

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

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#### THE PANTHEISTIC PANACEA.

The new practice of the healing art, curing without medicine, is founded on the theory that God is not only infinite, but that he is all; man but a shadow, who finds but a second shadow in the material world. And, as God cannot be sick, so sickness is but the name of an unreality, an apprehension or fear, to dismiss which from our thought is to be rid of disease. The doctors of this view are physicians metaphysical, a school of philosophy whose application to the morbid conditions of human life is a form of plety transcending any wordy and symbolic ritual of the Church. But is man nothing imaginably or indeed in himself? As a modest person tries to make himself small in a great and distinguished company, so does true religion consist in reducing to annihilation the whole of ourselves. The good earthly parent would have his child obedient, but not confounded and absolutely lost in filial devotion. He is pleased, rather, as his offspring grows, to have them become independent and distinct in an identity of their own as well as his. Such is nature's way. The old mother bird pushes her brood over the edge of the nest, to fly on their own account; and for what is the human soul fledged of the spirit but to be somebody itself, and wing its course in this wonderful universal air? If God is or swallows all, then we are not his relations and can have with him no tie. He is not a father. He has no kith or kin. He is Saturn devouring all he begets. Worship and even sacrifice of self are thus hypocritical or impossible. Not existing, we could not so assume or pretend to be. But this is absurd. Many have questioned the divine being, but the human, none are so foolish or hardy as to deny. If suicide of the human could occur, the divine, too, would disappear. Prayer would perish, because there could be none to pray to, if none to pray. Fruit, like the grape, may be preserved in its own juice; but the fruit of the spirit would be smothered, if it grew not fresh on that tree of life which, not producing it, were a barren bole.

The Christian God is, therefore, an improvement immense on the Pagan. Consecration in time and personal continuance in eternity depend on our being more, than drops or mist of a mirage, dissolving in the sea from which they rose.

But, if we be more than reflections in water or a glass, and have an individual, persistent substance of our own, we must not be passive alone, each to a superhuman agency. We must be and do something every way, far as our faculty may go, for ourselves, looking out for our health, on our guard watching against all the ill the flesh is heir to or in ours by its own fault. Mind-cure practitioners tell us it is not by exertion, but renunciation of will, that the miracle of restoration ever was or can still be wrought. But how came by will it will be renounced? What but a higher wish can put a lower wish away? To bear may require a stronger will than to do; and to do our best, while we endure patiently what no effort can avoid, is more acceptable to God than any obsequious cringing to his decrees or surrender to fate. Even the heathen Neptune was confessed and adored, not by the sailor's lying down in the bottom of the boat, but bravely breasting and steering through the storm whose wind and wave would go over him, unless he went over them.

Not pantheism in medicine, which were the sentinel's desertion of his post; and not atheism or materialism, which is disloyalty to the commander-in-chief; but theism, which is the use of our own powers in reliance on the divine help and blessing, is the proposition which alone can be clearly maintained.

That all is God and for the best is a fine speculation, formulated as pantheism, optimism, or spiritualism, or however else it be called. But, applied to conduct, to all our actions to others and to ours, it is half

truth and half a lie. All was good, said God over his finished work. But the law, broken by Adam and Eve, or breaking them by not being by them kept, brought the flaming sword in the hands of the avenging angel upon the walls of Eden, with a curse casting them outside the gate. If mind-cure, beautiful as an opinion, lead to any neglect or violation of the conditions of health,—whole-some exercise, drugs that are specifics, drains, quarantine of small-pox, cholera, and plague, use of pure water and air, prevention of human contagion, carnal pestilence, hateful garments spotted with the flesh,—then no fine gold ever grew so dim as will all the glory of recovery of this immaterial kind, whose value will thus depreciate like an irredeemable note, and turn from a panacea to a bane. There is no one method which is a cure-all, no single sovereign remedy, infallible potion or lotion, magnetic, mesmeric, animal, or intellectual operation, which can be an antidote to all maladies or sure deliverance from death. No marvels of restoration or resurrection have succeeded to introduce wonder-working as the usual way to set a limb, subdue a fracture, open blind eyes and deaf ears, or fetch back from the brink of the grave. The common sense of mankind has not abdicated in favor of prodigy or thaumaturgy. The surgeon cannot yet lay down his case of instruments nor the apothecary close his shop. God and nature furnish no examples of medical monopoly. Speak well of the bridge that carries you over, and learn there is more than one way. Thank whoever, in your distress of body and mind, has pulled you through. The ropes and pulleys are many in this life vessel which, with all on board, ploughs the human sea; and the rigging sooner or later will require, to manage it, all hands.

But, having stated thus some criticisms or exceptions, I must proceed to advocate the point of mind-cure, properly interpreted and defined, as no local, passing craze, but deserving and sure to have more attention than it has received.

In "As You Like It," the Duke says to his co-mates in exile of the cold and biting wind,—

"This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am."

But there is teaching, above the elements, and a remedial agency when they, in their fury, have done their worst. Sickness and sin, as one writes me, are our foes alike, both undesirable and detestable; and to be fought with the same weapons; yet, as sickness comes of sin, we have no art to make void the retributive law. Could the long account of personal and ancestral transgressions have its awful score wiped off without payment and in an hour, there were no further use for tables of commandment, of a bar of God, or a judgment day. Pulpit and platform and judge's bench would, in the sea of license and impunity, go by the board. Endless woe for transient trespass would make existence no boon, but absolute exemption from all lasting consequence of iniquity would make our being a trifle and farce. We should thus not be moral creatures, but insects; do many butterflies wanton and wavering in the breeze. Human self-indulgence would be like the crossing of flies. Yet this outrage of a boundless hell, the doctrine of a sudden salvation, with equal irrationality, cancels or flanks. Life is above, and cannot be quite brought under, any authority of law, being the expression of love which no statute can originate, overstep, or confine. A law is but the course taken by the nature which it never made, any more than the track can make an engine, the orbit the planet, or the banks a stream. The universe is not a slow procession, but series of starts. At last, in an instant, by the rising tide, the boat aground is lifted, when no pushing could have stirred her a moment before. Dropping his superfluous baggage lets the traveller at once through the needle's eye of a gate, which else no crowding could have forced. There are not only gradual unfoldings, but quick and great shoots of development, new departures in vegetable and animal growth. Darkness did not with long gestation hold light in its womb. Let it be, God said, and it was; and our souls are not only expansions of order, but receptacles of grace. Cases of speedy deliverance, like the opening of prison doors, have, in the new treatment of disease without prescription, multiple report. Why should not the human frame be capable of regenerating influx from its source? Is there any falsity in these old figures of lying in a father's arms and on a mother's breast which a more than earthly filial piety employs? A few bolts and flashes cleanse the air overhead of impurity heaped up for a harmful store through sultry weeks and dog-star months. Is there not an electric renewal from the spirit possible for those who gaze on the lightning with a pleasing fear as it slips so smooth and mighty from the swiftly sailing, turbid, tormented cloud? If so, surely it is or implies no unnatural fact. Are they fables, those secret refreshings of the spirit of which saints and poets tell? It is matter of inward history, to be edited and published in the great hereafter, if not now, that such as, however gigantic, leaned on their own strength, have rotted at the centre and decayed at the root like hollow-hearted oaks and pines that fall in the forest with unexpected crash; while those who have sought and soaked nourishment from the divinity to which they lived habitually close have, out of unpropitious weakness, persisted with healthful longevity to astonish and outlive their alarmed friends. Soundness of body and mind is the one friendly wish and

salute of men to each other in all ages and lands; and, if a constant, lively sense of the great Lover and supreme Author, in all its effects on our thought and conduct, impart it not, then it is indeed beyond our reach. Be the religious consciousness spontaneous or contagious, it will act as a defence against all infection of evil, if not to prevent mortal ill altogether, yet to soften and abate every injury till the fleshly house we inhabit be moved, taken down, or so transformed that a resurrection or re-formation of the body may be found to prove, as metaphor at least, a true description of the future life.

The mind-cure practice implies that those it is exercised by, penetrate and possess the patient's soul with this feeling of God as the alone Real, before which maladies must flee like shadows before the vertical sun. The rapidity claimed for the operation must of course abide the test of evidence. Let us but note that velocity to any goal, on land or water, is an increasing accomplishment as well as constant aim. The child cannot wait. It must have at once what it wants! How marvellous the satisfactory working of assurance, put instead of apprehension, in all our relations and affairs! "Thy sins are forgiven": belief of that declaration is the only miracle worth being wrought. Yet only mischief will come of presumptuous attempts entirely to abolish the steps in taking which wisdom and safety consist:—

"I'll drop my burden at his feet,  
And bear a song away."

But I must carry it to that place! Life, if it be a thread, is less often snapped than worn thin and spun out. If it be a fluid, it is not commonly emptied all at once, but dipped into and exhausted by degrees. If it be a solid, it is apt to be wasted and crumbled rather than crushed. The revival from decline and threatened extinction will ordinarily be in like measure and proportion. When the candle is lighted at both ends, there is still a rate of burning, though twice as fast; and fresh supplies of energy, recuperations, however abundant and extraordinary, are legitimate. You may gain several pounds of flesh in a week, and boost the more than crystalline or chemical increment. But could the increment be observed, doubtless it would appear to be by particles in every tissue and fibre and drop.

Swift action and slow by turns is the way of him who is never either tardy or premature; and our own wrong or ill-advised behavior never forgets to react. Colonel Hayne is said to have died of Webster's reply. Over-sensitiveness is not excused. Keats fell under the stab of a magazine criticism.

"Strange that the soul, that very fiery particle,  
Should have been snuffed out by an article!"

So Lord Byron wrote. The present writer attributed his recovery from extreme prostration more to the confident speech predicting an unfinished career, of an uncanonical prophetic, than to medicaments or travel in foreign parts. We have power over each other to bless or curse. There is an evil eye, and one no less potent to bless. She thought arsenic at me, said one woman to another; and Napoleon wards off plague in Egypt by an effort of his will: We can likewise, when exposed, keep from taking cold. No doubt human malignity, like the coil of a rattlesnake, can spring from a distance unseen. The phenomena of life and death science as yet only in partial fashion can arrange. Mr. Webster said his opponent had gathered together pestilential stuff whose dispersion was necessary to the public health. The organ of destructiveness in scorn and rage uses means as fatal as powder and shot. When culture is selfish, art becomes disguise, literature becomes the slaughter-house of character, law logomachy, and the lawyer but a protected and most ingenious because legal liar and thief for his client and his bad cause. General degradation comes from low motives in the desk, Senate, and court. "Hath this fellow" of a popular novelist "no feeling of his business," when, under thin disguise of pseudonyms, he attempts to bury well-known and noble persons, for peculiarities of dress or look and manner, in the dust of his contempt?

Let us perceive how the tone of the body sinks with that of the mind! The derivation of disease may be remote, as the river Rhone carries far into the Lake of Geneva the stains of its source. The milk of human kindness may not sour from a single rude breath; but, from irritating custom, it will curdle into a broken breast of love, a trouble misnamed in the medical vocabulary as heart disease, consumption, spinal dislocation, water on the chest, these being but single symptoms and results. There is for the invalid no effectual cure but the love of God through a human heart. To that influence, no limits can be set. Because a pipe breaks, Cochituate is not dry. You can mend or replace the hollow link. How hard our lot, if we could by no method free the interrupted circulation in a living frame! But unfaithfulness flies and rasps so deep as to take away life, and reason for living, at last. The so-called Christian scientists, in emphasizing such facts as I can but refer to and not give in detail, seize religion, and the Bible as its chief book, from which the radical broom threatens to sweep out at once pearls and dust. Scripture does not, like a narrow philosophy, part body and soul. Under one term of life, it includes them both. Spirit and flesh are co-partners. In a business firm, either member can sign for all the rest. A late annalist of the old French Seigneurs and Emigres shows the alliance of sensual pleasure and cruel oppression with religious unbelief. These hypocritical lords and bishops in the

eighteenth century punctually practised the pious forms in the Church, and meantime made their sacred courts and proud castles scenes of unbridled license, until the crevice between profession and practice gaped wide, and under the edge of the guillotine ran blood. They were not well, because they were not whole. Not untrue is the old proverb that health is the chief blessing, for it takes in the mind. Devotion destroys not the devotee. It is the bush Moses saw God in, burning, but unconsumed. It is the fount which, the more it is drawn upon, the more it fills up.

But to the facts. Authenticated demonstrations of mind cure, we require. Speculations about the nonentity of matter and mortal man, until verified, must remain in debate. It must be confessed that matter, whether idolized or disallowed in modern thought, has had a hard time of late. What is matter but spirit dressed and produced? Go the says, "The spirit we act in the highest matter." It is the ghost of God, of which neither he nor we can be rid. What is spirit, say some, but matter refined into that invisible power of whose essence and working we are conscious in our own breast? Matter is made too much of by the Spiritualists that float it, or by the materialists that regard the soul but as its fading bloom. But, until we and God are unclad and naked of all form, it cannot by science be denied. With our creed open to accommodate whatever may be disclosed, though earth were peopled with returning emigrants from the sky, let us wonder and work and wait, putting the stress on our thought. Plato and Solomon were not fools in making mind the source of health, and its perversion the occasion of disease.

How patent to everybody's observation is this truth! According to the human presence we are in, quite speedily we become well or ill. If there be continuity in Christianity, gifts of healing are not, cannot be, gone. Mr. Charles Lyell startled the geologists of his day with the doctrine that the same energy still existed at work in nature that scooped the Atlantic, and threw up the Alps. Our own nature is no extinct volcano or effete moon. There never was an age of miracles, if it is past. Metaphysical, said Edward Everett, is what is after physical and more. It resembles the granite, not the surface, but basis of the planet, at its highest points cropping out. The new healers are professed metaphysicians in this sense of tracing and founding their procedure on the human constitution in the divine pattern and plan. They should not be censured as like Simon Magus, making merchandise of the Holy Spirit, because, like the old doctors, they ask a stipend for their service. It is the apostolic rule that all ministers should live of the gospel which they preach. Jesus with his disciples took toll of the corn, and his or their inspiration suffered therefor no stint. Faith, his and theirs, still, is health; and a bad opinion or no good one of the world and its Author is disease. Was Voltaire, that ape of genius as Victor Hugo calls him, a healthy man, though he lived to a not very good old age? Schopenhauer, with the acrid temper of pessimism, contagious from his head to his heart, if that base belief were not the first source of his illness, had he in a sound body a sound mind? Socrates, the worshiper and Christian before Christ, despite domestic trouble, was he not thoroughly well? Pantheism loses a factor, leaving out man. Atheism loses a factor, omitting God. In theism, God and man are one, and proof against all the evil in the world. Without the Father in heaven to make our brotherhood, we were all of us but inspired or uninspired monkeys at best.

If with pure curiosity all we desire is knowledge, then we put analysis for life. If we but explode superstitions, we end in ashes. Rock-blasting makes but a ragged hole—very insightfully in the ground till the builder comes with some architect's design; and the intellectual dynamite which rationalists and scientists are so fond of handling can only destroy, and not create. It is noticeable that newspapers and reviews of the so-called large and liberal order give their choices welcome to a succession of ingenious theories, as if chemistry were of more concern than nourishment of the living bread, and the exercise of wits better than the warming of hearts. If this late denigration of the mind-cure avoid a like error of carrying their logic to excess and running it into the ground, if they heal without over-subtle explanations, their tidings will be glad. Nor, with so many quacks as we have in graduates' gowns, old offenders in all callings, will it do to salute the Christian scientists with that particular title of scorn.

It is a matter not of construction, but of life. How much of the supreme wisdom and good have we and can we impart? In this question, all others are merged. Some are possessed with and some seem forsaken of God. One man draws inspiration from him as a mighty wind; a second has no more of it than insects of the atmosphere. According to our capacity or willingness to receive it, his mercy is a river or a scarce and scanty drop. He is the health of David's countenance; but how can his blessing abound to the fool who says he does not exist? Should the human race become fully aware of him, then a generation would rise never to fall, sickness would cease, the prophecies in the Apocalypse be fulfilled, and the medical profession in any form have no longer any reason to be.

