No. 14

Readers of the Journal are especially requested to sena 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, fateresting 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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#### For the Religio-Philisophical Journal, THE RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS

--- OF ---

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A STUDY

BY CYRUS O. POOLE.

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"Religion is man's perception of his relation to the universe."--Shelley.

"We should damnify religion if we separated it from philosophy; we should ruin philosophy if we divorced it from religion."—Max Muller.

"When that gray eye and face and every feature were lit up by the inward soul in fires of emotion, then it was that all these apparently ugly features, sprang into organs of beauty, or sunk themselves into a sea of inspiration that flooded his face. Sometimes it appears to the triangle of the season times it appeared to me that Lincoln's soul was just fresh from the presence of its Creator,"—W. H.

On the 12th of January, 1851, Abraham Lincoln then about forty years of age, used this language in writing to a step-brother:

"He will soon have a joyous meeting with many loved ones gone before, and where the rest of us, through the help of God, hope ere long to join them."

This was in reference to the expected death of his father. Here is declared a belief in God, immortality and a place—or spirit land. It embraces the cardinal points of all the traditional religions of the world, and vitalizes all human progress and philosophy. This prophetic affirmation of a continued existence is the only written evidence of his views on this momentous question, that can be found. He lived in a remarkably formative and progressive period, and was in all matters fully abreast with his time. As a truthful thinker, he greatly excelled any of the statesmen of his day. He has had many biographers and will have more. His life long friend and cotemporary, Isaac N. Arnold, of Illinois, has written his life, recently published.\* It is a work of scholarly and artistic merit and evidently one of love and enthusiasm. The early or private life is not much written about. In the Christian coloring, it is very much like Holland's, wherein on one page appears the word Christian ten times as applied to Lincoln and his administration. Most sectarians now think, write and act as if they had a copyright to apply Christian to every thing good and God-like about this President; yet no one presumed to call him a Christian until after his death. It may be a soul-saving process like the ancient one of Pope Gregory in the sixth century. It is related that, one day he was meditating on an anecdote of the Pagan Emperor Trajan's having turned back, when at the head of his legions on his way to battle, to render justice to a poor widow, who flung herself at his horse's feet. It seemed to Gregory that the soul of a prince so good could not be forever lost, Pagan though he was; and he prayed for him, till a voice declared Trajan to have been saved through his intercession.

And thus, through the prayer of a "Christian" Pope, a Pagan of the first, was materialized into a Christian in the sixth century, and was, of course, transferred from hell to heaven. Now behold how a modern politician can play theologian in christianizing Abraham Lincoln. Says Arnold:

"No more reverent Christian than he ever sat in the executive chair, not excepting Washington," "It is not claimed that he was orthodox. For creeds and dogmas he cared little." "But in the great fundamental principles of the Christian religion he was a firm believer." "Every true Christian could recognize him as a brother." "The unbe-

\* Jamsen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

liever cannot make the world doubt his Chris-

tianity."
This grand aboriginal man, born in the wild hunting grounds of Daniel Boone—bred and nurtured midst the freedom of the Western prairies and rivers, with his religion as broad as they, is thus canonized a Christian Indeed there is now hope for Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, as well as the chieftains, Red Jacket, Tecum-seh and Black Hawk. This Christian presti-digitation is effected by assuming that re-ligious and Christian are convertible terms. It is true from the stand-point of reason, religion and philosophy are, but Christianity and religion are not.

The nineteenth chapter of Lamon and Herndon's Life of Lincoln, published a few years ago, is intensely interesting reading on the ago, is intensely interesting reading on the question of his religion and his peculiar traits of character. In the preface of the book it is stated that Mr. Herndon had been the partner in business and the intimate personal associate of Mr. Lincoln for something like a quarter of a century. Most of the evidence on the question of religion was obtained by Mr. Herndon. The names and testimony of eleven of Mr. Lincoln's nearest friends are given, most of them residents of Springfield and gentlemen of distinction. Springfield and gentlemen of distinction. Their united testimony may be summed up in the few words of one of these gentlemen: "His religious views were eminently practi-

cal and contained in these two propositions: the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man." And he says further: "No religious views with him seemed to find any favor, except of the practical and rationalistic order; and if I was called upon to designate an author whose views most nearly represented Mr. Lincoln's on this subject, I would say that author was Theodore Parker." Mr. Hern-den published a letter on this subject, under date of February 18th, 1870, which had an extensive circulation throughout the United States. His conclusions are thus stated:

"From what I know of Mr. Lincoln and from what I know of air. Income aim from what I have heard and verily believe, I can say, first, that he did not believe in a special creation, his idea being that all creation was an evolution under law; secondly, that he did not believe that the Bible was a world contends; thirdly, he did not believe in miracles, as understood by the Christians; fourthly, he believed in universal inspiration and miracles under law; he did not believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, as the Christian world contends; sixthly, he believed that all things, both matter and mind, were governed by laws, universal, absolute and eternal. Law was to Lincoln every thing, and special interferences, shams and delusions. I know whereof I speak. I used to loan him Theodore Parker's works. I loaned him Emerson sometimes."

A congress of many hundreds of the clergy of the Episcopal Church is, at this time (Oct. 21) in session at New Haven, Ct. Westminster Cathedral, London, is represented by the celebrated Canon Farrar. He knows what constitutes a Christian, for he is one of the chief engineers in charge of that corporation's opposition lightning express train from St. Peter's and the Vatican. This train has a baggage car loaded with venerable superstitions, many Pagan and Oriental-all handled as carefully as those by the regular line run by the Pope. Behold the play with Hamiet in:

"Archdeacon Farrar was greeted with prolonged applause. He gave a rapid sketch of the various theories of the religious world down to the present. The doctrine of the atonement, he held, was worthy the Master, else it would never have been given the place it occupies in the Holy Book. He concluded by saying: 'The atonement is there. It is done, and we can say no more about it. All conjecture now is absurd if not useless. We look to the creeds of Christianity, and also in the articles of the Church of England, there to find the doctrine of man's redemption stated simply as a fact."

Now look at it with Hamlet out. Says Hern-

don, the loving friend and partner: "When Mr. Lincoln left this city for Washington, I know he had undergone no change in his religious opinions or views. He held many of the Christian ideas in abhorrence, and among them was this one: namely, that God would forgive the sinner for a violation of his laws. Lincoln maintained that God could not forgive; that punishment has to follow the sin: that Christianity was wrong in teaching forgiveness; that it tended to make man sin in the hope that God would excuse, and so forth. Lincoln contended that the minister should teach that God has affixed punishment to sin, and that no repentance could bribe him to remit it..... I never heard him use the name of Christ but to confute the idea that he was the Christ, the only begotten Son of God, as the Christian world

understands it." And Mr. Herndon says in a letter dated eb. 18th, 1885;

"Lincoln wrote a book in 1835-6 on 'Infidelity.' In that book he attacked the Bible, on the grounds of reason—on its inherent defects and self-contradiction; he denied Christ's miraculous conception, etc.—denied special inspiration, revelation, etc. Lincoln, as late as 1858, denied the divinity of Christ. On my own personal information he was an out and out infidel in 1860, and was so in Washington. His minister there so held him. His private secretary, John G. Nicolay, wrote me a letter stating that he saw no change in Lincoln's religious views in Washington. Since his death, Mrs. Lincoln told me that her husband was no Christian-was an unbeliever—a fatalist."

NEVER A CHURCH MEMBER, YET RELIGIOUS. Mr. Ward H. Lamon in his Life of Mr. Lin-

coln says:

"He was never a member of any church, nor did he believe in the divinity of Christ,

of the Scriptures in the or the inspiration of the Scriptures in the sense understood by evangelical Christians. His theological opinions were substantially

those expounded by Theodore Parker."

In the beginning of the year, 1859, Theodore Parker left his pulpit on account of ill-health, and never returned to it Again. It was in these days that Herndon was dealing out to Lincoln, for his religious reading, the worksof Parker. At the same time the Christian clergymen of some of the Boston churches were zealously praying God to prevent the were zealously praying God to prevent the heterodox Parker from ever regaining his health. Their prayers seem to have been an-swered. He died in Florence, Italy, a few days before Lincoln's first nomination for the Presidency. Arnold says: "To a friend who inquired why, with his strong, religious nature, he did not units with some church or-

ganization," Lincoln replied:
"Because I find difficulty in giving my assent, without mental reservation, to the complicated statements of Christian doctrine which constitute their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and gospel: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church shall I join with all my heart and soul." heart and soul."

It is notorious that all through his re-nowned five years contest with Douglas, which made him President, and in fact up to the firing on Fort Sumter by the rebels, the Christian churches and their supporters, the capitalists, bitterly opposed Mr. Lincoln and especially the Republican party. Early in the war it was the sectarian abolition its

who tauntingly said:

"The President would like to have God on his side but he must have Kentucky." To which he philosophically replied: "It is my constant anxiety and property that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side, for I know that the Lord is always on the side of

the right." The truth is this great champion of free dom was much more original and Pagan, than conventional and Christian. Love of goodness in every thing makes Socrates the central figure of the classic ages. Mr. Lincoln's love of, and loyalty to, truth, to liberty and goodness, renders his name equally illustrious in modern history. The picturesque words of Emerson about the grand old Grecian sage well become our hero of the

nineteenth century: "A man of humble stem, but honest enough; of the commonest history; of a personal homeliness so remarkable, as to be cause of wit in others, the rather that his broad good nature and exquisite taste for a joke invited the sally, which was sure to be paid. He was a cool fellow, adding to his humor a perfect temper, and a knowledge of his man, be he who he might whom he talked with, which laid the companion open to certain defeat in any debate, and in debate he immoderately delighted. The young men are prodigiously fond of him, and invite him to their feasts, whither he goes for conversation.... In short, he was what our country people call an old one. \*[Old Abe]. He affected a good many citizen-like tastes, knew the old characters, valued the bores and Philistines. He was plain as a Quaker in habit and speech, used low phrases, and illustrations from cocks and quails, soup pans and sycamore spoons grooms and farriers, and especially if he talked with any superfine person. He had a Franklin-like wisdom .... Plain old uncle as he was, with his great ears,—an immense talker, he attacks and brings down all the fine speakers, all the fine philosophers of Athens, whether natives, or strangers..... under cover of this play, enthusiastic in his

Lincoln, like Socrates, was a man so natural, so thoughtful, rational and sagacious, that he clearly saw that the popular traditional theology of his day and age was not religion. "On religious matters," says Lamon, "he thought deeply; and his opinions were positive.".... "Aspiring to lead religious communities, he foresaw that he must not appear as an enemy within their gates; aspiring to public honors under the auspices of a political party which persistently summoned religious people to assist in the extirpation of that which is denounced as the 'nation's sin.' he foresaw that he could not ask their suffrages whilst aspersing their faith. He perceived no reason for changing his convictions, but he did perceive many good and cogent reasons for not making them public." "He was," says Arnold, "by nature religious; full of religious sentiment." He had a sagacity which seemed almost in-

\*In a late number of the North American Review Gov. E. B. Washburne says: One afternoon, in Chicago, July, 1847, several of us sat on the sidewalk under the balcony in front of the Sherman House and among the number the accomplished scholar and unrivalled orator, Lisle Smith. He suddenly interrupted the conversation by exclaiming, "There is Lincoln on the other side of the street! Just look at Old Abe." No one who saw him can forget his personal appearance at that time. Tall, angular and awkward, he had on a short-waisted, thin, swallow-tail coat, a short vest of same material, thin pantaloons, scarcely coming down to his ankles, a straw

hat and a pair of broguns with woolen socks.

In the Sangamon country, his home, he had always been known as "honest Abe," but now at thirty-six years of age it was "old Abe."

stinctive in sifting the true and real from the false."..." He was ever seeking the right, the false."..." He was the real, and the true."

And the noble, justice-loving Herndon, says: "I maintain that Lincoln was a deeplyreligious man at all times and places, in spite of his transient doubts."..." The great predominating elements of his peculiar character were: first, his great capacity and power of reason; secondly, his excellent underton discount in the capacity of the standing; thirdly, an exalted idea of the sense of right and equity; and, fourthly, his intense veneration of what was true and intense veneration of what was true and good."..." He lived and breathed and acted from his reason. It is from this point he must be viewed. His pursuit of the truth was indefatigable, terrible. He loved and idolized truth for its own sake. It was reason's food. Honesty was his great polar star."

In these terse sentences we catch a glimpse of the religion of Abraham Lincoln. Nature was the Temple, with Reason, nurfored by

was the Temple, with Reason, nurtured by Truth, the Priestess. But what of Reason? Was it common sense—good judgment? Aye, more; Reason is all in all. It is not the product of the thinking faculties, nor the accumulated logic of thinking, nor the apprehension and decision of the best-balanced judgment; but it is the harmonization of the whole higher consciousness, the affirmation of all sides and faculties and attributes of the mind, the blending of all our spiritual power into activity and manifestation. Wherever the sentiment of right comes in, it takes precedence of every thing else in its perfect fruition. Emerson's inspired words, in respect to it, ought to be printed in letters of gold, in all our homes, schools, colleges, churches, courts of justice and legislative

"Man is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the principles of Use, Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul he calls Reason; it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men. And the blue sky in which the primitive earth is buried, the sky with its eternal calm, and full of everlasting orbs, is the type of Reason. That which, infellectually considered, we call Reason, considered in relation to nature, we call pirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language, as the

Reason, or Spirit, or God, in the Emersonian sense is in our Declaration of Independence, in the constitutions, State and Federal, of this country, as well as on the almighty dollar, "In God we trust," confounding sectarians and agnostics alike. Of this Spirit, or Father, Max Muller writes:

"We shall have to learn the same lesson again and again in the science of religion, namely, that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North and the South, the West and the East; they have each formed their languages, they have each founded empires and philosophies, they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and it may be wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and yet most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their 'old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky, and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far, and as near as near can be; they can but combine the self-same words, and utter once more the primeval Aryan prayer, Heaven-Father, in that form which will endure forever, 'Our

Father which art in heaven.' % The inspired exponent of the Semitic re ligion meant the same thing when he said, God is a spirit." I and my Father are one. There is none good but one that is God."

"Your God," said Wesley to Whitfield, when he was setting forth some hard system of re-volting Calvinism, "your God is my devil." LINCOLN'S HATRED OF SLAVERY.

It was to that Reason, or the good, or God, that young Lincoln consecrated himself to human rights, as is thus related by Arnold: "It is well authenticated that he did once with much emphasis invoke the name of the Almighty. It was not, however, done profanely, but to register in Heaven a vow while of slaves. The feature that most impressed young Lincoln was the sight of one of the unhappy ones, 'a beautiful light mulatto girl.' 'She was,' as Mr. Hanks puts it, 'felt over, pinched and trotted around to show bidders that 'said article was sound, etc."' Lincoln walked away from the sad, inhuman hate, and then, turning to John Hanks, said: By God, if I ever get a chance to hit that institution. I will hit it hard, John."

This deep hatred of human bondage is rewritten to a friend in Kentucky:

"I confess I hate to see the poor creatures hunted down, and caught and carried back to their stripes and unrequited toil; but I bite my lip, and keep quiet. In 1841, you and I had together a tedious, low-water trip on a steamboat from Louisville to St. Louis. You may remember, as I well do, that from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, there were on board ten or a dozen slaves, shackled together with irons. That sight was a continual terment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio, or any other slave border. It is not fair for you to

assume that I have no interest in a thing which has, and continually exercises, the power of making me miserable. You ought rather to appreciate how much the great body of the people of the North do crucify their feelings, in order to maintain their loyalty to the Constitution and the Union."

The "chance to hit that institution" came in his great contest with Douglas, and from that moment to the last day of his life, he 'hit it hard"-with the weapon of Truth. The world now knows as well as Herndon. that "his pursuit of the truth was indefatigable, terrible." And also that "he despised all technical rules in law and theology."

Lincoln comprehended truth. Jesus turned away at the question, "What is truth?" and did not answer; but Lincoln saw that truth is the connection between cause and offeet

is the connection between cause and effect. "He saw that a thread runs through all things; that all worlds are strung on it, as beads; and that men, and events, and life, come to us only because of that thread." He clearly saw the direction and continuity of that line. The righteousness and divinity of truth is majestic—sublime—in the life career of such a man. His religion—"the perception of his relation to the universe," coupled with the gift of truth, prompted him to give it wise application in all the varied to give it wise application in all the varied human relations of his remarkable private and public life. It is true that the intellect-ual process of systematically discerning truth is in itself cold and cheerless; but "lov-ing and idolizing truth for its own sake" is the eestasy of the most glowing spirituality and a realization of the purest religion. It was reason that admonished Mr. Lincoln soon after becoming president to make this am after becoming president to make this emphatic recognition of the potency of spiritual laws and influences. "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool, if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place, without the aid and enlightenment of one who is stronger and wiser than all others." and wiser than all others."

Before the Emancipation Proclamation the clergy of the North had quite generally awakened from their Rip Van Winkle slumber in regard to slavery. Early in Sept., 1862, presuming upon their having exclusive knowledge of God's purposes about that wicked institution, a delegation of nearly all the church organizations of Chicago, called on the President and urged immediate emancipation. His reply shows that he intended to rely in that matter upon his own "correspond-

ence, fixed wi' heaven." He said:
"I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and by religious men who are certain they represent the Divine will.... I hope it will not be irreverent in me to say, that if it be probable that God would reveal His will to others, on a point so connected with my duty, it might be sup-posed He would reveal it directly to me.... The subject is in my mind by day and by night. Whatever shall appear to be God's

will, I will do." This is what we would expect from one 'who had no reverence for great men, followed no leader with blind devotion, and yielded no opinion to mere authority, who felt that he was as great as any body, and could do what another did." The occasion prompted the implied sarcasm, yet a wise answer and worthy of the man whose unsectarian religion was that of the great reasoner, Immanuel Kant, namely: "The recognition of all our duties as commandments of

"Blessed are the pure in heart"—universal purity—is the only everlasting principle announced by Jesus. It is the life of Christianity and has vitalized it through all the centuries. Some equally precious apo-thegms of Lincoln will permeate and give life to the future religion of humanity—these, among many: "This is a world of compensation and he who would be no slave, must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."... "Labor is prior to, superior and independent of, capital, and deserves much the higher consideration."... "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right." "It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. The one is the comyet in the twenty-second year of his age that controlled him throughout the whole of his wonderful life. He was in New Orleans with he said to the wife: "You say your husband his friend John Hanks; they had seen a sale is a religious man; tell him, when you meet him, that I say I am not much of a judge of religion; but that, in my opinion, the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, as they think, that government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of eight with a deep feeling of 'unsmotherable | religion upon which men can get to heaven." Affecting the rights, the wrongs and the future destiny of persons, his utterances and

methods were very unlike those of the Jewish chieftain and law-giver, or the "Master" vealed twenty-three years later in a letter and his Christian popes and saints. Listen to Arnold! "And this man when the hour of supreme victory came, made it not the hour of vengeance, but of reconciliation and for-giveness. No words of bitterness or of denunciation can be found in his writings or speeches. He had the almost divine power of

separating the crime from the criminal." Can this be said of Moses, of Jesus, the founder of Christianity, of the "thrice" denying Peter with his sword and keys, at the head of the church, or of any in the long list of Peter's successors, or of the advecates of Christianity who—

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

#### DOF HATERIALIZATION.

#### A Chapter of Research in the Objective Phonomena of Spiritualism.

It is now a common occurrence for Mr. Eglinton to be brought out from the inner room, which serves him as a cabinet, into that in which the observers are sitting while the psychic form is visible to all. I may refer to narratives recording this crucial piece of evidence which have appeared in Light, and especially to that remarkable record published on February 28, 1885, which, for exactness of description, as well as for the facilities for observation granted to fourteen people, is of high value as a piece of evidence: and I may quote, as eminently germane to my argument, a narrative of a very precise and remarkable character contributed by Florence Marryat.

