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ARTS, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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

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

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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

By Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham, Before the First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, Sunday Morning, May 31st, 1885.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal by George H. Meitner.)

INVOCATION.

O, Thou whose sacred presence is as continually and lovingly near us in the shadow as in the sunshine; Thou who art forever just and forever kind—we look to Thee for inspiration, and we come to Thee for instruction. We do not come driven by some strange, sad fear of future punishment, but we come questioning our Father and our Mother God. We come with souls that would realize Thy sacred presence and draw from it strength, comfort and wisdom, which we so greatly need. We thank Thee that Thou art near to every soul; that prayer, however it may be offered, is heard and understood by Thee and answered in Thine own good way. The prayer of the worshiper facing the rising sun and asking for a better life, for purer thoughts, for greater strength to do good, however he may offer his prayer, it finds Thee and Thou dost answer it. The prayer of the little child awakening in the brightness of the morning folding its hands and praying, "Our Father who art in Heaven," is known and understood by Thee. The prayer of the sufferer, of the sinner, of the dying, and of all on earth in their sorrow or in their rejoicing, and of all that have passed from the limitations of the earth, we thank Thee that their prayer is heard by Thee, and that each one is answered in Thine good way.

We thank Thee, O Father, for the fair earth, for the beauty of the season, just coming into summer brightness. We thank Thee for all growth of humanity; we thank Thee for the spirit of liberty and the spirit of union and harmony in the land, and for the angel of Charity which brightens the heart. O Father, help and guide us that we may see the truth wherever it may be. O infinite love, be thou with us and teach us how to love one another; teach us how to labor for the greatest good of all humanity, and may we be made free from narrowness and jealousy, and may we grow strong in the doing of good deeds, and may the beautiful and the true live within us and bear fruit in our lives forever. Amen.

It seems to me that it is time for the Spiritualists, fathers and mothers, to turn their attention to the education of their children in the spiritual philosophy. What say the spirits?

There is no bondage that a mortal can know that is so deplorable as mental bondage. Where only the body is bound, there are great and glorious things possible for the individual. If any one has ever read or informed himself in regard to the doctrine of Epictetus, one who was taught, as the name indicates, the slave's condition, he can realize that this man had a master; in the spirit he was free for he had climbed the mountains of philosophic thought and no man was master of his soul. But there are errors that men generally use, dark superstitious fears, the presence of which we cannot destroy until we learn the truth. The only liberty that is complete in its breadth, depth and height, is liberty that comes through truth. Your bodies may be chained; they may lie within some dungeon cell, but no man can grasp and imprison your spirit, for that has the liberty wherewith God has made it free. Now if you have this liberty; if you no longer dread death; if you no longer fear the future; if this matter of Hades is to you a myth or a symbol and nothing more than that; if you

have grown away from the limits which priests have set, would you not have your children have this same liberty?

You ask us, "What is the duty of Spiritualists in attending to the education of their children in the spiritual philosophy?" All true Spiritualists realize the value of this philosophy whose light, shining around them, takes away the fear of death and the dread of the future. We feel the importance of imparting this philosophy to the plastic minds of childhood. It is true, that, in this Society, in particular, there has been a great and continuous effort, an effort that has involved more of patience and self-denial than you who are only lookers-on can understand; an effort which has made beautiful the blossoming soul of one who is present to-day, and who month after month and year after year patiently took her place as a leader and teacher of the children who came here Sunday after Sunday. This Spiritualist Sunday school was called the Children's Progressive Lyceum. You are aware of the history of its foundation, and aware that the founder, perhaps for reasons known to himself, after a time left this beautiful idea of his for others to adopt and carry on as best they might. The idea was beautiful, and it is not dead. We cannot tell how much it may be changed before it becomes a final success. We know an effort has been faithfully made, and has been continued for years to carry the idea out to fulfillment. We know for lack of support the work lagged.

Spiritualists feel that children must be educated in the right, and they ought to know this truth; not that truth may make them free merely, but also that truth may keep them free. We assure you that at any time when a sufficient number shall rise to carry on this work, it will be taken up. You can bring the children together if you try; you can instruct them if you try; but it will not do to fold your arms and say, "Why don't somebody have a Sabbath school for the children. Work is not done with folded arms, but by those who have heart and energy, and we tell you when the people show that they have those qualities then there will be a successful Sunday school for the teaching of the children.

Please give your view of the meaning of the day of Pentecost.

You probably know the Church has a day of celebration, and its celebration is looked upon with interest by the Roman Catholics and by certain of the Protestant sects. A day rises broadly free among the Sundays of the year, a day that is called Whitsuntide. It is a day when they celebrate the Feast of Pentecost. What was it? Shall we tell you the story? We tell you of a certain number of earnest people who had grasped the light of the beautiful truth which had set them free, and these individuals were harmonious and their harmony was developed to a beautiful significance. They met together in a certain place with one accord; that is, there was a spirit of harmony which drew them there, their thoughts ran in the same channel. In the midst of that pure atmosphere of spiritual harmony, suddenly there was heard a noise as of a mighty rushing sound. If you have ever investigated Spiritualism and seen the manifestations—perhaps had in your homes—you will know something about this that we read in the story of the Feast of Pentecost. At a glance you can feel the rush of the cool air across your cheek and over your hands. We believe the sounds heard at seances are something like those sounds we have already referred to; but this was not the only manifestation. The Holy Ghost, the holy spirit descended upon them. Have you ever witnessed in a spiritual manifestation the wonderful lights that came? Sometimes they are like tongues of flame—sometimes like stars—sometimes like luminous spheres—a light, a glow, a halo like that which came over the saints of old. Holy spirits came there and the Bible says they were filled with the Holy Ghost and spoke in different tongues. People of different nations were gathered there; they spoke in different tongues and each one heard and understood as though all had spoken in one tongue. It was spiritual communion, spirits of different tongues speaking. That is the Feast of Pentecost; that is the Bible story. The Church in its fair Whitsuntide celebrates the event of the descent of the Holy Ghost. That which has been done under like circumstances can be done again. And we read, "signs shall be given; in my name shall ye raise the dead and cast out devils." Some of these signs are given to-day, but the world don't understand it. If the question was asked to-day, "Who can do these things?" the answer comes, Spiritualists can do some of these things. It is a fact that we preach the laws of the old prophecy, the beautiful prophecy of the long ago. This gift is from God for man, not for one alone, but for all time, and only man can receive it, only man can use the gift. The Church teaches Spiritualism, but under another name. The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive. To-day those who are unseen can return to earth and they come as with the sound of a mighty rushing wind. It is for man to awake and know the truth and the truth shall make him free.

Are our departed friends in spirit-land cognizant of our actions in this earthly life, and are they grieved at our errors and weaknesses?

This question comes to us over and over again. We accept it because we know that there are some who have never heard the answer. Some who ask the question say within themselves, I cannot understand how

it is, if the spirits of the dead know what we are doing, and see the follies and the evils of our lives, how can they be happy, how can there be any heaven for them?—a mother looking at the sufferings of her little child, a wife looking upon the evil deeds of her husband, or a husband looking in like manner upon the life of one he has loved so truly; and how can it be, they ask, that some child in heaven looks upon the mother, whose heart is surrounded with anguish, blinded with tears, bearing the burdens of life? On earth their eyes were dimmed for the sins of others. Is it true that when they have passed from earth to the better land they can still come back and witness these things, and their hearts still be glad and the flowers of heaven seem just as beautiful to them, and the music of the better country be just as sweet when they see the tears of earthly friends? Tell us how our friends can be happy and yet be cognizant of these sorrows and sufferings of the earthly life?

Friends, did you ever know that wisdom is revelation? Did you ever realize what wisdom is? In the better land, if your friends could see no farther than you see, if they could see no more than you see, heaven would be a place of shadows and eyes would be dimmed with tears there and the angels would cease their singing and would weep over the pains of this troubled life; but as it is, when they come to you and look at your condition, they see that out of sorrows will spring some golden joy; out of this will come some beautiful gain. The water lily grows from the mud, but its flower is white as the thoughts of angels and its sweet fragrance is indescribable; and yet see what it comes from. And so with the joys and gladness of heaven. If it were not for your sufferings, your mistakes, you could have no growth of soul. The angels know this and so they come to you and help you. They say, "Carry your crosses, we will cover them with roses; carry them, and we will help to make them lighter."

Life is much like the bitter-sweet. Did you ever notice how the berry when it begins to ripen commences with a dull color, has nothing of great beauty until the frost comes; and then the color deepens, and by and by the outside covering folds back and then there is a round and beautiful heart, scarlet and perfect; but it takes the frost to unfold it and reveal it. And so with your lives, the glory of your consolations must come through frost, and if it does not come through your personality, it must come through the trouble of some of your friends; if the pain don't strike you at first it will come through the hearts of others. Life is bitter-sweet; the bitter first and the sweet afterwards, and the sweetness is all the more perfect because of the bitterness that preceded it.

Life is a seal; break the seal and your name is found. Inside is the message of love and God signs it. The only trouble is, there are many who do not break the seal. They take the envelope, bordered with black, it may be, and weep over it until their dropping tears almost blur the pages. If they do not know what the message is here they will know it hereafter; the angels know it. O father, help us to wait patiently, help us to give strength and courage to those who are waiting here on earth so that by and by they may understand why these things are so.

Yes, your angel friends watch over you and they know your trials; they see you under the cloud, but, oh! be faithful, think of the joy unutterable, that they can see over the cloud. Knowing this do you not know that there is joy in heaven?

Is life worth living when struggling with hopeless poverty?

Why, certainly it is. Did you ever stop to think that the trials of your life seem to you worse than they really are? Don't you know there is no one who rushes from the evils of this world—as he farms them through that gate of suicide, dark on this side, dark on the other side, because he says, "It is not the evil of to-day,—it is the evil of to-morrow I would escape." You may have had some trouble—sorrows that seem to be very dark and terrible, but when the day dawns and you rise in the clear light, the cloud does not look so dark. You may change your sphere, but you cannot remove yourself from existence, and he who takes the fearful responsibility of self-murder awakens in the other life with regrets unspeakable. Do you feel so poor that you have no strength left to labor, that there is nothing for you to do? You may not find that to do which you prefer to do, but seek patiently and you will find some occupation. There are many who, because they cannot do what they wish, they think they cannot do anything, and so fold their arms and say, "Let me go out of the world for life is not worth living." We tell you there is more trouble in this world, more fretting over things which you do not need than there is over things you need. Poverty is not by any means the hardest thing—the greatest burden that falls to humanity. Do the best you can—we assure that life is always worth living.

Please give the philosophy of thought conveyance. When a person is impressed by our thought at a distance, is it the simple effect of our unaided mental power traversing the distance through air, in a similar way as the message goes on the telegraph wire? or is it the work of a spirit that acts as a messenger?

There are sometimes conditions that are perfectly favorable to this wonderful transfer of thought. There may be between you and some distant friend a perfect condition of harmony. At such times your thought may reach the person—the wonderful force makes itself manifest; but when conditions

are not favorable it may be possible that some spirit messenger is employed and carries the message from one to another. Both of these explanations are true. You also say, "When thoughts of a living friend who is at a distance, seem to bring that person's presence very near to us in imagination, so that we almost see the face in front of us, is that person's spirit really any nearer to us than at other times? or is it only a subjective image of our own fancy?"

Look through a telescope at the stars and planets, do they not seem nearer to you? They seem nearer, but their actual distance is the same; your vision is aided, and, therefore, they seem to be nearer to you. It may be true that when some friend of yours in perfect harmony with you, is thinking of you, your thought is transferred to that friend, and when your activity of mind is most perfect it may seem as though the friend was actually with you. The distance is just as great but the mental harmony is perfect. It is like looking at the stars through a telescope; they seem nearer because of these conditions that favor the mental activity. We know it is true that the spirit can, under favorable conditions, leave the body, and yet between that body and that spirit there is a chord of communication, and the spirit can go a great distance so long as this chord of communication is unbroken, and can return to the body, and in such a case that spirit can be seen by a clairvoyant just as a disembodied spirit can be seen. Sometimes it is true a double can be seen. There are differences in spiritual gifts. Of these things men are largely ignorant. Sometimes a spirit is seen clairvoyantly, and the person seeing it calls it a materialization. That which is seen clairvoyantly is not material, it is only the spirit, only spiritual, and it is not to be confounded with the material.

Please give the reason why Swedenborg so strongly objected to people having intercourse with the Spirit-world through mediums.

You are, perhaps, aware that in the time of Moses mediumship was discouraged; it was not called mediumship. Mediums were those who were possessed by familiar spirits. Suppose you can go into the southern land among the ignorant negroes, you will find they are very superstitious. You will also find mediumship among them, but you will find that it does not exalt and improve them, nor make their natures more beautiful in any way; therefore, we should discourage it, only asking them to cultivate their minds, and then develop it, and it will be wise and well. Suppose that in the days of Moses the children of Israel, who were superstitious, had developed this gift of mediumship, what class of spirits would have been most likely to have come to them? The spirits of their fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters; the spirits of the people who were on the same level with them. They would have received from the spirit what they would not have received from the mortal, and their condition would not have been improved. Moses knew this, therefore, mediumship was discouraged. In the time of Swedenborg people were full of superstitions and had narrow ideas of God and the hereafter. Of course those who went into the Spirit-world went with the same belief and opinions they had on earth. Like attracts like. Swedenborg could receive the higher truth in all its breadth and fullness. Friends, you are living in a more advanced age of the earth; people are wiser to-day than ever before. We believe at the time of Swedenborg it was best to teach as he taught. It is a fact that the better the medium the better will be the communication. The channel, if it be pure, will not sully the water that flows through it. Now it is safe to have mediumship come to the world, and it is safe to have it developed.

MESSIANIC EXPECTATIONS.

The Jewish Ideas About Christ's Life and Mission.

The Romans Responsible for the Crucifixion.

The discourses of Rev. Solomon Schindler of the Temple Adath Israel, corner of Columbus avenue and Northampton street, Boston, have been attracting the greatest attention, not only in his own church, but from Gentiles, and a large number of the latter were in attendance Sunday evening, Oct. 24th, when the third in the course of "Messianic Expectations," upon "The Carpenter's Son," was delivered. The rabbi said:

It is not without some hesitation and embarrassment that I step before you to-night to discuss the life and mission of a man who, though he has sprung from Jewish parentage, and is said to have lived the life of a conscientious Jew, has been placed between our race and the rest of civilized humanity as a barrier to exclude us from a more intimate intercourse with our fellow men; whose very name still alienates from us the affection of our fellow citizens, though nineteen centuries have almost passed since its bearer walked the ground of Palestine. Neither must I lose sight of the veneration in which he is held by our Christian friends, many of whom love in him the ideal of a magnanimous, high-minded and noble man, while millions of others still confide in him in life and death, and adore and worship him as a god. I beg you to distinguish between the ideal Jesus who has been a creation of Christianity, and a historical Jesus of Nazareth,

as he has lived and died. All the qualities of the human soul we Israelites are accustomed to attribute to their highest perfection to an invisible, to the one God, who has created the universe, and supports and governs it in wisdom and kindness; while our Christian friends have become accustomed to affix these very same attributes to a human form—to that of Jesus of Nazareth. I maintain that Jesus was not the founder of Christianity, that he never planned it, nor laid its foundation, but that his personality has been brought into the church and used as its corner-stone. I claim, furthermore, that there are no historical sources from which we could derive authentic information concerning his life, his deeds, his death. There are only three sources from which it has become customary to quote in regard to Jesus of Nazareth. The first and foremost of them is the New Testament. Again I must caution my hearers that I do not believe in a divine authority in a divine authorship in any book whatever, he it called the Old or the New Testament, and that I shall always refrain from arguing an historical point with a so-called believer. When we come to discuss historical facts we must be unhampered by belief. Bibliographers have long since proven that the four gospels, which, after all, contradict one another in principal points, were written more than a century later than the death of Jesus, not by eye-witnesses, but by people who collected their

MATERIAL FROM TRADITION.

and who had already a principle and a tendency to affirm by their story. Their literary products lose still more in the eyes of the critic by the fact that the original text has been tampered with afterward. The second source is the historian Josephus, who lived at the time of Jesus, and consequently must have known of him if the latter had indeed been a distinguished person, or of any prominence. Though he gave considerable space to the narration of minor events, Josephus originally never mentioned him. The celebrated and frequently quoted passage in the Antiquities, chap. 18, has been condemned by church authorities as an interpolation, and Origenes, the great Christian writer of the third century, shows by his writings that he did not know of that passage, which consequently must have been inserted much later and for a certain purpose. Another historian, Justus of Tiberius, lived at the same time, but not a word did he mention about the man who, according to the gospels, must have created quite a stir. The third source is the Talmud, but here he is mentioned only slightly.