Hold to mind-cure or not, of the possibility and fact of mind-killing at least let us be

aware. Persons may be and often are poisonous. A human atmosphere is sometimes as malarious and morbid as any Roman campagna in August, as any Pontine marsh, undrained pool, or foul, murky Southern bayou. We may find our nearest of kin, as Hamlet says of his mother, "less than kind." Under our own roof may be a repellent pole. A father said of his son, He is the east wind! What do we ardently wish, in words of benediction to our friends and relations, but health and long life? Do we cast shadows on them while we pray that their own shadow may never be less? O beloved kith, there is no love or life in certain looks, gestures, and tones, perhaps of yours! Did one think, ere he spoke, that a sharp word would be a cleaver to cut short a companion's days, an imperious tone a temptation to suicide, and itself a murderous tool? Was that fever occasioned or aggravated by untimely heat of passion which you call a physician to allay or heal? Was the cough planted by the friend who, so anxiously hanging over the couch, seems to sympathize with and check its strangling fits? Is neuralgia the stab of a dagger as invisible as Maebeth's airy one, yet held in a mortal hand? Have we begun in our brother or sister that consumption, or did we deal of their paralysis the first staggering blow? No pastor's register or list in the daily sheet or published death-rate or coroner's inquest will show! There is but one book of last judgment that can reveal the secret. It is not opened yet. We are all book-keepers in it by double entry, nevertheless. In the solemn language of Scripture, ere the sentence from the unclasped volume come, may we have grace to be a savor, not of death unto death, but of life unto life!

So I deal with one objection to the doctrine of mind-cure; namely, that it is contrary to the law of nature as respects the sudden cures its practitioners report, it being presumed that the great power, using order always, proceeds duly by degrees, not by starts. But in every kingdom, from the clod to the soul, there are unanticipated starts as well as traceable degrees. What unexpected, speedy changes we have of frost and freshets, of cyclones and water-spouts and earthquakes in the outer world! When human art and genius come in, how material processes are expedited! The Tyrolean traveler finds it as far up a second hill as it was down the first. But an engine on a railway, a horse who is a racer, or a balloon wondrously shortens the distance and extinguishes time. A man, stumbling on a mountain, has sometimes rolled like a boulder, without stopping, to the bottom. In the popular theology, we have the monstrous creed that a single slip of Adam and Eve plunged their descendants forthwith to all generations into a bottomless hell. The descent into the infernal region, we learn from a Latin proverb, is easy, a sort of a tumble; the return is hard. We have to say that such statements carry into extravagance and disproportion the fact, known to us all, that instantaneously disclosed causes produce vast effects. An impression, a resolution, an affection, like that of Jesus for the young man at first sight, may have an orbit to revolve in longer than a planet's, and involve consequences apparently without end. No Christian believer can doubt that blindness, lameness, palsy of the whole frame or of a hand, is curable at a word, by a touch. We must not conclude that natural laws are broken until we understand what they are! Is the mind potent to ruin, and not to restore?

"He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found."

But there is no equation or equality of evil with good, of lying with truth, of hell with heaven, or of Satan with God. With Him we communicate. Let us own and use the power we have over each other to heal and prolong life. Whenever we bless and cheer, we share the Creator's privilege. We know not how a crystal, a plant, or our own body grows. Congenial atoms by a law fall into line. By deposits as minute, invisible contributions from every loving mate, a human creature exists and expands. Trifles light as air, expressing goodness, build us up. How quick we become better, when our companions are kind! At a thought of him or her, man or woman, who cares for us, trusts and wants us to continue under the sun, what a tide, as when the ocean rushes up the Bay of Fundy, pours through every vein! It is not a material agency from any pill or bottle or powder or package on the shelf. It is a look, a word, a tone, the lifting of a lid, a gesture unawares. But it is a divine bidding for some human ambassador to renew and perpetuate the vital lease.—REV. C. A. BARTOL, in *Unitarian Review*.

#### DR. BARTOL'S POSITION AS VIEWED BY A METAPHYSICIAN.

To the Editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:  
My opinion as a practicing metaphysician has been asked in regard to Dr. Bartol's article on the "Mind-cure," published in the December number of the *Unitarian Review*, and to which he gives the alliterative, but inappropriate title of "The Pantheistic Panacea." It impresses me as much more temperately and understandingly written than most criticisms on that much-talked of subject, and with a large part of it I agree; but there are some essential points of difference between my understanding and his. Attempting to state the dogma of the metaphysician, Dr. Bartol says: "God is not only infinite, but that he is all: man but a shadow, who forms but a second shadow in the material world." But man is not a shadow only in his material phase. God is principle, man idea. (Continued on Eighth Page.)



For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Experiments in Psychical Research.\*

As the phenomena are continually exhibiting new phases, under more exact conditions, it is prudent not to commit oneself to an hypothesis, until all the facts are in.

We are not to become partisans of a theory, simply because our own secret knowledge is re-echoed to us, or even because some matters are correctly revealed, not in the knowledge of any human being present, but which we may afterward discover to be true. It is not difficult to obtain proof, by properly directed experiment, that embodied faculties, generally in an abnormal state, extend far beyond the reach of sense. We are therefore bound to be cautious in admitting as proof any apparent evidence of exterior intelligence, involving a possible fallacy.

To illustrate this point, I may be permitted to digress from the matter in hand, by relating one or two instances of remarkable clairvoyance.

## THE WINE-CELLAR.

Some years ago, in order to obtain absolute certainty as to a power of perception in distant places, and also to ascertain if this power depended in any degree upon light, I arranged with the late English consul at Havre, France, where there was then no submarine telegraph, that at a certain hour he should do in the dark some most unusual act. The proper allowance for difference of longitude was provided for.

Immediately after the act he was to mail a letter with a statement of what he had done, whilst simultaneously I was to post the clairvoyant's revelation. At the exact moment fixed upon, the patient who was an invalid lady confined to her bed, replied to my questioning, "that he was an eccentric old gentleman, for she saw him in a dark place, filled with cobwebs, walking about without his coat, with the picture of M— on his head, and that he always kept this picture under lock and key." I at once sent this statement off, and received by mail the one expected, dated the same day and hour as mine, from which I quote:

"At the hour you appointed I went into my wine-cellar, which is totally dark, and taking the picture of M— out of my writing case, placed it on my head, and walked up and down in my shirt sleeves."

## THE GRAVE-STONE.

I had called upon a gentleman quite unknown to me, on a matter of business. He had paid much attention to mesmerism, and in the course of our conversation incidentally mentioned that there had been left with him, a few days previously, two small articles of a lady's wearing apparel, for the purpose of making an experiment in clairvoyance. He knew nothing whatever in relation to these articles, and had designedly abstained from asking any questions.

I begged for the things and took them home with me. Let us stop one moment to consider the premises. A gentleman of whose affairs and acquaintances I literally knew nothing, accidentally speaks of two articles that have been handed to him by another person without the slightest clue to their history. This person's name was not told to me, and as the sequel proved, I never had heard of him before. I take these articles away with me to a distance in the country, and there submit them to a clairvoyant of my own selection, a lady in private life, who to my certain knowledge knew no more of the existence of the two persons above spoken of than they did of hers, and I obtain the following statement:

"These things belonged to a young lady who lived in a country where they spoke English, but were not called English. She ran away from home with a man who seems to me to have something to do with engines. I saw them in Paris crossing the Pont Royal. They went to live behind the Hotel des Invalides. There were billets of wood and charcoal for sale at the door of the place he took her to. I do not know her name, but I heard them call her Marie. I cannot tell you her other name now, for I do not see how to get at it, but if you will let me rest, I will see if there is not some way to find it out." She then passed into a deeper coma, and at the expiration of half an hour aroused herself with a satisfied air, and said she had discovered it. "She was in mourning when she went away; it seemed to be for her mother. I followed her to the grave and read her mother's name there. It is Susan B.-r-t and an e or a large dot, I cannot tell which." The name of the young lady then, I inquired, is Marie Barte? "Yes, that is the name—Marie Barte."

With this information I went to the gentleman who handed me the articles, and then first learned the name and address of the person who had given them to him. When I called upon him, a letter which the young lady had left behind for her friends was put into my hands, and this letter was signed Marie Barte.

The clairvoyant had heard the name Marie used in Paris, which I erroneously interpreted Mary, and had read the other name on a grave stone, in a country where she had never been, hundreds of miles away.

The young lady had eloped from Ireland after the death of her mother, Susan, whose funeral she had attended. She was never traced, and there was no opportunity to verify the other portions of the story.

Such instances and many others are instructive. Disembodied mind may, for all we know, possess such powers in greater degree, but we see that they belong to the embodied mind, and probably are only rudimentary. They should not then be used as evidence of another state of existence.

Among the prominent features of these phenomena is the individuality of the intelligence addressing us. When by continuous observation, we find that certain personalities claiming to be present, are so often consistent in their attempts to shake our skepticism or win our confidence, by an apparent earnestness in suggesting new methods of proof, or by their minute knowledge of yourself and their own past histories, the semblance of individuality crops out again and again. You recognize at all times the characteristics to be the same, in manner of address, similarity of thought, feeling, expression and act. The uniformity of accent is striking in both the gentler and rougher greetings, which contrast so strongly with each other. This sameness furnishes us with a striking inferential proof of the genuine character of the physical acts. Indeed the intelligence often associates these physical acts with your reminiscences, as if seeking to prove an identity.

Perhaps one of the most interesting and important branches of the inquiry is in the intimate relation the visions bear to the intelligent physical acts accompanying them. There seems constantly to be a direct connection of cause and effect. If, for instance, it

becomes probable that the vision is the agent which writes on the untouched slate, as all physics and the intelligence itself declare, we will be obliged to examine the physical power of the vision, and its capacity of doing objective acts. Or, if the vision the medium described so accurately seems to take on the character and knowledge that should belong to it, using an audible voice, there is a fair line of argument that it is what it professes to be. At all events we must essentially modify our old notions of hallucination, as insufficient for this class of facts. Perhaps an actual experiment will better illustrate the close relation between vision and act.

A lady who was exceedingly sensitive to mesmeric influences was engaged in reading in her front parlor, whilst I, being on a visit to her house, was seated out of her sight in the back room. Another lady living in the neighborhood, through whom rappings were made with great distinctness, approached the house by the garden entrance, for the purpose of making a call. Silently and unseen, I directed my will and passed to the lady in the front room, and as I justly expected from frequent previous trials, she was soon in a profound sleep. As the visitor by this time had entered the room, I suggested the spiritual idea, and the sleeper had a vision forthwith. Who is it? "My mother, don't you see her?" No. "I do." Can you talk to her? "I understand her." Does she understand you? "Yes." Can she rap to you? "Yes." Will she? "She says she will." Will she rap where you say you see her? "Yes." Where do you see her now? "Near the picture of General Monk." Ask her to rap there. The rappings at once came on the picture, fifteen feet from the nearest person, loud and strong, visibly shaking it at each blow. I tried it around the room, on loose articles that could corroborate the locality of the sounds by their motion, and wherever the sleeper said the vision was, there came the intelligent rappings, claiming the vision as their cause.

Whilst not venturing upon an hypothesis, possibly premature, as to phenomena exhibiting, year by year, newer phases, under more exact conditions, we may sum up, without theorizing such facts as are indubitably certain, and which every patient inquirer can assure himself of, by the most rigorous experiment.

1. That this force acts intelligently at a distance from every human organism.
  2. It produces effects that are physical impossibilities to us.
  3. It has exact perception in profound darkness.
  4. It reveals your secret thoughts, words and acts.
  5. It takes on, under some unknown conditions, of which darkness more or less complete is one, the members of the human body becoming sensible to hearing, touch, and partially, at least, to eye-sight.
  6. It possesses memory, reason and voice, frequently correcting the erroneous judgments of the medium.
  7. It exhibits emotion, professes affection, and demonstrates it by caresses.
  8. And under all circumstances declares itself to be of spiritual origin.
- Reasonable skepticism and educational prejudice present serious obstacles in receiving incredible facts. All who have carefully investigated them must have gone through the same struggle, yet have become, almost without exception, certain of their genuine character, and very generally have adopted the spiritual interpretation. If these innumerable witnesses have a claim to be heard, it must be that other men cannot think of this subject intelligently, or speak of it rationally, without a close personal examination.

Many objections are raised against paid mediums, but the examination, to have the least value, must necessarily be carried on through them, for ladies in private life will not subject themselves to the injurious suspicion and insulting demeanor, so often to be met with in scientific incredulity. Neither can the Psychical Research Society neglect the element of Spiritual assertion, for it is inseparable from the facts. The very phenomena themselves base their intelligent actions wholly upon spirit converse.

## Experiences with the Spiritualists.

The following article, published lately in the *Oliver Branch*, will be read with interest. It is from the pen of Rev. E. P. Powell:

Last spring I received an invitation from the Spiritualists to address them at Lake Pleasant, in August. To this, I agreed. I found at that pleasant spot a village laid out with avenues and cottages, a hotel, hall, and a natural amphitheatre fitted with seats and speaker's platform. A seating capacity of, I should judge, four thousand was supplemented by standing room for several more thousands. On Saturday, August 22, I reached the ground just at dusk. A warm welcome was given me by a group of old friends and new ones, some Spiritualists, and others not convinced. The grounds were comparable to nothing but a beehive, for the buzz and hum of the people, all of whom seemed to be absolutely happy. This was the first impression; these people are peculiarly happy. The more I talked with them, the more this seemed true. "They are happy in the conviction of freedom." Nearly every one had been a member of some orthodox church; many still were. Escaping from the terrors of Calvinistic faith, these Yankee freedmen were elated with a freedom of thought and hope that some of us have experienced when escaping by a different road. That this expansiveness and breaking of bonds have led to liberties not advisable or warranted is not to be wondered at.

But the second thing I noted was an undercurrent of almost hatred, and certainly vigorous denunciation, for those who endeavor to load down Spiritualism with free-loveism and frauds. Prominent among the fighters against any phase of lawlessness and corruption was John C. Bundy, editor of the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* of Chicago. Not less vigorous were the President, Dr. Beals; Vice-President, S. B. Nichols, of New York; David Jones, editor of the *Oliver Branch*. The result of the struggle has been to drive out the fallen angels, to form a popular organization of their own.

The third point noted was that "these people are astonishingly hungry." I never saw anything like it, except at the South. What a grand field for vendors of all sorts of "truth,"—that wonderful stuff that Chadsbands carry about to the disgust of every honest Weller! Sure enough, there were signs of enough hunger to eat all this falsehood; and of seeds enough to see through what an Irishman calls "beyond byant." How many of these are honest people, and how many are vendors of nickle-plated brass goods, I do not know. What I am sure of is, that the one thing these campers represent, above all things, is how Orthodox starves the soul. Pretending to believe in a future

life, and that at some age intercommunication was common and inspiration possible, it denies anything of the sort now. Based on Spiritualistic phenomena and a book obtained by such means they, nevertheless, anathematize Spiritualism of to-day. By this showing, the world psychically has moved backward; and religion, instead of bringing the two worlds nearer together, has hopelessly alienated them.

On Sunday I addressed at least five thousand people. On the platform were Judge Bailey, Dr. Beals, S. B. Nichols, and several more, of whom I believe few men were ever as sincere and as desirous of doing good. The crowd was intensely attentive, and their faces gave you an average of intelligence equal to that of our better sort of churches. That they are not trained sharply to sift evidence, or "tests," is palpable at all times. Their hunger is uppermost. Having given up their old faith, they are looking eagerly for a better. Probably two-thirds are convinced of spiritualistic phenomena as more or less genuine; one-third are more than satisfied that there is a psychical realm that needs exploring. It is a hard place for the leaders. Knowing that there are frauds among them determined to pass counterfeit coin, they are obliged to hunt out such persons and defeat them. But there are so many more who are deluded or hysterically morbid that they have to deal not only with scamps, but diseased characters. And who can be sure, in the case of phenomena so strange, that he shall not do injustice? There are many with charity so great they can cover a good deal that others vigorously denounce. On the whole, it seemed to me there was very much less of the ludicrous, lying, morbid, fantastic and criminal than I have seen at a camp-meeting of an orthodox sect. I saw but one person "obsessed," and she seemed rather an object of pity. There was no bedlam, no shouting, no "powering" prostrations, but a good deal of "investigation" that was not really of much demonstrative value.

Spiritualists do not seem to have much of a common platform. They all hold that the spirit is not confined in its power to the periphery of the body. That leads to telepathy, in which we can nearly all agree with them. They all hold that spirits are, after the body death, still alive and able, under certain circumstances, to communicate with us. In this the orthodox should agree with them.

