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

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

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A DISCOURSE

Delivered at Orient, N. Y., March 3rd, at the Funeral of Adele T. Edwards, BY HUDSON TUZZLE.

Again we are brought face to face with the eternal fact of death. The joy of life is overcast with blackest clouds, and darkness broods over our hearts. Friends and neighbors mingle their tears with those more nearly connected, or by silence express the deep emotions of their hearts. Our daughter, our sister, our friend, after a long and painful illness, borne with loving patience, has at last joined the angel host, leaving only the worn garments of clay to receive the last sad rites of sepulchre. While we know that our loss is her infinite gain, while we would not recall her to the life of pain from which she has been emancipated, yet the tears of regret will unbidden start, and like Rachel we find no comfort for our bleeding hearts.

We weep with friends who weep, for tears are the offspring of undying love, and purify our lives from the dross of selfishness. We weep because death is not confined to the past, it will reap all that is to come. The beggar in his rags, the prince in his marble halls, the drowsing idiot, the man of profoundest thought, alike are called by the silent messenger.

Hence, unlike though we may be in everything else, here we stand on common ground, having one fate in common, and that fate death.

We all come at last to the shore of the sea of infinite silence, brooded over by darkness, without a star in its sky, or a beacon gleaming through the fog thickly settling down over the black waves. Our feet are laved with the same flood.

We have stood with agonized hearts when they whom we loved best have passed into the cloud shadows. We have watched by their couch of pain, during the terrible struggle and wiped away with trembling hand the dew of mortal agony. We have watched, while all the world grew dark, and life itself stung with a viper's fang, the slow change, the pallor, the feeble breath, and sought for the last whisper from lips of clay.

We have seen the dear mother, and the kind and patient father, set forth on that dark sea, and loved friends have been called from our side, and earth has known them no more, we have consoled ourselves when the silver hairs of age were at rest, that the end had been reached. Life has been prolonged its allotted period, and as the ripened corn is garnered, the mature fruit is gathered, so the rounded and completed life has come to its fruition. It was a sad conclusion, but the best we could gather.

But how often has the messenger called out of the shadows for the little child, the very bud and promise of our joy! Oh, mother, you will never forget the day when the child for whom you had given your life, and would willingly again, drooped like a blighted flower, and seemed to go out of your hands vainly striving to hold it. Then you rebelled against fate and called God unjust, and despoiled life, for to live seemed wicked when the child was dead; and the bright things and the joys of life were as sins, and the dark days gave not as much pain as the bright ones. The sweet songs of the birds jarred on your grief, which seemed as infinite as the sea of death itself.

you strove to restrain her; with what devoted love and tireless tenderness you cared for her, hoping against hope, knowing all was vain.

The night slowly came, the sun set, and darkness settled down like a pall, the sweet voice toned with love answers not our call, and our hearts are dead in a world that is death itself.

Suffering hearts by this dreary sea, is there no hope? Is there not something beyond the shadows? When the night gathers on this life, will not the sun rise on the morn of a morrow? Cannot philosophy, science or religion solve this question, and remove all doubt? Is there no balm in Gilead—nowhere a strong staff on which to lean?

Invoke philosophy, with her robes of snow, pretending to a knowledge of the world and its infinite destiny. It will tell you of the cycle of being; the succession of generations, that life and death complement each other, and that all you may hope for is change. Unceasing change is the abiding law, and he who grasps to hold will find but shadow in his grasp. I speculate, says philosophy, and others may speculate. There has been six thousand years of speculation, and this is the conclusion:

That nothing is known, except that nothing can be known. If the sea before you is darkness, why complain? for is not the past equally dark? and of the present, even, what does any one know? Ask material science, claiming to resolve the earth into atoms, weigh the stars of heaven, and calculate the pulsations of thought in the congeries of the living brain.

It answers with a sneer: "What is there beyond? There is the transformation of atoms, nothing more. What do you expect—an individualized existence? Know, then, that these clouds rest over oblivion, utter and complete negation of being. Mind, soul, intelligence—they are of the body, and perish with it. Life arises from the co-ordination of conditions, and when these cease life can no longer exist. Do you hear music when the instrument is reduced to ashes? Nay; and no more need you expect intelligence after the brain which produces it is dead."

Most terrible, if this be true! If our hearts are strung to the tenderest touch of feeling, to respond to the greatest expression of emotion, only to feel the rude hand of blasting pain, what a mockery is life! what a sham this fair and beautiful earth!

Is this all? Is there then no hope? Must the aspiring human soul go down with the best of the field into silent dust? Between the mind which feels an inspiration from the throne of infinite intelligence and the instinctive design of the insect is there no distinction? and does the same fate await both?

I think there is hope; I think there is a guide out of the wilderness of doubt, into the clear sunshine of immortal light. It will lead us to the highlands overlooking the murky fogs, and above and beyond we can see into the infinite beyond.

Let us again begin the discussion from primal principles. We find that there are and can be but two theories in explanation of the phenomena of existence: The material and the spiritual. The first assumes the eternity of the atom, and its attributes, and from the confluence of atoms would build its system of nature. There is nothing outside of matter. It is all in all, and spiritless and godless, is capable of arising out of chaos into worlds; into life, and through nerve-cells into thought. So much phosphorus burned in the blood yields so much intelligence. Homer's *Iliad*, or Newton's *Principia*, represents an exact and ascertainable amount of oxygen and phosphorus consumed. It is true this materialism has endowed what had been regarded as dead matter, heretofore, with living force, but at the same time it degraded spiritual energy, morality and intelligence to the plane of brute matter.

THE SPIRITUAL.

The other theory is that of Spiritualism. By this term I do not mean the present phase of manifestations, but vastly more. I mean a theory which goes down to the base of creation, and ascends to the throne of infinite intelligence, including all material and spiritual phenomena in creation, from the attraction of atoms to the formation of thought.

A leading materialist said that we are traveling between two bleak and barren promontories, the past and the future. With the light of this spiritual theory we find that, however bleak the past, the future is aglow with the rosy hue of hope.

This Spiritualism is the foundation of all the religions of the world. Without it religion is impossible, for the fundamental fact of religion is immortal life. It runs through all systems as a golden thread, woven into divers patterns, but always bright and beautiful. It forms the essence of all poetry, the pivotal fact of history, and the overshadowing motive of mankind.

existence flows. As the physical body of man is a fragment broken off from the world of matter, so is his spirit a fragment broken from the realm of spiritual force, and susceptible of preserving its individual identity. It is not matter with its attributes, but the infinite energy of spiritual forces from which creation flows, as outward expression of an inward conception.

I said I would take the Bible to teach this system of the spiritual science of the universe. I pass its innumerable passages relating to this subject, and repeat from Paul, the most subtle and profound of all the apostles, and who best understood the infinite reach of the Christian doctrine. He covers the whole ground when he says:

"There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial. . . . It is sown a natural body and there is a spiritual body. . . . Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither that which is corruptible inherit incorruption. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." When this is done he says will be "brought to pass the saying that is written, 'Death is swallowed up in victory.'"

More fully explained, Paul indexes the spiritual theory of life, and makes it the key wherewith to unlock the secrets of the grave. Man is a duality, a spiritual body contained in a terrestrial body.

The terrestrial body cannot inherit eternal life, which is the inheritance of the celestial body. Death is the severance of the silver cord which unites these bodies. The physical body returns to its mother earth, the celestial body receives the shining robes of immortality. Such is the doctrine of Paul, and such was it received by the early church fathers. I want nothing more clear or forcible, for it penetrates through all the centuries like a gleam of prophecy and every fact observed confirms its truth.

What necessarily follows from the acceptance of this doctrine? That the personality, the identity, everything which belongs to personality, belongs to the celestial body, and must be retained after it is separated from the terrestrial body. Hence death can work no change. The individuality is no more affected than by stepping from one room to another, or by the garments it wears. Immortality is not a gift bestowed because of certain beliefs, but the birthright of the human soul.

Instead of the future being a bleak and barren promontory, it rises above the fog and clouds of life, and on its purple slopes we behold the friends who have gone before us into the shadows. There are fathers and mothers, our children and friends; there are gathered all the great and good of earth, with outstretched arms of love to welcome us.

The great moral lesson taught by this view of life, here and hereafter, is that the present is the shadow of future realities. To-morrow we die, life here is so brief, an hour, a day, a year, is of little consequence. When we die the dross of this life will fall from us. Its objects, its vain ambitions, estates, bonds and deeds, fall as ashes, and the freed spirit stands alone, clad in its spiritual attainments. Never was a wiser command given in any age than to lay up your treasures above. Our friends are there, and it is ours to so order our lives that we shall meet them, unsoiled by the selfishness of this world.

Not ours with vain tears to call back the beloved, but to realize that eternity is just ahead of us, and to so order our lives that when the messenger with inverted torch calls us hence, our robes may be of spotless righteousness, and we may be worthy of acceptance of those who have gone before us.

Do not for a moment entertain the belief that the infinitely loving father has taken the beloved one away. Be assured that the most delightful portion of heaven would not be more attractive than her dear old home, her love may become purer and deeper for angel life, but the friends and neighbors of this life will not be forgotten. You may not recognize her presence when around the hearth the twilight falls, but she can recognize you, and read your thoughts. She will become the guardian angel of the household, and blessed indeed are those whose earth lines stretch across the gulf of death, and to friends of this life add the infinite love of dear ones on the other shore of time. There is hope beyond earth's shadows. There is an eternal life where the aspirations of this will be realized.

It is the divine heritage of our souls. Its joys are to be gained by unselfish lives, devoted to the good of others, by loving words and deeds of kindness.

Della, we will not recall you to your couch of pain. You have passed from death to life. The angel of the sepulchre is the angel of thy resurrection. She has joined the delightful company of a dear mother, brothers and sister and many friends and relatives. A little time and those she leaves will join that glittering company. It is like a dream, and the waking moment is death, the beginning of the real—after the fitful fever of this life, with its cares, burdens, disappointments and vain endeavors is past. A few more days, more or less, and we shall all be gathered on the evergreen shores of immortality, where there will be no more heart-aches forever and forever, no more partings forever and forever.

Here then beside the casket which contains all that remains to us of the sweetest child—the most dutiful daughter—the truest sister and beloved friend, we say the truest words

Good-bye! good-bye to the casket—good-bye to the broken clay! but, oh, friends, look beyond! This is the cage, the bird of song has passed through its broken bars, and what is our loss, is the angels' gain "Beyond."

It seemeth such a little way to me Across to that strange country, The Beyond; And yet 'tis strange for it has grown to be The home of those of whom I am so fond. They make it seem familiar and most dear As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear I think I almost see the gleaming strand; I know I feel that those who have gone from here Come near enough sometimes to touch my hand. I often think that look for our veiled eyes We should find heaven right roundabout us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread When from this dear earth I shall journey out To that sweet dearer country of the dead. And join the lost ones so long dreamed about. I love this world, yet shall I love to go And meet the friends who wait for me I know.

I never stand above the hier and see The seal of death set on some well loved face But that I think, "One more to welcome me." When I shall cross the intervening space, Between this land and the other there, One more to make the strange beyond more fair.

And so for me there is no sting in death, And so the grave has lost its victory, It is but crossing with bated breath, And white set face, a little strip of sea, To find the loved ones waiting on the shore More beautiful, more precious than before.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Supremacy of Truth—True and False Charity.

The Use of Falsehood to Aid the Truth.—Plenty of Charity for Evil-doers, but None for their Victims and their Truth-loving Critics.—Deplorable Moral Weakness in Certain Classes of Spiritualists.—Dr. J. H. Buchanan's Statements Concerning Krishna and Christ.—The Mexican Religion.—Quetzalcoatl and Jesus.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I was much pleased to see in the JOURNAL of March 27th, the very sensible and timely article by Mr. Wm. B. Hart in criticism of the extraordinary address of Dr. J. H. Buchanan on "What is True Christianity?" I had, at first, thought of making some reply myself to the Doctor's very peculiar ideas and statements, but I forbore; I am glad, therefore, that so competent a critic as Mr. Hart has felt impelled to take up the cudgels in defense of historic truth. I beg leave to call attention to the following emphatic statement of Mr. Hart, voicing a most important truth, and which is expressive of the sentiments of every conscientious lover of historic verity and accuracy: "I hold no man guiltless who knowingly or otherwise, deliberately lends the authority of his name to the propagation of falsehood which he might easily have ascertained to be such falsehood, the tendency of which is to unsettle established beliefs and to sap the foundations of the dearest and most sacred hopes of the heart of man." And yet every day there are many liberal and spiritual workers doing this very thing,—some knowingly and deliberately, some carelessly and recklessly. Their motto is, "Anything to beat Christianity," no matter whether true or false. I am not a believer in doctrinal Christianity in any form or shape, and for twenty seven years I have been its decided and uncompromising critic; but I endeavor always, in my criticisms of its errors and defects, to confine myself to facts, truths. Owing to lack of knowledge on all points I have been sometimes misled, and have used statements deemed true at the time but afterward discovered to be erroneous; but in all cases, just as soon as I have had the truth presented to me, I have at once ceased forever to make use of the untruths formerly regarded as truth, with deep regret that I had, through my lack of knowledge, been guilty of presenting unjust or unsound data in criticism of erroneous doctrines. This is the only course to be pursued by every honorable man or woman.

