

RELIGION PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ART, 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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PHENOMENAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL. Trance Experiences the Most Perfect and Reliable.

BY THOS. HARDING.

It is commonly supposed that those spirit communications, visitations and experiences which transpire when the physical senses are on the *qui vive*, are the most reliable; and that those which occur when the subject is in an abnormal or trance condition, do not carry with them—to their subject—that undeniable proof which is necessary to conviction of the presence of disembodied spirits. In order to aid in dispelling this error, I take the liberty to submit the following for the consideration of the public, as an individual who has had opportunities afforded him to test both of these phases of this interesting subject, in his own person.

In order to render my position lucid, I shall here state that I have never received a test of spirit presence from a professional medium, nor have I ever visited a public medium, circle or gathering for the purpose of obtaining one; nor received, directly or indirectly, any communication from a professional Spiritualist, and that those unusual occurrences which have conspired to make me a Spiritualist, came unsought and unexpectedly to me in my own home, either directly to myself or through the agency of my wife, so that many of those difficulties which environ the subject of spiritualistic research, are in my particular case absent; and although my opportunities have been few, and sometimes far between, yet those few were of so palpable a character—so searching, deep and clear—so central and *spirituelle*, so to speak, that as a reasonable being I could not deny the existence of an invisible or spiritual realm, or that the denizens of that realm can, under peculiar circumstances, communicate with, and render themselves visible to, mortals.

In consideration of perspicuity and conciseness, I shall confine myself to two occurrences: The first was that of seeing and mentally conversing with a spirit while in my normal condition, a lamp lighting the room; and the second was that in which I was entranced and unconscious of physical surroundings. Now, please observe that my main point is, that in the first case when I wanted to know any thing, I had to make a mental inquiry of the spirit and await the mental transmission of the reply; but in the trance vision I had not to inquire or await the reply, because my understanding and that of the spirit present were in accord; no question or answer was needed, but I seemed to drink in at every pore the peculiar vitality, characteristics, knowledge and every thing which the spirit possessed, as though for the time, the spirit and I were one and the same person. This, you will perceive, establishes the superior character of an abnormal or trance experience over the normal; and the distinction should not be lost sight of by those who search. To the subject of such an experience only, the above distinction is palpable and realistic; a third party cannot realize the fact as he can, who has had these experiences. I protest, however, against the supposition that I seek to arrogate to myself any superior wisdom or knowledge, for I know that very many persons have had more frequent, and possibly more interesting experiences than I; yet in the interest of science, I may venture to advance a thought which might present a feature of the subject hitherto unconsidered, but essential to its elucidation; indeed, I am somewhat selfish in this matter, for feeling that my work—this is approaching the close, I

desired to shed what light I can, though small, before yielding to the inevitable.

Now, I propose to set off these two examples, the first which occurred while I was in the normal condition, and the second in the abnormal or trance—the one against the other, and show wherein they differ, and point out the decidedly spiritualistic and independent quality of the latter, and the mentally dependent or subjective character of the former; this distinction, the one being completely spiritual or psychical and the other but partially so, may suggest a theory capable of general application, within the range of psychical research.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has already published detached features of the first mentioned; it will not, therefore, be necessary to do more than briefly recapitulate. The phenomenon occurred at night while waiting on the sick, a lighted lamp on the table. My physical senses were awake, and I saw the spirit with my material eyes—her presence brought the conviction of who she was—perhaps immediately—imparted by her to me. I mentally questioned her as to a circle around her head, and also as to her name, which I had forgotten, and question and answer passed readily between us.

Please observe that I was not perfectly *en rapport* with the spirit in this instance; had I been so there would have been no necessity for questions. I further observed that as soon as I became cognizant of her presence, she perceived it and came forward and stood less than four feet directly in front of me; there was a chair standing in her track, but it was no obstruction; she seemed to possess no relation to matter, or matter to her; material objects were as though they were not. She remained visible a considerable time, and not a feature of her countenance stirred while communicating. I noticed that as soon as my interest began to slacken, she began to fade away, slower or faster, according to my mental condition. Thus the vision was proved to be subject to my degree of fitness; in other words I was positive, the vision negative; while in the second experience (about to be related) it was the vision which was positive and I negative, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that I myself was a part of the vision and an actor in the drama. Nevertheless the former was a reality of its kind as much as the latter.

The circumstance just related was more of an intellectual than a spiritual character and, therefore, is far more easily explained than the following, which was of that interior and psychical description to me, which places it utterly beyond my ability to perfectly convey. I can but attempt its approximation and leave its true rendering to the soul of each reader, as a thing to be felt rather than expressed; indeed, its peculiarity has prevented me from referring to it before in my articles to the JOURNAL, for I feel how utterly inadequate I am to its elucidation; and yet in this field of research, those things which are the most inexplicable are the most real, hence the psychical is the most difficult field of research to the intellectual investigator.

In order to make my statement the more intelligible, and perhaps interesting, I must go back some twelve years. My eldest son had just entered the university, and my second son was attending school preparing for college, so that the entire responsibility of the home and family rested upon me. We had but little income, except what was attainable through my personal effort, having lost considerably years before. I, therefore, went to South Bend, Indiana, and obtained employment at the great carriage and wagon factory of Studebaker Brothers. For some four years my position there was a responsible one. I kept the time of about 700 men, held possession of the keys, and entered at any and all hours, when I thought it necessary for the safety of the establishment. Frequently I had large sums of the company's money in my possession. I mention this merely to show that thorough and practical business men did not regard me either as a fool or unreliable, and I trust that my readers will not think me so either.

When I first entered the factory as an employe, I had a room to myself in the basement adjoining the engine room. The engineer's name was Humphreys, and when opportunity offered he would step in and converse with me. This young man had buried his wife a few days before I arrived, and was almost inconsolable. I felt for the poor fellow, and spoke to him about the Spirit-world, and at length succeeded in directing his attention thitherward. He took great pleasure in conversing with me and getting his mental eye opened to see spiritual truth.

I had rented a room in the city and furnished it as a bedroom, where I could read and write undisturbed. One Sunday morning while lying in bed and, of course, all alone, I was completely entranced, and the following which is indelibly fixed upon my memory, occurred. I sat in a chair at the head of a long table and in a large room; on my right was the door of entrance and opposite me on the wall, at the lower end of the room, was a large looking glass. Humphreys sat a distance from me on my right. Now I hear a loud voice, not proceeding from any place or person in particular—the best way I can express this is by saying, "It sounded like unto the voice of God." In obedience to that voice, which it seemed to me, no man could dare to resist, Humphreys arose and walked around the long table and approached me on the left side. I understood what was required of me, and I arose from my chair. There was a film over one of the man's eyes; my duty was to remove it. I

placed my left thumb on the lid of the eye and raised my right hand to pluck it away, but he shrank back in fear. Again that loud and all-searching voice was heard. Then he held firmly and I plucked the film away and trampled it under my foot. Humphreys then returned to his seat.

Now the door on my right opens of its own accord, and a young woman enters the room. As spirit knows spirit, I knew this to be the spirit of Mrs. Humphreys, and in an ecstasy of astonishment I clasped my hands together and exclaimed: "Oh! sister, dear, dear sister!" She moved down the room and stood before the looking glass as though to arrange her hair before presenting herself to a stranger, but I well understood the real object was to give me an opportunity to be able to describe her. She then came calmly up on the left side, as her husband had done. She stood before me, giving me time and opportunity to fix on my memory every peculiarity of her form and dress. Then she reached out her hand. "What," said I, "shall I put my hand into a spirit hand? Will it not melt away?" I placed my hand in hers. She laid her left hand on mine and then I placed my left hand on hers—thus our four hands clasped. She knelt down before me, and poured forth a perfect torrent of gratitude. "Oh," said I, "a spirit must not kneel to me, far more proper that I should kneel to her." She continued to kneel and pour forth her gratitude; then in deep respect to her, I knelt before her also; and thus, she kneeling to me in gratitude and I to her in respect, this soul-searching vision slowly passed away. I never shed tears of joy but once, and that was when I awoke that morning from my trance.

It was yet quite early on Sunday morning, and I went to my boarding house for breakfast. Mrs. Gray entered the room.

"Mrs. Gray, were you acquainted with Mrs. Humphreys, who died a month or more ago?" I asked.

"Yes. She died in that room upstairs; but why do you ask?"

"I don't know whether you will believe me, but I saw her this morning."

"What! She died before you came to South Bend. You never saw her alive. Now tell me what she looked like?"

I told her complexion, the way she wore her hair, it hanging down to a peak and about two inches of it all around was naturally curled—the rest straight. I described her dress of shawl pattern; the blue belt around the waist; the complexion of her face, as though she was a living person.

"Oh," said Mrs. Gray, "you need go no farther. I know you saw her! Some people thought she ought not to have been buried, she looked so life-like. You need say no more. That morning wrapper you describe, was what she wore in this room up to the day of her death."

Next morning the engineer came into my room in the factory.

"Humphreys, would you believe me if I told you of something improbable?"

"Yes. I'm certain you're honest."

"I am going to tell you something which I don't think you'll believe. I saw your wife Sunday morning."

"What! You never saw her alive. Now tell me what she looked like."

I described her even more minutely than to Mrs. Gray; then I told him of her mental character, peculiarities of manner and disposition; imitated her deportment under different moods; took out my pencil and showed him the figures on her dress; told him to pile up all the dresses he could find and I would select that one from the heap; and, "Humphreys," I said, "you never saw her laugh—the utmost you ever saw was a quiet smile."

"Oh! stop, stop!" said Humphreys with tears in his eyes; "I know you saw her!"

He ran out of the room and upstairs to the Superintendent, Adam Barnhardt, and exclaimed: "Oh! Adam, Harding saw my wife!"

"Pshaw," said Adam, "I can't swallow Spiritualism!"

"I can swear he saw her," said Humphreys, "for he knows her better than I do!"

Now, permit me to clear up one or two points in this which are yet dark. First, why was she so intensely grateful to me? and second, why did she appear at that particular time? I will explain. I am enabled to do so because I was *en rapport* with her, and comprehended her motives and experienced her feelings, which I could not have done in such a case as that which I had the pleasure to present for consideration in the former instance, where my outward senses were the vehicles of transmission.

First.—The intense and unreasonable grief of the widower, had held her spirit down, and she was earth-bound in consequence of it. My taking away the dark film from his mental eye, enlightened his understanding, imparted hope and annihilated his despair, and thus set her free to assume her true position in spirit-life, to occupy her own place, and take possession of her spirit-home; this, alone, would be sufficient to awaken her gratitude.

Second.—Mr. Humphreys possessed one of those electric, intense natures, which commonly go to extremes with every thing. They love intensely; they grieve intensely, and then will speedily transfer their intense affection to another object; this is the nature of such men. It was so with Humphreys. Only a week or two after this occurrence, he commenced to pay attention to a younger sister of his late wife; she was too young to be her own mistress. One day Mr. Humphreys called on me, knowing me to be a legally constituted minister of the Gospel, and

asked me to cross the State line with him, into Michigan, and, without the consent of the young lady's guardians, to solemnize their marriage. I declined to be a party to any such clandestine marriage, and the pair eloped, got married, afterward obtained the pardon of her guardians, and are now, I hope, as happy as the majority of married people. It is easy to conceive how these "coming events" had "cast their shadows before" upon the spirit side of life, and how the spirit, Mrs. Humphreys, sensitive as spirits are known to be, became cognizant of the coming fact, and chose that particular time and opportunity to bid farewell to earthly entanglements.

As we become more spiritual we shall understand psychical subjects better; as we investigate we shall learn the scientific side of the question also; but we cannot discover all; there will always be an interior of mystery, an unreachably beyond. But I respectfully submit my question to the judgment, namely, that "Trance or abnormal experiences are the most complete and reliable," although in the nature of things they are not the best examples to produce for convincing the superficial skeptic.

On the checkered surface of our lives, deep games are played by invisible hands; and like wheels within wheels, there are many games in one. Darkness is played against light, and light against darkness; virtue against vice and vice against virtue; religion against science and science against religion; and if these last were reconciled tomorrow, some other antagonism would be introduced to keep up the game; and doubtless, when we shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil," we shall but enter upon a new game; new antagonisms will constitute the salt of life—new victories will bring fresh laurels, and while we shall be at one with all, to that degree of completeness which no language can describe, as we see suggested in those visions, yet, as in them, there will be a distinct individuality of each, and man, that strange compound, will know himself better.

Sturgis, Mich.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Work of Mrs. Helen J. T. Brigham—The Different Societies—Mediumship

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. Brigham returned to the platform of the First Society of New York Spiritualists, on Nov. 1st, and is now speaking for the society in the morning and evening each Sunday. As is always the case with Mrs. Brigham, the answers to the questions presented for consideration are very clear, concise, logical, and always indicate the highest morality. There is no uncertain sound about the teachings that flow from her lips. A pure life, high aspirations, a love that shall be as broad and deep as universal being, that know no sectarian lines of restraint, but that desire and seek through earnest effort the highest good of all—these are the themes and burden of her utterances.

Her teachings seem to be directed to inciting to an active life of benevolence, on the part of each individual, holding up before all as the ultimate to be striven for, the improvement of themselves, and through and by their own advancement the elevation and improvement of society at large.

Her teachings and example are both calculated to make life sweeter, purer, brighter, happier, and more full of the milk of human kindness and love for one another. She endeavors to impress upon the minds of her hearers that it is what they make themselves by the lives they live, and not what they believe, that will ever determine their condition both here and hereafter. Works, not faith, seem to be the key-note of her teachings. Attainment to knowledge and a life in strict accordance with it, is held up as the savior that is to redeem the race. Prove your love of God by showing your love for man, is the text applied.

The New York Spiritualists' Conference meets each Sunday at 2:30 P. M., in the hall of the First Society in the Grand Opera House, and continues its sessions until 5 o'clock. No time is taken up in singing nor preliminary exercises of any kind, but the platform is at once occupied by the speaker, who is to open the conference, and he is followed by others in rapid succession, and the two and a half hours is generally too short a time to give all who wish to speak an opportunity to be heard.