The pressure of science seems to be so emphatically toward the investigation of psychic phenomena that we may be sure that the next fifty years will do as much in the way of reducing them to law as the past fifty has in reducing to laws physical phenomena. At present, not a tithe of the jugglery and fraud has manifested itself in connection with spirit investigation that appeared formerly in the shape of astrology and superstition in connection with incipient physical science. Are we not all deeply interested in this magnificent question? Is evolution, that has lifted life, by millions of years of development, up to consciousness and self-consciousness, now slowly lifting us to a higher moral and spiritual power? Is there anything in the old Bible doctrine of ministering spirits? Certainly, evolution leaves nothing at a standstill. What is ahead? If there is nothing higher, is degeneration to follow? Is Maudsley right? Is Hartmann with the pessimists correct? Are we to expect constant physical wonders and no psychical? Are we to pass steadily into the instinctive, automatic state of the life forms that preceded us? If not, what limits are there to our spirit powers? As moral beings, are we to become as unconscious as we are in nutrition and reflex action? I believe the optimists are right, and that these Spiritualists, in a crude way, are holding the ground for us. I wish I had a better knowledge of psychic phenomena. Of telepathic power I have no doubt. Of so-called spiritual communion I have seen no evidence. Of mind reading there seems to be a great deal of strong evidence. At least, the vicious spite and ridicule heaped on Spiritualists are by the great body of them undeserved.

## The Dyaks of the Island of Borneo.

A book just published by Scribners, called *Two Years in the Jungle*, written by William T. Hornaday, gives an interesting account of the Dyaks, an aboriginal people who occupy the largest part of the great island of Borneo, where the writer, a collector for Ward's natural science establishment, made extensive and minute researches, both as a naturalist and an ethnologist. He found these heathen the most godless of all races, as they have repelled all attempts of Catholic, Protestant or Mohammedan missionaries to enlighten them. It is true they have some faint notion of a Supreme Spirit, but not as inculcating any ethical rules or as requiring any kind of worship. They keep no sabbaths, have no ministers, no gospel, build no temples, pray no prayers, had worship nothing and nobody. This lamentable state of spiritual darkness is coupled, according to Mr. Hornaday, with a state of morality quite unlike that which prevails in Christian lands. He was astonished at the universal observance of the rights of property; for though they have no written language, and no civil or social laws except the customs and traditions handed down from their ancestors, yet these ignorant people are absolutely free from any transgression against property. And he had never heard of any instance of theft committed by a Dyak, though cart-loads of most desirable articles were left unwatched in their way. Though, in civilized countries, those who avoid illegal, criminal thefts, will yet steal by wholesale through the contracting of debts which they are unable to pay, the inflexible probity of the Dyaks in the payment of debt is astounding. A foreign trader will give them his whole cargo, if he can get them to accept it, in exchange for a promise to pay at some future time; and when the day arrives for settlement, the debt is sure to be paid. The Dyaks, too, as a rule, are temperate, never indulging in intoxicating drink, except upon some great occasions.

Monogamy is almost universal, except in rare instances a chief is allowed a second wife. They believe in strict chastity, both before and after marriage; and, to show how far removed they are from the influence of our Christian civilization, in any lapse from virtue, the disgrace and punishment are meted out equally to both participants in the offense. Concubineous marriages are forbidden, and no daughter is compelled to marry against her will. Feticide is a crime never practiced by them. The author says, "From the cradle to the grave woman is considered the equal of the man; and her advice is always asked in matters of importance." Divorce is allowed; but as in marriage the parties are equal, so in separation either one that leaves must pay a fine. He says their moral laws are the product of their own indigenous evolution, for we see in them no reflection of the religious customs of any of the peoples that have thus far come in contact with them, either Hindus,

Japanese, Chinese or Europeans; yet in hospitality, human sympathy and charity, the Dyaks are not out-ranked by any people living, so far as I know, and their morals are as much superior to ours as our intelligence is beyond theirs. Their wants are few and easily supplied; and, if happiness is the goal of human existence, they are much nearer it than we." Mr. Hornaday says, "Borneo is no field for the missionary, for no religion will give the Dyak aught that will benefit him or increase the balance of his happiness in the least."

From the standpoint of popular theology, must we not dissent from Mr. Hornaday's view regarding missionary work in that island? Even if religion should not add to the present well-being of that benighted people, what is their temporary happiness compared to their spiritual salvation? But without reference to the welfare, either temporal or spiritual, of these reputed savages themselves, do not the interests of the orthodox Christian faith demand their speedy conversion? For this untamed people, without a ray of religion, practicing all the cardinal virtues, are a standing contradiction to the theological dogmas of original sin, and the total depravity of human nature, as, also, to the claims of our religious teachers that Christianity alone inspires and produces the purest type of morality and the highest good of society; and, at the same time, the moral goodness and integrity of these uncultured tribes corroborate the heretical ideas held by Spencer, the Ethical Society, and others, "that the moral law is imposed upon us by our own rational nature," and "is independent of theology."—EMILY P. COLLINS, in *Index*.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
If Your Honor had been a Tallow-Chandler  
You would still be One.

BY WM. WATERS.

When Benjamin Franklin on one occasion was discussing state affairs with some English lords, one of them being short for argument became offended, and said to Franklin: "It is a high time of day when American tallow-chandlers assume to teach English statesmen!" We can readily imagine the twinkle in Franklin's eye when he replied: "If your honor had been a tallow-chandler most likely you would still be one." Since that time we have had many men in this country, starting low down on the plebeian plane, that have been able to offer good counsel to English statesmen. Nothing can be better calculated to mitigate prejudice against lowly circumstances in life than the spiritual philosophy. The light it throws upon human development gives much clearer perceptions as to who it is that most honors the universal soul.

The individual born into life upon a high moral and intellectual plane, is an honor to divine principles. In their harmonious action, illustrating the importance of favorable surroundings and conditions. But the fortunate individual should not be credited with forming the happy circumstances, that may have produced a fine development, having had no part or choice in such selection. We say of those inheriting honorable position and large estates, they are born with a gold spoon in the month. But those inheriting through the laws of mother nature, rounded, even spiritual organization, not only have the gold spoon, but they are born with a golden harp in the spirit, that will make sweet music forever. Still there is the great multitude not so fortunate. For these we must spread a broad mantle of charity. Largely, they stand on the shady side of the tree of life. If many of them come into the world half made up it is not their fault. There are taints of blood, leanings and twistings that have been running along through the veins of their scurvy ancestors of which they are the innocent recipients and life-long sufferers. And yet in their heroic struggles to break away from the load of chains that press them down, they may honor the Father and themselves even more than those nobly and regally born.

Born a tallow-chandler does not bind any man to that occupation for all time. It is possible the English lord might have remained that during his earthly life, if born to the calling; but Franklin was a demonstration that the lowly may rise into exalted positions. There is no doubt in my mind but every human soul possesses elements of growth and expansion that will enable it to climb high up the shining ladder of progress. The inherited obstructions may be heavy and grievous, the captive may weep, sigh and mourn under the heavy load—pray long and earnestly to be delivered from his burdens, and his prayer will be answered. Through all the mist, fog and darkness standing about his path, he will and does—dimly perhaps—perceive a beacon light, and that is not an *ignis fatuus* sent to deceive. It is the pure divine spark in the inmost temple, calling the bewildered traveler to a better and higher path. It would be passing strange if God had made it possible for this pure essentializing spark of himself to be essentially contaminated through its environments. That would have been fatal to his exalted purpose of lifting every finite soul up into the celestial heights of future glory. The cry of this infinitesimal spark in the interior temple is for something better; something holier—it would have "light and sweetness," and though that cry may be overborne and hushed a million times, yet away from the whirl of worldly excitement, in the quiet hour of contemplation, or in the still night, it will speak again and again. We are told in the record that God is our Savior; and so He is, never departing from us—never leaving us without our inward counselor.

The Quaker says, "Mind the Light." He means the light of divinity that lighteth all men. The churchman may claim this interior, regenerating, soul uplifting light to be supernatural, but I regard it as perfectly natural—a part of the inherent constitution of every individual—an accompaniment that will not depart from us; however much ignored, alighted or abused, it is still our Savior, our fast friend, pleading with us for a life of righteousness, truth, justice and moral beauty. The individual battling against ten thousand obstructions that oppose his progress towards a nobler life, falling and rising through all the years—ever repeating and asserting his inherent divine right to a higher manhood, demonstrates the inexorable force of God in the soul as one does not, and cannot who is born into harmony as an inheritance. It is not unlikely that the gentle Nazarene may have had this thought in his mind when to the chief priests and elders he said: "Verily I say unto you that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Self-righteousness can hardly be a source of superior happiness. The individual who has strengthened and sharpened his faculties through a vigorous battle with all the adverse elements, rolling in mist, clouds and storm

long his checkered way, having gained the mountain top, may sit down in sweet composure and view the rugged landscape below or which he has safely past. And who can say that the enjoyment granted him is not greater than that of one who has not wept and mourned, and traveled the rough way with bleeding feet and aching heart? We learn to value conditions through personal experience. The man who has long groped among dark shadows, stumbled among sand-banks, pitfalls and low swales, when he reaches the lofty table ground, and the glaring light, knows their value as the individual cannot who has had only a life of elegant leisure.

The inspirations of the present century clearly indicate that religionists are mistaken in supposing that the portion of the people they are pleased to call the wicked and unbelieving, on passing to the future life are debarr'd from all further means of improvement. I am not aware that even one returning spirit confirms their view of the matter. Interrogate any thinking, respectable sectarian, and ask him if he had the power, he would cut off all improvement from the wicked in the future life; and he will tell you, most assuredly not. He will almost feel that his moral nature is insulted by raising the question. Ask him if he knows of any man among his friends, neighbors or acquaintances, that would inflict such injury upon erring souls, and he will tell you he knows of none so oblivious to moral principles as that. Ask him if he knows of any human being that, having the power, would be willing to impose endless punishment upon any human soul, and he will frankly tell you that he has met no such monster as that in human form. Then why should he, why should any one, lay such atrocious crimes to the Great Soul of all goodness, justice, love and mercy? Even the atheist does not stoop to giving to God a bad character—he simply denies His existence. But the sectarian says he exists and then proceeds to give him a reputation so objectionable in point of equity and fair dealing with his own dependent children, that to make the same charges against an honorable and humane man would be an impeachment of his character—it would be loading him with slander.—Who would not rather bear their very existence denied and rather be heard of at all than to be set down in the scale of morals as low as the brute that destroys—eats up its own offspring? The pangs of misery imposed by a ferocious brute upon its helpless offspring lasts but a few moments and death ends the suffering; but how much greater, what appalling horrors in the calendar of crime, does religious fanaticism charge upon the sustaining, loving father of us all! If it were only charged that the soul (termed unregenerate), by a deific decree, slept in forgetfulness forever, our better nature and highest exercise of judgment would be obliged to doubt that; but when it is claimed that nine-tenths of the human family—more or less—are to suffer endless torments in consequence of their errors in this life, then judgment, reason and common sense all stand abashed in view of such unutterable wickedness on the part of the Supreme Intelligence. I protest against any such inference or conclusion. I don't believe a word of it, and I am sorry for the man that dare or can believe it. Such thoughts adopted as truth in our minds, concerning the Universal Father, stand in the way of our soul elevation; they darken and dwarf the intellect and the affections; they trample in the dust high, broad and regal views of God and humanity. They constitute a load of chains that bind the soul to the grim darkness of the long ago, obliging us to worship backwards into the dim twilight of the past and to close our eyes to the light of the present.

## Disgusting Cheats.

One of the most serious barriers to the spread of the spiritual philosophy, and its vast array of indisputable facts, is the liability of the investigator to meet, on the very threshold of his researches, with some unconscionable fraud or cheat, whose cheap stimulation of genuine spiritual phenomena disgusts him, and he turns away with the conclusion that all of the alleged phenomena are but juggler's tricks, and he resolves to have nothing further to do with it.

The Boston Herald, a paper not unfriendly to Spiritualism, in a late issue gives an account of the complete exposure of a "miserable cheat"—a Mrs. Beale—who, for some time past, has practiced her tricks upon the public in Washington, Boston, and elsewhere, deceiving Spiritualists, and convincing others that she was a contemptible humbug. Possessing remarkable vocal powers she was able to imitate a variety of voices which passed for spirit voices; and then she presented, by means of luminous paint, what were taken as illuminated spirits.

She was seized at one of her performances, and found with her outer dress removed, and wrapped in a wrapping of this luminous material. She admitted the fact of her fraudulent practices, signing and swearing to a statement to that effect; and promising never again to repeat them, she left in disgrace for parts unknown.

Any one who can thus trifle with the most sacred feelings of human nature, must have a fearfully bad heart. The wrong they do to honest mediums, as well as to the sacred cause of Spiritualism, is incalculable. After making all due allowances for the antagonistic and overpowering influences, both mundane and spiritual, which no doubt, often operate to give a deceptive appearance to the manifestations, there is a point where charity must draw its line. Spiritualists cannot afford to encourage frauds. They owe it to their honest mediums to protect them against such unprincipled persons.

After all, may it not be that there is a useful lesson and purpose in these very frauds? Do they not teach us the necessity of a greater exercise of judgment in spiritual matters? But for these drawbacks to the investigation of our facts, thousands of people would embrace Spiritualism who are yet wandering all save the bare germs of spirituality. It is better for the cause—better for its adherents—that we make haste slowly.—Golden Gate.

## The French Canadian Peasant.

There is no more deeply credulous being than the French Canadian of the lower classes. Whatever mental life he has is still the life of a little child standing in the morning of the world. The age of faith has not passed with him. That there should be places made holy by beatific visions, that relics should work miracles, that all sorts of local devils should have power to bless and all sorts of local devils power to curse, are to him among the deepest facts of life. Such beliefs are so wrought into his thoughts that he never can get outside their grasp. These come to him naturally from his religion, but he is full of superstitions besides. His churchyard is alive with ghosts. He easily credits any supernatural story. And Pierre was no freer from such ideas than were others. One of his most lasting memories was of a little sister of his who for a long time had always been dressed in blue, in fulfillment of a vow to the Virgin. She had been very ill, and his mother—the dear old mother who was now dead—had vowed to the Holy Mother, if she would bestow the child to recover, to dress her in this her favorite color for three years. There were many other instances of the same kind among the neighbors; indeed, it would not be too much to say that there was hardly one of them but could tell some tale which was not of this world.—R. MACRAE in *December Atlantic*.

The Horford Almanac and Cook Book mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

\* Some experiments in Psychical Research, principally through Mrs. Maud E. Lord, from an unpublished work, entitled "Experiments in Psychical Study." By J. D. Patterson, Edinburgh.



## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
(106 West 22nd Street, New York.)

## REVENUES.

Who counts God's revenues to-day?  
What eye hath seen the half of gold  
His smallest mine has in its hold?  
What figure tell us summer's cost  
Of fabrics which are torn and lost  
To clothe his myriad of trees?  
Who knows the number and the names  
Of colors in his sunset flames?  
What table measures, marking weight,  
What chemistries, can estimate  
One single bouquet for his birds?

In gratitude I lay my ear  
Close to the ground, and, listening, hear  
This noiseless, ceaseless, boundless tide  
Of earth's great wealth on every side,  
Rolling and pouring up to break  
At feet of God, who will not take  
Nor keep among his heavenly things  
So much as tithes of all it brings.  
But, instant turned the costly wave,  
Gives back to earth all that it gave,  
Spends all his universe of power  
And pomp, to deck one single hour  
Of time, and then in largest free,  
Unasked, bestows the hour on me!

H. H. (Helen Jackson.)

A departure in church life has just begun. For a long time progressive persons have insisted that it was a shocking waste of money to build elegant church edifices and open them only a few hours each week, while the multitude are perishing for want of true knowledge, millions of dollars in every State are piled up in those silent mausoleums of theology.

"What have women to do about this matter?" Simply this: The majority of church members are women. Let them demand that this dead material be put to living uses. Let them ask the trustees—always men—to open their churches to lectures upon science and hygiene, and to the discussion of all questions which affect morals and life. They would not long be refused.

The following, clipped from the *Tribune*, explains the new departure:

"The handsome Beacon church in Kensington, Philadelphia, now in process of completion, is to develop a new idea in religious work. It is to be not only a church, but an institute for instruction in subjects of especial interest to working people. Accommodations will also be provided for instructive and amusing entertainments. Many prominent manufacturers are interested in the venture. The institute," says the prospectus, "will be devoted to secular and beneficent uses—social entertainments, concerts, illustrated lectures, public discussions and deliveries upon themes of especial interest to working people; the accommodation of classes in mechanical drawing, languages, music, sewing and embroidery, cooking and general housewifery; and, as the way opens, in so far as possible, to the manifold work of fully equipped public institute."

