its place—a word too soft to swear by. No wonder that even Presbyterians have more hope for the heathen and less zeal for their conversion. In due time their children will gladly learn pious lessons from good pagans, and as gladly will these learn of them.

A Free Methodist Free Lover.

Rev. F. W. Kent, Pastor of the Free Methodist Church at Marengo, Illinois, is the sort of a man to please Rev. Moses Hull, Dr. Juliet Severance, Prof. Susie Fletcher and other social-freedom shriekers. Rev. Kent is forty-five years old, and has a wife and four little children. In his church he also had a communicant, Alice Burt, a young woman aged twenty-four years. About three years ago Miss Burt was the heroine of a remarkable faith cure. She professed to have been raised from a death-bed by prayer, and has ever since led an apparently very religious life.

On Sunday the 18th inst., Rev. Kent discoursed to his flock most acceptably. His petition to the Almighty to guide preacher and flock in the straight and narrow path, was unusually pathetic. His sermon fairly blazed with the fiery terrors he depicted for such of the wicked and adulterous inhabitants of Marengo as listened not to his preaching nor paid tithes to support his church. On the Monday following he harnessed his horse to his buggy, borrowed five dollars and drove to Belvidere, where he met Miss Burt and with her proceeded onward to Wisconsin. Having got within the borders of Dr. Juliet's territory, Kent paused long enough to write his deserted and destitute wife to the effect that once he had loved her but now loved another, and that she had better sell the cutter and his books, and with the four babies return to her mother. After sending this candid expression of sentiment and sound business advice to the "once loved," he seems to have been lost track of by the Marengoesse. Through the Great Continental Psychophone Line, the JOURNAL has later news, as will be seen by the following psychophonic message:

Hidebar, Mass., Oct. 25.—[Special.] On Friday last Rev. F. W. Kent, accompanied by his physician, Dr. Alice Burt, reached this village. After a thorough message treatment, the reverend gentleman felt refreshed and started for home, where his wife had reached his ears in the West. With little trouble Rev. Kent found his way to the comfortable home of Hon. Abner Enufor Gulle. The gentleman was at home and greeted his unknown visitor with his regulation smile, mingled with a what-brings-you-here expression. Whereupon the following conversation ensued:

Rev. F. W. Kent.—Most benevolent old Gent! I am the runaway preacher, Kent. I sold my horse, harness and carriage to help free me from a disastrous marriage. I knew my deserted wife would feel hurt when she learned I had eloped with Dr. Alice Burt. I knew that babies, four, would watch from the door for their father at night. And though my soul is in a fearful uproar, yet I know I am doing right. For, only with Alice B. can I find liberty. Whatever way the statutes may read on this matter; however loudly and much the people may clamor; I'm bound to follow the harmonial way, though the very devil be to pay.

Now my dear, most learned, lawyer Gulle, don't tell me I've bitten a file! but so guide me that in my effort to dismarry, the plan may not miscarry!

Lawyer Abouts Emufor Gulle.—My Brother, Dare to be right! Dare to be true! You have a work no other can do. Your fate is the common fate of all. Into each life fresh love must fall.—How to get rid of your wife and babies four? Alas! that may prove to be quite a chore. However, your wife, with the little girls and the baby boy, are away off in Illinois; so you need have no fears of being annoyed by her foolish tears.

Your case touches the innermost depths of my heart. You are a noble struggler for freedom and a true conjugal mate. For only one other have I had more pity; he poor brave fellow, severed the cords that bound his heart to a wife and seven children and left England for America, the home of the free. Not counting the rotten marital ties in either case, you see I must, in order to be consistent, only bestow upon you four-sevenths of the amount of sympathy given him. But you have not acted with circumspection. You have allowed your impetuosity to propel you with too much previousness, so to speak. You should have indulged in circumlocutory contrivances, which if more trying and dilatory, furnish material for calculating the shadowy spots in your record. Yet I will pull you through. I will write letters to the Marengo Commonwealth, the Boone County Banner, the Chicago Tribune and to my special organ, O-p-p-o-e.—Editor Digby can have no old grudge against you, and will allow the columns of O-p-p-o-e to aid in manufacturing public opinion in your behalf. Be of good cheer! Within one year I'll send you back to Boone County, where you can start an independent Dispensary. You can deal out medicine for the souls of that section and Dr. Burt-Kent can heal the physical ailments. In the meantime you shall stay in my house—my wife's house, I should have said—and write a book. The title shall be, "A Free Methodist's Magic Method for Mending Marital Meddles."

Rev. Kent.—Dear Counsellor! how can I ever pay you?

Lawyer Gulle.—Pay me? Easily enough. Help some other poor preacher to free—

Psychophonographer cannot finish message. Psychophoner operator has abruptly shut him off in obedience to message from headquarters, ordering wire to be cleared for Mrs. Beste, who has an important joint-message from Apollonius and Judas Iscariot giving advice on Silver Question to Secretary Manning. Switchtender is now connecting with Wash.

Breaking Down the Walls.

The sectarian walls are breaking down. A few years ago Methodists and Presbyterians quarrelled over creeds, and Baptists disputed with both, while Universalists, by common consent, were left out in the cold here, and condemned to everlasting fire hereafter. Now these evangelical sects differ but do not quarrel, and the best among them are looking out beyond the orthodox pale with a fraternal feeling toward the heretics of the old days. The Christian Leader wants a new word of wide scope. It says:

It is a misfortune that no comprehensive word expressive of important beliefs held in common by Universalists, Unitarians, and the New Orthodox, can be made available without great liability to serious misapprehension. Liberalism is, at this date, the one in most frequent use. But atheists, communists, nihilists, are liberal—at least, assert themselves to be. It is certain that atheists and communists are as unwilling to be classed with religionists as religionists are with them. But the wide world will not give to liberalism a narrower application. The word we need, and for which there is no substitute, is "rationalism." All who interpret and teach religion in the light of reason, who will accept nothing that contradicts reason, are, or at least mean to be, rational. Such are the Universalists, Unitarians, the Swedenborgians, the New Orthodox. Rationalism, properly understood, would exactly embrace them. But the same wide world makes rationalism the synonym of skepticism.

It is difficult to find the right word, but not so difficult to find the right thing—the broad and truly catholic spirit. The day of dogmas is passing away; the day of eternal principles, of spiritual ideas is dawning. The Leader and its like will yet enlarge their borders and recognize and fraternize the great spiritual movement which they now ignore or misunderstand. The genius of Spiritualism is catholic and inclusive. Its facts appeal to all; its philosophy is too broad, its natural religion too universal for any limit of dogmas. It is to be the "chief corner stone" of the temple of a world-religion which men will build in the near future.

A Methodist Sunday School Superintendent Goes Wrong.

Only a few days after Mrs. Beste's exposure at Hartford, a prominent member of the Methodist flock in that wealthy city was detected in a \$10,000 defalcation. In this instance one A. L. Burke, for thirteen years superintendent of the Sunday-school was the poor sensitive who could not withstand the psychological influence of bad spirits who were tempting him in order to gratify their desires. He lived extravagantly; not because he wanted to. O no! but he was forced to serve as the irresponsible medium of spirit-bummers who once lived on earth and had prematurely departed to a country where the passions and appetites of earth are only to be gratified by using some poor medium like Burke. Leastwise this would be the argument of some who call themselves Spiritualists, and who are now defending Mrs. Beste.