Above all things it is an imperative duty to be true to truth. Truth in all matters is the one thing to be sought, cherished and advocated. We should ever be receptive to new truth, and as soon as an error in belief, in philosophy, in science, or in anything else, is detected in ourselves, it should be at once discarded, irrespective of consequences. To endeavor to advance the interests of what we deem true by the use of falsehood or deception of any kind, is in the highest degree reprehensible. Yet how prevalent the practice is! In shame be it said, there are certain classes of Spiritualists who actually apologize for the knowers of parties whom they believe or know to be fraudulent mediums, and deprecate exposure, on the ground that through their Spiritualism and the truth thereby advanced, "Out upon such disgraceful apologies for falsehood and chicanery!" In this age of the world, the truth is able to take care of itself, in the long run. Those who apologize for fraud as above indicated, need very much to have their consciences quickened and their sense of the right and the true expanded. There is only one right course to be pursued at all time by every honest person, and that is to be on all occasions upright and downright, fair and square, frank and aboveboard, and scorning, with intense detestation, the Jesuitical practice of sanctioning the commission of evil in order to help on the good. If a thing is true, say so; if false or deceptive, say so. There has been, during the last few years,

a vast amount of irrelevant, misleading, and, in its effects, pernicious twaddle published about the lack of charity exhibited in those lovers of right who have, as an act of duty, been impelled to tell the plain, simple, God's truth, about the numerous frauds and other disreputable persons using Spiritualism to serve their own purposes. The villainy of these persons has been and is something enormous, as every candid, unprejudiced, well-informed person fully knows; and because some of us have dared to tell the truth concerning these creatures we are roundly abused and called "uncharitable,"—that by the use of such "unkind and uncharitable thoughts" towards the evil-doers we are "dwarfing our own souls and thereby retarding our spiritual unfoldment." We are also told that "judgment is mine, saith the Lord;" and that we "will have to lift ourselves out of this condition of mind before we can expect to enter the Kingdom of the Soul when only Love is omnipotent." Love of what is omnipotent? I would ask. Is it not love of good, of right and truth? It certainly is not love of folly and falsehood. Is it not the dominance of the love of truth, of justice, of right, and a corresponding hatred of evil, falsehood, robbery, as practiced by the parties whom we "uncharitably" (?) condemn, that prompts us to the utterance of the so-called "unkind and uncharitable" thoughts against the persistent evil-doer? It is our duty to be "unkind" in the manner spoken of, to those guilty of such misdeeds. Our unkindness and uncharitableness consists in telling the truth about certain knaves, and warning the people against their impostures. According to the ideas of these self-asserted charitable (?) defenders and apologists for fraud, we should cover up the crimes of these evil-doers, speak orally and in private favorably of them, advertise them in our journals, "let the tares grow with the wheat," as has often been remarked by the so-called charitable Spiritualists. In other words, in order to avoid being "unkind" and "uncharitable," we must wilfully lie by wholesale; we must sustain, defend, and aid unprincipled charlatans in their continuous robbery of good men and women, and in long continued deception and trifling upon the purest, tenderest and most sacred of all human interests and feelings. If we do not do this, we are denounced by our self-styled "charitable" critics in a most "unkind" and "uncharitable" manner, and we are alleged to be "dwarfing our souls" and to be far from the Kingdom of God. He who aids a thief to rob others is himself guilty of theft, morally and legally; and "to get closer to the great heart of Divine Goodness," as a recent journalistic critic enjoined upon us, we must practice "ever-blessed charity," that is charity for the swindlers and for frauds; and to do this we are required to aid and abet them in their nefarious work. From such "charity" "Good Lord, deliver us!"

According to these fraud-motive critics, charity for the evil-doers alone is insisted upon. We never hear a word about any "charity" or "kindness" towards their victims. Should our charity be extended to the swindler and not to the many persons whom he robs? We are regaled with much silly twaddle about our duty to the fraud-practicers, but not a word about our duty to their innocent and trusting patrons and dupes. No matter what becomes of the hundreds of good men and women so shamefully deceived by Mrs. ——— so long as Mrs. ——— is protected in her evil work and not interfered with by "unkind" and "uncharitable" exposures. The one thing above all others is, that no unkind or uncharitable thoughts be indulged in, publicly or privately, against Mrs. ——— and that she is "charitably" and "kindly" permitted to continue her wickedness unmolested and uncorrected; and if any one tries to interfere with her in any manner, he is, of course, very uncharitable, a self-constituted censor, guilty of "bitterness and abuse," "harsh and vituperation," and indigning in the Almighty's prerogative of judgment. Strange to state, these charitable (?) censurers, defecatory of knavery, although they abuse us for exercising "judgment, never scruple at exercising that prerogative themselves in condemnation of those of us who do not side with them in condoning and excusing deception and folly. They abuse us for being uncharitable and unkind, while they themselves are full of unkindness and uncharitableness towards us. All of their charity is reserved for the human demons infesting the vitals of Spiritualism, sapping its life-blood's richest currents. Not a kind word or charitable thought do they express for those attempting to cut out their devil; but instead they do all they can to prevent their dislodgment and increase their power over the spiritual body.

Observe this significant sentence in a recent editorial in a spiritual journal: "Suppose somebody should be convinced of these grand truths by the tricks of a charlatan, who injured but the charlatan himself?" Such sickening sophistry as this is simply pitiable! Now in such a case, no additional injury results to the charlatan than what had already occurred as a result of her depraved moral condition actuating her to perpetrate the fraud. The injury to the charlatan, over and above that already done to her moral nature by repeated acts of a similar character is infinitesimal, but the grave and it may be lasting, wrong done to the victims of her wiles, to the cause of Spiritualism, and to the well-being and interest of mankind morally, is momentous indeed. (Continued on Eighth Page.)

GOOD AND EVIL.

Our Duty, and Pre-natal and Marriage Reform.

BY ALFRED ANDREWS.

"Do (not) unto others what you would (not) have them do to you."

What are our principal or highest duties to ourselves and other beings? To refrain from evil and to do good; or, in other words, to "cease to do evil and learn to do well." This suggests to our minds two ideas, evil and good. Let us consider and try to expand these ideas. First, to refrain from evil is to refrain from any act that shall in any way injure ourselves or any other being. Second, to do good is to do all we can to promote in any way our own highest welfare and permanent happiness and that of other beings. These are the tests to apply to every act we perform. The questions to ask ourselves are these: Will this act work any harm in any way to myself or anybody else? Yes; then I will not do it. Will this act do any good to myself or anybody else? Yes; then I will do it if possible. These duties are the most comprehensive of any and include nearly all others. They can hardly be separated, for to do the one is to do the other; that is, if we refrain from evil it is certainly a good thing, negatively speaking, and to do good is certainly not doing, or it is refraining from evil. But we should endeavor when possible to be actively employed in doing good as well as, negatively, to refrain from evil. If this is our guiding star we cannot deviate from our true course in life. To do what we know to be evil or wrong will sooner or later cause us unhappiness and misery.

To do good is to lay up capital in a bank from which we can forever draw without in the least diminishing the principal; it yields a compound and unending interest. What acts of our lives can we look back upon with more permanent satisfaction than those in which we have done a kindness to a fellow being? In this is realized the truth of the saying that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." How can this be? We can more surely rise, both morally and spiritually, by lifting up some one else. The muscle grows strong by exercise. The faculties expand only by use. The more we cultivate our benevolent faculties by using them in doing good, the more they expand, and we become more noble and God-like by making others better and happier. So in one sense evil is a good thing; for to help others out of evil is a good thing for us, as it helps us as well as those we help. In this sense the bad are a blessing to the good by furnishing them an opportunity to do good.

Let us stop here a moment and see if we can learn why there is evil in the world. Take as an illustration, or a symbol of good and evil, the phenomena of light and darkness. Imagine yourself at some place in the universe where you could see, plainly and once, the sun and all the planets of our solar system. The sun, radiating a brilliant light in all directions, causes the planets and satellites to be very bright on the side which is turned toward it; but on the opposite side there is a dark conical shadow. These shadows are an essential part of the arrangement of the solar system, but how very small the amount of shadow is in comparison with the great amount of light shining in all directions. The beings living on these planets as they make their daily revolutions are in the shadow of darkness, called night, about half their time; to them it seems as if there was as much darkness as light in the universe; while other beings dwelling elsewhere are in a continual light.

natal evil tendencies. It will hardly be necessary in this connection for me to prove, what every intelligent mother knows, viz., that the unborn child will almost certainly take on the parents' characteristics, and that it can also be moulded by the mother in almost any direction she may wish. The seeming exceptions would, upon close investigation, prove this rule.

(This subject lies at the root of all reforms. All reforms, like the temperance reform, the social, lunacy, political reforms, etc., are all undoubtedly good and necessary; but pre-natal reform is at the root of them all, for if a human being is born with right tendencies, he will in all probability do right if kept under proper influences. To have good fruit we must plant good seed. How many parents have learned this truth by their own bitter experience or by that of their children. Many will assert that this reform is at this time a hopeless task. I will endeavor to show that this is not the case. I have never yet talked with any one on this subject who has not conceded the great need and reasonableness of this reform. In any public movement the first thing to decide, or to have the community assent to, is the necessity and justness of the proposed reform. When this is decided, then the way to bring it about will be discovered.

The entering wedge is already started by the established laws for the prevention of cruelty to children. Public opinion is already settled upon that point. Now, we have at present, only to drive home this wedge, or work on the line of cruelty to children. Is it not as cruel to have a child born from, and brought up by, diseased, lazy, drunken, criminal parents, as it would be to take a young babe from the best parents and place it among the worst parents to be brought up? O, how it makes one's heart sink with sorrow to see what a multitude of little helpless children are struggling along through a miserable existence, ground to the earth with disease, crippled, loathsome bodies, and vicious dispositions, the result of their parents' or ancestors' selfishness or passions. What greater cruelty than this? Verily, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Here is truly the case where the innocent suffer from the sins of the guilty. A child has as much right to be well-born as we have to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The unborn child's declaration of independence should be: "I have a right to be born right. I have a right to start in life without being handicapped with my parents' sins."

This will bring up the question of marriage as if it is closely allied to this subject. Well, by all means, let us discuss the marriage question in this connection, and if we can reform the method or customs of marriage, we will also solve the divorce problem, which seems to be a prominent one at this time. The question should be, not how to get divorced, but how is the best way to get married? If this is rightly done there will be no need of divorces. If persons were properly mated and rightly informed upon pre-natal subjects, then both the evils of divorces and pre-natal evil tendencies would be brought far toward being overcome.

Probably in this matter many will exclaim: "I have a right to gratify my natural desires without any interference." Let us see about that; let us bring out our touchstone or test question and apply it in this case. You have no right in any way, directly or indirectly, to work any harm to any human being. You might just as well say, I have a right to drink rum, even though I am sure to get drunk and abuse my children." All natural desires are for a good use only. Acquisitiveness is a good thing if not carried so far as to cause one to become a miser or to steal. But some will say that "we cannot restrain this evil by law." Why not? We have as much right to restrain one evil by law as another. As much right to prevent pre-natal cruelty as post natal cruelty.

But suppose one does abuse any of his God-given powers to his own detriment; it is less of an evil that he injure himself, rather than that he injure several other persons. We should treat the abuse of the procreative passion on the same principle as the abuse of any other passion; just as we treat a person who works any harm to his fellow-beings, by putting him where he cannot injure any one; then try to teach him self-restraint or to reclaim him. This should be the design of all prisons and penal institutions—not punishment merely, but reclamation, and the teaching of the erring one to control his abnormal development; and also to try to cultivate the opposite faculties so as to produce an equilibrium in an unbalanced brain, viz.: If any one is abnormally developed in combativeness and inclined to fight and commit murder, the opposite or benevolent faculties should be cultivated and developed so as to balance or control the destructive ones and thus produce an equilibrium in the mind of the being.

There is scarcely a physician living but who will say that he knows of many persons who should never get married on account of their liability to transmit diseases or bad health to their offspring. What moral right has a lazy, drunken, cruel or diseased person to bring children into the world to suffer a miserable existence and for other people to support? And they are the very ones who generally have the most children.

A case has just been published where a deaf and dumb man and woman have been married; this I consider almost a crime, especially if children are the result, for they will in all probability have the same imperfections as the parents. Let us see that such persons have no legal right to do these things as they certainly have no moral right thus unnecessarily to impose burdens upon others.

Let us for a moment try to see how these reforms could be brought about. First, by moulding public opinion in this direction. This can be done to a great extent by individuals. Each one interested in this subject should, when a proper opportunity is presented, introduce, discuss and urge these ideas. When the subject of marriage is spoken of, a few words ingeniously dropped would surely bring on a discussion. The best book upon this subject that I have ever read is a little work called "Hereditry," by Loring Moody. It should be read by everybody, for it gives in a small compass the gist of the whole subject.

How almost universally it is the case that young people get married from impulse only, without bringing reason and good judgment into play; with complete ignorance and misconception of the true purpose of marriage; when both parties try to make a good bargain, as it were; when each one tries to get a better partner than he or she can possibly become; that is, by putting forward their best points and concealing their worst ones. The marriage state imposes grave duties and responsibilities; among them is the bearing and rearing of a reasonable number of children, and which the better class of people frequently try by questionable means to avoid, thus often injuring themselves or their

offspring by such criminal practices. They, perhaps, being ignorant of the fact that from the very beginning of the conception of a human being nature carries on her work to perfection, even though some parents may force the immature embryonic being unbidden into the Spirit-world; and that such spirit will certainly meet them in the future state to their utter condemnation. The human being is a spiritual being and if not allowed to come to maturity in the material world, it will surely live and mature in the spiritual world.

Now, any one who is not willing to assume these duties and responsibilities to a reasonable extent, and fulfill them to their utmost ability, has no right to enter the marriage state. These conditions, of course, require the practice of much self-denial, but such self-denial will surely bring its own reward. On the other hand, those who do not enter the marriage state lack some of the richest, happiest and most beneficial experiences of life, and so have not fulfilled completely the purpose of their being. Thus we see that selfishness comes to the front in marriage as well as in everything else. If the unbiased opinion of older and experienced persons were sought and their judgment followed, how much contention and misery might be avoided.

I really believe the plan suggested by Dr. Foote of having a board of commissioners of marriage, composed of both sexes, to advise in this matter is far better than the present haphazard way. Candidates for marriage might submit themselves to an examination upon the various important points involved in the marriage relation, and receive a license, or an adverse recommendation according to their fitness or unfitness for each other. I believe something of this kind is already in operation in some countries. In the State of Virginia a bond is given by those contemplating marriage to guarantee the support of the offspring. This may seem to be a very bold suggestion, but nevertheless it is founded in reason and would bring about beneficial results.

Let impulse and passion be restrained or controlled by reason and good judgment. One great purpose of this life is, for us to learn to control all desires by wisdom. I can see no reason why this subject of marriage, which is one of the most important of all the acts or events of life, should not have the most deliberate and mature consideration; and that the young should be guided by, and yield to, the experience and good judgment of older persons. The subject of procreation has been too much degraded and involved in mystery. It should be regarded as one of the most sacred functions of the human being, and ought surely to be under the control of wisdom, for the abuse of this function is visited by nature with the most severe penalties. Let us therefore elevate it to its proper place.

Those noble natures who have reflected upon and studied this subject deeply have come to the conclusion that the marriage relation, where parties are perfectly mated and controlled by reason, is the most natural, blissful and enduring of all relations or conditions. All spirits unite in declaring that the perfect angel or archangel is a dual being; male and female human spirits united for eternity. This is most reasonable, for no single human being could always be perfectly happy without another human being of the opposite sex, in whom would be found that which would completely satisfy its own legitimate desires.

In this light, then, how important and far reaching this subject becomes. What condition more blessed than that of the well-mated husband and wife? The only thing wanted to complete their happiness would be the well-born child. Here is a picture of perfect bliss so far as mortals can comprehend it.