"I wish to call the attention of the readers of Light to an account of two seances, at which I have had the pleasure of assisting lately, given under the mediumship of Mr. William Eglinton, at 12 Old Quebec street, W. The first scance took place on Friday evening, September 5th, on which occasion the circle consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Colonel and Mrs. Wynon, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Russell-Davies, Colonel and Mrs. Lean, Mr. C., and Mr. Morgan. We sat in the front drawing-room in a semi-circle, with one gasburner alight; and the doors having been properly secured against any intrusion, Mr. Eglinton took up a position in the back drawing-room, which is divided by a pair of curtains from the front. He had not left us a couple of minutes before a man stepped out from the portière and walked into the midst of us. He was a large, stout man, and very dark, and most of the sitters noticed that he had a very peculiar smell. No one recognized him, and after appearing two or three times he left, and was immediately succeeded by a woman, not unlike him in appear ance, who was also unrecognized by any present. These two spirits, before retiring, came out together, and seemed to examine the circle curiously

"After a short interval, a much smaller and slighter man came forward, and darted in a peculiar slouching attitude round the circle. He had also a dark face, but with very refined and handsome features. Colonel Lean asked him to shake hands. He replied by seizing his hand, and nearly pulling him off his seat on to the floor. He then darted across the room, and gave a similar proof of his muscular power to Mrs. Stuart. But when I asked him to notice me, he took my hand and squeezed it firmly between both his own. Colonel Lean asked him if he could disappear through the floor. He responded by mount ing through the ceiling. His figure elongat ed until the head reached the ceiling, at which time the drapery touched the floor and then he ascended, little by little, till all that was left of him was a piece of drapery no larger than a pocket handkerchief, which he flapped for a minute or so before he drew it after him. He had scarcely disappeared before Abdulah, with his one arm, and his six feet of height, stood before us, and salaamed all round. Then came my daughter Florence, a girl of nineteen years, very slight and feminine in appearance. She advanced once or twice, near enough to touch me with her hand, but seemingly fearful to venture farther, retreated again. But the next moment she re-appeared, dragging Mr. Eglinton after her He was in deep trance, breathing with difficulty, but Florence held him by the hand and brought him up to my side, when he detected my hand from these side, when he detached my hands from those of the sitters either side of me, and making her in my arms. As I stood enfolded in her embrace, she whispered a few words to me relative to a subject known to no one but myself, and she placed both my hands upon her heart and bosom that I might feel she was a living woman. Colonel Lean asked her to go to him. She tried and failed, but after having retired for a minute behind the curtain to gather strength, she appeared again with Mr. Eglinton, and, calling Colonel Lean to her, embraced him. This is one of the most perfect instances on record of a me-

dium being distinctly seen by ten witnesses with the spirit, under gas. "The next materialization that appeared was for Mr. Stuart. This gentleman is newly arrived from Australia, and a stranger to Mr. Eglinton. As soon as he saw the lady who called him to the portière to speak to her, his exclamation of genuine surprise and conviction, mingled with awe, was unmistakable. He said, 'My God! Pauline.' The spirit then whispered to him, and putting her arms round his neck, affectionately kissed him. He turned after a while and addressed his wife, telling her that the spirit bore the very features and expression of their niece, Pauline, whom they had lost the year before. Mrs. Stuart asked if she also might not advance and look at the spirit. but it was intimated she must wait for the next time, as all the power had been exhausted in producing an exact materialization, so perfectly recognizable on the first occasion of its return to earth. Mr. Stuart expressed himself as entirely satisfied of the entire identity of his niece, and said she looked just as she did before she was taken ill. I must not omit to say that the medium also appeared with this figure, making the third time of showing himself in one evening with the spirit form. The next appearance was of a little child, apparently about two years old, who supported itself in walking by clinging to a chair. The attention of the circle was diverted from this sight by seeing Abdulah, six feet high, dart from behind the curtains at the same moment, and stand with the child in our view, whilst Mr. Eglinton appeared between the two forms, making a 'tria juncta in uno.' Thus ended the first of the scances I wish to bring before your notice.

tember 27th, and under very similar circumstances. The circle this time consisted of Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. Woods, Miss S., Mrs. P. Mrs. Victor Stevens, Mr. Frank Marryat, Col. and Mrs. Lean, Mrs. Morgan, and the Hon. G. S., and we sat in the same order as before, and under the same conditions. Mr. Eglinton appeared on this evening to find some difficulty in passing under control, and he came out into the circle se many times to gather magnetism, that I guessed we were about to enjoy some unusually good manifestations. The voice of Joey, too, requested us, under no circumstances whatever, to loose hands, as they were going to try something very difficult, and we might defeat their efforts in the very moment of victory. When the medium was at last under control in the back drawing room, a tall man with an unsovered head of dark hair, and a large beard, present and walked up to Mrs. P. She was very much affected by the recognition of the marit, who was her brother. She called him by name, and kissed him, and informed us that his face was just as it had been in earth-Her emotion was so great, we were afraid she would faint, but after a while she

"The second took place on Saturday, Sep-

became calm again. Then a lady came forward, the mother of Miss S., and gave her some advice relative to her private affairs. We next heard the notes of a clarionet. I was aware that Mr. Woods (also a stranger, until a few days since, to Mr. Eglinton) had lost a brother under peculiar circumstances (all of which had been detailed satisfactorily to him by slate-writing through Mr. Eglinton), and that he had been promised and expected to see his brother this evening. It was the first time, however, that I had ever seen Mr. Woods, and yet (so remarkable was the likeness between the brothers) that when a spirit now appeared with a clarionet in its hand, I could not help knowing at once who it was, and saying so to my next neighbor. The spirit advanced to Mr. Woods and grasped his hand. As they appeared thus, with their profiles turned to one another, they were strikingly similar in feature and expression. This spirit's head was also bare—an uncommon occurrence - and covered with thick hair. He appeared twice, and said distinctly, "God bless you," more than once. Mrs. Wheeler, who had only seen the spirit once in earth-life, was startled by the tone of the

voice, which she recognized at once, and Mr. Morgan, who intimately knew the deceased gentleman in Australia, confirmed the recognition by saying it was a perfect likeness of the spirit. My daughter Florence then came out, but only a little way, not far enough to reach us. I was disappointed at her want of boldness, which Joey explained by saying she was weak to-night as they wanted to reserve the strength for a manifestation by-and-bye. He then said, 'Here comes a Masonic friend for Mr. S., and a man wearing the Masonic badge and scarf appeared, and made the tour of the circle, giving the Masonic grip to the Freemasons present. He was a very good-looking young man, and said he had met some of those present in Australia, but no one seemed to recognize him. He was suc ceeded by the same male pirit who ascended through the ceiling on the 5th September. As he appeared through the curtains, a female form, bearing a very bright light, appeared with him as if to snow the way. She did not come beyond the portière, but everyone in the room saw her distinctly. On account of the dress and complexion of the male figure, we had wrongly called him 'the Bedouin.' Mr. Frank Marryat now discovered he was an East Indian by addressing him in Hindustani, to which he responded in a low voice. Some one asked him to take a seat amongst us, upon which he seized a heavy chair in one hand and flourished it above his head. He then squatted, native fashion, on the ground, and left us, as before, by ascending through the ceiling. Joey now announced that they were going to try the experiment of showing us how the spirits were made from the medium. This was the crowning triumph of the evening. Mr. Eg-linton appeared in the very midst of us, in trance. He came into the room backward. and as if fighting with the power, his eyes shut, and his breath drawn with labor. As he stood thus, holding a chair for support, a white, flimsy mass was seen on his hip, his legs became illuminated with lights traveling up and down them, and a white cloud settled about his head and shoulders. The mass increased, and he breathed harder and harder, whilst invisible hands pulled the flimsy drapery out of his hip in long strips that amalgamated as soon as formed, and the cloud grew thicker. All at once, in a moment, as we eagerly watched the process, the spirit, full formed, stood beside him. No one saw it had been raised in the midst of us, but it was there. Mr. Eglinton then retired with his new-born spirit behind the portière, but in another moment he came, or

"This ended what I am sure your readers will agree with me in calling a most marvelous seance."—M. A. (Oxon.) in Light.

was thrown out, amongst us again, and fell

upon the floor. The curtains opened, and

the figure of Ernest appeared and raised the

medium by the hand. As he saw him Mr. Eglinton fell on his knees, and Ernest drew

him out of eight.

### THE SIZE OF MAN.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Number Three.)

In a million rooms in this country we have the means all ready at our hand, to demonstrate the grandeur of manhood as beyond everything conceived by professor or pro claimed by priest. Wherever there is a mirror, nature is voicing this truth, and man would listen to her teaching were it not that his ear is closed by superstition, prejudice and ignorance. Take my hand, my sister, and we will stand together before your mirror, and see if we may learn some of its wondrous lessons.

For a moment we seem to see our double and almost amused we watch the repetition of every movement—the mimicry of every expression; but we notice that it neither hears nor replies, save to that which we see and hear, so it is not an independent entity. The wise man watches our experiment, and explaining to us the nature of shadow and reflection, shows us that, as we step aside, everything has gone, save memory's dream of what we had just witnessed. Truly we might say as an echo from sacred walls, Here endeth our first lesson."

From the time that man associated with his brother man, he pointed with scorn to the shadow-hunter as a fool who would go hungry and let his family starve; but shadow-hunting has become a profession since the discovery of photography, and has proved itself a boon and a blessing to mortal man. So I go to one of the shadow-hunters, and contract with him to catch me your shadow just as I had seen it on yonder mirror. He puts his looking glass into a box and sets you on a chair just where the light shall soften every angle, and mark your beauty with a dimpled cheek, and when your shadow has crept into that box, he closes the brase door and has made prisoner of that which the wise man called "only a reflection." With artful chemistry the prisoner is not merely shackled, but set to work to give me one hundred copies of that which is called "only a reflection" of your own sweet face. Here endeth the second lesson.

So your reflection was something after all or it could never have been captured and held prisoner. But the wise man has stopped just where I want to go on. He assures me there is and can be nothing more; that I have now got it all and should rest contented. I trow not. I hope to be discontented through all eternity; so I begin to question that picture as it hangs upon my wall. "Listen, O picture. You were never within ten feet of my sweet friend. You had no power of creation, and I deny to you any property of attraction. How came you by that likeness, and whence that smile that is true to life?"

Since the picture, like the wise man, gives me no answer, let us try another experiment. This time you shall sit only in the open air. This time our shadow-catcher has his boxes in a hoge circle everywhere around you-a while embodied with this Spirit-world.

mile away if the ground permit. Again the shadow is caught in every possible variation; and again it is used as printers' type till copies are multiplied, which you have never seen nor touched. This time we have a full face and a full back view, with side features at every angle; and remember that since those cameras can neither attract nor create, something must have been passing from my lady friend in every direction. So the question now before us is: "What is this something?" Here again we meet the scientist. With

spectrum analysis he will show us that every particle has its emanation; even the iron in a drop of blood is visible to his spectrum. So he will resolve this lady into atom and mole-cule, or turn it into gas; and then with sci-entific pride he exclaims: "Behold your friend!" I can almost hear him exclaim: A little more of this gas means 'love'; add little to yonder red band and you have hate'. Set these atoms into quicker motion. and you have the ecstasy of which manhood is born; and as the tired molecule seeks repose, manhood is lost in death, merged again

nto the one vast whole." His spectrum has shown him not one band to mark the presence of the man; nothing but an essence of the fragments man wears as form in mortal life. Man's soul peeps out through this earth form as best it may, with realities of power unmarked by the scientist of to-day. Let us listen to the soul as it whispers truth, and we shall hear that of which the scientist never dreams. Here and there, in your own family or your neighbor's, it may be in the prattling child; it may be in manly strength or tottering age, you will find the faculty or soul power which the genius of a Buchanan discovered proved and named as psychometry—a faculty possessed by humanity in every age. And this is the faculty to which we will now submit the shadow we caught in yonder box.

Here is our psychometer, the lad, if you will, through whom the lamented Denton outwrought his wondrous history of "The Soul of things." We will lay upon his hand or place upon his forehead a fragment, if you choose, of one of those printed copies of that captured shadow. Remember, the scientist is silent; the picture gave no reply, but the soul will speak through the lips of this lad.

Listen! "This is a lady of marked character; a firm friend, but a bitter foe, rendering love to love and hate to hate. She declines a quiet domestic life and demands to meet man face to

face as his professional equal." And so, word by word, the reading goes on with no uncertain sound, giving us details as to her present mental condition and phys-

ical health that stand as truth, every one. All of you can prove the existence of this faculty if you are willing to take the trouble and exercise the patience. Remember that every truth is a key to unlock some other truth. Science acknowledges an emanation from every form invisible to mortal sense until discovered by spectrum analysis. This is an excellent starting point. Even the scientist will not claim that his instrument is perfect, for he finds its brightest revela-tions shading off into dreams of other truths. Each accepts the facts he can grasp and hopes for more. But the pathway of reason has its rigid limits, whilst intuition stands to him as a sealed book. In our next article we will try to ascertain what the foregoing experiment has to teach.

(To be continued.)

#### Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: crisp, cool and sunny morning. Nov. 15th.

attracted a good audience to hear Mr. J. J. Morse lecture upon the "Homes of the Hereafter." Preceding it he read with fine elocutionary effect, the inspirational poem from the spirit of Ascha W. Sprague, given through the Mediumship of Miss Lizzie Doten, entitled "My Spirit Home." Mr. Morse is a fine read-er, and the poem was an excellent prelude to the discourse which was to follow. After a fervent invocation to the All Father, the controlling spirit said in substance, Mr. Morse speaking in an unconscious trance:

"There is no sweeter word in all the language of civilization than that of home. Around it clusters the most sacred memories of human life. The strongest efforts of man have been to beautify and make his earthhome an earthly paradise. Is there any one among you to-day who can conceive of the desolation in a human soul without a home, or a hope for one? Man stands upon the confines of the eternal life, and as he lays down his cares and duties, he tries to gaze into the beyond, and learn what that eternal life is to be. No home beyond the grave! Theology has taught that it is to be a heaven of rest on the bosom of God; to lie with your hands quietly across your breast, and your spiritual life to be spent in praising Deity. This may satisfy an angel, but will it satisfy you when you are called to part with a life companion. child, parent or friend? As the mortal body lies cold and stiff in death, the cry goes out from your soul, Whence! Where! You ask in your inmost soul where is the life that has been with you through the years of your earth career, that had made your existence here sweet and holy.

"All humanity declare, 'We would have neither heaven nor hell unless we can have our loved ones in an unbroken unity.' the human heart has rebelled against the future as depicted by theology, it has shown its efforts to make human life here beautiful. and in the environments of home, typical of all that is noble and Godlike, binding souls together in the bonds of peace and love, is a foreshadowing of what the life in the beyond is to be. A theology is diabolical that says to you that this human love that has come to you is false and carnal because it has valued human affection and sympathy. Spiritualism comes to you in this 19th century, and gives you a better conception of God and of eternal life, and in marked contrast it stands as the solvent of this problem, and is the only faith that can grasp it intelligently.

"How can you know the hereafter? Can we hope to meet those gone before? I know that the Materialist and the Scientist will argue that because we cannot, to their conception, demonstrate the fact that there is a future existence, and that this soul is an indestructible personality, that there is no future life; because with physical science and with what little may have been learned of physical laws, they argue that they cannot go out on a voyage of exploration of spiritual realms. There are many facts and experiences in human life that cannot be explained by the known laws of science. Thoughtful students are met with these puzzling facts everywhere, showing higher laws and forces which are, as yet, unexplained and incomprehensible; but already the revealments in this new field of thought, through spiritual phenomens and research have been marvellous. We, therefore, state that man is a spiritual being and sustains relations to the Spirit-world, and that he is connected

"When you receive impressions which transcend the natural, it does not follow that this is supernatural, or that you cannot form an intelligent judgment as to the Spiritworld. The continuity of life remains an unbroken sequence, but you ask, ' Is the other world altogether different from this one? We say that it is but a very little different It is a life that is rational and of conscious individuality—a life of active labor, a better life to all who have rightly understood the duties here. But you say if the other world is to be one of work, and but a little in advance of this, it will be still a human world Any one who expects to get beyond humani-ty will be disappointed. From this stand-point you will see that it is to be a life of practicalities, and not one to be employed in singing around the throne. You will live there in reunited happy and harmonious homes. As here in the earth-life you enshrine your homes with gems of art, with rare pictures and beautiful surroundings, so can you make your home in the hereafter more beautiful than what you have known

"You ask, 'Where are the sinful, the ignorant and the depraved?' This class are in cities or communities by themselves where they have no perception of spiritual truth and no desire for advancement; but as the warm sunlight melts the icy barriers in the spring time, that have chilled your atmosphere here, so will the warm sunlight of truth even reach the most desolate regions in the Spirit world. But you ask, 'Are there no houseless nor homeless ones there?' Yes; men and women who have lived selfishly here, who have had no aspirations for the good and true, no sympathy for sorrow and pity for sin, have done nothing to relieve the burdens of a other, are very poor in the Spirit-world. But you say, 'Are they only devils or angels in the Spirit-world?' We say there are none of these, none that are hope lessly beyond redemption, and none so pure but that they can aid, help and encourage those who would gladly know how to ad vance.

"The influences from true, loving and harmonious homes in this life reach to the Spiritworld. As you here, have longed for a fine picture, a gem, or works of art, so will those aspirations receive a full fruition in the world beyond. The Spirit-world will, when man has ou'grown selfishness, ignorance and sin, be all that he aspires to reach. He will find that divine society in which all men will love their brothers as themselves; when the errors, vices and surroundings will have been supplanted by love, peace, aspiration and harmonious brotherhood. This is the view that Spiritualism gives of the 'Homes in the Hereafter. Let it be for you an incentive to nobler lives and better deeds, more sympathy for the poor and sinful, higher and better aspirations towards God, and truer conception of this truth. Why deny such a possi bility in the land of the soul? We help to build our homes in the hereafter by our lives here. You ask, 'What of those who have been tyrants here, and who have wronged and defrauded the widow and the fatherless?' Such persons are execrated and despised in the Spirit-world. So it is with hypocrites who stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, they are unmasked there. Death destroys nothing. The home here where faith, love and aspiration rule, will be more beautiful there, and the loving and loyal here will be more loving and loyal there. In the Providence of God, these homes will be for natural men and women—not of seraphs nor angels—with time and opportunity to prosecute and unfold the highest attributes blanding. and unfold the highest attributes, blending us in a harmonious unity with the Divine. With this description of the 'Homes in the Hereafter' I leave you. May it be an incentive to a nobler and juster comprehension of life's duty, cementing you in closer bonds of fraternal brotherhood.

Our meetings continue to attract people from all parts of the country, many strangers whom we do not know personally: Among others who have visited us recently, have been Mr. A. A. Campbell, Atlanta, Ga.; Wm. Adams, Jr., San Jose, Cal.; S. J. Shaw, Sandwich Islands; Miss Phoebe Hull, New York City; Mr. E. H. Gifford, Bayonne, N. J.; Mrs. Ban, Westfield, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carey, Washington, D. C.

At our Mediums' Meeting, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Edith E. Reynolds, of New York City, was represented to vive some of her experiences.

quested to give some of her experiences, which she did in a very interesting manner She told how she had reasoned herself out of the orthodox church; how mediumship came to her alone, and when she was ignorant of the subject. . She referred to her difficulties and sufferings with evil and undeveloped spirits. The preyer went out from her soul to God that spirits of love and intelligence might come and use her powers. This pray er was granted and she had learned to trust her guides implicitly, as they never deceived her. Her heart and soul was in the work. She loved to come to our meetings.

Mr. Burnham Wardwell, the philanthro-pist, who has given the best years of his life to the amelioration of those confined in prisons, stated that he was the bearer of a petition from 500 women of Vineland, N. J., to the Executive of this State, praying the gentence of death for Mrs. Druso, who is to be hung in this State on Nov. 25th, might be commuted to imprisonment for life. The speaker made an earnest appeal for the women present to unite with their sister women in this appeal.

Mr. A. C. Carey, of Washington, D. C., a lank, bony Spiritualist, who tips the scale at 300 pounds, gave some very interesting experiences, telling how spirits brought him to the full light of our faith.