The subjects considered take a wide range, and are occasionally discussed with ability, and often quite otherwise; nevertheless these conferences are a school for the acquirement of knowledge, and are a good thing. They afford an opportunity for all to learn what others think, and to note wherein they differ, thus giving opportunity for the comparison and correcting of ideas.

I understand that the Theodore Parker Society have taken a hall on Broadway and 38th St., and I am informed that the society is growing rapidly; that its organizers and sustainers are encouraged and feel that its success is assured. That their most sanguine expectations may be realized, and that they may establish a center of light whose beams shall ever shine to reveal truth and expose error, to inculcate a high morality, disseminate knowledge and dispel ignorance, is the earnest wish of every Spiritualist.

I also understand that Mr. Jones's society on Fourth Ave., near 15th St., is in a flourishing condition.

There are many mediums in the city, and all seem to be fairly well employed. It is, however, to be regretted that there are not some to whom one could take those who are strangers to the phenomena, and be able to say, "I can assure you of my own knowledge, both of the medium and of the surroundings, that whatever manifestations take place here, I know them to be genuine spirit manifestations."

I know a number of mediums in this city engaged in giving public seances, of the genuineness of whose mediumship I have not the slightest doubt, nor do I in any way reflect upon their honesty, or integrity of purpose; nor do I even suggest the imputation of even a wish on their part, much less an attempt to deceive, when I say that the conditions are such that it leaves room for an honest Thomas to continue to cherish his doubts.

Possibly 'tis the best that can be done at present, and we must wait yet awhile for better conditions. If so, let us wait patiently, and in the meantime, let us have a broad charity for mediums, extending to them our love and sympathy, ever using the utmost care not to cast a shadow of suspicion upon their honesty and faithfulness until we have positive knowledge that they indulge in fraudulent practices; but whenever a medium is false to Spiritualism, and stoops to the fraudulent counterfeiting of the phenomena, let the fraud be published to the world. No covering up, no condoning of the offense. Yet let us be just to these erring ones. While condemning their faults, we should not crush the guilty ones to the earth and trample them in the mire. Rather say to them in all charity and love, go and sin no more, and when you shall have proved by your works, your honesty of purpose for the future, your determination to do right, we will then commend you with gladness, as now by your actions you cause us to denounce you in sorrow.

To err is human, to forgive divine. Let us cultivate as much of the divine as we can. Every one who stumbles or falls, and who of us does not?—has a right to demand that an opportunity be afforded to atone the wrong done, to retrieve himself or herself by ceasing to do wrong. Let this common justice be accorded to mediums who fall, in the same degree that it is to others; no more, no less; exact an equal justice to all.

Of my own knowledge, I know of but one medium for whom I am willing to vouch that all manifestations that come through him, and which he claims to be the work of spirits, will be genuine spirit manifestations; and that medium is R. W. Flint, of 1327 Broadway, this city, and his public mediumship is confined to the answering of sealed letters addressed to those who have passed on. I doubt not but that there are many more mediums in this city who are just as worthy of an equally unqualified endorsement, but I have not that personal knowledge of them and their mediumship that would justify me in giving it. If there are others who can vouch for the genuineness, at all times, of the manifestations through other mediums, I wish they would come forward and do so.

There are great numbers of our most intelligent people who are quite willing to investigate the claims of Spiritualism and judge of it according to the evidence produced, and if I can produce the evidence to substantiate its claims, that it is a method for communication between the mundane and supermundane, and that it can demonstrate the continuity of life, they stand ready to admit the fact and anxious to avail themselves of its services.

What we want most just now is mediums through whom the phenomena can be produced under such conditions that it cannot be accounted for in two ways. Any and all phenomena that can be accounted for on any basis except that of a personalized conscious intelligence outside that of the medium and the sitters, is worthless as evidence of spirit manifestation, or of the continuity of personal life and consciousness.

Only last week a gentleman from Hamilton, Ontario, Ca., called upon me, and said that in his city a large number of the best informed people were materialists. They read Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall, but were open to the conviction that evidence can produce. His desire was to engage a medium some time this winter to come to his house and have a series of seances at which he could have present the people he referred to, and said he should, when he got ready, send to me to recommend a medium to him. I frankly confessed that of my own knowledge I could not select one, but promised when he should write, to consult with my acquaintances and try and supply his need. And this is what is needed in all places, mediums through whom the fact of the continuity of personal existence, and the fact that death is not a barrier to continued intercourse, can be established beyond the shadow of a doubt.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

THE LOST ATLANTIS.

A Paper Read at the Social Science Convention of Kansas and Western Missouri.

BY MRS. H. M. HOLDEN.

If civilization be an inheritance, from what parent nation came the ancient skilled races whose handicraft and high civilization are traced with unmistakable identity from the Mediterranean nations of the Eastern Hemisphere to Mexico, Central America, Peru, and the mounds of the Mississippi Valley of the Western Hemisphere?

In the marked similarity of their traditions, religious beliefs, arts, customs, implements, and weapons—is not some common source, some original home indicated?

Many inquiries are being pressed concerning the earliest people of the western world. A recent writer introduces his article with this question: "From what far off land came the primal pioneer to the shores of America?" And another: "Who were the earliest inhabitants of America?" Our savage red man no longer furnishes an answer to these questions. He is but the degraded relic of a noble ancestry whose arts and high civilization are traced back to the same period as that of the earliest civilization in the Old World. From a strict archaeological standpoint the terms Old and New World are inapplicable as referring to the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. All historical students have grown away from the idea that Columbus discovered a new world or continent. He but re-discovered an old one.

A writer in the *North American Review* finely expressed it: "The hands of the geological clock pointed to the same hour on both sides of the Atlantic." And that "the story of early man in America is but a part of the same and greater story of his first appearance on the earth."

Retrospect periods in the progress of races being conceded historical facts, we now ask the cause of the retrograde condition of the red man at the dawn of our history, and submit to the following answer, to wit: "They had lost all intercourse with their 'parent land'—their 'first world'—the 'drowned island'—the 'lost Atlantis'—by the deluge as recorded in sacred and profane history. When the island sank into the sea the path of commerce was closed for a lapse of 6,000 years." That this island did exist and was the cradle of civilization at a remote period, and was swallowed up in a great convulsion of nature, may yet, to many, seem legendary instead of authentic history, but, says an able writer: "There is an unbelief which grows out of ignorance, as well as a skepticism which is born of intelligence." Herodotus, it is said was called "the father of liars" for his accounts of the wonders of the ancient civilization of the Nile and of Chaldea. For a thousand years the stories of the buried cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum, were regarded as myths, but are now accepted facts in history, and cannot we, in turn, accept the testimony of eminent scholars whose lives are devoted to research, and to whom we are indebted for the historical knowledge we already possess? Even as Herodotus incurred the derision of his time, and in later times was held in high esteem by Schlegel, Buckle and their peers, so Plato's story of Atlantis, long considered fabulous, is now being interpreted as authentic history. And, says Ignatius Donnelly, "if confirmed by further investigation, it will prove to be one of the most valuable records which have come down to us from antiquity."

In this new era for legends, does it seem otherwise than conclusive that in an age before there were written records, marvelous events and heroic deeds should be handed down from sire to son, and, as years rolled on, be regarded as myths and "folk tales"? An illustration of this view occurs in the dialogue between Critias and Socrates, in Plato's History of Atlantis. Says Critias: "Then listen, Socrates, to a strange tale, which is, however, certainly true, as Solon, who was the wisest of the seven sages, declared. He was a relative and great friend of my great grandfather, Dropidas, and Dropidas told Critias, my grandfather, who remembered and told us, that there were of old great and marvelous actions which have passed into oblivion through time and the destruction of the human race. In another place Critias says: 'I will tell an old world story, which I heard from an old man, who was ninety years of age.' Thus, it seems that the origin of legends might be traced back to a narrative of actual events."

The verification of Plato's legend is based on both ancient and modern evidence. From the striking identity in the traditions of the ancient nations on both sides of the Atlantic—each having a flood legend concerning a "lost island in the sea," and this location of the island corresponding so accurately in each instance, modern scholars readily conclude that the Azores Islands in the Atlantic Ocean, west of the Straits of Gibraltar, are the mountain summits of the engulfed island. Their conclusions are based on the investigations made by different nations. In 1873, deep sea soundings were made by her majesty's ship "Challenger." In 1874, by the German frigate "Gazelle," and in 1877 by Commander Gorringe of the United States sloop "Gettysburg." Each investigation bears corroborative proof of the other. As stated, they mapped out the bottom of the Atlantic, discovering a great elevation of land in the exact location of Atlantis, as described in ancient legends. This elevation rises about 9,000 feet above the depths around it. And a writer in the *Scientific American* of July 28, 1877, says: "This elevation must have been once dry land, as its mountains and valleys could never have been produced in accordance with any laws for the deposition of sediment, nor by a submarine elevation, but on the contrary must have been produced by agencies acting above water level." The sea soundings further revealed that there were ridges of land connecting the island of Atlantis with Europe, Africa, North and South America. These ridges, says an English geologist, were but the skeleton of an ancient continent that once occupied the space of our Atlantic Ocean, and the island Atlantis was a remnant of this buried continent. These ridges, forming land communications between the two hemispheres explain the identity in the animals and plants. From able accounts it has been proved that the horse originated in America; and in his wild state could never have been found in Europe and Asia but for these pathway ridges of land. We also read that the fossil remains of the camel are found in India, Africa, South America and Kansas, and that the remains of the cave lion of Europe have been discovered in Natchez, Miss. Hence, the fact of the same species being found on both sides of the Atlantic indicates that they roamed from a common center. There are numerous other instances of absolute identity, but the limits of this paper forbid their mention.

The same similarity exists in the floral and vegetable kingdom. Otto Kuntz, a distinguished German botanist, says that the

banana was found in America before the arrival of Columbus, and that before a plant becomes seedless it must have been under cultivation for a long period of years. He mentions other plants that could only have been transported by bulbs and cuttings, and that by the hand of civilized man—which again supports the theory that the colonies from Atlantis carried them to the east and to the west.

The race identity of the two hemispheres bears even stronger evidence of a common and an original home than the testimony of the flora and fauna. A writer in the *Magazine of American History* says the American Indian uses the same terms in his river names that were used by all the aggressive races that overran and colonized Europe, Asia and Africa. Also, "the Indian names of our rivers belong to a period when one common language was known—when one dominant race ruled throughout the entire length and breadth of America." By analysis, the geographical nomenclature of the two hemispheres can be readily traced by its roots or germs from one nation to another. From an extensive list we give a few instances: Genesee of New York, and Yonisei of Siberia, have the same origin. Saratoga of Russia corresponds with the Indian name Saratoga. Kyogis in Africa, with Cayuga in New York. The Indian name moose is moosa in Europe and Asia. Thus, continues the aforementioned writer, "we may be able to trace the Indian back through all the historical eras represented by the Hebrew, Sanscrit, Celtic, Phœnician, Arabic, Persian, Indo-Germanic, and even through the Greek into the bosom of the Roman." And we will add, still further, into the heart of Atlantis.

Modern culture, for many generations, paid generous tribute to Greece and Rome as the fountains of learning, but of late years the antiquity of Egyptian culture and magnificence is engrossing the interest of students of ancient history. Says one of these, "If ever full justice is done to the achievements of a vanished race, Greece and Rome will look small as compared with Egypt." "The people who made her what she was, and what she can never be again, have disappeared forever."

Modern Egypt bears not the faintest resemblance to ancient Egypt, before she was stamped out by the Persian, Arab, Roman and Turkish conquerors.

She was in the zenith of her learning and splendor when all Europe was a savage wilderness. She possessed a highly organized social system when the rude savages that roamed over the sites where now are situated London, Paris and Berlin were engaged in fetich worship. And, at a much earlier period Grecian scholars went and sat at the feet of Egyptian masters. Woman's status, says eminent authority, was as high in the earliest days of Egypt as now in Europe and in our own country.

Historians give us no beginning or infancy for Egypt. She appears on the horizon of history in matchless maturity. Before the time of her first king, Menes, whose reign according to Lepsius, was 3,822 years B. C., Egypt was a "highly organized and governed community." Winchell says "her people had long been architects, sculptors, painters, mythologists, and theologians before the era of Menes." We now ask, from what fountain greater than herself drew she this marvelous greatness? And as we progress, we continue to step backwards and answer, Atlantis.

That under the waters of the Atlantic Ocean lies the "parent nation" of grand old Egypt seems incontrovertible as we read the testimony of late researches on this subject. So, also, do ancient Mexico, Peru, Central America, and the mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley look back to buried Atlantis for the graves of their ancestors.

How can the extraordinary similarity of these prehistoric American nations to ancient Egypt, separated by so vast a distance of land and sea, be accounted for if they did not migrate from a common home? For we read that "the pyramids of Egypt are duplicated in Mexico, Central America, and Peru. As, also, are the temples, palaces, public works, agriculture, sculpture, painting, language and religion. And that Peru had invented suspension bridges thousands of years before they were introduced into Europe." Humboldt pronounced the Peruvian roads among the most useful and stupendous ever executed by man. Her vast wealth and high civilization, in addition to the race and tongue similarities, give her rank with ancient Egypt as a sister colony from Atlantis. The mound-builders are identified with the bronze age in Europe, which age has furnished perplexing problems for European scientists. A bronze age implies a pre-existent age of copper and tin before the art of combining them was known, but the relics of such a period have not been found in Europe. Sir John Lubbock says in his "Prehistoric Times," that the absence of implements made either of copper or tin seems to indicate that the art of making bronze was introduced into, not invented in, Europe. The ancient Mexicans knew the art of making true bronze. Their identity with the Mound-builders is easily established, and both are traced by their language and legends to Atlantis—hence what people but the Atlanteans, whose ships, docks, canals and commerce provoked the astonishment of all who felt the aggressions of their powerful and populous island, supplied all Europe with bronze in the bronze age!