After looking over the whole field of reform and the abatement of evil and misery, I am firmly convinced that these subjects of marriage and pre-natal reforms are the most necessary, practical, hopeful and urgent of all reforms. The great need now is, to arouse the public mind upon these subjects and the way will soon be devised to bring them to a prospective accomplishment. There is no way in which we can so quickly and surely elevate the condition, physically, morally, mentally and spiritually of the human race, as by striving earnestly to bring about these grand reforms, and thereby help ourselves by the universal law that if we strive to benefit others we consequently benefit ourselves.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Matters Touching Theosophy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Will you permit me to say a few words in regard to some correspondence I notice in your valuable paper? It is that regarding Bro. Gopal Vinayak Joshee, of Bombay, about whom Prof. Elliott Coues and Dr. Shufeldt appear not to agree. Having been present at the founding of the Theosophical Society, in 1875, as its Secretary, and ever since then a hard worker in its ranks, I presume to say a few words with your permission, upon my own views.

The remarks of Dr. Shufeldt and Prof. Coues reply, in yours of February 20th, are likely to arouse misleading ideas. Dr. Shufeldt asked what good Mr. Joshee was doing us, and what knowledge he possessed; and Prof. Coues leaves the impression that, perhaps, Mr. Joshee is in some occult way connected with the official, or with the esoteric work of the Theosophical Society.

Bro. Joshee I know very well. All ridiculous impressions should at once cease about him. He is a Brahmin and a patriotic Hindu. His wife has been studying medicine here, and he came over to this country, moved by his wife's presence and a desire to see this country. As for his being a travelling adept who performs wonders, or who reads thoughts, astral light or what not, it is all both, and he himself is the last man to make such claims. He is merely a mild Hindu who has no hesitation, now that he is here, in underlining the foundation of entrenched Christianity, just as the missionaries tried to do for his own religion in India.

as promulgated in and by the Theosophical Society.

There cannot be much doubt on that head, for enough has been printed upon it. Theosophy, broadly stated, is Universal Brotherhood; and that more particularly analyzed—yet still very broadly—is the effort to convert our lower nature into higher nature, and thus to aid in the great process of evolution going on throughout the macrocosm. Prof. Coues says he wishes he knew what Theosophy is. This, coming from a man who is at the head of the Administrative Board of Theosophical work in this country, leads to false views in others, for they say, when the subject is broached: "Theosophy—oh! that is something no one knows anything about, and its chief official in the United States says it will be many years before even he can discover it." Now, while the professor's letter is excellent and contains many hints of the mixed terminology now bandied about, consisting often of a misunderstanding of Sanscrit terms, such as *chitta*, *ananda*, *manas*, mixed up with soul, spirit, God, and like words, all undigested, but of which terms he, no doubt, has a good understanding, I only wish to direct myself to the misunderstandings referred to. Our work, our final goal, is clear. Many members feel daily that they get inspiration, help, knowledge, from their discussions and meditations on the laws laid down. They admit that the complete knowledge of all of Theosophy is difficult to obtain, but material science stands just there, too, in respect to the visible universe. In Brooklyn and New York are private, inner groups of Theosophists who occupy themselves with constant inquiring and analysis into and of Theosophical teaching, meanwhile trying to practice its rules; but they are not engaged in raising shades nor in trying to get out of their bodies, nor in seeking for psychic development. That they think is likely to lead to error if pursued for itself. It comes in time, in its proper place, if each one strives to convert his lower nature into higher. These sorts of groups also exist in other cities, and from my correspondence coming from every part of this country, I know that some devoted Theosophists are able to say that they have gained more real knowledge and more mental stability from Theosophy than they ever did from anything else. They do not amuse themselves with either Masonry or the Lodge of Mizraim, well knowing that no 33° "Scot Rite Mason"—I quote—has anything for them, nor has the Lodge of Mizraim either. Both are mere willis o' the wisp: *Vox et preterea nihil*, sound and fury signifying nothing.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

The Spiritualist Alliance on Mesmerism.

It will be seen that the relationship existing between the phenomena I have just described and mesmerism is extremely close; in fact, it is difficult to believe that the higher phenomena of thought-transference and the more elementary forms of electro-biology are not due to identical causes. The history of mesmerism is extremely interesting, and it is most instructive to watch the progress of the phenomena.

The first aspect under which I propose to consider mesmerism is that of its curative powers. The curing of many disorders, especially those of the nervous system, by the action of sympathy by contact is of great antiquity. In the middle of the seventeenth century we have the instance of the philanthropist Valentine Greatrakes (or Greatrakes), who cured by the power of his vital energy all who came to him afflicted with such diseases as hysteria, tetanus, epilepsy, and the rest of the nervous ailments which afflict susceptible humanity; his special diseases being scrofula (?) and ague; multitudes, we are told, flocked to him from all parts until he was forced to limit his exertions and practise his cures on certain specified days, and at certain specified times, only.

From this time to the days of Dr. Mesmer we find recorded periodical instances of this simplest form of electro-biology, the fullest developments of which have been so remarkably exemplified by the authorities I have quoted above. If anyone desires to subject these matters to the test of practical experience, let him take any case of ordinary neuralgia and treat it in the following way:—It is presumed that the seat of the neuralgia is the head, and that, as is usually the case, the region of the greatest pain is across the eyes and forehead. Let the sufferer be seated, and place the tips (the fleshy balls) of the second and third fingers of the left hand upon his right temple, then, gazing steadily at him, apply the same fingers of the right hand to the opposite temple, and in this position—gently vibrate the right hand, willing at the same time very strongly that the pain shall leave the patient; in a few minutes the pain will entirely disappear. I never knew this plan to fail, and have applied it successfully even to myself, and relieved myself of the most raging neuralgia by its means. If the pain which it is desired to alleviate be toothache, the tips of the fingers must be drawn along the jaws in the manner laid down further on for making mesmeric passes; for headache the passes must be made over the head and down the sides of the face to the chin, and in this manner almost any bodily pain may be alleviated. The great essential is strong will that the pain shall leave the sufferer, patience in applying the remedy, and a firm confidence in its efficacy.

We now reach the consideration of the methods requisite for the production of the mesmeric sleep, which may be effected in a variety of manners, any particular one of which may be especially efficacious with any particular subject, and which also may be used either singly or combined. The subject should be seated or reclining in an easy chair, and being placed in front of him you should proceed as follows. A penny or a florin should be placed in the subject's hand and at this he must gaze fixedly for a time extending from one minute to five, long enough in fact to bring the mind into a state of complete repose, by the dazzling or fascinating effect of the prolonged stare. The favorite object for this process is a zinc or silver disc with a stud of copper or gold let into the centre, but a coin will do as well. All this time you must will strongly that the subject shall become quite quiet and passive; when this condition appears to have supervened place the hand lightly on his head and raise it till his eyes meet yours, and directing him to gaze fixedly at you, commence making passes from the top of the head of the subject over his face and down to the stomach; the fingers should be slightly and naturally curved, and should keep at a distance of about half-an-inch from the face and body of the subject. At the end of the pass (i.e., at the stomach) throw the hand away, as it were, to the left or right, closing it and bringing it back in a circle to the head of the subject in such a manner that the back of the hand is not presented to him, for this would have a de-magnetizing effect. Continue this operation very slowly, now and

then holding the fingers for a few seconds opposite the eyes of the subject, strongly willing all the time that he should close his eyes and go to sleep. If he does not do this and the continued gaze appears to occasion him uneasiness, tell him to close his eyes and continue the passes; this will be a great relief to him, and in a short time you will notice a twitching and trembling of the eyelids; this is the first symptom, and having observed this you may perform the following experiments. Hold the fingers for a few moments before his eyes and then say authoritatively "You can't open your eyes," willing strongly at the same time that he shall not do so. You will probably find that he cannot possibly do so; if he can, do not be discouraged but repeat the experiment after a pause. If the preliminary drowsiness and twitching of the eyelids take place, success is certain sooner or later to attend your efforts. The operation may take from three or four minutes to twenty minutes or half-an-hour; never be discouraged by early failures, perseverance is almost certain to be rewarded by success. Mr. Buckland suggests the following test of whether a mesmerist can magnetize a particular subject or not. Stand behind the subject and placing your extended hands on his shoulders with your thumbs pointing down between his shoulder blades will strongly that he shall fall towards you. If he sways in your direction your task will be an easy one, if he sways away from you, you will have some difficulty in magnetizing him. At any stage of the proceedings a subject may be de-magnetized by making reversed passes, i.e., pointing the hand palm upwards at the stomach and throwing it sharply upwards towards the head, and blowing sharply upon the forehead. This will generally awake the subject instantaneously, but should every means fail the patient may be left to wake of himself, which he will do quite naturally and greatly refreshed in the course of an hour or two. Cases have occurred where the subject has obstinately refused to wake for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, but even in these extreme cases (which are very rare) no danger need be apprehended, and there is absolutely no cause for any uneasiness; the one thing of vital importance which must be most strictly attended to is that no one save the mesmerist must be allowed to touch the subject whilst he is asleep, as this produces uneasiness, hysteria, coma, and even convulsions. The making of the passes produces no effect of an unpleasant description upon the subject; on the contrary the processes of mesmerism are infinitely soothing, the only sensations produced being those of a cold air emanating from the fingers of the mesmerist, or a warmth or tingling sensation in the skin of the subject. In curative mesmerism it is sometimes advisable to continue the passes down to the feet, but for ordinary purposes the pass described above will generally have all the desired effect. Another process recommended by Dr. Gregory is as follows:—Sit down close before the subject, take hold of his thumbs with your thumbs and fingers and gently pressing them gaze fixedly in his eyes whilst he does the same; a strong effort of will under these circumstances will generally induce the mesmeric state. Two things only are necessary in mesmerism: complete passivity and willingness to be operated upon on the part of the subject (no person of ordinary strength of mind can possibly be mesmerized against his will) and intense concentration on the part of the mesmerist. A leading mesmerist, Mr. Lewis operates merely by an intensely concentrated gaze, whilst Dr. Darling and Mr. Braid mesmerize by making the subject gaze fixedly upwards at a small object (such as a disc or the end of a pencil case) held before the eyes a little above their level. However the sleep is induced, when it seems to be profound raise the hand of the subject about six inches and let it go; if it falls back heavily without awaking him the mesmeric sleep is produced, and you may now proceed to investigate some of the simpler phenomena. First tell him he cannot open his eyes, as laid down above, and having succeeded with this, make a few passes below the jaw, and tell him he cannot open his mouth. You can then press the palms of his hands together and defy him to separate them, or making him clench a coin in one hand defy him to let it drop. In this state some very interesting experiments may be made, such as the following and tell him he does not know his own name, and making passes across his lips, ask him what it is; he will find it impossible to tell you. Tell him he has forgotten (say) the seventh letter of the alphabet, and tell him to repeat it; when he gets to G will strongly that he should not be able to repeat it, and the same impossibility will ensue. In the same way you may give him a book telling him it is a cat, or a foot-stool, telling him it is a bird, and he will accept your statement, treating the object given him in accordance with its newly-acquired imaginary character. The subject may be made to represent any well-known character or to do any particular act or series of acts, or he may be made to laugh, cry, or chatter at the will of the operator. At this point it is well to wake the subject as it is not advisable to continue the mesmeric phenomena too long without a pause.

Light, London.

A goose which has just died at Stuttgart left the flock, while still a gosling, and resolved to have nothing more to do with its companion geese, but to try a new way of life for itself. So it boldly marched into the barracks of a Uhlan regiment one day and stationed itself next the sentry box. The Uhlans were touched by the goose choosing to ally itself with their corps, and built a shed for it to live in. For twenty-three years neither threats or persuasion were able to separate this bird from its adopted regiment. When the corps changed quarters the goose went with them, and when the Uhlans went to fight for their country the desolate creature took up for a time with a battalion of infantry; but no sooner did the first Uhlans enter the town than the goose marched out to meet them, and went with them to her old quarters. Since her death she has been stuffed, and is to be seen in a glass case on the gate of the barracks of Stuttgart.

In acquiring Burmah, England has got possession of vast forests of teak, which, never plentiful in India, was becoming commercially very rare. Of all the woods grown in the East that is the most valuable. It is neither too heavy nor too hard; it does not warp or split under exposure to heat and dampness; it contains an essential oil which prevents its rotting under wet conditions, and at the same time acts as a preventive to iron and repels the destructive white ants; it is, withal, a handsome wood, of several varieties of color and grain, and takes a good polish.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Imitations and counterfeits have again appeared: Be sure that the word "HORSFORD'S" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. (106 West 29th Street, New York.)

THE NEW LEAF.

O would our leaves of life were fair With faithful writing everywhere! O would that love shone clear and true Each plan and purpose over it through; That zeal did never faint and tire; That hope ne'er waned to low desire; That so each New Year's dawn should bring The old year's buds to blossoming; And so all plans and hopes should tend Through patient work to perfect end! -A. A. Hopkins.

THE WORKINGWOMAN.

If bureaus are established in city and town, by means of which, as has been suggested, woman's work can be equalized, there are obstacles in the way which have not yet been considered.

For a large portion of these women who work hard to keep body and soul together and oftentimes fall, or who starve one and degrade the other in the effort, are violently opposed to going into the country at all. And as for household service, they had about as soon die as undertake it, grant that their repugnance is plainly unreasonable, we must consider their objections and see how they can be removed.

In the first place the city is an overpowering magnet. It draws to its bosom and holds there with resistless force, the greater part of those who once feel its attractions. The poor woman sees warmth, beauty and luxury, even if it is outside of her circle. She is not sufficiently developed to live within her own resources; often she has none yet awakened. If she were sure of a decent home, kind treatment and some companionship, she might try to live there. But the greater number, I am convinced, would be glad to go, if they knew where they were wanted in good homes, and how to find them. Will not some philanthropist help make the way clear, and so benefit and equalize both city and country?

In the next place, the life of a domestic should be made more attractive; fewer hours work should be required of her, and she should be treated with greater kindness and consideration. A sense of human fellowship, of interest in daily life, her wants, struggles, joys and sorrows, should be carried into the kitchen and not confined to the parlor. It may not be met with the proper spirit, but on the other hand, it may bring sunshine into a lonely, dispirited heart. The employer has the advantage, and the onus rests on that side.

An article on those topics, by Effreda, on the sixth page of the JOURNAL of February 13th, is so timely and true, that there is a strong temptation to transfer the greater share of it to this column. The writer has touched upon a problem which is yearly growing more tangled. Among other truths, she states these, sharply and pertinently:

A MISTAKE.