Behold, say our Christian friends, the marvellous growth of Christianity; see how it revolutionized the world, how it civilized the most barbarous nations; could such a success have been achieved if its founder had not been a man of great prominence, if he had not been able to impress his contemporaries with his mission to such an extent as was needed for their future success? Granted, they say, there are no authentic literary evidences to be found concerning his life and deeds; is the mere existence of the church not evidence enough for his greatness? do not facts prove more than words? But even according to Christian sources, nobody dreamed less of such a structure than its supposed originator. Christianity was not his work, it was the product of peculiar circumstances, which all worked together in such a marvellous measure that we cannot fail to see the finger of God in its origin and development. The downfall of Hellenistic idolatry, which had been prepared by Greek philosophy long before the expiration of the Roman republic and the decline of the Roman empire, the great migration of nations, which, issuing from the north, took a southward course, and changed the geography of the world, the death of antique civilization in the waves of barbarism, which, like a second flood, burst upon it and covered the whole world for a considerable length of time—all these circumstances together produced what to-day is called Christianity.

Taking it all in all, what do we really know about Jesus of Nazareth, the so-called Messiah. Although volumes has been written concerning his life and deeds, his whole history could be inscribed almost upon the nail of the thumb. Jesus, an abbreviation of Joshua, and Latinized into Jesus, was born of humble parentage. He was the son of Joseph, a poor carpenter, and Miriam, his wife, who were both also the parents of several other children. It matters little to the historian that millions of people ascribe to him a divine origin, and believe him the offspring of an immaculate conception; there are many more millions of people who believe to-day the very same story, but apply it to another man, to Buddha. Not only that such statements are unhistorical, I dare say that the passages in the gospels relating them were never written by a Jewish author. They were the products of a Grecian pen. The Greeks believed in the intercourse of their gods with mortal women, and saw no disgrace in such an adultery. All their heroes were semi-gods. Even Alexander the Great attempted to insinuate that Phillip was not his father, and that he was the son of a god. Greek vanity cared little that the class of their women was questioned whenever the customary compliment was rendered to man by

CALLING HIM THE SON OF A GOD.

The Greek and Roman populace would have never believed in Jesus, the man, the reformer, the martyr, or the Messiah, but it was easy for them to accept him as the son of the Jewish God Jehovah. The Jews, on

CRITICAL.

A Criticism of the Positions Assumed by J. Clegg Wright.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In recent issues of the JOURNAL considerable space has been given to a number of addresses delivered at the Lake Pleasant camp-meeting by J. Clegg Wright. These discourses seem to have been received with favor and by some to be considered as products of no mean inspiration. After a careful perusal of them I feel more perplexed and bewildered than pleased or enlightened, and, like Mr. Haskell, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Watson, of Memphis, I desire to express my dissent from, and astonishment at, such teachings. I will not here touch upon either of the discourses which those gentlemen have already commented upon, but will confine myself to the lecture entitled "A Psychological Explanation," printed in your paper of September 19th.

This extraordinary effusion is well interlarded with certain phrases and expressions which are calculated to give it a strictly scientific coloring. It is a verbose string of rhetoric, which, at first sight, looks very philosophic, but upon closer inspection reveals a number of statements and affirmations which override historical truth, common sense and common experience. I may not have penetrated to the "true inwardness" of this essay, but there are some statements in it which are too plain to be misunderstood. In illustration of an absurd theory concerning the physiology of the brain, this speaker refers to that great and eminently good man, Goethe:

"Hence a critic, upon the death of the immortal Goethe, in summing up his remarkable virtues and his astounding vices, pronounced him to be a monster in vicious criminality and a genius of surpassing brilliancy in all which pertained to intellectual power and imagination."

Such things are spoken from the Spiritualist platform as "inspiration," and received without protest! Goethe's earth-life, which ended, like a glorious setting of the sun, in the month of March, 1832, at eighty years of age, is so well known, and has been so fully and minutely described in all its phases by himself and many of his eminent contemporaries, that fortunately there need be no controversy about any portion of his career. I hope Mr. W. or his friends will inform us who that "critic" was who did such "summing up" of Goethe's "astounding vices," and then "pronounced him a monster." Mr. Wright is respectfully called on to produce at least a semblance of proof that Goethe, in life or in death, has ever been charged or suspected by any sane person, at home or abroad, with a crime of any sort or any criminal trait or vicious propensity whatsoever. I have lately been reading some of Johann Peter Eckermann's "Conversations" with Goethe during the later years of his life. Never have I been so profoundly impressed by any man's thoughts. Oh, that I could convey to your readers a faint perception of the mateless grasp of intellect, of the wonderful spiritual insight and the magnetic and uplifting power of character of this good and rarely gifted man, who, in every respect was one of Nature's noblemen. We don't meet them very often. I think it disgraceful to see such a man characterized as above.

In every one of his lately published addresses Mr. W. repeatedly insists upon the importance of a "correct psychology," and labors hard to give us an outline of his improved version of the same. It is an abstruse subject, he says, and must be treated metaphysically. If any of your readers can decipher passages like the following, they can do more than I can:

"Man senses in three sensational modes of consciousness, length, breadth and thickness, and the philosophy of form is the philosophy of the Spirit-world, when correctly rendered. You know everything in form. There is a concept in consciousness, which is form, and the mind conveys to every objective idea, that every object in nature is the idea the mind gives to that objective idea when harmoniously related to consciousness of form."

A friend of mine, to whom I applied for an interpretation of this and some other passages, gives this opinion: "Such metaphysical redundancy has considerable length, breadth and thickness, but not much conscience or consciousness."

In another place we are told that, "completed reason" means this: A power to sense in length, breadth, thickness and color; a power to classify.

The basis and method of this man's reasoning, from beginning to end, seems to be that of the materialist who is trying to explain all mental phenomena as results flowing from the properties of matter and the physical organization. "The life principle in nature"—whatever that may be—in association with the organization—no matter how that is brought about—combined with circumstances, surroundings and environments, that's the formula with which Mr. W. proposes to unlock the whole mystery of life and being. Is such an explanation anything more than a childish play with words? That great Presence, who lives through all life, extends through all extent, seems to be a superfluity in his psychological scheme.

"Comparative psychology," we are told, "is one of the most important and interesting of subjects. What can there be more interesting for a man to think about than to try to find the marvelous intellectual power displayed in the little ant?" * * * It strikes me this is the line upon which the intelligent man, in the days which are to come, will find the spiritual demonstrations of the future—in comparative psychology."

I presume when this branch of study gets well under way, "intelligent Spiritualists" at their camp-meetings will fully come up to the attitude of those professors of natural history, who, at one of their annual meetings, spent considerable time and talent in discussing the tremendous question, Why do roosters crow at midnight?

The animal, probably, has no higher destiny to accomplish than to provide for its physical being. Its highest effort is to provide for the needs of its body, and secure its future in its offspring. This accomplished, it gives no indication of any other or higher destiny. It manifests no aspirations, and makes no effort for spiritual culture. Such being the limitation of the destiny of the individual animal, it is accomplishing the highest purpose of its existence, when it yields its life to supply the needs of higher organized animals, which in turn yield theirs to help supply the needs of man. As the mineral kingdom is the basis of the vegetable, and becomes pabulum for vegetation, so, in the progressive unfolding of individualities, the vegetable is accomplishing its highest destiny when, by its elaboration having prepared matter for the animal kingdom, it surrenders its trust by the dissolution of its individuality. During all these progressive unfoldings of form, life and mind, all individualities preceding the human must yield their lives to the needs of the higher. Thus man is the ultimate of individuality of form, of life, and of conscious-

ness; that is, he embraces the perfected conditions of all that is below; so that being the continent of all that is finite, he is united in his inmost with the infinite, and becomes receptive, consciously, from the infinite. Thus, while in the chain of existence, form and individuality come from, and through the finite, the spirit of life and thought and feeling and affection come from the infinite fountain. Tracing the highest individualities downward, we reach the material and finite in the lowest stages; tracing the living, the conscious, the voluntary and affectional upward, we find the infinite and the eternal, as the only limit by which we can be bounded and rest satisfied with.

The latter portion of this lecture is to illustrate the utility of the improved and enlarged psychology for comprehending the sources of vice and sensuality prevalent among mankind, and according to this speaker—particularly prevalent among persons exercising gifts of mediumship! Cerebrum and cerebellum play at see-saw with one another. What weakens one, strengthens the other. Active and regular exertions of the cerebrum (intellectual efforts) exhaust this part of the brain, and "thereby necessarily increase the activity of the cerebellum," seat of the lower propensities. Consequently, if I am weary from intellectual exertions, have a headache, etc., then I feel greatly invigorated physically, have increased appetite, etc., and if one gives a loose rein to his animal propensities, and indulges in exhaustive dissipation, he thereby increases his capacity for intellectual work. We all know how well daily experience corroborates this psychological discovery. How strange that nobody has thought of it before! Strange, too, that sexual vice, being the result of intellectual overwork, is found "in its most marked phases with the undeveloped races of the world;" that is, with those who do the least amount of intellectual work. Hideous logic! And such argumentation we are asked to swallow as inspiration.

The importance attached to the utterances of "trance-speakers" by uncritical or inexperienced persons, has justly excited the ridicule of those who detect in mere prolixity and florid verbiage, very human failings. Epes Sargent, in his "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," says, p. 135: "When the influence compelling the trance-speaker is that of wisdom and reason, I can listen to him with profit. But it is often impossible to distinguish between what comes from the occult powers, the unconscious reminiscences, or the trance-speaker himself, and that which may come from some prompting spirit. The flowery fluency of a trance-speaker must not be taken as a proof of power; rather is it an evidence of weakness. Even granting that such mediums speak from some foreign spirit's inspiration, that spirit may be inferior to many a mortal in sound judgment and intelligence. The spirits that assume great names, and influence the medium to talk in a style that revolts our sense of truth, of good taste, and of identity, must be brought to the bar of our highest reason, and judged by its verdict. That spirits, as well as mortals, may deceive; that they may be influenced by vanity or ambition, and may afflict us by verbose twaddle, is one of the facts which modern Spiritualism daily discloses; and in this it is doing good service if we only have the wit to see it; for the fact explodes some ancient and respectable errors in regard to the Spirit-world."

"The absence of these considerations leads to deplorable credulities. That spirits may sometimes play cross hoaxes on unsuspecting mortals, is made probable by the history of fanaticism in all ages, and our modern experiences go far to affirm it as a fact."

The frequency of cases of moral bankruptcy on the part of professional mediums—the theme of the last part of Mr. Wright's lecture—is owing to causes which lie in the Spirit-world quite as much as in the earthly surroundings. But here, too, he is a false teacher. He says: "I will not place upon the Spirit-world the vices which are observable in the world to-day." The amount of influence exercised by spirits on our earth, I venture to assert, is great and wide-spread and cases where it amounts to absolute obsession, can be found in almost every village. But while this invisible spirit-action upon the dwellers of earth is almost universal, it is a question for man, to a great extent, whether such action is beneficent or not. To discuss this question with any thoroughness, would make this article altogether too lengthy, but I cannot close without adding a short extract from a series of spirit-teachings which are probably the most reliable and instructive, the most coherent, consistent and rational of any that have been given to our world, but which yet lie unnoticed on the bookseller's shelves. My kind reader, read and ponder this:

"We have been particular in our statements, because we are anxious to reiterate the warnings we have frequently given, as to the danger of attack by deceptive and personating spirits, whom you know as the undeveloped. Of late, too, we have told you that trouble and perplexity were at hand through this same cause, and we gave you special warning lest you should fall a prey to their attacks. We have ascertained that the spirit who falsely pretended to be working with us is a personating spirit, whose aim is to injure and retard our work."

"We need to explain fully on this point. You have heard of the antagonism between the adversaries and the divine work which is in process amongst you. There is a direct antagonism between them and us, between the work which is for man's development and instruction, and their efforts to retard and thwart it. It is the old battle between what you call the good and evil—between the progressive and the retrogressive. Into the ranks of that opposing army gravitate spirits of all degrees of malignity, wickedness, cunning and deceit; those who are actively spurred on by the hatred of light which an unenlightened spirit has, and those who are animated by sportiveness rather than by actual malice. It includes, in short, the undeveloped of every grade and class; spirits who are opposed, for infinitely varying reasons, to the organized attempt to lead men upward from darkness to light, with which we are associated, in company with hosts of others. It would appear that your inability to see the operations of these adversaries, renders you unable to grasp their existence, or to appreciate the magnitude of their influence in your world. Not till your Spiritual eyes are open will you really understand how great it is, and how present."

GEORGE LIEBECKNECHT. Geneseo, October, 1885.

A wine merchant in Hamburg has bequeathed 1,000 thalers per annum, the interest of his capital, to the baldest man in the city, with the proviso that should a man turn up with no hair at all on his head he is to take the entire capital.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Compensation and The Unlettered Babes in Spiritualism.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

Whoever looks back to the history of Christianity for the first three or four hundred years, will not fail to discover that the spirit manifestations of those centuries, bear a close resemblance to those of the past thirty-eight years. The difference is only that which might be expected in the changed conditions of society, that nearly two thousand years has brought about. The present century has given us inspired persons of all ages from the infant in the cradle to old age. Only a few days since I read a very able series of religious discourses, delivered impromptu, by a farmer eighty years of age. An uneducated man, and yet his spirit so abounding with inspiration as to hold large audiences spellbound with his eloquent utterances.

The gentle Nazarene, a prince among the inspired, was found disputing with the learned priesthood at twelve years of age. Some of our able trance speakers, long in the field, commenced speaking at the same age, and delivered as able discourses at that time as at any later period of their public service. Most of the persons that figured prominently in the early Christian era, were persons in lowly life, and unlettered men. Their tongues being touched with the fire of inspiration, gave them power and lasting fame. The twelve apostles were of this stamp of men. A large share of our test mediums and trance speakers lay little or no claim to scholastic knowledge. The early Christians had a Paul, and here and there a man of learning. Our dispensation has given us a Judge Edmonds, Senator Tallmadge, Professors Hare, Mapes, and other men of letters; but by far the greater share of the work has been done by those of lowly birth and calling. Only a comparative few in the higher walks of life are willing to labor in any field involving a loss of prestige, and inadequate money compensation. Advance thinking would make very slow progress were it not that some persons are so constitutionally made up that if they know the truth they must speak it and defy the consequences.

The Christian dispensation took cognizance of the body as well as the soul. It looked to the building up of the temple of the spirit—of this it had a watchful and a patient care. The present outflowing of spirit intercourse has been marked by the same characteristic.

Not long since I sent "The Missing Link" to a lady who is a member of the Episcopal Church. She read the book with interest, and soon was herself developed into a writing medium. A few days since I received a letter from her, informing me that her sister is confined to her bed with sickness; but her father, mother and sisters in spirit life, tender their sympathy and watchful care. This she says is a great help and comfort. The philanthropic quality of Spiritualism is specially manifest in its earnest solicitude concerning the sick. It may be safe to say that most persons who have labored in the cause of Spiritualism for some years have been compensated for all the abuse and misrepresentation they have been called to submit to, through the benefits received from the Spirit-world.

In 1863, for the previous fifteen years I had much trouble with my eyes; they had become so bad that I gave up reading entirely, and banded them by gas-light. That year I met Dr. Newton. With his inspired fingers laid upon my eyes, in one minute he cured them, and I have had the use of them ever since that time. I thought myself abundantly paid for all the cold-shoulders ever turned toward me by the opponents of spirit intercourse. In truth, I felt that I had a goodly sum in store to draw upon in balancing future wrongs.

