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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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## Ideals and Realities in the Social Question.

A Paper Read Before the Free Religious Association at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, May 28th, 1886.  
By Rev. J. G. BROOKS.

(The Index.)

The social question is one of ideals,—of ideals over against things actual. A period sleep and contented with itself would have no such problems. When men come to hate the existing, because they see the possibilities of a better, we first have the conditions out of which all social questions spring. In the nobler epochs, these discontent are always active. Our special difficulties press no harder than in other periods. The spirit of this long struggle is as old as civilization. Only the form of it has changed. Allowing for all such formal changes,—allowing for that most profound of all changes, from status to contract,—we yet find, especially in all higher moments of social development, the passionate forces of criticism hotly at work upon the actual order.

As is the case to-day there are in all history those who apologize for and stand by the existing state of things, whatever it may be. The greatest names in England defended rotten boroughs until 1832. When there were two hundred and twenty-three crimes punishable by death,—death by shooting a rabbit, or injuring trees, or Westminster Bridge,—the Lord Chancellor, Eldon, and the Chief Justice stood stiffly for things as they were, "because they were best." Lord Ellenborough rallied against the innovators, and said that nothing was safe before such speculation and modern philosophy." The thinker and the sufferer become critics of such vested wrongs.

Why is it that now, when we have triumphed over so many of these inequalities and ills, men were never less satisfied with the actual? The fault-finders never were busier, nor were they ever among a more respectable or learned part of society. We find dissatisfaction with things as they are, where we should least expect it.

In Prof. Paulsen's little book upon Kant's contribution to present problems in Germany, we find a kind of pained wonder that after all her splendid victories,—Austria and France so easily and so swiftly subdued, unity of empire at last secure,—the old fever of intellectual disputes and critical irritation with actual things is profounder than ever.

At a dinner table in Paris, I heard a man boasting that the French were getting back far more money from the Germans than ever had been paid them by the war indemnity. Why? Because, while in France, the Germans got a good deal of the French wines, and would therefore never be content with their own. Prof. Paulsen, too, as others have done, suggests that the very successes of his nation have brought the people into wider relations than they had ever known, thereby catching sight of ideals of life and society which left them no peace with the actual. In such a case as this, so far as it is true, no remedy is of much worth that does not deal with this changed social sentiment. Nothing more truly characterizes the profound change in the form of the social question than this change in the sentiment of the masses. No fact is so deep and certain as a feeling. Whether to be praised or blamed, it is for the time irresistible. Optimistic statisticians wonder that their wise sparring doesn't silence all objections. It might, if the problem were any longer to be measured by things external.

It is simply because a new and almost universal feeling has entered into all the lapses that no prospect of outward improvement in the least satisfies those who have for the first time become conscious of social inequalities, and also caught sight of new and more certain means of lessening them. It is only

saying that the masses are at last feeling upon their half-wakened nature the power of social ideals.

In earlier history, it was the few who dreamed of a new society. Now, the great unrest has fallen upon the hearts of the people at large. Let us trace for a few moments the history of social ideals. We shall find them slowly through the centuries coming nearer to the Demos, until, under the effects of commerce and popular education, the multitude of common toilers are moved not only to criticize the actual, but to use definite and practical forces to gain their ends, thus uniting into one working energy the ideal and the real.

Prof. Pfleiderer believes that Abelard was the first to teach altruism, in its modern sense of acting with no thought of self, solely for the good of the social whole. Though all practical interests seem covered by a great fog, in which the shades of Nominalism and Realism do battle, there yet appears in the realism which Abelard approached (a realism which we always have to think of as the exact opposite connoted by the present use of the word) the great thought of humanity as somewhat common to all the individuals of the race. The differences among them Abelard thought to be unimportant and superficial, while the spiritual similarities were profound.

This ideal speculation seems everywhere to forerun all historic uprisings of the lower orders. As certainly as Rousseau thinks revolution before it flames into act, so surely do we find the dreamer of better things antecedating the deed. Until "the people" got themselves related, through political power and education, to real social forces, their struggles to realize their ideals largely failed. The ideal was hopelessly separated from things real. For almost six centuries after Abelard, ideals never got into working connection with realities.

Early in the thirteenth century, Bohlke and his followers were crushed out, as was Rienzi later, for claiming that citizens should have part in the elections. Through all these dreary spaces of history, men were desiring equality of chances, but had no practical power to get it. Almost exactly five hundred years ago in England, the workmen were crying out against their employers as bitterly as at any subsequent period. John Ball, the priest, used these words, which are like columns that one might cut each week from our labor papers: "How ill," he says, "have they treated us! And why do they keep us in bondage? Are not Adam and Eve their ancestors as well as ours? What can they show and what reason can they give, why they should be more masters than we? except, maybe, because they make us labor and work, for them to spend. They are clothed in velvet and rich stuffs, trimmed with ermine and other furs, whilst we are forced to wear coarse cloth. They have wine, spices, and nice bread, whilst we have only rye and straw refuse. If we drink, it must be water. They have grand houses and homesteads, but we must face wind and rain as we labor in the open; yet our labor it is which keeps up their luxury." As with Tyler, his complaints are against the cruel weight of taxation and the hopeless inequality of condition.

A century later, we find the laborers in South Germany making the same outcry against taxes and social inequalities. The young Bohem, their leader, says: "We will have it that all men live like equals and like brothers." His request seems to have been quite fair, but the bishop did not think so, and burned him at the stake.

Jack Cade, with whose actual history Shakespeare has taken as much liberty as with the coast of Bohemia, formulated fifteen grievances. He was probably right about every one of them, as were the German peasants, two generations later, with their twelve complaints, almost all of which have since been righted and become the commonplaces of social privilege.