Hon. A. H. Dailey gave some interesting experiences with Mrs. Maud Lord, which occurred in his own house under circumstances that were beyond question. He paid a high tribute to Mrs. Lord's powers as a medium. Mrs. Lord followed with some very satisfac

tory messages and tests of spirit presence. Our meeting was well attended and a deep interest was manifested. Mr. Morse's even ing lecture was on the "Coming Church." It was listened to by a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Morse continues to win golden opinions from all who hear his lectures.

S. B. NICHOLS. Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 16, 1885.

The French Government would like to give the army the privilege of wearing beards, but feels the necessity of first consulting several high military authorities, as the opinions on the subject are contradictory. Meanwhile the press falls back on history, and finds that the conquerors of all ages were about equally divided between the shorn and unshorn.

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

WELL PLEASED.

Dr. C. ROBERTS, Winchester, Ill., says: " have used it with entire satisfaction in cases of debility from age or overwork, and in inebriates and dyapeptics, and am well pleased with its effects."

#### THE MISER'S REFORM.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

Yes; I came pretty nigh wrecking body and soul both, and I'll tell you how. Losing wife and child while I was still a young man broke me down For a time I didn't care whether I lived or died, but I still kept on with my business, and presently I found myself beginning to love money. It became the greatest pleasure of my existence to count up my gains, and to add dollar to dollar.

The house I had furnished so prettily for Marie, and which she had taken such pride in, left to itself began to show signs of neglect. For a time I retained the old housekeeper to brighten up things and keep them tidy, but that luxury cost too much, and I dismissed

Then, not liking to see the pretty things that had been so dear to Marie go to decay through dust and neglect, I had them carried up to the great garret that extended the whole length of the house.

I did feel for a time very unhappy when they were all banished, and I was left with the bare boards and two or three chairs, but consoled myself by the reflection that some day I would have them all back again.

I turned the once cheerful room in which I had spent so many pleasant hours with my wife and little one into a sort of second office, and there I slept, ate my scanty meals and did much of my work. It was a sordid, sorry life. I denied myself every comfort, almost, but that of fire, in the dead of winter. That I would have, and of the best hickory, no matter what it cost. Meats and delicacles I could do without, books and comforts of many sorts, but a fire, that was the one link that bound me to the instincts of my

I grew shabby, seedy, lean and ugly. My hair began to stand up on my head through lack of sufficient moisture, my eyes grew hollow, my cheeks were sunken, and I looked like what I was, a miser. To gather gold, to count it, to gloat over its accumulation, and that for its own worshiped sake, became the ruling passion of my life.

Not houses and lands, and friends that might have been bought, but gold, gold, gold! For this I slaved, neglected my kind, and de-

nied God. I shall never forget Tuesday, the 13th day of January, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. That is the way I have writ-

ten it down in my day-book. Imagine me going to my solltary house, in the lower part of the great city of New York, hemmed in by warehouses.

I say, imagine me shivering in my thin coat, buttoned over a pocketbook as plethoric as I was lean, entering the unpainted and cobwebbed front door and walking through the large hall solacing myself with the thought that I should soon be comfortable in front of a blazing fire, and finding, as I opened the door to my own den, a great red flame upon the hearth, and cowering over it, the thin, almost skeleton form of a child.

Shall I ever forget the unearthly look of the great dark eyes she turned upon me, eyes that seemed to light up the very corners of the room, to my frightened, excited fancy. I. came forward slowly; she never stirred, only continued to gaze at me with a strained, pitiful expression, until she spoke, seeing I came to a pause,

"O, the fire is so good." "What do you mean? Who are you? How did you get here?" I asked sternly.

crawled in through the bars down into the cellar. I guess I staid here all night. Oh, it was so dark and cold! But I'm used to it was open, and so I came here, and there was coals on the hearth, and I made a fire.'

If the child had not been pretty. I am sorry to be compelled to say pretty in spite of the grime, the rags, and marks of hard living, and perhaps brutal treatment, or if she had come there in any other fashion, at the door as a mendicant, or even been sent there by any friend, I should have expelled her on the instant, but she had thrown herself upon my bounty—the fire lit up the dark eyes that somehow made me think of those of my own little pet,—she had stood her ground without flinching,—she had prepared an agreeable surprise by making the fire, for I was very cold, and she did not seem in the least afraid of me.

"Where do you belong?" I asked.

"I don't belong anywhere."
"Well, who takes care of you? Who do you live with?
"I don't live with anybody. I haven't got

ago, and I am all alone by myself." Her words and manner touched me, but avarice was tugging at my heart. I grudged this poor mite the little food she would re-

any home. Mother died and father died long

"Well, you've got warm now; I can't keep you any longer—there is the way to the door." I said.

She rose up, holding the rags of her shawl together, and then I saw that her arms and chest were bare, for her dress was a summer one, probably some gossamer thing that had been given her. She looked at me pleading-

ly, and for the life of me I could think of nothing but the eyes of my dear child. It ru hed over me as I followed her to the door: "Fancy if this was your own little Kitty," and my heart began to beat furiously. As I opened the door a cold wind blew in that chilled me to the core, and the child looked pitifully up to me again. I couldn't stand it. I took her by the shoulder and led her back to the fire and, though I did not know it, the tears were rolling down my

cheeks. I who hadn't wept since I laid my darlings together in their last cold bed. The child staid that night, and was quite ready the next morning to go out and beg, but the good angel who stood at my side the night before prompted me again.

"Do you think you could do anything to pay for your keep?" I asked her. "Oh!" and her hands came together, "I'll clean up everything, and do just what you tell me. I'm so tired of being cold and hun-

"Then stay," I said, my eyes suspiciously full again. That day I had something to think of besides gain. I shut up my office earlier, pulled my hat over my eyes, and went across the city to the shop of a German Jew, and there I bought what I thought the child needed, ready made. It cost a good

many twinges,—the soul of the miser was almost rent in twain. By the time I reached my own door I had called myself a fool at least twenty times, and fully expected to find the child gone off with everything she could lay her hands on. But no, there was the fire blazing, the hearth swept up, the floor washed, and the room, even with its scant furniture, so homelike and attractive that my heart began to throb with human pulses again. The girl had washed, made herself as tidy as possible with her scant op-portunities, and looked really beautiful in the glow of the evening fire. That night she

Concluded on Seventh Page.

### Woman and the Household.

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

#### LIFE'S LESSON.

O weary hearts that throb with bitter grief. And seem to keep time with the aching brain, 0 tired eyes that nightly vigils keep,

And pale lips shutting back the pain.—

Remember other hearts are heavy, too: Little we know the crosses others bear; We hear a laugh and see a happy smile, And never dream they hide a burning tear.

The sad, sad story that our own lives tell, Repeats itself in many a human breast; And in the impress tired faces wear, We read their sorrows through their smiles confessed. ..

The sympathy we crave can come alone From those whose feet have pressed the same

rough way;
And so we learn the lesson—hard indeed—
That darkest night may bring the brightest day.

—Anon.

The "House-keeper's Laboratory," devised by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, instructor in chemistry in the Woman's Laboratory of the Institute, is a neat box containing chemicals in vials, measuring glasses and printed directions for numerous tests desirable in household economy.

Miss Laura Braden, Treasurer of the Washington and Waynesburg railroad, in Pennsylvania, is the only woman railroad official in this country.

Madeline A. Garnier, the new translating clerk in Assistant Postmaster General Stevenson's department, is a niece of Joaquin Miller. She passed eight years in foreign travel, during which she learned to speak five languages with ease.

Miss Laura B. Axtell of Cleveland, a sister of Leonard Case, who founded the Case School of Applied Science, has made a will begueath ing her entire fortune, amounting to \$1,000,-000, to the school.

Mrs. Mary Beneman, a sister of the famous Commodore Perry, is still living at Ames, Iowa, at the age of 112. Her health is good. and her mind vigorous and bright.

Vassar College has recently received from Mr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia, the distinguished Shakespearian scholar and editor, a gift of one thousand dollars to establish a prize fund. It is be named the Kate Rogers Furness Prize Fund, in memory of his deceased wife, who edited a Concordance of Shakespeare's poems a few years ago.

Two members of the first graduating class of Indianapolis Girls' Classical School, Mary Ella Colgan and Julia Harrison Moore, attended the Harvard examination for women in Cincinn...i in June last, and have received from Harvard College certificates equivalent to the certificates of admission granted to boys. They are the first Indiana girls to attend these examinations.

There is excitement within the sacred preeincts of Yale College. A young law-student, an esteemed member of the Michigan bar, has entered the law school of that venerable institution. As the student is the first wo-man member of the class, and President Porter is opposed to co-education, there is no hope of her attaining a degree there, although she will be permitted to continue her studies. Like the young women in the art classes, she can attend lectures, but can neither pass examination or obtain a diploma.

M. Le Conte Stevens, in an article on the subject of the education of women, published is also much reading matter comprising stoin the North American Review. January, ries, poems, and notes. 1883, says that women are admitted to full course of instruction and are graduated from the Universities of London, Durham, Cambridge (England); Royal (Ireland); Copenhagen (Denmark); Upsala (Sweden); Zurich, Berne and Geneva (Switzerland), and all the universities of Italy. Zurich graduated a woman for the first time in 1868. The vote at Cambridge favoring the admission of women and the granting them of degrees (in-1881) was four hundred and forty to thirty-

Thus the men in the prisons of the United States outnumber the women twelve to one. In other words, the better element of the nation is subordinate to the element that furnishes the great majority of criminals. It is about time a change was made. In Nebraska and Nevada there were no fe-

male inmates at the last census; Texas had 1.713 men to 20 women; and Washington and Oregon none, while Colorado had but one. New York had more than any other State, numbering women to men as one to nine. The mat-ron of the prison ward at Biackwell's Island, however, told the editor of this column; not long ago, that, while many foreign women were sent to the Island time after time, only one native born American had fallen so low as that. It was a comforting fact on the one hand; on the other is a knowledge that these foreign women are, many of them, mothers of citizens of the United States.

Harpers' Bazar declares that: " A distinguished trait of women in general is fortitude, which is the better and nobler—yea, the essential—part of courage. Man has comparatively a slender stock. He shrinks from and complains bitterly of pain that they bear without a murmur, with perfect resignation, without a thought of doing aught save their duty. He is prevish, undignified, unjust, well nigh intolerable, during a sickness which they will bear with sweetness, even with grace. Reverse of fortune, calamity, affliction, anguish of body and of mind, the ruin of their last hope, they will sustain with equanimity, when a tithe of their suffering will drive him to loud outcry, to vicious courses, or to suicide. They will shiver and shriek when the first wave breaks over the vessel, and go down with her in a hell of water, silent, statue-like and serene. They will startle the night at the cry of fire, and perish in the flames like an Indian bound to the stake. They will scream at the prick of a needle, and walk placidly into an open grave. Not so bold as man to do wrong, they are more valiant to do right. The timid sex in some things, they are the heroic or heroinic sex in others, and these usually the greater things. In many of the gravest trials of life they are dauntless and distinguished, when man, their boasted superior, is craven and

Mr. Higginson tells this story: "One of the neatest retorts ever made in Cambridge. Massachusetts—not a bad soil for good things -was a brief response lately given by a young lady to an undergraduate who offered her. with some hesitation, his seat in the horse car. She got in with an older companion: the car was crowded, and two young men sat near. One gave his seat at once to the elder lady; the other kept his place. His friend asked him -disguising it, however, in German-why he did not give his place to the young lady. He answered in the same lau-guage, "Because she is not pretty enough."

After a little reflection, however, he too rose

and surrendered his seat. The young lady took it, and thanked him—in German. Since the world began I do not think that an extinguisher was ever more effectively dropped upon an impertinent youth. A word of sar-casm would have been unladylike; but of course it was her duty to thank him, and what course more unimpeachable than to thank him in the language in which he and his friend had been speaking, and which was presumably their own? As a matter of fact, the young lady had lately been at school in Germany. Aided by such experiences, our favored youths will come to comprehend by degrees that women may know German and Greek, and possibly at last even that they may understand English."

Clara Neyman, writing from Germany to the Woman's Journal, said, very sensibly: "As an instance how nobility sets a good example in many ways, I will give a few facts: The Princess of Baden, now Crown Princess of Sweden, and future queen, was thoroughly instructed in all the household arts and in the direction of public institu-tions by her own mother, the Grand Duchess of Baden. The daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany was taught cooking. The old Empress often visits the people's kitchens in

Berlin, where wholesome cooking is one of the first requisites. We in America are too apt to think that these minor duties of life can be acquired at any time. But not before we can master an occupation do we stand above it. American honsewives are too often the victims of their servants; the cooking is conducted according to the servant's understanding; only in exceptional cases are the women of the comfortable classes capable of instructing their domestics. We may call a German housekeeper pedantic and slow, but she is at the same time conscientious, and feels her responsibility fully. And this order and care produces smoothness and comfort, where we in America often find excitability and warry. I would have exclude the strivents and worry. I would never exclude the striving after a higher education among our girls, but I would make a thorough knowledge of household affairs equally imperative. For upon the orderly arrangement of our homes, upon the spirit which prevails there, depends the character of the coming citizen. The government of any State represents a clear picture and exposition of the home-life of that nation."

#### Magazines for November not Before Mentioned.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT. (Waco, Tex.) Contents: The Origin and Credibility of the Supernatural Claims of Christianity; The American Secular Union; Agnostic and Theosophist; Liberalism; Science and Faith; Worshiping God; Christianity and Crime; Spiritually Developed; Thoughts for the Orthodoxy, etc.

Godey's Lady's Book. (H. Haulenbeek, Philadelphia.) The December issue of this popular magazine is replete with such attrac-tions as please the ladies. The illustrations are many, including one of Miss Mary Anderson, which accompanies a sketch of this popular actress.

New Church Independent. (Chicago.) Contents, October: Trust amid the Severities of God; Help for the Living, Hope for the Dead; A Striking representative Dream; Rejected Prophets; Letters on Spiritual Subjects, etc.

THE NEW YORK FASHION BAZAR. (Geo. Munro, New York.) The fall and winter fashions are well represented in this Bazar, there

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Alex ander Wilder, M. D., Newark, N. J.) Contents: Deisidaimonia; The Philosophy and Ethics of the Zoroasters; The American Akademe; Sapientibus Verbum.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES. (Manchester, N. H.) Answers to questions in all departments of literature are to be found in this monthly.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER. (London, Eng.) A health review and the organ of the London Society for the abolition of compulsory vaccination.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) This issue is embellished by a new cover and the stories and illustrations will amuse the young readers.

THE MIND-CURE. (Prof. A. J. Swarts, Chicago.) Interesting articles will be found in this number.

THE FLORAL CABINET. (New York.) A magazine of Floriculture and Domestic Art.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the Religio-Philo-sophical Journal.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By M. J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

This is a series of thirteen sermons by the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, given to his congregation last winter, only one of which was written; and they are

now printed from stenographer's notes. now printed from stenographer's notes.

The subjects are, "What is Religion?" "Comfort and Hope," "Religious and Ethical Sanctions," "Personal Religion," "Inner Life and Outer," "Evil and Growth," "Belief and Truth," "The Growth of Seularism," "Modern Saints," "The Communion of Saints," "Contemporary Religious Changes," "The Religious Outlook," "Evolution and Immortality,"

These partons were given in answer to Sume of These sermons were given in answer to some of the objections that educated, thoughtful, earnest people give for their not desiring to attend church; as one young man said to Mr. Savage, "Religion does not appeal to my sense of what is practical and

real."

Mr. Savage is a broad, cultivated and liberal man. He gives in the preface a statement of a few of his strongly held beliefs, as follows:

1. I believe that religion is a permanent element in human life. "2. I believe it to be the most important of hu-

man interests.

"3. It is being neglected or opposed, because those who claim to be its special exponents and guardians identify its essence with its clothing, and so refuse to recognize the changed conditions of the modern world

"4. I hold, then, that the grandest service a religious teacher can render his age is this: to show how religion persists through all changes of thought and life; and, instead of dwindling and dying out, how it ever expands, to match the grander universe revealed by modern investigation.

\*\*5. This is true faith. To fear that by recogniz-

ing his real universe God is in danger of being lost, this is infidelity.
"So believing, I wish to do what I can, not to save

religion,—truth is never in danger,—but to help be-wildered men and women to find it." These sermons are all interesting, and did space permit we should like to quote some most excellent thoughts. We may do so in the future. It is a series of able and instructive discourses.

THE NAZARENE AND OTHER RHYMES FOR the Thoughtful and Hopeful. By T. D. Curtis. Syracuse, N. Y.: Farmer and Dairyman Print.

The author is well aware of the unorthodox char-

#### New Books Received.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN AUTHORITY AND Reason, or Artificial and Natural Religion. By Hugh Junor Browne. Melbourne, Australia: Geo.

Robertson & Co. THE RELIGIOUS LIFE. By M. J. Savage. Bos-

ton: Geo. H. Ellis. DEDICATION OF THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Boston. Boston: C. M. A. Twitchell.
HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS. Valuable receipts for those who regard Economy as well as Excellence, Boston: Joseph Burnett & Co. Price, paper cover,

THE NEW EDUCATION: Moral, Industrial, Hygieulc, Intellectual. By Joseph Rodes Buchanan.
Third edition. Boston: Published by the author.

Price, cloth, \$1.50. INSIGHT INTO SPIRITUALISM: Exposure and Attack by The Imperial Arch-Duke Johann of Austria. Also, Logic of Facts: Reply and Defense by Baron L. B. Hellenbach. Boston: Mutual News

THE GREAT DISCOVERER. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have just brought out a new edition of the Portrait Catalogue of their publications. It embraces a list of all the books they publish, under the names of the authors, arranged alphabetically. It contains new portraits of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree), and Bichard Grant White, besides those included in pre-

This Catalogue, which appears in an attractive new cover, will be sent free to any one requesting it.

The lamp craze has broken out among fashionable ladies of Albany, N. Y. As soon as they see a new style they either buy it or trade an old lamp for it. Many of them make designs of their own. The many of them make designs of their own. The prevailing style is to have a large jar mounted on a brass or bronze pedestal, representing something artistic. The lamp is set in this jar or vase, which is usually of a chocolate color. The shade is made of splashed ware, is glass, of course, but looks as if some liquid gold or other material had been splashed over

Funk & Wagnalls announce for immediate publication a Biographical Sketch of Adelaide Neilson. The book is superbly illustrated with nine portraits by Sarony, and the author, Laura C. Holloway, has made a most interesting study of her charming sub-ject. Miss Neilson was widely admired in this country, and a biography of her life can but be received with favor, particularly when presented with the elegance which, according to the publisher's promise, will characterize this souvenir. The book is neatly boxed. Price, \$2.00.

The interesting topic of "Faith-cures," will be treated "without gloves" in the December Century, by the Rev. Mr. Schaufler, who has paid particular attention to the subject.

The combination, proportion, and process in pre-paring Hood's Sarsaparilla, are peculiar to this medcine, and unknown to others.

"The Tinelda epigraphia," writes Alphonse Karr, "is the smallest of all moths, being two lines wide when its wings are outspread; but how magnificently it is attired! It is robed in gold and silver, and on the silvery gauze of its upper wings is traced, in letters of gold, an inscription which no one has yet succeeded in deciphering."

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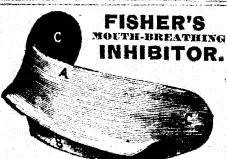
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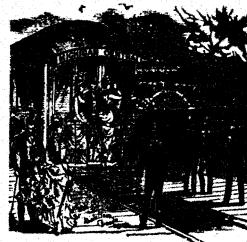
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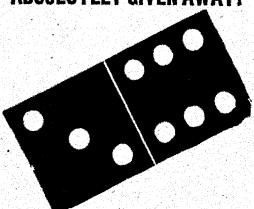
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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please, draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 28, 1885.

#### Can a Plous Jew be Saved?

For the past few weeks there has been a deal of solemn head-shaking-" wagging of pows" as Dominie Sampson called it-among sundry grave doctors of divinity and reverend clergymen who would like to have their divinity doctored. They have even gone beyond this and taken up their pens in serious yet not very lucid, efforts to solve a difficul problem. The outer world-which is a pretty large and weighty world in these days and gets on reasonably well without benefit of clergy-has unanimously decided that a good Jew may go to heaven, that being the only fit and proper place for a good man of whatever faith. These orthodox clergymen would like to be as reasonable and just as the outer world, yet they must not quite break in pieces certain grim old dogmas, and are trying to see if they can't be bent a little, or at any rate look as though they would bend. But a dogma is run in a mould, shaped and fixed inflexibly and can no more bend than cast iron, hence the dilemma.