In 1875 I became so seriously afflicted with calcareous deposit, that for over six years I was in the main confined to my bed. I had the advice of various physicians. The last one I called told me very frankly that he could do nothing for me. I concluded not to be cut to pieces by surgeons, but to patiently wait my time of departure. A few months since there called at my house a strolling clairvoyant woman. The servant girl came to my room and said there was a stranger at the door desiring to know if any one in the house wanted the services of a clairvoyant. I replied, "Show the woman to my room." I readily discovered that she was an unscrupulous, ignorant woman. Her knowledge of school-houses must have been from an outside view. She said that for fourteen years she had been traveling about giving clairvoyant examinations. She declared that my difficulty arose from drinking hard water—was aggravated and continued by that. Thinking it possible that the woman might be right, I turned a short corner, and commenced drinking soft water. Many years since, I discarded tea, coffee and all stimulating drinks. For some nineteen years I had been drinking hard water from the same well. In changing to soft water I filtered it through photographer's fine filtering cotton, and boiled all the water I have drank since receiving counsel from the stranger-woman. Her name I did not think to ask. At the time she called, for six years I had not been able to sit in a chair to eat a meal. I could not bear my own weight. I had to eat standing up, or lying down. Following out the woman's advice, I am now able to sit up in a chair for an hour or more at once, using a rubber cushion. I can be on my feet from one to two hours at a time. I am jubilant over this gain. I may always be an invalid; but the change to me is a very important one. I am ready to exclaim, "Eureka! Hallelujah! Hosanna! and hurrah!" for the spiritual babes of the new dispensation. A religion that can be daily demonstrated by the most lowly, was not born soon to pass away. If this itinerating woman had remained in town long enough to attract the attention of the regular physicians, they might have given her a chance to sing and pray in prison, after the fashion of Peter, in the long ago. If the humble Nazarene and his uncultivated apostles were in the form again and traveling through this State (N. J.) assisting the blind to see and the lame to walk, they would have, themselves, to walk pretty fast to keep out of jail. That kind of benevolence is very unpopular with the regular profession. Curing the sick without pills is an abomination to them; and with the approving smiles of the churches, they have got the legal gates shut down very close against the exercises of spiritual gifts. Those two very respectable gray-haired old ladies, the Catholic and Protestant Church, would seem to be in their dotage, otherwise they could not desire to suppress the evidence of a future life, or any of the kind of spiritual manifestations which gave life and vigor to the Christian Church for the first four hundred years of its existence.

I feel so much indebted to the Spirit-world for this later assistance in my improved health, that I can well afford to say to the

opposition, come on now, with your grapes and canister. I am quite ready to fight it out with you to the close of life, for I shall never turn back on that which I know to be true. Of course, my orthodox friends will think I have made a gain in health in a very undignified manner.

Harriet Martineau gives an account of a sickness that lasted her for some six years, and most of the time she was obliged to suspend her literary labors. Before her recovery, magnetic healing sprang up as a new thing in England. It was very unpopular with the aristocracy and the clergy—the latter thought they saw the Devil's hoof in it; but Miss Martineau had grown out of her orthodox education, and sent for a magnetizer, who very soon restored her health. Her mother thought it a great scandal upon her family that her daughter had been cured in that "vulgar method." It produced a family quarrel; but Harriet justified herself, saying that if any friend or relative of her own had been for six years an invalid, she would gladly have them cured in any way possible, and assist them, even to ride a broomstick if it would do any good.

This is the first manuscript I have made sitting up at a table since the fall of 1878. Others were written either lying in nearly a horizontal position or kneeling down on pillows.

Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The announcement that Mr. J. J. Morse, the eloquent English orator and trance medium, was to lecture at our "Little Church Around the Corner," Sunday, Nov. 1st, attracted good audiences. The morning lectures are given to Spiritualists; the evening lectures are more adapted to the general public. The audiences, both morning and evening, were attentive and appreciative. The number of people, owing to a severe wind and rain storm in the evening, was not as large as it otherwise would have been, but for such a disagreeable evening it was exceptionally large and intelligent. The subject in the morning was, "Spiritualism, its Basis." The controlling spirit assumed that a communion between the world of spirit and of matter had always existed and would always exist; as man was a part and parcel of the Divine; that this communion was not to demonstrate solely the fact of the continuity of life, nor to establish the personal identity of any spirits who had passed to the beyond, but that it was the resultant of the spiritual nature of man, and was in perfect harmony with God's laws; that it meant much more than personal communications from one's grandfather, aunt, mother, wife or friend; it was the unfolding of spiritual laws in this life, and would bring all humanity into a due appreciation of divine truth and love; and such an appreciation would bring the world into closer bonds of unity and peace—liberty, equality and fraternity.

The lecture made a marked impression on the audience. The delivery was clear and forcible; gestures and elocution exceptional; good, and the discourse at times was permeated with a glowing eloquence as if fed from Promethean fires. The lecture was preceded by the reading of a poem by Mr. Morse, which was finely executed, and a prayer to the source of all life and love. At the close many waited to grasp the speaker by the hand and to congratulate him on the auspicious opening of his course of lectures in our city.

The subject for the evening discourse was "Dead Gods versus Living Hopes." The spirit took into consideration the superstitions of all the ages in regard to God. He alluded to the dogmas of theology, and showed in a clear and reasonable argument that such gods must necessarily die, because they were based upon ignorance, superstition and man's selfishness. It was argued that the philosophy and religion of modern Spiritualism had already done much to bury these dead gods of the past beyond any hope of a resurrection; that among the living hopes of to-day was a better appreciation of God's eternal love, of the blending of the two worlds in a harmonious unity. The living hope of our age was the "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man." The spirit argued that Jesus of Nazareth comprehended this great truth, but the church had failed to perceive it or work and live in accord with the teachings of Jesus; that one of the living hopes was the equality of man, and that among the dead gods of the past was priest-craft, king-craft and political-craft, which in the clear sunlight of the 19th century would soon be among the things of the past. Another living hope was to make the best use of the life that is, here and now, and as we lived our highest and noblest now, the dead gods of the past would not cloud the horizon of the present, nor dim the glory of the coming day, when men and women would love instead of hate; when truth and justice would prevail, and the onward march of the race would be universal and in full accord with man's highest intuition, noblest aspiration, and in harmony with divine law. This would give us clearer perceptions of spiritual truth, better judgment of the needs of the great throbbing heart of humanity, and hence bring us all nearer to God, nearer to doing the very best here and now without fear of future punishment or of hope of future rewards.

Our Mediums' Meetings continue to be largely attended. The opening remarks to-day were made by Mrs. Emily C. Pike, M. D., who spoke of several phases of mediumship and gave an account of an occurrence at one of Maud E. Lord's circles. A few evenings ago a gentleman from the interior of the State called to see Mrs. Lord and brought a small plate which he placed on the floor with a crumb of pencil, and then put his foot upon it. He heard the scratching of the pencil, and found upon it six or eight names of friends. He had spent \$5,000 in investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, but had failed to get the evidence which now came to him so convincing. Mrs. Lord is located at 195 Adelphi Street, near our church, for the winter.

Mrs. Holmes followed, and spoke of some of the perplexities which meet the investigator, and where we could have evidences so clear and satisfactory as would be given by Mr. John Slater, all could be convinced. The speaker deprecated the stimulation of phenomena, either by mediums or spirits who controlled them.

Mrs. Edith K. Reynolds was entranced, and spoke of the anxiety among all present to receive evidence of the presence of their spirit friends, and urged each one to be receptive, and then the sensitive whom the Spirit-world would use, would be strengthened and sustained.

Mr. Slater's tests were, as usual, clear and satisfactory—one especially to a gentleman from Maine, a stranger, who received very convincing evidence from a friend killed in the civil war.

Mrs. Holmes gave an account of an orthodox friend of hers who received a test from Mr. Slater at a previous meeting, which had astonished him greatly.

Mr. Slater will be with us every Sunday afternoon, and will hold a séance in our church every Wednesday evening during the winter. His séances, both at his rooms and at the church, are largely attended.

Our meetings are attracting from the surrounding country. Among others present to-day were Mrs. David Jones and Mrs. N. Hopkins of Utica, N. Y. S. B. NICHOLS. Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1885.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE SIZE OF MAN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Manhood as a whole may have a direct interest to a philosopher, but the rest of the world of humanity finds its chief interest in the individual. It is as an individual that I pass through life. I am caressed as an infant, whipped as a mischievous boy, loved and caressed once more as I rise into manhood. Through life a standard of individuality is upheld to which I am expected to conform; and it is not until this special individual form of mine has become valueless that nature seizes it, and scatters its particles into the one general whole.

The world is run, or runs itself on the basis of individuality, so I have parliaments to make laws for me; kings and presidents to enforce them; armies and fleets to fight for me, whilst policemen keep guard that I may slumber in security; and all this most obviously is because I am an individual. The relation of one individuality to another is the thought of the scientist and the despair of the theologian, and is a theme upon which more confusion than light has often been thrown by Spiritualism.

Man has been trained to think of himself as about half way in the scale of individuality. On the one hand he counts up from the dawn of life to himself and proudly proclaims his sovereignty. On the other, he starts from manhood up through angels and archangels to a great personal God, whose humble slave it is his destiny and pride to be through all eternity. The scientist stops at the first half; the priesthood work the second for all it is worth, and amidst the contradictions that spirits and inspired teachers bring from supernal realms, Spiritualists can select almost any particular doctrine that suits them best.

But this individuality is the marvelous fact of existence, and standing by itself, is an insoluble mystery; and the reason I now make it my theme is because I believe there is a yet grander fact in nature that solves the problem, and points humanity to loftier heights than can be scaled by mortal man, or compassed by his intellect.

I presume most readers of the JOURNAL are familiar with Darwinism, or the doctrine of one form gradually evolving from other forms. I do not propose to stop now and analyze it, or point out what I believe to be its one-sided view of nature's facts. The reason I allude to it is because it is a science of forms; and students who would to-day trace for us the origin of mental action, point us to molecules moving hither and thither in the human brain, by which molecule and motion they say human action is determined. But a molecule has shape; so this, too, is only a science of forms, outside of which the man who to-day writes himself scientist, finds nothing worthy of notice; and our whole training—nay, the effect of our surroundings is such as to enforce a regard for forms, whether it be of disgust or admiration. So form and individuality mean to us the same thing since we cannot think of one without the other.

I presume that most of my readers realize that they do not think of any object without ascribing to it form. When we are away from home, nature as a divine artist hangs the pictures of those we love so well upon the walls of our memory. The criminal suffers agony, not because the forms of those he has wronged stand to him as a reality, but because his fears are all associated with forms of detectives, policemen, solemn judges, listening jurors, turnkeys with keys to iron grated doors, inside which he sees the form of himself; and possibly he dreams also of a form as of a gallows with a pendant rope, and another form as of himself standing trembling on the verge of eternity. So all human life seems dependent upon its conception of forms, and yet of everything that has existence there is nothing so deceptive as form.

Man's perceptive powers have been supposed to be dependent upon just five faculties or attributes, which philosophers say he holds as a sort of capital or stock in trade with which he must do the business of life. These are called his senses; and if we will think a moment, we shall see that civilization means that man has been extending the range of some of these senses of his. Microscope and telescope give to man's sight, new worlds of life through which he travels to gain knowledge and experience; and though the savage ear is keen to catch sound of friend or foe, yet the medicine man knows nothing of the instruments whereby the physician of to-day listens to the beating of your heart, or the passage of air through your lungs. Every sense traces its sensation to form; so it is at this point we must stop and determine what we mean by form. We may find this a broader and deeper theme than we now imagine, leading on to truths of the sort that must be learned ere man can comprehend his own manhood.

[To be continued.]

"A deacon in a Western town recently died," says the New York Commercial Advertiser. "His pastor soon paid a visit of condolence to the bereaved widow. She asked the minister if he would like to see the funeral wreath. He assented. She led him to the much-prized memento and pointed out its peculiarities. In a broken voice she said: 'The red flowers were made of his red flannels; the white ones of his white flannels. The stamens were made of the coffin shavings and the petals of his beard. The berries and buds were made of the pills that were left when he died, and the feathery part was made of the feathers of the last chicken dear James killed before he was taken ill.' All this she said without a pause for breath, and ended her ghastly description of the treasured wreath by imploring the bewildered clergyman to lead in prayer."

The largest cotton plantation in the world is E. Richardson's, of Mississippi. He owns plantations in the Mississippi Valley that in ante-bellum days were valued at nearly \$12,000,000—among them the famous Wade Hampton plantation. They are valued now at \$1,000,000.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. ADMIRABLE RESULTS IN FEVERS.

Dr. J. J. RYAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I invariably prescribe it in fevers; also in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases, with admirable results. I also find it a tonic to an enfeebled condition of the genital organs."

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 29th Street, New York.]

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar Of the loom of life, and near and far It thrills with its deep and muffled sound, As the tireless wheels go round and round.

Husily, ceaselessly, goes the loom In the light of day and the midnight gloom; The wheels are turning early and late, And the wool is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love woven in; Click, clack! and another of wrong and sin; What a checked thread will this life be When we see it unrolled in eternity.

Time, with a face like mystery, And hands as busy as hands can be, Sits at the loom with warp overhead, To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps, or one, Or to-morrow, who knoweth? Not you nor I, But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, shut-eyed weaver, the years are slow, But each one is nearer the end, I know, And someday the last thread shall be woven in— God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web, say? Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day? It were better, then, O my friend, to spin A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.—Anon.

Mrs. G. C. Smith of Springfield, Ill., has been for some years collecting stories for "Women in Sacred Song," which will soon be issued by Lothrop & Co. It will contain 2,500 lyrics and religious poems, together with 130 pieces of sacred music by women, from the year 1548 to the present time.

Professor Waite pronounces it a monumental work among evidences of what woman has done in the highest walks of poetry and music. It is a quarto volume, illustrated and handsomely printed and bound. Certainly anything which covers such an important subject, demands the attention of all who are interested in woman.

The introduction is written by Miss Frances E. Willard. PAPERS FROM THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS. Last week we gave, among others, some extracts from an essay called "A Plea for a Purpose," by Dr. Alida Avery of Denver, Col. After an eloquent plea for the right of the girl to follow the lead of her tastes and talents, she discourses

UPON HOUSEWORK. "Perhaps somebody asks how I expect the common household duties are to be done, if girls are brought up with the notions suggested. Well, in the first place, I think that housekeeping, per se, will come to be established upon a very different basis from that it now has, when it has a chance to show how truly it deserves, and should claim, a position among the fine arts.

Probably each of us knows one or two women, and as many men, who have a decided talent—genius even—for housekeeping; people who, like Alexander Hamilton in his statesmanship, are able at once to take a comprehensive view of the general principles involved, and to grasp the details in their relative importance and harmony which make the complete whole.

Housekeepers of this sort, like poets, painters, musicians and other artists, are "born, not made," but, like the others, they are able to impart to less fortunate beings an insight into the mysteries which are to them an open book. Kitchen gardens, cooking classes, industrial schools, schemes for co-operative housekeeping, are glimpses in the right direction. They are paths opening toward the bright, good time of returned, honorable, hygienic housekeeping.

Now we pay a man forty dollars a month to take care of our horses and stable, and we think it cheap enough; we pay a woman twelve to twenty dollars a month to take care of ourselves and our children, to prepare our food, to attend to the multitude of minutiae which mean comfort and health or the reverse, and we count it a great extravagance. Compare the outlay of time and strength, and the intelligence requisite to meet the responsibilities of the two positions, and decide if there is common sense or common justice in such division of work and wages.

THE REASONS WHY. I think there are two prominent reasons for the miserable discrepancy: 1. The household labor market is crowded with unskilled women; and 2, the low rank in the social scale in which skilled household laborers are placed. The first reason will disappear when all industrial avenues are freely opened to women, and when women learn to accept the inflexible law that skill and success depend upon fitness and training.

"The second reason—the low rank which skilled household labor takes in the social scale—is caused by such a variety of influences that I will make no attempt at a complete analysis of it. Half the human race being thrust, *volens nolens*, into one kind of business, the other half naturally thinks that what any single member of the too crowded house corps accomplishes can't be of much account, whence the easy inference that she who is always doing what is of little or no value is of small account herself, and therefore entitled to small respect.

Why shouldn't boys, as well as girls, learn the alphabet of house-keeping? Stephen Powers, in describing the domestic traits of the California forty-niners, says: "Death was in the pot any how. Many a hapless fellow was brought to an untimely end before the great truth became generally disseminated that the beans must be boiled two hours before the pork was introduced into the kettle. Dried apples slew their thousands, heavy bread its tens of thousands." I don't think boys would be at all injured by being taught how to set a table nicely, to put upon it a wholesome meal in a good appetizing style, and to serve it deftly to them who set at meat. I believe that boys would be as happy, and would develop into quite as thoughtful and manly husbands and fathers, if early it became their duty to make and keep their rooms clean, orderly, healthful and attractive.

Who knows how many fevers and consumptions might be prevented if children were instructed that their bedding must always be spread open to the air and the windows opened before they leave their chambers. I can't see the equity of the household law that makes it obligatory upon the girls to do the sewing of rents and buttons and strings, and the darning of stockings etc., etc., for themselves and their brothers. A much more just and sensible arrangement would be for each to learn enough of needle work to be able to keep his or her clothing whole and tidy.