Ignatius Donnelly says that "In 6,000 years the world made no advancement on the civilization it received from Atlantis—that modern civilization is Atlantean, and the inventive faculty of the present age is but taking up the thread of original thought where Atlantis dropped it thousands of years ago." We stand with abated breath at the startling assertions, but the evidence gleaned in their favor must be withheld; as we find, at the expiration of our time, that we are but on the threshold of our subject, and to tempt you to press on and into the subject, we give you a few hints of the feast that awaits you. "That all of the ancient civilized nations of both hemispheres were colonies from Atlantis"—"the land of the master race."

"That the gods and goddesses of the ancient Greeks, the Phœnicians, Hindus and Scandinavians were the kings, queens, and heroes of Atlantis."

"That Atlantis was the original seat of the Aryan or Indo-European family of nations, as well as the Semitic and possibly the Turanians."

"That Greek mythology is a confused recollection of real historical events."

"That the Phœnician alphabet, the parent of all alphabets, was derived from the Atlantean alphabet" and the Maya language spoken by the ancient people of Yucatan is the survival of the Atlantean alphabet.

A writer in the *Scientific American* says the last words of our Savior were in pure Maya tongue. "Eloi, Eloi, lami sabachthani" in that tongue is, "Now, now I sink; darkness comes over me." The bystanders, not understanding his language, thought he was calling on the Father in his hour of trial.

To resume: Genesis is said to contain a history of Atlantis, and that the sinking of this island was the scene of the Biblical deluge. That there was no gulf stream previous to this catastrophe.

That this great event was the terminus of the glacial period, the barricade being removed, the "land locked ocean" of the north met the heated tropical waters, and produced climatic changes in Europe, and but for the mild waters of the gulf stream flowing around the submarine elevation of the buried island, it is said the British Islands would scarcely be habitable.

Thus the authentication of Plato's story opens up a wide field for new thoughts in the scientific realm, as well as that of secular and sacred history, and we may grow into the belief that as once "All roads led to Rome," now all lines lead to Atlantis!

PROGRESS OF LIBERAL THOUGHT.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Some time ago, while in conversation with a strictly conservative Baptist-clergyman of average ability, regarding the rapid progress that was being made in the arts and sciences, I was surprised to hear him remark: "Doctor, it seems to me as though there was something in the air; we seem to be on the eve of wonderful developments of some character, and I am at a loss to know what; but certainly I feel as though there was soon to be great changes in the condition of the people." He appealed to me to know if I was of the same opinion, and, if so, what was its nature and what would be its results?

My answer was: "You are undoubtedly correct, and those developments commenced years ago, and have continued to the present time, and there is every reason to believe they will continue in the future. They have in view the moral and spiritual improvement of the race." I mention this incident to show that even the deaf begin to hear, for when a close communion Baptist preacher can be aroused to the advancement of the age, certainly much improvement must have been made.

Again, the pastor of the Christian church here is a man of considerable culture, liberal views, and one who makes a clear distinction between theology and true religion. To him religion consists in visiting the widow and fatherless, ministering to their wants, and keeping ourselves unspotted from the world, or, as he defines it, studying the life of Christ and to the best of our ability translating his life into our daily lives. Not so much in believing as in doing, lies the merit. He teaches that we are surrounded by innumerable hosts of spirits, and proves it from the bible. He asserts further, that there is no power in the universe to forgive sins, and that man must necessarily commence life in the beyond just where he left off here. Being a man of pleasant address, a fluent, easy speaker, and living a pure life, he has made himself almost a necessity to the church. He is doing a good work, leading the blind carefully out into God's sunlight of spiritual truth.

From personal knowledge I can say that many of the churches are permeated in every direction with the truths of Spiritualism. Many of their members are confirmed Spiritualists, some of them holding frequent seances in their own homes and getting tests from their loved ones, which are in every way satisfactory, and are a great source of comfort to them.

In this connection also something might be said of the change in the tone of the secular press all over the country, the frequent mention of occult phenomena in its columns being singularly free from contemptible comments—a marked feature of the present in contrast to the past. Even the conservative dignity of the medical profession has occasionally been disturbed by innovations of a peculiar character which from time to time have been brought to their notice, and will not down at anybody's bidding—such, for instance, as animal magnetism. As an instance, let me present to your readers the following taken from the *Medical News*, a weekly medical journal published in Philadelphia, Pa., by Lea, Bro. & Co., and regarded all over the medical world as reliable. The article is headed, "Hypnotism as a Method of Treatment of Insanity, and the Application of Suggestion with the Insane and Nervous." At the recent meeting of the society for the advancement of science, M. Voisin reported the following conclusion relative to the treatment of insane and nervous persons affected with partial delirium or maniacal excitement by hypnotism.

1. Hypnotism produces striking and immediate effect. The slumber and calm thereby produced could be caused by no drug to such an extent without danger.

2. There results therefrom a series of consecutive phenomena, under the head of which it is necessary to place diminution and suppression of the morbid habit.

3. Hypnotism permits the employment of suggestion, and the production by its means of modification of ideas, character and instincts; the return to labor, manual and intellectual; the cessation of hallucination and delirious conceptions; the re-establishment of the organic functions; the suppression of gastralgias and enteralgias; the possibility, consequently, of regular alimentation of the insane and nervous, who refuse to eat and are deprived of good hygiene and its favorable consequences.

4. Hypnotism still further permits the obtaining of information from those patients who refuse to say anything which will enlighten the physician as to the pathology and causes of the neuro-mental condition, and of giving physical and moral attention appropriate to their disease.

The above article was originally published in the *L. Abielle Medical*, Aug. 31, 1885.

Surely here are admissions which portend great advancement in the right direction.

While writing I can hardly forego the pleasure of describing to you a seance which my wife and myself had with Mrs. Reid of No. 35 Fifth street, San Francisco, an independent State writer. We wrote such questions as we desired answered before going into the seance room, and folded them so that no person with the unaided senses could get a knowledge of them. I bought two new slates from a book store and took them with me. After entering the seance room, which was small, with plenty of light windows with blinds open, and curtains up, opening on the street,—time 10 A. M.—my wife held the slates and they were at no time out of her hands or sight. With my knife I cut some small pieces from a slate pencil, and put them on one of the slates, and put the other slate over them. My wife held the slates together over the table in plain sight all the time, the medium being three or four feet away in front of us on the other side of the table. Some writing was heard going on inside the slates, and on separating them, one of the slates was covered with writing, plain and easily read, and giving correct answers to the questions, which were, after

being folded, placed on the top of the slates after they were put together.

Again the slates were closed and held as before, and soon one side of the other slate was filled, and signed with the given name of a child we had lost nearly eighteen years ago. This communication was headed, "Dear Papa and Mamma," and signed, "Your loving boy, George." The subject matter being purely personal need not be given. I have only to say that our questions were answered in a satisfactory manner, and at no time did the medium have possession of the slates. The medium had never seen, or to my knowledge heard of, either of us before. Solid facts, these. What do they mean? Ukiah, Cal. E. W. KING.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence, and psychical phenomena of every kind, which have been witnessed in the past or that may be observed from time to time in private households, or in the presence of non-professional mediums and sensitives. These accounts may record spontaneous phenomena, and those resulting from systematic effort in the way of circles and other means for the development of mental power, experiments in thought-transference, and manifestations of supernormal mental action. The value of this column will depend wholly on the active co-operation of our subscribers, upon whom we must depend for matter to fill it. Stored up in thousands of homes are valuable incidents never yet published which have great value, and others are daily occurring. Let the accounts be as brief as may be and yet sufficiently full to be clearly understood.

Questions not requiring lengthy answers, and bearing upon the accounts detailed may be asked. They will be answered by the editor or an invitation extended for others to reply.

"The Home Circle."

Under the above caption the JOURNAL says: "In this column will be published original accounts of spirit presence and psychical phenomena of every kind which have been witnessed in the past, or that may be observed from time to time in private households, or in the presence of non-professional mediums and sensitives."

If such active co-operation as I may be able to apply to so worthy an undertaking can be of any service to humanity, it shall be my aim to aid and assist, so far as possible, by furnishing statements of facts that have come to my notice, from time to time, within the last fifty, sixty or more years. But to commence with statements of what occurred so long ago as 1835, and earlier, does not seem best; just now; therefore I present a case of more recent occurrence, which, if it prove to be of sufficient interest, may be followed by other efforts.

Many years ago, Mrs. A. B. Kelley, now of Indianapolis, lived in St. Louis. She had a sister then living in Wheatland, Indiana, whose husband's name is Freeman. About twelve years ago, for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Kelley went to Colorado and stopped in Denver a few months. As she did not intend to be absent from St. Louis a long time, she did not instruct her correspondents to change the direction of letters to her, but made arrangement with a woman who was a tenant occupying a part of her house in St. Louis, to forward to Denver all letters that might come there for her. Many months elapsed before Mrs. Kelley heard from her sister. At length a letter arrived that had been written by Mrs. Freeman five months before it reached Denver. It had been detained all that time in St. Louis, either because of the carelessness or intentional neglect of Mrs. Kelley's said tenant.

By that letter Mrs. Kelley was informed that the Freeman family intended then to soon remove from Wheatland, but that the place of destination was not then known.

Upon the receipt of said letter, Mrs. Kelley endeavored to learn where her sister was. She returned to St. Louis, and ever since has made every effort in her power to try to learn where her sister was. Her health having been so ill, Mrs. Freeman supposed she had died in Colorado, as she received no answer to her letter that was delayed so long. Nothing could then be learned by writing to Denver, as there was no one left there to answer letters.

It had been conjectured by some one, and suggested to Mrs. Kelley, that the Freeman family might be living in Southern Indiana, whereupon she wrote to several places in that part of the State, and also advertised in some of the newspapers published there.

And now, after so many years of intense anxiety, the afflicted lady became acquainted with Mrs. Lena Bibb, a recently developed clairvoyant and clairaudient medium in this city, by means of whose extraordinary gifts Mrs. Kelley was directed to what place and to whom to write, and by following those directions, she is now corresponding with her long-lost sister. G. KNAPP. Indianapolis, Ind.

"The Dead to the Living."

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The article, "The Dead to the Living," in the JOURNAL of October 24th, opens with the following:

First. It may be held as demonstrated, that a mind in the flesh can impress itself distinctly upon another living soul, without any medium of sense-perceptions yet ascertained. An ample body of well-verified and sharply scrutinized testimony exists to support the theory of thought transference in this life.

Second. A more difficult question remains: Can the dead impress the living? Can those who have gone before communicate with us who remain?

In support of the first, and as positive proof of the second, I forward you the following demonstrations, incidents in my own life's experiences.

First. About one year ago I was hurrying along one of my principal streets, anxious to reach a certain place by a certain time, intensely engaged on a business project, when I met a lady with whom and through whom, I had suffered a great wrong. I should have passed her as I had done many times before, but she stopped in front of me, and said: "Will you not speak with me?" I quietly said: "Good must come from the wrong you have done me; but until you can feel you have done wrong, and so acknowledge it, I can see no way that good can come to you"—at which she heaved a dreadful sigh and we parted. I found myself still walking, and looked back to observe if I could see her, but could not. I then queried as to what it meant. I am not cognizant of losing my consciousness for one moment. It must have occurred between steps, so to speak. Since that incident I have had proof that she was anxious to see me at that time.

The lady was then and is now alive, and in the form. I do not know as she was anywhere near me at the time. So much for thought transference while in the form.

Second. Not long since I was spending an evening with a lady. She passed into a condition she calls a sleep (Spiritualists call it trance). Very soon she was controlled by another person, differing in every way from the lady (or medium). Our seance was kept up for about forty minutes, and was certainly

very pleasant, much of the conversation being of such a nature that the medium could not have participated in had she wished to. The control then said, "The medium wishes to come back. Good-bye." And now comes the part I wish to call special attention to as proof of the second, viz.: Can the dead impress the living? and offer it as positive proof that they can and do, and identify themselves through mediums whenever they can find those that are congenial to them.

The medium, in coming to her normal condition, turned to me and said: "Did you ever have a dark-brown dog?" I answered, "I may have had, but do not now remember. She said this dog had white hairs over one eye and lengthwise down his face; also one white foot; but I could not recognize the dog. She then said, 'Did you ever have a dark-brown dog?' I remembered this barn, and answered, Yes. Said she, While I was asleep I saw your first wife. She was leaning against a dark-red barn, with a dark-brown dog in her arms, apparently in the agonies of death. She said to me, 'Tell William of what you see. Be careful to describe the dog and barn. He will recognize the circumstance and through it my identity.'—all of which I then remembered. The dog was a great favorite with her. The incident was a marked one in her life. The dog was poisoned, and on my coming home to dinner I found her in the position as above described. The medium could not have known anything about it; neither could she have gathered it from my brain, as it was very hard to bring it to my recollection.

This was not from spirit control, but as observed by the medium in spirit, while her body was being used by another intelligence. This was not only proof that spirits can come back and do communicate with those who remain, but also proof that the body of a person in this life, as a medium, can be, and is, used by a spirit in spirit-life. At the same time this is being done the spirit of the medium can enter into a superior condition, independent of the body or bodily conditions, and when in that state, can see, hear, think and act as if in the body, taking minute notice of occurrences there, and on returning to normal conditions, deliver messages from persons seen there, and by such messages the identity of the persons thus seen is established. Wm. C. CLAXTON. Detroit, Mich.

Idaho Fighting Polygamy.

The war against polygamy has at last broken out in Idaho, and is being prosecuted with the same vigor that characterizes the struggle in Utah. Mormonism in Idaho is not matter of recent growth. Years ago the leaders of the church quietly commenced the work of colonizing Mormons in that and other adjacent Territories, and conducted their propaganda in such a wily and secret manner that it did not attract attention until the Edmunds law brought the whole question up for discussion and began to excite apprehension among the polygamists. They had not only been successful in planting colonies in various parts of the Territory, but in some counties they were in the majority—Bear Lake, for instance, having 4,250 Mormons out of 4,500 total population. They gained a controlling power in politics, and were able to elect sufficient members to the Legislature to hold a respectable balance of power. When the Cleveland Administration came in they even entertained the hope of dictating the appointment of a Chief Justice who would favor them, inasmuch as they are all good Democrats, and they confidently expected they would be able to repeal the Test-Oath act which had been passed in the Legislature, and which disfranchises not only all persons who practice polygamy but those who believe in it or belong to the organization which declares it to be one of its doctrines.