From the thirteenth to the nineteenth, no century is without these uprisings and agitations for social equality. Throughout, the same spirit of conflict between an ideal and an actual. Things as they exist are intolerable to the thinker upon the one hand, and, upon the other, to those who struggle under the burdens. Abelard, from above, says the nature of man demands the equality which our uncorrupted instincts feel to be just. From below, Oldenburg peasants, sweating under a weight of special evils, revolt against their oppressors. Sir Thomas More, in his land of nowhere, pours out his whole heart about that fairer state that might be, if the gentler qualities were allowed to rule. At the other end is the practical revolutionist, who says to the London citizens: "The king is turning all Kent into a forest. The poor get no justice, and if convicted no trial. Officials extort great fees. Elections are only for men born to rank and favor," etc. These real evils he with his followers attack, and go to the wall; because all power was lodged with the upper classes. In Germany, it was a philosopher who said, in 1520, that things were all rank with injustice. A few years later, one hundred thousand peasants were killed for trying to get rid of some of these wrongs.

Everywhere, in this long history, is the thinker, with his ideals of justice, dreaming of an equity that nowhere exists. Everywhere, also, among the masses, instinct and actual sense of wrong play their part in social revolts. In everything that can properly be called the social question, the ideal and the actual, the dream and the fact, seem widely sundered, at least in no-wise closely

related, until the present century. The philosophers had ideals enough,—Plutarch's mythical Lycurgus, Plato's Republic, More's Utopia, Bacon's Atlantis, and Campanella's City of the Sun,—together with a host of lesser schemes, into which men of finer quality poured their hope of better things, and expressed their hatred of existing society.

The masses, too, a thousand times turn savagely upon their oppressors, and strive, with a certain dumb fury, to break their chains. Yet, until the French Revolution, no real light, like that of day, was ever reached. Comte, in his best and sanest book, has shown what was reached here,—nothing positive, not even a method, but the opportunity which freedom and the sense of it always give. The significance of that upheaval, even for our present problems, no one will easily magnify. The study of it made the poet Heine call it the prelude to another revolution, out of all reckoning, vaster and more momentous,—not necessarily one of violence, like that of 1793, but a revolution structurally far more profound. Whether Lasalle got it from Heine, whom, at this period, he knew, or from Fichte, whom he read passionately, is doubtful and perhaps unimportant. It is this conception of a revolution that he, by pen and speech, popularizes in Germany, perfecting what was begun in France as an ideal. No one ever did more than he to bring into working relation social ideals and social realities. The ideals of Louis Blanc are turned into real political forces by Lasalle. A French socialist acknowledges that, after the Revolution of 1830, Germany slowly came to the front in its leadership of the social question under its political aspects. Here, too, was a century of conflict between things ideal and things real.

There is in Goethe no thought that appears oftener than that touching the relation of ideals to realities. He will admit nothing to be beautiful or good in life or art, in prose or poetry, that doesn't unite the stuff of our experience with ideals that the relation shall be free, natural, and mutually helpful. The greatest tribute that Stahr pays to Lessing is that he was first to make this clear to German thought. He calls it the greatest conception of the century. It was Goethe who perfected it, and made it a necessity to all thinking, even in the ideals of social life. Fichte has no end of fine socialistic speculation; but Lasalle, with an eloquence and a learning, too, that have made him an enormous influence, became an interpreter to the people of those larger thoughts and hopes which the few had cherished alone. What is peculiar to our modern problems finds its most perfect expression through this man. Karl Marx is too technically economic ever to be popular. Lasalle is full of subtle sympathy with history. He has restraint as well as passion, judgment as well as imagination. In spite of much to be forgiven, he is an "epoch-maker" in the social question. But the measure of his importance is his gift of translating into common speech the philosophic ideals of men like Fichte. Lasalle is often called a revolutionary socialist,—not in the sense of violence, however. His revolution was to be a growth and a very necessity of thought,—a revolution which comes because the thinking of the people brings it about. He says, "The true revolution will be founded on thinking." "That kind of a revolution," he adds, "never fails." It is in strict accordance with this idea of a change in popular thinking that led him to lay such emphasis upon education, the press, and all means that could make the people really look intelligently upon their own condition, and understand how unjust it was. In none, as in this leader, do we see so clearly both elements, ideals and actuals. Through him, we best see that historic change from mere philosophic vision to the definite use of weapons purely practical. Lasalle is both thinker and doer. It is hard to tell if he be more idealist or realist. He saw clearly that political power was to make a new world of opportunity for the laborer. Here were the forces that were to give the masses their chance.

The earlier phases of the social question were dreams. Under the spread of the democratic spirit, they have changed into common activities, such as all men now use to gain their ends. Listen to the speeches of the most intelligent leaders of German socialism, and we best see how great a change has come. Compare the delicate speculation of Saint-Simon, Fourier, or even Louis Blanc, with that of Lasalle: "You common men," he says, "have at last power. Train yourselves to use it." Under a wider education and the suffrage, that is just what his followers are to-day doing. The old days of mere declamatory agitation are passing away. It is said German socialists are impatient of any and every speaker who falls into the old talk about "freedom," "justice," and abstract rights, and will cry him down. Liebknecht, in London, infuses this same purely practical spirit into the English following. "Agitate," he says, "to one sole end,—the use of actual political weapons." The Industrial Congress of 1883 shows the same tendency (and that to a remarkable degree) to unite upon definite working issues. A comparison of the manifestoes of the last generation with the more recent ones makes it clear that these men have lost all interest in sonorous phrases about "solidarity," "liberty," etc. They ask now, "What is to be done in the most direct, definite, and practical way to reach our end?"

It is a change not only from theory and vision to organized action, it is an activity that has at last, and for the first time in history, got power as well as a sense of rights.

It has even more than this; it has become conscious of its power. This new consciousness of power it is that so changes the problem. There has come with it a vast mass of feeling, a new sense of contrast between rich and poor; and it doesn't in the least answer to say, "But Mr. Giffen and the statisticians have proved that the laborers get more wages and more comforts." All these things are relative to new desires that have been aroused. They are all relative to a new order of intelligence and ambitions, and to a new sense that power is at last gained, which may be used to equalize the human lot. I am not saying that this feeling is justified or otherwise, only that it is a fact of very great importance. Again, it is this new sense of the situation on the part of the working-day world that makes all confident optimism and despondent pessimism alike ridiculous. Every bit of fervid optimism that builds itself on such external facts as higher wages and the increased purchasing power of money (losing sight of the new consciousness and sense of power) is all wide of the mark. The problem has become serious, because the subjective factor in it has grown into such prominence.