Sir Moses Monteslore, a leading European Hebrew, passed away lately a hundred years old, a man whose great wealth flowed out in many charities to Gentile as well as Jew. whose life was noble and beautiful, who was given to prayer and whose prayers stirred his pious soul to good deeds,—a saintly man beloved and reverenced. Rev. Dr. Curry, Rev. Dr. Hedge, of Princeton College, and others are trying to make cast iron seem to be malleable, but the outer world "don't see it." The New York Independent gives them space and they are solemnly trying to be kind to the Jew, yet to save their old creed, and a hard job it is. Dr. Hedge says:

"In common with all who maintain the integrity of Catholic Christianity we firmly believe that hu man nature is radically and universally corrupt and guilty before God, utterly incapable of self help.... of spiritual renovation.... We therefore believe that, without exception, the acceptance of each man with God depends, not on any supposed natural goodness or personal merit, but wholly upon the fact of the man's personal relation to Jesus Christ."

Two things are plain from these state ments of the Presbyterian Professor: One is that the creation of man was a dismal failure. Trees and flowers are adequate to some good end, bird and beast are good after their kind, man is "radically corrupt" and, in the vast majority of cases, is an heir of eternal perdition: yet a being of infinite love and wisdom created him, Dr. Hedge would say, All other absurdities are small beside those of dogmatic theology. The other is that the chance of the pious Hebrew's salvation is poor, indeed, for he did not accept Christ as the Savior. But note how nicely a theologian can turn a corner! We are told:

"The establishment of this personal relation to our Lord, so as to constitute one a beneficiary of his redemption, is generally conditioned on personal recognition and confession of Him... But it is not absolutely essential, as is proved in the case of dying infants and idiots:...it might hold true in the case of some exceptionally enlightened heathen. The charitable formula of invincible ignorance...has always been practically more or less recognized by

This "charitable formula" may possibly open the golden gate for a fleeting moment, long enough to give the good Hebrew entrance; but Dr. Hedge should be at hand to see it closed fast and soon, lest others might slip through.

The Andover Review takes up the question in a long editorial, such as might be expected from a magazine which speaks as from the New England school of the prophets-the theological seminary of such Puritanism as still lives in that region. It opens, after brief allusion to the occasional death of some good man outside the Christian pale, and the tion, "What of his future?" in this cu-DUA WAY:

nctionity the Evangelical church never denies the of the Christian name or the hospitality of the last supe to those whose lives illustrate the Chris-

This is a quaint admission, that Christian courtesy puts a sad strain on the old dogmas so much the worse for the dogmas, we

The Review says: "The intelligence and heart of the Christian church not merely decline to accept the old dogma of the perdition of the heathen-they repudiate it."

Andover feels the onward sweep of the world's thought. The whole discussion is interesting and significant. We see the clinging to the dead Past of sundry dogmatists, the impulse of the living Present felt by others, the sure gain of a charity that shall break down all walls of separation between Jew and Christian and recognize their common humanity and destiny.

What a blessing to heart and head would be the broad inclusiveness of Spiritualism to these clergymen and their disciples! Countless thousands of messages from the Spirit-world have come from those who were Christian and Pagan, Jew and Musselman, on earth, and none tell of acceptance or rejection "over there" on account of the faith they held here. The saint on earth is loved and reverenced in the Summer-Land. Whether his earthly home was on the Ganges or the Hudson, or whether he read Veda or Bible, Talmud or Koran, is not counted for or against him, but true life and spiritual culture open the shining up ward path.

#### A QUERY.

Under this heading the excellent Olive Branch-"wise as a serpent" as well as harmless as a dove "-asks:

"Can any one understand why it is that Boston is overrun with mediums, especially those that set themselves up as materializers while other large cities have but few or none It is said that materializing mediums have left Philadelphia. Is it a fact that there are persons who advertise confidentially to the trade or profession that they have for sale the fixings to make up bogus materializations and other spirit manifestations? Let the Spiritualists that have the true interest of the cause at heart see to it that they do not countenance persons who deal in or purchase phosphorus paint and other articles to deceive the public in spiritual manifestations? Let all honest mediums that have received circu lars, soliciting their custom for these articles come forward and expose the whole thing and its connection with themselves."

A question worth studying, and sound ad vice with it. We propound another query: Is The Olive Branch an enemy to mediums because it speaks plainly against cheats? Or, in another form: Is he who rebukes those who "steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in" a hater of true saints? As the editor of The Olive Branch is a highly developed writing medium, the matter in question will assume additional importance with some.

#### Eternal Punishment.

Leigh Hunt said: "If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment. I would not do it; for it would better become me to believe the augel a the author of eternal punishment. For God's sake let us have piety enough to believe him better."

The poet who could write that golden dream of Abou Bon Adhem could not believe in the horror and injustice of hopeless and eternal torment. He was spiritual, inspired and mediumistic. His vision of

"An angel writing in a book of gold" was an opening of his interior senses, a glimpse of glorious pictures "painted on the eternal walls," an uplifting sense of "the presence" from the life beyond. The study of the experiences and rapt utterances of poet and prophetic sage in the light of Spiritualism is full of profit and enjoyment. Read Dante in this light and a new glory gilds the pages of his marvelous poems. We learn to see through the haze of his education and beyond the darkness of his age, the celestial splendors that shone through his mediumistic and receptive being.

Emily J. Pike writes as follows from Brooklyn, N. Y., under date of Nov. 15: "Mrs. Lord took a hall on Myrtle Avenue, corner of Adelphi street, assisted by your correspondent, and held services morning and afternoon. Judge Dailey made the opening address. The audience, both morning and afternoon, was composed largely of strangers from the different churches, who, though hungering for this spiritual manna, would not have had the courage to go among any of the present spiritualistic organizations to receive it. Mrs. Lord, in her own inimitable way, went straight to their inner souls, giving from thirty to fifty tests at each session, which were acknowledged correct, even though they were strangers to both Mrs. L. and the phenomena. A predict that she has now just entered the arena of real spirit work, that will develop new energies and greater power than she has ever before manifested, and through her the world will learn of a Christ spirit that it has worshiped without knowing or possessing. My own work as a healer is progressing favorably here. Next Sunday, the 22nd, we have Adelphi Hall again at 10:30, for healing purposes, healing both body and mind.

### 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.

Mrs. Maude E. Cobb lectures at North Collins, N. Y., Nov. 20th.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.;

Mr. Bundy's continued illness prevents his presence in the office. He desires to express thanks through the JOURNAL to numerous inquiring friends for their interest and kind words, as he is unable to write them.

Specimen copies of the JOURNAL will be sent free to any address.

Walter Howell's subject for next Sunday evening, at 517 W. Madison st., is "Life."

Hon. Elizu Wright, prominently allied with various liberal movements, passed to spirit-life from Medford, Mass., Nov. 21st.

Mrs. J. M. Singer, 318 Pine st., Leavenworth, Kansas, would like the address of Mrs. Carter, the spirit artist.

Maj. Thos. Gales Forster and wife are now located at number 916 H. Street, N. W., Washington City, D. C.

Dr. J. R. Buchanan has issued the third edition of Moral Education. Price \$1.50. For sale at this office.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the Journal, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

THE THEOSOPHIST, for October is at hand and contains articles on Oriental Philosophy, Occultism. Mesmerism etc. For sale at this

portrait of Mrs. A. S. Winchester. The October number had one of Geo. B. Colby who has now gone to Victoria, B. C. The date of expiration of the time paid for.

The Carrier Dove for November contains a

is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

With vol. seven, number one, October, 1885. The Theosophist, changes its style of form and cover, being now much easier to handle and to preserve.

The far-reaching and beneficent influence of the Journal is daily evidenced in ways that would astonish our readers, could they but sit in our office and take notes from visitors and others.

Now is the time to solicit your friends to subscribe for the Journal. In another column will be found a prospectus. The editor and publisher believes that the claims therein made for the paper, will be confirmed by every fair-minded reader.

Prof. Thomas Davidson lectures at Central Music Hall on the evening of the 27th, before the literary society connected with Professor Swing's church. As the lecture is free and the lecturer very able, it is therefore likely that the house will be filled.

The paper on which the historic Bancroft writes is a singular combination of yellow and green. He says that with ordinary white rapacity and wickedness, that lately ruined sentence is the work of 15 or 20 minutes. His thoughts will only flow when this peculiar aper is used.

Capt. H. H. Brown wishes his friends and correspondents to notice that his address till further orders is Box W, Meadville, Penn. He can be engaged as in the past by Spiritualists and Liberals for Sunday and week day lectnres. His terms are reasonable. He especially desires to give lectures upon the development of the "Psychical Powers," or "Soul[Culture."

A. B. French lectured at Willimantic, Conn., Nov. 16th; at Stafford the 17th and 18th; at Somerville, the 19th and 20th; at Saratoga, N. Y., the 23rd, 24th and 25th. He has an engagement for each Sunday this month at Worcester, Mass. The Sundays of December he lectures at Ottumwa, Iowa; the last three Sundays of January, 1886, at Horticultural Hall, Boston. During February he speaks at Providence and Haverhill, and the first two Sundays of March at Norwich, Conn.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has just returned home from his trip in Southern New York, and reports fair success in his work of healing the sick and lecturing. The Weekly Ithacan of Ithaca, New York, of 23rd ult., makes the following statement of his work at Freeville: The lectures of Dr. J. K. Bailey at Freeville last Sunday, are spoken of very highly by several who were in attendance. Otis Wood says: 'Dr. Bailey gave us two excellent lectures on those advertised; will do the cause much good." Address him, for engagements. as follows: box 123 Scranton, Pa.

Le Spiritism relates the following: "Pasquier, aged sixty, ex-gamekeeper," the Comte De Tarragon writes to us, "had for a considerable time gone about, by the help of sticks, suffering from painful and extensive ulcers of the legs, which the doctors failed to cure. Before going to the hospital, which he dreaded. he came to me, asking if I thought the spirits could not do him some good. I said they often did if their aid were invoked, and I exhorted him to do so; but that if he could come to me next day, he might consult some good doctors, who were coming to my house. I saw no more of him for eight days, when I met him. without his sticks, after the service at church. He said that he told his wife of my exhortation, and that at night they prayed together that good spirits would aid him. During the night, he said, he had a dream of seeing some one in the room, who quieted his first fear by making signs of friendship. Then the stranger took some of the herbs which were in the place for medicine, and put them into the jar containing the grease which he kept for application, and signed for them to be made into an ointment, waved his hand, and disappeared. 'I told my dream,' said he, 'to my wife, when she said she had exactly the same dream. We prepared the ointment, and kept applying it until, in eight days, my legs are quite sound and well.' He showed them to me, and I saw only the scars of large ulcers."

(Continued from First Page.) Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell. A' for thy glory, And no for ony gude or ill

They've done afore thee? Abraham Lincoln never applied to his fellowmen, even under the geatest provocation such biting words of condemnation as fell from the lips of "the meek and lowly Nazarene" in his terrific philippic against the Pharisees. with the percration, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" When he called for "three hundred thousand more," he did not declare, "If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my "soldier. The capitalists of our country were not appealed to for money to pay these soldiers in "the army of the Lord" with the threat, "That a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heav-Benjamin Franklin at eighty-five years of age, the great utilitarian philosopher, patriot, statesman and distinguished diplomat of the last century, thus formulated his religious philosophy which, it will be noted, is like that of Mr. Lincoln:

"I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion."

Critically, upon sectarian proselyting, Franklin also wrote:

"If Christian preachers had continued to teach as Christ and his apostles did, without salaries, and as the Quakers now do, I imagine texts would never have existed; for I think they were invented, not so much to secure religion itself, as the emoluments of it. When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself; and when it cannot support itself, and God does not care to sup-

port it, so that its professors are obliged to call for the help of the civil power, it is a sign of its being a bad one." Franklin's convictions regarding "Chris tian preachers" and of a good and bad religion are pointedly expressed in the consti

tution of the state of New York, adopted in

"And whereas we are required by the be-nevolent principles of national liberty, not only to expel civil tyranny, but to also guard against that spiritual oppression and intolerance, wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked priests and princes have courged mankind, it is ordered," etc.

TRINITY CHURCH, N. Y.

Now, ye biographers and others who are endeavoring to affix Christian to the unsullied name of our late President—the uncommon man of the common people he loved so well-look at the farcical exhibition that popular Christianity made of itself on Sunday, October 25th, 1885, in the city of New York, under the lead of one of the successors of those above called "weak and wicked priests and princes." The scene is in Trinity church. It is a perpetual corporation of dangerous franchises. It owns real estate in the heart of the city worth untold millions, much of which is exempt from taxation. In that respect like all other churches in this state it has direct pecuniary help from the civil power, therefore, according to Dr. Frank-lin, "it" (and all others) "has the sign of a bad religion." It stands on Broadway at the head of Wall street, that whirlpool of wealth, paper before him the composition of a single and sent into eternity the grandest of all our valiant generals, as it has ruined thousands before and will continue to do so until its business is wiped out by popular indignation. The members of this church are conspicuous for avarice and riches. It is fitted up in keeping with the description given in the discussion upon church adornment at the congress of clergymen before referred to. A Brooklyn clergyman said:

"In speaking of the adornment of churches he maintained that the furniture should be the best and costliest that the worshipers can afford. The sacred vessels should be of the purest metal, and if practicable, adorned with jewels and precious stones; the vest ment on the priest should be of the finest texture enriched with fine needlework; the books of service should be of the clearest type and of the richest border or fairest page the altar linen should be finer and better than is ever found in domestic use. A true esthetic spirit will ever seek to offer to God its richest and best gifts."

Its grand high priest is fossilized in fashionable conservatism, although a son of the patriot who immortalized himself by the military order. "If any man pulls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." took place in this palatial edifice is described

in the morning paper of the following day: "Before the chimes of Old Trinity had pealed forth the hour of eight yesterday morning people began to assemble about the church doors. By nine o'clock nearly every seat not marked "reserved" had been taken and for two hours more crowds pressed into the building, filling all the pews, seats in the aisles, and every available foot of standing-room around the pulpit, under the choirloft and in the doorways. Hundreds, unable to gain admittance, went away before Archdeacon Farrar ascended the pulpit steps to address the largest audience assembled at this center of wealth and fashion since Dean Stanley preached there several years ago From 1,500 to 1,800 people listened to the sermon. Dr. Morgan Dix was assisted in the opening services by Rev. Messrs. Louis A Arthur, J. W. Hill and Edward Warren. As the hymn for the day was being sung the archdeacon ascended the pulpit steps and bowed his head on the desk. His text was 'Little Children Keep Yourselves from Idols.'

And the representative of the English established Christian church, entirely support ed by the "civil power," proceeded after this manner to fire galling words at these darling "Little children" of money and fashion and innocent, playful lambs of Wall street:

"And when you talk of nothing, think of nothing, scheme after nothing, care for nothing, I had almost said prayed for nothing, but money, money, money, all the day long hasting to be rich, and so not being innocent ready, if not downright, to forge, or to steal in order to get it, yet ready to adulterate goods, to scamp work, to have false balances and unjust weighte, to defraud others of their rights and claims, to put your whole trade or commerce or profession on a footing which, perhaps conventionally honest, ye goes to the very verge of dishonesty; toiling for money valuing it first among earthly goods, looking up to those who have won it as though they were little human gods, hoard ing it, dwelling on it, measuring the sole success in life by it, marrying your sons and our daughters with main reference to itis God the God of your worship? Of your lips. yes; of your life, no. What are you then but an idolater? a worshiper of Mammon?"

The learned canon, must, of course, be understood as speaking ironically, else he would have added the words of his "Master," "Oh! Wall street!—'but ye have made it a den of

thieves." Be that as it may, after this burst of scathing eloquence at the constant iniquities of its frequenters, how the awe-struck bulis and the panicky bears must have chuck-led at the "points" he skillfully gave them, how to avoid divine, if not human justice

The canon said: "God is a spirit, not confined to temples; not bound up in books, not confined in aucient creeds. If it be true that the mass of the working classes care nothing for the doctrines of Christianity, may it not be at least in part because those doctrines have been greviously misrepresented to them? The other day a young girl in a London prison was asked for what purpose she thought Christ ascended. Her answer was 'that He might punish people!' This was her notion, it is probably the notion of thousands, respecting Him who died that we might live and who ever liveth to make intercession for us.'

Without doubt, every:moneyed man in that worshipful audience saw the point, and made personal "intercession for us." Each one has a paid attorney for the judgment seat of earthly courts, why not for that of heaven? It may be said, however, of the "young girl in a London prison," that like Dr. Franklin she did not believe in texts, but did believe in "keeping herself from idols."

This high salaried official thus emphasized his point of "intercession for us:"

"It was my endeavor in writing the 'Life of Christ' to give a picture of our Lord's life which He spent as a man among men. It was His human example which I wished to define, and as my book has been translated into so many languages and has been sold in so many editions I cannot but think that it has met the views of many Christians. It sometimes seems to me a danger from the Apollinarian as well as the Arian form of error that many men lose sight of the full force of our Lord's human example.'

Sectarian scholars will hugely enjoy the sly thrust in this last sentence at natural religion—that of Franklin and Lincoln—and especially as it is also aimed at the canon's peer in all respects, the distinguished Max Muller of Oxford University. The faithful reporter concludes by thus disclosing the movements, for the day and the one following, of those pure and lowly disciples of the

poverty stricken Jesus: "After Archdeacon Farrar had finished his sermon he stayed to the communion service and was the first to receive the bread and wine. Later he was driven to the house of Cyrus W. Field, whose guest he is in Gramercy Park. In the afternoon Mr. Field took him to call on Mrs. Grant, and with Col. Grant they drove to the General's tomb in Riverside Park. Mr. Field and the archdeacon dined at the house of the Rev. Arthur Brooks, in Madison avenue, and then went to Brooklyn to hear Mr. Beecher. This morning the distinguished visitor will be entertained at breakfast at the Fifth Avenue Hotel by E. P. Dutton. At noon the clergymen of this city and its vicinity will be presented to him at Mr. Field's house, the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, making the address of welcome. This evening he will lecture on "Dante" in Chickering Hall. Logan C. Murray, president of the United States National Bank, will entertain him at breakfast to-morrow at the Union League Club, and he will dine with

Cornelius Vanderbilt in the evening." At the time this preaching, feasting, wine drinking and boulevard riding was being carried on by this priest of the governmental church of England, the head and front of which is the Queen, this item was flashed over the cable of his host, Mr. Field.

"The Prince of Wales went to a horse race at Buda Pesth on a Sunday, and great is the

This "heir apparent," hardly ever free from scandal, under the rule of the "divine right of kings," on the death of his mother, becomes the "civil power" and Christian figure-head of England's established church, and thus the Protestant Pope of Canon Farrar and influentially Pope of like churches in this

The stock exchanges at the moneyed capitals of civilization—Vienna, Paris, London and New York-are the sinks of the concentrated cunning and devilishness of the earth, seeking victims by dealing in the stocks of soulless and generally worthless corporations. In this respect the one in New York is unrivaled.

Carpenter, in his Six Months at the White House, relates: "Knotting his face in the intensity of his feeling, Mr. Lincoln said, 'Curtin (the Governor), what do you think of those fellows in Wall street who are gambling in gold at such a time as this?