In this they have been disappointed, for the new Chief Justice has affirmed the Test-Oath act as constitutional. In addition to this hostile act the United States grand jury last week brought indictments against twenty-nine polygamists under the Edmunds act, which applies to all the Territories, and which disfranchises and excludes from juries all persons found practicing polygamy. The Idaho law aims at all Mormons, because all Mormons favor polygamy, whether they practice it or not. They will probably fight the act against the decision of the Chief Justice; but even should they succeed in breaking down its constitutionality the Edmunds act is strong enough to break up polygamy in the Territory. The sentiment of the people outside of Mormonism is in its favor, without regard to party, and they are resolutely determined that the law shall be enforced. It is now a square fight between monogamists and polygamists, and unless the Territorial law is pronounced unconstitutional it will develop into a square fight between the Mormons and the people, without regard to church or party. The feeling of dislike toward them is as strong as, if not stronger than, that manifested toward the Chinese, as well as the determination to root them out. The Mormons have nothing in common with the people of Idaho. Their only purpose is to extend their church and make converts to its pernicious doctrines, which stand in the way of the prosperity of the Territory, which discourage immigration, and which, if they were successful, would operate as a bar against her admission to the Union. It is easier to strike at Mormonism and wipe it out before it gains a firm foothold than it will be after the Saints gain material and political control. In the fight which has now been vigorously commenced against it the people of Idaho will have the sympathy of the country. The enforcement of the Edmunds act has already produced a panic in Utah, and if such be the effect in the strong-hold itself, the same zeal and vigor exercised in outlying colonies will soon wipe them out and clean the Territory of the foul stain.—Chicago Tribune.

Insanity is said to be rapidly increasing in Philadelphia.

The fourteen bishops of the Methodist church are ranged against a political prohibition party.

Iowa possesses one of the three best law libraries collected under State authority in the United States.

A New York railroad company has just paid \$1,800 as damages to the owner of a violin, which was damaged on one of the company's trains.

Some seeds of an unknown variety recently found in the ruins of Pompeii are to be planted in the White House conservatory at Washington, in the hope that they may germinate.

Hersford's Acid Phosphate.

MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. A. L. Hall, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "Have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary trouble."

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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 watch he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 21, 1885.

"Phillystianism"—Spiritualism—Heber Newton.

In these days clergymen speak out in the pulpit far more freely than thirty years ago. Theodore Parker was called a heretic, but the clergy ought to thank him for helping to open the way for their larger liberty. Spiritualism is the *bête noir*—the black beast—dreaded by theologians, yet it has stirred the depths and opened the sealed lips of many a preacher who knows not whence came his new freedom of utterance. Some of these outspoken preachers go out from their seats; others stay inside and help broaden thought within and without. Lucretia Mott, whose motto was, "Truth for authority, not authority for truth," was a Hicksite Quaker minister to the close of her nobly beautiful career. Heber Newton stays in the Episcopal church. It is to their credit to let him stay. For him it is of no great moment whether he is in or out; quite as well out, we should say, but of that he must judge. He is seeking truth, and telling what he finds with an eloquent earnestness worthy of commendation.

A series of his sermons has been published in a book entitled "Phillystianism"—sermons to his parish on questions that stir modern thought. The first discourse makes Robert Ingersoll the Goliath of Phillystianism, not by name but by plain description, treats him with personal respect, grants the benefit of his "sledge hammer blows against certain paganism of Christianity," but dislikes his "shallow criticisms of the deeper faiths of man," his breaking down of reverence, his destroying and putting no great spiritual realities in place of what is gone. Without upholding the old idea of the infallible Bible, the criticism of the Ingersollian ignoring of its real merits and authenticity, and of the deep significance of its nobler words, is the fairest and the strongest yet made.

In a sermon on "Christianity and its Critics," he grants that dogmatism and love of priestly power have been sore evils. "The new reforming force," we are told, "was early turned aside from its true task of social reconstruction, into the subtleties of metaphysics and the ambitions of priestcraft. The currents of the River of Life were sluiced off from the great fields of human affairs into theological and ecclesiastical gardens, leaving whole tracts of the secular world dry and lifeless, that doctors might grow prize specimens of dogmas, and monks might turn pretty little mills, grinding out churchly gewgaws. The very success of the early church as a visible organization proved its failure as an invisible force of reform. From the day in which the dream of capturing the State possessed the men of the church, its energy of social reform flagged and failed. Its ethical energy went too far, in the building up of a vast body of sleek and shining secularity."

Yet he claims that even with these defects and hindrances, Christianity has been a great reforming force, an unbuilding spiritual power in the world, and illustrates this claim by a brilliant array of historic statements.

In discourses on Trinity, Atonement, Future Punishment, Election, and Original Sin, while the bald and hideous statements of these doctrines in the old creeds are not accepted, he aims to show that some germ of truth lies at their root, which Spiritualists may state in better form as well as believe in a deeper and broader sense.

A man not in bondage to the letter, but seeking what of good as well as ill was in the spirit—the heart and core—of the old creeds, feeling that "the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life," and speaking out in his own plain, manly way, is a nineteenth century product, made possible by long ages of

struggle and development. Theodore Parker resolved to make his pulpit a place from which the people might be educated to larger freedom and nobler spiritual life and more practical righteousness. Heber Newton is inspired by the same feeling. If true to it, and ready to follow where it leads, as we believe he is, he will grow in grace and power.

The especially able parts of this volume are the discourses on "The Mystery of Matter," and on "Design and Mind in Nature." The latest statements of science are taken up, met ably and used fairly to emphasize the idea of a spiritual genesis of things. With no tinge of agnosticism or materialism, the great argument goes on, evolution implies will and design, "and man is the crown and consummation of Nature's labor, . . . a microcosm—a little world. Beyond him we discern no higher form of life, save that which may issue from his own unfolding of the ideal man which he carries within him."

These ideas have been familiar as household words to hosts of Spiritualists for years, and, at last they get spoken in fine phrase to an audience of liberal Episcopalians, who are delighted at what is new—to them.

In the closing discourse on Immortality, the "intuition of our spiritual nature" is shown to be deeper than the reach of science in its present condition; and fit argument and illustration leads to a mention of "a bedridden girl in Brooklyn" who "can read without her eyes better than most people can with them," and of other like facts pointing to the "possibility of an inner and finer organization," with powers transcending the physical senses. These facts "lead us into the realm of what is known as Spiritualism," says Dr. Newton. Of this great matter we are told, continues the preacher:—

"It is too early to dogmatize. No doubt there is a vast amount of charlatanism in it. Most scientific men have persistently slighted the subject. . . . Savants like Wallace, Crooks and Zöllner have testified to the most astonishing actions in their presence, . . . and have been driven to acknowledge that they see in these phenomena at least the action of latent powers in man which lie wholly beyond the ken of ordinary science. Spiritualists leap to the conclusion that these are the manifestations of spirits other than those in the flesh. This by no means follows, though it may be true. . . . If such phenomena can be demonstrably established it would be an impertinence to deny the life after death. . . . Do not think I have gone on the anxious bench in some spiritualistic camp meeting. I have never attended a séance. I am not in any hurry to go to one. I am incorrigibly skeptical of backdoor entrances into the other world. If I were convinced that spirits were communicating with men in these séances I should not be inclined to think overwell of the spirits. I should decidedly prefer to keep at a distance from them; . . . the attempt to establish business agencies for such intermediaries comes before us straight with danger. . . . I would now declare explicitly that, in these new manifestations of the power of the spirit which is in man, we find a strange light thrown upon the stories of Jesus, which have been so baffling to us. . . . His intermittent manifestations to the disciples—his being seen one moment while disappearing the next; his passing through doors and walls; his rising in the air above the disciples—these and other bewildering tales of the Gospels take on a strangely realistic air in the light of things we have seen or heard of to-day. . . . The resurrection of Jesus means to me simply his appearance from the Spirit-world. . . . Thus he 'brought life and immortality to light.' After death Jesus manifested himself to the disciples from the spirit-sphere, persuading them of his continued being and inspiring in them that sublime faith in immortality in which they went forth conquering and to conquer."

The savants who have given any careful investigation to Spiritism are more than he names, and they admit and accept far more. Wallace is a pronounced Spiritualist, holding its facts the proof palpable of immortality. Others held as his peers in science, are equally pronounced, and a noble array of men and women, ripe in judgment, and widely known as reformers, statesmen, scholars and poets, know the reality of spirit-presence by years of personal experience.

Would it not be absurd to talk of Darwin and Tyndall leaping to their conclusions touching the origin of species and like matters? Equally absurd is the like talk about Spiritualists. Nothing in the wide realm of science has been more thoroughly and carefully tested, and nothing has more ample proof than this great fact of spirit-presence and manifestation. After a study of this matter acknowledged as "very imperfect," is it not assuming a great deal to talk in this careless way of the "leap to a conclusion," reached in many cases by slow and sure steps through thirty years of careful research and thought? Is there judicial fairness, or logic, or reason, or the true scientific spirit in this assertion?

Having "never attended a séance," is it fair to talk about "back-door entrances into the other world?" Is there not wisdom and light—the beauty and joy of glorified spirit-presence touching the hearts of thoughtful and cultured men and women in the séance? Folly and fraud may sometimes creep in, but is that all? Why ignore the glory and the power and cast contempt over the whole matter?

Rev. Heber Newton is a preacher paid a fair salary, we hope. Is it any worse to pay an honest and gifted medium than to pay him? Is there any more danger from "business agencies for such intermundane commerce" than in like plans for hiring ministers of the gospel? Danger, we may grant, in both cases, to be guarded against by wise care. The golden padlock on the lips of a popular preacher may fetter the truth in his soul, and make him a pulpit charlatan; or the lesser pay of some medium may lead him to "play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." Heaven pity them both, and give us the brave and true in their stead.

In the reverent soul of Dr. Newton, Jesus is "the Holy One," and all connected with him is invested with a sweet sanctity which we have no wish to lessen. He tells us that, to him, "The resurrection of Jesus meant simply his appearance from the Spirit-world after death;" gives in glowing words the great results of that appearance, and de-

clares "explicitly that in these new manifestations we find a strange light" thrown on these gospel narratives. This light, in which he sees the naturalness and reality of the resurrection and reappearance of Christ, comes from these séances—"back-door entrances into the other world," as he calls them, though never present to know and judge for himself what they are! Through good and gifted mediums spirits communicate with men, and thus we gain precious experiences which, even when only heard of, as in his case, give new beauty and significance to so great an event as the resurrection of One whom he holds as "The Way, The Truth and The Life." Yet he is "not inclined to think well of the spirits," but would "decidedly prefer to keep at a distance from them," if they do communicate at these séances!

In all other parts of this volume, even when not in accord with some opinions expressed, we recognize a high mood which lends added strength to its arguments. In his treatment of Modern Spiritualism, it may be said in his favor that (1) his discourses were not written out for publication, but reported by a stenographer; and (2) they were delivered from an Episcopal pulpit to an audience largely in sympathy with the Episcopal church; and (3) his views of promiscuous public séances as gathered from newspapers and critical Spiritualists, together with the caution made necessary by the time and place of utterance, all these circumstances combined, made him, as reported, too sweeping in some statements and unfair and unscientific in others.

Dr. Newton has the courage of his convictions, and is an earnest, enthusiastic searcher after truth. We believe he will yet have more to say of the phenomena popularly grouped under the name of Spiritualism, some of which are only explicable on the spirit hypothesis, while others are to be accounted for, as all intelligent Spiritualists know and assert, without recourse to another world.

Is It Any Wonder?

Is it any wonder that there are house-breakers, shop-lifters, sneak thieves, sand-baggers, and petty plunderers generally among the lower classes of our large cities, when those who are supposed to move in the higher circles of society make such an exhibit as was lately presented in New York City. It appears from the *Daily Sun* that "Library Thieves" were discussed by the New York Library Club in the Columbia College library one day last week. Librarian Melvil Dne said that it was hard to tell a library thief at sight. Well-dressed, gentlemanly looking men steal books. Librarian Peoples said that the Mercantile Library had lost many books. One person, he said, a German school teacher, took a book from the library and he could not get it back. After he had kept the book four years, during which time he had written to him about it repeatedly, he sent his assistant to his house. He returned without the book, but said he had seen it on the man's table. Mr. Peoples then went himself. He was shown into a room, in the centre of which there was a table covered with manuscript. There he saw the book. When the man came into the room he said, "I am using it, and have been ever since I took it out." "You won't use it any more," said Mr. Peoples, and walked out with it.

Mr. Hannah of the Long Island Historical Library, said that he suspected a certain high-toned gentleman of stealing books, but could not catch him. When he died he went to his house and found 200 of the library's most valuable volumes. Another thief he caught was a prominent lawyer of Brooklyn, a man of distinguished appearance and fine manners. He did not steal books; his forte was carrying off newspapers. He caught him at it one day. Shortly after that he moved from Brooklyn, and is now living near Columbia College.

Speaking about the ladies, Mr. Hannah said that a number of school girls used to come into the library, but he should never have suspected them of stealing if he had not been told that they did. His reading room was full of these girls one day, when the principal of the largest girl's seminary in Brooklyn chanced to come in. "You must look out for those girls," he said, "they all steal." That coincided with the experiences of Mr. Peoples. He makes it a rule not to trust any lady who is a lover of books. He stated that the wife of a professor was caught stealing a book from the library. She begged so hard for him not to say anything about it, and to still allow her to come to the library, that he yielded, and she still reads the books. Another young lady, who is amply able to buy all the books she wants, was discovered going out with one book in her hand, which she was entitled to, and five others hidden under her cloak.

Dr. Buel, Librarian of Union Theological Seminary, was asked how he got along with the ministers. He said he was afraid that ministers were as bad as any one else in this respect, for since he had been librarian more than one thousand volumes had been stolen. "One minister," he said, "kept a book twenty-three years, but finally returned it, with a note to the effect that he needed the book no longer, as he had obtained a better edition."