An optimistic friend will have it that the laborers are great fools, because they don't see how much their conditions have changed for the better. They used, forsooth, to wear no white shirts, and now they can buy them for forty cents. They once went barefoot, and now shoes can be bought for a single day's labor. This is not open to dispute, but it does not help us much. It rather tends to conceal the real difficulty,—namely, the changed nature of the problem, if not from an external to an inward one, at least to one in which feeling and a new consciousness of rights and powers have come to be most important.

Now, whatever opinions we form upon this question, whatever methods we adopt to reach our end, this essentially new element must be reckoned with. Never in the world were the wage-workers so clearly conscious of the almost ghastly inequalities of existence. Our civilization and education are everywhere quickening them into this new knowledge of good and evil. And thus it is that they are by no means to be put down by any good-natured talk about cheap transportation or added wage. They will say, "For millions of us, things are intolerable, in spite of your progress."

But the optimist meets another practical difficulty in quieting the good people. They have learned at last that very many of the ablest economists and most instructed students call the actual order by quite as hard names as do those who suffer from its ills. The workers have read, or have been told, through their clubs and papers, what such men as Schaffle, Mill, Lange, Spencer, Fawcett, Laveleye, Jevons, Cairnes, and other specialists, have been saying about actual commercial society, and the welfare in that society of the lower-class workmen. These men of widest knowledge acknowledge, in the strongest terms, how cruelly unjust present distribution is, and how unfairly a multitude of laborers come out of the struggle. If the appeal is to authority, the wage-earner has as good a showing as his antagonist, and has come perfectly well to know it; and all those who think to quiet them, by appeals merely to external gains here and there, utterly misconceive the problem that is set us. Never before did the thinker and the doer quite so well understand each other as now. Never before was the ablest theorizing so at one with the practical aims of workmen. The books of some of the profoundest German economists are handbooks of the agitators.

The movement known as "State socialism" was for a long time an ideal of the thinkers; now, it has become, in tendency at least, a reality. The widest common purpose, probably, among our labor organizations is that toward this State socialism. Upon nothing do they more unite than upon the need of measures that shall insure State management of railroads, telegraphs, banking, etc., that vast private gains may be saved by the government for public uses. We know what powerful objections there are against this tendency; it is significant that the practical exigencies of our industrial society are everywhere forcing upon the legislator this increase of governmental functions. The ideals of the thinker are being met by a form of legislation springing up out of the very necessities of present business and political life.

Perhaps even more significant is this growing union in another field, of the speculative and the practical. Co-operation was first a dream. Since 1846, some practical successes have met with profound disappointment. Its very successes have shown how deep and permanent a function capitalist, director, and wage-earner alike represent. The middleman has not been got rid of, neither is there any sign that he will be. Schuitze Delitzsch's scheme of banking in Germany has lasted a generation, as has the distributive form in France, and the distributive in England. There is something pathetic in comparing the earlier hopes of those who were beginners in this movement with actual results. It has, I believe, grown certain that what is deepest in this social problem never will be touched by the older forms of co-operation. Only as co-operation passes into some form of profit-sharing, which preserves the three-fold distinction of capitalist, manager, and wage-earner, does there seem to be any hope. It is, however, in this new form that the union of ideal and real elements, is so full of

promise. We now have a demand for this greatly improved co-operation (profit-sharing), that comes not from the thinker, but from the practical business man.

The kind of agitation that has so disturbed the community during the last few months has made a distinct change of attitude toward these questions. What does this agitation mean? So far as we can measure it by any material test, it means that the present method of distributing the products and profits of industry is unsatisfactory, and must be modified. Everywhere, in this great unrest there is the tacit assumption that business may be done without leaving such frightful contrasts among those who do the business; everywhere, the assumption that products are not now distributed upon any rational principle whatever. The labor organizations are asking for such a principle. What, then, is this principle of distribution which ablest theorists and scholars say is right and ought to exist, and for which labor is now clamoring?

The principle had, perhaps, its first most perfect statement almost a century ago, by Saint-Simon, in France. He rejected communism, because not practicable. As decidedly he rejected all appeals to violent methods or revolution. He rejected all the talk about equality, and said men were created unequal and would and should remain so, except that all should have equal opportunity so far as possible. His principle was that each, according to his service to the community, should receive again. That in every business each should get out of it somewhat fairly proportionate to the quantity and quality of his work, is what Saint-Simon wished. This is what the wisest among economic students say is just, and ought to be. It is what the labor organizations tell us they mean to have.

Where, then, are the signs that we are coming a little nearer to this larger thought of Saint-Simon about business relationships? What evidence is there that his ideals are getting nearer to the real? Two bankers, in New York, have just told us that this must in principle come. I have heard recently, three large manufacturers give it as their opinion that it must come. They knew nothing of the history of profit-sharing, but spoke only out of their own experience as practical business men. One said: "None of us will live to see more than its beginnings, nor can any one tell just what shape it will assume. Possibly some form of wages by 'sliding scale,' so that the gains and losses of business shall come to all of us fairly. Business can't continue as things are and will be. Our men must be identified with our business in such way as to insure them such portion of the gains as their fidelity and efficiency permit."

This week, a large manufacturer in another branch told me that, in his opinion, our present wage-system must be modified, simply because the men were getting to know too much, and were therefore, becoming too restless to leave business in any permanent security. Being pressed for something more definite, he said, "Just how it is to be, no one can see; but it is certain to my mind that, allowing for competent management, risks of capital, ratio of losses, etc., we have got to learn how, employer and employed, to work together, so sharing results that each man shall get more nearly what he contributes." This man had probably never read a volume upon these subjects in his life, but his own troubles had driven him to this conclusion. The man of ideals has been met at last in this question. The hard realities of common business are driving men to say that the dreamer was, after all, right.