Wives with women to change an ancient, decrepit and costly way of maintaining public worship, to one suited to the advancing spirit of the age. One church, a mile distant from the writer, cost, with the ground on which it stands, one million of dollars. Others within a radius of that size, would swell the amount to ten times that sum or even more. Yet two-thirds of those within the sound of their bells, are ignorant of the first principles of this life, in which they make shipwreck of health, happiness, usefulness and morals. How can they know anything about that which they have not seen, while blinded to that which is already before their eyes?

Women are the natural pioneers in moral reform, the natural teachers of ethics. Suppose these church buildings are used—all through the week for schools in cooking, housekeeping, physiology, industrial art, and in lectures upon morals, made so plain that all may understand. Suppose there are also lectures upon the arts, illustrated by the aid of the camera, and readings from the poets and thinkers; in fact, every kind of amusement and instruction which is palatable and which feeds the imagination in a wholesome way.

These things would not prevent the more solemn and formal acts of public worship on Sunday, which are now the only use to which such buildings are put.

## A NEW CLUB.

A class for the study of Politics has been lately started in Boston. It is an important branch of the N. W. S. A. of Mass., and is most successful and interesting. It seems to be a thoroughly "mutual benefit" association, making every member a teacher and inspirer of all the others.

Something of the kind ought to be started in every neighborhood. Every woman as a citizen, having the same right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as every man, needs to be intelligent regarding matters of daily interest in political life. We are deplorably ignorant, as a class, of the alphabet of politics and of the laws which govern our country and concern us as women. At a late meeting of the club referred to, an imperfect report in the Boston *Herald*, describes about forty present taking part, more or less, in the proceedings. One member read a very excellent paper on the Habeas Corpus Act, describing its origin, history and importance. There was a discussion on points of law regarding the election of President and of his successor in case of death; and the difference between representative districts and electoral districts, and the requirements of the civil service law. A report was required, at the next meeting, on various clauses of the constitution.

All of which was a meaning and a moral. This lucid statement of Mrs. Stanton's will recommend itself to the good sense of all readers.

"Now, while some claim the superiority of the male and some the female, I claim complete equality; a simultaneous creation and equal dominion over the whole earth."

"The Catholic Church has always recognized the feminine element, in the Virgin Mary, but in the Protestant, it has been wholly eliminated. Those who declare the disabilities and limitations of sex are ignorant of the first principles of life, as would be that philosopher who should undertake to show the power of the positive as against the negative electricity; of the centrifugal as against the centripetal force; the attraction of the north as against the south pole of the magnet. If these great natural forces were not exactly balanced, the material world would relapse into chaos. So the masculine and feminine elements in humanity must be exactly balanced. We might as well talk of separate spheres for the magnet as for man and woman. Their true place is together always with different duties in the same sphere. Neither can do his or her best work without the presence and influence of the other."

"To secure the equilibrium of sex is then the first step in reform, and we have retarded civilization by constant separation of the best elements in humanity. The tendency of the masculine element is to centrifugal force, to boundless exploration, to endless change. The feminine has the centripetal attraction that has made the tribe, the family, and the community possible. Its protest against injustice has been heard in all ages, though often unheeded. The 'Magnificat' has been chanted for centuries around the globe. This song of praise uttered by the Virgin Mother in thankfulness for the incarnation and uttered while she was the tabernacle of the Son of Righteousness, proclaims motherhood, woman's chief honor and glory. A prominent place has always been given this hymn in the vespers of the Catholic and Protestant churches. And yet in direct contradiction to this dogma of our faith, motherhood has been spoken of as a disability by those perchance who join in the 'Magnificat' every Sunday.

## Magazines for January Received.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) M. Pasteur contributes the initial article to this month's issue on inoculation against hydrophobia. In the Origin of Primitive Man Mr. Horace Hale describes wampum and its uses. Progress of Tornado-Prediction shows that something real has been accomplished in that direction. The Flower or the Leaf and the Study of the Relation of Things, discuss from their respective points of view, ostensibly how the study of botany should begin. Other papers of interest are Agatized and Jasperized Wood of Arizona; the Varieties of the Human Species; Fish Out of Water; Nonconformity; a Review of Bancroft's History of the Pacific States, and others.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) This number has an unusually interesting table of contents. It begins with Charles Egbert Craddock's new serial, In the Clouds, which shows a strong touch and great descriptive power. Mr. David Dodge writes most entertainingly of The Free Negroes of North Carolina. Mr. Aldrich has a bright short story, Two Bites at a Cherry, which only Mr. Aldrich could have written. Dr. Holmes' paper, A Cry from the Study, is full of pleasant reminiscences. The Political Consequences in England of Cornwallis's Surrender; The Princess Casamassima, and a Country Gentleman, are included in the contents. Some good poetry, and able criticism on recent works with the Contributors' Club, fill many pages of readable matter.

ST. NICHOLAS. (The Century Co., New York.) W. D. Howells' long-promised story, Christmas Every Day, opens this number, and his little daughter adds some amusing illustrations. Francis Hodgson Burnett follows with Little Lord Fauntleroy. Horace E. Scudder contributes his first chapter of the life of George Washington. There is a short bit of talk for young folks by H. H. Big Hans and Little Hans; Santa Claus on Snow-shoes; Nick Woolson's Ride and The King of the Frozen North are some of the interesting stories. Among the Law Makers contains chapters on the many curiosities about the Capitol. In addition to the above are many full page illustrations, poems and short stories.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The Magazine of Art for January has a curious frontispiece, a study of Cranes painted by a Japanese artist in 1830. The opening article is one of a series on Artists' Homes. A paper on Archaeology of Art, follows and precedes one on Franz Lenbach, a popular German painter of men of art in Assyria is discussed and illustrated, and so is Some Art in Japan. Then comes an illustrated paper on the Upper Midway. The Romance of Art; Bed and Bedrooms, and Ballads of a choice of Ghosts, with Art Notes complete a most enjoyable number.

THE ECLECTIC. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) The January issue of the Eclectic opens a new volume. The first paper is by W. E. Gladstone. Some of the prominent articles are The Dawn of Creation and Worship; Socialism and its Divisions; Recent Observations on the Habits of Ants, Wasps and Bees; The Theatre; Culture and Science; Rambles in Canton, and Buddhist Philosophy. There are two short stories, items and notes. The display this month is varied and pleasing.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) With the January number the Quiver enters upon its second year as an American magazine. The first year has been successful and this issue shows the usual amount of good reading and illustrations.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York.) This issue begins a symposium on the topic: Has Modern Criticism Affected Unfavorably any of the Essential Doctrines of Christianity? All the departments are up to the former numbers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (L. N. Fowler, London, Eng.) The October, November and December numbers are received and the contents varied and interesting.

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

LADIES' FLORAL-CABINET. (New York City.) A magazine devoted to Floriculture and Domestic Art.

THE PANSY. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Pretty stories and illustrations will be found in the Christmas number.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual good reading matter is to be found in this issue.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

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

MRS. HERNDON'S INCOME. A Novel. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16 mo, pp. 324. Price, \$1.50.

It is safe to say that no more noteworthy novel has appeared during the last decade. This class of language and scientific analysis, who spend a page of study over the lifting of an eyebrow or the meaning of a smile, find in this book a brave and successful reaction from their vanity.

For this writer, life is too tremendous a reality to treat with perfunctory. Human beings are our fellows; they suffer spiritually and physically, and the happy or successful must help the ignorant, oppressed and unfortunate—not by direct gifts, save in extremity; most certainly not through existing charitable institutions. Mrs. Campbell here speaks with the power of one who has practically studied these great asylums which help perpetuate the disease they seek to alleviate. She teaches the great lesson of the necessity of personal attention and individual work to and for those who suffer. A wise and discriminating love of humanity grows on every page and the book as a valuable addition to literature. It is filled with pregnant material, sufficient, in fact, to stock half a dozen volumes. It is brimming over with hints and suggestions, which cannot fail to make their mark upon the reader.

Nor has the literary quality of the book been submerged by its moral purpose. Its charm increases from the first page to the last. The style is crisp and racy, yet finished, and there is not a dull line between the lids. The plot is excellent, the dialogues clear and entertaining, the wit buoyant and fresh. The critic can only find it too long and too rich. This is eminently a story-reading age, and it is time that novels held an ethical purpose. They will be read by the young, especially. Let such books as this have larger circulation to supplant the unhealthfulness of much that has become popular, and a more wholesome taste may be revived. Some sensitive persons may be so impressed that their lives will be lifted to a higher level, and work may be begun which shall leave its impress on the generation.

## New Books Received.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL UNITARIAN MINISTERS. By Rowland Connor. East Saginaw, Mich.: Evening News Printing House.

A LUCKY WAIF. A Story for Mothers, of Home and School Life. By Ellen E. Kenyon. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.; Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.

SPIRITUALISM AT HOME AND ABROAD: Its present position and future work. An address delivered before the London Spiritualist Alliance, Nov. 13, 1885, by the President. London: The Psychological Press Association. Price, 15 cents.

## New Music Received.

WHERE IS MY DARLING LILY? Solo and Quartet. By S. W. Straub. Chicago: S. W. Straub. Price 35 cents.

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 9, 1886.

Universalist Occasional Sermon.—Spiritual and Practical Affirmations.

A good word is good, come from where it may, and a word that is significant and prophetic is especially noteworthy. Out from the mist of agnosticism, which yet chills many a pulpit and dims the light in many a soul, a growing and goodly company is coming into warmer air and clearer sunshine. We welcome the men who affirm great truths, not in a dogmatic spirit or method, but in an intuitive and rational way, as becomes the wants of our time. It is well and needful to deny and to destroy error, but this world would be poor in spirit indeed if we stopped there; and as the world grows poor in spirit human life grows poor and barren. We need to deny error and also to affirm truth. The affirmation of immortality by Spiritualists, and the proof of it through soul and senses added to their words, is a mighty saving power, a quickening influence that has reached paw and pulpit helping to a renewed and positive faith and rolling back the gathering mist of doubt and fear.

At the National Convention of Universalists at Brooklyn, N. Y., in October, the Occasional Sermon was preached by Rev. C. W. Tomlinson of Pawtucket, R. I. It is full of inspiration. He affirms strongly; he calls for practical righteousness, for working interest in reforms, for help in charities, for all good works. He would make the light within the guide and help to the work without. We extract as follows:

St. Paul gives us the most extended statement concerning the life hereafter that we have in all the Bible, and he directly follows it with the practical application. This soul shall change its corruptible garments for incorruptible; its mortal tenement for one which is immortal. Life is not bounded by the tomb.

"There is no death! what seems so is transition; This life of mortal breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call Death."

"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord."

Without this concluding verse, the famous fifteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians would have been essentially incomplete; with it, the perspective is natural, the proportions are just. The righteous labor of to-day may not to-day accomplish their ends; but the reformer applies himself to tasks assigned of God.

"The appeal of truth to time." The apostle broadens this ordinary horizon of the reformer. He views the eternal time as a river, not by successive generations, but by the individual soul. He considers the work, not as it is passed from hand to hand along the centuries, but as it is begun upon earth and continued in the spheres by each man's undying self. So far from being ended by that which the infirmities of human speech compel us to call death, that which is here achieved helps on to fresh conquests in the centuries hereafter. Conviction of the continuity of life—life essentially uninterrupted by departure from earth—supplies the occasion for this ringing appeal to be earnest and unflinching in the promotion of every work of God. Such work cannot be vain, cannot be thrown away, because eternity will furnish opportunity to take up all the broken threads, and to carry its unfinished plans on to glorious completion.

These are dear and noble words, up in the pure air above the clouds and fogs. They strengthen and inspire the soul, and are like the best words of the Spiritualists. We will not complain that he "steals our thunder," for truth is free to all souls that will accept it, welcome from all lips that will speak it.

He sees the need of wise and true affirming in this transition period, and says:

We do well to rejoice in that decay of barbaric theories now so evident in two hemispheres. But it is not an alarming circumstance that they whose doctrines are dropping out of men's minds have nothing to put in their place. Indolence is everywhere. Will you say that that is the inevitable transition stage? Ah! whether transition stages lead on to safety or to death, depends largely upon the fidelity and wisdom of those to whom they are entrusted.

To build the foundations of faith in great spiritual realities, deep and strong in the soul: "to add to our faith knowledge," as the walls of the temple rise; to frame towers and pillars out of the daily deeds of a true life, in

the character-building we need. To build the foundations and then stop would be useless; to neglect the foundations and try to build up without them would be to plant our house on the sands for the first tempest to sweep away.

His coming church must be an assemblage of men and women for spiritual growth, for freedom of thought, and for practical work; far better surely than the old machinery for creed-building and the making of straight jackets. He says:

I plead for no one-idealism in the church. As of old, so now, all cannot be apostles, all prophets, all teachers, nor all workers of miracles. For all diversities of gifts, room must be found in a church which is broad enough to meet the manifold needs of the world. Our parishes, like Protestant parishes in general, commonly fail to interest considerable numbers in their work, because the work itself is not sufficiently varied. In this, the Roman church is more keen of sight. She knows that "widow is justified of all children." She can make serviceable the man of the world and the recluse, the ignorant and the scholar, the rude and the gentle, the impetuous and the timid woman. She has a work suited to each. She does not expect, nor wish, all to enter her convent; but she has those for whom she would drive them to retirement, and in that retirement she often finds them to go forth again with new spirit and purpose. Let the Protestant church receive instruction from the spirit of her example.

This is so good that we venture a suggestion for its full carrying out in practice. The adding knowledge to this great faith in immortality would be but carrying out the excellent apostolic injunction. To do that it is indispensable to study and know the facts of spirit presence and power, for such knowledge is impossible in any other way. The Roman Catholic church is wise in using all "diversities of gifts." They even avail themselves of the rapt visions of clairvoyant seers and the magnetic gifts of healing of helpful devotees, using all and explaining all as special miracles with which the holy church is favored. The Protestant church "is not sufficiently varied;" to recognize and utilize its prophets and workers of miracles would be a great help. Let our Universalists and others give due place to clairvoyants and intuitively prophetic seers, and to spirit-mediums and healers, accept their "diversities of gifts," leading into broad fields of psychological study and linking life here and in celestial kingdoms by golden ties, and they would more fully "meet the manifold needs of the world" and their triumphant affirmations of great truths of the soul would gain in positive and conquering power.

Helen Hunt Jackson and Others.—Spiritual Presence.

Some weeks since we spoke of Helen Hunt Jackson as having experiences like those of spirit mediums. She said of her story Ramona, a book devoted to the Indians, picturing their wrongs in a wonderful story: "It was written through me, not by me." She would rise from dreams at night and write what she had dreamed for hours. All this shows her susceptible and impressionable temperament, receptive of inspiration from unseen intelligences, as well as from other sources. Last summer she wrote to a friend: "I feel that my work here is done, and I am heartily, honestly and cheerfully ready to go." But a few days before her departure she wrote: "I want you to know that I am looking with almost an eager interest into that 'undiscovered country.' . . . I do not doubt we shall keep on working. Any other existence is, to me, monstrous. It seems to me also impossible that we shall not be able to return to this earth and see our loved ones. Whether we can communicate with them I doubt, but that we shall see them I believe." Her thoughts and hopes, stirred and made more clear by her spiritual experiences, were reaching over the border, and her views touched the verge of Spiritualism. It would have been a great help to her had she reached a clearer understanding of these things while here; such as would have ended her doubt about spirit communication; but she now sees "with the spirit and the understanding" and such doubt troubles her no longer.

It is interesting to learn how these gifted authors, in their best moods, gain glimpses of spiritual power and presence, and of the life beyond. George Eliot told "of a something not myself," which used her to write her most eloquent pages. Dinah Mulock Craik, in a noble poem, on All Saints' Day, at New Hope College Chapel, Oxford, a place rich in old English memories, its very air filled with the sweet influences of departed worthies and pulsing with the grand harmony of music, said:

"I shall find them again, I shall find them again,  
 By the soul that within me dwells  
 And leaps into these with rapture free,  
 As the glorious anthem swells."

"I hear a voice saying, 'What! I say I hear,—so, perchance, do they,—  
 As I stand between thy living, I ween,  
 And my dead upon All Saints' Day.'"

As she stands between the two worlds light comes to her from both, and her rapt soul is lifted up in joy and reverence while she sings:

"And I see, all clear, new heavens, new earth.  
 New bodies, redeemed from pain;  
 New souls,—ah! not so with the souls that I know.  
 Let me find, let me find them again!"