We predict that the Methodist church will neither condone Burke's crime nor abuse his employers for trusting him and thus making it possible for him to become a defaulter. After he has made such restitution as lies in his power, and shown by an exemplary life during a reasonable period of probation that he is really repentant and striving to be a better man, he will, no doubt, be restored to fellowship if he asks the favor. In the meantime Beste's backers will be abusing some of the most respectable Spiritualists and citizens of Hartford for having detected and exposed a vile impostor. They will also flood the papers with all sorts of theories to prove her innocence, all herances with fresh suckers, and cant about the "poor persecuted."

Prison Reform.

The National Prison Reform Association met in Detroit three days, October 19th to 21st, R. B. Hayes (ex-President of the United States) acting as president, and a goodly number of able men interested in the matter, and of prison wardens and superintendents, were in attendance. Addresses and discussions touching employment and treatment of criminals, and fraternal encouragement to discharged convicts, as help to a life of honesty and industry, occupied the time, with reports of committees and plans for future work. Doubtless there are faults in our present prison management, as in all human affairs, but great improvements have taken place. The spirit and leading ideas of this important meeting were certainly humane and wisely progressive, judging from the newspaper reports. The reform of convicts, the safety and peace of society, the spirit of humane fraternity with all needed decision and firmness in the personal care of prisoners, due regard for their health and mental and moral improvement, and a looking forward to their future good conduct in outside life, seemed to inspire all who took part in the meetings, and most of them were men of practical experience. A Baltimore gentleman said that in their Prison Aid Society "it was their pride that Protestant and Catholic, Jew and infidel and Christian took part," and his statement was greeted by cheers. Such applause foreshadows the coming "federation of man," irrespective of creed, of which the poet prophesies in song.

Geo. W. Morse, of Cairo, Ill., writes: "Your labors in behalf of honest mediums, and against frauds in mediumship, deserve the approbation of every lover of truth. Many persons, like myself, who know but little personally, in regard to spirit manifestation, are thankful that such vile hypocrites as the one your columns present to the public, Oct. 17th, are brought to grief and shame, occasionally the result, perhaps, of the JOURNAL'S work."

EVANGELICALISM.

Rev. R. Heber Newton Believes it is Dying Out. He Shows What Religion has Lacked, and Commends the Words of John Wesley.

On last Sunday morning, Rev. R. Heber Newton resumed the subject of "Evangelicalism," and delivered a wholesome address, a brief resume of which is here given as follows:

For one, he finds no fault with ecclesiastical views in themselves. These views he desired to spread until they lift the church out of its present petty provincialism, in which its chief occupation seems to be saying over that celebrated prayer: "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other churches." When he was a boy he claimed that the average evangelical looked upon a high-church man much as most good Christian folks still look upon a heathen. This spirit betrayed the fact that the evangelicals too commonly allowed their own ecclesiastical views to blind them to the worth of other forms of churchmanship. Intellectually evangelicalism no longer satisfies the intellect.

THE REVOLUTION OF THOUGHT.

Under this head Mr. Newton said that the most astonishing revolution in thought which the world has ever experienced has taken place in our day. It is simply impossible to adjust the eyes to the old glasses and see that which our fathers saw. The landscape of earth has changed, as when the globe has passed from one geologic period to another. Who tries to keep school with the text-books that satisfied our fathers? Every department of knowledge has required new primers—primers which give the new history, and the new geology, and the new chemistry. If thus it has been in all other departments of thought, why should it seem irreverence to admit the fact that a similar change has been rendered necessary in theology? It needs a new edition to bring it up to date. Every department of knowledge, in its own transformation, has changed more or less the data of theology. In particular, the first-hand knowledge opened to this generation of the other great religions of the earth, has given a grotesquely antiquated look to the philosophy of religion which, only a generation ago, seemed perfectly reasonable and conformable to fact. There would have been no trouble with us if our evangelical masters could have said to us: "Children, this, our interpretation of the mystery of life, is the best we have to offer you. Wait awhile, and we shall be able, in the advancing light of earth, to give you some better answer." Instead thereof these noble men felt themselves called upon to say what could not but be thus interpreted: "We know all about these matters which exercise your minds. We have received an authoritative explanation of them from on high; we speak oracularly, as the mouthpiece of infallible omniscience; this answer which we give you is the final and conclusive word upon the subject." What could happen other than that exodus of the thoughtful children from the old benches which has actually taken place?

The great preacher insisted that there was no need for him to show that facts do thus convict this venerable system of error. The thirty nine articles, Westminster confession, and all the rest of the evangelical symbols were not drawn up in heaven, but on earth—by men, not by angels—and hence, like all things earthly and human, were subject to the limitation of the age and of the individuals by whom they were constructed. Theology is a progressive science, if it be a science; yet, from the standpoint of evangelicalism, this simple, common-sense axiom of mental life was denied. The result has been the lamentable confusion amid which our generation has found itself; on the one hand, devout men depreciating reason; earnest men slighting faith; the church anathematizing science as a religion, and science denouncing the church as superstitious.

BOLD AND CANDID STATEMENTS.

Mr. Newton, in elaborating his line of thought, boldly asserts that this noble school of religion narrowed into ever closer folds its range of mental sympathies and shut itself up to pastures by no means green and to waters that, however still, were certainly not deep. It starved its own brain and has been slowly dying of intellectual ennui. Religion to live and grow must be free; faith must strike its roots down into reason; science—that is to say, knowledge—must yield to the contents of a true theology, and in the data of all true science will surely be found much material for hope, and trust, and aspiration, and worship. The weakness of evangelicalism spiritually opens a curious field into which we can only step—taking a glance at what would so well repay most careful study. If he were to sum up in a word these spiritual evils he should say that they were the offspring of exaggeration. Its intensity lacked extensiveness, its depth lacked breadth, its zeal lacked poise and moderation, and thus its very virtue ran to evil. It exaggerated the function of religion in human life; it counted culture as something hostile to that true aim. Cecil said at one time when sick: "If God should restore me to health again I am resolved to study nothing but my Bible." Thus its morality lacked robustness and virility, and religion grew unwholesome and morbid.

WHAT THE SAINTS FORGOT.

Under the above head, the distinguished divine closed his remarks, asserting that evangelicalism exaggerated the noble vision of a life to come, until the true proportions of the present and the past were lost. Its pictures of life were like the Chinese scenes, in which prospective is disregarded and an ob-

ject which ought to shrink in the background swells big in the immediate foreground. The church is something other than a celestial fire-insurance company. This concentration of purpose upon the individual turned the thoughts and interests of religion away from society, and in seeking to save themselves the saints forgot to save civilization. It exaggerated the spiritual sense of fellowship with God, until that idea became an irreverence, if not a blasphemy. Evangelicalism exaggerated throughout its own glorious Gospel, and thus corrupted it. John Wesley lived to write: "I find more profit in sermons on either good tempers or good works than in what are vulgarly called Gospel sermons." The term has now become a mere cant word. Let but a pert, self-sufficient animal, that has neither sense nor grace, bawl out something about Christ or his blood, or justification by faith, and his hearers cry out, "What a fine Gospel sermon!" Evangelicalism as a system or school is doubtlessly dying. Its truths have passed out into the life of the church, which it has truly made more evangelical. We carry with us the living truths of this noble movement, and leave behind us only the dead forms of their early incarnation. And they will find no nobler expression of their free faith than that given by John Wesley, the father of Evangelicalism: "We leave every man to enjoy his own opinion and to use his own mode of worship, desiring only that the love of God and his neighbor be the ruling principle in his heart, and show itself in his life by a uniform practice of justice, mercy, and truth; and accordingly we give the right hand of fellowship to every lover of God and man, whatever his opinion and mode of worship may be, of which he is to give an account to God only."

Not a Wager.