We have, of course, only the beginning of these things as yet. The organizations will suffer defeat and bitter disappointment, because they will, in their haste, overstep the severe economic limits that shut in about every one of the practical questions, higher wages or fewer hours. The first hard aspect is one purely of business possibilities. There can be no generalizing about them whatever. "Will this definite trade (competition, prices, etc., being as they are) admit of increased pay or shorter time?" Because they substitute heated rhetoric for a cool reckoning with these conditions, the laborers will suffer no end of ills until conditions are learned. In many great trades in France and England, however, they have been learned, and learned so well that the laborers are as hostile to all disturbances as the employer. A system of bulletins giving the daily statistics of the trade, prices, supply of labor, etc., has come to be of incalculable good in training the men to know their interests. We are just hearing in this country the demand for such help to wiser and more cautious action. The hard experience of repeated failure is forcing the Knights to recognize the need of a prudence based upon slower and more careful investigation of industrial and economic facts.

The thing of moment, however, is the growing recognition among hard-headed business men that Saint-Simon's principle, was, after all, a right one. The dreamer, the special student, and the wage-earner have come to a practical understanding. Godia and Leclaire proved that the ideal may work among realities. Here is a method that is as right in its sphere as the scientific method in its own.

Two things are now necessary: first, to extend cautiously and tentatively its use; second, to spread among labor organizations, by every means within our power, such economic knowledge as shall make them (at the great English unions have been) aware of the need and to obey industrial conditions. Let us not, finally, and under any pretext, (Quoted from *Review*.)

A MUSHY MYSTERY.

BY J. J. MORSE.

The discovery of truth is a laudable purpose to ever hold in view, and the practical application of truth, when discovered, to whatever condition of life it is related, is, of course, a sacred duty, the force of which every truthseeker will admit. That the truths of past times can benefit us is an indisputable proposition, since truth is ever at one with itself, and no two truths are mutually destructive. It is, however, not so clear that the truths of the past are all of truth that mankind need, nor the only truths worth cultivating in our midst to-day. The facts of a past age remain facts still; the philosophy in explanation thereof, or the opinions thereon, may alike be corroborated, supplemented, or extended by the wider observations of subsequent times. With more correct observation comes a more correct philosophy; opinions becoming fewer as facts increase in variety and importance; assumption, assertion and superstition proportionately decrease, and if continued, are driven behind their familiar safeguards of seclusion and secrecy, and the "mysteries" to-day are usually dispensed to select "cults," at so many dollars a year to each member thereof!

Dr. Coues was asked if he had found anything in this field of mysticism which could be proved to any of his scientific associates. He said no. No scientific man without four or five years preparation would be prepared to judge of the testimony which he and his associate Theosophists had discovered. The remarkable part of the Doctor's declaration came at the close of the conversation. He was asked if he had found anything of a satisfactory character in the field of Spiritualism or Theosophy. He replied: "No; there is nothing in it to satisfy any one. The happiest people are those who have never touched it. I am tired of the whole thing, and intend to resign my connection with the Theosophists very soon. I find that I have all the fools, all the cranks, all the self-headed people of this country hanging on to my coat tails. There is much in this field that is convincing to any one who investigates that there is another life, but such investigation leads to dissatisfaction and unrest for strong minds, and is certain to unbalance and upset weak ones. I feel confident now that if I had not had a clear, well-educated mind I should have gone crazy long ago and broken down under the line of research I began four or five years ago. I repeat," he said, with a great deal of emphasis, "that those are the happiest who let such subjects completely alone. To the man who is upon the eve of investigation I have simply this to say—don't."

He was then expelled from the house. Again Northampton elected him. Mr. Bradlaugh brought an action against the deputy sergeant of the house, but the house of commons being beyond the jurisdiction of the law courts, Mr. Bradlaugh lost his suit. In February, 1884, he administered the oath to himself again, and then he took the Children hundreds (a parliamentary subterfuge for resigning). Northampton still true to him, once more sent him back as her representative. He was then ordered to withdraw from the precincts of the house altogether. Then came the dissolution. In the last election Mr. Bradlaugh was again chosen by the electors of Northampton, and much curiosity was excited as to how the new house would settle the matter. Yesterday an unusually large number of members attended the house to be sworn. The speaker, Mr. Peel, having been approved by the queen, took his seat in the house of commons. Before any of the members took the oath he made a statement to the effect that Sir M. H. Beach, the leader of the conservatives, had sent a letter to the speaker concerning Mr. Bradlaugh. The substance of the letter was that Bradlaugh had been declared incapable of taking the oath, and ought not to be permitted to take it till the house had an opportunity of voting upon it. Two other members had lodged a protest, and requested the speaker to decide the point. He did so firmly and conclusively. He said no precedent justified him in taking original and independent authority upon himself. The findings of a past parliament were not known to him in his position as speaker of a new house. No right, original or delegated, belonged to him to prevent a member taking the oath. Neither the speaker nor the house had any right to enter into any inquisition as to the opinions of a member when he came to take an oath. He took it under whatever risks he might incur in a court of law. The chancellor of the exchequer tried to debate the point, but was promptly ruled out of order. Mr. Bradlaugh, with some 360 others, then took the oath. The opposition to Mr. Bradlaugh has been on conscientious grounds, doubtless. Atheism will never be crushed by such means as have been herein described.—The Rev. Henry W. Jones, in North Western Christian Advocate.