She feels that these visions must be transient and says:

"Only at times through the soul's shut doors  
 Come visits divine as brief."

But these "visits" are so real that she cries out:

"Linger a little, invisible host  
 Of the misty dead, who stand,  
 Perhaps, not far off, though men may scoff,  
 Touch me with unseen hand."

"But my own, my own, ye are holding me fast,  
 With the human clasp that I know,  
 Through the chords clear, your voices I hear:  
 And I am singing with you."

The "glorious anthem," sounding through the dim secluded aisles of the old chapel has helped her until her inmost spirit speaks, the consciousness of immortality and of spirit presence is clear and triumphant, voices

are heard from the Summer-land; she sings: "And I am singing with you."

As these voices cease and the vision fades away she says:

"Only at times does the awful mist  
 Lift up, and we seem to see,  
 For a moment's space, the far dwelling place  
 Of those, our beloved and True."

All this is natural and rational; yet full of beauty in the light of Spiritualism. It would be highly interesting to study the experiences of other gifted writers and learn how their inmost faculties were open to light from the Spirit-world. The time is coming for such study.

## "Born into a Higher Life."

Among the earliest and most pleasant of our childhood's recollections is that of a very tall, broad-shouldered man with rosy cheeks and fair complexion. His smiling face and hearty, confidence-inspiring voice are as fresh in mind to-day as when the writer wore a checked apron and wrestled with words of two syllables. Somehow this stalwart pioneer seemed to understand boys and felt that they were neither troublesome incumbrances to their parents nor pests to their older acquaintances, if only they were understood.

Spaulding Eddy was the name of this typical specimen of the honest, brave, energetic class of pioneers who within the memory of men not yet arrived at the meridian of life, have made the Great West the granary of the world; who have gridironed vast regions with metal over which products sufficient to supply a good share of the civilized world are sent to market; who have made the West so prolific in great soldiers, and statesmen, and representative men and women in various walks of life.

Mr. Eddy was born in Richland, N. Y., in June, 1807, and settled near St. Charles, Kane county, Illinois; while still quite a young man. There he spent the active portion of the greater part of his life. He raised a family of six children, all of whom have made their mark as intelligent, virtuous and enterprising men and women. Col. John M. Eddy, of Omaha, the second son, is best known to the public, especially to railroad people.

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding Eddy removed from their old home to Iowa, where Mrs. Eddy passed to the higher life. Mr. Eddy finally made his home at Iowa Falls, where on last Christmas day, at the ripe age of seventy-eight years, surrounded by children and friends, he bade adieu to his mortal body.

Mr. Eddy had long been a consistent Spiritualist, and for many years was a reader of the JOURNAL. One of his sons in a personal letter telling us of the event says: "You knew father as well as we did. He died as he had lived, a firm believer that death means: 'Born into a higher life!'"

From his sick room the editor sends out this inadequate tribute of affection and respect to the memory of one who was his friend from early childhood, and whom he expects to meet again sometime, and to be greeted in the same old, familiar heart cheering way.

## The President's Message.

While there are differences of opinion as to other parts of the message of President Cleveland, one paragraph will win universal approval. No one outside of polygamous Mormonism will dissent from it, and the dissent there will be from its truth. By common consent it is attributed to Miss Cleveland, sister of the President, and its style, so unlike the rest of the document, certainly shows a different authorship. This is no discredit but an honor to her brother. He did well to call on a woman to treat this important question, and she has done her part with eloquent earnestness and marked ability. The paragraph is as follows:

The strength, the perpetuity, and the destiny of the nation rest upon our homes, established by the law of God, guarded by parental care, regulated by parental authority, and sanctified by parental love. These are not the homes of polygamy. The mothers of our land, who rule the nation as they mold the characters and guide the actions of their sons, live according to God's holy ordinances, and each, secure and happy in the exclusive love of the father of her children, sheds the warm light of true womanhood, unperverted and unpolished, upon all within her pure and wholesome family circle. These are not the cheerless, crushed, and unwomanly mothers of polygamy. The fathers of our families are the best citizens of the republic. Wife and children are the sources of patriotism, and conjugal and parental affection beget devotion to the country. The man who, undeffiled by plural marriage, is surrounded in his single home with his wife and children, has a stake in the country which inspires him with respect for its laws and courage for its defense. These are not the fathers of polygamous families. There is no feature of this practice, or the system which sanctions it, which is not opposed to all that is of value in our institutions.

## A New School of Philosophy.

We call the attention to what our New York correspondent reports concerning a new movement in that enterprising suburb of Chicago. A school of universal and cosmopolitan philosophy ought to be located in the very heart of our great country, somewhere on this meridian and in this latitude. No doubt, a little more reflection will enable Prof. Adler to see it in that light.

There is already an "American Akademie" of Philosophy at Jacksonville, the Athens of our own State, beside Prof. Harris's Concord School and others in the "Hub" near by, to say nothing of branches of the Christian School of Philosophy at other places. These will, no doubt, join this new movement, or be absorbed by it when it is in successful operation.

They are local and partial;—this ought to be broad and all-embracing. Where could such a conception flourish save in the boundless West?

When young Beaconsfield was sneered at for being a Jew, he warded the sarcasm by saying: "One-half the Christian world worships a Jewess, and the other half worships her son. Yet we are vainly trying to convert the Jew." Such being the fact, the true Philosophy of America must come through like channels.

As a precedent for this movement, we cite Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe. That authentic writer shows that in the 12th and 13th centuries, learned Jews gave to Spain and France their philosophy in law, physics and theology.

## The Church, Past and Present.

Speaking upon this subject, Rev. Samuel Watson says: "The Church professes to believe that her religion is a revelation from God, introduced into the world and established by wonderful miracles and remarkable spirit manifestations and power, and that this spirit-life has been the peculiar inheritance of God's people in every age; that they attended the spread and growth of Christian principles as a natural or logical sequence. Is there not a marvelous discrepancy between what the church professes to believe and teach, and real faith and practice in relation to spiritual truths?"

## GENERAL ITEMS.

December 23rd, J. Frank Baxter lectured at Taunton, Mass.

Walter Howell has engagements at Grand Rapids and other places in Michigan.

The press of Ottumwa, Ia., speak in flattering terms of the lectures of A. B. French while there.

George Fuller lectures in Amesbury, Mass., Jan. 22, and on the 31st in Chelsea. His address is Chandler street, Boston.

Giles B. Stebbins speaks at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Jan. 10th, and will lecture there on Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Monday night, January 11th.

Mr. E. Stanford kindly contributes one dollar to the poor fund. We are always glad to credit these amounts for they are for a worthy cause.

Mrs. Ella M. Dole, 105 Walnut street, is now taking a brief respite from her active duties as medium, and will remain with her friends in the country until the 15th of January.

The Society of United Spiritualists have rented Haverly's Theatre, opposite McKivick's, and will hold a meeting there each Sunday at two o'clock P. M.

J. H. Fichte, the German philosopher and author, says: "Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

Mr. D. D. Home, who has for some years been an invalid, is now, we are pleased to learn, a little better. He spent the last summer in Switzerland, and is at present residing in Paris. A friend, writing about him, says that he has suffered terribly.

Capt. H. H. Brown spoke, at North Collins, N. Y., Dec. 27th; at Eden Centre, the 29th; at Gowanda, N. Y., Dec. 30th, Jan. 1st, 2nd and 3rd. He is open for engagements Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each week, and also for funerals and special occasions. Address him at Meadville, Penn.

The Banner says: "Dr. Dean Clarke is still in Boston, doing excellent service. It is stated, in the Lyceums and city societies. He would like engagements for January and the first two Sundays of February. Favorable reports of his services reach us from places where he has lectured."

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London, says: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, things which can not be taken by a rational being to be incapable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

The Revue d'Anthropologie, reports an investigation upon the relation of intelligence to the size of the brain. The main conclusions are that there is no absolute relation between the factors, though the brain proper may become voluminous proportionately with the degree of intellectual activity: The important point in determining the intelligence is the quality of the brain cells, constituted by their impressionability.

W. D. Campbell, in Harbinger of Light, says: "I have been to a séance for materialization here, in Auckland. I provided a test in the form of a sheet of cardboard well blackened with smoke. This I placed quite beyond the reach of any one occupying the medium's seat. While sitting in the dark all were in contact including the medium; I held one of his hands. The signal for 'light' was given by the sounding of a bell, none of our hands being able to reach it, and on the blackened card was the imprint of a hand. The medium's hand was found partially blackened as if it had been lightly laid upon it, the card being out of his reach, and his hands being held. Subsequent experiments showed that his wearing apparel could be similarly impressed by the black on the card. While sitting in a subdued light, all within ten feet of the medium were touched; we saw, now and then, an arm and hand emerging from the medium, waving about, and we inferred that the touches were by an arm and hand materialized from him."

Mrs. L. A. Coffin, psychometrist, formerly of Boston, is located at 886 West Lake Street, where she will be glad to meet old friends and new.

We received a call lately from Rev. E. P. Powell, of Clinton, N. Y. He has been delivering some parlor lectures here; also lectured before the Philosophical Society.

Thursday evening, December 31st, the Society of United Spiritualists gave a Musical and Literary Entertainment and Hop at the G. A. R. Hall. It was well attended, those present seeming to be highly gratified with the proceedings.

Mr. W. Eglinton, writing to the Golden Gate, our California contemporary, says: "As far as I can see, mediumship, and the cause of Spiritualism generally, appear to be much more free in this country from canker-spots than in America. The constant reports of frauds in the United States must shake the movement there to its foundation, and I cannot myself fail to wonder how it is that the Spiritualists tolerate well-known frauds so long. It is probably due to the methods of investigation, which, in this country, are well-nigh perfect—giving greater security to genuine mediums, and putting the movement on a proper footing."

An explosion in a coffin that was exhumed lately in Yorkville, S. C., is reported by the Enquirer of that place. The coffin, which contained the remains of a child three or four years old, was buried in 1875. Recently the parents of the child bought a family lot in a cemetery, and the disinterment was for the purpose of transferring the body, which is said to have been found in an excellent state of preservation. There was a glass panel in the casket, and the heat of the sun shining on this is believed to have caused an expansion of gases within the coffin, resulting in the explosion, which is reported to have equalled that of a dynamite cartridge in force.

The village of Cavendish, Vt., has just lost its oddest character in the death of Dave Ordway, an old miller, whose peculiarities were not altogether cheerful. Years ago he had a costly coffin made for himself. When it was ready he paid a clergyman one hundred dollars to preach a funeral sermon, and laid out in this coffin, was borne amid doleful dirges down the aisle of the church to the foot of the pulpit, where he lay listening to his own mock obsequies. This over, the coffin was then placed in his parlor, and remained there till the time for its real use came. One of his millstones how forms the base of a quaint monument, bearing the following inscription—a little thing of his own: "The I am dead yet speaketh, for here is rest upon millstone top I set this noble block to let this world no what I have done."

The Golden Gate of December 26th, says: "At the conclusion of the Temple service, last Sunday evening, while Mrs. Watson was making a plea in behalf of the children's Christmas evening festival, Mr. Dodge quietly stepped upon the platform, and passing around behind the gifted speaker, suddenly interrupted her with the remark that her friends thought that she was well deserving of a Christmas present. He then presented her with a purse of \$75 in gold. It came near breaking the good lady all up; but she soon rallied, and heartily thanking the generous donors, said that it seemed to her that she was the constant recipient of favors at their hands and gave back nothing in return. The incident was quite as much of a surprise to Mrs. Watson as it was to most of the audience."

Light, London, relates the case of a friend who had a broad gold ring which she had worn constantly for four or five years. A gentleman who was staying in the house told her he had been present at a séance where a lady who was very skeptical on the subject, had challenged the spirits, saying, "Well, if you will break this ring on my finger I will believe in you;" when, greatly to her surprise, the ring was mysteriously broken in two. Her friend, who was equally skeptical, turning round the ring on her finger, said lightly that she should not mind making the same promise, if they would do the same with that ring. She thought no more about the matter, but when she came to take off the ring at night, she found there was a sharp cut through the back of the ring which she was perfectly sure had not been there in the morning, and which a jeweller said could only have been done by a sharp jeweller's tool. At a subsequent period she was much vexed when a jeweller, who had the ring for another purpose, soldered up the cut of his own accord.

The London Times publishes Sir George Birdwood's observations on the use of opium and alcohol in China. The conclusions drawn from these observations are, chiefly, that opium smoking is in itself absolutely harmless, and so far as the Chinese are concerned, wherever the practice has prevailed, it has served completely to entice them away from the use of alcoholic drinks; that though opium taken internally is a powerful and dangerous narcotic stimulant it is no worse in the effects produced by excessive use than alcohol; that a prohibition of opium would probably lead the Chinese to a resumption of intoxicant liquors; that alcohol acts with doubly destructive force in tropical climates and with terrible rapidity, its victims also being a constant source of danger to others, which latter is rarely the case with opium chewers, and that the really direful effects of using opium in excess are developed almost exclusively among those who by some weakness or injury of brain, or by chronic disease or unfavorable circumstances, are predisposed to excess.



THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 471 Franklin  
Street, Chicago, Ill.



## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Best.

I have chosen her ground where the daisies around,  
Will wave o'er her dust in the spring;  
And o'er her breast the birds build their nest,  
And teach their young minstrels to sing.

'Tis a beautiful spot, by death laid forth,  
Where seldom a new grave appears;  
And many a stone o'er the dead that are gone  
Is bowed by the weight of the years.

There let her repose, where the wild summer rose  
Fills the air with its odorous breath;  
And the things that were dear to her spirit when  
Will still be around her in death.

Let no marble deface her green resting place,  
But plant a young tree at her head;  
Let the evergreen keep a watch o'er her sleep,  
And grow beautiful over the dead.

R. C. CRANE.

## Letter from Santa Fe, N. M.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One of the most interesting places of this queer old city, consists of the rooms of the Historical Society, which are in the east end of the old Government Palace building. In this old Palace built over two hundred and twenty years ago, I am told that there has never been the least change made. It is built of adobe, the walls four feet thick, the doors very large and heavy, and the windows iron barred. Gov. Rose and family reside in one portion. In the Historical Society's rooms one can spend hours looking at the specimens of different races, ancient relics and implements of war and agriculture used by the Spaniards and Indians hundreds of years ago. This old Government Palace occupies the entire northern side of the Plaza. The Plaza seems to be the center of attraction. It is a very small square of badly kept grounds. In the center is a monument erected to the soldiers who were killed during the late war. There are a few trees, a few benches, a few flower beds, and some wooden benches. On the east side, among other places, are the salerooms and workshops of the Filigree Jewelry Co. All the gala, silver and precious stones, except diamonds, are found in this territory, and are used in the manufacture of this beautiful jewelry. On the west side is the oldest hotel in Santa Fe, made of adobe, from front part of the building, with double gallery, a portal as it is called here.

The scarlet fever has been raging here for several weeks, but no children die but those of the low-class Mexicans. They depend on prayer, and generally lose their babies. I met the funeral train of a Mexican baby a few days ago; it was the most pitiful sight I have ever looked upon. A small boy walked alone, carrying a coffin on his back, and a tiny pink coffin. The weeping mother walked alone behind. The coffin was open. They are never closed here until the mourners reach the graveyard.

I have tried to draw out those whom I have learned believed somewhat in Spiritualism, but they are so fearfully afraid of public opinion, that they will hardly speak of it. A few weeks ago a lady called on me and seeing the JOURNAL on my table, she began to talk about Spiritualism. She admitted that she borrowed the JOURNAL to read and was very anxious to see some spiritual manifestations. I gave her tests in slate writing. After some writing of no importance, a full name came, which she said was that of a friend she had known. She had not heard from him, however, for six years, and did not know whether he was dead or alive. Then came the words: "Living, and you will hear from him soon." I thought no more of it. In about two weeks afterward this lady came rushing into my house, and thrust a letter into my hand and in an almost breathless voice said, "I am fully persuaded." The letter was from the person whose name was written on the slate, and the writer apologized for his long silence, went on to tell at length how a spirit, or something the nature of which he did not know, had come to him and told him to write to her; that he wished to hear from him. He told of his life and his ignorance as to what it all meant, and asked her if she could give him any explanation. The lady considered it a fine test. There is nothing singular in it to me. Why should not our friends speak to us, advise and comfort us?

SANTA FE, N. M.

JULIA E. BURNS.