The Hartford (Conn.) Post copies freely from the JOURNAL'S article on Mrs. Beste and introduces the subject by saying: "The editor, John C. Bundy, proposed to wager \$1,000 that she could not cause spirits to materialize in Chicago so that they could be recognized." The Post is wholly mistaken in its construction of the proposal. Such a wager would not only be in bad taste, but contrary to the scientific spirit which inspires the course of the JOURNAL; and at variance with the judicial fairness for which it strives.

We are well aware of the risk of predicating the results of experiments for spirit phenomena. Indeed, the certainty with which Mrs. Beste and some others of her vocation are able to furnish an exhibition is, on its face, conclusive evidence of fraud, only to be avoided by giving the science under such reasonable conditions as charlatans and tricky mediums never submit to.

The proposition to Mrs. Beste was for the reasons set forth therein, and for no other. That she would cheat was beyond question with any one familiar with her record. That she might also be a medium for genuine form materialization was not considered improbable at that time, though the probabilities have been vastly diminished in the minds of most people since that proposition was made.

Psychical Research in Kansas City.

A Society for Psychical Research has been formed in Kansas City. The personnel of the management indicates that the organization means work. The following is the list of officers: President, Hon. George W. McCrary; 1st Vice-President, Hon. R. T. Van Horn; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. James Seaman; Secretary, Mr. Warren Watson; Treasurer, Miss Bertha Bain. Council: Rev. Robert Collier, Prof. L. Wiener, Mrs. Coats, Mr. J. S. Crosby, Mrs. Dr. Todd, Dr. Todd, Mr. J. Seaman, Dr. J. B. Browning, Mr. F. Cooper and Dr. S. D. Bowker.

The JOURNAL is familiar with the antecedent qualifications of some of these charter members, and feels justified in asserting that the work of the Society will do much toward placing psychical research in Kansas City upon a plane where apocryphal stories, Punch and Judy shows and sentimental vapors will not pass current as psychical coin. The JOURNAL is inclined to think that some members of the Society would have difficulty in substantiating the record of certain past experiences in their investigations. It is to be hoped that all future experiments will be under conditions admitting of no valid objection. Undoubtedly every report of the several committees will be rigidly examined by the Council before publication, and if found defective, returned for further proof.

"Black Sheep."

Ministerial black sheep trouble the churches, as speakers of doubtful character do the Spiritualists. Of these the New York Christian Advocate says:

The churches ought to devise better means of protection for the innocent persons whom such unclean scoundrels afflict and destroy. Their field of operations and their immunity from permanent expulsion from the pulpit grow larger with the increase of our population. Of course, in Methodism, our Methodist mark of Cain sticks to such a man; but nothing hinders his migration into some other denomination.

We honor the Methodists for their efforts to keep up the high standard of personal character among their public teachers. If others fall below them, from any lack of moral courage, misnamed charity, so much the worse for them.

On Sunday evening, October 18th, Berkley Hall, Boston, was opened to welcome Mrs. Maud E. Lord, Mrs. Ricker, of Chelsea, and other mediums and speakers. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

Cardinal McCloskey's Synchronous Appearances.

Cardinal McCloskey appeared simultaneously, it is reported, at seven different places in New York the other evening. At two or three places he materialized in full canonicals. This synchronization may strike some as astonishing, but to those familiar with the resources of such operators as the Hough-Stoddard-Gray Combination, Madame Beste and others of the same kind, it will not seem surprising. The farce played under the guise of spirit phenomena for the past few years is enough to bring the entire subject into contempt, even with those who are favorably disposed to Spiritualism. Sensible Spiritualists owe it to themselves and to Spiritualism to take such immediate, united and determined action as is necessary to mitigate if not entirely remove the evil.

Things have come to such a pass that honest, virtuous mediums who hold their vocation in due respect, refraining from all attempts either to simulate or supplement the phenomena and striving to lead honorable lives, are being driven out of the field.

Such mediums are at a discount with the wonder-mongering class from whom most newspaper accounts originate. Consequently the charlatans, thieves, prostitutes and pimps secure the newspaper notoriety necessary to advertise their business and draw in the hungry crowd. And mediums of reputable character suffer.

The course of the Banner of Light and its favorite correspondents is such as to put a premium on rascality and make it more desirable and profitable than probity and good morals. This is a grave charge, but it is not made carelessly, nor with heat. We stand prepared to substantiate it before any competent tribunal or commission.

Michigan Equal Suffrage Association.

This State Woman Suffrage Association held its annual meeting in Grand Rapids, Mich., October 7th, 8th and 9th, with good attendance and a feeling of hopeful harmony. Mrs. Lucy Stone and her husband, H. B. Blackwell, were present the first day, on their way to the annual meeting of the American Woman Suffrage Association at Minneapolis, and their speeches and suggestions added to the value and interest of the occasion. The sessions were occupied by business and made interesting by addresses and spirited conferences. Municipal suffrage for woman and school-suffrage were especially urged as stepping stones to equal suffrage, and the temperance element had fit consideration. The attendance was larger than last year and the feeling stronger and more hopeful. The following officers were chosen for the coming year: Mrs. Mary L. Doe, Lansing, President; Mrs. Loraine Immen, Grand Rapids, Vice-President; Mrs. H. L. Spring, Grand Rapids, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Fannie H. Fowler, Manistee, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. C. A. F. Stebbins, Detroit, Treasurer; Mrs. E. L. Briggs, Grand Rapids, and Mrs. S. V. Emery, Lansing, Advisory Committee, and an Executive Committee of twelve from different parts of the State.

A resolution was passed commending the "Woman's Column," which is a growing department in many of our leading newspapers, adding to their value and interest and showing the growth of public opinion in favor of the movement. In the discussion of this resolution the value and merit of Mrs. Hester M. Poole's woman's column in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL were especially and cordially commended.

The newspaper reports speak highly of the intelligence of the audiences and the superior womanhood of the leading members of the Association.

Poetry that is Poetry.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: If any one ever doubted that Boston is the Athens of America, he can doubt no longer, since her Poet Laureate hath spoken in melodious tones that must extinguish "the Sweet Singer of Michigan." The following rare gem of Miltonic inspiration has appeared in a Spiritual publication, and I must share my delight with impatient readers by laying it before them:

THE UNION OF SOULS.

By MR. LUTHER COLBY, Boston, Mass.

Genuine love is an excellent thing, As it is to the poet's affection doth bring; And hearts thus united no mortal can sever— A union so holy abideth for ever; 'T is Nature itself, with no grain of alloy. The soul of creation, which never can sever, 'T is the Alpha, Omega (beginning and end), And doth with the godhead eternally blend. Like angelic music, so sweet to the soul, Love keeps the rude passions in perfect control. When earth's mission is finished, by heaven's behest We lay down the mortal and unite with the blest.

As wit provokes wit, so does poetry provoke poetry, and under the inspiration roused by the foregoing, I penned a feeble imitation, for which I crave the reader's kind indulgence:

THE UNION OF FOOLS.

By DIBBY OF MOUNT PARN-ASSUS.

Genuine humbug is an excellent thing, As it is to the poet's affection doth bring; And fools when deluded will stand by you ever, The fool from his folly, no mortal can sever. We know the soft nature with no grain of alloy, That never will sicken and never will cloy; But swallows the Crinoid, the Bism, and the Beste, Monk, Bear, and Kicker with infinite zest; For humbug is Alpha, and I trust the Omega, you know When we talk the good people 't is certainly so. The angle of Silver is sweet to the soul, And rubs the dark orbits with perfect control. And when from his mission is finished, by heaven's behest, We'll hold up a curtain to hide O'way and Beste. Boston, Oct., 1885.