"My opinion," said Mr. Peoples, "is that ministers are not to be trusted in a library any more than any one else. They like to write their opinions on the margins of books also. I found a book so marked one day, and, recognizing the handwriting as that of a prominent divine, sent a note to him ask-

ing to see him in my office. He came, acknowledged that he had written in the book, but said that his writing made it more valuable. 'Others do not think so,' I said; 'so if you will get us a new book, you may keep the more valuable one.'"

Mr. Hannah said that a Staten Island minister came into his library one day to consult some forty or fifty volumes on a certain subject. He placed the books on a table for him and left him. Shortly afterward, while passing him again, Mr. H. saw him throw a volume on the floor, and, looking under the table, saw twenty books lying there. He asked him what he threw the books on the floor for. "Oh, I'm through with those," he answered. "I told him I guessed he was, and with the others, too."

The above is certainly a bad exhibit, and shows the necessity of reforming those who are supposed to constitute the upper strata of society. If those book thieves could be made converts to Spiritualism, they would at once hold in subjection their thievish propensities.

SELF-CULTURE.

Its Aims and Nature the Subject of the Rev. R. Heber Newton's Discourse.

The Rev. R. Heber Newton preached in All Souls' Anthion Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church last Sunday morning on the nature and aim of self-culture. The church was crowded, and many of the congregation leaned forward in their pews with eager interest to catch every word he uttered. The text was from Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, fourth chapter, thirteenth verse:

"Till we all come into the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man."

In the beginning Dr. Newton referred with pleasure to the rapid advancement of true culture in the West, and paid a passing tribute to the intelligent munificence of Senator Leland Stanford in giving millions of money to found a magnificent university on the Pacific Coast. Continuing the learned gentleman set forth that culture is a word which to-day savors suspiciously of intellectual affectation. It is the thing nowadays, very much as are duds and bric-a-brac, and its praises are chanted among the so-called elite in a fashion to nauseate all who are not addicted to being "intense." None the less this culture cant is simply the imitative chorus of fashionable folly reaching the noble strains of the serious and spiritual of earth. A "Turveydrop" "master of deportment" still represents to not a few the beau-ideal of the prophet of culture. Some such high polish, a sort of Nubian shine or No. 1 shellac, appears to be the artistic result of the education that is carried on in not a few seminaries where the feminine mind is duly finished at the age of eighteen.

WHAT CULTURE IS.

As to what culture really is, Dr. Newton said it is not really the knowledge of one's special work in life, or the skill in that vocation which the successful man wins. There is a something higher than bread and butter, and even than cake and wine, and there is a nobler learning than that which turns to food and coins itself into good hard money. Before we know it we may be shutting ourselves up within the area of the life of a man whom we call the craftsman or the clergyman, losing sight of the large life of a perfect manhood. This is just what we see being done all around us—successful clergymen who know little of unsurpassed human nature; physicians whose ideas are bottled in the vials of the drug-shop; lawyers whose literature is bound in yellow calf, merchants, and bankers, and manufacturers to whom the universe is an infinitude of ships, and bonds, and calicoes. Culture is a something large and generous, which takes a man out of his narrow specialty and floats him into the deep current of human life; which calls him out of his individual concerns and interests him in the things found on the broad and breezy common of literature, and science, and art; which wakens in him a deeper hunger than that which bread or even cake will satisfy; a greed which will rest content on the biggest piles of gold. Culture is not any mere accumulation of knowledge, even though that knowledge be outside of your calling. Knowledge undigested, unassimilated, is no more culture than the bolted dinner is flesh and blood. Culture is vitalized reading, books turned into brain, geology and astronomy transmitted into high-thinking art, correlated into noble feelings, French and German making an utterance for a spirit.

LEARNED FOOLS.

Under the above head, the eminent divine asks the question, "Have you ever seen a learned fool?" and then goes on to say that you can find such men in any college, or in any drawing-room; learned pedants and polished shallows; dry-as-dust professors and cultured dilettanti who air the French and German without having anything worth saying in plain English. When bread and meat pass into firm flesh, and tough muscle, and stored nervous energy, then we are well fed physically; and when sciences, and arts, and history, and poetry pass into active faculties, keen perception, close reasoning, clear judgment, quick sympathies, and noble aspirations we are well fed mentally. No man except a monster becomes intelligent without becoming something more than intelligent. The aim of true culture should be not alone to build up a perfect intellect, but through it to build up as perfect an inner being as possible—as rich, as round, and as ripe. A Blind Tom is scarcely a type of the cultivated man, though none of us can hope to rival his marvelous playing; he is not a man at all, but only a musical monster.

Culture brings forth men fully grown, well formed, rich blooded, firmly knit, alive all over. Greece, which taught us beauty, showed us in her palmy days the form of culture in her beautiful human beings, noble bodied, intellectual, esthetic, affectionate, aspiring, worshipping alike the true, the beautiful, and the good. We are thus led up to a point of view whence we can see culture to be something which can be legitimately considered in the pulpit—as nothing less than the very task of the church upon the earth. Culture blossoms into character. The modern apostle of culture himself tells us that conduct is three-fourths of life. Then three-fourths of the energy of a true culture must go to the shaping of the conduct; that is, to the forming of the character. Knowledge must store the being with the forces which turn to wisdom.

UNCONSCIOUS RELIGION.

As to unconscious religion Dr. Newton claims that morality is in itself unconscious religion. It is the knowledge of God to which all noble studies lead us. Every glimpse into the truth is a vision of God. Every discovery is a revelation. Each principle or law which we find out is a something learned of the Divine Being. To see any truth as a something beautiful, sacred, divine, leading us out into the mystery of the infinite and eternal energy which sustains us to recognize that in any truth we are learning somewhat of the will and character of this Divine Being; to thus pursue our studies to the end that we may, through knowing God, shape our lives as becometh His children; this, whether in philosophy or in science, in poetry or art, is religion.

But you may say that culture and religion have always been at variance, if not in actual strife. This is doubtless true, but it is the result of a faulty and feeble conception of both. Religion has narrowed its vision of the true aim of life. In the lurid light of hell-flames, culture looked like a pretty trifling. A magnificent moral manhood was developed at the cost of a shrunken intellect and a starved imagination. Thus religion frowned upon culture as on a something frivolous, if not false, and culture has not been without its own depreciation of religion. The severe and solemn seriousness of religion has offended alike its philosophic calm and its artistic sensuousness, and, thinking that it knew too much to be in such dead earnest, it has thrown itself back smiling upon the free natural impulses of human nature, hungered for joy as well as for truth. We see at a glance the alien spirit of the Reformation and the renaissance of the Wittenburg of Luther, and the Florence of the Medici, of the courts of Cromwell and of Charles II. Religion and culture alike are each now learning to correct its own imperfection in the ideal of the other. We see now that sweetness and light must correlate with force and fire. Religion is learning that its mission is to fashion a perfect manhood, a task of education which is to be realized only by leading forth all the powers and faculties and instincts of human nature and guiding their growth toward a harmonious wholeness. Culture is learning that its function is to be discharged only when books make men; when the intellectual life blossoms out into the moral life and the moral life flowers into the religious life; when knowledge opens into wisdom and wisdom bends its knees in worship of the infinite truth and beauty which are one with the eternal goodness. The true, the beautiful, and the good are not three but one. A Greek has left us the noblest type in marble—a youth of well proportioned form, of firmly knit frame every line of his body a line of beauty, his face instinct with noble intelligence and gracious goodness, straining forward on springing feet as though in earnest after a somewhat beyond him, his head upturned and his arm upraised with open hands of invocation spread toward the skies in the aspiration which is worship.

Canon Farrar in Chicago.

Canon Farrar, the eminent English divine, preached in Trinity Episcopal Church, this city, last Sunday evening. He appeared in the ordinary white clerical robe, and took a subordinate part in the introductory services. He was generally recognized throughout the house and closely watched during the service. The sermon related to the wisdom of nations, and the text was as follows:

Keep therefore and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of nations which shall bear all these statutes and say: Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people.—Deut. x. 16.

His sermon was listened to by a vast audience, and attracted the earnest attention of each one. We extract a single paragraph, as follows:

He said that mankind had many tests—God but one. If the ideas of the nation be good and strong it would become conspicuous and powerful; if bad and weak its name would be a reproach and a by-word on the earth. Scripture, he said, dealt more with masses of men than with individuals. Individuals wrote in characters too small for its pages, and yet each individual contributed a part, great or small, to the glory of the nation to which he belonged. It was a duty of every citizen to help his nation to attain the ends for which it was established by God. So far as its policies were wrong he could help amend them, and if right he could assist it in its course. As an example of the errors of nations, he said some nations had delighted in war and had written their history in blood. They had passed over prosperous fields like a devastating flame, and in their paintings and statuary had glorified their atrocious deeds, suggesting that angels had hovered over their course and assisted them in their outrageous victories. Such had passed away amid fire and sword in the wrath of nations.

Henry Ward Beecher in Chicago.

Last Sunday this eminent divine preached at the Centenary Methodist Church. He commenced by making this solemn announcement: "Dearly beloved, I shall never again speak to you. I speak to the dying—myself a dying man. My right hand; a man in as good health as I; for forty years a neighbor, friend, and brother, has fallen and passed away. Why not I myself?"

The "neighbor, friend, and brother" alluded to was of course, Mr. H. B. Claffin, in whose intimate friendship Mr. Beecher had grown from early manhood to the fullness of years.

Mr. Beecher took for his text "The Transfiguration." We make only a brief extract from his sermon:

"Every man has his transfiguration. Though in a different way, God gives to everybody his luminous hours; not so dramatic as the actual transfiguration, but hours when we see what at other times we cannot see; when something within us breaks forth into expression; hours in which the higher, and grander, and nobler is seen, not as real but possible. But we go through sadder hours ordinarily. Men believe in horses and carriages, in houses and furniture, in warehouses and goods—material things; but how few are they who believe in the ever present God; how few in the eternal principles of truth; in that humble faith which is mightier than the law of gravitation. These after all, are the real truths. Little by little, by the attrition of doubt, faith is worn away and man forgets the great cape of blue above in which God's truth is vibrating. To all such there come these luminous hours, when the world seems to have ceased thrumming, when the souls seem to try and spread its wings again and fly. Oh, if I could live in those luminous hours! If they are the transfiguration of Christ to you. They are the high places in clear air, and here should you take your observations; here is the time to lay the line of your future traveling. Believe in your luminous hours—never give up the vision."

"Some men are converted as a child is born into the world—without knowing it. Others are brought in suddenly, and when spiritual times are hard and preachers are poor, doubt if ever they were converted—if their conversion was more than an electric shock. There are times when I exclaim: How little piety there is among the most pious; how little Christianity among Christians. I see little patches of missionary work, but how the masses who know not the living faith. When I see the cities of civilization and the mammoth worship that prevails in them, and ponder that it is 2,000 years since the coming of Christianity; when I see the hordes of China and Japan, and how our Government receives them when their coming interferes with business or political interests; and when I see heroic, even Christian men and women, leading a reform, called Puritans and high, fantastical creatures—it seems a great many ages before the millennium, and I get tired. For my own life, which has been as prosperous as the average, I care nothing for the little oppositions and jealousies which enumber it. My heart is wedded to my kind; my zeal and hope and most ardent ambition are with my kind. And yet my work seems as if a sparrow should attempt to pick down a mountain. Still we cannot forget that whose gathers a handful of seed and scatters it here and there may find it when he returns after years grown to a forest. Who knows to measure what he does or what the effect will be? It doth not yet appear what we are, Hope and have courage. Be sure and don't judge the extent of your work by the eye—judge it by your faith."

The Mind-Cure Craze.

Mrs. Hester M. Poole writes: "The article having the above as a partial heading, and stating that the women of New York, especially the controlling members of Sorosis, are 'enthusiastic converts to the belief that mind cure is a scientific verity,' is probably taken from a New York paper which was the subject of a hoax by some mischievous journalist. Nothing can be farther from the truth. Sorosis is neither enthusiastic nor 'torn' upon the subject. It is true that a much respected member, Mrs. Deihl, is a convert to the last new 'craze,' and gives treatments. Sorosis has nothing to do with it, and has never given Mrs. Deihl either a dinner or a reception. An individual member here and there, may inquire into this phase of magnetic treatment in order to be intelligent in regard to whatever is going on in this direction,—just as any other private person in the city."

Publisher's Notice.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent free until January 1st next, to new subscribers who remit \$2.50 for one year's subscription.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, thirteen weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

The New Era for November is devoted entirely to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose 70th birthday was celebrated November 12th. Mrs. Harbert, the editor, has taken advantage of this to gather many graceful tributes of affection and admiration and make this a birthday greeting. One of the most interesting of these tributes is from the daughter, Margaret Stanton Lawrence, whose home is in Council Bluffs, Ia. She says: "The devil had no place at our fireside nor the 'Inferno' in our dreams of the future. We heard nothing under our roof of 'original sin' or 'total depravity,' but of the great possibilities bound up in us all to be grand men and women." She says, further, "Mother and Susan are worthy to be canonized as saints,—not the weeping, fasting, passive kind, not angels with folded wings waiting at the doors of the temple, but what Luther calls 'fighting saints,' angels with wills." The world needs

more such saints. Greetings from Susan B. Anthony, Rev. Robert Collyer, Elizabeth Boynton Harbert and others, together with a fine steel plate engraving of Mrs. Stanton, complete the number.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The office of the *Mind-Cure Journal* has been removed to 161 La Salle street.

Walter Howell's subject next Sunday evening will be, "The Attitude of the New Church in Relation to Spiritualism."

T. Roscoe, an English medium of very peculiar and striking gifts, is now en route for Boston by steamer Cephalonia.

Dr. A. C. Stanton, a prominent Spiritualist residing at Blackhawk, Col., has been stopping in the city for a few days.

Mrs. Maud Lord has settled at 195 Adelphi St., Brooklyn, N. Y., for the present, where she will be glad to see her friends.

Dr. Emily J. Pike, formerly of Boston, has located at 133 Penn St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., for the winter, where she is prepared to meet her patrons.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has returned to Baltimore, Md., for the winter, and is located at No. 6 First Street, where she will be pleased to meet her friends.