Dr. Avery then recalled a conversation with an Accident Insurance Agent of a company, after ascertaining "that the only accident" which could add to our financial resources must be fatal! We heard this response: "Why, women's time ain't worth any thing, you

know, and if any one of 'em was insured and got just a little hurt, she'd, as likely as not, lay abed pretending she hadn't got well, just to get her twenty-five dollars a week! No, mem, we can't afford no such risk." Here we have it—the popular estimate of the value of woman's time, and alas! of her common honesty, also. How warped has her character become through the influence of ages of dependence, of undisciplined power! It is not difficult to see why her work commands such pitifully small wages. . . . Let women have training, let their lives have purpose—purpose high, noble, adequate—and they will find, as men, have found, that time is money; nay, that it is vastly more than money—that it is the capital of heart and mind whence are developed the heavenly treasures that neither moth nor rust nor thief affect nor diminish. With disciplined power added to, and bringing into practical efficacy, her diligence, virtue, temperance, patience, and charity, the woman of the future will shine forth God's own evangel of peace and purity. It is for each of us, friends, to do what we will to hasten, or delay, her coming."

The succeeding paper upon "Necessity of adjustment between social and business life," was from the pen of Dr. Julia Holmes Smith of Chicago. It is good enough to give in full, in every paper in the land. A few extracts tend to suffice. Speaking of the American tendency to overdo, she asks: "Why should there be so many broken down men and women; why the multiplicity of sanitariums and rest cures; why such a large number of insane people? I make answer, and feel sure physicians generally will agree with me, 'tis because men and women take too little recreation. There is not enough leisure time in our lives, business outrides upon our social life. The best work can be got from a machine when it is taken care of. The steam engine, with the just amount of fuel and care, runs for years without strain or injury, accomplishing its regular task with safety and precision. With a trifle too much steam, the boiler bursts and the whole machine becomes in a moment a useless wreck. The best work is done by men and women who take care of themselves. I mean to say the best, persistent work is done by such persons, for history teaches that those who have robbed the day of its hours at both extremes, count fewer days in the calendar of lives. . . . And what shall I say of the housewife? Full of multitudinous cares, who forgets that her strength is not equal to perform the labor of three women, who tries to do all her own sewing, baking and preserving, who devotes evenings, spent by her husband in the clubs, to the darning of stockings, and the patching of pants. The goal of this good woman is to help her husband get rich. She succeeds, maybe; breaks down in the effort, goes to the insane asylum, or hastens to her reward in the next world, and leaves wife number two to enter soon into the enjoyment of the fruits of her labors and economies." Dr. Smith did not describe the spiritual starvation which follows such constant occupation, but the psychologist and spiritualist can readily draw their conclusions.

The next paper was a report by the secretary of "Health Statistics on Women College Graduates." This gave the result of inquiries made and statistics gathered by the Association of College Alumnae, which we can barely touch upon. It is noteworthy that the figures concerning outdoor exercises between the ages of eight and fourteen, show that the per centage of those now in good health increases just in proportion with the amount of exercise taken. The death rate of college graduates and of their children when these graduated marry, are exceptionally low.

FROM NEW YORK. Dr. Anna B. French of this city, followed with a carefully prepared paper on "The Comparative Effects on Health, of Professional, Fashionable and Industrial Life." Dr. French avers that women "start out severely handicapped by circumstances and conditions for which they are not responsible, and finds that working women, as a rule, suffer more or less severely. Although a fashionable life can be brought in comparison with that of the self-supporting woman from but few standpoints, yet the results are scarcely more happy, or satisfactory as far as health is concerned—in one case than the other. The strength of one who lives for pleasure, such an one as makes fashionable life her business or calling, is scarcely less overtaken than is that of the hardest worker in manual pursuits. Nor does she bring a greater intelligence to bear upon health and the means of preserving it. . . . We come now to inquire what effect a professional life has upon the health of women. In the school room and college, I am sure there is not a tittle of the sickness and chronic invalidism seen, as there is in the same relative number of manual workers. The professions of law and theology furnish us with a comparatively small number of exponents, as compared to any other class we have considered—but as far as direct observation goes, in a comparatively limited circle, I should say that their health was as a rule excellent. It is, perhaps, in the medical world that the wear and tear of professional life has its fullest sway. The uniformed woman in the workshop, and the fashionable one in her carriage, are alike in this, that they have no resources to fall back upon that are within themselves, and at command, when the hour of need comes. And now, Mrs. President and ladies, in closing, may I not ask again, and feelingly, how this great question, "better health for women," can be met? It seems to me, if I may be allowed the suggestion, that the women of this congress, reacting out as they do every where, are the ones to put in action some executive initial measures that will make themselves felt in time, all over this broad land."

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER NOT BEFORE MENTIONED. THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (The Century Co., New York.) The November number of this sterling monthly begins the thirty-first volume. Special stress is laid on all the departments. A Cloud on the Mountain is a romance of Idaho ranch life. A Story of Seven Devils will be found humorous and ingenious. The Mystery of Wilhelm Rutter, by Helen Hunt Jackson, is a tragic romance. Henry James' Bostonians is continued. John Bodewin's Testimony gives promise of much interest. A Photographer's Visit to Petra, illustrated, will attract more than usual interest. The second paper on Living English Sculptors is well written and finely illustrated. Several life-like illustrations accompany the Typical Dogs series. General Grant's paper describing the campaign and battle of Chattanooga, will excite world-wide interest; with it is given a full-page portrait of General Grant, from a photograph taken at Mt. McGregor. A discussion of the question of possible unification of American Churches is begun in this number. Other articles, by well-known writers, poems and discussions with items of interest complete a most satisfactory table of contents.

THE JOURNAL OF HEREDITY. (Chicago.) Vol. I, No. 1, October, 1885. (This journal is at hand. Dr. Mary Weeks Burnett is the editor and will aim to make it a popular Scientific Quarterly. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: Religion and Political Economy; Final Causes; Rufus P. Stebbins; Oriental Religions; Editor's Note-Book; Review of Current Literature.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (Manchester, N. H.) Questions and Answers in all Departments of Literature are found in this issue.

DIO LEWIS' NUGGETS. (New York.) Articles and suggestions on Sanitary and Hygienic matters are here presented.

BOOK REVIEWS. [All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or on order, through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN, Vol. II. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, \$1.50. The second volume of the works of this popular author is before the public. It contains a Joy Ever; Munera Pulveris; The Two Paths; Into this last, and The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century. We doubt whether the works of Ruskin will contain any volume more interesting or more characteristic of the author than the one which has just been published, comprising five separate works upon some of the gravest questions in social economical life as viewed by Ruskin. The essays have been reproduced as originally delivered; but Mr. Ruskin has nearly doubled the size of the work by additions, and we have, therefore, the Ruskin of 1857 and 1859.

THE WORKS OF RUSKIN, Vol. III. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, \$1.50. John Ruskin ranks among the foremost of prose-writers of the present age. It is in this early work that he gave promise of high excellence as a poet. In 1850 Ruskin collected these poems into a volume of which he had a few copies printed for private circulation. The poems are here republished and are worthy of perusal. The volume closes by three lectures entitled The Pleasures of England.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. By Charles Lamb. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. These essays, twenty-eight in number fill a volume of 250 pages, and for a reader Mr. Alfred Ainger contributes a clever criticism. Each and all the essays well worth reading, being the original collection made by Charles Lamb.

New Books Received. WORKS OF JOHN RUSKIN, Vol. III. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, \$1.50.

NATURAL THEOLOGY; or, Rational Theism. By M. Valentine, D. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.25.

The Spirit-World: Its Inhabitants, Nature and Philosophy. By Eugene Crowell, M. D. It is the nature of this work to solve the momentous question, "Whither are we bound?" and will be found of great interest. The price has been reduced from \$1.25 to 50 cents a copy, postpaid. For sale at this office.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 14, 1885.

"Oxygen or God?"

Such is the title of an editorial in *The Interior*. It is always well to acknowledge the merits of our neighbors, and we frankly and cordially say that this editorial is clear and suggestive. By this we mean that it is clear and strong, so far as it goes, and suggests still more, further along on the same line and in a path familiar to the thoughtful Spiritualist. *The Interior* says:

"In Mr. Munger's splendid essay on 'Immortality' in the last number of *The Century*, occurs this terse and suggestive sentence: 'If we do not live when we die, we pass into the hands of oxygen.' Oxygen is another name for fire. Incandescence or immortality, then, is the alternative which, from a scientific standpoint, is the probable thing?"

The philosophic mind has always pointed unmistakably toward immortality. Free to deal with the higher elements of man's nature, it has out of intellectual tendencies and moral intuitions constructed a not doubtful argument for the life beyond. But lately science has come along to undermine that argument. It has sapped and mined the physical structure out of which man grows, until the top-lights of reason and conscience have tumbled down into the dust and been extinguished. Science has been saying to philosophy, "You build an immortal prospect out of your dreams and visions and desires. You are deluded. The dream is a 'baseless fabric.' See, I build man out of the dust. I account for hope and love by the combinations of dust. Plainly, when the dust of death comes over the man, it covers the whole of him."

We say, thus science did talk. But that was a few years ago, and short time makes great changes. The more considerate science does not talk so destructively. Extreme materialism is not worth a thought, and is abandoned by best scientists. And in place of the destructive denial of immortality, what is now put forth as the scientific postulate? An uncertainty, or rather an unknowability. For, it is said, science has expended its proper energy, when it gets through with matter. Mind and consciousness and hope are not explained. There is at least a possibility that there may be something in them. The last attitude of science is to fold its arms at that point. It is unscientific to dogmatize about the unknowable. As a matter of fact the very violence of science at this point implies a great confession.

This states well the reaction from bald materialism now evident in the scientific world, but we must keep in mind that the materialistic bias is still strong, and will be while so-called science ignores mind—immanent, positive and supreme—as a leading factor in the process of nature and the being and destiny of man.

Science falls back on "the unknowable" of Herbert Spencer, and this is shown up in a keen way as follows:

If a man's eyes are closed, and he is knocked down, he will be unable to locate or describe precisely the force of the person who knocked him down, but it would plainly be a logical blunder for him to say, "I was knocked down, but whether any thing or body knocked me down is an unknowability."

To talk of the unknowable suggests something beyond the range of the outward senses, and that something science will not touch or treat of. It only weighs and measures and analyzes the outer shell of things which we call matter; puts the cart before the horse; makes the machine creator of the living force and of the ruling intelligence behind it.

The problem is handed over to philosophy or theology, small matter which we call it the *Interior* thinks, as to another Master, and we are told:

Well, first of all it is willing to accept lessons from science as far as science will go. It will walk along the base of the world in an examination of facts. It will hear all that science has to say about the progress of life on the globe. And what is that lesson? Progress in nature has been upward, toward more, and fuller and freer life. Indeed, life has risen out of death. Oxygen is the origin of all life. But oxygen is fire. So from fire, which would now kill us all, plants and animals risen. Further from incandescence to finely organized and highly sensitive, this has been nature's uniform path. At last, science gets to the end—in man—the last product of the evolutionary process. There, in noble reason and infinite faculty, the process, so far as science can see, stops.

Two courses of thought are now open to the inquirer. The one, says with extreme science, "That ends it all. Let oxygen do the rest. It is a fine fabric, now, let it be burned up. It took untold ages to build it; now, oxygen, with one puff, turns it into smoke and cinders. Let all the imagination and hope, and faith and love that it took all history to build, be in an instant mixed inextinguishably with the dust out of which it sprang." That is, as Mr. Munger once said, as if a father with infinite patience and love and toil should rear, educate, train his children, and then suddenly shoot them down!

The other path is given as that of "a divine philosophy," making man king of nature and heir of immortality. This noble ar-

gument, broader than any dogmatic creed, comes from a leading Presbyterian journal, and shows plainly that if science has swung away from materialism the sects have swung away from narrow dogmatism. The editorial has this fine closing:

We believe an argument hitherto unspoken—hinted at, indeed, in Mr. Munger's paper, but never fully emphasized—may yet be built on the force and direction of science, as philosophy's most unanswerable argument for immortality. Science pushes the man on and up to the edge of a chasm, but it has pushed so tremendously that when it suddenly draws back its hand the man does not drop into the dust, but, pushing out wings under the energy of the increasing fullness of his life, continues in immortal flight the direction of the broken path of its earthly plodding.

All this is in the line of the spiritual philosophy. We accept it and give it glad welcome. We would verify and emphasize it all in such way that no scientific materialism or agnostic unknowableness could deny it. Give us one single fact of spirit presence and power and, as John Wesley well said: "The whole castle of materialism falls to the ground." Science may ask many such facts, to correlate and compare; we answer they are plenty as the fallen leaves of this golden autumn; as many and as well proven and critically tested as those which are held as demonstrative and irrefragable proof of anything which science holds established. Herbert Spencer and Tyndall may sneer or slight them, if they will, but they are sure to win at last, for over great names grow dim when the testimony of "a cloud of witnesses" verifies the soul's intuition—that "word of God" within us, more lasting than the granite hills.

How long will *The Interior* ignore these facts, or hold that they are devices of Satan? When will it come to see that the "divine philosophy" which it upholds, finds in them such proof of immortality as "the pride of science, falsely so called," cannot gainsay, and that they verify the inspired words of prophets and apostles, and add new light and glory to the best pages of the Bible?

Let scientists and theologians study the spirit-life within man and the spirit-life beyond. Clairvoyance will show sight without the material eye; clairaudience will give hearing without these dull ears; magnetism and psychology will reveal their subtle sway, healing and controlling by spiritual power only; psychometry will show mind enduring longer than brazen tablets; and now, as of old, we shall find the "spirits of the just made perfect," demonstrating their blessed presence and power—the power of mind over matter, of the living spirit which outlasts the wreck of our perishable bodies. *The Interior* believes in the "celestial body" of Paul. Let that intuitive and inspired statement of the Apostle be verified and established as a truth of spiritual science, and it would be easy to meet modern skepticism with its own weapons and win the victory.

Evolution, as taught by Darwin and modern science reaches up to man as a physical being and stops there. Force and law go no further, and mind as a positive and guiding power, or as the existing Soul of Things, is ignored or denied. The Spiritual Philosophy teaches that "The intention of nature, the Divine plan everywhere manifest, is the perfection of man as an immortal being; this world, this primary school, the great university beyond the tomb, death the graduating process," and that

"We shape ourselves the joy or fear of which the coming life is made."

This philosophy is verified by the study of man and his relations and faculties as a spiritual being, and in the light of such study materialism and agnosticism fade away.

The whole Christian church are really seeking this same "consummation devoutly to be wished" by all spiritual minds, as is shown by the fact that, in essence, *The Interior* editorial agrees with us. But for this great study the rubbish of creeds and books, as authority over the soul, must be cleared away—a process slow yet sure in the light of modern thought. While it goes on we can work and wait, "without haste and without rest."

More Pulpit Exaggeration.

The Chicago *Herald*—never addicted to the practice of sensationalism—has a short but suggestive article on "More Pulpit Exaggerations," in answer to the statements of Rev. Mr. Kennard. The *Herald* goes on to say that statistics of immorality are the most deceptive things in the world. A man may estimate the number of drunkards and abandoned women, the amount of money expended for whisky, the deaths for which liquor is responsible, and so on, but his guesses are not trustworthy statistics. As a matter of fact, there is no way of ascertaining these things accurately, yet we frequently find men whose lives render them the most incapable of forming a correct estimate reeling off figures as glibly as though the facts were all a matter of record. Rev. Mr. Kennard is the last clergyman to enter the field with a pretense of positive knowledge of the extent of wickedness in Chicago. He says there are "6,000 drinking places, 40,000 men addicted to excessive indulgence in alcohol, 1,200 known places of gambling, and 10,000 or 12,000 abandoned women in Chicago." In answer to these statements the *Herald* says that "Mr. Kennard is a false witness. He has stated a palpable untruth. If he has the reasoning faculty he is censurable for not employing it in order to save himself from the utterance of such manifest falsehoods as the above. It is on such irresponsible statistics as these that outsiders form their opinions of Chicago, and we may expect to see Mr. Kennard's libelous imaginings made the text of many homilies on the depravity of the Western metropolis."

The *Herald* claims that if by 6,000 drinking places Mr. Kennard means that there are that many public bars where intoxicants are sold he has more than doubled the number. This is a matter of record, and no man is excusable for mistaking the fact when the actual figures may be had at the city hall. The allegation that 40,000 men are addicted to excessive indulgence in alcohol is absurd, and a moment's reflection would have convinced anybody but a preacher of the fact. If there are 40,000 drunken men in Chicago then every third boy and man above the age of sixteen is a drunkard. Does not Mr. Kennard know that to be false? His statement that there are 1,200 known places of gambling in Chicago is also ridiculous. There are not that many known gambling houses in the United States. His estimate that there are from ten to twelve thousand abandoned women in the city is a reduction of 60 per cent. on the figures of another imaginative divine, but it is still a vicious falsehood. The police authorities, whose means of acquiring information on this subject are fully as trustworthy as are those of the clergy, place the number of abandoned women at not much above one thousand.