"One great mistake some otherwise intelligent ladies make, is to suppose that a working woman must necessarily be an ignorant one, and treat her as such. It often happens that such unfortunate women are true ladies, well educated and finely reared. It is such that suffer when forced into the kitchen; suffer agonies untold that cry to heaven for vengeance to society for its tyrannies. Many women—more than are supposed—have not the discernment to know the difference between a truly bred lady and a girl that can not read. The woman who works in the kitchen, if a lady, must be shut out from all congenial associations, and thrust among the coarse, who ridicule her fine qualities. Their coarse tastes are exceedingly repulsive to her. She suffers as no one can imagine, unless experienced. Hers is a life utterly lonely, and bitter as wormwood. A coarse woman with a domineering disposition will tyrannize over her finer sister who is her intellectual and spiritual superior, with a presumption of haughty-superiority that acts upon her victim like the poison of malaria. That a woman must be shut out from the society of those of refined tastes and habits, because she works, is an outrage. It is one of the most cruel things that unthinking man inflicts upon his fellow-man. The coarse and illiterate can not appreciate her and they misrepresent her in every thing, and hurt her in every way. A flower that should bloom among its fellows in the garden is thrust out among weeds and thistles. The stigma society has placed upon work, and more especially upon kitchen maids, is one of the greatest curses of this abnormal world. So long as this stigma rests upon labor inefficient work will be done."

The writer of the above has rightly arraigned employers, but has given no reasons why labor is so regarded. It seems to me that we need to understand them, in order to know and to apply the remedy.

In the first place, living has become more complex and extravagant, year by year. Americans ape foreign manners and increase class distinctions in proportion as they accumulate riches. A recent visit in Washington has led me to observe the change that has taken place in that city, during the last eight years. Etiquette, pomp and ceremonials are burying democracy out of sight fathoms deep. In official circles there is nothing democratic left—(using the word not in a political sense). The simplicity which reigned in many parts of the republic, is gone forever, unless a deeper sense of the brotherhood of man, and a conception of what constitutes true value is awakened. Veneer is taking the place of the real wood, and glitter the place of gold, until people forget there is anything but superficial show. In such a state of things, is the kitchen-maid, though she be as lovely as Cinderella and wise as Penelope, to have social recognition?

It is not so many years since, in the rural portion of New England, the "hired girl" sat down to the table on terms of perfect equality with her employers and was treated in every way as one of the family. After the noonday dinner, she put on a clean dress and apron, sat down with the squire's wife and daughter; even if they had company in the "best parlor," and took part in the conversation. For she was not an ignorant foreigner, ill-bred, unkempt, dirty and ignorant, but a self-respecting, intelligent young woman. She was the daughter of a neighbor, generally, who had a quarterful of children, or who was poor, and her social condition depended alone on her intelligence and worth.

AND TO-DAY.

If the same young person seeks a situation now, she comes in competition with a class fresh from the bogs of Ireland, or the rice fields of China, persons with whom she can not associate. And she receives the same treatment that they do, because the employers are used to that class, only, or because they have not learned to discriminate. If they have become snobbish and fall to treat "help" according to their merit, it proves what was stated at the beginning of this article, that

democracy is swiftly and fatally giving place to aristocracy. There is too much to be said on this subject to be covered in this column. For, as long as a kitchen-maid is expected to work from five or six in the morning till seven or eight at night, we can not expect to secure a high order of intelligence. No angel is content to work in a dingy kitchen twelve or fifteen hours a day, compounding a variety of dishes, washing pots and kettles, and doing all sorts of drudgery. Frequently her bed-room is the coldest, smallest, meanest room in the house, unfit to sit in or sleep in, when the work is done. She sometimes works in the basement room, ill ventilated and lighted, with the one monotonous round of work, and no respite except a little while on the Sabbath. Is that a way in which the human soul can develop?

Magazines for May Received.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.) The first two chapters of William Henry Bishop's new serial, The Golden Justice, appear in the Atlantic for May. Charles Egbert Craddock's installment in the Clouds, is in heretofore manner. Henry James continues his Princess Casamassima in characteristic style. The fiction of New England life, Marsh Rosemary. Mr. John Fiske continues his papers on American History by one treating of The Weakness of the American Government under the Articles of Confederation. Mr. E. P. Evans has an instructive paper on The Aryan Homestead. Memories of London contains pleasant reminiscence of English art and artists of thirty years ago. Mr. Maurice Thompson has an article on Bird Song; and there are five excellent poems. Criticisms of recent books of travel and other volumes, with the Contributor's Club and books of the month, complete an admirable number.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The Magazine of Art for May is made particularly timely by an account of the Mary Jane Morgan collections of pictures illustrated by engravings from some of the most notable pictures in the collection. The opening article of the number is on Benjamin Disraeli, illustrated with re-productions of Millais portrait, Boshin's portrait bust, and a page of caricatures. Following this article is one on Cellings and Walls. Mr. T. Nelson Maclean, an English Sculptor is taken up and discussed, and examples are given from his work. Mr. Leader Scott has the paper on Romance of Art this month, and Lewis F. Day discusses Art in Metal Work. The editor of the magazine signs his initials to a capital paper on some new books. Katharine de Matto's writes of Mediaeval Almayne, and then comes the well filled department of American and Foreign Art notes.

POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY. (Grim & Co., New York.) Volume one, number one, of this quarterly, is out, and the publishers say: The Political Science Quarterly furnishes a field for the discussion of political, economic and legal questions. The legal questions treated will be principally questions of public law—constitutional, administrative and international. The point of view and method of treatment will be scientific. At the same time it will be the effort of the editors to have results of scientific investigation presented in an intelligible manner and in readable form. The topics discussed will be primarily such as are of present interest in the United States. Annual subscription price three dollars, single numbers, seventy-five cents.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The frontispiece of Cassell's Family Magazine for May illustrates a poem found further on in its pages. There are other poems, serials, some short stories, and the fashion letters from Paris and London which are very absorbing at this time of the year. The Gatherers is full as usual, and keeps the reader acquainted of the world's inventive work.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The first of a serial of Three Famous Abbeys opens the reading matter of this issue. Poems, short stories, besides serials, contribute to the interest of this month's contents.

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

GLEANINGS IN BEE CULTURE. (Medina, O.) (For April.) A monthly devoted to bee culture.

BABYLAND. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) Short stories in large print will amuse the youngest readers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

THE HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Alfred Rambaud. Illustrated by L. B. Lang. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 2 vols. Cloth, \$1.75.

Rambaud's History of Russia is a standard history of Russia. This author's works have given him fame, and he is admitted to stand at the head of European authorities on his chosen subject. He has read widely and studied closely the Russian originals; is familiar and has a large acquaintance with Russian literature, and has skillfully assimilated vast stores of information into an orderly and vigorous narrative. Russian history begins almost in myth, and emerges into a clear light only in comparatively recent times. Altogether this is a work that may be read uniformly with profit and often with interest; an authority that may be consulted with confidence, filling an important place on the historical shelf.

New Books Received.

THE RECORD. A Poem Illustrating the Philosophy of Life. New York: John W. Lovell Company. Price, \$1.25.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. 2. New York: John B. Alden. Cloth, gilt top, price, 60 cents.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER and THE GOOD-Natured Man. By Oliver Goldsmith. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

THE CASTLE OF UBRANTO. By Horace Walpole. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, 10 cents.

"I was all run down, and Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the medicine I needed," write hundreds of people. Take it now. 100 Doses \$1.

A younger brother of the famous Marquis of Queensberry has just arrived in San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands.

Catarrh and Bronchitis Cured. A clergyman, after years of suffering from these loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. Flynn & Co., 117 East 15th St., New York will receive the recipe free of charge.

A cable message can be sent from New York to London and an answer received in six minutes.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the Best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

In competition for a prize an English lad offered the following essay on Columbus: "Columbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Columbus, 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Columbus. 'If you will give me a ship.' 'So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America might be found. The sailors quarrelled, and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Columbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Columbus. When the ship got near, the land was full of black men. Columbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. 'Then he said, 'I suppose you are the biggest?' 'Yes,' they said. 'You are the chief, I suppose you are Columbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"

The glaciers of the North Pacific coast are small but magnificent. The Muir is three miles long, with a perpendicular face of 400 feet, stretching like a frozen waterfall or gigantic dam entirely across the head of the glacier bay. Its breast is as blue as turquoise. At a distance it looks like a fillet rent from the azure sky and laid across the brow of the cliff. When the full blaze of the southwestern sun lights up its opalescence it gleams like the gates of the celestial city.

One of the curiosities of light and heat is the fact that rays of the sun should pass through a cake of ice without melting it at all, as is the case when the thermometer stands a little above zero. That the rays of heat actually penetrate the ice is shown by the fact that a lens of ice may be used for setting fire to inflammable substances.

The May Century will contain the last paper written by General McClellan for publication. It is a description of the critical time from the Second Battle of Bull Run to the advance from Washington toward South Mountain and Antietam. On the morning after General McClellan's sudden death the manuscript pages of this unfinished article were found on his table. General McClellan's literary executor, Mr. William C. Prime, furnishes an introduction.

Miss Rose Kingsley, the daughter of the novelist, will contribute an article to the May St. Nicholas, describing Shakespeare's hospital, with pictures of the poet's home, the school, etc., by Alfred Parsons.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, May 1, 1886.

Easter—Did Jesus Rise?

This is the question often unspoken, but yet in many minds even in our churches to-day, especially in the "left wing" of our liberal churches. Our Best Words is a decided and earnest little fortnightly sheet issued by Rev. J. L. Douthett, a Unitarian preacher at Shelbyville, Ill. He affirms his convictions, which are not of the agnostic sort at all. We do not always agree with him, but his spiritual earnestness, his devotedness, which has the martyr spirit, we like. In his Best Words of April 20th, he quotes from Manford's Magazine (Universals) the views of Rev. B. L. Rogers, which are such as would be accepted by the great body of evangelical churches, as follows:

A wonderful change came over Christ's followers after his death. Before that they were timid, fearful, following Christ with hesitancy, and feeling when he was in danger. And when crucified there was none to take his part. And when he was laid away in the tomb all hearts were heavy with sadness. But when Christ appeared to them in his risen state, and they fully realized that he had indeed burst the bonds of the grave, their faith in him returned, hope was revived, and a new life dawned upon them. They were no longer timid, no longer hesitated to declare themselves his followers; but they went out among men and preached Christ and his resurrection, nothing but death closing their mouths.

This wonderful change that came over these disciples can be accounted for in no other way only that they believed their Master had risen and ascended on high. Deny Christ's resurrection, and you leave this change in his followers unexplained. Easter day is the celebration of an occasion that brings immortal hopes to a dying world.

This same feeling pulses through the familiar old hymn, and thrills the hearts of those who sing it with a sweet triumph of hope that banishes all fear. Full of uplifting light and ineffable tenderness are both words and music:

Mary to her Saviour's tomb— Hasted at the early dawn; Splice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone. For a while she lingered stood, Filled with sorrow and surprise; Trembling while a crystal flood, Issued from her weeping eyes.

But her sorrows quickly fled When she heard his welcome voice: Christ had risen from the dead; Now he bids her heart rejoice: What a change his word can make, Turning darkness into day! Ye who weep for Jesus' sake, He will wipe your tears away.

But in our day doubts come, and the one only rational and inspiring way to meet and end those doubts is not accepted.

Liberal clergymen stand in their pulpits, even on Easter Sunday, the day consecrated to immortality by the usage of long Christian centuries, and slide over with a sur, or try to explain away all that the New Testament says of the reappearance of Jesus after his crucifixion, and do this in a way to chill the souls and darken the doubts of their hearers as to there being any life beyond the tomb, any personal being save what depends on these mortal bodies.

This style of liberal preaching, "Sickled over with the pale east of agnostic thought," is about the poorest and thinnest imaginable. Lacking all spiritual life and health, wanting in all mental breadth and vigor, it cannot give what it lacks.

Setting aside all miraculous theories or dogmatic methods of Bible interpretation, and using only the latest rational methods of criticism, and if there is no proof in the Gospel narrations of the reappearance of Christ after his death and burial, then there is no proof of any reality in nine-tenths of the whole Testament.

He did rise; he was seen, a score of times; we are told this by many witnesses, and no doubt this did fill the weary hearts of his few followers with new hope and strength. Others, before and since that day, have risen and have been seen. Not only from the past, but from the living present can the cloud of witnesses be summoned to testify to these things. To the devoted disciples, to Mary at the tomb and others, it may be said

that Christ brought life and immortality to light. Their very souls were stirred and illuminated by these great experiences. By like experiences are souls lifted up and lighted up to-day.

The hope of the disciples and of Christendom is not an illusion. We accept it and enlarge it. Not alone from Judea but from the soul did it come.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

So it is with this hope of immortality, that faith, innate and intuitive, to which we add the confirming knowledge of Spiritualism. How long will these doubting preachers stand out in the cold?

The Vexatious First Day of May.

As everybody well knows, the first day of May has been rendered memorable from the fact that at this time hundreds of families who have no homes of their own, change residences, undergoing vexations and inconveniences that are very trying to the patience of any one. Then, if ever, there is an intense hubbub of excitement, hurrying to and fro, and great anxiety in fear of losing something valuable; and there is also on such occasions an immense waste of energy without accomplishing any particular good to anybody. Then draymen are called upon to aid in the transportation of the household goods, and after making a solemn engagement to commence work at the appointed time without fail, some one comes along and offers them a bigger price than your contract calls for, and off they go in compliance with the wishes of the highest bidder, leaving you in the lurch and making you the center of confusion.

This moving multitude knows nothing of the sweetness and grandeur of life possessed by those who own their own homes, however humble and unostentatious they may be, and who can rest and be quiet and happy under the serene knowledge that the first of May has no terrors whatever for them. The millennium can never be ushered in until a complete change shall have been made in the status of society with reference to homes; each family, before that important era can prevail, must have its own home, and the curses, the sinful impatience, the bickerings, and dishonesty of that eventful period, be made things of the past. How extremely sad and doleful was the plaint of Jesus when he alluded to the birds as having nests, but the Son of Man not where to lay his head. He had no home, and all through his eventful career he manifested extreme sadness—a sorrowful spirit that was full of misgivings, and no where do you see manifested in his sayings that serene contentment which should characterize a sojourner in this sphere of existence. The probability is, however, that he never became acquainted with the evil influences that emanate from moving on the first day of May, or he would have denounced the custom and instituted some measure whereby the evil emanating therefrom could be obviated, and the world rendered better thereby.

This general moving on the first day of May, is accompanied with many mishaps, that in the present undeveloped state of society seems to be unavoidable. But it is not altogether an "unmixed evil." Gough's last drunken spree" culminated in his grand triumph as a temperance orator, and the good he accomplished for the world is incalculable. The "last move" with its numerous vexations and inconveniences, has resulted in a determination on the part of many to secure at the first opportunity a home for themselves, thus banishing the evils that but-crop yearly on the first day of May, so far as they are concerned.

It is sad, indeed, to be without a home when old age arrives. There was Charles Lemar and his wife, who impoverished, disconsolate and tired of the struggles of life, celebrated their golden wedding by committing suicide in New York City. For fifty years the couple had got along somehow, but when the occasion came for celebrating a half-century of life together it found them penniless. They were living on scanty earnings gained from day to day, and there was a prospect that even this means of existence would be soon cut off. So they celebrated the golden wedding by taking poison, and those who missed the two old people found them lying dead in each other's arms. It was something of an innovation on usual golden-wedding practices, but the telegraph told all it wished about it in six lines. If they had possessed a home, however humble, they would never have deemed it necessary to commit suicide.