Miss Susie M. Johnson has been employed by the Society of Spiritualists at Los Angeles, Cal., to speak four Sundays of November and the month of December.

Dr. Buchanan gave a lecture on The Religious Aspect of Psychometry, in the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Sunday evening, November 8th.

A steamboat, built in England and sent out in pieces at a cost of \$20,000, is being put together on Lake Nyassa, in the interior of Africa. It will be used for missionary work along the coast.

In the National Museum at Washington in a number of little trays, are 42,000 birds' eggs, varying in size from that of the hummingbird to that of the giant dodo, whose remains are found in Madagascar.

Lyman C. Howe spoke Sunday, Nov. 1st, at Yorkville, N. Y.; Sunday, Nov. 5th, at North Collins, N. Y. He is open for work this fall and winter wherever called. Address at Fredonia, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

The first Sunday school in the United States was held in Roxbury, Mass., in 1674. A Sunday school was established in Ephrata, Pa., in 1740. The first of the modern Sunday schools in this country was instituted by Bishop Asbury, in Hanover county, Va., in 1786.

Blue Ribbon beer, manufactured in Toronto, and claimed to be a temperance beverage, was tested a few days ago on two men, each of whom drank seven glasses in an hour and a half and then became drunk. The court thereupon decided that the stuff was intoxicating.

A farmer near York, Pa., is the possessor of a wonderful pig. The left foreleg resembles the arm of an infant. At the extremity is a hand with a thumb and four tapered fingers, which are regular in form, even to the nails. The face also bears a striking resemblance to that of a human being.

Christians are no longer liable to insults from masculine Mohammedans, but nine out of ten of the older women, even in Constantinople, will look askance at a Christian unbeliever, and greet him with the cheerful salutation: "May the dogs devour your bones!"

Medical studies appear to be too severe for the average woman. In England, according to the census of 1881, the number of women physicians was twenty-five. From 1880 to 1884, eight had been placed in the lunatic asylum, and at the end of last year three were under treatment.

The story about Joseph Dyer, of Maine, who was thrown from his wagon, killed, buried, resurrected by medical students and restored to life, is one of the most charming little romances that has come over the wires recently. Evidently Joseph is not much of a Dyer, whatever may be his qualifications as a liar.

Base ball players in the Southern League are to receive but \$1,000 hereafter, the idea being to keep the college professors and ministers of the gospel satisfied. In the North educators and preachers have long since learned to value their services very modestly in comparison with the prices asked by science men in the diamond.

Some statistician, who wants to make people dreadful blue, figures it all out thus: "Select 100,000 healthy boys and girls from the public schools of our country. Let each be ten years old. At twenty-three, 10,000 will be dead; at fifty, 30,000; at sixty-five, 50,000; at seventy-five, 60,000; at eighty-five, 90,000; at ninety-three, 99,000; at ninety-five, 99,990—only ten alive, and in one hundred years, 99,999 will be dead."

At Salt Lake City, November 10th, a real sensation was caused by the official announcement in a Mormon newspaper, that Apostle Albert Carrington has been excommunicated from the church for "the crimes of lewd and lascivious conduct and adultery." Carrington is one of the oldest apostles, is the husband of three or four women, and has been a member of the church half a century. For years he has been president of the European mission, with headquarters at Liverpool, and has been regarded as one of the ablest and staunchest Mormons. It is said he committed adultery some time ago, but the facts were not known until recently, when he was tried and convicted and excommunicated by the eleven other apostles.

Mrs. M. Babcock writes: "The Spiritualists and Liberalists' State Association of Michigan, held its semi-annual meeting at Saranac, on Saturday and Sunday, October 31st and November 1st. J. H. Burnham, Mrs. H. S. Lake, Bishop Beals, and M. Babcock were the speakers; readings and recitations by others; music by Prof. Beals and the Misses Shaw. Notwithstanding the bad weather, the meeting was voted a success."

The *Rural Californian* says: "The Iowa Press Association is talking seriously of making a trip to Southern California the coming winter, and we want to extend a hearty welcome in advance. If they would only unite in this matter with the Illinois Press Association, we would have a bunch of the smartest men and handsomest women among us when they get here that could be gathered together anywhere in the Union. Southern California will open wide her hospitable doors for you, gentlemen."

The *Japan Gazette* states that the process of Latinizing the Japanese alphabet is making great progress. The Mathematical and Physical Society of Tokio, has resolved to print the official parts of its reports in the Roman characters, and the Chemical Society is about to take a similar step. Several newspapers are already printed with Roman type, and the *Japan Gazette* expresses the opinion that the Latin Alphabet will soon be generally adopted.

Dr. Henry Slade intends to go to Europe in a short time. Prominent parties there agree to send him tickets for passage both ways, and pay him well for services while there. He will probably go direct to Hamburg, and then to Amathal and Vienna. Joseph Ed. Schmidt, of Amathal, is the principal one interested in securing his services. Mr. Simmons writes: "Dr. Slade seems to be better than at any time in many months, if not years. Occasional prostrations occur, though in recovering he gains new ground before the next attack. These are also growing lighter."

MRS. BESTE.

In referring to the late exposure of the supposed materializing medium, Mrs. Beste, a correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, says: "To those intelligent Spiritualists who understand the sensitive laws and conditions governing these phenomena, it can readily be seen that transfiguration will explain the whole matter."

Now there is one feature of the Beste case that "transfiguration" will not explain. Mrs. Beste was provided with a luminous gauze arrangement with which she enveloped herself to represent an illuminated spirit. This robe or shawl was a part of the paraphernalia that was seized and divided among the audience as mementos of the occasion. If she was an honest medium why was she invested with this appearance of jugglery?

We are aware that it will be said in her defence that deceptive spirits may have produced this luminous gauze for the occasion. This claim would destroy every possibility of determining, what is, or is not, honest mediumship. If mediums are found personating spirits, or if they appear before the investigating in masks, or are discovered playing tricks of any kind by those who are not inimical to the mediums, and who would be glad to see an honest form materialization in their presence—if all of this shallow pretension is to be laid to deceptive spirits, and the medium fully exonerated in the matter, then must everything like careful investigation cease.

If it is the spirits, and not the mediums, who are up to this kind of charlatany, then we ask to be excused from the fellowship of that class of spirits. All such mediums should refuse to allow their mediumship to be abused and perverted by such spirits. They should cease to hold séances for the exhibition of Spiritual duplicity, as they should for the exhibition of any duplicity of their own. And until they do, Spiritualists should leave them and their séances severely alone.

No honest medium will consent to hold séances under conditions that render trickery possible. They will insist upon avoiding the very appearance of fraud. If they use cabinets, they will see that they are placed in the audience room, where all sides may be carefully guarded. Unless they are willing to do this, however honest or genuine they may be, they may expect unfavorable criticism.—*Golden Gate*.

L. Prang & Co., desiring to produce a memento of the famous International Yacht Race between the "Puritan" and "Genesta" for the "America's Cup," September 16th, commissioned Mr. Wm. F. Halsall, the eminent marine painter, to fix upon canvas as true a representation of the race as it was possible to make, and that he has succeeded is evident, to all who see the beautiful *Yacht* picture.

Edward Burgess, the designer of the "Puritan," endorses the excellence of the picture in the following letter:

BOSTON, Oct. 5, 1885.

MESSES. L. PRANG & CO.:

Dear Sirs,—It affords me great pleasure to attest to the excellence of Mr. Halsall's painting, "The Puritan" and "Genesta," for the "America's Cup," September 16th, commissioned Mr. Wm. F. Halsall, the eminent marine painter, to fix upon canvas as true a representation of the race as it was possible to make, and that he has succeeded is evident, to all who see the beautiful *Yacht* picture.

The appearance of the yachts on that occasion has been rendered as accurately and as spiritedly as it is possible for a brush to do; and the reproduction cannot fail to be welcomed by all interested in the subject.

There is now in press, at the establishment of L. Prang & Co., the enterprising art publishers, a large Souvenir Tableau of General Grant by Mr. T. de Quinlan, whose battle pictures in the war articles of the *Century Magazine* were so much admired by old veterans for their lifelike truthfulness. The work shows in the centre a portrait of General Grant as he was known to his army in 1865, surrounded by vignettes representing his military career from West Point to Appomattox. Messrs. Prang have also in contemplation the publication of a series of war pictures by the same artist, which will be welcome to all, now that the animosities of the strife are forgotten, and the war has passed into history.

PIANO & ORGAN tune: destroys true SINGING! Every sound explained, and every reader made a Scientific Tuner. News for Vocal and Violinists. Facts with dollars for lovers of music to know the exact truth. Book sent for 85c in stamps by Rev'd J. W. Hamner, Agent, Box 9, Bloomfield, Sumter Co., Florida.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

DON'T SUFFER COLD TO ACCUMULATE on cold until your throat and lungs are in a state of chronic inflammation. Attack the first symptoms of pulmonary irritation with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar and achieve an easy victory. Sold by all druggists at 25c, 50c and \$1.

Cured of Snoring.

DENVER, Colorado, Nov. 10, 1885.

PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO.:

I have given Fisher's Mouth Breathing Inhibitor a fair trial and can cheerfully recommend it to all Snorers. I feel confident that who ever will, may by its use, rid himself of the Abominable Nuisance.

MISS S. N. DICK.

The Prairie City Novelty Co., is located at 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, and they will send circulars to Snorers Free.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Race Co., in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and orders entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—*St. Louis Presbyterian*, June 19, 1885.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies, 25c.
German Hair Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown, 50c.
Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Hudson Tuttle lectures on subjects pertaining to general reform and the science of Spiritualism. Attendance free. Telephone address, Ceylon, O. P. O. address, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

The hair is frequently rendered prematurely gray by care, grief, delicate health, lowness of spirits, or a depressed tone of the vital powers. The use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, will restore its youthful color and beauty.

MR. CHARLES DAWBARN will lecture for the Southern Reunion of Spiritualists at their gathering in Louisville, Ky., from March 25th 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.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Elmer D. Howe passed to spirit-life at his home in Painesville, Ohio, November 10th, at the age of 88 years.

Mr. Howe was a soldier in the War of 1812, and after its close he went to Cleveland, and in the year 1819 founded the *Cleveland Herald*. Mr. Howe did not remain long at the head of the *Herald*, but selling out, he went to Painesville, where in 1822 he founded the *Painesville Telegraph*.

He was a prominent Spiritualist, and in all respects an excellent man. His last days were a time to a subscriber to the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*.

Passed to spirit-life October 25th, from his home in San Francisco, Cal., Wells Raphael Anderson, aged 19 years, 5 months and 18 days.

He was the son of Welta P. and L. Pet Anderson, the former a spirit artist, and the latter an excellent medium. It is said that his soul was filled with music and harmony, and that if he had lived he would have made a lasting impression for good upon the world.

MARSHALL FIELD & CO.

State and Washington Streets.

WE ANNOUNCE

A Special AND Unprecedented Sale OF Black Dress Goods,

INCLUDING Plain Fabrics, Drap D'Almas, Diagonals, Melrose, Silk Warp Henriettas, Bourettes, Brocades, Wool Poplins, Cassimeres and Shoodas, The Lowest Prices Ever Known.

WANTED

One intelligent, energetic man or woman in each country to take charge of the sale of the POLAR WORLD, the only complete and authentic history of all the Voyages and Discoveries in the Polar Regions ever published. Immense demand, low prices, big discounts to customers who were. Particulars and terms by addressing, A. G. NETTLETON & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Candy Making

60 AT HOME

A valuable book containing 200 choice recipes (many of them sold heretofore at \$2.00 to \$3.00 each) so plain and simple that all the choice candies can be made in any kitchen, at a small cost, and absolutely pure, just the thing for Christmas. Particulars and terms by ordering before December 1st only 30 cents per copy. Regular price 50 cents. BUCKLEY & CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

BOYS, GIRLS,

Do you want to know "HOW A MIDDLE-AGED MAN CAN BE MADE YOUNG AND VIGOROUS"? Do you want to know "HOW YOU CAN DO IT"? If yes, send your name and address to MIDLAND FARMER, St. Louis, Mo.

NO COLD FEET

It is impossible to over estimate the value of warm feet at this season of the year. Thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year in consequence of damp, cold feet. Cold feet lay the foundation for Pulmonary Diseases, so fatal to the people of our land. Could we make the world know how valuable our MAGNETIC FOOT BATTERIES are for keeping up a warm, genial glow through the feet and limbs, none would be without them. The insoles warm the whole body, keep the vital forces up, magnetize the iron in the blood and body. If no other result was produced, than to insulate the body from the wet, cold earth, the insoles would be invaluable. In many cases the insoles alone will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Swelling of the Limbs. Mail a pair, to any address by mail, send stamps or currency in letter, stating what you want, and we will send you at any part of the world. Price \$1.00.

PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 69 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapness. Unexcelled.

MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

NOVELTY COMBINATIONS for Printing Notices, etc. Address N. S. WORKS, Westfield, N. H.

THE OCCULT MAGAZINE.

Of profound interest to students of Occultism. 40 cents per annum. Agent, S. H. RANDALL, Cincinnati, O.

GLOBES. Prices reduced one-half. Eight new styles. Send for list. H. B. Niles & Co., Troy, N. Y.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help out of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Returns about the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

Shot Guns. Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.

Steel Furnaces.

"Advance" Steel Furnaces.

MADE BY THE CHICAGO & ERIE STOVE COMPANY.

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Curable in 30 to 60 days, by Dr. Charles F. L. Electric Elastic Truss. Write for particulars.

Truss Truss in the world. Different from all other Trusses. Cures Hernia, Strains, Sprains, etc. Cured without pain. Cured without surgery. Cured without medicine. Cured without rest. Cured without expense. Cured without delay. Cured without loss of time. Cured without loss of business. Cured without loss of health. Cured without loss of life. Cured without loss of honor. Cured without loss of respect. Cured without loss of position. Cured without loss of friends. Cured without loss of family. Cured without loss of peace. Cured without loss of joy. Cured without loss of life. Cured without loss of all.