## Prejudices Against a Science of Religion.

We will begin with examining some prejudices that are connected with the very object of our study—the religious and the anti-religious prejudice. It should be understood that when I use the word prejudice in this connection, I employ it in its etymological sense of a judgment formed in advance, and not in the ordinary sense of something offensive. Our purpose is to study religion, not to insult them. Max Müller has written that there have existed two systems broad enough to tolerate a history of religions—primitive Buddhism and Christianity. He doubtless meant Christianity as he professes it, and as he said it professed among him the Christianity of Stanley and Coleman, of Maurice and Martineau, of Keenan and Tiele, of Reville and Leconte. He does not hesitate to recognize with what facility one may be led away from the historical method by belief in the possession of a supernatural revelation, when this revelation is formulated by the agency of a man of reputed infallibility, of a church assembled in council, or of a book finished and closed forever; when it pretends to transcend all examinations, it is wanting in the most essential conditions for passing serious criticism. When the believer's right to interpret the sacred books is acknowledged, a place is left open for exegesis, but that exegesis still remains the slave of particular texts or dogmas that limit and consequently trammel it.

Let us take a single story from the Bible—that of Jonah, and examine the different interpretations it has received. We could hardly find a richer stock of interpretations vitiated by what I call the religious prejudice. According to the rationalist motto of interpretation that flourished in Germany at the beginning of this century, Jonah was an envoy from Israel to Nineveh, who was picked up after being blown about for three days from the shore by a ship carrying the Israelites, and he was the figurehead. Another interpretation is that of Grimm, that the whole history passed off in a dream. This is to save the letter, but at the expense of the spirit. The important matter in the critical study of a text is to find what its authors intended to put in it, and not what it ought to contain in order to conform to our ideas of truth or of justice. There have been and will be as many different interpretations of the Bible as there are heads. The Bible is a book of many heads. In his funeral address on Sir Charles Lyell at Westminster Abbey, "two methods of interpretation which have wholly and justly failed: the one that attempts to distort the real sense of the words of the Bible, to make them speak the language of science; and the one which tries to falsify science, in order to satisfy the supposed exigencies of the Bible."—From "The Scientific Study of Religion," by Count P. d'Alembert, in Popular Science Monthly for December.

## FATE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A thought comes to me on reading in your paper an article headed, "A Prophetic Vision," happening to D. D. Belden, of Denver, Col. Now this presents a vision of what actually took place about thirteen months later. I have also read an article lately in regard to President Lincoln's fear that he should meet a sudden and terrible death, and this, if you will call it so, followed him through life and caused him much uneasiness. Now the thought arises: These things occur and the one who causes the death of the party who has been forewarned, is tried, imprisoned or executed. Is the party responsible for this seeming crime? or is he carrying out that which it is impossible for him to resist? and has not this work been laid out for him to do, and should he not push it through to the very end? There is an idea here that would seem to make the chosen instrument of murders an irresponsible agent.

Covington, Ky.

C. F. NEWCOMB.

## THE DRILL OF THE GHOSTS.

An Old Sergeant on the Plains Tells a Strange Story of Governor's Island.

"The strangest experience I ever had," said the old sergeant, "was at old Fort William, on Governor's Island, in New York harbor, over twenty years ago. I was a Sergeant at the time, married, and with my young wife, had been living in a small house on the lower end of the island, but the commanding officer concluded to tear it down, and I was told to select the best rooms of the non-commissioned officers' quarters in the then unoccupied fort. What with my usual military duties and the fatigue of moving and placing things to rights, I was pretty well tired out when night came, and slept like a log. My wife was worn out, too, but did not sleep so sound as not to be disturbed every night by what she called the funniest noises, that sounded just like thunder, but I paid but little attention to her, thinking that it was only the noise of passing steamboats or the wash of the water on the shore. It might have been two weeks after I had settled down that one night I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep with that peculiar feeling of dread or uneasiness upon me which arises from an unknown cause and has been experienced by nearly all of us.

"John, do you hear any noise?" I asked my wife when she discovered I was awake. "It sounds like some persons at work below."

"Listening for a short time, I recognized familiar sounds, and had I not been positive that the doors were locked, with the keys hanging on a nail in my room, I would have sworn that the batteries were manned by experienced gunners. The quick tread of the men as they dragged the guns in, the ring of the rammer, the handling of the shot that lay piled in readiness for use, the return of the iron wheels over the rails as it was run out of the port, were perfect in every detail, only lacking the words of command and the report of the piece to complete the illusion.

"As I listened the uproar increased in volume until it was impossible for us to hear each other's voices without raising them to a high pitch. The guns were served with what seemed incredible rapidity, and the very walls, massive as they were, trembled under the heavy artillery in continual motion, while the balls were rolling from one end of the casemates to the other, striking the sides with heavy thuds. Unable to stand this state of affairs any longer, I arose, and lighting my lantern, took the keys along with a loaded revolver, and descending the stairs as lightly as possible, reached the door. The noise at this point was, if anything, more deafening than when I left my room.

"Cautiously inserting the key into the lock, I cocked my six-shooter, and, threatening the door open suddenly, with raised lantern and weapon presented, entered the nearest casemate, and found it empty, save by the grim old gun and the shot stacked in their usual places. It was the same in every battery I entered. Not a footprint disturbed the thick dust upon the floor, nor was there a finger mark upon either the gun or shot. The tompons were in place, and no carriage had travelled over the rusty rails, unconfounded even still more than I was before, returned to my room, and was not disturbed until the following night, and was kept up with slight intermission, for a month. My account of this singular disturbance was met with jests and laughter from my fellow soldiers, which they modified, it is true, when I corroborated it by my wife, but then only so far as to declare it was a scheme on our part to get removed from uncomfortable quarters to one of the new quarters then about completed. Nettled at their taunts, I vowed that if ever the noises commenced again, I would have other witnesses to them, and I did not have long to wait, for about one month after I was awakened by the phantom gunners. This time I passed out over the drawbridge, and going to the men's quarters, awakened a sergeant by the name of Smith, and much to my surprise, he accompanied me to the scene. After standing listening to the racket until Smith's face was as white as a sheet and he was trembling from head to foot, I threw open the door. Smith always declared that for a moment he saw the ghostly crew at their places, but could detect nothing, nor could I ever discover any cause for the disturbance, although I was awakened by the nightly drill of my invisible artillerymen.

"Some months after leaving the island I learned that during the Mexican war an artillery company drilled with these guns some time before they left for Mexico, and that they were nearly all killed in battle. I suppose it must have been a freak of their fate to have their relictions in these casemates and practice with their old friends, the guns."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

## The Interior Endorses the Blood-thirsty John Calvin.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just seen a sample copy of the *Interior*, a weekly paper bearing date December 17th, 1885, Chicago, Ill. My impression while looking over some of its articles was, that it savored of Presbyterianism, but on reaching the fourth column on the fourth page, some doubts arose in my mind which caused me to think my conclusion rather premature. The following is extracted from page after page:

"Calvin was the theologian of the reformation. He was the personal instructor, or the confidential adviser of the most prominent reformed leaders and Protestant statesmen all over Europe; and although he was imbued with much of the intolerant spirit of the times, and had been malignantly and furiously assailed on all sides, nevertheless his influence for good has been incalculable, and the Protestants of today owe as much to John Calvin, as to any other man."

But the utterances of the fourth column, fourth page, are as follows:

"We have before us, 'The Letters of John Calvin from the original manuscripts,' published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia. On page 188 of vol. II, in letters under the date, Geneva, Feb. 1546, we find John Calvin writing to: 'Pard' concerning Servetus: 'He takes it up on him to come hither, if he is agreeable to me. But I am unwilling to pledge my word for his safety, for if he shall come, I shall never permit him to depart alive, provided my authority be of any avail.' Servetus attempted to pass through Geneva, on his way to Italy, six years after the above was written, but was caught by the legation of Calvin, and was burned, Oct. 27, 1553."

There is much more of the same kind, in this fourth column, fourth page, but my space is nearly filled, and I must close by saying I am still in doubt about the Presbyterianism of the *Interior*, for, how can an honest, pure, outspoken soul, receive the bequest of life from the cool, blood-thirsty monster he portrays?

CAIRO, Ill., Dec. 30th, 1885. Geo. W. MOSE.

## Figures Never Lie!

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In your issue of Nov. 28th is an article entitled, "The Reason Why Fate Damns the Apple." In which the writer very strikingly shows the inconceivableness of a long geometric ratio. This article reminds me of another item which occasionally goes the rounds of the papers to the effect that the number of people who have inhabited the earth during the past six thousand years has been so great that the earth has had to be dug over several times to get space to bury them.

How let's have a few plain figures on the other side. It is understood that the present population of the earth is as great or greater than any preceding one, which is one and half billions at high estimate. Grant this number to each generation back to Adam; and grant that each generation has been but thirty years, or two hundred generations. This gives three hundred billions as the total number of persons who can have possibly existed on this earth during the past six thousand years. Now, Brazil, in South America, has an area of over ninety thousand billions of square feet, which divided by three hundred billions gives each person who has lived during the past six thousand years, three hundred square feet of room. Why all who have lived on this earth during the past six thousand years could be buried up to their necks in Greenland, each person having over seven square feet.

SANTA ANA, Cal.

D. EDSON SMITH.

R. S. JACKSON writes: You may put me down as a life subscriber, as I would rather give up all other papers than the dear old JOURNAL. I admire the stand you took years ago against frauds in and out of Spiritualism. I believe that you and your paper have done more for Spiritualism than all the other papers who advocate it are publishing in America. Let the good work go on.

## Dr. Samuel Spear on Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dr. Samuel Spear has recently been writing a series of articles in the *Independent*, all tending to lead one's thoughts toward a higher and better life, each succeeding article growing in interest, and the last in the *Independent* of December 3d, entitled "Suspended Interference," coming as it does, from a man of such high standing in the world, is all the more of interest, in that it tends to show the drift of modern public opinion towards a higher and better view of Spiritualism.

A few thoughts on the article in question may be of interest, and not wholly amiss. The Doctor, after stating how intercourse of souls is carried on here in the body, not only whilst in each other's presence but during temporary separation; how friends look with glad anticipation during these temporary separations to a joyous meeting again; and how this anticipation "keeps them joyful, quiet, cheerful and happy," he then asks: "But how does the matter stand when this loved intercourse is interrupted by death?" Is this intercourse affected by the death of the body, or does it continue? The Doctor does not come back to give us their experience, that they do not speak to us from the other side of the grave; that we cannot get the faintest intimation of what has become of them; that we can devise no means whereby to restore this lost intercourse, and that we are, therefore, obliged to accept the breaking off of this intercourse as final, and to devoutly say, "Thou shalt be with me no more."

This is the ultimate conclusion of the good Doctor, and not of him alone, but of all whose teachings have been in this school.

Now, then, it occurs to the writer, that if materialization of spirits is a fact; that if in a materialistic manner those who have passed the confines of the material things into spirit life may converse with those here on earth, and be understood, then in a measure will these clouds of the Doctor's creation vanish. If Spiritualists can substantiate this fact, and for the truth's sake I hope they can, then will these clouds, dark and gloomy, vanish, and the future of our departed ones and ourselves be a glorious fact, their whereabouts a glorious reality, and not clothed with so much of doubt and uncertainty as under the teachings of other schools of religious thought.

This entire subject will bear careful, anxious, laborious thought. Does Spiritualism furnish this key? Can it satisfactorily answer the question, "Can we have real, actual, tangible intercourse with those who have passed into spiritual life?" The affirmative answer to these queries, fully and clearly, would be a revelation to the world, and we would be obliged to content ourselves with the unsatisfactory conclusion of the eminent divine. If Spiritualism, *per se*, can furnish this key, then is it of all religious beliefs the belief to answer the full purpose of the soul's longing. Can it? Does it?

LIBERTY, D. T.

WYLLIE WINTER.

## Prophetic Vision.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The first portion of this narrative will be read by a large number who can vouch for its correctness. Mr. Edwin C. Brooks, now in spirit life, but at the date of the facts referred to, was a member of the Baptist Church in Norwich, New York. I was familiar with him, and all the parties to the incident. About December, 1854, Mr. Brooks wrote up his wife about one o'clock at night, and told her he had just seen in a vision, or dream, Fred Eldridge and wife fall through a hole in the ice of the canal at Madoli's hammer factory, but Fred held to the reins of the frightened horse and was drawn out with the sleigh in which they were riding, and his wife was not rescued, and was drowned. Mrs. Brooks said that it was only a dream and exhorted her husband to dismiss the matter and go to sleep. At the breakfast table at six o'clock in the morning the subject was again fully talked over in the presence of several other members of the family. Mr. Brooks started about eight o'clock for his store, several blocks up town. He observed a group of people gathered in front of a store, in animated conversation and learned that his vision of only seven hours before had been fulfilled in all of its details. Please notice he saw the accident in full outline at one o'clock in the night while it actually took place between seven and eight o'clock the next morning.

Mr. Brooks related these facts to a church prayer-meeting, a few days afterward, and was instructed by the pastor that it was a dangerous thing to take any notice of dreams, but he continued to welcome the heavenly messengers till the last years of his life had become a luminous assurance of immortality. Now for the balance of my narrative I can only ask the confidence that may be given to my personal statements. In 1852, I saw in quick panorama the body of a man, and knew it was the body of my life to this date. This included my education for the ministry, ordination, the name and appearance of the preacher at my ordination, the exact length of my pastoral in four towns quite remote from each other, together with the minute influences leading to my removal and settlement in the various pastorates, and the number and character of the more than eight hundred baptisms during my ministry. In the past fifteen years I have buried four children ranging from seven to twenty years old. In each case the nature and course of the disease have been given me weeks or months before the least sign was manifest.

These events have come in such complete order of the outline given in the vision that they could be checked and filed away with the accuracy of the counting room. Such experiences do not need the aid of logic or conjecture to gather from them prescient evidence of immortality, but they carry their own burden of proof that reaches "within the veil" whither our dear ones are entered.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

S. D. BOWKER.

## Strange Incidents.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In May, 1885, the writer being engaged, ordinarily, as an agriculturist in the State of Kansas, had on the occasion herein referred to, retired for the night, and was seized with an excruciating pain in the right knee, said affection did not interfere with the movements of the limb, or cause any appearance that would point to cause of symptoms; nevertheless the pain caused appeals to be made to members of family for aid, but they being nonplussed, failed, and in fact did not attempt any treatment; in the meantime the pain wrung groans from the recumbent sufferer, who impulsively magnetized the parts affected, and the pain immediately subsided, eventually the parts resumed their wonted condition, leaving no apparent ill results. The matter would have caused no particular remembrance, was it not for the fact, that soon after the above mentioned occurrence, a letter was received by your correspondent from his sister residing in England, informing him of the decease of his father (eighty-three years of age) in that country, after a short illness, and the point of particular interest is, that the venerable parent of the writer was seized with excruciating pains on the evening or night the son was suffering similar pangs, though separated by thousands of miles of space.

I subjoin the following experiences of H. M. Will, which, though it transpired many years ago, will, I think, be of interest to your readers. While residing at his Illinois home, the writer one morning awoke around the subject of this from an apparently troubled sleep. When awakened said subject informed the writer that she had dreamed of seeing her father lying in a coffin, and had seen other details attending funeral ceremonies. The writer made light of the matter, and it would not have been recalled, were it not for the fact, that on the next day, a letter was received from relatives in England confirming, so far as time and the solemn fact was concerned, that otherwise would have passed for only a dream.

Mrs. Clara E. Sylvester writes as follows from Olympia, W. T.: "I like your independence in writing as truth as all hazards, and your fearlessness in exposing frauds. I know there is genuine Spiritualism, and I fully believe that it will pass the ordeal of complete separation from the chaff, and shine brighter and brighter as the years roll by. Mediums must pass the ordeal of purification, and grow into more harmony with the 'Divine Mind,' by sometimes and experiences. There was a time when here in Olympia, there were some who had a spiritual speaker, and our little meetings were quite harmonious; but now I for one am obliged to turn within and to the JOURNAL for spiritual food. Mr. Handman, the English evangelist, has just closed a short revival here. She speaks wholly to the emotions. It is really strange how she could induce so many. She does some good by stirring to a way with words, thereby bringing people on to a place of equality."

SANTA ANA, Cal.

D. EDSON SMITH.

R. S. JACKSON writes: You may put me down as a life subscriber, as I would rather give up all other papers than the dear old JOURNAL. I admire the stand you took years ago against frauds in and out of Spiritualism. I believe that you and your paper have done more for Spiritualism than all the other papers who advocate it are publishing in America. Let the good work go on.