Walker Howell lectured to a large audience last Sunday evening. He took for his subject, "Occidental Mediumship and Oriental Adulthood, Contrasted and Compared."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. Carrie Tyron has been lecturing at Minneapolis, Minn., on Spiritualism. The Minneapolis Tribune speaks well of her lectures.

Mrs. J. Anson Shepard who, we regret to say, has retired from the spiritual rostrum for the present on account of ill health, is visiting friends in this city.

Walter Howell's address is at 386 Warren Avenue, this city, where he will remain for the present. Wednesday of each week is his reception day—from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. He will then be pleased to see his friends and inquirers after the truth. Mr. Howell's subject next Sunday evening, at 517 W. Madison St., will be as follows: "The Blessings of Labor."

Geo. H. Brooks writes as follows from Louisville, Ky.: "Our meetings here are very largely attended, so much so that we will be compelled to procure a larger hall. I find that Mrs. Hawks is a good independent slate writer, and one who has done a great deal for this society. Miss Bailey is a fine clairvoyant, but owing to the tax of two hundred dollars imposed on mediums, she is unable to do anything."

The discovery of supposed prehistoric human remains near Shrewsbury, Mass., is of special interest. The shape of the skeleton's head shows that it is not one of the Adams family, and this circumstance, in connection with the fact that it was found with the bones of a mastodon, demonstrates the subject to be very old indeed. The skeleton is believed to be that of a woman, and there will be a great deal of talk about her as soon as the Boston thinkers begin a discussion of the find.

"A Hindoo Lady" who wrote a letter to the Times of India on infant marriage has sent another remarkable communication to the same paper on the subject of enforced widowhood. She writes bitterly of what she describes as the "brutalized human nature" that could lose sight of the difference between a child widow of six and a matron widow of sixty; and provide for the innocent mite that life of long misery which is the inevitable lot of the Hindoo widow. She tells how directly after the husband's death the widow's hair is cut off and her ornaments are taken away; how she must thenceforth wear the coarsest clothes and eat the most unsavory food. Her presence is shunned and she becomes the leper of society, doomed to pass her life in seclusion.

The New York Sun states that Mrs. Albert Wilcox, a young woman much respected, living at Oneonta, has been afflicted for nearly a year with Bright's disease, and for several months she has been unable to walk. Friends and relatives who are religiously inclined, have frequently advised her to try the faith cure. Several days ago she refused to use any more medicine, and began praying. A few mornings ago a lady friend called, and the two prayed all day. In the evening Mrs. Wilcox arose from the bed and walked to the dining room and took supper with the other members of the family with which she is stopping. Mrs. Henry Potter on Maple street. The day before she had to be lifted from the bed. Since then she has steadily improved, and is able to walk with ease to any part of the house. She firmly believes she has been cured by faith, and all acquainted with the case say it is wonderful.

Some astonishing particulars of the extent to which the Scandinavian settlers in the vicinity of Mankato, Minn., believe in witchcraft have come to light. Mrs. John Solomon, who has been sick about three years, was informed by a witchcraft doctor, that her disease was caused by some old woman who came often to her house. She thereupon had her aunt, Mrs. Johnson, brought before a Swedish preacher, Anderson, and a regular trial took place one Sunday lately in the Swedish church, the preacher acting as Judge and the deacons as jurors. Mrs. Solomon testified that she frequently had pains after being touched by Mrs. Johnson. Other witnesses testified to their belief in witches and to having seen the "craft" flying through the air and striking people, who thereupon grew sick. After a good deal of such testimony, Mrs. Johnson was found guilty, but no sentence has been pronounced. A similar case happened at West Newton, Minn., some time ago. A child having disappeared, a clairvoyant declared that an aged couple knew of its whereabouts. The parents at once accused old Mr. and Mrs. Hokanson of stealing the child, and the accusation led the neighbors to mob the old people, taking them and hanging them to a tree until they were nearly dead, as a means of extorting a confession. The bones of the child were afterward found in a marsh near its parents' house, where it had wandered and died.

The Delano, Minn., Eagle of Oct. 15th, contains the following: "A great excitement is caused here by the mysterious falling of stones, potatoes, sticks of wood, etc., in the potato field on the farm of Mr. Crow on the shore of Swanton lake. It was first noticed as the family were digging and picking up potatoes; upon examination there would none fall unless their boy (aged about eight years) was present. There are parties there every day witnessing the strange phenomenon. Parties claim they have seen tufts of dirt taken right up in the air and carried twenty or thirty rods and then fall; potatoes taken from the heaps after they have been piled together and hurled in the air; stones fall and strike people on the head, but they receive no injury. As these manifestations are uncommon to people in this community, it is causing some alarm as to the cause; but the most candid and thoughtful citizens are positive that

It is the manifestation of Spiritualism, or in other words, the working of Satan. W. P. Jewett of Chatham visited Mr. Crow's to-day and carried home several articles that fell in his presence."

This seems a bad season for Sunday school superintendents. J. T. Jenkins, of Syracuse, N. Y., a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, superintendent of the Sunday school, and active in the Young Men's Christian Association, has just been discovered to be a defaulter to the amount of about \$20,000.

Declaring His Independence.

The Rev. Mangasar M. Mangasarian, for three years pastor of the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, on the first Sunday in October, publicly renounced the dogmas of John Calvin, and to a great throng of enthusiastic hearers recited his reasons for abandoning the creed of orthodoxy. He says:

I have ceased to be a Calvinist. This evening I come to announce to you that after a long struggle of fear and doubt, God has given me the courage to declare that I am no longer a believer in the cruel dogmas of John Calvin. The hour of liberty has come, and with this sermon I strike for freedom and candor in the pulpit. From this moment I take down my denominational flag, and throw off my shackles. I stand on tip-toe and shout at the top of my voice that henceforth I am no longer a sectarian preacher, or the slave of a medieval creed. I entered the ministry when I was nineteen years of age, and ever loved the work of helping men to gain more light and a truer knowledge of the Inspired Word. But I came to find that in the Presbyterian church, I could not study and arrive at my own conclusions, although I could study all I wanted to, if I promised to arrive at the conclusions of the iron-bound creed.

Henceforth no creed shall bind me. No denominational lines, or sectarian fences shall lock me in. I have leaped over the fence. I have escaped from my chains. I have the wide world to build upon and immensity to build into—the church of goodness and love. The simple words of Christ shall be my creed, and no doctrine that cannot be proven from the express utterances of Christ shall I preach as CHRISTIAN. Before I was fenced in, and whenever I tried to investigate in any particular line, I could go as far as the denominational fence and then had to turn back. Did I once or twice dare to stand high and look beyond the fence, then I was suspected of heresy, and threats were made against me not to venture it again. But O! how glad I am, the fence is knocked down, and now I have just as much liberty to think, and speak, as any man whom "the truth has made free." My future pulpit shall be honest and daring. I shall tell all I know and the best that I know. I shall fly as far as my wings can carry me. I shall welcome all who, independent of creed and dogma, "love mercy, walk humbly and do justly" before God.

Physical Salvation.

If salvation means anything, it means to save from suffering. The suffering on earth comes more from physical debility than from any other source. A wicked man is reasonably happy as the world goes, if sound and well. The noblest and tenderest soul is often full of gloom and sorrow, when the body is suffering from disease. Sickness comes because of violation of natural law. Wise men of all ages have been searching for a panacea. Almost every substance in nature has been used.