MAGNETIC ELASTIC TRUSS CO., 133 Madison Street, Chicago.

PROFESSOR

of Perspective and the Harmony of Color and Structure in the Art of Drawing and Painting in Oil and the use of a system, by the aid of which he has been successfully teaching the Study of Art by Correspondence. Enclose stamp for information concerning tuition, and return of Art Study and the painting of Perspective for copying. Room 60 Metcalf Bldg., 1111 Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

30 DAYS TRIAL.

Will cover the scientific method of Electricity.

THE REMEDY in all chronic diseases. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Backache, Stomach Troubles, Heart Disease, Liver & Kidney Diseases. While family can wear case belt. Full list of diseases in hand, send for pamphlet. Dr. CLARK ELECTRIC CO., 102 & 104 Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

PROSPECTUS.

Neshaminy Park Association.

(SPIRITUALISTS' CAMP-MEETING.)

A stock company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing and improving a tract of land, known as the "Jockey Farm," in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, that there may be a permanent camping ground for Spiritualists in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and that all who are in harmony with that object and desire to secure for themselves comfortable summer homes at a very reasonable price, may do so.

Your personal co-operation is solicited. It is necessary that ten per cent. of the capital stock be paid in before a charter can be secured from the state. The capital stock being \$50,000, we need \$5,000 immediately.

The intention of the corporation is to provide a site for the "First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia" for holding a national resort, for camp-meeting purposes exclusively, all the pleasure ground lying between the Boardwalk and the Neshaminy Creek, comprising about 30 acres.

The "Jockey Farm," which has been secured for the corporation at a satisfactory price, contains over 107 acres; so that, after laying out and setting aside for the "First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia" about 35 acres of the tract, there will be left about 72 acres of high and beautiful land, suitable and desirable for building summer homes.

It is proposed to survey and divide the 72 acres with proper streets adorned with shrubbery, centres of flowers, etc., and from the building lots on these streets, all lots are to be made equal in size, and to be sold at about \$160 each to the members of the Association and those in sympathy with them; allowing a bidding of premium for choice of lots.

It is believed that not only will the lots greatly increase in value, but that the corporation, will also derive considerable profit from the sale of lot and premiums.

If you are in sympathy with the movement and wish to further the undertaking, you will please submit your share of stock to be placed at \$50 each, only ten per cent. of which is to be paid upon subscribing.

The books will be opened at the Hall, 340 Spring Garden Street, on Thursday evening, October 23, 1885.

Any further information can be obtained by writing to the Secretary, 1245 Butterworth St., Philadelphia.

J. H. JONES, President.

BENJ. P. DENNETT, Secretary.

WM. H. JONES, Treasurer.

TO PRESERVE THE HEALTH

USE THE

MAGNETIC

PROTECTOR,

FOR LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN.

PRICE, ONLY \$5.00.

THE LUNG AND CHEST PROTECTOR herewith illustrated is one of the most useful garments, and one which every man, woman and child in this climate should wear. It is an impossibility that any person wearing it should "catch cold," or have an attack of pneumonia, bronchitis, or other acute chest or lung diseases. They also prevent and cure that most troublesome and loathsome complaint so prevalent in this region, Catarrh. For heart troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred complaints they are excellent and highly commended by all physicians.

A Few Maladies Successfully Fought by the Magnetic Lung Protector.

Cure of a sufferer for fourteen years from neuralgia of the heart. Mrs. E. F. Truett, an, City Center, Kan.

Lungs almost gone, but I am getting cured.—S. B. Babcock, Mauston, Wis.

No longer takes cold at the least exposure.—Wm. Tripp, Ingersoll, Ont.

Neither of us have had a cold since commencing to wear the lung protector.—C. M. Welch, Keweenaw, Kan.

Given up to die by the doctors.—Cured by the lung protector.—J. H. Packard, Hill City, Tenn.

Enormously large tonsils cured. H. S. Weston, Cerrito, Cal., Ill.

Worth its weight in gold to any one with weak lungs.—J. B. Froholm, M. D., La Verne, Cal.

They will wear any service for three years. Are worn over the underclothing.

In ordering mention whether lady or gent; if stout or slender. Send by mail upon receipt of price, or by express, C. O. D. Address

MAGNETIC PROTECTOR CO., 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

MIND, THOUGHT AND CEREBRATION.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

Pamphlet form, price 10 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Chicago.

bloomed on mother's grave. I have plucked them, and like to think that she sends them to you with her greeting." The poet's eyes moistened as he took the poem, and, putting it in his buttonhole, he said to his wife: "There, dear woman, is not that an order more valuable than any King can give?"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A PROPHECIC DREAM.

The Future Minutely Revealed.

I am about to relate what has been to me a most interesting experience. I feel a good deal of delicacy about giving the facts to the public, because they are personal to myself, and I have, therefore, long hesitated about writing them, but as some of the most learned and scientific men of the age are now engaged in investigating the mysteries of the human mind, I have thought that I ought to contribute what has come to me to the general fund of curious facts; and so I will say that for many years I have had occasionally what I call prophetic dreams. I will only relate one of them. I have had hundreds, which have almost without exception, come literally true. Many of them have come to me in symbols, and in such a way that I could not by any possible amount of thought, interpret their meaning until the facts would transpire, and then it would all be plain enough what the dream related to. Each symbol would have a satisfactory and reasonable meaning. In this connection I will state another fact, and that is, that I am never able to dismiss one of these dreams from my thoughts as merely meaningless, but, on the contrary, they will persist, and every now and then involuntarily come up in my mind for consideration, and I seem impelled to ponder them greatly. It would take too much time and space to relate one of this class of dreams, and so I will relate another of a more direct character; that is, where the facts to transpire in the future were directly seen.

In the year 1872, I think it was, I had much to do with the building in this city (Denver) of a Unitarian church. I obtained and collected nearly all the subscriptions for that purpose. To the attainment of this end I had a book in which was written a subscription contract in the usual form, each person signing it being obligated to pay the sum set opposite his or her name. In order to facilitate the work I wrote down on another paper the name of every person that I could possibly suppose would give a dollar for such an object. At this time Mr. S. was filling our pulpit; and as he had but little of this world's goods—only the salary we were paying him—I never once thought of him as a possible subscriber, and his name was not on the list above referred to. Of this I am positive.

At the time of which I am speaking I had gone well over the list of small subscribers, but there was a gentleman here of considerable wealth, and much interested in our plans, whom I had not yet called upon. I anticipated a liberal subscription from him, and intended to call for it the next morning. That night, the one preceding my intended call on this gentleman, I had one of my prophetic dreams. It was as follows: In my dream I saw him take the book and subscribe \$500, and I felt quite disappointed, but said nothing. He then took the book again and changed the \$500 to \$1,000. He subscribed his name where the others had, and in the usual way, carrying out the amount in figures. Then Mr. S. the clergyman, immediately took the book, and turned over a leaf, and wrote at the top of the page, and on the right hand side, something about as long as a promissory note, and signed his name to it. I could not see at the time what he had written, but I knew that he had obligated himself to pay something toward building the church, and in my dream I was much surprised at this, for, as I have said, I had never thought of him as a possible subscriber; and I spoke right out and said, "Why! Mr. S., we do not ask that of you; we do not expect it."

The next morning this dream was so vivid and real to my mind, that I felt sure it would come true, and so at the breakfast table, I related it in detail to my wife and another lady present. They both said that it might come true as to the thousand dollar subscription, but as to the clergyman, they did not believe it at all probable. I remarked that it did not seem probable, but that we would see. Soon after breakfast I started for my office, and on the street I met the liberal and wealthy gentleman above referred to, and he voluntarily said, "Come in to-day and I will give you my subscription to this church. I have made up my mind to subscribe five hundred dollars." I went to my office and got the subscription book, and went to him for his subscription; he subscribed five hundred dollars. I was disappointed, just as I felt in my dream; but I felt it was a liberal subscription, and knowing that he was a positive and clear headed business man, and thinking that he knew his own business better than I did, I did not say a word. He saw my disappointment, and remarked that "he would like to make that subscription one thousand dollars, and that if he got favorable information from business in a distant State, which he might within two or three days, he would make it one thousand dollars." He then asked if it made any difference if that book was not further circulated for two or three days. We both deemed it important that his subscription should be put down at its maximum, as it was then to be presented to other capitalists, who might be somewhat influenced by the size of his subscription. I said, "Oh! no," and that I would suspend my work of soliciting subscriptions until he heard from his business.

I went to my office and put the subscription book away, and sat down to my desk to write a letter when in a few minutes the aforesaid clergyman entered, and not stopping to take a seat, the first words he said were, "How do you get along with that subscription?" and added, "I have made up my mind to subscribe fifty dollars," and for the moment forgetting the dream, and feeling surprised, I said, "Why, Mr. S., we do not ask that of you. We do not expect it," precisely the words of my dream. I then related to him the prospects about getting the five hundred dollars subscription changed to one thousand, and as he insisted that he would subscribe, I took down the book to allow him to do so, and he said, "No; I will not subscribe until after that matter is settled,"—making the subscription, as the sequel will show, in the precise order of my dream. All this occurred in the forenoon of the day succeeding my dream, and at the dinner table that day I related to my wife and her lady friend what had transpired, and how it seemed probable that the dream might come true in every particular. I asked them then to relate what I had told them in the morning, to see if they had yet got all the facts and details correctly in their memories, and I found that they had. In two or three days after this, the five hundred dollar subscription was changed to one thousand. I then sent by a messenger the subscription book to the Rev. Mr. S. for his subscription. He lived about one mile away from my residence. I set this to show the improbability of my seeing him, way influencing him as to the money or the fact in the book where he should subscribe. After the book was sent away, I said to the ladies, "Now this dream has been literally fulfilled so far, but if Mr. S. does not turn

over a leaf of the book and write on the right hand page, and at the top of the page, something about as long as a promissory note, and sign his name to it, it will so far be a failure.

We awaited the result with considerable interest; but when we got the book, precisely where I indicated at the top of the page, and on the right-hand side, was written, in substance, the following (I have not now the book before me, and cannot give it literally, but it is doubtless now in existence, among the archives of the church, and can be found): "I agree to pay toward building Unity church the sum of fifty dollars; twelve dollars and a half when the frame is up; twelve dollars and a half when the building is inclosed; twelve dollars and a half when it is plastered; and the balance when it is finished." It was duly signed by Mr. S., just as I saw it in my dream. These are exact facts.

During the time that the above circumstances were transpiring, no one to whom I related my dream communicated anything respecting the same, and neither did I do anything, or say a word to bring about the facts as seen in the dream. To some this may seem a trifling circumstance, scarcely worth relating; but to me it does not appear so. If I had expected to get a thousand dollar subscription from one of the parties, how could I know that he would first subscribe \$500, and afterwards change it to \$1,000? It would seem wholly improbable that the party himself had ever thought of this. If, then, no such idea had ever taken form in the subscriber's mind, how by any kind of thought-transference could it have got from his mind into my mind? or did the facts just happen to be so, and did I just happen to dream them? And next, did I just happen to dream of who would be the very next subscriber, and that a person whose name was not on my paper, and of whom I had never once thought as a possible subscriber? But last, and more especially, how did I come to be informed that this last subscriber would not subscribe in the ordinary way, but would turn over a leaf, and write at the top of the page, on the right hand side, a special contract, about as long as an ordinary promissory note, as he did, and as no other subscriber did?

Here is a multiplication of facts and particulars which it is impossible for me to believe occurred by mere accident. I cannot rid my mind of the idea that there was intelligence and design in it; but whose was it? It was not mine—not if I am at all acquainted with myself. If it was thought transference, and the thoughts came from the minds of the subscribers to me, how could they both have co-operated in that one short dream, which was all one, and of but a moment? It is about as near certain as any thing can be, without positive proof, that neither of the subscribers knew at the time the dream occurred what the other would do, and also just about as certain that the \$1,000 subscriber did not know himself what he would do. His changing his subscription to \$1,000 was an afterthought. He changed his mind.

I have thought the matter of this dream all over—I think I may say a thousand times—and I am unable to explain it to myself satisfactorily, upon any theory of thought transference; and if any other person can so explain it, or can explain it in any other way, I hope he will do so in the JOURNAL.

D. D. BELDEN.

Denver, Col., Nov. 7, 1885.

"THE BOOK OF LIFE."

Walter Howell at 517 W. Madison Street.

Walter Howell's discourse on Sunday evening, November 8th, on the above subject, was listened to by a good and intelligent audience. The speaker quoted the 12th verse of the 20th chapter of Revelation:

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which was the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

To Christians generally, the Apocalypse, Daniel and Ezekiel are so mystical that, instead of their being revelations, they are veiled. The astro-Masonic, Kabbalistic and Rosicrucian symbolism they contain hides from view the esoteric meaning underlying them. A book is something more than a combination of letters and words. These stand as representatives of thoughts, affections and expressions of the will. All literature embodies this trinity of intellectual, affectional and volitional principles. It is, therefore, obvious that a book is not necessarily composed of paper, printers' ink, and the like, but wisdom, love and power, or their opposites.

Nature is a book through whose pages God evermore reveals himself to his children—a book which cannot be interpolated by a designing priesthood. We may read in the pages of the rock its history; in the leaves of the tree its nature, and, to some extent, in the face of a man or woman his or her character. "There are sermons in stones, tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and wisdom in everything." Nature to the man of science reveals truth; to the artist beauty, and to the saint the love and wisdom of God. The true, the beautiful and the good ever appeal to us through the book of nature.

The human mind has ever evolved thought and sentiment; these, like the impressions left on the pages of the rock, leave their impress on "the sands of time." The history of science, art and religion is opened to us, and in the light of the nineteenth century we pass judgment upon it. Every dispensation has had its beginning and end. From a religious point of view we look back upon four epochs, namely: Adamic, Noahic, Abrahamic and Christian. The deluge of spiritual truth symbolized in Genesis by a flood of waters, destroyed the errors and perversions of the Adamic people. The light of Judaism banished the shadows of the preceding age, and the dawn of the Christian era illumined all that had existed prior with a halo of celestial glory. And to-day hosts of angelic ministers enshrine us with their light, eclipsing by their radiance the brightness of bygone days, at the same time causing a Memnon-like past to vibrate musically in response to the sunrise of a new day.