## Spiritualism in Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

This "city of churches," with all the preaching of its pulpits of the doctrine of "life and immortality brought to light through the gospel," cannot furnish outside of modern Spiritualism one single fact of even the most infinitesimal proportions, to substantiate the professed belief in a life beyond the grave; but that which is a universal fact, is, in being done daily under more or less detection and discovery, ment, through the instrumentality of spirit-mediumship. Brooklyn, as you are already aware, is and has been for some time past, favored with the demonstration of "life after death," given through the medium power of Mr. John Slater. This gentleman is easily the peer of the foremost and best test-mediums upon the platform to-day, without exception. The tests given by him are so perfectly correct, and given with such great rapidity that one of the New York Sunday newspapers characterized his mediumship as "mind-reading extraordinary." His marvelous powers make him a power indeed, for the furtherance of the cause of Spiritualism. Of course, he draws considerable audiences. An intimate personal friend of mine, a clear-headed business man, who easily detects the dross in some forms of so-called mediumship, and who has recently been bereft of a loving and beloved companion, has informed me that, through Mr. Slater's mediumship, he has received proofs unmistakable of her return, and not even the shadow of a doubt exists in his own mind, as to the reality of the communion it has been his privilege to hold with her. His wife now translated, after years of invalidism and suffering, to the Spirit-world. Mediumship is, indeed, the cornerstone of Spiritualism, and I, for one, believe the whole superstructure as well. Without it Spiritualism would be dead, beyond all hope of resurrection.

Must not omit the fact that Mr. Slater utterly abhors all sham materializations, sham spirit voices, and is eloquent in his denunciation of all clapnet and humbug, fostered so tenderly by many well-meaning but misguided Spiritualists. The noble stand taken by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, meets his entire and cordial approval. Mediums have no firmer friend than the JOURNAL. Would that "our brothers of the bright extreme," and all the defenders of crookedness in the ranks of Spiritualism, unfortunately would lay to heart this very significant fact, viz, those among mediums who are undoubtedly genuine and have well established reputations, including the best and most widely known mediums, endorse the JOURNAL in its grand position, its crowning glory, i. e., "uncompromisingly committed to the scientific method in Spiritualism."

What supreme folly to talk as some of our friends do, of the sacred office, and yet those who thus speak will ridicule the idea of the supernatural. Their inconsistency is manifest. The bright intellectual light of the present age dispels both the supernatural and the superstitious, while science and nature remain, and so far from being at war with Spiritualism, they are its mighty defense, its strong tower. In closing I want me to add best wishes for the success of the JOURNAL, temporal and spiritual, of Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, whose engagement to Brooklyn recently terminated. They wrought nobly while here, and the keen, logical and eloquent abilities of Mrs. Lillie, as an exponent of Spiritualism, together with the marked ability of her husband in the realm of vocal and instrumental music are too well and widely known to need special mention.

W. C. BOWEN.

## Our Spiritual Diary.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

That there is a universality of belief from the latest type of humanity of a continued existence after death we will allow the quibbling, hopeless atheists to debate with themselves to their complete satisfaction, Spiritualists, with themselves, have long since settled that doubt. For a long period hence the writer supposes the public mind will continue to move slowly onward in the line of progress into a happier condition, until our thoughtful successors, with their elevated ideas of love and truth, will smile at the barbarous childishness of our theory of their forefathers. All we can reasonably hope for is, that in the change for the better, it will be without violence or bloodshed, as in the gloomy past.

In referring to our diary kept by Spiritualists of Brooklyn, in the year 1855, September 2nd, I find the following message, which was given through a table dipping medium, the company having been discussing the probability of the success of the Atlantic cable, some doubting its practicability:

"You will see things as much more strange than the Atlantic telegraph as that telegraph is stranger than the low rope that the ship is rigged with. The elements are in existence that, in due course of events, must develop unforeseen results. All the great discoveries of science and art will, one after another, give way to other and more perfect means of accomplishment. All the wonders of the present age will pale in the presence of the still greater wonders of another—W. Y."

This communication was given a year before the popularization of the electric light, the telephone, the addition, the electric motor or the art of instantaneous photography. As the low rope of my last plank the materialistic quibbler has left to stand upon, let me give a peculiar case which will tax his logic. It happened one afternoon—that the writer was in the office of a former relative in New York City. A gentleman present inquired what he was doing in the way of supplying the trade with new designs in the line of type founding? The writer replied that he was getting old, and did but little now, in fact, he only worked when he felt like it, and when he pleased, and in a measure he had given up work. This, among other things was about the summary of our talk. That evening he had an invitation to attend a private circle at a friend's house situated some considerable distance back in our E. District.

On his arrival he found there was but three who composed the society. We were surprised by receiving the following communication through the table:

"So you only work when you feel like it! Your life will worry you if you idle your trade away. This will wonderfully operate when you wake up in the Spirit world. I don't mean that you must cut punches, but ought to work at something in order to keep your will in order, so that you meet no obstacle to your progress when you die." (Here, in our impatience to expedite the message an interruption occurred and the table for a minute ceased tipping, but it resumed again and we had the following):

"Your stupid interruption has made me blunder—Your uncle, G. B. to D. B."

His almost needless to say we were all greatly astonished, the more so when I explained to my friends present, the circumstances, and at the time of my casual conversation in my late uncle's office, the preceding afternoon. My uncle was going to remark when he was interrupted can only be imagined, whereas his phraseology to me was fully identified.

Brooklyn, E. D.

D. BRUCE.

## JOAQUIN MILLER.

His Description of the Death of Vanderbilt, Written Six Months ago.

Washington (D. C.) Letter to Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette:—Joaquin Miller, the poet, is living in his cabin on the outskirts of the city. Last summer he completed a novel entitled "The Destruction of Gotham," in which he pictured the death of Jay Gould and Vanderbilt and the destruction of the city of New York. He received a check for the work for a large amount, and his publishers have since been endeavoring to get it published. As he is now in the city, he is expected to publish it during the winter. Singularly, Mr. Miller pictured the death of Vanderbilt almost as it occurred, although the manuscript was in the hands of the publishers six months before the great multi-millionaire died. Familiar with Mr. Vanderbilt's house and his library, he pictured him sitting in his chair at the table in the twilight, with all the objects about him vague and indistinct. As he sat there an old man entered with a syringe on his shoulder and took his seat opposite him at the table.

The rich man said: "Who is this?" Ah! It is one of the farmers come here from Staten Island; but it is not hay-time nor harvest. Why does he bring his syringe?"

The old man raised his hand upon the table and the millionaire fell dead, his hands falling open and for the first time empty. The current accounts of the death of Vanderbilt draw the picture almost exactly as the poet and the novelist had. Mr. Miller is one of those kindly-hearted men who believe nothing should be said of the dead unless it be good, and he intends to secure his publisher's check and suppress the novel, and to devote the copyright to the benefit of the poor. The copyright can be taken out of the book without injury to its symmetry.

Isaiah Michener writes: The JOURNAL commends itself to the judgment and conscience of all sensible people; it is by far the most instructive and reliable spiritual paper of which I have any knowledge.

John Williamson writes: You are fighting a good fight, for truth, by exposing fraud. You are defending the faith.

S. H. Garretson writes: The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is such an old time friend I do not want to do without it.

L. Hammond writes: I esteem the JOURNAL more highly at present than ever before.

Allen Sanders writes: The JOURNAL is the bread of life to me.

## Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Texas Newspapers no longer say burn; they use the much finer word "ashy" in headlines.

A writer in the *National Democrat* says that hens will lay profusely all winter if served with two warm meals a day.

The last distinct words spoken by Robert Toombs were (turning to a relative): "Lend me one hundred dollars."

An Indian runner ran a mile race in Wyandotte, Kansas, last week against two champions on roller skates and beat both with ease.

Printhe chickens have this year appeared in abundance in the valley of the Colorado, Western Texas, where they have never been seen hitherto.

Mrs. Henry Greville is now writing for the American stage a drama out of her novel "Cleopatra," a most striking character of Roman history.

A negro, overtaken upon a railway trestle by a train, a few days ago, jumped down sixty feet into the Etowah River, and escaped without serious hurt.

An organization has been formed in Madison Valley, M. T., with this significant motto: "You had better mind whose range you are on and whose cattle you are branding."

Abijah Jay, one of the oldest members of the police force of Detroit, Mich., died on Monday night at Harper Hospital. He was well known as the "Billah" of the *Detroit Free Press* Police Court sketches.

An interesting relic of the famous Sir Walter Raleigh was sold in London the other day. It consists of Sir Walter's original tobacco pipe, which on a certain memorable occasion excited the disgust of Queen Elizabeth.

Secretary Manning and some others in Washington have formed a "syndicate" for the consumption of fresh venison, which will be sent them regularly all the way from Fort Worth, Texas, as long as cold weather lasts.

Students at Harvard College are preparing a petition to the President and faculty asking for the substitution of voluntary for the present compulsory attendance at prayers. A similar movement last year was unsuccessful.

A. J. Holland of Mason Valley, Nev., has raised the thirteen children that he obtained from the nest of a wild cat that he had killed. They have become thoroughly domesticated, and though now but four months old, are good ratters.

A colony of Italians in New Haven is ruled by one Kate Donaghy, who is known as the "Queen of Italians." One of them stepped forward and paid a fine that was imposed upon the Queen the other day for breach of the peace.

Men are now at work digging near Rockwell, Kaufman county, Texas, for buried treasure. The story is that many years ago a man killed his companion in a duel at that spot, and stuffed a lot of \$10,000 in gold down a crawfish hole.

Lord St. Leonards, while at St. Kilda, a fashionable watering place near Melbourne, Australia, recently received a very round thrashing from a colonial bushman for having, at a public bar, spoken irreverently and indecently of Queen Victoria.

Telephonic communication has been established between Paris and Rheims, a distance of about 115 miles, and the transmission of sound is said to be perfect. Five minutes conversation costs one franc, and in five minutes each party can say some 300 words.

Prince Paul Esterhazy engaged in a fox hunt, organized by the Austrian court a few days ago, and during the chase his horse ran away with him, since which time no trace has been found of him. The subject is the prevailing sensation at the Austrian capital.

The waters of Lake Tular, in California, which had been receding for a long time, have risen rapidly since the autumn rains, and many squatters' cabins that were built on dry land are now a mile from shore. It is thought that the lake will assume its old or even larger proportions.



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(Continued from First Page.)

God is life, soul; man the expression. We feel that the spiritual man is not only of God, but is God. God is the life of the spiritual or immortal, even as the mortal life is the life of the material. Exemplify that all by our sea shore. The shore is the all, or as is our idea of God. Every grain of sand is a soul, each an individual retaining its own identity always, and each one helping to make the perfect whole. Without God, there would not be an instant of man; without man there would be no God.

Man has a threefold nature: the physical, metaphysical, and spiritual. Through the physical he sees and comprehends matter; through the metaphysical he is conscious of, and comprehends, mind and its actions; through the spiritual he understands the real or spiritual man, who lives, always, conscious of his life, of his friends and of perfection. Material man is but a shadow to us. For this reason we know he is but a temporal, material thing that must die—he is unreal, because all that is real lives forever. He is not substance, for the soul—God, is substance. He is but a reflection of the real. The way to separate the real and unreal is to make all real that has complete harmony and eternal life, and all unreal or shadow, that has death and decay in it. Always remember that the real "I" is harmony, is spirit. Through our mind we act upon our body, which is the instrument by which we meet the material world. The body is nothing without mind. The latter sees, hears and acts, using the body as a mechanic uses his tool. As some one has expressed that thought, "Imagine every person in the world deaf and dumb and you cannot imagine any noise." It is the mind that hears and realizes sound.

Dr. Bartlett refers to the question of will power. Any mental practitioner will tell him that dependence upon will power is only dependence upon self; our dependence is an understanding of the higher thought of mind. In fact, that as mind governs the external organs of the body, the walking, talking, hearing, etc., it also just as fully governs the internal organism, and it is our ignorance of that law that causes sickness and manifold suffering. If we depended upon will power we would be defeated at every point, as a general thing the healer finds his patient mentally protesting against the apparent absurdity of the treatment, therefore positively, but often unconsciously, combating it, making his will far stronger than that used for his cure.

Again, will power cannot heal. It may stimulate and give health and strength to those who have only apparently been afflicted, but the real metaphysician can and does heal eczema, abscesses, bruises and many other diseases that are evident at sight. We do not penetrate the patient's soul—for soul is the infinite all, or God, therefore free from all sickness or sin; but we do reach the patient's unconscious mortal mind, instructing it mentally how to accept our truth, and giving the thought a perfect image in place of the suffering appearance that has been there before.

My experience is that the treatment is usually slow, resulting in good only after a patient, and oftentimes tedious treatment. There are times that we are delighted with a phenomenal recovery, but I think an honest metaphysician is as much surprised as the patient, and will admit the surprise. All the cures that we make are made in much less time than by the way of medicine, and if those under our care would only be really patient and give us one-half the time they are willing to give to doctors, our cures would be greatly multiplied; still they are not miraculously done. If metaphysicians would be honest with their patients, explaining as far as possible the method of cure, not leading the patient to expect instantaneous change, not promising all things; if they would avoid all extremes, such as fanaticism, bigotry, malice toward one another, and above all if they would carefully abstain from ever claiming or proclaiming a cure that could not be fully substantiated, they would win for themselves and their work far more tolerance and respect and investigation from the educated-thinking class of people than is given to them at present. This is not a craze; it has come to stay. The cracks, quacks, and ignorant ones will be eliminated in time, and only the honest, earnest, sincere worker will remain, and then will the full measure of appreciation be given it, for it will have lived, earned and deserved all praise.

Chicago, Ill.

E. C. D.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF FOSTER.

The Marvelous Powers of this Medium.  
A Strange Seance in a Southern Bar-Room—  
The Awful Vision Conjured up in a  
New Orleans Hotel—The Mystic Man of  
Many, Weird Secrets.

I knew Charles Foster, the medium who died last week, very well indeed. When I first met him he was an authority to whom Joe Jefferson and Edward Sothorn, the actors, used to refer all the strange questions about futurity which bothered them. Between Foster and Jefferson, in particular, there existed a cordial personal friendship.

Foster, in those days, was a dark, handsome, portly man with a heavy, sleepy, good-natured face. His eyes were usually half-closed, after a queer, drowsy fashion. A good eater and drinker was he, and addicted to winding up a night in George Brown's chop-house. There he used to devour Welsh rarebits and devilled kidneys and other indigestible provender at hours when graveyards had done yawning and the ghosts with whom he dealt had gone back to their beds again. Nobody seeing that stout, indolent, good-humored man-about-town and listening to his thick and lazy speech as he stroked his imperial or pulled at his mustache would have picked him out as one of the most remarkable mystics of his time.

I spent one winter—that of 1873-74, I think—down South. I was traveling from town to town, and every once in a while I found that I was putting up at the same hotel with Foster. We used to meet under such conditions, every evening in the bar-room. He was an exceptionally sociable fellow, who never "talked shop," and without drinking very much, loved to be convivial with cheerful company. He was on a professional tour, giving seances at \$5 a head, and even in the impoverished South thought nothing of \$200 or \$300 as a day's income.

On this tour he was accompanied by a slight, shapely, fair-haired young man from Boston, whose name, if I remember right, was Bartlett, and who had a soft, unearthy, spookish manner. A young man, in short, who might at any moment have dematerialized himself and become a spirit without attracting attention to the process. He was Foster's secretary, and curiously enough did

all the sordid pecuniary work of the trip. For Foster was a spendthrift who had good appetites, which he never hesitated to indulge.

I was an agnostic touching spiritual things, and felt a gentlemanly reluctance to talk on the subject with Foster, who, as I have observed before, hated to allude to it outside his seances. We were both companions, New Yorkers astray in the Southern wilderness, who were so glad to be in each other's company that it never occurred to us to meddle with each other's business. And yet, as I was, in the bar-room of the old Peabody Hotel in Memphis, Tenn., I once saw Foster do something which I have never been able to explain.

We were chatting together, and in our party were several young Southerners; good fellows, a trifle boisterous, brimming over with hospitality, but inclined to make fun of Foster and his pretensions. One of them in particular took notice of the evident anxiety with which Foster tried to evade the matter, but kept on jibing him. As he persisted Foster's expression slowly changed, and I noticed, by the way, that his secretary, Bartlett, watched him keenly as I did. A sort of stupor seemed to be creeping over him like the shadow of the coma that comes with apoplexy. His eyes fought against the growing drowsiness and he made a struggle apparently to keep awake. I thought for an instant that he was going to escape his persecutor in a nap.