Magnetism, as applied through the hands of a strong magnetic healer, is believed by multitudes to be the most scientific and beneficial treatment known. But to always have such a healer present is impossible. Dr. C. I. Thacher, of Chicago, has improved a mechanical arrangement which is claimed to be perfection. It is called the Magnetic Shield. These garments are made by the Chicago Magnetic Shield Co., No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago.

A JOURNAL representative has taken special pains to go to their factory and look the business over, and see the process by which magnetic clothing is made. Everything was first class. The process of construction seemed thorough and honest. The goods turned out are very fine as well as comfortable. Several members of the JOURNAL's staff are wearing them and believe them to be good protection, while their gentle power seems to correct abnormal conditions in the blood and body. Dr. Thacher is a regularly graduated physician, and has been long connected with advanced thought on therapeutic science. He has made his Magnetic Shields for five years and tested them, and the results have been marvelous. He is the consulting physician in the Chicago Magnetic Shield Co. From all parts of the civilized world come inquiries about "Magnetic Clothing." These shields, it is claimed, keep one warm in the coldest weather and comfortable in any climate. From personal experience it is found these shields will wear from one to three years.

We have read letters from all parts of the country telling of the astonishing benefits derived from the use of this remedial agent, letters which tell of cures after the best medical talent had given up the cases as hopeless. The most skeptical critic cannot investigate the results of the use of these shields without being staggered by the favorable testimony. We have known Dr. Thacher for years, and know him to be an enthusiastic believer in all that he claims for the goods of the Magnetic Shield Co. We publish the foregoing in answer to numerous inquiries. For further particulars we refer those interested to the Magnetic Shield Company, No. 6, Central Music Hall Building, Chicago.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Race Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1884.

Business Notices.

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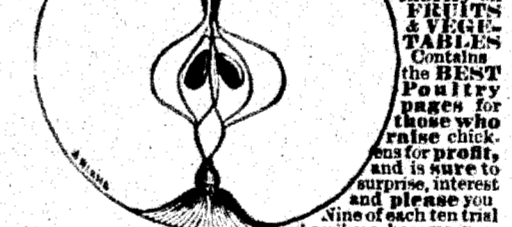
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The Increase of Insanity.

Boston supports 800 insane, says Mr. T. B. Sanborn, not 75 of whom will recover! This is frightful! Insanity has increased 40 per cent in a decade and most of the cases are incurable. Whatever the individual cause may be, the fact remains that Uric Acid blood sets the brain on fire, destroys its tissues, and then comes some form of fatal lunacy. Nothing is so pitiable as a mind diseased. Most brain troubles begin in the stomach; then if the blood is filled with uric acid, caused by failure of kidney action, and the consequent destruction of the blood life—albumen—you have the fuel and the flame and a brain in full blaze as when one raves, or in slow combustion, as in milder forms of insanity. Rev. E. D. Hopkins, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., a few years ago was confined in an asylum. He took a terrible cold while aiding in putting out a fire in a neighbor's burning house, and for twenty-five years that cold was slowly filling his blood with uric acid and finally the deadly work was done. The case looked hopeless but he happily used Warner's safe cure and recovered. That was three years ago and having rid his blood of all surplus uric acid, he has remained well until this day. It is indeed a terrible thing to lose one's mind, but it is a more terrible thing to suffer such a condition when it can be so easily prevented.

The labor problem will be discussed in The Century during the coming year by several writers of prominence. The first article in the series is by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott. It will appear in the November number, with a full-page engraving of a picture by a young American artist, Robert Koehler, called "The Socialist." This picture will be remembered as attracting attention in the last annual exhibition of the National Academy.

Since last October I have suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head—often in the night having to get up and inhale salt and water for relief. My eye has been, for a week at a time, so I could not see. I have used a number of remedies, also employed a doctor, who said it was impure blood—but I got no help. I used Ely's Cream Balm on the recommendation of a friend. I was faithless, but in a few days was cured. My nose now, and also my eye, is well. It is wonderful how quick it helped me. MRS. GEORGE S. JUDSON, Hartford, Conn. Easy to use. Price 50 cents.

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Codfish are swarming in Shasta River, California, where they were never known before. They bear a remarkable resemblance to salmon.

A Bargain in Corner Lots is what most men desire, but to keep from filling a grave in a cemetery lot ere half your days are numbered, always keep a supply of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" by you. When the first symptoms of consumption appear lose no time in putting yourself under the treatment of this invaluable medicine. It cures when nothing else will. Possessing, as it does, ten times the virtue of the best cod liver oil, it is not only the cheapest but far the pleasantest to take. It purifies and enriches the blood, strengthens the system, cures blotches, pimples, eruptions and other humors. By druggists.

Samuel Kissinger, of Williamsport, Pa., recently killed a rattlesnake that was 15 feet in length and had 25 rattles. Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, premature old age, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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An Englishman has demonstrated that a snail can creep 800 feet between sunrise and sunset.

Do you snore in church? With the use of Fisher's Mouth-breathing Inhibitor you can sleep in church and not snore. See advt.

The King of Denmark has a wart on his chin, to remove which he has offered \$10,000.

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WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED? BY R. G. INGERSOLL. Price, 25 Cents, Postpaid. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

BY SARAH WILDER PRATT.

Father, I look to Thee,
Oh! give relief;
Thy love alone
Canst soothe my grief.

My aching heart will own
No idol more;
My heavenly Father now
Will I adore.

From Thy bright home above,
Care for me still,
And in my soul I'll bow
To Thy sweet will.

For gifts of grace from Thee
I'll search Thy word,
And with Thy Heavenly love
My life accord.

Materialization Phenomena at Glasgow.

Along with the present intellectual outpouring noticeable in Spiritualism, and which like the affluents of an angel of strength is carrying spiritual teachings into many new quarters, I desire to place on record the experiences I had at a materialization seance held in Glasgow a few weeks ago. I always feel inclined to direct the thoughts of others to points of progress, as an incentive to perseveringly pursue the work of reformation so energetically carried on under the *egis* of Spiritualism. Before I proceed with my narrative I would simply say that all the parties, sensitive included, move in private life. Being in Glasgow at the time to which I refer, an old and valued friend invited me to attend their weekly sitting, and having been a stranger to such meetings for some time, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. The seance room I found supplied with arrangements such as I had not before met with; indicating the care and attention bestowed on the production of good phenomena, and evidence also of the earnestness of the sitters. The arrangements to which I refer, were the extension on each side of the cabinet of frames covered with dark cloth, so that they could be moved about to suit the light, and admit thereby of a clearer view of the psychic forms that visit the circle.

We sat down in the form of a half-circle, a small lamp shining through beautifully tinted blue glass affording a soft and pleasant light in all parts of the room. The proceedings began by one of our number manipulating some good music from an instrument called a cabinet. During this time the sensitive or instrument, through whom the psychic forms gained power and the means of admittance to our presence, sat in the circle. After a little general conversation, we observed the sensitive under the control of some spirit-friend, who made it known to us that the meeting was well constituted, having favorable elements, and that good phenomena would probably be elicited; a statement which filled our minds with a cheerful expectancy of the spiritual feast in store for us.

At length it was suggested by the controlling intelligence that the sensitive take his seat behind the curtains of the cabinet. In some quarters very much is said of the difficulty of distinguishing spirit-forms from the medium, and it is inferred that if you see the medium you see the form, and if you see the form you see the medium; the effort being to create much doubt and confusion of mind, casting dust in the eyes of the investigator, and perverting the vision of the searcher after truth. In this instance the sensitive or medium was never wholly out of ken during the entire seance; for the keen eyes of the sitters saw him reclining in his chair while the curtains were being moved about to allow the psychic or spirit forms to come out before the company; at other times his voice was heard within the cabinet, and other unmistakable signs of his being in his proper place were afforded while the forms were in view.