In conclusion, the *Herald* says:—"What is gained by these exaggerations? What is the use of a preacher slandering the town which gives him a great church to preach in, a comfortable parsonage to live in, which puts clothing on his back and feeds him and his family? The cause of religion is not advanced thereby. Immorality is not checked. These frightful exaggerations may alarm and terrify a few, but they do no good, for they carry their own refutation. All things considered, would not the cause of religion be more surely advanced if all its ministers would tell the truth?"

The Mind Cure—It Causes a Craze Among New York Women.

It appears from dispatches received from New York that Sorosis has a new hobby, and is distracted by it in more ways than one. The controlling members are enthusiastic converts to the belief that the mind cure is a scientific verity, by means of which nearly all diseases can be cured through the operations of the mind, unaided by medicine or other than mental treatment. This doctrine had come no nearer to New York than Boston, where it originated, until Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl began a sort of evangelism in advocacy of it. She was known and esteemed by the women of Sorosis, and on her arrival in that city they gave a dinner and reception in her honor. On that occasion she described in a careful speech the theory and practice of the mind cure—the substance of it being that the ills of mankind will usually disappear as soon as the sufferers are convinced that nothing is the matter with them. It is distinct from the faith cure, and is not religious at all. In subsequent interviews Mrs. Diehl fully explained the subject, and several of the most distinguished women's right women cured themselves of real or imagined sickness. Now Mrs. Diehl has opened an office for the regular working of the mind cure. She charges fees, and is in the thing as a matter of business. The Sorosis is consequently torn by the knowledge that their organization has been used to boom a selfish undertaking. Their faith in the mind cure is not disturbed however, and the craze seems to be well started on a run in New York.

The Pope's Letter.

A Rome cablegram to the *N. Y. Herald*, Nov. 7th, states that the pope had signed a new encyclical letter, authorized translations of which into English, French, German and Italian are being made. An ecclesiast who enjoys the confidence of Leo XIII. has most courteously communicated the nature and object of the papal decree, which is of the utmost importance to the Catholic world, and is as yet unknown except to a few personages in immediate relation with the holy father. The document is in two parts. One defines the rights of the church in all existing governments, and sets forth the pope's views on the relations of church and State. The second draws a harrowing picture of modern society, which is suffering for having abandoned the principles of the Roman Catholic church, and falls consequently to provide for or to relieve the working classes. These, hungry, miserable, and deceived, have lost all respect for civil and religious authority, and now seem on the verge of overturning the entire social fabric of Europe in revolution and anarchy. The pope at first entitled his encyclical "Liberalism," but he has now decided to call it "State Government." This document will be a memorable act of the reign of Pope Leo XIII.

Death of Dr. R. T. Norgrove.

Dr. R. T. Norgrove, who resided at No. 188 20th st., this city, passed to spirit life on Sunday, Nov. 1st, at the advanced age of seventy-two. The funeral took place on the following Wednesday, Dr. Thomas officiating. The body was taken to Syracuse, N. Y., for interment. Dr. Norgrove was an excellent healer and electrician, and was instrumental in doing a vast amount of good. He had received indubitable evidence of the truth of Spiritualism through the mediumship of his devoted wife, and he knew that when he laid aside his physical body, that he would be greeted by the spirit friends who preceded him. He was a man of generous impulses, always had a kind word for the unfortunate, and he goes to spirit life with a clean record, and will continue there the good work he inaugurated here. Mrs. Nor-

grove, who is an excellent medium, and respected by all who know her for her many sterling qualities, will remain at the old home for a short time, and then return to her friends at Syracuse, N. Y.

GENERAL ITEMS

Jesse Shepard is in St. Louis.
 Mr. Freeman Barnum, Proprietor of Hotel Barnum, St. Louis, has been appointed Collector of Revenue; but this will not change the management of the Hotel Barnum.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. E. V. Wilson, will answer calls to hold sances and give tests from the rostrum. Address box 80, Lombard, Ill.

C. P. Somerby, business manager of *The Truth Seeker*, New York, gave the JOURNAL office a call last week. He has been traveling in the West in the interests of his paper.

Dr. E. W. Stevens gave us a call last week, on his way to Wilmington, Ill., to see a patient. He is doing an excellent work as a lecturer and healer.

Mr. E. B. Collins, Alden, Iowa, called at the JOURNAL office last week en route to New York State. Mr. Collins has taken the JOURNAL since its first appearance and cannot now do without it.

Mr. O. J. Demmon, Rawhide, Wyo. Ter., says: Mrs. H. Mitchell of Cheyenne, is doing an excellent work healing and curing the sick, and he feels justified in recommending her to those needing medical aid.

Owing to illness the editor-in-chief is still unable to attend to his private correspondence. He hopes correspondents will have patience, and not defer information or views on important matters because of not hearing from him.

Walter Howell's subject next Sunday evening is, "Can God Forgive Sin?" Mr. Howell is engaged in organizing a Ladies' Aid Society, and as soon as a place for meeting is agreed upon, public announcement will be made.

Express money orders can now be obtained of the following Companies: American, United States, and Wells, Fargo & Co. They are probably safer than postal notes or money orders as at present managed by the Post Office Department.

George H. Proctor, editor of the Cape Ann, Mass., *Advertiser*, visited Chicago a short time ago. He was favorably impressed with the city, and writes glowing accounts thereof to his paper. He gave the JOURNAL office a call.

Some Earthmen from the interior of Africa, now in London, are only four feet in height. They live almost entirely under ground, and subsist on insects. They use a sign language. These people are the lowest in the scale of humanity of any yet discovered.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson, the slate-writing medium, will not return to Chicago this winter, though her many friends in the city and surrounding country would like to have her do so. Her residence this winter will be in Hope, D. T., where her husband is publishing a paper.

Elder Hurst of the Baptist church, predicts the end of the world in 1932. He says that the next year will exhibit symptoms of the coming event, after which startling events will develop rapidly, such as the moon turning to blood, the sun refusing to shine, etc. He has many followers.

The North and South Central American Exposition at New Orleans, opened last Tuesday. The promises of the American Exposition are bright and most encouraging. A grand Exposition, in many respects more attractive than the World's Exposition, is assured.

Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles is spending a few days in Chicago and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bundy. Mrs. Sayles is on her way home from the Woman's Congress lately held at Des Moines. Since that meeting she has visited Omaha, Minneapolis and Dubuque for philanthropic purposes.

Out of one hundred and thirteen samples of food submitted by public inspectors under the Food and Drugs act to the medical officer of the Parish of Islington, England, during the last year, not one was found to be adulterated! This will be a shock to the pessimists who hug themselves in the belief that in this devil-driven age honesty is impossible.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn will lecture for the Southern Reunion of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 28th to April 4th. Mr. Dawbarn would be pleased to arrange for one or more lectures to such societies as may be convenient to his route, either going or returning. Address him at 463 West 23rd St., New York City.

A Psychological Society, so-called, has been organized in St. Louis, with Reverend Snyder, the Unitarian preacher, as President. If the selection of this reverend gentleman is an indication of the bias of the organization, it were better to name it the Society for the Promotion of Psychical Farce, unless we are incorrectly informed as to Mr. Snyder's attitude toward the spirit hypothesis.

Mr. A. P. Miller, editor and proprietor of the *Worthington* (Minn.) *Adeance*, called at the JOURNAL office last week. Mr. Miller has clearly demonstrated that a country paper may advocate Spiritualism, and yet be a success. He had a severe experience for several years, but has come off victorious. He is now on his way to New York City to superintend the publication of a couple of books. The JOURNAL commends Mr. Miller to its Eastern readers with whom he may come in contact during the winter.

The funeral took place the other day in Malpas churchyard, Cheshire, of Job Formston, who was born, according to the register, in 1783, and was consequently in his 102d year. "Old Job," as he was locally designated, had a most retentive memory, and would discuss the events of his boyhood with visitors who frequented his cottage. He was an inveterate smoker.

Physicians have to pay \$50 for good skeletons and \$30 for common ones. The preparation of them is growing to be quite a business. The most difficult part of the process is to clean the bones without marring them. Medical college janitors pretty nearly monopolize the trade. The French excel in whitening the bones and making them more presentable.

Religious ceremonies at Mecca this year have been on a scale of unusual magnificence. The silk covering for the Kaaba which the Sultan sent this year has been valued at \$75,000, and that sent by the Khedive for the same purpose at \$60,000. Both are black moire, richly embroidered in gold, and so large that each of them covers entirely the whole Kaaba.

Dr. W. A. Turner of Baker, Kan., in writing to this office, says: "I am sure that a good lecturer could do much good at Hiawatha, our county seat. There are a number of the faith there and many more could be made."

Messrs. Thos. R. Knox & Co. will issue in November, Mrs. Susan G. Horn's new book, "Next World Interviewed." The Spiritualist public will recall the popularity of Mrs. Horn's first book published some years ago, entitled "Strange Visitors."

Theosophy has given up its miracles, writes the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury*: "Still retaining their belief in the existence of a brotherhood deep in the mountainous recesses of Thibet, their belief in Mahatmas who lived for a thousand years, and in their astral bodies passed from Scandinavia to Australia, from London to Calcutta, without difficulty, the Theosophists have nevertheless surrendered their early faith in Mme. Blavatsky's mysterious letters, placed by invisible hands in locked cupboards. I saw the other day a drawing of Mme. Blavatsky's rooms, showing how she worked the miracles at her occult shrine."

Father Bonomi describes the "False Prophet" as a man of towering stature, with a fat, round face, and hard, unquelling eyes—unquestionably a fanatic, honestly believing in his mission to restore the pure Islam. His authority over his adherents was unlimited. He prohibited singing, except in honor of the Prophet, and also smoking, and transgressors of these edicts were punished with one hundred stripes from a whip of hippopotamus hide. A first theft was punishable with the loss of the right hand and a second with that of the left foot. Father Bonomi says that he saw several of these cruel amputations for petty offense.

Victor Hugo's coffin, says a Paris correspondent, is an object of much interest to foreign and other excursionists visiting Paris. A lamp thrown a light on the coffin, and the now defaced, tarnished and moldy crowns that are heaped up around it. All that were made of natural flowers have been thrown away, but they remained long enough to communicate the odor of decay to the others. So far the heaps of floral wreaths have served to hedge in the coffin and keep amateurs of souvenirs from pulling off the cloth upon it. The moldy flowers are often pilfered, and there is a trade carried on outside the Pantheon in cast-off violets which have figured on ladies' bonnets, but which are offered by the vendors as coming from Victor Hugo's tomb.

Under the heading, "Gleanings in the Fields of Spiritualism," Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten has a bright article in a late number of the *Medium and Daybreak*, London. We quote a single paragraph: "The Society are about to enter upon the tenancy of a beautiful hall, wherein I hope once in each month to meet and greet the serried crowds that have hitherto assembled in a most unpromising locality. My last engagement was made memorable by a debate in which my opponents, of the amiable and well-mannered 'local preacher' type, had full justice rendered them by my eloquent, learned and popular chairman, Alderman Barkas. I had the pleasure, too, of taking part in a spiritual conference inaugurated by the lady mediums and lady members of the Newcastle Spiritualists' Society. These pleasant features of progress and brighter prospects yet ahead, have induced me to reserve in my present notices the great Northumbrian centre, Newcastle, as the culminating point of interest in my brief and imperfect sketches."

A curious case of witchery comes from a suburban county in Georgia. An old negro woman who has been gaining a livelihood by digging herbs in the mountains, asked for bread of another negro woman named Clements, who lives alone with her children. The Clements woman refused to give the beggar any thing to eat, whereupon the root digger pronounced a curse upon the house and inmates. She returned a few hours later and told the Clements woman to prepare to die, as she would not live until morning. The Clements woman started to pick up a stone to throw at the beggar, when she was seized with terrible pains in the back and side. She crawled to the house, where she died in convulsions. Poison was suspected, but a medical examination failed to reveal the existence of any poison, either vegetable or mineral. The Clements woman had three children, all of whom are now ill, and it is thought may die. Over the door of the negro cabin was found a conjure ball, consisting of red rags

Voices from the People

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

"Conquered at Last."

A PRIZE POEM ON THE GRATITUDE OF THE SOUTH FOR NORTHERN HELP.

[Some time since the *Middle West* offered a prize for the poem which, by a Southern writer, should judge most meritorious—expressive of the gratitude which existed in the Southern heart toward the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so freely and nobly displayed in the time of the dire affliction of the South by pestilence. This offer called forth seventy-seven competitive compositions from various parts of the country. The committee to whom the manuscripts were submitted decided in favor of the poem entitled "Conquered at Last," by Miss Maria L. Ewe, of Augusta, Ga., which we print below, as in striking contrast with the present attitude of Southern Congressmen and a good portion of the Southern Press.]

You came to us, once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.
You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.
So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath like grain,
Their heads in the dust and their branches broke,
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing,
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.
We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, "but our wounds
Must heal."
"We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel."
"We are conquered," we said, "but our hearts are sore,
And 'woo to the conqueror!' on every door."

But the spoiler came and he would not spare,
The angel that walketh in darkness was there;
He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet.

In the dead, dead, dead, that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.
From the desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part:

"You heard it, O brothers—With never a measure
You opened your hearts, and poured out your tears."
"Of Sisters of Mercy, you gave above these!
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees."

Your pity was human, but oh! it was more,
When you shared our cross and our burden bore.
Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives, you laid down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give
Than lay down his life that his friends may live.
You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a Hand Divine.

You conquered us, brothers, our swords we gave;
We yielded now our hearts—they are all we have,
Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.

Your love had a magic, diviner than art,
And "Conquered by Kindness" we'll write on our heart.

Congress of the National Liberal League.

The attendance at the Congress of the National Liberal League (the American State Union), held in Cleveland the 9th and 11th, was not large, except when it was addressed by Col. Ingersoll, who arrived on the last day. The number of League delegates present was extremely small—smaller even than last year, at Cascaida. Out of the hundreds of leagues claimed to be still in existence, only four were represented—the Pennsylvania State League (five delegates), the Pittsburgh League (four delegates), the Cleveland League (five delegates), and the Newark, N. J. League (one delegate, by proxy). The entire number of delegates reported present by the Committee on Credentials was thirty-five. We take these figures from the report given in the *Truth-Seeker*, the chief organ of the League, whose editor was present, and who, after giving the names of the thirty-five delegates, evidently impressed with the smallness of the number, adds: "We think this list must be incomplete; for we recognized several present who should have represented leagues, if they did not. But the above were all who reported to the Committee on Credentials." Yet there were in addition a few persons in attendance from some other states than those mentioned, but the audiences were composed mainly of Cleveland people. A friend writes that some of the speakers, among whom he especially mentions Mr. Boutwell, Palmer, and Mr. J. D. Shaw, delivered able addresses, which deserved a larger hearing than they received. Col. Ingersoll repeated his "Myth and Miracle," his latest and one of his best lectures, to an audience of about two thousand. The treasurer's report sustained statements we had received from members of the League, that it was run by two or three individuals, with the aid of Col. Ingersoll, for their own personal benefit. Of the \$28,654.58 raised by contributions, etc., \$24,567.71 went to pay the salaries and expenses of Messrs. Putnam and Watts for lecturing against Christianity and in defense of Secularism, from the time they took charge of the League, a year ago. If any specific work were done during the year to advance the cause of State secularization, no proof of it appears in the report of the preceding year. Next week we shall express our views on this subject more fully in an open letter to Col. Ingersoll, a gentleman with whom our personal relations, from our first acquaintance with him before he was known to fame, until now, have never been otherwise than cordial, but whose recent course in connection with the Liberal League we in that spirit of independence for which he so eloquently pleads, must frankly criticize.—*Index*.