"'For my part,' continued the President, bringing his clinched hand down upon the table, 'I wish every one of them had his

They are a set of sharks,' returned Cur-

devilish head shot off!" Across the street and under the shadow of 'Old Trinity," and in the light of current events, an annex thereto, stands the Stock Exchange. Its infuriated members, with demoniac vells, momentarily make men, and often women, rich or poor, in constant gambling transactions. The miasma of this deadly Upas tree is impregnating with seeds of destruction the business and morals of the entire country. The gigantic monopolies of which Cyrus W. Field is the manipulator in chief-compared to which the old U.S. Bank. the bete noir of General Jackson, is a mere pigmy-amply and daily furnish the stakes for much of this gambling. This man is the ostentatious host of Canon Farrar. He is the abject devotee of the "wicked priests and princes" of rotten, superannuated Old England. This adoration culminated in erecting a costly monument on the west bank of the Hudson to the British spy, John Andre, who was hung under conviction by a Board of six Major Generals and several Brigadier Generals of our army, for striving, with the traitor Benedict Arnold, to betray West Point into the hands of our English enemies—which monument was visited by host and his distingui-hed guest, by special train, October 28, 1885. Instead of blowing up\* this monument, as was attempted a few years ago, by some patriotic Guy Fawkes, this inscription should be chiseled upon it: "Be it remembered, that when the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln reached London. the British government sent back to its minister in Washington, by the cable of Cyrus W. Field a dispatch stigmatizing that great edict of freedom as a measure of a very questionable kind, and as 'an act of vengeance on the slave owner."

According to the programme given out on Sunday, the breakfast came off at the Union League Club on Fifth Avenue. The guests were Wall street bank presidents and "Christian preachers" of large salaries; among the

\*At 10:20 o'clock on Tuesday night, November 3, 1885, a momentary flash of light illumined the spot on the summit of Treason Hill, Tappan, where Major Andre died as a spy 105 years ago. A deafening report followed the flash, and while the ground trembled with the shock the monument erected by Cyrus W. Field to mark the spot of Andre's execution was hurled from its shattered pedestal. A dynamite cartridge, evidently used by an expert, had destroyed Mr. Field's work again. This being the second attempt.

latter, President McCosh, of Princeton college, who is certainly old enough to be ashamed of the performance. The next morning's paper, after describing the luxury and sumptiousness of this breakfast, thus turns over the surfeited and unctuous Canon into the arms of the president of this infernal

stock exchange:

"After the breakfast the Archdeacon went with Mr. Field over the elevated road to Mr. Field's office in the Washington Building. The objects of interest in the harbor were pointed out and then the Stock Exchange was visited.

President Simmons received the Archdeacon President Simmons received the Archdeacon, who later went with Mr. Field to Broadway and Thirty-fifth street to see the statue re-cently erected to the memory of William E. Dodge. After a luncheon at Mr. Field's he

tentous Roman pope and the thousand petty

ones who ape him in our pulpits."

In the life just published of this "Archdeacon's" gifted countrywoman, George Eliot, it is said that "the chief causes of her repulsion from Christianity was the discreprepulsion from Christianity was the discrepancy she perceived between religious professions and practical conduct." These "little children of money, money, money, all day long," preached to by him, including the Christian octogenarian patriots of the Union League Club, own and control many thousand millions of money, money. They on all occasions represent the Christianity of the fashionable element of the metropolis of our country. President Lincoln would have been as much at home in their Christian texts of as much at home in their Christian texts of beliefs and observances as he would be in dancing with the ballet girls in the opera which most of the Canon's perfumed audience gleefully attended, the nights succeeding his sensuous and ritualistic exercises. Can one not see why such men as Franklin. Emerson and Lincoln were not Christians? As to what is "good and bad religion" was not the good old wise Doctor right?

Let the millions in this country who are suffering "spiritual oppression and intole-rance wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked priests and princes have scourged mankind," answer. Under no circumstances should the bright name of Abraham Lincoln be clouded by Christian or

Christianity.

LINCOLN'S SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

The world now knows that Mr. Lincoln was gifted with great simplicity of character—that is, love of truth. This led him to take an original outlook on everything. He may be a supposed out an arrangement, think. must use his senses, get experience, think. Herein is seen the primitive source and methods of his intellectual development, and also of his religion or philosophy. The irksome and unnatural system and routine of the schools bere the same relation to his education as Christianity bore to his religion. The best biographer he has had yet, Ward H. Lamon, could not have had the life work of offered, debating the various questions of this great man in mind when he wrote "that Christianity among themselves; they took Abraham Lincoln was born in a condition of their stand on common sense, and their own life not only humble and obscure, but abject | souls; and, though their arguments were and squalid, and surrounded by circumstan-ces most unfavorable to culture, to the devel-opment of great talent and the promotion of nobility and purity of that wonderful char-.....They were a jovial; healthful, generacter he afterward developed." Would he say this of Patrick Henry, of Henry Clay who followed the plow many a day, barefooted, clad only in shirt and trousers; of the thousands of other self-made men equally celebrated in the world's history? The renowned orator, Edward Everett, graduated at Harvard University with the highest honors of his class when a little more than seventeen years of age. Now look at young Lincoln when about the same age. His cousin, Dennis Hanks, being in Chicago last spring, was "interviewed," and is thus reported in a newspaper of that city, of May

"Will you describe him when a boy?" "Well, he was at this time not grown, only six feet two inches high. He was six feet four and one-half inches when grown-tall. lathy and gangling-not much appearance. not handsome, not ugly, but peculiar. This kind of a fellow: If a man rode up horseback, Abe would be the first out, up on the fence and asking questions, till his father would give him a knock side o' the head; then he'd go, throw at snowbirds or suthin', but pon-

derin' all the while." Was he active and strong?"

"He was that. I was ten years older, but I couldn't rassle him down. His legs was too long for me to throw him. He would fling one foot upon my shoulder and make me swing corners swift, and his arms so long and strong! My, how he would chop! His ax would flash and bite into a sugar-tree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fallin' trees in a clearin' you would say there were three men at work by the way trees fell. But he never was sassy or quarrelsome. I've seen him walk into a crowd of sawin rowdies, and tell some droll yarn and hust them all up. It was the same when he was a lawyer; all eyes whenever he riz were on him; there was a suthin' peculiarsome about him."

What did you teach him to write with?" "Sometimes he would write with a piece of charcoal, or the p'int of a burnt stick, on the fence or floor. We got a little paper at the country town, and I made ink out of blackberry briar-root and a little copperas in it. It was black, but the copperas would eat the paper after a while. I made his first pen out of a turkey-buzzard feather; them's good for pens. We had no geese them days. After he learned to write he was scrawlin' his name everywhere; sometimes he would write it on the white sand down by the crick-bank, and leave it till the treshet would blot it out. I reckon he never did a mean act. I could see he didn't know how, an' he never learned."

"Did you have any idea of his future great-

"No; it was a new country and he was a raw boy; rather a bright and likely lad, but the big world seemed far ahead of him. We were all slow-goin folks, but he had it in him, though we never suspected it." "Did he take to books eagerly

"No; we had to hire him lat first. But when he got a taste it was the old story-we had to pull the sow's ears to get her to the trough and pull her tail to get her away. He read a great deal and had a wonderful memory—wonderful—never forgot anything."
"What church did Abe attend?"

"The Baptist. I'll tell you a circumstance about him. He would come home from church and put a box in the middle of the cabin floor, and repeat the sermint from text to doxology. I've heard him do it often."

| made use of this expression is well known. Arnold says: "The dream of his youth, the (Continued on Eighth Page.)

"Was he a religious man?"
"Well, he wasn't in early life a religious "Well, he wasn't in early life a religious man. He was a moral man strictly—never went to frolics, never drank liquor, never used tobacco, never swore. But in after life he became more religious; but the Bible puzzled him, especially the miracles. He often asked me in the timber, or sittin' around the fire-place nights, to explain Scripture. He never joined any church or any secret order."

At the ceremonies of consecrating the national burying ground for our gallant boys who fell in the battle of Gettysburg, this same Edward Everett, long distinguished as an orator and statesman, delivered the formal oration of the day. The boy, above described by Dennis Hanks, was present as President of the United States. A large concourse of Dodge. After a luncheon at Mr. Field's he rested until evening, when a dinner was given in his honor by Cornelius Vanderbilt."

"Go to now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."
The silver-tongued orator, Wendell Philips, once impressively declared:

"Understand me, I would never join one of those petty despotisms which usurp in our day the name of the Christian church. I would never put my neck into that yoke of ignorance and superstition led by a Yankee pope, and give my good name as a football for their spleen and bigotry. I cannot see any essential difference between the one portant of the United States. A large concourse of people, with many prominent men, were in attendance. After Mr. Everett had concluded, the immense assembly enthusiastically called for President Lincoln. The tew memorable words which he gave in response, are now as precious in American history as the Declaration of Independence. "As the President closed," says Arnold, "and the tears, and sobs, and cheers which expressed the emotions of the people subsided, he turned to Everett, and grasping his hand, said: "I congratulate you on your success." The orator gracefully replied: "Ah, Mr. President, how gladly would I exchange all my hundred pages to have been the author of your twenty pages to have been the author of your twenty

Mr. Lamon gives a full and graphic picture of Mr. Lincoln's career, the early portion of which can be read with profit by those who believe in the hot-house process in religion, philosophy and education. Let such remember the words of Emerson:

"The Eden of God is bare and grand; like the out-door landscape, remembered from the evening fire-side, it seems cold and desolate

evening fire-side, it seems cold and desolate whilst you cower over the coals; but once abroad again, we pity those who can forego the magnificence of nature for candle light and cards."

Was not New Salem, that little hamlet on the Sangamon River, such a "garden of Eden" to the soul of young Lincoln, where he landed at the age of twenty-two, and remained during seven years? At this time he was chiefly remarkable for great strength and skill in swinging the ax and maul, in following the plow, dexterity in wrestling, and ingenuity in telling stories. It was these accomplishments of a pioneer life that at once made him a power in that now historic little village. The following vivid and picturesque description of Lincoln's life and his associates in New Salem is from Mr. Herndon's pen:

"It lies about twenty miles north-west of Springfield. It was here that Mr. L. became acquainted with a class of men the world never saw the like of before or since. They were saw the like of before or since. They were large men—large in body and large in mind; hard to whip, and never to be fooled. They were a bold, daring, and reckless sort of men; they were men of their own minds—believed what was demonstrable; were men of great common sense. With these men Mr. Lincoln was thrown; with them he lived, and with them he moved and almost had his heir or them he moved, and almost had his being. They were skeptics all—scoffers some. These scoffers were good men, and their scoffs were protests against theology—loud protests against the follies of Christianity..... They were on all occasions, when opportunity offered, debating the various questions of Christianity among themselves; they took their stand on company space, and their own

"There were giants in those days" and Mr. Lincoln towered above them all. In equipping him for the pursuit of truth and justice, no college in the land could favorably compare with this Socratic and natural life. This boy of the mountains, of the mag nificent forests, prairies and rivers of the heart of our country, could here follow the hereditary tendencies of his mother. In the interview above alluded to, Dennis said: "Abe was a mother's boy. His kindliness, humor, love of humanity, hatred of slavery, all came from her." "His strong will from his father." His brain preponderated in the frontal and coronal portions of his head, hence good habits, great mentality, moral elevations leaves the structure of th elevation, love of truth, and loyalty to reason or God. The sturdy practical philosophers, "of large brains and bodies," were the learned professors, who educated "his strong will," "love of humanity," and taught him to know himself. These inherited tendencies impelled him to work in that largest field of action—morals and justice. The knowledge required in this field may be summed up in the couplet:

ous, social, true and manly set of people."

"Know, then, thyself, presume not God to scan; The proper study of mankind is man."

But it is replied, language must be used. We can only think in words. Very true. Now behold Mr. Lincoln's method of acquiring language, together with the perfect use of it. and the study of mankind so far as it can be had from books. His faithful and intuitive partner says:

"The truth about this whole matter is, that he read less and thought more than any man in his sphere in America. No man can put his finger on any great book written in the last or present century that he read. When young he read the Bible, and when of age he read Shakespeare. This latter book was scarcely ever out of his mind."

What does this mean? Why, that he lived in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, in reason and among men. In the study of the meaning and the use of words, of mankind and ethical laws, what books can compare with these just named? In fact, our ordinary and abstract thoughts have their beginnings, naturally, in what passes daily under our observations, or "in letting the world do all, and suffering the spirit of the hour to pass unobstructed through the mind." The contents of a book are only hear-say evidences of the truth or conclusions of some "interviewer" of Nature and Reason. A word is simply a coach for a thought to ride in-a tool to work with. What a train of thought would arise in the mind of Mr. Lincoln in the later years of his life at the word "chop." He knew its meaning by his own early experiences, and in like manner, of almost every word in his vocab-

ulary. Hence every one understands what-ever he wrote or spoke. Mr. Lamon says:
"It is a curious fact, that through all Abe's childhood and boyhood, when he seemed to have as little prospect of the Presidency as any boy that was ever born, he was in the habit of saying, and perhaps sincerely believing, that that great prize would one day he his. When Mrs. Crawford reproved him for fooling,....and asked him, 'what he supposed would ever become of him' he answered that 'he was going to be President of the United States.' That he frequently made use of this expression is well known.

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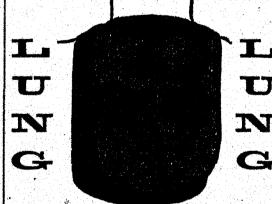
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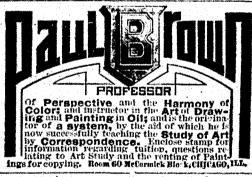
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Snore, snore, snore! Now tremble the windows and door!! O what a horrible roar!!!

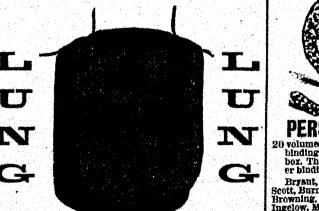
If you have a husband, wife or friend who snores,

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### Voices from the Leople.

## INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. WOMAN.

BY EULA WHEELER MITCOX'

Give us that grand word "woman" once again, And let's have done with "lady."

One's a term, Full of fine force—strong, beautiful, and firm; Fit for the noblect use of tongue or pen—and one's a word for lackeys.

The mother, wife, and sister; one the dame Whose costly robe, mayhap, gave her the name. One word upon its own strength leans and rests; The other minces, tiptoe.

The "perfect woman" must grow brave of heart And broad of soul, to play her troubled part Well in life's drama. While each day we see The "perfect lady," skilled in what to do, and what to say, grace in each tone and act ('Tis taught in schools, but needs serve native tact) Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.

Give the first place, then, to the nobler phrase, And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

#### THE BASIS OF RELIGION.

We hear from the liberal side much of "a new basis for religious unity," and are assured that re-tigion has a scientific foundation, as if it were not it-self an elemental factor in life. Does not this indicate that the liberal movement of to-day is taking a backward step, committing the very same mistake which has been the curse of Christianity, of making religion an intellectual system rather than a moral one, or of making it to consist of an intellectual as sent to philosophical theories rather than of moral aspirations? And do we not see the same mistake which created orthodox theology repeated, when our liberal men strain their thinking faculties to invent or discover intellectual reasons for those moral obli-gations which we directly feel? Thus, nothing will be accomplished beyond changing the creed, setting Spencer in the place of Jesus, the philosophy of modern writers in the place of the Platonic philoso-phy of the early Fathers. Instead of mere intellectual systems, let us have one purely ethical move-ment in religion. The so-called ethical movements are mere intellectual movements around ethics as their motto, but unsuccessful in calling forth that ethical passion within us, about which they reason, and which is the one basis and life of religion. Re-ligion is worthless whenever it ceases to be the life created and revelations obtained by our motives ends, loves, and all faculties becoming ethical,—the immersion of our entire life in the moral passion; worthless, when it becomes mere intellectual speculations about ethics or about the origin and destiny of the world. Religion is spirit and life, and is never created by proving what it should be. If in us there is a moral nature, enough to speak forth till it wake; if not in us, arguments will never-put it there. And we do have a moral nature, if we have an intellectual (though it might be more correct to say that hu man nature is ethical); and thereon must religion be based. We have a direct moral consciousness, and in it lies all our hope of the moral bettering of human life. Is not the great lack of all our modern movements in religion, faith in this moral nature of man, faith in the infinite might of moral truths, needing no propping of logic? Whether God created the world in six days or in six million rears, or whether it grew up on the shore of infinitude through eternities, warmed and lighted by the Unknowable. eternities, warmed and lighted by the Unknowable, holiness is beautiful, lovable, and blissful, love between men a beautifier and paradise-uilder; and we may go on calling forth from each other ever new powers of love, truth, and righteousness, new heavens and earths,—for the "kingdom of heaven" is within us, ever there, be the world old or young, evolved or created. Intellect divides, and intellectual exceptions are intellectual. al systems rapidly decay and change. The moral spirit is one through all ages and climes. Jesus, Buddha, and Confucius are one in it. The intellect must never pretend to form more than the everchanging superstructure of religion.
Intellectually to interpret life is hard.

Intellectually to interpret life is hard, while it is easy morally to do so. Every man, poor or rich, will respond to moral truth; while only the learned can respond to intellectual religious speculations. Base religion solely on the moral sentiment, make all preaching a direct appeal from the moral nature in one man to that in another, a mere presenting of the moral law and gospel (as definite and clear as the laws of light or heat, all these laws of conscience, and hopes and faiths of the hearts), and poor and tich, learned and ignorant, will once more unite in one spirit and one temple; and the intellect will be the servant of the heart, and science of conscience,—

On this basis, we can unite, but not if assent to a scientific theory is the test of fellowship, or belief in or negation of a certain name or doctrine. When my assent to some theory about the fallibility of Christ or the mistakes of the Bible are made tests of fellowship, I am excluded.

the end of all, character.

On this ethical foundation, we have the religion of the spirit, the revealing of the law written on our inward parts, of the gospel in our hearts. It begins by lifting the veil to the truth that character is the end of existence, goodness a blessed necessity; that all life, all force, is "a power making for righteousness"; truth and right, the fibres and nerves of this whole world, wherein no lie can thrive nor vice prosper; that goodness possesses such renewing power that, when we sinful turn to it in love, resolving to do and live it, sin and all its effects fiee away, and leave us pure and erect; if we turn to it, the universe turns to us. And it ends in the character which can say. "The Father and I are one, God in we and I in him?"

And, as in character we rise, our horizon widens: as we live better, we see more perfectly the ethical truth of the universe, the origin, end, and way of it all.

If, on this one way, we, filled with a hungering love for perfect goodness and desire to helo make triumphant the perfect will, should cry out of our souls to, the Oversoul out of which we rose, and which on all sides surrounds us, for help; or if we, foll of joy, should sing to it the praise and thanks with which our hearts are filled,—if thus we should pray and worship, call us not, therefore, superstitious. We agree with you that the end of all is character. We pray for it; we in prayer and spiritual communion draw into ourselves the good which beams from starry sky or truth-sown revelations. We worship, because we cannot help it: we must sing the praise of that Power which so has blessed us, even though he care not; must do so, as the lamb cannot but lick the shepherd's hand. To us there is the same pleasure in contemplating the ways of God all about us, his wondrous works and miracles without end, as in beholding the waving fields and whispering woods. It gives us joy to know that God lives, that our souls are but children of a larger Soul which fills all infinitude and all eternity wholly. And so, feeling within all nature the same moral life, perfected and almighty, which stirs beneath our sin and weakness, we cannot but break into songs and bymns and joy without end. Who can help it, who sees that the life of the world is ethical life, the end of the world a moral end, the origin of the world an ethical thought, the unity of the world the power of truth, the moving force of all a living Soul,—God, whose image and children we are? And shall we not at last have an ethical movement in religion?—H. Tames Lyche in The Index.

### Design.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I notice in the JOURNAL of the 14th inst. an article from The Index, by B. F. U. on, "What is the Evidence of Desigu?" In the article, he states:

"Works of art are evidence to us of intelligence,

"Works of art are evidence to us of intelligence, not as is popularly supposed, because of their adaptations alone, but because we have learned by experience that they are the productions of intelligent beings. We trace the connection from design up to an intelligent being, because we have previously traced the connection down from the designer to

The design."

Yet after making this statement, it seems to me
the ignores its fundamental principles; for it (the
statement) teaches that experience enables intelligence to coguise intelligence when displayed before
it; or rather when its results are open to inspection.
It teaches that experience does not create facts, but
slamply informs us of their present and previous exlatence. Evolution was just as true in paleozoic
times as it is to-day, although man knew nothing of

the work it was doing until Darwin laid open its

operations.