The first indication of the real work of the sitting was the presence of a spirit standing within two feet of the lady occupying the seat at the right hand corner of the circle. It presented the appearance of a tall lady, moving rapidly and gracefully to different parts of the room, as if scrutinizing the sitters and the arrangements, and, to my mind, performing the part of a forerunner to the approaching manifestations to be witnessed by us.

There appeared simultaneously with this spirit, a tall form with a magnificent beard, and altogether different in movement and proportions to the first spirit, whose radiant outline was still perfectly visible. This masculine personality, now clearly defined before us, was ponderous in his composition, the boards of the floor vibrating beneath his tread; and certainly for a time the characteristic features of matter were seen portrayed in the transitory garb of the spirit-form which stood before us. There was evidently a strong desire on the part of this spirit to manifest clearly and bring the great fact which he was demonstrating home to the minds of the spectators; the same eager desire to quench our doubts as I have seen manifested by "John King" at Mr. Williams's seances in London; so anxious to wipe out all unbelief, and afford perfect satisfaction on the most momentous question of existence.

This spirit desired to manipulate the cabinet, and that instrument was handed over to his care. The little table on which it stood was placed in a favorable position, and the spirit came forward and enveloped table and instrument in a white cloud, which appeared gradually withdrawn to himself. His arm was then extended, but the necessary hand to manipulate the instrument was not visible. Another movement, and the hand, perfectly formed, laid hold of the handle of the cabinet, and began to play. But the music was now altered in tone,—the notes were sweeter and of more sympathetic expression, and again fuller and more powerful, beyond the normal capacity of the instrument, yet in strict artistic harmony with the proper rendering of the tune. This evidence of the musical ability of the spirit made a favorable impression on our minds, presenting a marked contrast to the mere mechanical efforts of our kind, social, mortal brother, who had previously turned the handle.

A desire prevailed to know the name and individuality of this spirit-friend. He came up to me, put his hand over my head, and the thought vividly passed through my mind that he was "Sir Michael Scott," an account of whose posthumous actions has already graced the pages of the *Medium*. This thought on my part proved to be correct, and elicited a very cordial response from our visitor. We all obtained a close inspection of the face and entire form, as he came near to every sifter, and with the aid of the black framed frame that has been already alluded to, the light was made to fall direct on his person, enabling him to be seen to the very best advantage. He very obligingly assumed different positions, so as to afford one of the

sitters a satisfactory look at him. During this crucial episode, the sensitive within the cabinet was clearly seen through the open curtains, and his voice was heard, speaking under the influence and control of another spirit. This was a conclusive and beautiful illustration of the mysterious abilities with which we are endowed, and which only require spiritual unfoldment on the part of mankind to be universally recognized.

Thus I have described the advent of this spiritual being, so suddenly amongst us in material form. His withdrawal to the sphere or state from which he emanated, was to us a lesson equally instructive. As he stood in the centre of the circle, in full view of us all, the stately proportions of the form began gradually to diminish. Part after part rapidly dissolved into invisibility, quickly as it had attained material solidity; and in about one minute's time, this ponderous, solid, material, sentient, and in every way human form, was resolved into the impalpable elements from which it had, only a short time before, been derived.

"Sir Michael Scott" was no sooner out of sight, the last vestige of him apparently sinking into the carpet, than he began to grow up again in the reverse manner to which he had disappeared. Having attained to the proportions in which he had previously been seen, he bowed "Good night" and retired behind the curtain that formed the cabinet.

Another female spirit, well-known to the circle, materialized and stood before us. Presently the medium was controlled by a male spirit to speak to us. The medium rose from his chair, the female spirit took his arm, and thus they stood while the medium under control talked to us.

Another spirit also came into view, and from appearance it was at once judged to be of the female sex. She had large, lustrous eyes, and an exuberance of dark hair falling in graceful curls over her shoulders. She was at once recognized, and greeted by name, as she frequently manifests to the circle. I remembered the name, as belonging to one who had long ago left earth-life, but who is still retained in kindly remembrance, because of her goodness of heart and many benevolent acts. Notwithstanding these marked peculiarities of person, the name in addition, this spirit had not been recognized by the circle all through a long course of materializations, though she was known to the sensitive. To me the likeness was perfect; and I alone realized the presence of her who had been known by the same name and possessed the same personal characteristics years ago in earth-life. This manifestation came home to me with a peculiar force, and I received it with joy, thus rewarding our faithful spirit-friend for long waiting, during which period she had nevertheless fulfilled an important function in the work of that circle. This spirit, though not so demonstrative in action as the previous one, yet met a requirement, which appealed more significantly to the faith we have in individual spirits coming back for recognition to those who have known them while in the flesh.

At this point the curtains of the cabinet were drawn aside, and the sensitive, with the chair on which he was seated, was brought to the front, and quite close to the sitters. He began to converse with us under influence, on the nature and conditions of a good seance; pointing out the philosophy of, as well as the teachings derived from, the facts of spirit manifestation which we had that night witnessed. This induced a somewhat serious mental condition of the surroundings, which the control felicitously removed by stating that the visible presence of the spirit in the circle was a demonstration of a novel idea, being nothing less than an effect before a cause. One of the sitters objected that such an arrangement could not in the order of things be possible. The control answered that in the common affairs of life, such a reversal of philosophic order frequently occurred, instancing the case of a man pushing a wheelbarrow before him! This climax to our philosophical disquisition produced a general burst of hilarity, which put all in good humor and produced those easy conditions favorable for the successful closing of the seance, when the spirit, that had been recognized in material form, passed away from our view by what might be called vaporization. Certainly her form was not that of the sensitive, who remained firmly seated in our presence while the spirit disappeared, and who soon afterwards took his place beside us in the circle.

We unhesitatingly advance these facts as demonstrative evidence of man's immortality. Whatever may be urged by theorists, as to the power for characteristic manifestation leaving the spirit soon after parting with the material body, does not apply in the case of the spirit whom I have so minutely described and recognized. The well-known features of earthly personality were not only unmistakably present, but there was breathing through them a power of characteristic individuality, which did not find expression in such an intense form during earth-life. Our long and varied experience in spirit-communion has enabled us to observe, that the individuality becomes more pronounced in spirit-life. Old age returns with the freshness of youth; ignorance gives place to penetrating knowledge, all the mental powers are active, progress in all forms is stamped on the resurrected powers of the returning spirit. There is no decay of any attribute, no diminution of ability, in those who under proper conditions manifest to us from the New Life to which they have attained. Though thus far we can gather satisfaction from spirit-communion, still our feet have scarcely made their impress on an altogether unexplored territory, abounding with infinite changes to the spirit of man, and embracing the glorious possibilities of an endless eternity.

The opposition of the Christian sects to spirit-communion is a strange proceeding, seeing that they profess to promote the spiritual elevation and happiness of man. Unfortunately they deal in mystery, as regards man's spiritual state, which is a necessity of their ignorance of the subject; and in cases where they attempt to teach they mislead much more than they enlighten. Though under the ban of priestly intolerance, yet Spiritualism speaks words of generous comfort and strength to the human soul. Our experience on the occasion described above afforded evidences on this important point. A cheering and invigorating influence was experienced by each sifter; no exhaustion of physical power or depression of feeling; as may arise from ill-conditioned sittings; and here comes in the question of spiritual law, defining the use and abuse of such sittings. It is strictly a private circle; the same sitters, no interlopers. The traffic in mediumship, the promiscuous attendance, the unprepared sitters, are the destruction of the power to manifest, the degradation of the medium, and too frequently end in disgrace to the cause.