A School of Liberal Theology.

Active work is going on for the establishment of a great summer school of "Liberal Theology" at Chautauqua, the chief promoter being the Rev. J. C. Townsend, a recent convert from Methodism in Buffalo, N. Y. At Jewettown he has built up a large following. The new association has secured fine grounds at Anselma, on Lake Chautauqua. Dr. Townsend claims that he has enlisted Rev. Dr. Swing of Chicago, in the project. Dr. Swing approves the proposition that an association be formed of the independent churches throughout the country. The Rev. Dr. Sanderson, editor of the Unitarian will lecture, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas, pastor of the People's Church, is also expected to do so. Rev. Dr. Hill, ex-President of Harvard, promises to lecture in August. Dr. Hill has a national reputation as the author of the standard time system. A course of twelve lectures upon ethics will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody of Boston. Among those who will speak are the Rev. Charles G. Ames, the

popular preacher of Philadelphia; Prof. Barbour, formerly of Boston, and for ten years editor of the Unitarian Review; President Liverman of the Theological School at Meadville, Pa.; and President Atwood of Lenox, N. Y. The time of the meetings will be the last week in July and the first week in August.

R. Heber Newton on "The Secret of the Cross."

Among the many and varied signs which crowd upon the observer, demonstrating the universal advance of that freedom of thought which is destined shortly to entirely liberate the mind of man from religious thralldom to which it has been ever subjected in the past, no one sign has been more marked than the long silence of the Episcopacy in America, while Heber Newton's words are, week after week, thundering against the absurdities which exist in its forms and dogmas. On a recent Sunday he reached the very height of ecclesiastical daring, in proclaiming from his pulpit the true historic and prehistoric origin of the cross as a religious symbol. Independent thinkers and readers have long known and asserted that it antedated Christianity, and the voice of spirits at Spiritualistic circles for years have endorsed the assertion and insisted that the cross, in common with most of the forms and observances of the Romish Church, had descended from the most ancient pagan priesthoods, through successive orders, as those of India, Egypt and Rome. Mr. Newton's topic was "The Secret of the Cross." He said:

"The cross is a device which would naturally have suggested itself to primitive man as one of the simplest and most necessary forms in nature. So omnipresent and inevitable a form must, in the mind of the thoughtful man, have assumed a symbolic significance. Finding over the everywhere present secret of nature, the cross came to assume the character of a sacred symbol, a sacrament of life."

"The cross thus became the symbol of life eternal rising out of the life temporal. On some of the Egyptian tombs we may still see the delineation of Ho-us, the sacred sign of life, to life by touching the mummy with a cross. It thus became the symbol of the spiritual life rising out of life material; the sacred sign of the higher life triumphing over the lower life of the material. The sacrament of life, and thus the secret of the disciplining pains and sorrows of our earthly life. We find in the earliest known religion the use of the cross in initiating candidates into the higher sphere of life. It became the symbol of the life of the elect ones of earth, who rise out of the mass of men; the sacred sign of the saviors of mankind; the secret of the life going forth from them in salvation for the sons of men. The Savior of mankind was also 'despised and rejected'; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. It is not this the story of the man sent from God to Greece? The Buddha gave his life like grass for the sake of others. It need not surprise us, that with this fact of the inner life of the great souls of earth before them, as the spiritual reality signified in the sacred symbol of nature, men of all lands have fashioned the form of crucified Saviour."

"The cross thus became the symbol of the Divine life rising through the human life the sacred sign of the secret in the Infinite and Eternal Being; the sacrament of the sacrifice through which God himself is redeeming and resurrecting the soul. The cross thus became the symbol of the Infinite and Eternal Spirit. The Infinite and Eternal Life is ever giving itself forth into lower lives. The generator of life is the regenerator of life; the power which is always at work in the world to lift up the lower forms of being higher; the Will which through man is pulsing the energy that redeems him from all evil; the Being who is ever offering himself in the sacrifice of his own life for the good of others. The Divine Motherhood is bringing to the birth the sons of God. Christianity as the flower of Paganism must needs have reproduced those ancient truths in fresh and higher forms. No other sign could have become the symbol of the religion which takes up into itself all the richest, deepest and truest religions of the past than the cross. The life of Jesus made these venerable faiths the open book of the world. In the eternal fitness of things, the Son of Mary walked our earth as the son of God. He verily gave Himself for us, a sacrifice for our sins. In him man saw the face of God unveiled, and saw that 'God is love.' In the eternal fitness of things, it must needs have come about that he should have been lifted up upon a cross."

Mr. Newton has wonderful skill in leading his people to accepting the truth as found in history, science and Spiritualism, interesting them at the same time in the church in which he and they have lived. How long the Episcopal hierarchy will tolerate his words of truth and freedom is a question to be solved. What Chatham and Pitt were to the cabinet of George III., what the older Newton and Cecil were to the Established Church of England, and what William Wilberforce was to the slave-trading English nation, R. Heber Newton is and will be to the Episcopal Church of America, its redeemer and purifier.

The Laboring Classes and Capital.

Strikes at the present time are occurring in various parts of the country, and great excitement results therefrom. Out of this conflict, which is raging so violently between capital and labor, there must ultimately arise a better understanding between the opposing parties, or greater disasters and more distressing confusion than ever will prevail. While capitalists are, in many instances, aggressive and oppressive, and should be persistently opposed, the laboring men have resorted to incendiarism in order to carry their points, resulting in great loss of property.

The Chicago Tribune says that a remarkable change made manifest by the disturbance of the labor market is the disappearance of combination as a leading feature of the operations of the capitalists and the prevalence of combination among the laboring classes. In the building trades of Chicago, for instance, all classes of wage earners have their unions, which are very powerful, while every employer operates substantially by himself. The builders and contractors have no understanding as to the course they will pursue, much less any unification of their interests that would enable them to act as a body. They simply sit still and await the movements of the laborers. When it is definitely decided what the latter class are going to do, they will then as individuals determine whether they desire to enter on any new enterprises and put up any more new buildings this season. Many of them think that, after the artisans have tested the feeling of the community toward them and have found out that the market will not stand any considerable advance in the cost of constructing buildings, they will quiet down and go to work at substantially the present rates; but the employing classes do not care to put out their money so long as there is so much uncertainty as to the price of labor. There has been no end of just complaint at the combi-

nations of capitalists in the last few years, and it is a little curious to see the condition of things thus reversed.

We hope the time is not far distant when the laboring man will receive what is justly his due, and capital at the same time be protected in whatever enterprise it may be invested in.

Joseph Cook—"So Near and Yet So Far!"

In the prelude to his Boston lecture March 22d, Joseph Cook spoke of the most successful preaching methods, in part as follows:

The best preacher does not speak, but is spoken through. The most effective preaching consists not only of words about the Lord, but in a sense of words from the Lord. Even Cicero says, that in the most powerful orator there is at times something superhuman which speaks through him—aliquid inmensum, infinitum quæ—something immense and infinite.

Co-operation with God is the chief method of the most successful preachers. My topic is co-operation with God, the chief center of intellectual and spiritual, as truly as of every other kind of power. Socrates had his demon. Charles G. Finney of Oberlin, said: The Holy Spirit (after my total self-surrender to God in prayer) descended upon me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. These waves came over me and over me and over me, one after the other, until, I recollect, I cried out: 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said: 'Lord, I cannot bear any more; yet I had no fear of death.' (President Finney's "Memoirs," p. 20.)

Such is a late record. But in an early record I read:

"I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth;) such a one caught up to the third heaven."

"And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell; God knoweth;)"

"How that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. (2 Cor. xii. 2, 3, 4.)"

These experiences are exceptional in degree, but not in kind. In the whole course of the ages there is abundant proof that God flashes through men who surrender to him. And I would take advantage to-day, in discussing the preacher, of all I have said of the action of the faculties after such surrender. For a preacher, first, midst, last, must be a surrendered soul, in order that he may be a wholly crystalline burning glass, through which God kindles new fire, in communities, nations, and ages.

The demon of Socrates was his attendant guardian spirit. The "something superhuman" of Cicero was inspiration from the life beyond, help from persons in the Spirit-world who could lift the orator to that clearer height and larger view, which his awakened spirit strove for. The "wave of electricity, like the very breath of God," which seemed to "come over and over" the uplifted and self-surrendered soul of Professor Finney, came also to the soul of another of the same family name, though not of kindred blood. Selden J. Finney, the greatly gifted and inspired orator, the seer and prophet of a new dispensation, had like experiences in his young manhood in Northern Ohio. Fortunately educated and developed by spirit influences, he soon realized that inspiration was both impersonal from the infinite source, and personal from supernal intelligences, once dwellers on this earth, and was indeed "a crystalline burning glass" to "kindle new fire."

The venerable Professor, Mr. Cook would hold in reverence as a man of God; the noble and high-souled teacher of Spiritualism he would hold in contempt, mingled, perhaps, with pity, as a deluded fellow. Paul's man "caught up into paradise" to hear unspeakable words, had a genuine and wondrous experience, but men and women with like experiences to-day are said by some to be crazed and unsafe, or to be shunned as moral lepers.

Joseph Cook seemed near the kingdom of heaven when he uttered these and other like words on the great topics he discussed, but that kingdom is only open to the true hearted. So long as he perverts and distorts the sacred truths of Spiritualism, and speaks with slanderous tongue of its advocates, he can neither enter the door or climb over the shining battlements of the celestial city.

The Mining Schemes of "Dr." Flower.

Under the head, "Big Mining Swindle—the Security Mining and Milling Co.," the Denver Times of Feb. 10th lays bare a system adopted to enrich its schemers, and in so doing defraud the public. It appears from the article in question that one of Colorado's best citizens went to that office with a slip of a column and a half in length, cut from the Boston Traveler. Examination showed the slip to be a communication, presumably written from Silver Cliff to the paper named. It was a regular Aladdin's lamp style of story. The gentleman continued: "That slip was sent to me by a poor devil who, by forty years of hard work at an honest trade, has succeeded in saving about \$20,000. He writes me to know if he had not better invest his savings in the stock of this infernal swindling scheme. Of course I wrote him not to put a cent in it, and so saved him. But the trouble is this: The Traveler is, as you know, a sort of Bible to two-thirds of the New England people. When they see a thing like this in its columns those people would pawn their coats to bet on its genuineness. The result is that thousands of people have been swindled and are being swindled every day, while at the same time Colorado mining interests are getting a black eye that a dozen rich strikes such as those made during the past year at Leadville, Aspen and other places will fail to cure."

The Denver Times claims that the principal abettor of this mining scheme, is Dr. R. C. Flower, the alleged faith doctor, who advertises that he travels over the country in the car formerly used by Adeline Patti. The following is the list of mines which are set forth so fascinatingly by that "eminently honest" paper, the Boston Traveler: The Silver Cliff, the Hudson, Wet Mountain, the Racine Bay, the Keystone, the Leavenworth,

Maverick, Humboldt, Plymouth, Boymaster Terrible, Invincible, Moyle, Polaris and Polonia. The people of Silver Cliff speak as follows of this venture: "The Security Mining and Milling Co.": "They all know it is a fraud, and in the end it will knock the bottom out of the town and country worse than it has ever been knocked out." The Solid Muldoon of Ouray, Col., publishes the entire article from the Denver Times and says:

When a journal with the reputation of the Boston Traveler prostitutes itself to the purchasing power of a man like Doctor Flower, of Lead, Boston, it is time for great religious publications of the Muldoon's standing, to climb the swindler's frame. We, therefore, send marked copy of this impression to the Doctor as well as the Boston Traveler.

The JOURNAL readers have often been warned against the wiles of this Flower, and that its estimate of him was correct, is fully established by the Denver Times, The Solid Muldoon, and the people of Silver Cliff, Col.

Home Again.

The Editor and his family reached home last week from their California trip, all greatly benefited in health. Mr. Bundy is not yet able to resume his full share of office work, but has the promise of complete restoration within a few months. As soon as possible he will give his readers some account of his trip.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Geo. H. Brooks lectured at South Chicago last Sunday.

Mrs. L. H. Dickinson, of 117 1/2 17th St., Milwaukee, Wis., is represented as an excellent writing medium.

W. Harry Powell is stopping in this city, at 433 West Madison street. He gave a séance before the Psychological Society of this city.

Mrs. Thomas Gales Forster has removed from Washington, D.C., and become a resident of Baltimore, Md., where she formerly resided.

The Society of United Spiritualists meet regularly every Sunday at 2 P. M. Sunday May 2nd, Geo. C. Darling lectures on "Immortality from a Scientific Basis."

We regret to announce that Mrs. E. M. Dole has been sick for several weeks, unable to give sittings. Her phase of mediumship is in great demand, and we hope she will recover soon.

Dr. J. H. Randall will speak for the Spiritualists Society of Maquoketa, Iowa, May 9th and 10th, and is prepared to make other engagements. Address him at 431 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

A. B. French was in the city last week, and called at this office. During April he lectured at Cincinnati, O. Early in May he has engagements in Western Pennsylvania. The 16th he lectures at Vicksburg, Mich.

Mrs. Hiram McDonald of Eau Claire, Wis., became violently insane a few days ago as the result of religious excitement and attacked her three children. They were rescued by people who had great difficulty in overcoming the demented woman.

A Kansas weather prophet predicts a great storm period from April 25th to 29th, when a hurricane will develop at or near the Gulf and sweep up the southeast Atlantic coast. At the same time a cold wave will appear in the Northwest and run down into the Southern States, followed by heavy frosts as far south as Tennessee and Southern Kansas.

We are glad to learn that W. C. Bowen has finally concluded to enter the Spiritual and reform lecture field. We believe that he is capable of doing an excellent work there. He will make engagements to lecture Sundays at any place within one hundred miles of New York City. He can be addressed at 286 Livingston street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In the "Life, Letters and Correspondence of H. W. Longfellow," by his brother, Samuel Longfellow, we find the following: "This morning I dreamed that Charles Sumner had returned, and that I had seen him. I was awakened suddenly by the sound of two cannon shots. It was the salute of the British steamer in Boston harbor. So after breakfast I went into town; and sure enough, in the little parlor in Hancock Street I found him."

A writer in The American Missionary undertakes to prove that the Indians, instead of tending to dying out, are as numerous in this country as they were in the days of Christopher Columbus. Between 1809 to 1884, the Cherokees doubled in number. Among the Sioux of Dakota there are more births than deaths, and so among other tribes, according to his showing. The inference of this writer is that the Indians are an important race as regards missionary effort, and that they are quite as well worth looking after as the Africans of the Congo region, with the advantage of being more easily reached.