development of our souls and to the well-being of the world at large. The young girl, who dances along with a smile of joy, contributes her portion as well, and she need not think that her mission is not to the mass, for her present is but a preparation for earnest work to come. In our every-day life, we are making our future heaven or hell. The question is how to improve our present state. You can make your home more happy, so that it will send forth a beneficial influence to society at large. Begin with little things. It takes almost as long to make a diamond as to make a world, and in developing human life, those kind words, tender glances and loving labors in narrow spheres are what cause the world at large to bloom with virtues. In the home, the forbearance of husband to wife, and wife to husband fills the heart with joy. How quickly do the little ones know whether mother's heart is sad or gay. With how small a thing is joy created, and, on the other hand, a life is sometimes laid waste with one harsh word. Some children's lives are made so bitter that years cannot obliterate the terrible effect. Many youths have been driven into criminal careers by harsh treatment at home. One moment of anger often undoes the work of years. We must recognize the importance of little things. We make up our virtue or our vice from day to day. To allow ourselves to be a little dishonest, to withhold our protest against a wrong, to neglect giving required aid, or to blind the eyes of our brother in the smallest way, is dangerous. The only way is to be strictly honest always,—first, to ourselves by not excusing our faults, by daily examining our weak points in order to strengthen them, and by spurring our moral consciousness so that we shall not sin against self or others. Let us show patience and forbearance at home, be honest in our dealings with children, place gentle restraints on wrong-doers, and keep pure the atmosphere by our virtuous lives. O what a grand mission is this for woman! It may not be given them to paint great pictures or to carve in marble, to discover continents or to sit in legislative halls, but it is given to speak an earnest word in behalf of right, to be gentle with the erring, and to protest against wrong. O mothers, what lessons of wisdom you can impart to the children, to guide their feet safe and lay the foundation of noble lives, which can be built only by being true to ourselves and faithful in our daily duty. It is the mission of each to accept truth as he finds it and to apply it to his life, and to make each day a preparation for the next. Place an embargo on your lips. If a turbid stream now issues forth, make it so pure that our souls laid in the shining way will seem to be bathed in sacred Jordan. Make the best of the difficulties of your position, and you will begin to see fountains of happiness springing up around you. I wonder if Jacob's ladder cannot be made a reality with every one, so that disconsolate hearts may be healed. If every person always asked, "Is it right?" not "Is it expedient?" I wonder if the tender cheek of woman would not have fewer scars, childhood less sorrow and sweet liberty true gains; and I wonder if religion would not begin to glow like a star of radiant light till earth became one great temple resounding with joy.

to the discontented grumbler fearful powers of mischief; but if the masses find life growing sweeter and more enjoyable, they will presently treat the grumbler as their foe. To treat this subject with any degree of practicability, we must look at it from the standpoint of the honest wage-worker. It is the wealthy and the educated who makes himself heard everywhere, and there is abundance of science and political philosophy that preaches resignation to the inevitable; but when the sigh of resignation means dynamite and the inevitable points towards chaos, one can begin to smell the smoke and feel the heat of the coming conflagration. Take the proudest ocean steamer freighted with millionaires and costly merchandise; let there be one man on board to whom life is woe and existence hell; further, let that man feel that his misery has all come from those millionaires; that they are holding that which they have stolen from him, then that ship with its costly freight and human lives is in deadly peril, if but science and that man clasp hands for a few minutes. Blinded and desperate Sampson tears down the support that protects his own life, if but those whom he counts as cruel foes shall share in the destruction. Revenge born of a hopeless life is cruelly incarnate, and absolutely without mercy. So my theory stands out logical and clear; namely, that if there be all this ruined manhood, and womanhood, we are the ones who must plan the rescue, since the sufferers are concentrating their every emotion into one ferocious and insane demand for revenge. We are the ones who stand as fellows of the great mass; above actual penury, and below opulence, who alone can calmly study the great problems of commerce and legislation, and see if it be immutable justice that the rich should grow richer and the poor poorer. Whether it be a necessity of civilization that such should be the result, or whether, on the other hand, we may not find means to mitigate this horrible suffering. Let us remember that our problem is not as to whether we can alter human nature, which is impossible, but whether we can curb its action and propensities to selfishness. (To be continued.)

TILLIE SMITH'S MURDER.

A New York Lady's Marvellous Ghost Story—Her Clock Tumbles Over and Stops at the Hour of Tillie's Death—Blood on Her Hand—Other Odd Communications.

There is no more striking evidence of the general interest taken in the terrible Tillie Smith murder, which occurred at Hackettstown, N. J., last April, than the great number of letters which are received by the authorities. Instead of decreasing with the absence of reporters of the case from the columns of the newspapers, the number of these communications seems rather to increase. They come from all parts of the country, and some of them are of the most extraordinary character. The majority of them are of course from cranks. No small number of the curious people who have taken to letter-writing on this apparently exhaustless topic of interest live in New York. Large numbers of the letters from that city are anonymous. Many are plainly efforts on the part of the writers to gain notoriety or money, and occasionally there is one almost touching in its honest and earnest absurdity. A specimen of this variety was produced in a long and well-written communication, evidently from the hand of a lady. It was upon delicate and tasteful note paper, and the handwriting, as well as the composition, showed every evidence of refinement and education. Like many others it was anonymous. The writer after brief introduction, in which she said that she was not a Spiritualist, but confessed to a moderate amount of superstition, went on to relate her peculiar experience in her New York home on the night of April 8 last, the night on which poor Tillie's blameless life came to so bad an end. She was sitting in her parlor, she wrote and it was late at night. The servants had gone to bed, and she was quite alone. The gas burned dimly in the hall. As she was about thinking of quitting the occupation which had engaged her attention later than usual, she was startled by a sharp, piercing cry for help. It was in a woman's voice, and seemed to come from the area under the stoop. She hurried to the front door and stopped before it for a moment to listen. The cries for help had entirely ceased, but in their stead she heard a horrible half-strangled moaning. She reached out to open the door, her first timidity fully overcome by the impulse to rescue the victim from the horrible crime which she fully believed was being perpetrated. Just before her hand touched the door knob, she was nearly paralyzed with fright at seeing another hand resting upon it. It was simply a hand and nothing more; it faded away into empty air just above the list. It was a long-fingered nervous hand, delicately shaped, but evidently very strong. It was, moreover, the hand of a man, and the most horrible feature of it was, that, stretching diagonally across it, was a bright red dripping streak of apparently warm and fresh-drawn blood. The terrible moaning in the area seemed to increase at this moment, and, overcoming her fear, the lady reached out to clutch the door knob. She met no resistance, but she was horrified to see that the moment she grasped the knob, across her hand appeared to come the same brightened streak of blood that had appeared on the spectral hand that now, however, had vanished. This was a little to much, and she started back, nearly ready to faint with fright. As she did so she held her blood stained hand before her, retreating backward in horror from it. As she got further from the door the crimson streak across her hand seemed to become dimmer. When she reached her parlor again and sank nearly senseless into a chair it had entirely vanished. At the same moment the moans in the area ceased, and then occurred a phenomena, almost as marvelous as the vision of the bloody hand. A French clock which had stood for years on her parlor mantel suddenly fell forward, struck a chair that stood near, and brought up with a crash face foremost on the floor. It will not be considered surprising that the excellent lady at this stage of the proceedings admits that she temporarily lost her senses. When she came to it was a little after midnight, but even during her syncope she was not spared from assisting at extraordinary occurrences. She had a distinct recollection of a vision as real as an every-day sight. She fancied that she had seen a lovely field at night, lighted only by faintly twinkling stars. As she looked across it a dim form seemed to come out of the darkness. It was that of a young man, and he was staggering under a heavy burden. As he got nearer she would see that he wore a Derby hat and a suit of some checkered pattern. His burden was a corpse, the corpse of a young girl. He carried it to a fence, over which he