The trumpet has sounded! Science, art, religion, domestic, social and political institutions have heard it and are rushing to judgment. Before the bar of the enlightened intellect and intuition these are being judged, and according to their adaptability to meet the requirements of a progressing humanity, we say, "Come ye blessed, or depart ye cursed." "Now is the judgment of this world."

There is, however, an individual sense in which the subject may be viewed. Upon the tablets of memory every thought and affection is inscribed. As the light of the spiritual world dawns upon the soul the things written in the book of memory come prominently into view. A suggestion of this truth may be found on an investigation of those mental phenomena which take place just be-

fore a loss of consciousness in the case of a drowning man. Those who have passed through such an experience bear testimony to the fact, that, in a moment as it were, the book of memory is opened and its minutest details clearly seen.

There are two kinds of memory, viz.—that which is passively impressed upon the memory, or received by it; and that which is impressed thereon by the affections or will. "It is not that which goeth into the man which defileth him, but that which proceedeth out of him." "Out of the heart are the issues of life." We therefore impress upon our memories our will, which is our real life.

What we would do if we could, is more than what we actually do, whether good or evil. Have you endowed a church, an orphanage, or an asylum? What was the motive which prompted the act? If the desire for popularity prompted it, then it is of little value to the soul. Are you poor? You would like to minister to the distressed, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, protect the homeless; but alas, you lack the means to do what you desire. The recording angel within inscribes that desire as ineffaceably as though it had been done! Do you indulge in secret vices—vices which you would not have the world know for all you possess? The more you try to conceal, the deeper you will engrave it on your book of memory. Concealment is revelation. It is true that men in this life do manage to hide their evil under hypocrisy, and virtue under modesty, but in the spiritual world men and women think as they feel, and speak as they think. The face, the gesture, the voice, and the entire form, is an indicator of character. "That which has been spoken in secret shall be proclaimed upon the house-top." The mask shall be taken off, and the true man revealed. You are writing your "book of life" now. What are you writing? Love or hatred, wisdom or ignorance, beauty or deformity, pure affection or hideous lust? Whatever it is, these will stand out in vivid conspicuous forms, and the lovely and graceful shall adorn the art-gallery of the mind with pictures painted in unperishing colors. Happy that man or woman who, gazing upon his or her "book of life," shall behold written therein a character worthy the society of angels, a record of good deeds, kind words, charitable thoughts, and lofty motives. "Life is more than breath or the quick round of blood it is a great spirit and a busy heart. He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, and acts the best."

MYTH AND MIRACLE.

Col. Ingersoll's New Lecture Recently Delivered at the Brooklyn Theater, N. Y.

The Distinguished Infidel Declares there is Nothing Original in Christianity.

"Myth and Miracle" is the subject of a new lecture lately delivered by Col. R. G. Ingersoll in the Brooklyn Theatre, N. Y. Despite the heavy rain-storm the house was filled with an audience that included a goodly number of ladies.

Though the lecturer came upon the stage with a manuscript in his hand, he availed himself of it only occasionally, and spoke to his audience almost extemporaneously in that florid, earnest, and declamatory style of oratory that is so characteristic of his public utterances. Here and there he utilized passages from his previous lectures, but the greater part of his oration this time may be regarded as new.

He defined the spiritual man as "one who adds to the joy of the human race." In illustrating and supporting this position he said: "There are grander ideas and more spiritualities in the words of some of Shakespeare's clowns than can be found in the Pentateuch. There is more spirituality in the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence than in anything that God ever said to Moses. There is more spirituality in Beethoven's 'Sixth Symphony' than has been manifested by all the lean, lank lovers of the Lord that ever lived. Our fathers have been fighting for the freedom of religion, but, at last, we are demanding the religion of freedom." [Applause.]

UNIVERSAL MYTHS.

In passing to the immediate topic of his lecture he said: "After the fetch has been pretty well discarded there came the myth-maker. Some of these myths are universal, and I want to show you that Christianity cannot have them all. There is the Garden of Eden—that is a universal myth. It was known before Moses was born and thousands of years before Noah was saved from the flood. The Aztecs, a people so old that we cannot tell anything about their origin—they had a Garden of Eden, and you will see engraved on their stones a man and a woman, a tree, an apple and the same old serpent. It is all there, and you will find this myth everywhere right through all mythology. Why is it there? It represents the youth of the world—a better time. If you go to an old man in Brooklyn to-night he will tell you that fifty years ago all the men were honest—they never stole anything, and that all the women were beautiful, were faithful, were true. That was when he was very young, when the world looked to him sunny and very beautiful. Every man has the same idea with regard to his own youth. If you went to a man who lived fifty years before the other man he would tell you the same thing, and that there were no honest men in the world after he began to get old. It looks to him as though his boyhood was a golden age, and so the world looks back to its childhood as a golden age.

"Then there are the Elysian Fields; these are sunsets, nothing more; phenomena that were believed in by the whole world and given a mythological name.

ANCIENT BELIEFS.

"The Flood—that is another myth. When our ancestors looked around on the world they found evidences that the sea had been over the land and they said to themselves that there must have been a universal flood. They did not know that the crust of the earth was never still. They did not know that where the sea now is the mountains once lifted their forest-tipped tops to the sun and that where the billows once held sway the sea will be again. The story of the flood was told in Indian mythology just as it was told to us, only with more picturesque variations.

"The Virgin Mother—that was another myth. All that this represented was the virgin mother, or the earth, impregnated by the rays of the sun. The worship of the sun was the religion of the world and the most natural of them all. The Egyptians worshipped the sun, Ptah, another sun god, a new Christ, a sun god. All these gods were born at Christ; every one of them died by violence; every one of them rose again. [Applause.] I simply want to say that there is nothing original in Christianity.

"The Sacrament, the Eucharist—all the same myths. The Catholics tell us that in this service we eat an entire trinity—three

gods at one swallow. [Laughter and applause.] Even this was not original. In the old mythologies we have Bacchus, the god of the vineyard, and drunk of this wine. Our poetic instructors say those who drank wine said, 'We have drunk of the blood of our god—Bacchus.' In saying all this my object is only to show that the origin of all religion is exactly the same. These religions were created by man, and they can all be understood by man.

"A man of imagination, of genius, having seen one leaf, one drop of water, can track the forests, people them with luxuriant foliage, and see in the drop the endless rivers and the boundless seas. This man is the true man who lives in the true life; it was such a man who drank the hemlock and who met death as tranquilly as the star meets the morn. He it is who hears the great Memnon in the morning sun.

ABOUT MIRACLES.

"Now let us look at miracles and contrast them with the myths. A myth is the idea of a fact. The miracle is the caricature of a fact. There is the same difference between a myth and a miracle as between poetry and parody. My religious brother tells me that miracles were used to convince mankind. Well, did they accomplish that end? There is no account of any Egyptian ever having been converted by them. All these miracles failed to convert one Egyptian.

"The Hebrews were not converted by them. There was the cloud by the day, the pillar of fire by night; there was the Red Sea opened to let them go over on dry land, and then it came back again to drown their enemies; there was Moses on Mount Sinai giving them laws from Heaven and talking to God in a fiery bush, and after all this they had more confidence in a calf they made themselves than in this God who had done all these miracles in their behalf. Why had they more faith in this calf than in these miracles? Because they were there themselves. [Laughter and applause.]

"Then there were the miracles of Christ. Christ was taken before a Roman ruler; he was to be put to death; a great multitude surrounded the judgment seat. Did anybody come forward and say, 'He raised me from the dead; I know I was dead, and now I know I am alive! Save him for my sake?' Did anybody say in the great, great throng, 'I was a leper, and he cured me of the leprosy! He healed me?' Not one. Nobody came to say any of these things. When these people were given their choice as to whether Christ—who had raised some of them from the dead, who had cured them of diseases, who had made their lame to walk, and their blind to see—should be put to death, or Barabbas, the thief, they said 'Spare Barabbas, but crucify Christ.' Do you think they would have said this if these miracles had been done by Christ on their behalf? No, they would not. These miracles were not done, if done at all, until hundreds of years afterward.

IMAGINATION AND RELIGION.

"You say, How do you then account for a man like Christ? Another myth. The wise men of the East, they followed the star and they say they found the babe, Christ, in Bethlehem; but it is very strange they have never heard of since. [Applause.] Then there was the story of the murder of the innocents. We have the same story in the Indian mythology, with much greater minuteness. There has always been something wonderful about the early days of these gods. All the sun gods have been born that way. All the sun gods have been dangerous children.

"It is said that unless man believe in a God, in a future life, and in Christianity they are deprived of the true source of imagination. What do such people think of Shelley's song to the skylark, of Robert Burns' address to the daisy? Between that lark at Heaven's gate and that daisy in the earth you will find all the poetry in the world. These men of great imagination do not commit murder, do not commit crimes. It is because criminals do not see the consequences of their deeds—they do not see the horrors of the prison and the scaffold, do not feel the rope around their necks—that they transgress the laws. The man of imagination is the truly religious man.

"Science has taken the place of the ancient wonder worker. Science declares the uniformity of nature and the eternal persistence of force. The sublime declaration of all science is that no God can interfere and no devil can interrupt. Men speak of immortality and of Heaven as if they were sure of them. The last thing that any man knows is that he was alive; he knows that, and origin and destiny are the two horizons that bound all men's knowledge."

THE SIZE OF MAN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Number Two.)

Geometry teaches us that the square, the circle, and the triangle with their variations give outline to every form; nay, form means to us that which is enclosed by line, whether straight, angular, or in graceful curve; but the human eye is very deceptive, and very imperfect. It gives a sharp outline to many a form of whose real appearance we little dream. We have all heard of color-blindness, and know that those whose eyes are thus defective may unconsciously lead us to death on steamboats and railroads. The number who can gauge color to delicate shades is very limited.

My readers have all read about, and possibly seen, copies of Turner's magnificent paintings, showing, so the critics say, a mastery of effect in colors unknown before, and worthy to be considered as founding a new school. I wish to point to the singular fact that what was deemed a remarkable talent was born of disease. Dr. Leibreich, the celebrated ophthalmic surgeon at St. Thomas Hospital, London, has made a critical study of the paintings by Turner, ranging them according to their dates. Until he reached middle life, Turner's paintings were normal; then began a change in coloring not found in any other master; and this went on increasing till his last works became little but blotches of color almost beyond admiration even of his friends. The professor proves this to have all originated with the disease of the eye, so that to Turner's own vision there was no such effect as you and I admire. He was simply repeating, as he believed, the colorings of his early manhood; and, startling as it may seem, the world thinks little of any faculty which is sound, healthy and normal, but is fascinated by that which is on the line of disease or beyond it.

Remember it is of form we are thinking in this article, and form means a limitation by those lines and curves and angles of which we have spoken; and of all there may be to form outside those lines or normal faculties take no cognizance. There are to-day, and have been throughout history, men and women so sensitive they can catch our thoughts and see our surroundings when far away from our mortal form; but learned doc-

tors immediately cry, "Behold a diseased state of the nervous system." Well, if a diseased eye make a Turner, possibly a diseased nerve may make a prophet, a seer, or an inventor to build an instrument that shall do the work of a diseased nerve. Such an instrument has been invented, and mankind stands to-day measurably outside the old conception of form.

Here is the sun rolling majestically through space, and carrying with it all its belongings, of which you and I constitute a portion, perhaps big in our own estimation, but very small in relation to the whole. We have watched that sun through clouds and smoked glass, and have weighed, measured and photographed it, till we assured ourselves it was a globe with a circumference and a diameter like a base-ball of enormous size; but the spectroscopic has already shown us that the sun has a tremendous identity outside of the ball we thought we knew so well. For millions of miles we can now trace its essence in space; analyze its material properties; photograph its colors, and when once again it blends into the mellow indistinctness that is beyond our ken, that only marks the limit of our instrument. But, although the instrument cannot show it to our eye, we well know the sun is a present power to the distant Neptune, the giant Jupiter, and the meteoric asteroid; and that means sun all over our system, though our instruments, new and old alike, give us no sparkle of this ever-present glory.

We should remember that material instruments can give us a material result only, and that scientists who glory over their grand discoveries are only like boys who steal an apple without making the acquaintance of the owner of the orchard; or just as we may know a man as owner of a beautiful island, without dreaming that broad fields on the main land, prairies of grain in billowy waves chasing the wind, and tens of thousands of loving oxen, are his also.

That which our eyes see, hands grasp, and instruments measure and weigh, is the small personality to which our training and our senses have given a limited form; but know this, O scientist, that just as spectrum analysis has shown you that sun and planet have rays of which you did not dream, and that are presently lost to your instrument of today, so has the man whose individuality you mark by form and gauge by instrument, an identity immeasurable and boundless, to which all form is unknown.

Let us keep in mind that the scientist, developed by a life of study, is yet unable to grasp a whole truth, since every truth is related to some other truth, which again fills but one niche in the perfect temple. The deepest problem of geology must be solved by astronomy, and he who would read the stars must learn the alphabet of physical law. Here stands the scientist who measures, weighs and dissects, man, atom from atom, and whose learning is as the singing of the kettle on the hob—a voice of the power within. Yonder, yes, here and everywhere—we find the moralist who points to the power without, as the source not only of conduct, but of the man himself; but to both alike there is this limitation of form, for even to the moralist it is "form" that lives, moves, and has its being around its little centre that he calls a heart, and which he pronounces "desperately wicked." It is as a form he sentences man to penalties here; and still as a form that he conceives of him as existing in agony, or luxuriating in bliss through an eternal future.

So we see that because man has a form to mortal eye, that form has been marked by ignorance and knowledge, by folly and wisdom, as a school boy to be whipped or rewarded, as commanded by the headmaster. Having thus realized that the knowledge gained by the specialist is only an atom of the universal truth, I am going to ask my readers to combine the teachings of various schools. We will welcome every fact each has laboriously gathered, but we will add to them facts that are totally ignored in laboratory and pulpit.

(To be continued.)

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