These considerations I would in conclusion

press home on all interested in the promotion of Spiritualism through this form of manifestation. This gift of the Spirit is of such unspeakable importance, that it should be received with gratitude and put to sacred use. In the brief space of time, of which I have supplied an imperfect chronicle, we received a mighty volume of revealed truth, outweighing the textual superstructure of the whole Christian Church.—ALEX. DUGUID, in *Medium and Daybreak, Eng.*

Witchcraft—Wonderful Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Helio-Philosophical Journal:

In your issue of September 26th, is a very interesting scrap of the unpublished history of Massachusetts. As a history of the lineage of the Morse family, and of the first prosecution for witchcraft in this country, it is a success; but as an explanation of the phenomena on which the prosecutions for witchcraft were founded, it is open to criticism. It is in no spirit of captious criticism that this article is written; but in the endeavor to find a clue by which these phenomena, and similar mysteries which have occurred in various countries from time to time, may be solved. The troubles occurred in the house of William Morse, of Newbury, a man of nearly seventy, but still able to support himself by shoemaking. These phenomena were such as to cause the sentence of death to be pronounced against Mrs. Morse for witchcraft, but after lying in prison a long time, she escaped by being reprieved by the Governor and a higher court.

The writer of said article has an easy solution of these mysterious occurrences which caused so much trouble. He says: "The belief in witchcraft was universal at that time, and afforded a solution of every thing strange and unintelligible." The old shoemaker, of course, also believed in witchcraft and was made an easy dupe of a mischievous grandson's pranks who lived in the house with the Morse's.

It is certainly putting a low estimate upon the intelligence of the several courts before which the case came, and the long list of witnesses who testified on the trial, that the tricks of this lad were never detected, nor even a mention made that he was suspected, except by the smart Yankee schoolteacher who laid claim to a knowledge of astrology and superior learning. He also was tried for witchcraft, but for lack of evidence was acquitted, but made to "bear the shame and pay the costs."

I will now quote some of the testimony upon the trial of Mrs. Morse, and afterwards a detail of some mysterious occurrences upon a ranch during the present summer, in the foothills of the Sierras. I do this in the endeavor to find a clue to unravel the mystery. Mystery does not inhere in the nature of things, but is simply expressive that the causes and relations of occurrences are not clear to us.

Mr. Wm. Morse, in the trial of Powell, which was repeated on the trial of his wife, said among other things:

"The next day, Sunday, stones, sticks and bricks came down the chimney. On Monday, Mr. Richardson, the minister, and my brother were there. . . . In ye afternoon ye pots hanging over ye fire did dash so vehemently one against another that we did set down one that they might not dash to pieces. I saw ye andiron leap into ye pott and dance, and leap out, and again leap in, and leap on a table and there abide. Also I saw ye pott turn over, and throw down all ye water. Again we see a tray with wool leap up and down, and throw ye wool out, and saw nobody meddle with it. Again my tools fell down on ye ground, and before my boy could take them they were sent from him. Again when my wife and ye boy were making ye bed, ye chest did open and shut, ye bed clothes would not be made to lay on ye bed, but flew off again. We saw a keeler of bread turn over. A chair did often bow to me. Ye bed did move to and fro. My chair would not stand still, but was ready to throw me backward. Ye catt was thrown at us five times. A great stone of six pounds weight did remove from place to place. I was minded to write; do what I would, I could hardly keep my paper."

Anthony Morse said:
"A pece of brick had come down the chimne. I sitting in the corner towde that pece of brick in my hand. Within a little space of time ye pece of brick wa: gone from me I know not what meanes. Quickly after it come down chimne. Also in ye chimne corner I saw a hammer on ye ground. Their bein no person nigh it, it was soderly gone, by what meanes I know not; but within a littell spas it fell down chimne."

The following witnesses testified on the trial:
Thomas Hardy, Rev. Mr. Richardson, John Dole, Elizabeth Titcomb, Joseph Myrick and Joseph Morse. As far as the evidence is given these had no suspicion that the moving missiles were produced by the young boy. Powell in his own defense, attributes the trouble to the mischievous boy; but Wm. Morse said, "Powell, how can the boy do them things?"

The writer of that article says that the belief in witchcraft was universal, and mysterious phenomena were without question attributed to that source. That was the superstition of witchcraft. In the present century the belief in the uniformity of the laws of nature is almost universal, and all mysterious occurrences are attributed to trickery. This is the superstition of science, so-called. Of course I use the term, laws of nature, in the restricted sense of applying to physical objects and forces known to science.

At a late meeting of the Metaphysical Society in London, composed of the foremost minds of England, about one-half opposed the doctrine of the uniformity of natural laws. Huxley cautiously admitted that the doctrine could not be proved and was only held as a working hypothesis. But belief in the uniformity doctrine is so strong that when well authenticated facts occur, that cannot be explained by this theory, so much the worse for the facts. The theory must be saved, even if contrary to facts. Is this scientific?

If we adopt as a working hypothesis the idea that forces and intelligent agents, capable of producing these mysterious movements of missiles, exist, but wholly unrecognized by science, all difficulties vanish. It seems to conform to all the facts. It is impossible in one article to go extensively into the evidence sustaining this position; a few limited quotations must suffice.

I quote the evidence given under oath in a legal trial by the Mayor of Clideville, France, in regard to mysterious occurrences at the parsonage in the winter of 1850-51. The Mayor of Clideville deposed that he saw the tongs leap from the fireplace into the room. Then the shovel did the same thing, a child being accused of doing it. He denied having touched them. They were then replaced, and a second time leaped forward into the room. This time, as the Mayor testified, he had his eyes fixed upon them, so as to detect the trick

in case any one pushed them, but nothing was to be seen.

M. Leroux, curate of Laussay, deposes that being at the parsonage, he witnessed things that were inexplicable to him. He saw a hammer fly, impelled by an invisible force, from the spot where it lay, and fall on the floor of the room with no more noise than if a hand had lightly placed it there. He also saw a piece of bread that was lying on the table move of itself, and fall below the table. He was so placed that it was impossible that any one could have done these things without his seeing him do them.

The Hon. J. J. Owen, for twenty-five years, editor of the San Jose (Cal.) *Mercury*, a man who stood high in his profession, relates a case of a *Peller Ghost*, or rock-throwing ghost that occurred in San Jose. The family of Mr. Reardon was disturbed by rocks thrown, apparently from an invisible source. This continued three months. Detectives were employed. He changed his residence twice, but the third house was treated as bad as the first. Mr. Owen and a friend were called to witness the wonder, which they did about half an hour before sunset. The windows of the body of the house having been broken, were boarded up, and the rocks were thrown into the kitchen through the open door. One skeptic stood in front of the door in the kitchen, saying he thought no stones would be thrown while he was there, but soon one weighing half a pound struck the plastering with force close to his head. The unknown took the most effectual way to convince some people—to cause rocks to whiz about their ears. The phenomenon gradually ceased, but the perpetrators were not detected, which plainly they must have been, had they been of a visible character.

I will conclude this article by a short quotation from the account of the Shasta Ghost, written by the writer of this article on the spot where they occurred. The disturbances commenced in the residence of Peter Fisher in Shasta County, California, and continued about four weeks, including what occurred nine miles away at Millville, whither the family went to escape the annoyance. Mr. J. L. Nichols, druggist of Millville, said:

"I saw several articles fly swiftly through the room, from points where no one could reach them. When they struck there was a detonating sound like that produced by a sharp blow upon the table with the knuckles. I saw the feather duster, a moment before started, lying on the sewing machine. It went, feathers foremost, through the door and the porch, and about twelve feet into the yard, alighting with the aforesaid detonation. Several billets of wood and stone flew about generally alighting on Annie Fisher's ankle, which was lame."