The Tribune says that some of the parties who attended Beecher's latest lecture in this city, complain that they were not treated fairly. They paid fifty cents each for tickets which it was advertised could be exchanged for reserved seats, and then found themselves unable to make such exchange without the payment of an additional fifty cents. It is true they were informed that they could have seats without pay by waiting till all the parties who were willing to pay for the privilege had done so, but this practically meant that they, the grumblers, could get no seats at all, and some of them did actually stand up during the lecture because they waited too long. Of course something may be said pro as well as con on the subject, but the Good Book from which Mr. Beecher has some times taken his texts, has a passage recommending the faithful to "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

A few days ago, F. B. Plimpton, a prominent Spiritualist of Cincinnati, Ohio, passed to spirit-life. His body was cremated April 26th at Lancaster, Pa. Mr. Plimpton was associate editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. He investigated Spiritualism through the mediumship of Mrs. Hollis, at the residence of Dr. Wolfe, author of "Startling Facts," etc.

R. L. Watkins's newspaper and magazine, Advertiser's Gazette, published by himself at Prospect, Ohio, for 1886, is out. It is a book of reference and information arranged in convenient form for the use of American advertisers. It contains revised lists of the representative newspapers and magazines, English and foreign, published in the United States and Canada.

The sublimation of the mind-cure craze in Boston is a man named Bennett, to whom patients go and lay down ten dollars, never more nor less; the "doctor" pronounces the formula; "You are cured," and the patient walks out again. There is no diagnosis, no treatment, nothing but faith; and yet it is said that Bennett is making a big income, ten dollar bills coming in by mail, and requests for consultation by telegraph. He calls himself an apostle of the "Order of the Inspired."—Tribune.

The Department of Agriculture, in its Forestry Division, has prepared a schedule for observations of tree-life; and accompanying it, of weather conditions, for the purpose of aiding an interest in forestry work; and to arrive at certain results explained on the schedules. It is desirable, that these observations should be noted by a very large number of persons; and everybody interested will be welcome to apply for the blanks, to the Department. As the season is rather advanced, not all the points required may be taken this year, but even a partial report will be acceptable.

The Herald of Health for May, will contain an interesting letter from Hudson Tuttle, giving an account of his health and working habits, it being the twelfth of a series entitled, "Health and Working Habits of our Busy Men and Women." Among those which have appeared, are letters from Rev. Dr. Bartolmeas Freeman Clarke, Gen. F. E. Spinner, E. E. Hale, F. W. Newman of England, Rev. John W. Chadwick, and Frances E. Willard. The June number will contain a letter by the leading Sanitary Engineer of New York, Chas. F. Wingate, and the next number, one by Elizabeth Cary Stanton, full of interest. Every one of these letters is valuable as hints and suggestions towards better health, more fullness of life, and greater happiness, \$1 a year; ten cents a number; three trial months, twenty five cents. New York, Dr. M. L. Holbrook, 13 Laight street.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott has written a note concerning her father as follows: "My father, I am happy to report, is very well for one in his condition and age. He has never recovered the use of his right arm, and only partially the use of his right leg. He can walk a little with help, and goes to drive occasionally, but the exertion will soon be too great, I fear. His loss of speech is the saddest part of his infirmity, and it is pathetic to see one who was so unusually gifted in conversation unable even to express his wants in words. His mind is still bright, and he enjoys the visits of friends, understanding all they say, though smiles and gestures and a few phrases, are all he has to offer in return. He sleeps well, dozing much by day, and eats with his usual appetite the simple food he has lived on for fifty years—no meat, tea or coffee—and he still attributes his great vigor to his temperance life. He will never write or talk again, and his books are all he can offer now. He no longer cares to read, but enjoys pictures, and sits thinking for hours as he placidly waits for the great change. He often says he is tired and wants to go, but, like a true philosopher, bears the inevitable as bravely and sweetly as he has borne all the trials and joys of his long and beautiful life. He desires me to convey his thanks to the many friends who so kindly remember him, in which I gratefully join."

A grayhound in Buffalo Thursday made the lowest official running record in the world. The hound was given three trials. In the first he made the 200 yards in 14 1/2 seconds; in the second he covered the distance in 12 1/2 seconds, and in the third he made the remarkable record of 12 1/4 seconds, the lowest official record in the world.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL comes to our office each week freighted with excellent articles on current topics. The sensible way it discusses these commands for its high rank among exchanges.—Mental Science Magazine and Mind-Cure Journal, Chicago, for April.

Publisher's Notice.

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

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

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

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

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

Decease of Mrs. Anne Sophia Floyd, Mother of Mrs. Hardinge-Britten.

On the early morning of March 31st, at 2 A. M., my precious and most beloved mother breathed her last on earth, at the advanced age of ninety-three years. Those who may remember my advent amongst the Spiritualists of London, returning to England in 1865, after many years' residence in America, will not have forgotten the sweet face, dignified form and noble presence of the white-haired old lady, who was my constant companion,—my better self,—the inspiring genius of all that was good and true and useful in my girlhood's growth; the strength, counsel and consolation of a tempest-tossed and troublous life in later years,—my good, faithful and honored mother. Few of the "old guard" who then welcomed my estimable mother, for her own sake far more than mine, now remain to feel the mighty void her earthly absence has made. Mr. and Mrs. Burns, and dear Mr. S. C. Hall, seem to me to be the last of the once bright, strong and numerous phalanx who might remember my mother as she was,—and who would have wept with me to see her during the last few sad and weary years, with every faculty dimmed, wasting, and almost extinguished,—nothing left but the feeble glimmer of light, which enabled her to utter the ceaseless prayer to "go home,"—to join the beloved ones who had preceded her.

That supplication of a very weary spirit is at length answered, and the tired body "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking." For me, my sister, and our two dear companions, all that remain of a once large family circle, a star has gone out that will leave a large part of the hemisphere above us in unlighted darkness. Whilst we bid her "God speed" to her well-earned rest, and follow with prayers of thankfulness her triumphant entrance upon the life where sorrow and suffering enter not,—for us that yet linger, the earth and the home lack the sweetest element that earth and home can give—the mother—the precious mother—the best friend poor mortals can ever know.

Anne Sophia Floyd would be known as a memorable woman could the history engraved in the archives of eternity ever be read on earth. Born in the year 1793, her father, a once wealthy and honored West India merchant, was the first Liverpool commoner that drove a private carriage, at his fine residence, situated at the top of Duke Street. My grandfather, Mr. Thos. Bromfield, raised from his own means, in 1799, a regiment of volunteers to aid in guarding the town against the expected invasion of Napoleon Buonaparte. As a little child, my mother was taught to watch and report the signals which heralded the approach of the West India fleet, when Birkhead could boast of but one building, and that a signal station and light-house.

Where Lime Street Station now stands, was my grandfather's marble yard, and wonderful tales of old Liverpool and its magical changes have been narrated to me many and many a time, when I and my faithful mother have landed from the various voyages wherein for years she was my companion,—a perfect encyclopedia of history, a link between at least two banished generations and the present time.

This dear lady was as much sought for and admired in the society of the intellectual and the educated, as her lonely child has been on the platform of phenomenal power. The record of her good, useful, changeable life, though passing strange and full of interest, will never more be alluded to or touched upon in print, but that life has been one of the ivers, which in many directions has helped the world forward on the march of progress; and I may with truth say of her, as of others more known but less deserving, "Earth has one angel less,—Heaven one angel more!"

On Saturday, the 3rd inst., we laid away the empty but honored casket in Harpurhey Cemetery. The few simple words in memoriam, which I deem would be pleasing to the angel mother whose earthly memory I desire to honor, will be spoken by my esteemed friend, John Lamont, and then—my mother's only place on earth will be in the hearts of her loving daughters, Margaret and Emma.

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."—Emma Hardinge-Britten, in Medium and Daybreak, London, Eng.

Manifestations Through the Perkins Brothers.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

For the last few evenings we have had the pleasure of witnessing some remarkable evidences of spirit power, given through the mediumship of F. J. and J. K. Perkins, of Kalamazoo, Mich. An ordinary cabinet, made of half-inch lumber, constructed by myself, and before I became acquainted with any mediums, was used. The fastenings consisted of wrought-iron staples driven through the cabinet from the inside, and clinched on the outside. To these staples, one on either side of the cabinet, the medium was fastened by strapping the wrists lightly to the staples, the ends of the strap put through the keepers, and then sewing the straps to his coat and shirt sleeves. The medium's feet were also tied to the chair in which he sat. The curtain door of the cabinet was then dropped, and almost immediately a slate that had been previously cleaned and placed in the cabinet, four feet distant from the medium, was passed out at the edge of the curtain door by a large brown hand, at least one-third larger than the medium's hand. Hands were then shown from each side of the curtain at the same time, and once the bare arm as far up as the elbow, it having the appearance of a lady's arm. Hands were shown from the top of the cabinet, bells rang, etc.; different ones in the circle (while the light was burning brightly but not shining on the front of the cabinet), held their hands to the edge of the curtain door, and were pulled or clasped by the plainly visible spirit hands. Several times during the circle, and at its conclusion the medium, F. J. Perkins, asked for all present to critically examine the fastenings and sewing, to satisfy themselves that they were intact, which proved to be the case.

At the circle last evening, a stone weighing twenty-two pounds was placed in the cabinet at the request of the control of J. K. Perkins. The stone was thrown from the cabinet with great force, and instantly the medium's fastenings were examined and found to be secure; such in brief are some of the manifestations that take place in the presence of either of these mediums.

Let it be remarked here, that only one of the mediums is in the cabinet at a time; the other is sitting in the circle, and under the eyes of all present, with the light burning bright enough to recognize any one in any part of the room.

Now for another phase of spirit power given through either of the mediums. I refer to independent slate writing. Yesterday, in broad daylight, between the hours of 11 and

12 o'clock, Mr. J. K. Perkins and myself, were sitting within six feet of five windows. I went to my book case and took from the shelf my own slate, cleaned it and then placed it on the under-side of the table-leaf, holding it firmly up against the leaf, there being no pencil on it. I then asked Mr. Perkins to place his hand on the slate with mine. He did so, and writing was heard almost immediately. Mr. P. took his hand from the slate, and requested me to withdraw it. I did so, and upon the top side of the slate was a message composed of several lines across the face of the slate. The first line seemed to have been written with a green pencil; the next one with a white one, and so on. First one color and then another, to the end of the message. Such are the facts as they occurred at my house in broad daylight in my presence, and my eyes wide open. R. D. SNYDER.

Marcellus, Mich.

Spiritual Preaching for our Times.

However opinions may differ as to the value of present tendencies in the theological world, no one will deny that there is a determined push in the direction of a larger freedom. Call it looseness or license or liberty, the fact is there, indisputable. With it we have to deal. The forces which have held men, whether of human authority backed by a persecuting ecclesiasticism or of ignorance, or of both combined, are no longer sufficient to hold them. In the face of protests men go on asserting the liberty to inquire into all foundation of belief, whether of science, philosophy, or revelation. The nature and sources of authority are inspected. The claims of Scripture; theories of inspiration, former interpretations of Scripture, the historic foundations of Christianity, the life of Jesus and his work and their relation to individual destiny and race destiny, the innermost meaning of salvation, its scope and reach,—all are reviewed and discussed with intense interest, and with the enthusiasm and hope of a fresh liberty. It is useless to attempt the arrest of this. It is part of the life of the age. He is happiest who most clearly sees that freedom of inquiry is the condition of truth.

On the other hand, such freedom is not without its dangers; and the salvation of our present religious thought can only be assured, (and the healthful results reached) by baptizing that thought in the spirit. The more it feels the pulse of freedom, the more thoroughly must it be pervaded by the sense of the invisible. If such movements are not intensely spiritual, they become rationalistic and skeptical. A rank intellectualism is only a grade higher than materialism. It is the spirit that quickeneth. The Christian Church is passing through great transitions. This is not a sign of decadence, but of an intense life. But change involves crisis. Transition periods are critical periods. In guiding the great body of the church through such transitions, and in order to land the people on a surer basis of faith, the preacher must keep to those spiritual heights where all things are seen in their divinely constituted relations.—Edward Hungerford, in the Century.

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

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GROVE MEETING.

The Chickasaw County Religious Society of Spiritualists, of the State of Oregon, will hold a Grove Meeting at their grounds at New Era, beginning Thursday, June 17th and holding five days or more if agreeable to campers. Efforts will be made to secure the usual reduction in fare to those attending the meeting. Good order will be maintained. Hotels convenient. A correct invitation is extended to all. WM. PHILLIPS, Pres. THOMAS BUCKMAN, Sec.

THREE DAYS' MEETING AT STURGIN, MICH.

The Harmonical Society of Sturgis will hold their 27th Annual Meeting in the Free Church, at the Village of Sturgis, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday June 4th, 5th and 6th. Able speakers from abroad will be in attendance and address the meeting. A general invitation is extended to all to attend. By order of Committee. J. G. WALK.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The 20th Annual Meeting of the Michigan State Association of Spiritualists will be held in the village of Nantiville, commencing Saturday, May 30th, and continuing through Sunday the 9th. The Saturday meeting will be called to order at 2 P. M. Election of officers in the afternoon. On Sunday afternoon a memorial service dedicated to the memory of Miss J. L. Lane, a former Secretary, deceased during the year. Other exercises by addresses, conference meetings, and appropriate music during the session. J. H. BURNHAM, President. MISS M. HARBROCK, Secretary.

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BOOKS ON Spiritualism, Psychical Phenomena, Free Thought, and Science.

The crowded condition of the JOURNAL'S advertising columns precludes extended advertising of books, but to entice and buyers will be gratified with CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST on application. Address, JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

MR. CROWLEY GETS A BEDSTEAD. Providing for the Comfort of a Chimpanzee—His Love for Music.

Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee in Central Park, rested in a new bedstead last night that has been provided for him in his room in the Arsenal. He is now in his third year, and is more than three feet high. He has been in the habit of wrapping himself up in a blanket in one corner of his room at night, but since his removal to winter quarters from the monkey house his sleep has been much disturbed. He would frequently get up and walk about his room in a distracted state of mind, so that "Jake," his constant attendant, suggested that he wanted a bed like other people. Instead of being obliged to stretch himself on the hard floor. The bedstead is of oak, about five feet in length and three feet wide, giving abundant room for Crowley to stretch himself and turn over. It was fastened as a precaution to the floor with strong iron braces to prevent Crowley from moving it about the room. A strong canvas sack filled with sawdust will serve as a mattress for him to rest on. Crowley inspected the new piece of furniture with apparent satisfaction when it had been placed in his room. He crawled under it, lay cross-wise, tested its strength, and then perched himself on the headboard and grinned his satisfaction at Superintendent Conklin and the group who were watching him. "Do you like it?" asked "Jake," his attendant. "Yeugh!" replied Crowley in the choicest chimpanzee and showing his teeth again. "That means 'yes,'" explained "Jake." "When he says 'Yeugh,' that means no. Do you want to go to bed, Crowley?" "Ough," grunted Crowley, shaking his head. "Will you eat an apple?" "Yeugh! Yeugh!" Crowley shouted emphatically, and sprang from the bed to the railing of his quarters, seizing the apple and eating it deliberately. The chimpanzee's health is now good and he weighs fifty pounds. Care is taken to protect him from the cold, as his lungs are still weak from an attack of pneumonia that he experienced last winter. Twice a day after eating he takes a spoonful of the emulsion of cod-liver oil, which he has become fond of. His looks do not improve with age, owing to the size of his mouth and his flat nose, but when his hair is brushed and his coat brushed for receiving visitors he has an air of foreign gentility. His strength is enormous for his size, but he continues to be in good humor, shakes hands with visitors and contents himself with trying to pull off their rings. He passes his time trying to play at ninepins. To music he is susceptible and when his keeper plays on the mouth organ Crowley listens with ecstasy. "Sweet Violets" is his favorite and when it is played he tries to dance a breakdown in the most approved minstrel fashion. He understands the instrument and when it is handed him places it to his mouth and blows on it to reproduce the sounds. The full growth of the chimpanzee is not attained until the twelfth year. Crowley is about half grown and Superintendent Conklin thinks that the chances of his becoming a human being, although he would have died on several occasions, had not been so carefully watched by "Jake." Crowley and his keeper are now widely known and they have visitors daily from all parts of the country.—New York Tribune.

THE RESISTING SUN STOVE POLISH For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability and Cheapest Preparation. MORSE BROS., Proprietors, Canton, Mass.

DR. JOS. RODES BUCHANAN 6 James Street, Boston.

A new giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases, and Dr. Buchanan's diagnosis and the use of new remedies discovered by himself. His residence is in the new elevated, healthy and picturesque location in Boston, and he can receive a free invoice in his family for medical advice.

DR. SOMERS' Turkish, Russian, Electric, Sulphur, Mercurial, Roman, and other Medications. Baths, the FINEST in the country, at the GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, entrance on Jackson St., near La Salle, Chicago.

These baths are a great luxury and most potent curative agent. Nearly all forms of Diseases rapidly disappear under their influence when properly administered. All who try them are delighted with the effect. Thousands of our best citizens can testify to their great curative properties. Try them at once and judge for yourself.

SARAH A. DANSKIN, PHYSICIAN OF THE "NEW SCHOOL" Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

Office: 481 N. Gilmore St., Baltimore, Md. During fifteen years past Mrs. DANKIN has been the M.D. and medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

THE AMERICAN LUNG HEALER Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. DANKIN. It is an annual remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Thousands of cases cured by its use.

BUSINESS AND MEDICAL PSYCHOMETRY. MRS. FANNIE M. BROWN. 409 W. 60th St., New York City.

DICKSON SCHOOL OF EDUCATION. (170 State St., Chicago.) H. M. DICKSON, PRINCIPAL.

Evolution of Theology. The "Evolution of Theology," by the great English scientist, Prof. Huxley, in the April number of the London Nineteenth Century is something that every clergyman should read.

LONDON AGENCY OF THE Religio-Philosophical Journal, John S. Farmer, office of Dept. 16 Graves St., Charlton Cross, London, S. W., Eng.

QUICK A copy of my Medical Record will be sent to any person afflicted with Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, or Neuralgic Pain. It is elegantly printed and illustrated; 144 pages, 12mo. 1879.

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THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE Guarantees its patrons that some of personal security afforded by a solid, thoroughly ballasted road.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE is the direct and favorite line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, where connections are made in Union Deposits for all points in the Territories and British Provinces.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, at initial and terminal points constitutes the most important continental link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and trade between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific States.

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THE Useless Doctors! In vain, physicians came, with subtle skill, And tried, in turn, prescription, lotion, pill; With saddened looks they viewed her furry tongue, In solemn silence stethoscopic chest lung; From mouthing head to gout distorted toe, They searched, then said, "Poor woman, 'tis no go!"

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE. Mrs. F. OATS, of Shawana, Ill., writes: "When I had used Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' one week, I could walk all over the door-yard, to see my neighbors. I had not been able to walk in the door-yard for six months. After using the 'Favorite Prescription' two weeks, I rode in a wagon ten miles, and helping to do my housework. After using it with thirteen of the best physicians we could get—and the last one told my husband that I would never be able to do my housework any more. I am thankful to my God that I wrote to you, for I had suffered from 'Female Weakness' until I had almost given up in despair."

TERRIBLE PAIN. Mrs. F. E. WILCOX, Friendship, N. Y., writes: "For five or six years I had been badly troubled with female weakness and terrible pains across the middle of my back, and pit of the stomach. Three bottles of Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' acted like a charm, and cured me completely, to my great joy."

MARVELOUS BENEFITS. Rev. SIDNEY C. DAVIS, Galien, Michigan, writes: "I wish, in this letter, to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them, in January last, she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could stay up only about thirty minutes at a time. Now she not only sits up almost the entire day, but can walk around, call on her neighbors, two and three times a day, and not feel any injurious effects at all. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for four months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her progress now seems marvelous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners, and advised remedial, but have found in your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pellets' the properties needed, and which we believe will bring about a complete and final recovery."

DOCTORS FAIL. "Female Weakness" Cured.—Mrs. SARAH A. DANKIN, Greenville, Adir Co., N. Y., writes: "I was usually induced to consult you, I advised me to send for your medicines. I accordingly sent for your 'Medical Advertiser,' six bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six of your 'Favorite Prescription,' and six vials of your 'Pleasant Purgative Pills.' I had begun using these, and could not stand on my feet. In ninety days I could walk a mile, and do light housework; whilst in six months I was completely cured, and my health has been perfect ever since. I recommend your medicines whenever I can, and I can give you a year's experience to my friends. Two of our most prominent physicians, who have read your great work, 'The People's Common Sense Medical Advertiser,' pronounce it the best family doctor book they have ever seen."

DO. LIKEWISE. Mrs. E. F. MOHMAN, of Newcastle, Lincoln Co., Maine, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could not even cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Advertiser.' I commenced to improve at once, and in a few weeks was perfectly cured, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and in return a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to do likewise. From a great many I have received second letters, thanking me, and stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Advertiser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with headache, or nervousness, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all ignorant of the cause of suffering, and encourage his practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made. A proper medicine directed to the cause would perhaps have entirely removed the disease, thereby instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

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OVER-WORKED WOMEN.

For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, dress-makers, general housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics.

NOT A "CURE-ALL." Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful general as well as uterine tonic, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system.

EVERY INVALID LADY should send for "The People's Common Sense Medical Advertiser," in which over fifty pages of wood-cut and colored plates, it will be found, post-paid, to any address for \$1.50. A large pamphlet, treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, will be sent for ten cents in postage stamps. Address: WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

LIVER DISEASE. G. W. JAYZ, Truthbomber, La., writes: "For four years I suffered from liver complaint and attacks of indigestion, loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, sometimes diarrhoea, pain in the head, back, right side and under the shoulder-blades, fullness after eating, general debility, restless nights, tongue coated, etc. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and 'Pellets,' and I find I am as well as I ever was."

A BAD CASE. SAMANTHA GAINES, Lockport, N. Y., writes: "For six or eight years previous to 1880, I had been troubled with a severe pain in the small of my back, also across my shoulder-blades, with considerable swelling of the stomach, from wind; was so nervous at times I could hardly sleep; also troubled with dizziness and hard breathing spells. I was induced by my step-daughter, Mrs. Warner, of Utica, N. Y., to try the Golden Medical Discovery. The effects were marvellous. After taking three bottles I was entirely cured."

GENERAL DEBILITY. S. L. FISHER, Sidney Plains, N. Y., writes: "Dr. J. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir: My wife suffered for several years from general debility. She had become a confirmed invalid. The physicians who attended her failed to help her, and it became as if she must die. On reading one of your Memorandum Books, it occurred to me that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' might help her. I procured a bottle, and after its use, a change for the better was noticed, and after using it several bottles, she was well again. I have recommended it to several, and in every case, it has produced good results. I can never feel too grateful to you for the saving of my wife's life."

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

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GIVEN UP TO DIE. Liver Disease.—MERRIT STRELL, Esq., Druggist, of Buff Springs, Ala., writes: "Miss ELIZA GLEN, of this place, had been sick for more than a year with a severe attack of liver, but she was at the lowest, she bought three bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' from me, and although before using the medicine her father assured me that she was now fully recovered."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. CAROLINE SIMMONDS, Millers, N. Y., writes: "I have been troubled with symptoms of malarial fever, for three years, but after using three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' as 'Pleasant Purgative Pills' I am happy to say that I am entirely cured, and today I am perfectly well and able to do my own work."

DIARRHEA AND COUGH. Mrs. CHRIS BOGUE, West Enonburg, Vt., writes: "Two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured my cough and diarrhoea, and I feel as if I had been given a charm in my case. It is truly wonderful. I walked over a mile last week to recommend your medicines."

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"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

ABSCESS OF LIVER. ISAAC GIBSON, Kenosha, Wis., writes: "My wife's liver was well fast after she began to use your Golden Medical Discovery, and her bowels became regular in Indiana County and she would die. They said your medicine would do her no good; that she had an abscess her liver, and was as half a loaf of bread. Well, sir, to our surprise, when she began using your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' she commenced spitting up phlegm for some two weeks, and then commenced spitting up corruption and blood like what comes out of a blood boil for some ten days. She now has been well for weeks."

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Constipation and Elicers.—Mrs. A. D. JOHNSON, Georgetown, Ky., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' relieved me at once. I had a very bad sore on the back of my left hand for five months, and it cured that, as well as constipation and indigestion, from which I was suffering very much."

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CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

LUNG DISEASE. A Wonderful Cure.—DANIEL FLETCHER, Esq., Gloucester, Mass., writes: "Nearly five years ago, I was taken sick with a disease regarding which the three physicians who attended me were unable to agree. One of the foremost physicians in Boston called it a tumor of the stomach, and treated me for that, nearly killing me with physic; another, a homoeopathic physician, thought it was consumption, and I weighed 157 pounds. I suffered from a heavy cough, night-sweats, kidney troubles, etc., and was reduced so rapidly that my physicians gave me up. They were unable to help me in the least. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. I had been confined to my room for six months, expecting to die. I was so bad at times that I could not allow any one to come into my room. At that time I weighed but ninety pounds, and had not been able to lie down, but had to sit up in order to breathe. 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(Continued from First Page)

and great must be the mental and moral blindness and obtuseness of the man or woman that does not at once perceive it. The religious portion of man's nature is an integral part of his highest endowment, and for a man to be wilfully and deliberately deceived, so far as to cause in him a radical change in his religious views, is one of the greatest wrongs that can possibly be done to him, saying nothing of the great wrong done to society in general by changes of this character in its members being brought through mercenary deception. And yet the moral consciousness and ethical sensibilities of good and well disposed people are so befogged and blunted through the attempt to conciliate charity in its hydra-headed manifestations in Spiritualism, that we are told that such diabolism as this injures no one but the perpetrator.

DR. BUCHANAN'S STATEMENTS CONCERNING KRISHNA AND CHRIST.

Two things struck me as remarkable in Dr. Buchanan's address as published in the JOURNAL. One was the fact that after I had shown so completely in the JOURNAL, with the support of the combined Sanskrit scholarship of the world, the entire unreliability of most of the asserted parallels between Krishna and Christ, and that the falsehoods of Jacolliot were unworthy of credit. Dr. Buchanan advanced as truths the old exploded falsehoods seemingly entirely oblivious that a word had even been published calling them in question. As the readers of the JOURNAL may remember, the worthy Doctor some years ago in criticizing me because I stated that owing to an increase of knowledge I had changed my views on certain subjects, remarked that he never changed his ideas at all on anything, or words to that effect. His present attitude towards the Krishna matter is a good exemplification of this inflexible state of mind. The facts are all against him, but then so much the worse for the facts.

The statement of Dr. B. that "Max Mueller, Jacolliot and others have traced the Christ of India back from two to three thousand years before the Christ of Palestine," is positively untrue in any sense, and more particularly in the sense that the "parallels" in the religions of the two so-called Christs can be traced back to any such period. To class together Max Mueller and Jacolliot as authorities in Sanskrit literature is too ridiculous to be even amusing. In my Krishna articles in the JOURNAL I cited quotations from Max Mueller, in which he points out the forgeries, falsehoods, and ignorance of Jacolliot's writings; and in acknowledging receipt of a copy of my Krishna articles, Prof. Mueller informed me that he thought they would be very useful if published as an independent book. Krishna is regarded in India as living at the time of the great Maha-Bharata war, which Sanskritists suppose to have probably occurred somewhere in the neighborhood of B. C. 1400. No competent Sanskrit scholar has traced him back to 2,000 or 3,000 B. C. I challenge Dr. Buchanan to point out in Max Mueller's writings a single sentence placing Krishna 2,000 or 3,000 B. C. The truth is Mueller in all his writings has only a few incidental allusions to Krishna, and he never attempts to decide the date of his original existence, historically or mythically, or makes any reference to the subject. Of all Sanskritists of note, Max Mueller is the last one that should be cited as a witness to the extreme antiquity of Krishna and of the "parallels" between his teachings and those of Jesus.

The second remarkable thing in Dr. Buchanan's address was that, a fervent Christian, claiming to be in direct communion with Jesus, should make use of the exploded falsehoods of the most extreme anti-Christians, in order to prove that several other religions, remarkably similar to Christianity, were in existence in the world thousands of years before Christ! For an unreligious infidel to do this, we could well understand the reason, but why a Christian devotee should do so is somewhat puzzling.

THE MEXICAN RELIGION.—QUETZALCOATL AND CHRIST.