Our author intimates that the doctrine of design is fallacious, because it is predicated in part upon analogy and adaptation; but he ignores the fact that a much stronger objection could be brought against it, if found deficient in those two elements.

If man, as he says, finds design (intelligence) in the ephemeral works of his fellow man, in their construction and adaptations, why should it be thought incredible, that by the use of the same means he should be enabled to discern evidences of purposeintention—in the greater works of the universe about him? GEO. W. MORSE.

Cairo, Ill.

The Reason Why Father Adam Ate the

Apple.

(Notes and Queries.)

The following article is credited to an Hungarian newspaper, and translated into English by Sigismund Voylts, New York: The reader will pardon me if my figures should

cause him some little trouble. These may seem to you very dry at first, but only for a few moments, and then your imagination will have free scope.

It is the opinion of nearly all who believe the Bible, that mankind would have remained immortal if Father Adam had not been so weak as to yield to the entreaties of Eve, and bite the apple, thus showing to all the world who was the first to submit to petticoat government; hence death is in consequence of a bite, and if Father Adam had taken a more wholesome nourishment, he would still be living and could enjoy the society of his numerous family, as well as to note their wonderful progress. Now the question is, could he find sufficient room for himself and

family to live comfortably? or, how would the earth look if Father Adam and Mother Eve's offspring were still living?

Now take a piece of paper and pencil and follow me attentively, because it is very easy to make mistakes in such figures as ours will be.

Suppose that each married couple from the time of Adam had only three children—which all will allow is not an exaggeration. Suppose also, that since the birth of Adam until now, that 6,000 years only have elapsed, and that man did not enrich the world with a little citizen until 30 years of age,—which suppositions you will readily observe do not correspond at all with the reality.

If, therefore, the increase of generations since

If, therefore, the increase of generations since Adam be taken only two hundred times, proportioning 2 (a married couple) to 3 (three children), we receive a geometrical progression, the first of which is 2, the pointer 3 and the number of members is

200.

To enable us to make the addition of this progression we will use the following formula:

S-Ag-

Which is according to the suppositions previously made in this case:

S (Total) 
$$= 4 \left(\frac{2}{3}\right)^{209} - 1$$
.

Now we must take the logarithmic tables, and we shall discover that if since Adam's time all persons born were living, the population would be—a trifling matter—601,108 quintillions, according to English notation.

English hotation. I can see an ironical smile on your face, and hear 2011 save

you say:

"And what of it? What is the use of annoying us with these dry figures, telling us there would be in the world only 661,180 quintillions of people?"

You will excuse me if I state openly, looking into your eyes, that you pronounce those figures mechanically, without having the least idea of what they

### 651,180,000,000,000,000,000,0001 A few examples will show whether you have the

idea. Let us see:

The surface of the whole earth contains 2,000,000 geographical square miles, or, in smaller measure not quite 5,347 billions of geographical square feet. Supposing that since Adam not one person had died, and we wanted to place them,—how large a space can we give to each person? One square foot, perhaps? True, one foot is not much, and if it should be necessary to place mankind so that one person would stand on the shoulders of another, occarried that the shoulders of another of the shoulders of another occarried that the shoulder

should be necessary to place mankind so that one person would stand on the shoulders of another, occupying that square foot, the position would hardly be the most agreeable; and, perhaps, you think there would be room enough if we include the surface of the oceans? I am sorry that I must state that you are very much mistaken; even if people could live in this manner (like herrings), there would not be room enough for more than 5,347 billions. What would we do with the rest of them?

You do not mean to say that one square foot is too

You do not mean to say that one square foot is too much space for one person to occupy, or that we must be more economical? I answer, even this would not do. Admitting that 3, 5, or 10 persons could be placed on one square foot, although it exceeds all possibility, we would still be in a dilemma; for if the space be not sufficient for that number, where shall we put 123 trillions? You will admit that such a thing would be impossible.

that such a thing would be impossible.

If this be impossible, let us place them one above the other. We do not care now for the rest of the crowd but will occupy ourselves with that one person, who is in possession of that one best square foot; for example, the one who is sitting comfortably on your chair while you are resding these exciting lines. The place occupied by that person is claimed by 123 trillions more; and to enable us to satisfy partially those 123 trillions, we will commence to place them on the shoulders of the first, the third on the shoulders of the second, and so on to the end of 123 trillions. In this manner, each person placed as closely as we could pack flour bags would form a living column that would repeat itself 5,347 billions of times. But we do not care about the other columns; we will talk of the one that ascends from your chair, the lowest member of which you are. What do you think the height of such a column would be?

Suppose each person's height to be only four feet—the reader is probably taller—the reckoning is very simple; each living column would be 492 trillions of feet high, or 20,000 billions of geographical miles. The topmost member of this column (your youngest grandchild), would be 1,000 of times further from you than the sun is from the earth. Imagine now such a column to be each square foot of the earth and also on the ocean's surface, they would not only displace the sun and the moon, but also all the stars that we know.

It seems to me that your head begins to turn dizzy now, therefore, I shall only bring one more example to show you how much 661,180 quintillions are, the figures that made you shrug your shoulders at the

beginning.

Now, let us return to the column ascending from your chair. We will suppose you have just finished reading the newspaper, and feel that the column is heavier than before. This feeling induces you to ask your youngest grandchild, who is topmost on the column, why the pressure is so great. I suppose you to be a person progressing with the genius of the age, and that you have not neglected to establish a telegraph between yourself and your youngest grandchild, and, of course, can send and receive messages at any time. It is now, we will say, nine o'clock in the morning, and you have sent for an answer. About what time do you expect an answer?

The reply is very simple. Knowing that the electric spark is a very fast messenger and runs 60,000 miles in a second, how much time is required to make the jump of 20,000 billions of miles that exist between you and your youngest grandchild? Quick! It is hardly worth reflecting upon. Your grandchild will receive the message in 333,000 millions of seconds, which make 10,000 years. If your grandchild answers immediately, you can easily ascertain in 20,000 years what your little grandchild was doing this morning. It is to be regretted that at that time he will not be the youngest grandchild, but an old man 20,000 years of age, and very likely he will be about one trillion times grandfather himself.

This is enough. It is sufficiently shown that you

This is enough. It is sufficiently shown that you hardly understood the meaning of the figures—651,180 quintillions! It is also sufficiently shown how necessary it was for Father Adam and Mother Eve to bite the apple, otherwise they would have caused us an innumerable number of inconveniences.

S. P. Le Roy writes: The Journal is the best paper that I ever read.

A short time ago a sample of wheat grown in India was received and inspected by the Chicago Board of Trade. It is said to be greatly inferior to grain growing in this country.

#### PROOFS OF FAITH.

#### Given by These Who Claim to Have Been Healed Miraculously.

An interesting meeting of the faith-healers who used to gather at Farwell Hall until some doubts were entertained as to their orthodoxy was held at No. 15 Washington street yesterday. The halt, the lame, the paralytic, the blind who had received sight, the victims of sait-rheum, the blood-poisoned, the reclaimed, chronic morphine-eater, and a miscellane-ous collection of sufferers from ague, dyspepsia, and nervous disorders gathered together either to be healed of their diseases or return thanks for benefits received. Col. Clarke of the Pacific Garden Mission, who occupied the chair, in the course of a running commentary on I. Corinthians, xii., insisted that the proper exercise of the gift of healing was essential to the full development of the brdy of Christ in the Church of God. Testimony and experience being then in order, one of the sisters present, to prove that the gift of tongues still existed, quoted the "wonderful" case of Miss Reid, the Indian missionary, who in answer to prayer received the gift of taiking Hindustani. Mr. Ellis then capped this with the experience of an old Catholic friend of his who could neither read nor write. In answer to prayer which lasted from 9 to 12 one day the illiterate Catholic was endowed with power to read the Bible from beginning to end. Mr. Webb of Oak Park, who runs the meeting, and is himself a trophy of faithhealing, said there was no need for any true believer bearing pain. Christ had borne all our pain, so when he even had a headache he took it right to him.

A woman who was introduced as Sister Hood of

A woman who was introduced as sister Hood of Oak Park, next told how she had been healed of salt-rheum of forty years standing. The disease made her morbidly sensitive, and at the time of healing she was absolutely helpless. As she was reading the story of the woman with an issue of blood, who had spent her all on physicians, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse, the Lord illuminated the word to her in a miraculous way. She realized that Jesus was present in her room, and seemed to "touch the hem of His garment." She then called in the deacons of the church, and on being anointed with oil she became perfectly whole. Only once since, and that by reason of lack of faith, did her silment return, but it went as soon as her full faith was re-established.

A young woman then explained how a sick headache could be cured by faith. She had been a martyr to that ailment for years to such an extent that
relief could only be found in chloroform. Last Sunday evening, when in the midst of absolute torture,
ahe simply said, "Lord have mercy on me," and a
feeling came over her just the same as if she had
taken the chloroform, and she fell into a sound sleep.

COME AND BE HEALED.

An invitation was then extended to all who de sired healing to come forward for anointing to the front seats. Three men and one woman responded. The first was Col. Clarke, who said that although he looked all right he was suffering from blood poisonlooked all right he was suffering from blood poisoning, contracted by breathing the impure air which he could not avoid in dealing with the poor to whom he preached the gospel. As yet it had not reached any vital part, but when he went into the cold air his hands swelled up and showed signs of crysipelas. He did not feel like leaving his brethren yet, and was the did not feel like leaving his brethren yet, and was the did not feel like leaving his brethren yet, and was the did not feel like leaving his brethren yet, and was the did not feel like leaving his brethren yet, and was the did not feel like leaving his brethren yet, and was the did not feel like leaving his brethren yet. satisfied that by faith, and laying on of hands, and ancinting with oil, he would be restored. The second applicant for healing was the young woman who had been healed of sick-headache and she now who had been healed of sick-headache and she now wanted to get quit of her dumb ague. The case of the third could not be learned, but the fourth was about as pitiable and unlikely a subject for cure as could ever come to this "pool of Betheeda." He had angular curvature of the spine and both his legs were hopelessly crippled and twisted. He moved to a front seat with the aid of his crutches. When all was ready Brother Webb took from his pocket a small bottle of oil, which he handed to Brother Kirk-land of the Adelphi Mission. The latter, pouring a little on the tip of his forefinger, smeared it over Col. Clarke's bald crown, and, while several others laid their hands also on the Colonel's head, repeated: "I anoint thee in the name of the Lord Jeeus. The Lord Jesus make thee whole." The same ceremony was performed over the other three candidates for healing, and the meeting came to a close. It was certain that the crippled man was not straightened out, nor had he got any power to walk without his crutches. As the sister who had been anointed was not at the time apparently suffering from ague, the absence of any future attack will be the only true proof of cure. The reporter did not follow Clarke into the open air to see what effect the cold had on his hands, but directed his attention to the cripple who volunteered the following rather remarkable account of himself:

### count of himself: THE MORPHINE HABIT.

His name was Albert H. Buck, and he lived at No 2342 La Salle street. In 1869 he was smashed up in a railway accident, and his present condition was largely due to medical malpractice. His spine was curved, his hip joints were entirely ossified, his knee joint was perfectly stiff, and both legs were twisted, and the feet inverted. Worse than all these physical infirmities, about eleven years ago he contracted the habit of morphine-eating. Four years ago by God's power he was delivered from that enslaving vice, and his case was made a good deal of at Farwell Hall. All went well until in an evil moment a doctor unknown to him gave him morphine to relieve pain. The craving revived, and he was soon as confirmed a morphine-cater as ever. About three weeks ago when he had got to the stage that he could consum over 150 grains of morphine a week, besides imbib-ing a large quantity of stimulants, he prayed God for deliverance; and as the result of his own faith and the prayers of others he was enabled to quit both morphine and alcohol at a moment's notice, and now felt better, in health than he had done for many years. He had now been anointed with oil for the healing of his bodily allments, and had the ut-most faith that he would be restored to perfect health and strength and the complete use of his

"What certainty have you," asked the reporter in parting, "that you may not again relapse into the morphine habit?"

"I have this certainty," replied Mr. Buck, "that I am done with doctors. The Great Physician is my doctor, and He'll never prescribe morphine for me."

—Chicago Tribune.

### Disestablishment.

Canon Farrar, who occupies a high position as church official at Westminster, in an interview with press representative opposes the idea of disestablishment, or separation of Church and State, giving as his principal reason for the continued union of politics and religion that the Church would lose its power, and that the present high standing of the clergy of all denominations would be lowered—in other words, that the cause of religion must stand or fall until the time the State shall consent to carry the Church on its back, and that if these relations of Church and State are severed all other sects would suffer! This depends entirely upon the point of view. It does not appear this way to those who are standing outside the pale of the Church. The dissenters of England, who are not only supporting their own churches but are compelled by law to help support Canon Farrar's church, would be in better condition to work for their own churches if they were relieved of these compulsory contributions. Canon Farrar's position is not in accordance with the teachings of Christ, who showed its weakness in that one memorable sentence; "Render unto Cessar the things that are Cessar's." Public taxes belong to the civil government and not dogmatic organiza-tions, and it is not rendering to Cæsar what belongs to Casar for the 14,000 Episcopal priests of England to grab fifty millions a year of the public revenue out of the Treasury, put there by the British taxpayers of all sects and no sects. And it is not necessary for the perpetuity of piety or the success of religious denominations. Nowhere in the world is the Roman Catholic religion more flourishing, nowhere is it more unmixed with error, nowhere is it preached with more enthusiasm than in Ireland and America, with more enthusiasm than in treasing and America, where it does not have a penny from the State. On the other hand, nowhere is it weaker, nowhere is it more permeated with unbelief, atheism, and agnosticism than in Italy, Spain, Belgium, and France, where it still retains a greater or less degree of control over the State or received a large proportion of trol over the State, or receives a large proportion of its revenue from it, and where its clergy are supported by taxes forced out of the people. Where the clergy have to depend on the laity for support they are more realous, laborious, fatthful, and better ministers than where they are independent of their congregations and subsist out of the political treasury of the State and on taxes forced from unbelievers and unwilling payers.-Chic go Tribune.

## For the Roligio-Philosophical Journal. THE UNIVERSAL MIND.

Dickens with his vivid imagination, not only often gives to animals the reasoning faculties of a human being, but also gives them to the elementa, as if Nature herself was presided over and controlled by, some universal mind having its effect upon all things in the universe. This may not all be the offspring of Dickens's prolific imagination, but may possibly have some foundation in fact. We quote but a few lines where he is specified of the wind.

some foundation in fact. We quote but a few lines where he is speaking of the wind.

"Out upon the angry wind! how from sighing it began to bluster around the merry forge, banging at the wicket, and grumbiling in the chimney as if it bullied the jolly billows for doing anything to order.

\* \* Then off it flew with a howl, giving the old sign before the ale-house such a cuff as it went, that the blue Dragon was more rampant than usual ever afterwards. \* \* \* Being by this time weary of such trifling performances [having already taken great delight in slamming the front door in old Pecksniff's face and knocking him flat upon his back], the bolsterous rover hurried away rejoicing, roaming over moor and mesdows, hill and flat, until it got out to sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed and made a night of it."

If, as we believe, each individual being has developed from a spark of life which issued out of the united and unlimited life, and, finding as we do, that in this fractional part there is developed those faculties which constitute the human mind, does it not follow as a reasonable conclusion, that there must be in this unlimited life the greatest and grandest of all minds—the mind of the Great One? This mind as an all-pervading potent force, must reach out and have its effect up in the air, the elements, upon all nature and all things in the universe.

We know that all the organs of sense in personal beings have their limits, and this must be true of all the faculities of the human mind, for they are all more or less dependent upon the senses, which necessarily gives limits to the mind. We as limited beings, gaining only limited knowledge, through a mind and senses that are limited, it is not surprising that we should look upon the human organization as the only origin and dwelling place of intelligence

The spark of life from which we developed while an undivided part of that one life, must have been impressed by, and conscious of, the mental operations of that great mind, but our limited minds under ordinary conditions, cannot reach back and become conscious of thoughts or objects of thought, in that universal mind. Notwithstanding this limitation, we are not warranted in assuming that under higher and more favorable conditions, this barrier which separates the limited from the unlimited may not in a measure be removed. If the statements made from time to time by many different persons are true, it would appear that under peculiar conditions, either physically or mentally, or both, dim and indistinct flashes have reached them as recollections of thoughts or objects in the distant past, and far above and beyond the ordinary limits of the human mind. May it not be possible, that at times there may come to some persons while under peculiar circumstances and conditions, faint adumbrations of thoughts, or external, objects, having their origin back in the remote past, and before inception and birth as physical beings?

birth as physical beings?

It has been said by some writer, that in the line of true development and progress, there is a region or condition of "spiritual emanations"—a flowing in, as it were, of influences from the higher field of life, and where it may be possible for the Universal Mind to act upon and produce results affecting more directly the limited human mind. With the improvement of general conditions, as well as the improvement of general conditions, as well as the improvement of general conditions, as well as the improvement of general conditions of certain individuals, there appears even now some evidence to show a tendency to break through the barriers which divide the limited from the unlimited. The refinement and elevation of the individualized forces of any one or more human beings, must have a tendency to elevate, not only all other beings, but all the forces in the universe. Human beings may yet reach a point where the direct influence of the universal, will act and re-act upon the personal, and produce most astounding

The limited forces which constitute the real being when developed, produce results to which we give the name of human faculties; but it does not follow that such results are confined to the limited forces of man's organization, but it is reasonable to infer that the unrestrained and unlimited forces of nature produce like results, but on a grander scale. We may learn something—or at least be led to think upon this subject by observing the simple climbing plant. Its long tendrils will reach out in one direction seeking for support, but on finding none, it will in a short time be found to have chauged its direction, and appears to grope about until the necessary support is found, to which it at once clings and pushes on upward. There appears to be something like a purpose in this reaching out in search of a support, and the first effort failing a conclusion is arrived at that the direction must be changed, which is acted upon by feeling out in different directions, having an idea or impression from the first, that some support is essential to its growth and life.

If this is not some indication that the forces of

If this is not some indication that the forces of nature while working out results have within them that which we designate as faculties of mind, then we are led to ask what is it? You may be able to give it some other name, but that is not an explanation or answer to the question.

How often we witness in domestic animals, that which strongly resembles the faculties of the mind, such as reflection, thought, judgment and reason, but when we refer to it as such, we are at once silenced by the positive assertion of one who claims to know, that man only has a mind that can reason, and that what we have witnessed in domestic animals, although surprising, and closely resembling reason, is nothing but instinct. This illustrates the fact that it is often easier to coin a new word, than

it is to explain that which is not understood.

If the philosophy of life, so consistent and reasonable, which teaches us that the real being or self is force, and force only, be true, and as a human being is known to possess an inherent faculty called mind, is it not reasonable to infer that the great reservoir of force which permeates all forms of life and all nature, has wrapped up within it the same inherent qualities, with greater and grander possibilities, in that unceasing work being done in Nature's great

Papillon when speaking of force has said: "Human thought is the sum of all the forces of Nature because it assimilates them all while distinguishing between them by the work that it performs upon sensation." "Force is not power merely, but consciousness be sides." This theory of a Universal Mind pervading all nature, may be only a visionary dream, but if we are only dreaming, there is something in it which answers the craving of our own mind as it seeks to struggle out into Nature's inexhaustible fields of thought, and we derive great pleasure from this dream—if it is a dream—in fancying we can see an intelligence and reasoning mind in all the infinite play of the forces of nature; in the gentle breeze as it fans the heated brow, or the rushing of the wind in the conflict of the storm; in the first gray streaks of coming morning, or the glowing blush of departing day; in the rippling of the brook, or dashing of the breakers on the shore.

Those who may hurriedly run over these lines, may look upon them as unworthy of a single thought, and throw them aside, while by chance, some one that reads them may be led to recall an incident witnessed in nature more fully and clearly illustrating this theory, which may give birth to other and stronger reasons. We hope and trust this may come to the notice of some one who can give the subject expression in language, that will more clearly and fully present the thought which is here only offered as a more hint or suggestion, in relation to what we believe to be a great and grand subject.

FRANK.