A Remarkable Case of Healing.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:
Having noticed in the *JOURNAL* of April 11th, 1885, an article headed, "A Remarkable Case of Healing," I am glad to send you an account of a similar case, which I have kept very quiet about, as it was so strange I feared it would not be credited. I have resided about nine miles from Gilroy, Cal., ever since 1883. A. D. Cameron was a mechanic residing in Gilroy, with whose family I was intimately acquainted. Mr. C. passed to spirit life about six months ago, his family still being residents of Gilroy. About three years ago Mr. Cameron cut his left hand to the bone, near the lower joint of the forefinger. The injury caused him to stop work for awhile. After the wound healed, Mr. C. attempted to resume work, but his finger pained him a great deal, being so sensitive that he could not bear to have anything touch it, and he thought he would have to have it amputated. At this time there was a medium stopping at my house, (whose name I have no permission to use), and I sent word to Mr. C. not to have his finger amputated as I thought something could be done for it. Having told my family, and the medium about the circumstance, I asked the latter if anything could be done to relieve the pain, and desired to know what the spirit's thought of it. In a short time the medium was controlled by the spirit of an Indian, who complained of the left forefinger of the medium being painful, and requested me to manipulate it. At first it was so sensitive that I was only permitted to make passes near the finger, but the soreness began to subside gradually until all disappeared, leaving a numb sensation. I asked the spirit what good this could do to one so far away, and in reply he said: "You can and always when you go to town." On going to town in a few days I learned from his wife that Mr. C.'s finger was relieved of pain on that very evening, enabling him to go to work. With the exception of the numb sensation, his finger gave him no more trouble. As he was a bitter opponent of Spiritualism, I never said anything to him about the matter.
CHAS. E. SANDERS,
Gilroy, Cal., July 15, 1885.

F. T. Leslie writes:—I like the *JOURNAL* so well that I find I cannot do without it.

A Session with Eglington, the English Medium.

One morning, when I was in company with Eglington and Baron Hellenbach, it was proposed, by late-writing, that we three should hold a séance without any other persons being present. This took place the same evening, and Baron Hellenbach and I came to the conclusion that we should obtain the best results if we allowed things to take their own course, instead of, as is usual when sittings are present, imposing any conditions or tests. This condition was fully justified by the result, and the proofs of the phenomena could not have been greater. Eglington himself declared afterwards that it was the best sitting he had ever had. Our sittings lay upon a table illuminated by three gas-burners; Eglington, whom we left completely to himself, soon became evidently in a state of semi-consciousness, acting instinctively and without conscious will. At first he sat at the table, but soon stood up and began to walk up and down, speaking in an altered voice. He next asked Baron Hellenbach for a blank sheet of paper, and when a packet was handed to him, taken out of a writing-case, he took a sheet, laid it upon the table, and then went to a book-case, took out a book at hazard, which proved to be Zöllner's "Transcendental Physics," which he likewise laid upon the table. He then tore off a corner of the sheet of paper, which he held in his hand, and after which he placed the blank sheet in the book, placing likewise a morsel of lead pencil in it, and then closed it. We then united our six hands together above the book, Eglington kneeling between us on the floor, and Baron Hellenbach put a question on a matter connected with his private affairs and studies, which demanded a long answer. In a very few seconds I felt the writing of the writing in one of my hands; and when I put my ear down to the book, I distinctly heard the muffled sound that rapid writing, under such circumstances, would produce. Three quick raps, coming in the same muffled manner from the book, informed us (as usual) that we should open it, and on doing so we found, between pages 359 and 357, the lately blank sheet of paper covered with thirty closely-written lines. The corner of the paper which was torn off, with its edges sharp and jagged, on account of the thickness of the paper, fitted exactly; while a later examination showed a slight impression of this on the top page of the book, though not the slightest mark of the pencil. The message was written in the English language, but was not finished, and only partly answered the question which had been put.

Encouraged by this result, we allowed the medium to follow his impulses, which still continued to have the character of being involuntary. He now pushed the slates lying upon the table nearer to us, and placed a blank sheet of paper in one of them, which was a double-folding slate, and another similar sheet between two ordinary slates, laid one atop of the other, providing each with a point of lead pencil, and with a writing pen, and made several specific passes above the folding slate, probably because the wooden frame in which it was bound rendered the experiment more difficult. We then spread our hands on both slates, and Baron Hellenbach declared, after a few seconds, that he could feel the writing going on fields the slates on which his hands alone were resting. I laid my head down to the other, and distinctly heard the writing going on within them. I do not remember that the writing was relatively going on in both at the same time, but I think it quite possible; the more so as Zöllner, in describing an experiment, narrates that, with two bits of slate pencil placed on one slate, writing was found done at the same time from right to left, and from left to right. In the case of the present experiment, the simultaneousness of the writing on both sheets of paper could not be ascertained, because we were not testing that writing was going on on both at the same moment; but the rapidity with which the answer was given seems even the more wonderful if the writing were done first on one sheet and then on the other. Now, again, the raps were heard; we opened the slates, and found on one sheet twenty-eight, and on the other twenty-four closely-written lines, completing an answer already begun on the first sheet, which had been placed in the book and written in well-chosen language, and very intelligently. The writing was quite unlike that of Eglington himself, with which I afterwards compared it. On the other hand, it exactly resembled not only the signature of Ernest, but the handwriting on another slate, which had been given when I was not present, in the English, German, and Greek languages.

I repeated the test with three gas-burners, we were able to watch Eglington's every movement closely, and that no kind of suspicious circumstance of any sort was to be observed. If the skeptic, however, will deny us the capacity of sight, and assert that Eglington was able to write quickly, and in some way or other, insert the sheets of paper, even in this case it could only be the under side which was written on, because the top side was distinctly seen to be blank, but when we opened the book, the top side was written upon; therefore Eglington must not only have been clever enough to write with rapidly eighty-two lines unseen by us, by the light of three gas-burners, in answer to a question which had not yet been put on the sheets of paper which had been handed to him, but he must have been able to turn the sheets upside down when they were in a blank position, and then, when the writing was done, turn them right side up, and insert them in the book. It here really seems as though skepticism, carried to an undue point, strongly resembles idiosyncrasy.—*Carl de Prul de Munich, in Light, London.*

Personal Visibility at a Distance.

Last week a correspondent asks the question: "Can raps, heard by a person clairvoyantly, be attributed to a friend at a distance?" I shall give you once answer, Yes. In proof I will state two cases that have recently come under my observation:—A person at Whitworth wished to communicate with a friend at Heywood. The Whitworth friend went to a portrait of the Heywood friend that hung on the wall, and set his eyes on it, using his mind-force to tell the Heywood friend that a party would visit him on the following day at such a time. The Heywood friend was sitting at his table, and he had just heard three raps on the table, and looking up from his paper he saw the Whitworth friend standing in front of him beside the table. He then told him that a certain party would arrive on the following day by such a train, and he must meet them. The Heywood friend did so, and found things just as the Whitworth friend had told him, through the exercise of his mind-force. The same phenomenon has occurred on two or three occasions in the same individuals. In the next case, two persons were talking in a mill, on a subject that the writer of this was much interested in. I was some fifty yards away from them, and in another part of the mill. I heard most of what was said, and I could tell who the parties were that were talking. I was so confident that I had heard them talking, that I went to one of them at noon to ask about the matter. One said if I would state what they had been talking about, she would tell me whether it was true. I told her the subject, and also the person she had been talking with. She acknowledged that I was quite correct.—*E. C. in Medium and Daybreak.*

Spirits Stalking Among You.

A fair-sized audience shivered through the Spiritual science at the Leland rink yesterday afternoon. After a short prayer and song, Mr. Carrie Tron recited a poem entitled "The Rainbow Bridge," and then went on to speak of Spiritualism.

"I can see the spirits walking among you," said she. "I can see near that lady a beautiful spirit. She seems to be comforting and cheering her. There is also the spirit of a man near, who says: 'Fear not; I am here to come and sorrow like the mountains, but you have one near you who will not let you suffer in 1887. A change will come which comes before me like a vision.' That gentleman in the third row has a spirit at his side. You may not recognize her, but she's there. And I will say to you, sir, that you love Spiritualism in so far as you understand it. You are a very silent man, but there is strength underneath. Then she pointed to the Tribune reporter, who had been seated in the back seat: 'That man has great but undeveloped powers, and there is standing near him a very strong man to help him on, and some day in the solitude of his room, he will recognize him, but not through a medium. I want to say to this lady: 'Keep quiet! A spirit will guide you safely,' and to this lady: 'Be cheerful! The cloud shall be rent and there are better days coming.'"

Mrs. Tron then closed her remarks, which were followed by another song, after which Dr. U. D. Thomas occupied the time with a few words and subsequent reading of character.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

The Idea of God.

To one familiar with Christian ideas, the notion that Man is less insignificant a creature to be worth the notice of Deity seems at once pathetic and grotesque. In the view of Plato, by which all Christendom has been powerfully influenced, there is profound pathos. The wickedness and misery of the world wrought so strongly upon Plato's keen sympathies and delicate moral sense that he came to conclusions almost gloomy as those of the Epicureans, who regard existence as an evil. In the Timæus he deprecates the material world as essentially vile; he is unable to think of the pure and holy Deity as manifested in it, and he accordingly separates the Creator from his creation by the whole breadth of infinitude. This view passed on to the Gnostics, for whom the puzzling problem of philosophy was how to explain the action of the spiritual God upon the material universe. Sometimes the interval was bridged by mediating sons or emanations, partly spiritual and partly material; sometimes the world was held to be the work of the devil, and in no sense divine. The Greek fathers, under the lead of Clement, espousing the higher thought, kept clear of this sort of Gnostic theory; but upon Augustine it fell with full force, and he was carried away with it. In his earlier writings Augustine showed himself not incapable of comprehending the views of Clement and Athanasius; but his intense feeling of man's wickedness dragged him irresistibly in the opposite direction. In his doctrine of original sin, he represents humanity as cut off from all relationship with God, who is depicted as a cruelly ambitious deity, gloomy as those of the Epicureans, and accessible only through the mediating offices of an organized church. Compared with the thoughts of the Greek fathers, this was a barbaric conception, but it was suited alike to the lower grade of culture in Western Europe and to the Latin political genius, which in the decline of the Empire was already occupying itself with its great and beneficent work of constructing an imperial church. For these reasons the Augustinian theology prevailed, and in the Dark Ages which followed it became so deeply wrought into the innermost fibres of Latin Christianity that it remains dominant to-day alike in Catholic and Protestant churches. With few exceptions, every child born of Christian parents in Western Europe or in America grows up with an idea of God as gloomy as those of the Epicureans, and upon men's minds by Augustine fifteen centuries ago. Nay, more, it is hardly too much to say that three-fourths of the body of doctrine currently known as Christianity, unwarranted by Scripture and never dreamed of by Christ or his apostles, first took color and shape in the writings of this mighty Roman, who was separated from the apostolic age by an interval of time like that which separates us from the invention of printing and the discovery of America.

The Idea of God upon which all this Augustinian doctrine is based is the idea of a Being actuated by human passions and purposes, localizable in space, and utterly remote from that inert machine, the universe in which we live, and upon which he acts intermittently through the suspension of what are called natural laws. So deeply has this conception penetrated the thought of the masses, that it has become a part of the bottom of the speculations and arguments of men who would warmly repudiate it as thus stated in its naked outline. It dominates the reasonings alike of believers and skeptics, of theists and atheists; it underlies at once the objections raised by orthodox against each new step in science and the assaults made by materialism upon every religious conception of the world; and thus it is chiefly responsible for the confusion of thought, which, by lamentable confusion of thought, is commonly called the conflict between religion and science.—*John Fiske in November Atlantic.*

The Change in Modern Thought.

The change which has come over modern thought can not be better exemplified than by taking the instance of three great writers whose works have produced a powerful influence—Carlyle, Renan, and George Eliot. They were all three born and brought up in the very heart of the old world, and in the midst of the best qualities of Scotch Presbyterianism, bred in a west country farmhouse, under the eye of a father and mother whom he loved and revered, who might have been the originals of Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," or the descendants of the martyrs of Claverhouse. His own temperament strongly inclined to a stern Puritanism, he was favored by nature with a keen and John Keble; his whole nature was antipathetic to science. As his biographer, Froude, reports of him, "He liked ill men like Humboldt, Laplace, and the author of the 'Vestiges.' He refused Darwin's transmutation of species as unproved; he fought against it, though I could see he dreaded that it might turn out true." And yet the deliberate conclusion to which he arrived was that "the did not think it possible that educated honest men could ever profess much longer to believe in historical Christianity."

The case of Renan was equally remarkable. He was born in the cottage of Breton peasants of the purest type of simple, pious, Catholic faith. Their one idea of rising above the life of a peasant was to become a priest, and their great ambition for their boy was that he might be so far honored as one day to become a country curé. Young Renan, accordingly, from the first day he showed cleverness, and got to the top of his class in the village school, was destined for the priesthood. He was taken in hand by priests, and found in them his kindest friends; they sent him to college, and in due time to the Central Seminary where young men were trained for orders. All his traditions, all his affections, all his interests, all his habits, all his hopes, all his fears, everything rather than subscribe to what he no longer believed to be true. His conversion was brought about in this way: Having been appointed assistant to a professor of Hebrew, he became a profound scholar in Oriental languages; this led to his studying the Scriptures carefully in the original, and the conclusion forced itself upon him that the miraculous part of the narrative had no historical foundation. In Carlyle, Renan, and George Eliot, no scientific, and while denying miracles he remained keenly appreciative of all that was beautiful and poetical in the life and teaching of Jesus, which he has brought more vividly before the world in his writings than had ever been done by orthodox commentators.—*From Modern Science and Modern Thought, by S. Latou, in Popular Science Monthly for November.*

Constantly in Communication with Spirits.

The New Haven (Ct.) *Palladium* contains a long article, detailing the experiences of Dr. Goodsell in Spiritualism, and who speaks as follows:

"I at one time was worth \$25,000 and could easily have made \$100,000, but I have given large amounts to mediums and to poor people, and am now a poor man. I have, however, secured much that is of great value to me. I am in constant communication with hundreds of spirits, including those of Dr. J. R. Newton, Professor S. B. Brittan, Horace Greeley and Dr. Leonard Bacon. I conversed with Dr. Bacon yesterday, and among other things he said to me: 'After I left my body I was walled away from its remains. I was conscious that I had been taking medicine, which was fully developed, and bore a remarkable resemblance to one another, all died within four hours from the time of their birth. Dr. J. C. Budlong, who attended Mrs. Gilmore, says that in all his experience this is the first case he has ever had of quadruplets. Mrs. Gilmore is a medium-returned woman of robust constitution, and is doing well at present, while her husband, it is claimed, is accumulating wealth by charging ten cents per capita to see the dead babies, more than four hundred people having called at the house through the day.'"

Four Babies Weigh Eight Pounds.

Mrs. J. Frank Gilmore, aged about thirty, wife of a local watchmaker residing at six Lawrence Street, Providence, R. I., between two and three o'clock in the morning of October 28th, gave birth to four children weighing in the aggregate eight pounds. The babies, which were fully developed, and bore a remarkable resemblance to one another, all died within four hours from the time of their birth. Dr. J. C. Budlong, who attended Mrs. Gilmore, says that in all his experience this is the first case he has ever had of quadruplets. Mrs. Gilmore is a medium-returned woman of robust constitution, and is doing well at present, while her husband, it is claimed, is accumulating wealth by charging ten cents per capita to see the dead babies, more than four hundred people having called at the house through the day.

A Crafty Clergyman.

A young clergyman at Tarrytown, N. Y., courted a girl and persuaded her to repeat the marriage service with him, telling her that it would make the engagement more binding. He drew claims that as a lawyer, doctor, or other professional man, he demanded the girl's wife. Legal experts are considering the matter, some of them insisting that the clergyman. The lady is in a quandary as to whether she is married or not.—*Chicago Herald.*

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Spiritual Exposures.

As a Spiritualist of thirty-five years, during that time a great many honest and pretended exposures of the mysteries of Spiritualism have come under my observation; I repeat honestly attempted exposures, as some of them were precipitated under the honest conviction that these various manifestations were a delusion, or the product of some psychical or undeciphered law in nature, but just then inclining popular attention. I have on my shelves several books and pamphlets on this interesting subject, some of them written and compiled by some *quid nunc*, who knew "all about it," by witnessing a séance or two, and could account for the whole thing and gravely advised caution! One Professor P.—frankly declared that on further examination of the subject he would freely have given five hundred dollars if he could recall his book. These exposures were prompted under various motives of their authors; some to show their astuteness in unfolding trickery and delusion, as they supposed, and many with the sole unscrupulous desire of making an attractive, saleable book, perhaps like "Bottom Facts." We must, indeed, be very careful in our strictures in reference to such things, as few would like to be involved in a libel suit, as the whole world is much upon the make.

It so happened in the year 1883, that I passed some unfavorable criticisms through our local paper here on the Rev. Hiram Matson's new book, "Spiritualism Unveiled." It was an elaborately gotten up book, with numerous costly wood cuts. After vainly trying to dispose of his work to his satisfaction in this district of Brooklyn, he called upon our printer and excitedly threatened me with a libel suit—damages two thousand dollars.

The truth was, Prof. Matson's work fell, as it were, still-born from the press, inasmuch as in his attempting to cast ridicule upon and satirize Spiritualism, it was also a satire on the Bible and the basis of all phenomenal Christian faith! He was too obtuse through credulity to observe his error, that they must rise or fall together. The professor has long since passed from material existence, and his book lies in obscurity.