I will not extend these quotations; suffice it to say that they occurred in the houses of skeptics, but no clue to the mystery was ever obtained. The writer is aware that the value of evidence depends on the competence of the observer; but after reading a great number of cases extending through two centuries, I can see no good reason why the essential part of the accounts are not reliable except that they conflict with the theory of physical scientists who find it easier to deny the facts than to adjust their theories to them.

The case of the house of Dr. Eliakim Phelps, of Stratford, Connecticut, which occurred in 1850, is so much in point that I will add a few words that the Doctor says in regard to it.

"I have seen things in motion more than a thousand times, and in most cases when no visible power was exerted by which the motion could be produced. There have been broken from my windows seventy one panes of glass—more than thirty I have seen break with my own eyes. I have seen objects, such as brushes, tumblers, candlesticks, snufflers etc., which a few moments before I knew to be at rest, fly against the glass and dash it in pieces, when it was utterly impossible from the direction in which they moved that any visible power could have caused the motion. As to the reality of these facts they can be proved by testimony a hundred times greater than is ordinarily required in our courts of justice in cases of life and death."

JOHN ALLEN.

Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

Mrs. Brigham—Fraudulent Materialization—An Etherization Witnessed at Lake Pleasant—J. J. Morse, the English Trance Medium.

To the Editor of the Helio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Brigham's lectures continue to still attract large and intelligent audiences,—many coming from the churches. Her lectures are more conversational than argumentative, but still touching the reasoning powers of the hearer by logical statements and keen analysis. The lecture of Sunday evening covered a wide range, that of "Spiritual Gifts," her text being the words of Jesus when an inquiry came from John "that the blind are made to see, the lame to walk, the deaf to hear and the poor have the Gospel preached to them." The speaker referred to the medial powers of the Nazarene, of his clear perception of spiritual things, and that his life and work were in accord with our faith, and with its phenomena, showing that our healers possess the same power, and that the same law governed and controlled all such manifestations of the power of spirit.

The speaker referred to "materialization" as a fact, and illustrated it by the materialization of Jesus without cabinet or semi-darkness; that we are now told that when investigators desire to know if the forms that appear at materialization seances are real spirits, embodied, or those who had passed to the other life, there should be such reasonable conditions that the investigator can test their genuineness. When Jesus appeared to his disciples, Thomas was incredulous. Jesus did not rebuke him, but invited him to test the fact by his own sense of feeling. The speaker argued that our spirit friends should do the same. All honest mediums should be willing to aid spirits in proving their personality and their identity. The speaker spoke of the temptation of Jesus, and of the remarkable story of the devil taking him up into a high mountain and offering him all that he saw, if he would fall down and worship him. There are evil influences on the other side that can come to mediums who are blinded by avarice and desire for gain. It is to be deprecated, this constant desire of mediums and investigators to see some marvelous exhibition of spirit power. This is not the mission of Spiritualism. The "good news," or the "Gospel to the poor," should consist in the spiritualization of the masses, bringing them into a better conception of the needs of the soul. This, to the speaker, seemed to be the highest and best conception of the mission of Spiritualism. All forms and manifestations should be utilized for such a purpose. Mediums, who are so sensitive to all their surroundings, should desire the best unfoldment of their medial powers. This can be done by right

living and doing, by associating with those who are not "wonder seekers" but "wisdom seekers." All of us who are interested in this New Gospel of "Good News," and the humblest mediums, who are earnest, honest and sincere in their purpose, can aid those who are looking for the truth. Each of us has a work to do, and it should be our aim to aspire for the best that can be received from the Spirit-world. If all would so strive, then would we hear less of fraud and immorality among those who are being used to demonstrate the continuity of life by this influx of light and love from the beyond.

The subject selected for the improvised poems were "Evergreen" and "Good News," and they were exceptionally good in rhythm, imagery and spirituality.

Our Mediums' Meetings continue to be largely attended, a large proportion being from the churches. Many come in the habiliments of woe. To some blessings are given in loving messages, or in startling revelations of their life lines.

We were favored by the presence of Mrs. Edith E. Reynolds, of New York City, who spoke of her surprise to find our meeting so full, and the attendance of so many intelligent persons who desired to find out this truth. Her control referred to the many in her audience with mourning garb, and said that this is all wrong; all should rejoice that the loved are living still and present in large numbers; although unseen by the natural eyes they are here with their love and a blessing for all.

Mr. John Slater made some forcible remarks in regard to materialization, which he claimed was but seldom or ever seen; he knew that "Etherization" is possible. He referred to the recent exposure of Mrs. Eugenia Beste, and said he knew of her exposure in Philadelphia, several years ago, and that all such persons would sooner or later be driven from any public support or recognition.

Mrs. Holmes said that her experience in the investigation of materialization dated back to her visit to Mrs. Huntoon, in Vermont many years ago, when Col. Olcott was there; she had not been able to find in all her investigations one materialized spirit that she could recognize. She agreed with Mr. Slater as to etherization, as she had seen such phenomenon. Much that is claimed as materialization, is but spirit personation, by some termed transfiguration. Mrs. H. is an old Spiritualist and a medium of rare gifts.

Mrs. Reynolds, by request, made a statement of an experience had at Lake Pleasant Camp meeting, in August. Her gifts had said if she would sit for the purpose outside of any cabinet with a good light, that they would try to show themselves. At the camp she did sit with a friend. As the cottage was unplastered, some light would come in from outside, and they hung up a dark shawl on the side of the room. She and her friend both felt icy cold from the waist to the top of their heads, and then both saw with clearness the form of a spirit, head and bust to the waist, and which might properly be termed etherization. The speaker said she had failed to recognize any spirit at any of the materialization seances, although at one which she had attended in New York City, only a few days before, names and facts had been given which could not have been known by the medium. She hoped to be frequently with us, and was glad to find our work so successful.

Mr. John Slater gave a great many satisfactory tests, all of which were recognized.

Mr. J. J. Morse, who is now speaking to large and appreciative audiences in the Grand Opera House, New York City, is to occupy our platform. We have glowing accounts of his powers as a speaker. A friend who heard him Sunday morning, himself a lawyer, and a good critic, said he had been agreeably surprised by Mr. Morse's powers, both as an orator and as an elocutionist; and that he was handled by spirits of great intelligence. For the five Sundays of November, the morning lectures will be more interesting to those who are Spiritualists. In the evening, the subject will be of a wider scope and more adapted to mixed audiences. Mr. Morse will hold a meeting in our church on Tuesday evening, in which written questions will be answered, spirit poems improvised, and some fun as well as instruction will be furnished to those who may come.

The subjects upon which Mr. Morse's controls will speak upon in our church during November, are as follows:

- Nov. 1st, A. M., "Spiritualism, its Basis"; P. M., "Dead Gods versus Living Hopes"; 5th, A. M., "Mediumship; its Philosophy and Responsibilities"; P. M., "Helping God"; 15th, A. M., "Homes in the Hereafter"; P. M., "The Coming Church"; 22nd, A. M., "Spirit Communion, its Uses Considered"; P. M., "From Heaven to Earth"; 29th, A. M., "Spiritual Growth"; P. M., "Man, a Prophecy of the Angel."

These subjects cover a wide range, and should have careful attention and hearing.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, will speak for us on Dec. 20th and 27th.

S. B. NICHOLS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 19th.



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