### Death-Bed Experiments.

Ex-Senator Sharon, whose death is announced this morning, appears to have been made the victim of the physician's art of prolonging life a few hours beyond the point at which kindly nature would in the order of things have claimed her own. Dead in his limbs, the vital spark was kept in his body by the use of powerful stimulants, his agonies prolonged, and the angulsh of his family causelessly increased. To ask what is the use of all this is but to speak the words which will suggest themselves to every humane person on reading of the dying man's last days. Is it not desirable to go further and inquire it such practices are not barbarous and cruel? Done in the name of science, and under the guise of the healer's art, are they not inexcusably horrible? There comes a time when all flesh must die. The doctor perceives when that moment approaches. If he can postpone the final scene for a few hours after he and the dying man's relatives know that hope of recov-

ery is past he may conduct some interesting experiments, but he certainly cannot be held to be doing either the living or the dying a service. It is natural to battle with the destroyer to the last, yet there comes a time in every human being's career when the King of Terrors is clearly the victor, and when all that remains to be done is to make his final exaction as pecceful and painless as possible. It is for the enlightened and devoted physician to mark this hour, and, drawing the line himself beyond which he knows his skill will be futile, refuse to prolong a geans which nature intended should be brief.

scene which nature intended should be brief.

Under any other circumstances such proceedings as those witnessed in the Sharon case would be deemed barbarous. Though affection is loth to see the breath leave the body of a loved one, and might in its grief seek to prolong a life already doomed, it is clearly within the province, if not the duty, of the physician in attendance to say at what point experimentation shall cease.—Chicago Herald, Nov. 14th.

#### Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The Seine is being stocked with American salmon.
Its new Chamber of Deputies costs France \$1,500,000 a year.

The Great Eastern is to be moored at Gibraltar as a coal hulk.

The first stone crossing in Indianapolis was put down in 1856.

A goose that crows like a rooster is one of the

novelties at Cumberland, Md.

The new Washington mansion of Colonel John

Hay has cost him \$100,000.

The mightiest of sea monsters is a Russian ram

now being built at a cost of \$2,500,000.

A stable of fifty Clydesdale pedigree horses have just arrived at New York from England.

just arrived at New York from England.

Apple trees in some parts of California are producing a second crop of fruit this season.

The Island of Nantucket is being connected with the main laud by a submarine cable.

Coffee as a beverage is rapidly losing ground in England to and chestate being used in the

England, tea and choclate being used in its place.

At a sale of autographs in Roxbury, Mass., last week, Garfield brought 10 cents and Cleveland 7.

A man died in the Gulf of Mexico a few days ago of sea sickness—the first case of the kind on record. Recent issues of the Pall Mail Gazette, owing to the great demand, sold in Australia for \$9 per copy.

A novelty in men's watches is of Louis XIV. design with a gold dial and blue enameled figures.

James R. Bandall, who wrote "My Maryland" when he was twenty-two, is about to publish his first collection of poems.

Three young Cubau ladies who had been studying pharmacy in New York recently o pened a drug store in a fashionable quarter of Havana.

A map while fishing from the pier at Castle

A man while fishing from the pler at Castle Garden hooked a fish that was so large it pulled him in the water and he was drowned.

London Truth defines a welding present as the

outward and visible sign of the inward invisible joy a girl's family feels at getting her off their hands.

Uncle Sam, holding at Washington a court of economic ornithology, has summoned before him specimen stomachs of every species of seed-eating

birds in America

Rismarck is said to have given a growl of disapproval some time ago when one of the patty German princes proposed to sell the gems of his art gallery to an American millionaire.

An attempt to punish an unruly boy in a Holyoke, Mass., school last week brought on such a general fight that the police had to be called in to quell it, and the teacher and two pupils were marched off to the station house.

A physician in Marylaud put a human skull in a tree for safe keeping during a temporary absence and forgot it. When he thought of it again and went to get it he found that a sparrow had taken possession and raised a family in it.

The Indian names of Boston, according to Professor Harrand area temporary.

Professor Horsford, are: Accomonticus, meaning "Beyond-the-hill-little-cove;" Messatsosse (Massachusetts), "Great kill mouth;" Moshanwomuk, "Canoe place," and Shawmut, "Near the neck." Courting by flowers is the rule among higher classes in Japan. If the lady favors the suit of her adorer she leaves an empty vase outside the window,

adorer she leaves an empty vase outside the window, into which he, during the night, plants a pretty flower. This is equivalent to a formal proposal and acceptance.

A man in Rome, N. Y., possesses a remarkable curicelty in the shape of a lamb with one head, two bodies, eight legs, and two tails. Two of the forward legs extend upward, directly over the should-

ers. The four hind legs are naturally formed and support the body.

In Germany the inspection of pigs for trichine is more thorough than is generally supposed. The Medicintsche Wochenschrift states that in one year there were established in Prussla, 20,636 official inspecting stations. Out of 4,000,000 of the animals

specting stations. Out of 4,000,000 of the animals inspected, 2,000 were trichinous.

The further examination of the Archduke Rainer's papyri at Vienna has led to the discovery of an interesting and valuable fragment of Homer's Odyssey. This copy dates from the second century. Hitherto these papyri were not known to contain more of Homer than some fragments of the Iliad.

"More than 200 trees have been labelled in the Public Garden and in the Common," says the Boston Advertiser, "and, although it is said that Philadlephia pays \$1,500 to give this lesson to her children, we may at least feel sure that Boston's modest appropriation of \$250 has been well spent and makes a fair beginning."

A strip of Arabian paper dating from the ninth century, and containing a woodcut with ornaments and initials, has just been found among the papers of the Austrian Archduke Bainer. This relic shows that the art of woodcutting was probably of Arabian origin, or that it was, at all events, known to the Arabe in the ninth century.

A short time ago a little girl in Alabama wrote a note to the Emperor of Austria, congratulating him upon the happy recurrence of this birthday, which was also her own. Last week she received from the Emperor a four leaved clover in gold, with a diamond dewdrop in its centre, and inscribed: "From His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Francis Joseph I., to Charlotte Pollak."

There have been lively times at Hillsdale College, Michigan. Last week it was found that all the chairs, some 600, had mysteriously disappeared during the night. Next day they were found scattered over the country two and three miles from the college, in barns, stables, and brush heaps. It took three days to undo the mischief that a few energetic students had done in a few hours.

At a recent dinner in New York, given by the Chinese Consul to his countrymen, the bill of fare was: 1. Dragon fish; boiled celery. 2. Shark's fins, stewed; bird's nest soup; 3. Sea worm; ginger and ground nuts. 4. Fruits; eggs and preserves. 5. Devil fish; roast chicken and duck. 6. Sucking pig; bamboo shoots and rice. 7. Perfumed pork; muchrooms and sea beaus. 8. Spiced sausage; stuffed eggs and milet. 9 Tenderloins with raisins and chestnuts. 10. Moon cakes and confectionery. The drinks were tea, almond tea, arrack and Chinese liquors.

One would think that there were enough quaint and pretty pins in the jewelers' cases to satisfy the most fastidious, but two brooches recently made to order by a Boston firm seem to prove to the contrary. Both are butterfly shape, but one being of dusky gray and dark sliver, deserves to be called a miller, and the other is of gold, its wings freckled and velned with black and so finished as to stimulate the powdered appearance of the insect's wings to perfection. Both gold and sliver are besten to exquisite thinness, and the ornaments are very light. Unlike most insect pins, these are not jeweled, enamel being used for the eyes.

There is in the extreme north of Utah a magnificent subterranean reservoir of first class soda water, bubbling and effervescing out of the ground in such quantities that all America might be supplied. In the extreme south, on the road to Orderville, is an exquisite circular lakelet that is always full to the brim with water as clear and green as beryl. And wherever the water overflows the lake's edge it encruses the ground and the grass and the fallen leaves upon it with a fine coating of limestone, so that the brim is growing higher and higher with the imperceptible but certain growth of a coral reef, and in the course of generations the lake will become a concreted basin.

Continued from Second Page.

sat beside me, dressed in the warm and comfortable garments, and I quite forgot to look over my accounts. I could do nothing but

One night I came home, and was surprised at the appearance of my room. A handsome rug lay before the fire, and four faded crimson chairs and a rocker brought back the old time sense of comfort. A little table decked with a white cloth held the old fashioned chinaware which my wife had prized. At first I looked round, almost expecting to see her. But no, there stood Ally, as she had called herself, smiling and blushing, yet half afraid at my hasty exclamation.

"You won't be angry with me, will you? But all the things were up stairs, and they looked so sad and lonesome, just as I used to feel, that I thought 1'd bring some of them down stairs. Now don't they make the room look beautiful? And oh, I found this, but I didn't dare to play with it." As she spoke she brought from another part of the room a little broken, faded faced doll.

That was too much for me; my little child with its brown tresses and blue eyes came to me in the person of the waif who had brought order and symmetry and love into my desolate home, and from that moment I said: 'She shall be mine, and I will never part from her, but will be to her a father indeed.

Then I awoke from the lethargy that had bound my soul so long. I became a new man. Together we sang and worked and prattled, like two children. I ceased to think that she had ever been a stranger, and her thoughtful, womanly little ways were a constant delight to me. By degrees my home brightened more and more. The cobwebs disappeared from doors and windows; in their stead came fresh new paint and house plants. All the books were brought down from the garret, with their old racks, and nailed to the wall where my wife herself had planned for them to be placed. Every night after my work I came home to a well-ordered dinner for the child seemed to take naturally to all the mysteries of cooking, and after that I spent two happy hours in teaching her with books and slate and pencil. I was myself again. I had something to live for, something to look forward to. The flesh came again upon my bones, my old friends recognized me, and the world took on new beauty, for I saw it out of fresh young eyes, and felt

it throb in a grateful heart.

Now, in place of the rusty lock, the spent candle, and the greed for counting money in a den thick with dirt, through whose windows the glaring sun itself looks dim-in place of the discomforts of cold and niggard meals, I sit in my pleasant, gas-lighted room, filled with the perfume of flowers. Am I weary? my Alice reads to me. Am I sorrowful? she sits down at the plane and plays the sweet melodies of love, the songs of long ago. The gray hairs are shining on my temples, but, thank God, the rust and the canker have faded out of my heart.

A "Madman's" Legacy.

"Sire!" exclaimed a man in the homely garb of a mechanic to Richelleu, Prime minister of France, as he was entering his palace: "Sire, I have made a "discovery which shall make rich and great the nation which shall develop it. Sire, will you give me "an andience?" " an audience?"

"an audiencer"
Richelieu, constantly importuned, finally ordered
the "madman" imprisoned. Even in jail he did not
desist from declaring his "delusion," which one day
attracted the attention of a British nobleman, who heard De Cause's story, and developed his discovery of steam power!

of steam power!
All great discoveries are at first derided.
Seven years ago a man yet under middle age, enriched by a business which covered the continent, found himself suddenly stricken down. When his physician said recovery was impossible, he used a new discovery, which, like all advances in science, had been opposed bitterly by the schoolmen. Never-theless, it cured him, and out of gratitude therefor he consecrated a part of his wealth to the spreading of its merits before the world. Such in brief is the history of Warner's saf-cure, which has won, ac-cording to the testimony of eminent persons, the most deserved reputation ever accorded to any known compound, and which is finally winning on its merits alone the approval of the most conservative practitioners. Its fame now belts the globe.—The Her-

Professor Marsh recently read a paper before a scientific body on the size of the brain in extinct animals, in which came out the remarkable fact that in the race for life the survival of any particular group of animals depended on the size of their brain as compared with that of their contemporaries of the same class. Then, as now, brains wen the day, and the brain of animals crushed out of existence was always found to be small as compared with that of those outliving them. The law that the weakest go to the wall in the great struggle of nature seems to mean the weakest in brain power.

I was troubled with Chronic Catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health.—C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut st., Field Manager, Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa. See

The Century for December will contain the fullest account yet published of the life of Mrs Helen Jackson ("H. H."), with a frontispiece portrait and a group of her "Last poems." The latter are seven in all, and were written in view of her approaching end. The anonymous writer of the article says that these remarkable poems "add a new dignity to the falling away of the flesh and a new nobleness to human nature," The very last of these poems was written on August 8th; on the 12th the poet passed away.

A correspondent desires to know the best method of keeping chestuuts so as to preserve their pleasant taste. A method extensively adopted in the country for keeping chesinuts during the winter is to heat them, without reasting, so as to kill the insect germ which is in so many of them; then hang them in muslin bags in a dry place. They may be heated by exposure for a few minutes in a sleve placed in an

She has the complexion of a peach. Pozzoni's Medicated Complexion Powder did it. Sold by all

An international cooking match is advertised to take place in London in December, at which will be produced the favorite dishes of each nation. The Briton will present his plum pudding and roast beef, the Spaniard olla podrida, the Italian his macaroni a la garlic, the German his bratwurst and sauerkraut, the Russian his kapoosta soup, the Frenchman his fricassee, and the American his pies and roast tur-

If all so-called remedies have falled, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

The Germans have nearly stamped out small-pox. In the years 1870—1874 the number of deaths from the disease per 100,000 inhabitants in London, Paris, Vienna, Prague, and St. Petersburg was 101.05. In Berlin, Breslau, Hamburg, Munich and Dresden dur-ing the same period it was but 1.44.

Use Dr. Pierce's "Pelleta" for constipation.

An Englishman with a Chinese wife and six children lately arrived at New York from Hong Kong. The authorities were willing he should land, but would not let his family. He kicked up quite a rouse a British subject. He claimed that he was en rouse for Victoria, but scorned the idea of applying to the Chinese Consul for a transfer certificate. Seeing, however, that this was the only alternative he decided to profit by it.

regain its credit. So, also, if wise counsels volves, in case of sickness, not only a original vigor regained.

## **Speculation** The Cause

as to what will cure Dyspepsia, vanishes of all his sufferings, "enough to kill a before the light of such evidence as that dozen men," was the failure of his kidneys furnished by O. T. Adams, Spencer, O., and liver to properly perform their funcwho says: "For years I suffered acutely tions. He was permanently cured by from Dyspepsia, scarcely taking a meal, using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. George until within the last few months, with- Edwards, Boston Highlands, Mass., was out enduring the most distressing pains of cured of liver and bilious troubles by Indigestion. Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Warren my life. My appetite and digestion are Leland, the famous hotel proprietor of good, and I feel like a new man." "Two New York city, writes: "I have person-

# Ayer's Sar saparilla

saparilla cured me of Dyspepsia," writes for Rheumatism, with entire success. Evan Jones, Nelson, N. Y. Mrs. A. M. There is no medicine in the world equal to Beach, Glover, Vt., writes: "A humor it for the cure of liver diseases, gout, the of the blood debilitated me, and caused effects of high living, and all the various very troublesome scrofulous bunches on forms of blood diseases." Benj. Coachmy neck. Less than one bottle of Ayer's man, Bronson, Fla., writes: "I suffered Sarsaparilla has restored my appetite and for months from debility, and pains in the strength. It has also greatly lessened the lower part of my chest. Three bottles of swellings. I am confident they will be Ayer's Sarsaparilla have made a new man entirely removed by continued use of the of me. I am entirely cured." Doctor T. Sarsapariila." Irving Edwards, Ithaca, Porter, Cerro Gordo, Tenn., writes: "I N. Y., was afflicted, from boyhood, with have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my scrofulous sore throat. Four bottles of practice for a number of years, and find Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured him, and he has its action admirable." It never

since been troubled with the disease.

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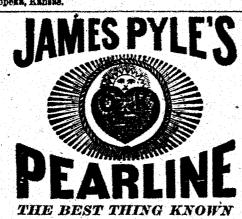
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may fail, and yet, by wise management, to get the best remedy at the outset, inare followed, the strength and vigor of waste of money, but useless suffering. a failing constitution may be restored. John H. Ward, 9 Tilden st., Lowell, Mass., Many cases like the following could be says: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of cited: Frank Laprise, Salem st., Lowell, boils, sores, and itches, which no other Mass., says, that on account of impure remedy could remove. I tried several blood, his whole constitution was shaken. other so-called 'sarsaparillas,' but re-After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla freely for ceived no benefit from them." William a month, his health was restored, and his H. Mulvin, 122 Northampton st., Boston, Mass., writes that

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to vitalize the blood and expel impurities.

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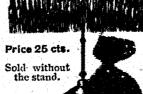
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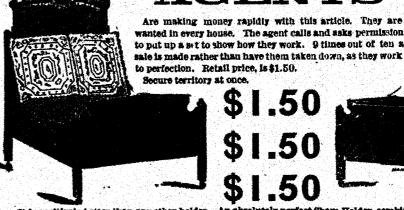
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amiration of his life, was to be the liberator of the negro race." This is what in transcendental phrascology, may be called "hitching your wagon to a star." Therefore his personal aims were as definite as they were high. He was preparing to "hitch on" in New Salem; first as grocer's clerk, then surpressed law student retificages at mm. speech New Salem; first as grocer's clerk, then surveyor, law student, pettifogger, stump-speech maker, legislator and lawyer, after which he removed to Springfield. Bearing in mind his hereditary influences, "love of humanity and hatred of slavery," it would seem as though the learned professor of Oxford had young Lincoln and his environments before him when he wrote:

him when he wrote: "For carrying out the chief objects of our life on earth, very little of what is now called civilisation is really wanted. Many things are pleasant, without being really essential to our fulfilling our missions on earth. For laying the foundations of society, for settling the broad principles of law and morality, for discovering the deep traces of order and unity in nature, and for becoming conscious of the presence of the Divine within and without, a life in the forests, on the mountains, aye, even in the desert, is far more favorable than a lodging in Bond street." These conclusions of the great philologist and deductive phi-

losopher are brave, as they are true and pertinent to Mr. Lincoln and all self-made men.

In the same key note Wendell Phillips gave a bugle-blast in Harvard University that is still ringing in its antiquated halls. And to-day that accomplished scientist, Alexander Winchell, with pen and tongue is most eloquently attacking the educational methods of our schools and institutions of learning. People are slowly finding out that our systems of education, the divine right of kings-even Christianity itself-originated in the belief of a personal God, and in the geocentric theory, which made the earth the immovable centre of the universe. The doctrine which logically followed, that God as a personality is outside of nature, having on earth as solely cognizant by his will and especially delegated to do his bidding, popes, kings, clergymen and priests, is fast becoming obsolete. Their inductive methods of teaching and reasoning, however, universally prevail, and the immense reservoir of knowledge is assumed to lie in the exclusive keeping of these functionaries and their diplomatized professors. Parent and teacher are incited to nourish the brain from youth through manhood from their reservoir, instead of educing his innate faculties to activity. Theologians always have controlled, and continue to control our higher institutions of learning and generally our common schools. To maintain their hold on the popular mind, they iterate and reiterate the text which runs through the Bible and their theology, that "No man hath seen God at any time;" this, too, when every thinking person ought to know, that from the first dawn of his own consciousness he has always been face to face with God. These consecrated and costly "high places" are generally equipped for God's glory as well as their own. They are profusely supplied with Bibles and theological literature, or text books. The latter may be said to constitute the aqueducts through which flow accumulated religion and learning. These supply pipes are on tap at the will of preacher and teacher. The absurdity of all this, and its demoralizing effects upon its deluded victims, are seen in what is now taking place in Montreal, at present writing, where that deadly epidemic, the small-pox, is fearfully prevailing. of Health, mostly Christians, have closed the religious sentiment of a great part of the population of the city, by declaring that the public welfare demands the closing of the churches. These Christians maintain that when such a calamity is upon them, the churches should be kept open, that they may resort to them to pray for the dead, for the recovery of those afflicted with the malady and that they may in those holy places prostrate themselves in prayer for divine succor and consolation. The vast superstructure of Christianity and its methods of education, founded upon a false basis, overshadows and gives direction to thought and action in the other "learned professions." Medical men assume to be experts in matters of mind, as well as of the human body. On dissecting it, they fail to find any soul, hence they exclude soul or spirit from their science. Flint's Physiology, a voluminous and learned American work and an authority in colleges and schools, thus annihilates the souls of men: "The brain is not, strictly speaking, the organ of the mind, for this statement would imply that the mind exists as a force, independently of the brain; but the mind is produced by the brain substance." Thus they regard mind, or the soul, as purely phenomenal—as something holding about the same relation to the brain, as music to the violin, when the violin plays itself. If you wish to throw one of these doctors into fits, say to him that the reverse of this dogmatic statement is the truth; that is, the brain of a man is the organ of his spirit. If you desire to excite his senile garrulity to the production of a series of trashy novels, simply men-tion "Molly Fancher," the renowned Brook-lyn clairvoyant. You can instantly throw a theologian into agony by quoting from the Platonism of Fichte, Schilling and Hegel, that: "The entire system of the universe therefore, is a species of organization formed from a centre outwards, and rising ever from lower to higher stages." This is certain to make him roll his frenzied eves lovingly to his insulted personal God and cry, Pantheism, Pantheism! It is then an easy matter to send him off into spasms by saying that spirits in the other world can and do communicate with spirits in the body. Now make your will and die. Then these "Experts" will have the best of you and will take revenge. They will walk into the court, swear that you are a lunatic and aid in breaking your will and giving your prop-

LINCOLN'S VIEWS OF SPIRITUALISM. In connection with the religious views of President Lincoln, the writer hereof has been especially requested by prominent parties, present the available evidence of his relation to, and belief in, the modern spiritual phenomena. It is evident from his great spirituality inherited from his mother, that when an exciting cause came, he would not hesitate to seek sensible evidence of continued spirit existence after death. That this cause came to him will be shown. His great spiritual nature is disclosed by Mr. Herndon in a few words: "His mind ran back behind all facts, things and principles to their origin, history, and first cause—to that point where forces act at once as effect and cause." "The veil between him and the supernatural was very thin," says Arnold. Special phrases of his spiritual mindedness, nch as presentiments, visions and dreams, are given by biographers of Mr. Lincoln.

erty to the very persons you did not intend to

Says Arnold.
"Mr. Lincoln often declared to his intimate

friends that he was from boyhood super stitions. He said that the near approach of the important events in his life were indicated by a presentiment or strange dream, or in some other mysterious way, it was impressed upon him that something important was to occur. There is a tradition that on his visit to New Orleans, he and his companion, John Hanks, visited an old fortune teller, a Voudou negress. Tradition says that during the interview, she became very much excited, and, after various predictions exclaimed: 'You will be President, and all the negroes will be free."