Among the early exposures was a book by the Rev. Dr. Dodd, a Universalist divine, and an occasional lecturer on mesmerism and psychology, through the manifestations of which he thought he could account for all the phenomena of Spiritualism. But it should be mentioned to his frankness and honesty, that he reconsidered his exposure and publicly admitted his error. He died a firm believer in Spiritualism.

Spiritualism can stand such exposures now. It was once comparatively a toddling infant as in the noted days of medium Jesus, but it is now approaching its maturity, and has come to stay. What queer people we find in this world sailing under the proud name of scientists. An old acquaintance of mine, Prof. E.—K., from Washington, called to see me, and the subject of Spiritualism soon came uppermost. He said he had witnessed but one séance when the "Fox Sisters" were in that city, and this fully satisfied him of their fraudulent and ignorant assumption, as it corresponded with his preconceived opinions. "I exposed the whole thing," he said, "the next day through the public press, and have given myself no further trouble about the fraud since."

"But, Professor," I said, "don't you think you have been too precipitate in your denunciation? I have seen much of the phenomena in my own house and those of my neighbors, both physical and mental, which could by no possibility be fraudulent. Come over to my house in Brooklyn, and I will show you something that will surprise you in the way of the phenomenal. A common table, or box weighing perhaps twenty-five pounds, is increased by a rapping to six or eight, or seventy or eighty pounds, just by the medium (an old man) touching its lower surface with his hand. Come, send your own table, box, and scales, and weigh both before and after. It will cost you nothing but an evening's time."

The Professor looked wishy, and said drawlingly, "Well, no, I think it would not pay, I cannot spare the time. The more he was urged, the greater indifference he evinced, and in the end he left me good-day. This scientific bigot, for I can call it by no other significant name, has since written scientifically on the subject of "Mental Aberrations."

Brooklyn, E. D. D. BRUCE.

Kansas City Psychological Research Society.

Your readers may be interested to know that Kansas City has followed the worthy example of her sister cities, London, Boston, and Chicago, and has organized a Society for Psychological Research. We have long felt the need of such an organization to keep good our record of western enterprise. It may, however, be a surprise to the older societies to learn, that though we are last and youngest in order of time and experience, we excel them all in the progress of our work. We discovered to our fullest satisfaction, even before the completed organization was formed, that the more we had with strong convictions in favor of any given theory, is much less likely to make an impartial and unbiased report of what he sees, than a person with equally strong convictions against the theory. It will readily appear that we have thus passed a decree that one of the most perplexing phases of psychical research has come to its final hearing. I thought fitting that, one, at least, of the four departments of inquiry, should be made that of a person with some knowledge of spiritual manifestations and history, but the society ordered otherwise. We are thus about on the broad ocean of phenomena with a leadership that disbelieves in everything contemplated in the object of our research. What do you say of the results of our organization? The membership is composed of most excellent people with high moral and intellectual tendencies, but what of our work? I can only say that Mr. B. Stebbins, that "fintling Spiritualist," can be the best psychological student. Now I want to confess that our cheeks should burn with shame over this whole matter of societies for psychical research in the presence of such a book as "Zöllner's Tests." What hope or pleasure can come in the search for knowledge beyond our experience or ability to correctly test. Zöllner's book can be bought for one dollar at the office of the *JOURNAL* in Chicago, and one evening of quiet home reading, will bring to the earnest and honest investigator more solid joy and information than a lifetime of fruitless search in the dark with no facilities for insight.

Very few men can be found whose time and means of investigation would bring results worthy of confidence. A society composed of merchants, lawyers, doctors, clerks, and housewives, will meet only to condemn their lack of knowledge, and to cut forces. The whole subject is being made a matter of ridicule as now conducted. Even that excellent monthly, "Mind in Nature," has thus far only given us a few well written stories by parties whose "Craft" would "go to the dogs" the moment one fact is reached by them, outside of their creed. I can conceive of nothing more unique than to designate wealthy by charging ten cents per capita to see the dead babies, more than four hundred people having called them to the "notes and the bats."

Kansas City, Mo. S. D. BOWKER.

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E. F. Colwell writes: I have concluded that I could not put this check to no more memorable use than towards paying for that messenger—the *JOURNAL*—which has brought me confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ; and more so to me of a hereafter designed by an all-wise Beneficence; an answer positive to the great question, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Girls can marry at the age of eleven years in the State of Maine.

Milan, Ohio, has the largest quarter-striking clock in the United States.

Philadelphia papers say gas will be used as fuel in that city in a few months.

By a new invention blind people can play whist as well as those who can see.

A Brooklyn teacher has been arrested for threatening to kill a pupil caught whispering.

Nearly \$300,000 have been taken out of the Comstock lode since its discovery, eighteen years ago.

A New York physician says the abstinence habit is alarmingly on the increase in this country.

A man in Williamsport, Pa., drank a pint of whiskey in ten minutes on a wager. He died in two hours.

A movement is on foot at Auburn, N. Y., to remove the Postmaster because he sings mungwung songs.

The tin-deposits of New South Wales cover an area of 5,440,000 acres. New fields are continually reported.

A retired tragedian says there are twice as many professional actors in America as there were twenty-five years ago.

Bishop Taylor writes that missionaries with big families are wanted in Africa. They can dig and teach, hoe and preach.

A statistician has found out that sixteen manufacturing and mining corporations were organized in Tennessee last year.

The hot-water cure retains its popularity in Hartford, where the *Times*, of that city, states it is more taken than any other remedy.

Buffalo bones bring \$30 a ton in Dodge City, Neb., where there is a lively demand for them. The bulk of them come from Texas.

The statue of Washington just presented to the city of Milwaukee is the only one of the father of his country west of New York City.

Dirty streets, unclean water, neglected sewers and anti-vaccination ideas are said to be the causes of the visitation of small-pox in Montreal.

Boston physicians, after careful investigation, express the opinion that in a majority of cases typhoid fever is caused by the use of impure water.

James Russell Lowell admitted in a recent speech that he believed when he was a young man that his ancestors were quite right in persecuting the Quakers.

A large fish hawk got impaled on the steeple of a church at Harrisburg, Pa., the other day. As it could not be retrieved, the bird was killed with a rifle shot and left to hang.

A bird as big as a robin, with black body and brown head, now keeps company with the English sparrow in Augusta, Me., and is puzzling naturalists there as to its identity.

Among new clockwork toys for the coming Christmas is a bear, so natural that when it snarls and snaps at little girls they give mouse-like squeaks and stand lip to lip with fright.

At a revival meeting in Hopkinsville, Ind., occurred the wedding of a colored couple who begin their married life with thirty-two children, the groom having twenty-two and the bride five.

The *Druggist's Journal* reports a case of poisoning from postage stamps. It seems that the gum on the back is capable, under certain conditions, of absorbing foreign matters floating in the air.

A British bark which arrived at Portland, Me., from Japan, a few days ago, had all Japanese sailors, and not one of them could speak English or converse with the officers of the vessel except by signs.

Philadelphia contains more dwelling houses owned by their occupants than any other city in the country, beating New York by more than 20,000. Philadelphia is growing at the rate of 5,000 houses a year.

A willow farm in Macon, Ga., produces about a ton of switches to the acre, commanding, when dried, \$200, and, as the leaves and bark sell at 25 cents a pound baled, the enterprise pays better than cotton.

East Tennessee's fair has become the greatest tobacco growing sector in the Union. Good judges declare that the soil of that region is suited to the production of as fine a grade of the weed as any grown in the world.

The exodus of Chinese from British Columbia is proceeding at a rapid rate. Nearly 1,500 Mongolians are under sailing orders for Hong Kong, and it is estimated some 7,000 or 8,000 more will follow in the course of the next three months.

Dr. Chapman, an eminent physician of Paris, says cholera is not due to a germ or living organism which finds its way into the system from without, but that it is a purely nervous disease, dependent chiefly on thermal and electric influences.

Mayor Hardy, of Lincoln, Neb., has made a great many enemies by his strong stance in favor of temperance. One of them the other night left a coffin at his door as a warning. The Mayor promptly sold the coffin for \$13 and gave the money to a temperance society.

The Highlanders of Scotland have a curious custom of never referring to the departed as dead. They mention them as having shifted their abode, or as having gone where they are better off. If called upon to speak directly of some person who has died they call him the non-lasting, or the non-enduring one.

It seems almost useless to warn people not to take overdoses of opium and its alkaloids. An English clergyman, who had been accustomed to take morphia pills for sleeplessness, continued the habit against his physician's express instructions, and one night took a number of them equal to a grain and a half of the drug. He went to sleep and never awoke.

Alea is possessed of the most powerfully equipped horns. The *Indian Medical Gazette* tells of a man who was bitten on the neck by one of them. Within ten minutes he became cold, pulseless and unconscious. He was a robust man, but the use of active remedies only brought him to after a couple of hours. The hornet was of medium size, bright yellow and striped with black.

The Russian traveler Fodtschenko recently discovered in Turkestan a plant which is said to be an excellent specific against cholera and typhus. It is used by the natives of Central Asia against all kinds of maladies, and every effort has been made to keep its properties from the knowledge of Europeans. The plant, which is named *Ferula strobilifera*, has been acclimated in the Moscow Botanical Garden.

An interesting case of circumstantial evidence occurred in Boston not long ago. A murder had been committed in a most mysterious manner. No clue could be found. About the time the murder was committed a man was arrested for being drunk. Upon searching his clothes a part of a theatre programme was found in

Continued from First Page.

the contrary, held the chastity of their women in so high a respect that they would not even permit a girl to marry.

About his childhood and early education nothing is known. He is said to have learned the trade of his father, that of a carpenter. Grown up to the age of manhood, he joined the sect of Essenes, which was mostly composed of artisans, and represented the Socialistic and Nihilistic element. They despised all earthly possessions, would not hold property, lived together in small bands, sharing everything in common. They would not marry, and they believed that a change for the better could be effected only by an ascetic life, and the Messiah, whom every Jew was expecting at that time, would transform the whole world into one large communistic brotherhood, in which there would be neither rich nor poor, and from which all the passions adhering to mankind would be removed. He soon grew into prominence in the rural districts where he sojourned. He must have spoken of the change which he expected to come over the world with such a sincerity that it is quite natural his friends expected him to produce it, and may have looked at him as the Messiah. Let me state right here that the name Messiah, or as it is in Hebrew, "Mashiach," is a misnomer if applied to him, for he never was anointed for his mission by any authority whatsoever. How can, therefore, a man be called Mashiach, the anointed, if he never was anointed? The most critical season of the year was at that time the Passover festival, a festival celebrated in remembrance of the liberation of Israel from Egyptian bondage. Every male person was bound to be present in Jerusalem during the seven days of this festival, and the spirit of liberty ran higher than usual. The Roman procurator found it, therefore, always necessary to be present in person in the city in order to quell any disturbance which was likely to arise and to nip every revolt in the bud. It may have easily happened when Jesus entered Jerusalem, a few days before the festival, that he was recognized and cheered by his rural friends; it is probable that the rumor spread among the people, who were ready for a revolt, that a Messiah had appeared and would give the signal at an opportune moment; it is more than probable that this rumor reached the Roman authorities after it had been magnified to a large extent. The natural consequence was that Jesus was watched with suspicion, and that every one of his steps was carefully guarded, and that just before the festival he was taken captive. Pontius Pilatus risked a coup de main if Jesus was the Messiah. The people would have risen in revolt, if the great mass would have considered the Galilean the right man to liberate them. But they expected a warrior, not a man of peaceful disposition; they expected a man of arms, not a theorist. Neither was he an offspring of the house of David. The masses remained cold and indifferent when they heard of his arrest, and even the few friends of the unhappy Messiah deserted him in the hour of trial. There is no evidence that he was ever tried before a Jewish tribunal, for the right of capital punishment had been usurped by the Romans long before, but he was simply judged and convicted by the Roman authorities on the charge of conspiring against the Roman government, and he was executed in great haste the very next day at a time when the assembled people witnessed the grand pass-over ceremonial in the temple. The mode of crucifixion was a Roman mode of execution, and the inscription, "Jesus Nazarene, rex Judiorum," Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, which is said to have been affixed to his cross, was to show the charge which had been made against him.

The malicious charge that the Jewish people 1900 years ago had tried, convicted and executed an innocent man has brought upon us indescribable misery, and bears every day its bitter fruit. This charge has been the cause of wholesale murder, and for nineteen centuries has our nation been persecuted for no other offense than that their ancestors had crucified Jesus. We were and are still called Deicides, or as vulgar language expresses it, CHRIST KILLERS.

But the charge is as false as it is malicious. If you scan the Jewish law from its beginning to its end, you will find that no such trials as related in the gospels could ever have taken place. The whole form of the proceeding, as told in the gospels, is illegal, according to the form minutely described by the Jewish law. It shows again that the writers of the gospels have not been Jews, but must have been Greeks or Romans, who were ignorant of the Jewish law. And so it was, and with this fact the whole charge explodes. The whole charge was a fabrication of the early church. At the time when the gospels were written, most of the members of the church were Gentiles, and it was at that time already evident that the Gentile world, and not the limited Jewish circle, was to be the future field for the missionary efforts of the church. The Roman empire comprised almost the whole of the known world, and every individual took a certain pride in being a Roman citizen. The Jews, on the other hand, were only a small nation. They were then living in small communities, scattered over all the provinces of the Roman empire. They were, furthermore, disliked on account of their rigorous laws, which would not allow their amalgamation with their neighbors. They were hated at the imperial court on account of their obstinacy and the riotous character which they showed in frequent revolts. The charge was therefore laid before their door, and the Roman was told that the Jews had killed his Savior; that the Roman authorities even had endeavored to save him from the violence of the populace, but had been unsuccessful. Such a story was pleasing to the Gentile world, and even seemed probable and plausible. The masses, which gained by it a pretext of visiting their anger on a class which they hated, and did not investigate the matter further, and thus the unfounded and malicious charge was handed down from generation to generation to this very day.

It is not high time that our advanced age and our enlightened fellow-citizens should finally drop that malicious charge, which even if it was not a fabrication, could not reflect upon us? Is it not high time that bigotry and fanaticism should be silenced, and that the rising generation should be instructed to take these legends for what they are worth? It is not the Jew who is disgraced when the epithet of Deicide or Christ killer is hurled at him, it is the one who uses it, because this very expression gives unmistakable evidence not only of his bigotry and intolerance, and of bad breeding, but of his ignorance, and not for our sake, but for his sake, I stand here and appeal to you to spread enlightenment wherever you can in regard to such an important matter.

A Boston physician gives the name of tennis elbow to a painful ailment contracted by persons who devote themselves too persistently to the game.

SUGGESTIVE THOUGHTS.

The Involutions and Effects of Derivation.

The most liberal and reasonable minister of this place, in a recent discourse on the hopelessness of achieving permanent reforms by sudden and temporary efforts, quaintly said in alluding to hereditary influence: "You must not be too hard on the boy and expect to make a Christian of him all at once. Remember he is not all new; there is a great deal of his grandfather in him." What person has not felt and fully recognized this influence of his progenitors? I can so clearly distinguish it in my own life, that I often say to myself as my spontaneous conduct is reviewed: that was my mother; or this was like my father; or sometimes smile and say, Grandfather, I salute you. I find myself walking exactly like my father, and immediately change my gait in order to crowd him out. Sometimes instead of using my own eyes I find myself viewing matters as my mother did. It is a very serious matter to consider that any of us is far from new. To exhibit how involved is the web of life of which each individual is but an insignificant factor, I will call attention to the following facts: It is very obvious that each person had two parents and that each of these two parents had two parents; and if we go on tracing back we find this increasing repetition. We will now make a calculation that will lead to curious and surprising results, and show the wonderful complexity of life. If we take the case of any person of the present day who is twenty-five years of age, and go back six hundred years—which is a comparatively short period in the history of man,—and compute the intervals of birth on the line of descent to average twenty-five years, we find that such a person is the product of an ancestry in that time numbering 33,554,430 persons. Furthermore that in A. D., 1255, there were living 10,777,216 persons who began focusing themselves in this single descendant. Not that he is all that is left of that great throng, but as far as he individually is related to them the lines continually converge until they meet in his personality. If we extend the calculation back eight hundred years, it will show that the number of progenitors living at that time equaled 4,294,967,296. As this is a much greater number than the inhabitants of the globe at that date, the discrepancy must be accounted for by frequent intermarriage, which tends to complicate the relations of the factors that enter into the problem. In view of such an intricate derivation, if you ask me who I am, I am as much confused for a reply as the sailor saved from the Nancy Jane. Being cast adrift with the captain of the brig and six other companions, they successively ate one another until there remained but the tar himself. He knew that the substance of all the others had entered into his own composition, but which one of them he was in particular, he was wholly unable to decide.