Your Mission, or The Ethics of Every-day Life.

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., May 16th 1886, by Mrs. E. L. Watson.

Life is so complex,—there is so much of mystery involved in every pulsation of our human life, and every fibre of our being has such intricate fastenings on the fibres of other beings that not a ray of light falls on the earth without setting into tremor every grain of all this complex life; and not a thought of love or of hate but taking wings goes forth to do a certain work, being a portion in truth of the life eternal. The time was when man's thoughts were almost wholly absorbed in caring for his body, but in the unfolding of his higher faculties new questions arose, until to-day there are so many that he is puzzled to know which is the most important, where to begin, and which is now the most essential. On every hand he sees necessities to be met and wrongs to be righted. The field of opportunity and necessity is ever widening, making life still more complex. The human soul hedged in by many difficulties is encouraged by glimpses of what might be, but is sometimes filled with despair and awe at sight of what ought to be, and feels painful emotions when realizing what is. Life almost always contains more pain than joy. Many tarry on the upward path like the kine browsing on the hillside, chewing the end of contemplation, because the difficulties before them seem too great to be overcome; but there is yet another side. He who contemplates the mountain from the valley sees rough, steep and apparently impassable places, but when he climbs it, the landscape broadens, the air becomes more pure, the life of the mountain enters into him, and the way becomes less difficult. So with the mountain of spiritual thought. If we put forth no effort the mountain seems impassable, but that is on account of our anxiety and distrust. It is not given to every one to be great, but there is given to each a degree of spiritual insight and the power to do somewhat for the betterment of the world. It would be hard to tell what one, great or small, could be spared, or to say who may not be as necessary as the gods. Each one is seeking to know his mission, to learn where is his proper place. If you once turn from the world without to the oracle within and ask, "What is my duty to-day?" light will dawn. We must awake to the consciousness that this life is for high and sacred purposes. It is only in realizing this that we can begin our work aright. Then our mission begins to define itself, and instruments are found close at hand by means of which it may be fulfilled. There is nobody living but is gifted with some divine power and has some influence for good or ill. There was a young man who became entirely paralyzed below his neck. All said that death would be best for him. But spirit triumphed over matter, and that youth became a wonderful artist by using the brush with his teeth. More, by his patience and gentleness he taught lessons which the strongest and the wisest would do well to heed. In his brain the dauntless soul ruled supreme, blessing those around him with the balsam and the fragrance of his virtue, and encouraging them with the sunlight of good cheer. Was not that a good mission fulfilled at a fearful cost? From this example we should learn to make the best of our environment instead of becoming discouraged by difficulties, for when we become sour and disconsolate we lose our foothold. Now with each one considerable of life's struggle is the toiling for mere physical comforts, yet there is time for contemplating the beauty of the irresistible moral forces, and for leading the masses to a higher plane. There is time to cheer the followers who are in the same shadow with us, by telling them of better days to come. There is time, if we see a fellow-being going wrong, to utter warning. There is time for pleasant greeting, for keeping the best side out, and for making the day better for our having lived it. To tens of thousands their present work is but a promise of something better, yet the patience, thoroughness and application, which the physical labor requires, trains the intellect as well. Men who do good work at the desk, in the shop or on the street, fulfill a noble mission. It is better for all to engage in some occupation, for it trains the mental faculties and paves the way to higher endeavor by and by. We have co-laborers of whom we have no knowledge, delicate creatures never seen by us, and there are invisible recording angels, seeing all our acts and thoughts. All this complex combination of powers tends to the fuller

The Social Position as It Is.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

A blow and a kick are evidences of force that the savage recognizes. His conception of power is a something he can see and feel. It would be impossible to convince him that nature's forces grow more powerful as man's senses become unconscious of their presence. His life rises no higher than his conception of force. The stone and the club is his first weapon; and even when he has progressed to the bow and the spear, it is still nothing, but push and pull. Thousands of years pass by before he discovers a force in water and air, of which he had not dreamed; and as it grinds his corn he makes the further discovery that ignorance means hard toil, tired muscles and little achieved; whereas knowledge places man as teamster with nature's forces to carry the load. Presently he takes another step. He discovers that the almost impalpable vapor of water has far greater power even than the angry waves that cast wrecks upon the shore; or the fierce wind that carries desolation to his village. Steam appeared to man as the king-force of nature, for by its aid he seemed to achieve the impossible; but now he has begun to enquire and to investigate; and at last he sends his thought right out into the unseen. He discovers a power as much mightier than steam as that seemed grander than the puny efforts of savage man. Magnetism becomes his servant, and the hum of the battery is nature's glad song as she marks the progress of her son. In peace and war alike, for blessing and for curse, as he may use her, this power stands as servant to commerce and handmaid to civilization. Nature has mightier powers yet in store when man shall have learned that the invisible is the source of all he sees, hears and touches in earth life. Even down to to-day man trembles at the roar of the hurricane and the rumbling thunder of the volcano, and quakes as the earth rises and falls beneath his tread; but a voice unheard is intoning the command, "Peace, be still," and age by age man and nature grow slowly into harmony, for time and intelligence stand masters of the universe. My object in calling attention to this truth is to make it a key-note of a few articles in which I propose to show that the forces of life everywhere around us are most powerful when they are invisible; be they for weal, be they for woe. To the socialist and nihilist the ills of life seem born of brute force, and to be met by brute force. He exclaims, "Our wages are low; our homes miserable; our lives degraded. To the lamp-post with the millionaire!" He states lamentable, awful facts; truths that must be met and remedied, or society will dissolve into chaos; but the brute force with which he proposes to remedy his ills; is the crude "push and pull" of the savage, and is founded upon ignorance of higher powers. Recent events are proclaiming the ever present danger of riot, destruction, bloodshed and massacre, for manhood driven to desperation becomes the most dangerous of wild beasts. We can do but little to reach directly the seething element of discontent waiting opportunity. Its leaders are men of but one idea, and their followers have never learned to think for themselves. So it rests with us to investigate these ills of which our wage-working brethren complain, and destroy discontent by placing within their reach such privileges as they have a right to demand. Of course we recognize the fact that there will always be grumblers, and hence give