At another place, Mr. Arnold continues the subject in this strain.

"We have seen that Lincoln in his younger days dreamed of being an emancipator. In what way this dream or presentiment entered his mind, whether it was the prophecy of the Voudou on his visit to New Orleans, or whether it was one of those mysterious impressions which come from no one knows where, it is impossible to tell. A careful reading of his speeches and writings will indicate that in some way there had been impressed upon his mind a premonition that he

was to be an agent in freeing the slaves." Mr. Arnold also corroborates statements made by several other persons of the strange dream narrated by the President on the very day of his assassination. This dream was the last of all the remarkable chain of presentiments which had marked his extraordinary life. It is thus graphically told by Judge Pierrepont in his address to the jury

in the celebrated Surrat trial: Mr. Pierrepont resumed his remarks, and said he now came to a strange act in this dark drama-strange, though not new-so wonderful that it seems to come from beyond the veil that separates us from death. It is not new, but it is strange. All governments are of God, and for some wise purpose the Great ruler of all, by presentiments, portents, bodings, and by dreams, sends some shadowy warning of a coming dawn when a great disaster is to befall a nation. So was it in the days of Saul—when Cæsar was killed—when Brutus died at Phillippi—so was it when Christ was crucified—so was it when Harold fell at the battle of Hastings-so was it when the Czar was assassinated—so was it before the bloody death of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States. In the life of Cæsar by DeQuincy, in the life of Pompey, by Plutarch, is given the portents that came to warn Pompey. Here it is we find how Cæsar was warned. We find it true in all cases, and never in the whole history of the world. and never in the whole history of the world has there been a single instance when the assassins of the head of a movement have not been brought to punishment. The assassin of a ruler never has escaped, though he has taken 'the wings of the morning and fled to the uttermost parts of the earth.' On the morning of April 14, Mr. Lincoln called his cabinet together. He had reason to be joyful, but he was anxious to hear from Sherman. Grant was here, and he said 'Sherman was all right;' but Mr. Lincoln feared, and related a dream which he had the night before -a dream which he had previous to Chancellorsville and Stone River, and whenever a disaster had happened. The members of the Cabinet who heard that relation will never forget it. A few hours afterward Sherman was not heard from-but the dream was ful-filled. A disaster had befallen the government, and Mr. Lincoln's spirit returned to the God who gave it. The dream was fulfilled. It was to this purport. He seemed to be at sea in a vessel, that was swept along by As a preventive to its spreading, the Board | an irresistible current toward a maelstrom, from which it seemed no power could save schools. This Board has now shocked the her. Faster and faster the whirling waters swept the fated ship toward the vortex, until, looking down into the black abyss, amid the deafening roar of the waves, and with the sensation of sinking down, down, down an unfathomable depth, the terrified dreamer awoke. The same terrible dream Mr. Lincoln had four times; first before the first battle of Bull Run, again before the second disastrous defeat at the same place, again before the battle of Murfreesboro', and finally, as above mentioned, on the night before his own assassination. Mr. Lincoln had at last come to recognize the dream as a portent of some

grave disaster." His biographer, Mr. Lamon, says: "The writer of those pages riding over the prairies of Illinois with him long years ago travelling from one county to another to attend the courts, was told by him repeatedly that he did not recollect the time when he did not believe that he would at some day be President. It seemed to him manifest des-tiny. "I will get there," he would say seemingly in the fullest confidence of realizing his prediction.".... "His mind was filled with gloomy forebodings and strong apprehensions of impending evil, mingled with extravagant visions of personal grandeur and power. His imagination painted a scene just beyond the veil of the immediate future, gilded with glory, yet tarnished with blood. It was his destiny; splendid but fearful, fascinating but terrible......He never doubted for a moment but that he was formed for some great or miserable end. He talked about it frequently and sometimes calmly Mr. Herndon remembers many of these conversations in their office at Springfield, and in their rides around the circuit. Mr. Lincoln said the impression had grown in him all his life, but Mr. Herndon thinks it was about 1840 that it took the character of a 'religious conviction.' To him it was fate, and there was no escape nor defense. The present iment never deserted him, it was as clear, as perfect, as certain, as any image conveyed by the senses. He had now entertained it so long that it was as much a part of his nature as the consciousness of identity. All doubts had faded away, and he submitted humbly to a power which he could neither comprehend nor resist. He was to fall,—fall from a lofty place, and in the performance of a great work. The star under which he was born, was at once brilliant and malignant; the horoscope was cast, fixed, irreversible; and he had no more power to alter or defeat it in the minutest particulars than he had to reverse the law of gravitation. After the election he conceived that he would not 'last' through his term of office, but had at length reached the point where the sacrifice would take

"Which ever way it ends," said the President to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, alluding to the war, "I have the impression that I shall not last long after it is over." To another he said: "I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the rebellion. When it is over my work will be done.

Mr. Arnold quotes the following from Harper's Monthly for July, 1865, written by John Hay, one of President Lincoln's private secretaries:

"It was just after my election in 1860." said Mr. L., "when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day and there had been a great hurrah boys, so that I was well tired a great 'hurrah boys,' so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay, was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my

face I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered,—perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it the second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and I went off in the excitement of the hour, forgot all about it, nearly, but not quite-for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home I told my wife about it, and a few days after, I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was a sign that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that 1 should not see life through the last term."

It is asked, what is this marvellous attribute of mind: In the animal kingdom it is known as instinct. In the economy of the bee-hive, it is exercised in the most varied and perfect manner. That great scientist, the late Prof. Agassiz, following in the line of the experimental philosophy of his school made an entirely erroneous explanation of the method of comb-building by the bee. The fact is, that this little insect in that work by intuition, or its reason, if you please, solves an intricate geometrical problem, and did so long before the days of Euclid. The wonderful methods of the bee caused it to be adopted as the emblem of royalty in Egypt long before Meses was found in the but when are fore Moses was found in the bulrushes, avebefore thought was expressed in written language. It has inspired the concord Sage, if not the Harvard professor:-

"Wiser far than human seer, Yellow breeched philosopher! Seeing only what is fair, Sipping only what is sweet Thou doet mock at fate and care, Leave the chaff, and take the wheat."

This faint and special glimmering of reason in the animal, culminates in mankind as intelligence, cumning, ingenuity, sagacity, seer-ship, inspiration, reason and intuition. The latter impels the bee in most of its work.\* Near two thousand years before Galileo was tortured by the Christian church for asserting that the "world moves," the intuitive Pythagoras, in his school at Crotona, taught the present heliocentric system of the universe. Discovery, invention, art, poesy music, seer-ship, prophecy, are all the fruitage, the results of inspiration, intuition, reason—God. Do what President Lincoln did, think, think, think, clearly, logically, then the problem of the mind will solve itself—von will then see and feel immortality. self-you will then see and feel immortality, unfoldment, eternal progression, without occular spirit manifestations. The instances above quoted of presentiments, dreams, etc., are, at the most, but crude coruscations of

Mr. Lincoln's constant gladiatorial work in the arena of law and politics, would not bring into play in daily life the highest attributes of his mind. Yet, as has been shown, flashes from Deifle sources came to him. In talking with a friend in 1858 he said: "Sometimes in the excitement of speaking I seem to see the end of slavery. I feel that the time is soon coming when the sun shall shine. the rain fall on no man who shall go forth

to unrequitted toil." On occasions of consequence, the first marked manifestation of his reason would be great sagacity. Secretary Seward said that "Lincoln's cunning amounted to gen-ius." Ingenuity or sagacity in an emergency, gave lightning flashes for his action,—mark, at the right time. "All things have two handles; beware of the wrong one," said a seer. The "genius" of Socrates did not advise him to act or to find, but if he purposed to do somewhat not advantageous, it dissuaded him. It was Lincoln's genius, sagacity, that in matters of any moment, prevented him from taking hold of the "wrong han-

"From the heart of God proceeds, A single will, a million deeds."

Life, how amazing! Death, how appalling! Birth, agony, and joy! Death, grief and lamentation! Herein is found the exciting cause that impelled the President to resort to spiritual phenomena. His son Willie died, Feb. 20th, 1862, having entered upon his twelfth year of age. This was a fearful affliction to Mr. Lincoln, and at times he gave up to great grief. Carpenter says that during these days of mourning the Rev. Dr. Vinton of Trinity Church New York, called upon him, and tried to give words of consolation. Among many, these are given:

"Seek not your son among the dead! he is not there! he lives to day in Paradise." "It may be that he, too, like Joseph, has gone, in God's good providence, to be the salvation of his father's household."

In relation to the kind expressions of the Rev. Doctor, in affecting their purpose, Mr. C. then adds: "Through a member of the family, I have been informed that the President's views in reference to spiritual things seemed changed from that hour." And Mr. C. would have the world believe that it was such "sugar-coated" expressions of tradition and the church that changed Mr. Lincoln's views upon spiritual things; and this, too, when in his book are these sentences from the pen of Mr. Herndon, who knew the cast of the President's mind better than anyone else:

"In order to believe he must see, feel, and thrust his hand into the place....before he had faith—belief."... Say So's, he had no respect for, coming though they might from tradition, power or authority. Nay! nay!! A mind like Mr. Lincoln's for its peace and resignation, under so great a bereavement, demanded proof of the continued spirit exstence of the absent loved one. It was for this purpose, and this alone, that he visited spiritual mediums, and was visited by them in Washington during the years succeeding the death of the boy Willie.

By using the many authoritative quotations in the preceding pages, the writer has kept his own personality therefrom as much as possible, and yet faithfully do his work. But now, like the lawyer who is trying a case, and takes the stand and gives evidence therein, the writer makes this corroborative statement in relation to the mediums, J. B. Conklin, and Mrs. Maynard who was in 1863, Miss Nettie Colburn:

\*The published explanation of Agassiz, was that all building was mechanical; that the bee worked the wax into form around its body, as the bird builds its nest. Every aplarist knows that is not correct. The writer has had an observation hive of bees in a bay window of his dwelling for years and in what he says of the intuition of the bee knows what he is

The writer testifies that he was well acquainted with J. B. Conklin, the spirit medium, hereafter named by S. P. Kase; that he knew him well and intimately from the year 1853, up to the time of his death about 1866, then aged forty-eight; that during these years said Conklin was widely known and celebrated as a medium for tests, especially for that of spirit identity, and that he resided, most of this period, in the city of New York: that said Conklin has been a member of the writer's family for weeks at a time, on three different occasions; that he was a man of truth and veracity and of more than ordinary intelligence; that ex-President Fill-more, Judge Albert H. Tracy (a warm and intimate friend of R. W. Emerson), Hon. Henry W. Rogers and other influential men of Western New York, have with great satisfaction attended the spiritual scances of said Conklin, at the house of the writer. In the summer of the year, 1864, said Conklin told the writer, that in the year previous he had breakfasted and dined with President Lincoln in the White House at Washington; that in reply to the question," How that happened?" Conklin said, in substance, that he was imperatively ordered by his spirit guide, to, at once, go over to Washington, and on his arrival notify the President of the fact; that he immediately went there and sent a note to Mr. Lincoln; that in reply, a note was sent back making an appointment when the President would see him; that he stayed in that city a week or two and gave the President during that time four spiritual scances in his private room; that on seeing Mr. Lincoln in his private room; that on seeing Mr. Lincoln he then recognized him as having been at his rooms on Broadway, New York, before he was elected President. The writer further states that for about twenty years he has been personally acquainted with the medium mentioned by Mr. S. P. Kase as Nettle Maynard; that her maiden name was Colburn; that the said Mrs. Maynard and her husband, now reside and have for some years, at the village of White Plains, near New York; that during the latter part of October. 1885, the said Mrs. Nettie Maynard personally informed the writer, that in the year 1863, she gave a spiritual scance at the house of Mr. Laurie, which President Lincoln and his wife attended; that her life and experiences as a medium were now being prepared for publication in which would appear her account of that scance.

Col. S. P. Kase, a citizen of Philadelphia, has published a long statement under the heading:

"Abraham Lincoln. Was he influenced by the phenomena of modern Spiritualism to the great and mighty responsibility of eman-

cipating four millions of slaves? The present writer does not believe Lincoln was thus influenced. His sole object here is to prove that President Lincoln attended spiritual scances, not for amusement as he read Artemus Ward, but as an earnest and candid seeker for a knowledge of the fact of immortality and especially to learn of the condition of his son in the other world. Therefore, only so much is taken from Col. Kase's letter to the public, as relates to the mediums. Conklin and Maynard. With the former, the Colonel was acquainted prior to the year 1862, at which time he met him in the city of Washington and took a letter from Conklin to President Lincoln who broke it open and read it, seemed a little surprised, saying:

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND COL. KASE.

"What does this mean?" My reply was, "I do not know what the letter contains, but I have no doubt that it means just what it says."

"You do not know," responded the President, "what this letter is, and yet you think strength, and I heartily recommend it for diseases

it means just what it says?"
"Yes, sir; I think so," I replied.
"Well, then," said the President, "I will read it for you," Here is the letter:

"I have been sent from the city of New York by Spiritual influence pertaining to the interest of the nation. I can't return until I see you. Appoint the time.

Yours, etc. (Signed.) J. B. CONKLIN."

The President then said, "What do you know about Spiritualism?"

A. "I know very little, but what I do know you are welcome to." President. "Let me hear." Col. Kase then proceeds to relate some of

his interesting spiritual experiences, and then says: "This, dear reader, was what I told Abra-

ham Lincoln in July, 1862."

President Lincoln seemed very much interested and said: "Tell Mr. Conklin that I will

see him on Sunday, between 9 and 10 A. M." "O, no, was my reply; write him a letter."
"O, yes, I will write him a letter." was the reply of the President,

The Colonel adds that four weeks after he carried the Conklin letter to the President, he and Judge Wattles, in the evening, attended a spiritual scance at the house of Mrs. Laurie, at which was Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln. Among the mediums that attracted the especial attention of the President, the Colonel mentions the name of Mrs. Nettie Maynard. Col. Kase states that two evenings thereafter he attended another scance at Mrs. Laurie's. where he again met Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

The father, mother and sister, mentioned in the following verified statement are deceased. However, there are living, other persons, who know of the truth of the matters therein stated. These persons prefer, at this time, to have their names kept from the pub-

> LINCOLN IN THE SEANCE ROOM. WASHINGTON, D. C., October 31, 1885.

Col. J. C. Bundy, Chicago, Ill.: DEAR SIR:-I have been requested by your friend, Mr. C. O. Poole, to make a statement in writing regarding what I know of visits, etc., by President Lincoln, at my father's house for investigation of Spiritualism.

My father, the late Cranston Laurie, was a

well known and leading Spiritualist for many years prior to his death, all of which time he resided in or near the city of Washington, and was a clerk in the United States post office, holding the especial office of stat-istician. My mother and sister were mediums. About the commencement of the year 1862. my father became personally acquainted with late President Abraham Lincoln, and my belief is that through my father's influence, the President became interested in Spiritualism. I have very often seen Mr. Lincoln at my father's house engaged in attending circles for spiritual phenomena, and generally Mrs. Lincoln was with him. The practice of attending circles by Mr. Lincoln at my father's house continued from early in 1862, to late in 1863, and during portions of the time such visits were very frequent. This was especially the case after the President's son Willie died. I remember well one even-ing when Nettie Colburn, a medium, was present, Mr. Lincoln seemed very deeply interested in the proceedings and asked a great

I have on several occasions seen Mr. Linoln at a circle at my father's house, so much can Publishing House, Onionea.

many questions of the spirits.

influenced, apparently by spiritual forces, that he became partially entranced, and I have heard him make remarks while in that condition, in which he spoke of his deceased son Willie, and said that he saw him. I have on several occasions seen Mr. Lincoln take notes of what was said by mediums. At one circle, I remember that a heavy table was being raised and caused to dance about the room by what purported to be spirits. Mr. Lincoln laughed heartly and said to my father, "Never mind, Uranston, if they break the table, I will give you a new one." On one occasion, I remember well of hearing my father ask Mr. Lincoln, if he believed the phe-nomena he had witnessed was caused by spirits, and Mr. Lincoln replied, that he did so believe. This was on a Sunday evening late in 1862. I fix the time by the fact that I was injured the same evening by arunaway horse. In 1862, I was fifteen years of age. My father, moved from Washington to a place in the country outside the city late in 1863. J. C. LAURIE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of November, 1885.

THEODORE MUNGER. U. S. Commissioner.

The phenomena of modern Spiritualism are only infinitesimal portions of religion. There is no question, but that Mr. Lincoln witnessed them, treated them fairly, sincerely and kindly, as he would our telegraphic system, or the boy who brought its dispatches to him. To what extent he recognized these phenomena, as links in a chain of evidence proving the immortality of the soul, or of spirit identity, was known only to himself. There is no doubt, but that in the last years of his solemn and eventful trials, personal and public, gentle soothing influences came to his wearied soul from spiritual sources, through mediums and in other ways. Of all noble men embalmed in history, he believed in living and acting in one world at a time and in the right way. The diamond point on which his world revolved was that of his favorite poet:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp The man's the goud for a' that."

This sentiment inspired him to work entirely in the adjustment of social, political and civil rights. Never as a partizan of Christianity, Spiritualism or any ism, or sect; but always as the fearless and eloquent champion of the " plain people "-- the entire brotherhood of man. In this aspect he stands peerless and alone. No man had a stronger love of justice, and this as a living substantial principle inspired his work. It was so potent to him that like the bee, he could not help from working in just and true relations with the pure and good, in accordance with a clear perception of his relation to the universe-reason-God.

In the divine record of the deeds of such a man will be found his religion or philosophy. Do we like that religion? There is an inexhaustible supply. The universe outside and inside is a real essence of forces and principles, infinite and finite. Let us live and work-work, work in accord with principles-not forces-always inspired by use and justice, and then can flow into our consciousness all there is of the religion of poets, prophets, philosophers and as did Abraham

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