There is a wonderful instrument of late invention called the zootrope, whereby several photographs of different individuals are made to blend together and produce a new image that is the composite effect of all the others. Nothing can better represent to the senses how diverse factors may combine and call into existence a compound being that is the essence of them all. When you look into the face of your wife there is no escaping the conclusion that you see in her the reflected image of a million ancestors. Her figure, temper and personality are the resultant of converging forces that have been operating to this end through centuries. The fear she has for a mouse may be a remnant of the dread impressed upon women when they had to confront wolves in the Scandinavian forests. That flash of the eye may descend from the protesting Goth when she was forced to leave her dugout in upper Germany and take up her march for southern France. The occasional harsh intonation of voice may be the faint echo of an ancient battle cry; while the warmer glance of love may be the blossoming of an impulse left as a heritage by one of the soldiers of Caesar when he invaded Britain.

If, upon the soundness of our estimate, we make a speculative conjecture in respect to the future, and premise that our government will endure for several hundred years longer, we can clearly see that the man who is to be president in 2485 is now diffused through 10,777,216 persons; one-half of whom are men and one-half women; and from this host will now begin that converging of individualities that will, in the next six hundred years, produce the representative man. It is fair to presume that of this great number the most are now living within the boundaries of the nation, and from our cosmopolitan character that may we not venture to believe this basis of future greatness may not consist of. The patient Chinese, the cheerful-hearted negro, the imperious German, the mercurial Frenchman, and the austere aborigine, may all contribute to produce a character of which, in the present age, we can form no adequate conception. Certainly the world has not heretofore brought together from every quarter of the globe, such an admixture or furnished the possibilities that are here presented.

It is by no means always the best of what has gone before that comes again to the surface. There is now living in New Orleans a family of well authenticated lineage that has a taint of colored blood in its veins. The daughters of this family are perfect blonds. They have light hair, blue eyes, and the clearest complexion, lighting up sharp and classical features. The most beautiful of these girls, commended by graceful amiability of character, was ten years back married to a pure blooded white. The result of their union is one child—a little girl of eight years. In her the African tendency has been reasserted, and she is distinguished by a muddy complexion, large flat nose, heavy sensual lips, flat feet with a long heel, and hair decidedly kinky. Yet she is only one sixty-fourth African, and has to count back two centuries to find a negro ancestor.

Prof. Proctor has shown in his essay on "Hereditary Traits," how tenaciously certain peculiarities will be reproduced; and these are not confined to physical conformation. Mental and constitutional biases are as significantly reproduced as those that are noted for similarity of size or structure. It is often the case that a tendency or trait is for a long time suppressed or overshadowed, and will then reappear unexpectedly, as in the case of the child cited. There are instances in which the mind and consciousness of one of the parents is so positively reproduced in the child, that the latter appears as another edition or release of the original. Not only will he have all the intellectual tendencies of the parent, but is also so closely related to his source as to have a memory back of his own experience, and catches clear glimpses of what was stamped upon his progenitor's consciousness. This phenomenon, wrongly interpreted, has given

rise to the absurd notions about re-incarnation; and has furnished Poe and other fanciful writers with a basis for some very clever fiction. Antenatal consciousness thoroughly stamped upon the mind of the child, is an approximate re-incarnation of spirit thought, and the power of some persons to remember, and recognize scenes that occurred prior to their precreation, is by no means an impossible one. Conscious memory may be revived after a long interval, and even after intervening generations, as physical conformations are; and cases have occurred where individuals have visited the scenes of their forefathers and have experienced a most perplexing familiarity in the landscape, as if they had before seen it in a vivid dream. They recognize the prior perception of it by tracing back the chain of conscious continuity that has extended unbroken between them and the experience of their ancestors. When it can be shown that a disease can be inherited and lie in ambush for half a lifetime and then suddenly spring into active misery, it is by no means improbable that a distinctive thought impression may be transmitted that will become specialized when some exciting occasion brings it before the mind.

On every side we have strong proof that we are "not new;" that we are but intimately related parts of a vast and intelligent scheme from which we are powerless to release ourselves, or from which we can not assert an independence. While each has within him the pride and desire for a greater worthiness, his aspiration must struggle under the weight of burdens that have been given him to carry. His cross is already made by causes intricate and manifold, and the load is as inexorable as fate. The main source of amelioration for inherited ills is to divide them with the rest of mankind, for they are as much the property of all as they are the plague of the individual; and in the end it must be recognized that it is society as such as the person that is affected.

Denver, Col. C. H. M.

MRS. MITCHELL'S GHOST.

Boston's Dark and Bloody Ground.

Exceedingly weird and startling stories are whispered under the breath of superstitious people living close by the house on Endicott street once occupied by Mr. Mitchell, and supposed to be the scene of the tragedy which became famous as the "Charles River mystery." There is little doubt that in this dull and dingy house a horrible murder was committed, and the body of the victim mutilated in the most terrible manner. After Mrs. Mitchell was killed at midnight by her husband her body was cut and hacked into four pieces, done up in sacks and thrown into Charles River in three separate parcels. The arrest of Peter Mitchell for the murder drew public attention to the house, which is a commonplace three-story structure in an unsavory locality. Within the past fortnight all sorts of weird and ghostly tales are told of the strange and blood-curdling sights that have been seen within the house, and it is boldly declared that the place is haunted. Unseemly noises are also reported, and, in addition, those who live in the house have been most strikingly unfortunate ever since the terrible tragedy. There are few among the neighbors who do not believe that the ghost of the murdered Mrs. Mitchell is hovering about the scene of the tragedy. After Mitchell was taken to jail the tenement in the second story of the house which he and his wife had occupied was left vacant. The store on the lower floor is also unoccupied, and all the rooms are securely closed. In the upper portion of the house are tenements, occupied by three families.

About two weeks ago ghostly noises were heard in the deserted kitchen by the people up-stairs. The sounds were those of scuffling, as if two persons were quarrelling, and were very loud and distinct. Then a rattling noise was heard, followed by the fall of a heavy body and a sickening sound of dull, heavy blows, as if some soft substance was being chopped by an ax. These sounds all proceeded from the kitchen, which is dark and deserted, and which is supposed to have been the scene of the tragedy. All at once there was a rushing sound, and the noise stopped. No one had the courage to investigate, and the people in the house are extremely unwilling to talk about the matter. A strange story is told by an employe of the gas company named Megafanan. He entered the house last week to take the meter as usual. He went down into the cellar with a lighted lantern, and was busy about his task, when suddenly his light went out. There being no draught and no reason for the light being extinguished. Hearing slight noise behind him the man turned, and a startling sight met his gaze. Passing close beside him was the ghastly form of a woman, or rather a woman's head, arms and body, the legs being missing. The body was uncovered and was gashed with wounds. In her hand she carried a lighted candle. The specter form seemed to glide through the air up-stairs and through the cellar door, which was closed, out of sight. The horrified gas man did not stop to investigate. With a howl of horror he dashed out of the house, and he says now that nothing would induce him to go back after his lantern, which he left behind in his hurried flight.

However much truth there may be in these and dozens of other strange stories that are told about the house, there seems to be a remarkable fatality attached to the place. Just a month ago last Thursday a woman who lived in the house started to go down stairs about noon time, when she fell and struck on her head. She got up, went to her room, and laid down upon the bed and died without saying a word. The doctor was called, and found that the woman had her neck broken by the fall. Her name was Mrs. McCarthy. This strange accident caused a great deal of talk in the neighborhood, and there were some who said that she must have seen Mrs. Mitchell's ghost, and was so frightened at the horrible apparition that she fell with the result stated. One person, who attended Mrs. McCarthy's wake was a woman who keeps a small grocery store directly opposite Mrs. Mitchell's house. She took a little girl with her. While the wake was in progress this little girl alarmed those around her by saying that she saw a very bright and golden light in the entry and stairway. The others looked but could not see it. The girl once more spoke of it, and this time she said that the bright light flashed three times and then disappeared. The others could see nothing like that she described, and becoming nervous, they left the house at once. The lady who tells this story thinks that the girl saw just what she said she did, and that she is gifted with supernatural sight.

A little while after Mrs. McCarthy's death another thing occurred which shocked the superstitious neighbors. Another tenant of the house is a Mr. Sweeney. Some time ago his daughter died in the house, of typhoid fever, and was buried in a cemetery in Mal-

den. A few days ago Mr. Sweeney, who had saved up enough money to purchase a handsome headstone for his daughter's grave, started out in a team with a driver, to put it up over the grave. According to the neighbors, the horse attached to the wagon ran away and the driver was so badly injured that he died. Mr. Sweeney had one of his legs broken, and is now in the hospital. All these accidents, added to the weird stories told of the house, have excited the denizens of Endicott street.

It is further reported among the people in that vicinity that Mitchell, the husband and alleged murderer, is himself haunted by the ghost of his deceased wife, who visits him in his cell in jail at night, and frightens the life half out of him. It is said that Mitchell's cell was changed, but that it did no good. The neighbors are quite often visited by Mrs. Mitchell's daughter, who when speaking of the murder and the disappearance of her mother, stoutly maintains that she is not dead, but that she has run off with a sailor and is now in Europe; that the detectives know where she is and want to get hold of the sailor. The mother of Mrs. Mitchell is also quoted as saying that her daughter is alive. Certainly the Mitchell house looks dark, dreary and deserted enough at night to make anybody believe it haunted. From an upper window a faint ray of light struggles into the darkness, and only serves, by its feebleness, to give the place a more ghostly aspect.—Boston, Mass., dispatch to the Chicago Herald.

The Blessing and Curse of Labor.

Walter Howell delivered a discourse on the above subject on Sunday evening, November 1, at 517 West Madison street, to a very good audience, considering the inclemency of the weather. The speaker began by saying that the theme upon which he was to address them was a most important one. The labor question was agitating the minds of the masses, and well it might, for instead of labor being a means of intellectual, moral and spiritual development, it seemed to retard rather than to develop these. It is a question that enters into all spheres of society, and affects the interests of every man, woman, and child. It influences domestic, social, and political institutions, and therefore needs the highest wisdom to mold the sentiment of the public mind in relation thereto. An effective theology has tended to degrade the laborer, and to make labor servile. A true theology would place the most active man or woman near to the heart of Deity. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," says every true son and daughter of God.

Man is a being of many faculties. These may be classified in a general way, as follows: intellectual, affectional and volitional. These can only be developed by exercise. If an arm is not used it will become dwarfed; if our loves are not expressed, they become weak; if our intellect is not exerted, it remains dormant. It will readily be seen that labor develops all these faculties. We learn the nature of things by using them, and our intellect is stored with a knowledge of our environment. Our affection desires to express itself in form, and we mold matter into the form of our thoughts which can best express our affection. In doing this we have obstacles to overcome, and these evolve our will. Thus it is seen that man's trinity is evolved, and his creative attributes manifested.

If we were in love with our work it would not be toil. See how laboriously the pleasure-seeker works. He never murmurs so long as his work gives him the enjoyment he seeks. The mother will do the most repulsive kind of work and never dream of its fatigues because it is a labor of love. Can we not extend this feeling to our spheres of usefulness? If we could it would take from labor many of its curses. Our artisans drop their tools the moment they hear the whistle or bell, as though the very devil was after them. Why is this? It is because they do not love their employment. If they could only see something more than dollars and cents in their work—see Divinity therein, they would want to give one more touch of love, and one more outline of thought before they left the workshop. The fact is, we have too many mechanical mechanics. There are many unskilled workmen in the shops, unbusiness-like merchants in the warehouses, illiterate men in the pulpits, butchers instead of surgeons, and in all the professions, arts, and crafts wrong men in wrong places. When our systems of education shall educe from the within of each of us that for which we are best adapted, these ills just mentioned will pass away.

The forces in nature appeal to man, and seem to say, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The coal from the chambers of the hills, and the waters from the overflowing river, when married, evolve a force that lifts from the tired shoulders of the poor those burdens too heavy to be borne. The inventor's genius, also, introduces machinery that lightens labor and shortens the hours of the laborer, thereby giving him time for the improvement of his mind, if he will but embrace it.

Trades-unions, legislation, a high protective tariff, and such external means can do but little. The great work of removing the curses of labor must be done by the laborer himself. A servile spirit will make work servility. A mean motive will make work mean enough, while a noble soul will execute noble work. A man who loves his trade will put the protection of his genius into whatever he does. Labor is in no sense a curse, but ever a blessing to the worker. It is a pleasure to do what we love to do, and not toil. When the heart is diseased or the lungs impaired, they toil in action, but when in a healthy condition, they work without friction; so it is with all orderly employment. When labor shall be uplifted by the thought of its divinity, it will lose all the curse with which it has been environed; the workman shall grasp hands with the capitalist, and the capitalist shall recognize the value of labor and protect its every interest with unselfish motive. They are handmaids, and never can be divorced.

In dealing with the raw materials of earth the laborer learns an ethical lesson. The iron says, "I will be your servant, your errand boy, your horse and your ship. But there are laws of my kingdom which must be obeyed, and if you would be monarch, you must first be a willing subject." In this way the laborer learns an ethical lesson of obedience. We ought to learn from nature that obedience to intellectual, moral, and spiritual laws is the only way to happiness. If we could only get the wisdom out of our work it was designed to teach us, how wise we should be if the street-sweeper only knew the "ethics of the dust," how learned he would become! If we could but lift our work into a sphere of human kindness, how much happier we should make ourselves and others.

The tailor who makes a coat well, and with a lofty motive; the baker who desires to bless

mankind with daily bread; the servant who prepares our tea and coffee; the builder who constructs a well-built house, will in the higher life, hear the Master's voice saying, "I was hungry and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, houseless and ye protected me. Well done." He who works most, is most like his God, for God worketh evermore.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

FIRST SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: K. B. Fairchild, of Stoneham, Mass., spoke at 2 and 7 o'clock, P. M., to good audiences. The subject for the 2 P. M. lecture was, "Shall we be Servants of Truth? or Shall we make Truth our Servant?" The argument developed the classes of persons—the first serving truth from the stand-point of principle, because it is right to do right, regardless of consequences. The second accepting truth from the stand-point of policy, making it a hobby horse to ride into power for personal ends and aims.

Mr. H. F. Merrill followed in the exercise of mediumship, reporting twenty-five full names in twenty-seven minutes, all but three of them being fully recognized.

At 7 P. M., Mr. Fairchild took for his subject, "Some Objections to Spiritualism," all of which were faithfully answered.

Mr. Merrill followed with the exercise of mediumship, reporting thirty-nine names in thirty minutes, all but one of which were recognized.

The First Spiritualist Society is meeting with marked success in their new rooms at Good Templars' Hall. The management are in earnest in the good work before them, and success can but crown their labors. The corresponding secretary, Mr. A. O. Roberts, reports the following list of speakers and mediums, with date of engagement: E. B. Fairchild, Nov. 8th and 29th; Mrs. E. Trask Hill, Nov. 15th; Frank T. Ripley, Nov. 22nd; Abby N. Burnham, Dec. 6th; H. F. Merrill, Dec. 13th; and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dec. 27th, 1885.

Edgar W. Emerson, Jan. 3rd and 10th; J. J. Morse, of England, Jan. 24th and 31st; A. B. French, Clyde, Ohio, Feb. 21st and 28th; Edgar W. Emerson, March 7th; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, March 28th; Edgar W. Emerson, April 4th; Miss Jennie B. Hagan, May 2nd and 9th; and Mrs. M. S. Wood, May 23rd, 1886. Haverhill, Mass. W. W. CURRIER.

The following is a specimen of the way in which letters are addressed in Arabia: "In the name of the merciful God, the beneficent. This writing is from one who serves his Lord, from X, the son of X; and, if God wills, it will get into the hands of our friend Sidi Musa, the son of Hamdalla, the Prussian, the Christian, in the City of Tharabolus, Tripoli, the illustrious, the famous."

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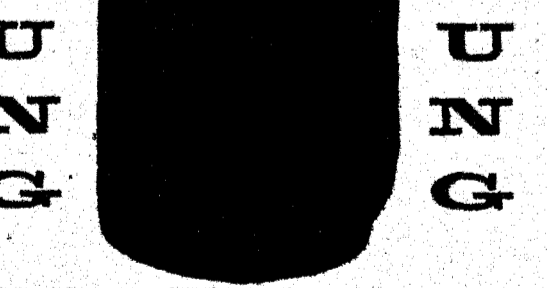
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