THE BRADLAUGH EPISODE.

Jan. 14 Charles Bradlaugh, the English Ingersoll, took the oath, and now is the recognized member of parliament for Northampton. In all probability this is the end of a wearisome, and in many respects an undignified struggle between Bradlaugh and the majority in the English house of commons. Many will rejoice at this termination of the affair who have no kind of sympathy with atheism or its representatives. As long as we believe in the right of a constituency to elect its delegate to the imperial legislature, it is hard to see why he should be shut out because his views on religious matters are in opposition to the recognized religion of the country. May 3, 1880, Mr. Bradlaugh appeared in the house of commons as the member of Northampton. He wanted to affirm instead of to swear, because he said he was a person on whose conscience an oath had no binding effect, inasmuch as he did not attach any sacredness to the name of God, though he believed in speaking the truth. Sir Henry Wolf objected. The speaker referred the matter to the whole house, and the house appointed a committee to consider it. By the casting vote of the chairman of the committee it was decided that Bradlaugh should not be allowed to affirm. This view was afterward taken by Mr. Justice Mathew and the court of appeal. Mr. Bradlaugh then presented himself to take the oath. People blamed him for his inconsistency, but his point was this: "I would sooner affirm than take an oath. You will not allow me to affirm. If in order to take my seat and do the work my constituents sent me here to do, it is necessary for me to take the oath, I can take it, though it means no more to me than a simple promise would mean." Sir H. Wolf again objected. It was again referred to a committee. This committee decided that he could take the oath, but recommended that he should affirm at his own risk. The house decided that he should neither affirm nor take the oath. Then there was a conflict. Both sides—the majority in the house and Mr. Bradlaugh—were obstinate. Mr. Bradlaugh was imprisoned in "the clock tower," but was soon released. The house then passed a resolution that all who desired to affirm should do so at their own risk. Mr. Bradlaugh affirmed and took his seat. He remained a member a few weeks when the courts decided that he had no right to affirm, and that his seat was vacated. Northampton immediately re-elected him. He again tried to take the oath, but was forcibly removed by four attendants of the house. Two months afterward he was taken from the lobby by policemen into Westminster hall. Mr. Bright protested against any duty electing member being so shamefully treated. In February, 1882, Mr. Bradlaugh administered

lifted it, lying it carefully upon the ground. He seemed to stoop over it for a moment, and then turned and fled, with head bent downward and hiding one hand in his bosom.

All this she wrote out to the Prosecutor, and gave it to him anonymously, and with no hope of reward as a clue. The Prosecutor turned it over to Dr. Whitney, the principal of the institute where Tillie worked, who keeps it as a curiosity.

The fund for the monument to the murdered girl is now more than \$600.—New York Sun.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. (466 West 23rd Street, New York.)

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND." The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud is gathering quickly o'er my head, and loud the thunders roar above me.

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night is drawing darkly down, my faithless sight sees ghostly visions, Fears, a spectral band, encompass me.

The way is long, my Father! and my soul longs for the rest and quiet of the goal; while yet I journey through this weary land keep me from wandering, Father, take my hand!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn has pierced me, and my weary feet all torn, and bleeding mark the way. Yet thy command bids me press forward.

FROM MANY SOURCES. Mrs. J. D. Lee is a member of the board of trustees of Willamette University, Oregon.

Miss R. M. Burleigh, one of the nursing sisters at Chatham, has received the distinction of the Royal Red Cross at Fort Pitt Hospital.

Miss Annie Stewart, of Dalhousie College, New Brunswick, has won the fellowship in mathematics for 1886-7 at the Bryn Mawr College.

Mme. Clara Schumann, despite her sixty-six years, retains her remarkably fine physical powers, and is regarded as one of the finest pianists in Europe!

The famous songster, Mme. Modjeska, is a fine linguist, speaking and writing English, French, Italian, Russian, German and Hungarian.

Mrs. Mary E. Coons of Harlem, has just received a license to command the steam yacht called "Elizabeth," of which her husband is chief engineer.

In Chicago can be seen a handsome shop filled with rare and beautiful Bohemian glass, on which is the sign, "The Pick Sisters."

Miss Frances Colenso, the daughter of the late Bishop Colenso of South Africa, a courageous and gallant woman, even now devotes herself to a vindication of the late King Cetshwayo.

A good example is set by an association only a little over a year old, the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Buffalo, N. Y.

Caria Serena, who recently died in her native Italy, was a remarkable traveller. She only began her journeys after her five children had passed childhood.

Mrs. Septimia Randolph Meikleham, the only surviving grandchild of Thomas Jefferson, though an aged and infirm woman, is compelled to daily toil in the Treasury Department at Washington, for her bread.

A contemporary says that Sallie Hansford, who lives near Lexington, Ga., is a woman of remarkable energy. Her husband has been bedridden with rheumatism for nine years.