All at once he woke—if waking it might be called—and, turning a face blazing with an anger so proud and lofty that I should never have thought him capable of it, he said, in a voice that rang like a bugle:

"So you doubt that the spirits of the dead ever really come back to us?"

As he spoke he put his hand on the young Southerner's shoulder. The Southerner rose to his feet as if to resent an impending insult. Some of us, afraid of trouble, rose too. All this time Foster kept his hand on the skeptic's shoulder, but the stupor was fast returning and he quickly began to look like a dead man with a flushed face.

But the Southerner's visage was this time incomparably the stranger of the two. His eyes started out of his head. His mouth opened. Shiver after shiver convulsed him. His expression was one of terror mingled with amazement. His stare was fixed upon some object, invisible to the rest of us, which, to his vision at least, must have stood directly behind Foster.

It was an extraordinary scene—made all the more impressive by the fact that it took place in a hotel bar-room amid absolute silence. What the spell was I never asked and never knew. It slowly dissolved—slowly, as it seemed to us, at all events. Both men came back to themselves. No one asked a single question. Instinct told each of us that it was a sacred moment. Foster dropped lazily into his chair, and the Southerner called for more drinks, stared furtively, over and over again, over the medium's shoulder, spoke in monosyllables, and with a face that did not again regain its color, soon afterward left the room.

Perhaps that young Southerner is still alive in Memphis, and will tell what he saw. For whether the phantom was a purely subjective image or not, those eyes of his were as intently and as honestly fixed upon something visible by himself, as mine are upon the paper on which I am writing.

I met Foster again in the ancient and historic St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. He occupied two rooms on the ground floor, on a passage which opened on the left hand of the central rotunda. I think that in a spirit of ironical compliment the landlords called those rooms "private parlors." It was a casual week, and the city was full of river planters bent on spending money. (A great deal of it flowed into Foster's hands, for he had tremendous celebrity. Bartlett was kept busy all day pocketing live-dollar bills.)

I had to see Foster on some business or other, and calling at the hotel at an hour in the morning when I supposed he might perchance be disengaged, I found him finishing a bottle of wine with Bartlett, and condemning the fat and flabby zoophytes which, in New Orleans are mistaken for oysters. It is strange how well I recall the tone of disappointment and personal waddy which he complained of those muggy shell-fish. We went to his room. They were extremely small and dingy. The second of the two was a bed-chamber, the first a sort of ante-room, holding at its best about ten people.

I remember distinctly, and can see them before me as in a photograph, every detail of the furniture. The chairs were old-fashioned and covered with hair-cloth. In the center of the room was a small marble-topped table of the kind to be seen once in a while in the more antique hostilities of the South. There were also an easy-chair and a crumpled lounge. It was on this foundation, evidently, that the rooms based their title of parlors. The windows, looking into a courtyard, were open, and so was the door between the rooms. I heard, afterward, by the way, from one of the clerks of the house (and his plain struck me singularly, almost absurdly sordid and commonplace), that the moment Foster entered the first room on the day of his arrival every pane of glass in those windows was smashed as if by an explosion. But this was a common experience with Foster, to which, like the upsetting of furniture and midnight buffets of himself by unseen hands, he had become, in a measure, accustomed. However, he was as afraid of the dark as a child, and never slept alone. Indeed, the mere prospect of the minutes solitude would depress him in the most extraordinary way. It used to cause him absolute agony. Foster dropped into the easy-chair, lazily smoking a cigar, and Bartlett threw himself upon the lounge and began to read.

While we were talking, Foster and I, there came a knock at the door. Bartlett rose and opened it, disclosing as he did so two young men plainly dressed, of marked provincial aspect. They were ordinary middle-class Southerners. I saw at once that they were clients and rose to go. Foster restrained me. "Sit down," he said. "I'll try and get rid of them, for I'm not in the humor to be disturbed. In any case they are only commonplace chaps, and I'll soon be through with them."

I stayed, and it was the first and the only seance of Foster that I, in my character of unbeliever, ever took part in. By this time the young men had ascertained from the courteous Bartlett that the great medium was disengaged, and they ventured. Foster hinted that he had no particular inclination to gratify them then and there, but they protested that they had come some distance, and, with a characteristically good natured smile, he gave in.

What followed I shall describe as minutely as I can, for the whole scene is to this day as vividly impressed upon my memory as if it had taken place only yesterday.

In the room I have pictured Foster sat as far from the table with the marble top as two feet at least. Bartlett had returned to his

sofa. I sat by the door and the two young men, with awe-stricken faces sat by the table, one of them resting his arm on it.

Foster lolled back in his chair, voluptuously watching the smoke of his cigar. His left hand was in his trousers' pocket, his right hand was free and toying constantly with his mustache. One leg was thrown over the other.

On the table were several long, narrow strips of paper, about the width of the margin of a newspaper, and a couple of short pencils. The young men looked furtively round the room and at Foster. It was easy to see that one of them was inclined to disbelief.

"Now," said Foster, in his usual indolent manner, "it will be necessary for you (to the skeptic) to think of some person, now in the Spirit-world, in whom you have confidence. Ah! as I speak to you some one has arrived. It is a woman—perhaps your mother. She is going to communicate with you."

And at that instant there came a rap upon the table, apparently in the lower edge of the marble, so loud and so distinct that three of us started—the young strangers and myself.

"Take this card," proceeded Foster, his eyes shut and his expression one of delicious drowsiness. "It contains all the letters of the alphabet. Spell out, letter by letter, in silence, the name of any spirit you may expect."

Then followed what to me seemed a most extraordinary incident of telegraphy. As fast as the young man struck the right letter an invisible something smote the marble with a ringing tap.

"Do you recognize the spirit?" inquired Foster, still drowsy and uninterested.

"It's my aunt, sir," replied the countryman, very white, but with a resolute face, as became a brave young fellow who was bound to stand any revelation, no matter how tremendous.

"You are sure of it?"

"That's her name."

"She is standing between us, looking at you. She is tall and thin, dark hair mixed with gray, very wrinkled, and her smile is very gentle."

"It's my aunt!" cried the lad, with eyes dilated.

"Take one of those slips of paper," continued Foster, twisting his cigar in his mouth. "Write on it whatever question you wish to ask of her. Then roll it up in your fingers as small as possible and give it to me."

It took the young man a few minutes to think out and then compose the question—a task in which he was aided by his friend. Then he rolled it up into a ball about the size of a pea and handed it to the medium.

Foster took it indifferently, held it against his forehead just as he received it, and without a moment's delay but in rather hesitating voice said:

"You have asked your aunt whether in her judgment it would be a safe speculation for you to go as a partner in the butcher business with so-and-so (mentioning a name), in Algiers." Algiers, by the way, is the Brooklyn of New Orleans.

"Yes, sir!" gasped the young man.

"Your aunt says to you in reply," drawled Foster, "that she does not like to interfere with your plans, but you must be very careful in your dealings with so-and-so. His reputation is a very bad one, and he has cheated everybody he ever was in business with."

A flock of other questions and answers followed, all expressed in the same way. The more he replied the drowsier and more indolent grew Foster. I thought he was tired of the interview and was feigning sleep to end it.

All of a sudden he sprang to his feet with such an expression of terror and consternation as an actor playing Macbeth would have given a good deal to imitate. His eyes glared, his breast heaved, his hands clinched. It seemed as if some horrible spectacle fascinated him. I could have sworn he saw a raw bloody spectre standing beside the young man from Algiers.

The lad, on his part, rose stupidly a moment after, his eyes fixed with an anxious stare on the medium.

"Why did you come here?" cried Foster in a wall that seemed to come from the bottom of his soul. "Why do you come here to torment me with such a sight? Oh, God! It's horrible! It's horrible!" And he clasped his two hands before his face, shuddering as if to shut out the vision which dismayed him, but which none other of us beheld.

Incredulous as I was, the sincerity of his distress troubled me. Even on Bartlett it had such an effect that he dropped his paper and sat bolt upright. As for the two young men, they fairly trembled.

"It is your father I see!" cried Foster, in the same wailing tone of anguish and repulsion. "He died fearfully! He died fearfully! He was in Texas—on a horse—with cattle. He was alone. It is the prairie! Alone! The horse fell! He was under it! His thigh was broken—horribly broken! The horse ran away and left him! He lay there stunned! Then he came to his senses! Oh! his thigh was dreadful, dreadful! Such agony! My God! Such agony!"

Foster fairly screamed at this. The younger of the men from Algiers broke into violent sobs. His companion wept, too, and the pair of them clasped hands. Bartlett looked on concerned. As for me, I was astounded.

"He was four days dying—four days dying—of starvation and thirst," Foster went on, as if deciphering some terrible hieroglyphics written on the air. "His thigh swelled to the size of his body. Clouds of flies settled on him—flies and vermin—and he chewed his own arm and drank his own blood. He died mad. And my God! he crawled three miles in those four days! Man! man! that's how your father died!"

So saying, with a great sob, Foster dropped into his chair, his cheeks purple and tears running down them in rivers.

The younger man from Algiers burst into a wild cry of grief and sank upon the neck of his friend. He, too, was sobbing as if his own heart would break. Bartlett stood over Foster wiping his forehead with a handkerchief. I sat stock still in my chair, the vivid scene of human anguish and desperation which had been conjured up slowly vanishing like the illusion of a magic lantern.

"It's true," said the younger man's friend; "his father was a stock-raiser in Texas, and after he had been missing from his drove for over a week they found him dead and swollen, with his leg broken. They tracked him a good distance from where he must have fallen. But nobody ever heard till now how he died."

Perhaps those two young men are still alive in New Orleans. I believe that Bartlett survives. If they read this they will affirm that plainly and with absolute accuracy I have described the only seance I ever saw conducted by Charles Foster. Archibald Gordon, in New York World.

The Golden Rule, as rendered by the great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, is believed to be, "Do not unto others that you would not that they should do unto you."

## Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, Md., has been filling a two weeks' engagement in our church. Her presence with us brought out many of her old friends. Mrs. Hyzer is a living miracle (if I may be permitted to use the term) of the power of spirit over matter—nay, over physical death, it may be. It has been my good fortune to have known Mrs. H. for thirty years, and when I first met her in those earlier days, it seemed as if a breath would have blown her away. At that time she had severe lung troubles with frequent hemorrhages, and it appeared as if she would not live in the mortal body a month; but her friends in those earlier days did not know of the work that the Spirit-world have laid out for her, and in the many years of acquaintance and friendship, they have seen with astonishment how much such a frail body can endure when it encases such an indomitable spirit. Surrounded with trials and burdens that would have killed many a strong and robust man, her faith, her love and her inspirations have seemed to grow stronger with each new trial. Her inspirations have refreshed many thousands by their intensifying power. Her poetry, always musical and of a high order, has blessed many a sorrowing heart, and it flows in rhythmic cadences, as the tides ebb and flow. No one, as yet, has been able to fairly report her lectures, and I shall not attempt it. Her morning services have been from subjects gathered from the audience, and take a wide range in ethics, philosophy and symbols. They abound in metaphor, poetic imagery, as well as a keen analysis. By some she is considered a transcendentalist, uttering words and symbols as of little meaning; to others, as delving down deep into the alchemy of spirituality. Her love for truth, purity and a child-like faith in God's law and love, is such that her earnestness while lecturing, rivets the attention from the most indifferent, who, while they may not be able to comprehend the teachings that flow so musically from her lips, still respect and honor the teacher for her evident honesty of purpose. We read in the old Bible of the translation of Elijah to heaven, in a chariot of fire. Methinks that our sister, when her life work on this planet shall have been done, may, by the simple effort of her spiritual forces, drop her mortal body as a caterpillar emerges from its first condition to that of soaring through ambient air. She may become a genuine materialized spirit even now. She certainly appears far more ethereal than the flesh and bone performances that disgust the honest investigator and bring reproach upon honest mediumship of whatever form.

Our three o'clock meetings continue to be interesting. Dr. Emily J. Pike has given us some valuable hints in regard to healing and also as to mediumship. Mr. W. C. Bowen spoke for a half hour at our afternoon meeting, December 20th, and as usual commanded the close attention of all his hearers. Both Mrs. Pike and Bro. Bowen, as well as the chairman paid a fitting tribute to the memory of Charles H. Foster, who has entered the higher home, and whose wondrous medial power has convinced so many in years past.

Mrs. Pike related many incidents as to his mediumship. She is an excellent speaker as well as a successful healer of great power. Her hearty co-operation with us is duly appreciated by all who come to our meetings.

We have changed the order of our afternoon meetings somewhat, and after an hour devoted to conference and mediumship, we have formed classes for the development of mediumship.

Mrs. Pike has had long experience as a medium, and on Sunday, December 27th, some forty or more people joined the class. Several persons were more or less influenced, and one man was controlled to speak for the first time. All we expect to do is to start people on the right road to mediumistic development, as the prelude to the formation of home circles. We are met by inquiries every week asking how mediumship may be developed, and we hope that before the winter shall have passed that many sensitives may be found that are willing to be used as mediums.

Mrs. Pike's opening address on the 27th was exceptionally able. The forepart was in reference to Christmas and the universality of its observance. The speaker said that she knew that there was a class of thinkers who doubted the existence of such a man as Jesus of Nazareth, and she said that she knew that many spirits who had communicated with mortals, had said that they had never seen Him, nor had they known of any spirit who had met this exalted spirit. The speaker argued that this was no argument that he had not lived, nor that he was not even now exerting a powerful influence upon this earth, in our day and generation. To her he was a living personality, the highest embodiment of light and love, and argued as we were one in spirit with him, we too, could feel the influence of him upon our lives and actions. From this she took up the question of mediumship, and argued that mediums were born, not made, and that while all were undoubtedly more or less, under spirit influence, that it was more of a physical characteristic than of spiritual. She said that as a healer she found some that could not come into her aura, and hence she could not be of any benefit to such persons, who came to her for treatment. There were others whom she could come into sympathy with at once, and relieve almost instantaneously. She announced that she would give Friday of each week from 10 to 4 to the treatment of all who were unable to pay, without money and without price. Her rooms are at 133 Penn St., Brooklyn, E. D., and it is hoped that many suffering ones may find relief in this generous offer. She gave many interesting experiences which were listened to with close attention. One or two instances, among many others, I will record. She said that a year or two ago while assisting at a reception given to Mrs. Maud E. Lord, in Tremont Temple, Boston, a lady came to her in great distress, as she had got to move from her residence in the city to one of the suburbs where she could get air and sunlight. She said that she told her friend that she would see what could be done on the next day, Monday; that she took a train to a near-by hamlet or village, and found a large vacant mansion, but the rent was beyond the means of her friend. As she was passing along the street to the depot she met an elderly gentleman dressed in dark navy blue, with white hair and beard and she asked him if he could tell her where she could find a small cottage for her friend. He replied, "Yes, I know a gem of a place belonging to a Mr. Hammond, which is just being vacated," and he directed her to another avenue, giving the street and number. She told this person whom she had met the kind of a house she wanted—one with plenty of sunlight. He said it was just what she needed; that it was surrounded with flowers, and that she would have no trouble in making arrangements with the owner. She found the house without difficulty, met Mr. and Mrs. Hammond at the door, rented the house, and

her friend is living in it to-day. When she inquired of Mrs. Hammond as to the man who had directed her to the place, describing minutely his appearance, she found that it was a relative of Mrs. H. who had been in the Spirit-world a number of years.

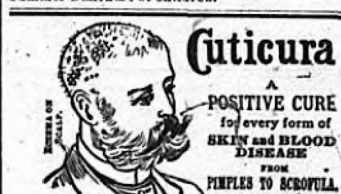
The speaker said that she was not clairvoyant nor clairaudient at the time, and she felt then, and still feels, that it was a spirit materialization. One other instance: She said that some friends of hers, who are private mediums, had been holding private circles for materialization, in Boston. One day while riding in the street cars, a gentleman came in and sat down by the side of one of the ladies. When the conductor came to collect his fare, this person spoke to the lady, saying, "I want you to pay my fare." She said, "Certainly, sir," and handed it to the conductor, thinking how strange a request from a well dressed gentleman whom she had never seen. That evening they had a circle, and the first spirit who was able to materialize was the person for whom they had paid the fare in the street car a few hours before. His first greeting to them was, "Do you know me?" The speaker said these ladies were not public mediums, and she gave these incidents as facts in human experience, as real to the persons who received the manifestations as any other incident in life.

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