To talk about the Mexican religion being over 10,000 years old, is silly. The question of the alleged parallels between this religion and that of Christ, including the marvelous parallels between the alleged Mexican savior Quetzalcoatl and Jesus, engaged my attention a few years ago, and when time and opportunity will admit, I purpose publishing a summary of the facts. I made a close, careful and thorough examination of the matter for which I had the best of facilities. In San Francisco is contained the famous Bancroft Library, collected for the preparation therefrom of H. H. Bancroft's great work in the "History of the Pacific States." This library includes every book, manuscript, newspaper, etc., procurable in the world in any manner, directly or remotely bearing on the history and antiquities of Mexico. In some respects it is the most remarkable and complete collection of literature the world has ever seen. The whole of this vast collection has been carefully indexed by subjects, a corps of clerks having been employed for a number of years in this stupendous task. For example, under the heading of "Quetzalcoatl" will be found every item in the whole library relating to him, with the name of book, volume, page, etc., in every case. While investigating this subject, the Librarian kindly placed at my disposal the entire library, with its wealth of reference. Suffice it now to state that the parallels here, in this case, as in that of Krishna, have been greatly exaggerated. There were some striking parallels with Christianity found in the native Mexican cultes, but to assert that any thing existed at all approximating identity in the two is absurd. Many of the supposed parallels are purely imaginary, particularly some of those connected with Quetzalcoatl and Jesus. The stories of this Mexican god, such as his crucifixion between two thieves, decent into hell, and resurrection, are due to the imagination of Lord Kingsborough. This eccentric nobleman was convinced that the Mexicans were the descendants of the Israelites, and that, through the teachings of some early apostle of Christianity, their religion had been largely christianized,—both of which ideas are destitute of foundation. In his nine ponderous volumes on "The Antiquities of Mexico," he asserts innumerable parallels between the Jews and the Mexicans and between the lives of Quetzalcoatl and Jesus, many of which are imaginary. He even attempts to prove that the name Quetzalcoatl is simply a Mexican form of the name Jesus Christ. The self evident vagaries of the Christian nobleman have been seized upon by anti-Christian partisans like Godfrey Higgins, Kersey Graves, and the authors of "Bible Myths," in order to prove the non-originality of Christianity; and from them has Dr. Buchanan borrowed them. The Mexicans no more believed Quetzalcoatl to have been crucified than the Buddhists believed Buddha to have been crucified,—yet these two are two of the so-called "Sixteen Crucified Saviors." I unqualifiedly assert that not one

of the whole sixteen was a savior in the sense that Jesus is so considered, and that there can nowhere be found in antiquity any record that any one of them was believed to have been crucified, historically or mythically. The whole story is falsehood, and intelligent, truth-loving critics of Christianity should forever cease from retailing such fables and absurdities. Buddha as a savior approaches nearer the Christian idea of Jesus than any of the others, and he died at the age of eighty from eating pork!

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. UNITY IN SENTIMENT.

BY WM. C. WATERS.

However great our desire to know something definite about the Omnipotent Power that created and sustains the universal whole, we are slow to accept the statement of an angel on the subject, knowing that both angel and man are not the power to comprehend an Infinite Whole. We are deeply interested in finite propositions, the oracles and speculations, and hold to a decided choice in the various views expressed. But we reach no satisfactory ultimate through our own reflections, or that of others. It is a matter of consideration that highly illuminated individuals of some centuries have given out corroborating opinions on the greatest of all subjects. Some of the ancient sages held that God is all you see, and all you don't see. In the light of the present century it seems absurd to attempt to give a meaning which could never have been intended by the lowly Nazarene, when he says: "I and my Father are one." He that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and he that saith thou hast seen the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do because I go to my Father.

The Jews misapprehended these statements as many do to the present day. But such declarations in the present century, made by any person known to be inspired by an outside power, would be well understood by an intelligent audience of Spiritualists as simply referring to that universal spirit of God, spread abroad to infinity and speaking, more or less perfectly, through finite instrumentalities. But to render this language, imputed to Jesus, so literal as to claim that in his personality was centred the very God-head of the boundless universe, would be a degree of crudelity before which reason stands abashed. Doubtless Paul caught gleams of the Great Over Soul's action and presence analogous to those of Jesus, when he says (Romans II: 33 to 36):

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath seen his counsel? Or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him are all things: to whom be glory forever. Amen."

It might be difficult to find a student or believer in spirit-intercourse who would take any exceptions to these lofty statements of Paul. Nor would we take exceptions to those of Jesus. We only ask that they be rationally interpreted and understood, so as not to be rendered useless or misleading. Whatever the gentle Nazarene has said that adds to the domain of spiritual knowledge and tends towards clothing the soul with moral strength, beauty, or excellence, that belongs to the world at large—not to particular religious organizations. The poetical inspirations of the poet Goethe are kindred in sentiment to those of Jesus and Paul. He sings thus:

"How all things live and work, and ever blending, Weave one vast whole from Being's ample range! How powers celestial, rising and descending, Their golden buckets interchange! Their light on rapture-breathing pinions winging, From heaven to earth their genial influence bring— Through the wide sphere their chimes melodious ringing."

Pope's thoughts ran in the same channel when he wrote:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body nature is, and God the soul; That changed through all, and yet in all the same, Great in the earth, as in ethereal frame, Warm in the sun, refreshes in the breeze; Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees; Lives through all, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part; As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart; As full, as perfect, in a vine as in a flower; As in the rapt seraph that adores and burns; To Him no high, no low, no great, no small; He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

Had Pope never written anything but this it is sufficient to keep his memory green so long as literature can last in the world. His perceptions of the Universal Soul, animating and permeating the universal whole must have been very clear, to have voiced the sentiment in such matchless strength and beauty.

Joseph Addison was one of England's most brilliant writers in both poetry and prose. He was made Secretary of State in 1717. In his prose writings, on the subject of Deity, he says: "If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, in every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, which is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, that he does not essentially reside in it. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to move out of one place into another; or to withdraw himself from anything that he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere. In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the soul separated from the body, and should it with one glance of thought start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space, with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of the Creator, and encompassed by the immensity of the Godhead."

It is fair to presume that the inspirations of the lowly Nazarene made him well acquainted with such broad views of the Uni-

versal Father, as those expressed by the illuminated Addison, and if so, it is not so very strange that he should say: "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." It is not likely that in this matter we have the expressed language of Jesus, but if he said anything analogous, it is not at all surprising that coming to us through changeable traditions, it should reach us in this positive shape. We have no account of Jesus writing anything except that which he wrote on the ground. There is no pretence that we have anything on record of his except that derived from the memory of others; and no authentic evidence that we have the express statements or recollections of the apostles. The cautious language of the record is: "The Gospel according to St. Matthew," and the same of the other books of the apostles. It would be interesting to know who really wrote these books, but over that secret lies the dust of many centuries.

Many years since in questioning a person under inspiration, touching the universal presence of the Deity, a part of the response was in these words:

"Askest thou, then, 'In what consists the difference?' Since every atom is pervaded and permeated by Deity, are not all equally God-like? True, all are pervaded by that bond of union which unites them as one—one to the attractions or ascending impulses, which are laws of the Divine will, but innumerable atoms in degree of advancement, in ascension in gradation. As atom by ascending becomes fit to develop successive manifestations, elaborating different principles to view, so a spiritual a-cent grasps and unfolds to view, successively the wisdom of the Infinite; the glorious presence of the great Jehovah. It is revelation of his laws—assimilation to the principles of his nature. As each is unfolded in this wise, he is more of God, because he demonstrates, comprehends, contains, and is a fuller development of those principles which are emanations of Deity, as rays are emanations of the sun. Thou askest, 'When shall man see the Father face to face?' I ask thee, when shall that viand become a sparkling thought? Aim at the highest ultimate thou art capable of receiving. When that is attainable thou shalt see the battlements of higher spheres ever brightening in thy expanding vision; on these fix thy eye till others, towering far above, shall break on thy mind's perception. On the highest spire of eternal years thou shalt not gaze through time's beclouded atmosphere; yet is given enough to swell the soul in rapturous ecstasies with that thrilling response which is a consciousness of attainable fruition."

The Portraits of Christ, the Great Medium.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

I would call your attention to the following article published in the *Inter Ocean*, concerning the great medium, Jesus. It is as follows:

"In the treasury of every pure mind there is a sublime ideal, a radiant perfection; sweet, serene, tender—surpassing all other conceptions, the highest excellence of devout fancy, ethereal in character, intangible in form, and yet to the soul of faith and the spirit of belief it is the one faultless, transcendent, inspiring reality. It is the image of Christ. Whether the quickening essence of religion turns to that ideal as its beneficent and benign source, or the qualities of a noble mind reach toward it without the exaltation of a religious sentiment, the supreme type is equally recognized and revered, adored for its godhead; or revered for its perfect manhood. Though to each individual mind this lofty, this awful yet comforting ideal is transfigured with some attribute perceived or felt by no other, having an element of divinity or humanity attuned to the beholding spirit; though that which makes the Christ of the soul sentient to the soul may never be given expression in words, in pulsing through the voice or touch of art, such has been the wonderful influence of that miraculous Being upon the better nature of men, the material eye discerns the ideal in even the humblest of the many and varying portraits of the Nazarene.

"The subject has given impulse, holy desire to the best art of every age; and those great ones who despair of imparting to the work of their genius the reflex of spiritual consciousness have turned regretfully from the man Christ to the infant Jesus, or made the world rich in Madonnas. We might wish to believe true the beautiful fable of Leonardo da Vinci, who completed his 'Last Supper,' omitting the head of the Savior—not daring to strive for an ideal he knew to be purer than his art. But when he called in the king to inspect his work and to pass judgment against him for leaving the highest unachieved, behold, as the curtains were drawn away, the face, with more than mortal loveliness, was there, seen last of all by the painter, more amazed than his eulogists. Yet, if art has dared, it has dared with reverence, with self-doubting, with the outreaching of trembling hands; and where it has failed it has left the sign of its humility. There is testimony to this in the cathedrals and churches of the old world, where are piouly guarded the types from which the modern time takes impression.

"In the last number of Harper's Magazine Mr. William H. Ingersoll has a carefully prepared article illustrating the zealous endeavoring of men to attain to excellence in the perfect portraiture of incarnate goodness. In the nineteen engravings from selected originals two facts may be detected; first, an identity of general characteristics, as though each were following a common though imperfect description; second, a purpose to impart to the countenance an infinite wisdom, meekness, tenderness, and purity, accompanied by such marks as indicate the highest conception of physical beauty in man. Whence came the original impression is an unanswered question to the present time. It is a common belief, however that some of the disciples, prompted by a sacred wish to show to others the unparalleled image of the One so dearly beloved, drew, in their rude imitation of Greek art, the outlines of the face so well remembered, and so the prototype, from time to time repeated, in copies, preserved to the truer art of a later day the form affection knew how to complete with the colors of life.

"In the year 340 A. D., the historian Eusebius speaks of the great plenty of pictures of Christ, some of which he declares to be very ancient, and considerably more than a hundred years before Tertullian criticized a picture of Jesus as being incorrect and 'wanting in resemblance,' which proves conclusively enough that as early as 100 A. D. there was at least one picture of Christ which was accepted as a true type. One of the most celebrated portraits of Christ, a copy of which is now in the Church of St. Bartholomew, Genoa, is that known as the Agbarus, the original of which was, as the legend declares, miraculously impressed upon a napkin with which Christ dried his face after bathing. It is

presumed this original was the picture seen, and regarded by Tertullian as the true type, and so alluded to by Eusebius. It was secured by the artist seen by King Agbarus, but who, though he repeatedly tried was unable to paint the face of Christ, which never seemed twice alike, changing with every glance, bewildering the painter with its dazzling radiance.

"This portrait presents the holy face in symmetrical perfection of feature, with a countenance the purest and noblest in spiritual and intellectual excellence; broad, high forehead, the hair lying close to the head and joining with the beard, parted in the middle, but not flowing in ringlets. It is a face belonging to every attribute of mind and quality of heart in noblest development. It differs in every essential from the famous head on the Veronica napkin at St. Peter's, which pictures the great agony of sorrow that bursts forth in the sweat of blood, and finds its nearest reflection in the 'Redemptor Mundi' of Hans Memling, painted in the fifteenth century. That the original Agbarus and earlier pictures have been lost is not more to be regretted than that a brazen statue of Christ, done by those 'Gentiles' who were anciently benefited by our Savior, and which Eusebius saw in 'Panaea,' should have disappeared. But it may be significant to note that the earliest stamps, mosaics, and paintings bear a much closer resemblance to the Agbarus, or 'Protoprophet,' as the Germans have named it, than do most of the noted portraits of the middle ages.

"There is a cartoon by Da Vinci that represents the mature and sorrowful face of Christ without a beard of any sort. Glotto, in his picture of the entry into Jerusalem, evidently followed the type. One of the most picturesque and artistically ideal heads of Christ is that by Annibal Carracci, but it lacks high spirituality, and in no wise compares as a soulful cast of the divine nature with the work of Hugues Merle in contemporary. This picture more nearly, perhaps, answers to the human conception of the Savior, in its response to heart and soul and mind, in its expression of the boundless charity sympathy, infinite love, and tenderness, and compassion, exhaustless patience, and loving kindness, than any other in the realm of sacred art. It has this great virtue, it leaves one content." G. B. Aurora, Ill.

A Test Seance.

On Wednesday evening last we (the editor and his assistant) formed two of a harmonious party of eight to witness, under test conditions, the newly developed manifestations occurring in the presence of those remarkable mediums for spirit power, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans, at 124 Mission Street.

The cabinet used was a bay window fronting on the street, which was accessible from the outside only by means of a ladder. Closing screens of black cloth were placed inside the shutters, to exclude the light from the street, and which, if removed, it was found, could not be replaced without a light and the use of a step ladder. The folding doors, and the only other door leading to the hall, were locked and sealed; in fact, the precautions against confederacy were such that no one present believed such a thing possible. In the dark circle both mediums were securely held by members of the circle, and yet an accordion and guitar were artistically played upon, other instruments were manipulated, luminous hands were shown, and the fact of the manifestation of a marvelous occult power was beyond question by all present.

In the light seance which followed, Mrs. Evans took her seat in the alcove, and in a few moments a broad-shouldered, muscular form, purporting to be John King, of psychic fame, stepped out in a good light. His hand, which we were permitted to grasp, was brawny and his features strong and well marked. Stepping back into the cabinet to regain strength he came out again, and others were introduced to him. Then, although the light was ample to enable all to see him quite distinctly, and know of a certainty that it was a large man and not the medium, Mr. Evans, who acted as master of ceremonies, lighted a parlor match and held it so the light shone directly upon the form. The curtain was then drawn aside and both and medium were distinctly seen.

Two other forms came out together—one that of a very old man and one of a young woman; then two female spirits, and all in a good light. There were the forms of children and grown persons, twenty or more, some coming up apparently through the floor in the middle of the room, and most of whom were recognized and saluted by their friends present.

During the past winter at Mr. Evans's seances for form manifestations (Mrs. Evans being unable from ill health to take part, and the medium being, as was supposed, safely secured in his cabinet), the form of an Indian, known as "Jim," came regularly. This form was about the size of Mr. Evans, and some of the attendants at the circle concluded that the form and the medium were one and the same. But on Wednesday evening the same familiar form appeared several times, with Mr. Evans in plain sight at the same time. That was a very satisfactory point in Mr. Evans's favor.

We can only say of the many materializing seances we have attended, first and last, we have attended none where the evidences of genuineness seemed to be so conclusive. But in this, as in all other phases of the phenomena, everybody must see and judge for himself.—Golden Gate.

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