Neutral sex is not a polar attribute, either positive or negative, but it is the equational factor, embracing the masculine and feminine in one composite whole.

red and ninety-seven acres of land, much of it original forest, and with the aid of her two boys, fourteen and fifteen years old, cleared five acres. She cut down the trees, rolled the logs, split the rails, built the fence, and burnt the brush with their help.

Mrs. Kate P. Hardwick of Boston, sister of Mrs. Harriet Putnam Newell, of New York, has, during several voyages, kept a meteorological record for the United States Government, while in the China Seas and Indian Ocean.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith still continues her vigorous letters, sketches and poems to various contemporary periodicals, though verging upon fourscore years of age.

No, friend K. V. G., you mistake in assuming that the higher we go in development the more distinct and separate do the sexes become. Science has made her record only upon the first and the second term in the series.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "Dual Unity" in Its Application to Sex.

Misapprehension of "K. V. G." Corrected. BY E. WHIPPLE.

In the issue of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of June 12th, I find a criticism on my article contained in the JOURNAL of May 17th, regarding "Dual Unity" as applied to God and the human sexes.

Now, Kant's twelve Categories are a complete summary of all the processes of mind and nature known to man. These categories are classed into four groups, which are called the categories of Quantity, of Relation and of Modality.

It hence follows that sex in those beings nearest allied to God exists in a three-fold aspect of masculine, feminine and neuter. In the highest organisms the neuter gender does not confuse or abolish either masculine or feminine distinctions, but coordinates them in one visible structure.

Now I will briefly state my view regarding the bi-sexual unity of man as he exists in the highest or synthetic order of life. I believe that man proceeds from God in bi-sexual pairs, in some of which the woman is formed in the man, while in others the man is formed in the woman.

Neutral sex is not a polar attribute, either positive or negative, but it is the equational factor, embracing the masculine and feminine in one composite whole.

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but sex here functionates very differently from what it does in the separate dual state. The man and woman united in one neuter person is the elementary social unit in the reconstructed society of the normal man.

Again, the woman of a counterpart pair is the immediate recipient of the Divine love which man receives mediately through the woman. Man is the immediate recipient of the Divine Wisdom, which woman receives mediately through the man.

My ancient teachers assure me that this has been the estate of counterpart life in the inmost heavens from ages immemorial, and that it will be the estate of man on earth in that glorious future when the "last enemy" shall be destroyed.

No, friend K. V. G., you mistake in assuming that the higher we go in development the more distinct and separate do the sexes become. Science has made her record only upon the first and the second term in the series.

Partial List of Magazines for July, not Before Mentioned. THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. (A. C. Armstrong & Sons, New York.)

ST. NICHOLAS. (The Century Co., New York.) This issue of St. Nicholas is not lacking in patriotism and opens with a sketch of La Fayette and his two visits to America.

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) The July Wide Awake celebrates in various ways the arrival of the great holiday, July 4th.

THE CLERGY, Their Sermons; THE STUDENT, His Lessons; THE BUSINESS MAN, Items of Business.

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CHAUNTAQUA YOUNG FOLKS' JOURNAL. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.) A monthly for reading clubs, schools and homes.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) Varied and interesting articles will be found in this number.

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

ZEPH, A Posthumous Story. By Helen Jackson (H. H.). Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. III. New York: John B. Alden. Price, cloth, gilt top, 60 cents a volume.

SHORT-HAND RELIGION. By Dutton Madden. Coatesville, Pa.: Published by the Author. Price, 10 cents.

ALDEN'S CYCLOPEDIA OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE. Vol. III. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 60 cents a volume.

POEMS. By George Crabbe. Cassell's National Library. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: Brentano Bros. Price, 10 cents.

Notice to Subscribers. We particularly request subscribers who renew their subscriptions, to look carefully at the figures on the tag which contains their respective names and if they are not changed in two weeks, let us know with full particulars, as it will save time and trouble.

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BY J. J. MOSE. Illustrated with two Photographs. This work, received from London, Finland, is a striking manner, evidence of the progress of our times in the "new world," illustrating the life of a Spiritualist, and the way when rightly understood, and applied, in the various phases of human existence.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, July 10, 1886.

Slaughter of the Innocents.

Not the murder of children in Judea by old King Herod nineteen hundred years ago, but the insidious murder of children in the school houses of this civilized and Christian land to-day. Bad air in crowded rooms; summer roasting relieved by strong draughts from open windows on the back of aching heads; winter roasting by red-hot stoves on one side, and freezing on the other from keen wind piercing through floor cracks and loose windows, and cutting into the vitals like sharp icicles; or air-sweeping currents eddying and rushing through large rooms from furnaces and sewers, and ventilators put where they ought not to be,—these slaughter their thousands and send out of the world before their time more than did the hired murderers of the bloody old monarch. The stout and solid, of strong body and positive will, survive, not always "the survival of the fittest," but the flower-like girls and delicate boys, beautiful often in soul as in person and capable of being trained to health and usefulness, go down and make no sign. Even those who struggle through are maimed and scarred. A boy sits and studies where there is no escape from the sunshine blazing on the page he reads; a girl leans over her book in a dark corner straining her aching eyes for lack of light, and both are smitten with a purblind sight. With these calamities come the evils of our forcing and cramming system, treating a scholar as though his poor brain was an empty void into which must be pushed a pile of dates and names and facts, many of which are excellent when forgotten, and only fill the place of better things so long as they are remembered. Set a child up in a high chair by a table before a big plate of food, and let a nurse stand by to cram that food down the poor little throat as fast as possible, and you treat the stomach as the brain is treated in this cramming process. Bodily dyspepsia follows in one case, mental dyspepsia in the other.

Then must come, each school-day morning, the orthodox prayer, with a hymn, the sweet music of which but partially neutralizes its dogmatic absurdities, and no thought or systematic effort all the day long for that moral education and spiritual culture, broader and deeper than all dogmatism and greatly needed in every school.

Meanwhile the parents at home, not cruel but thoughtless and ignorant, rest in pre-occupied indifference. Pious parents are too much absorbed in dogmatic theology to waste time on physiology or psychology. When their boy comes home with aching bones and fevered pulse, or their dear girl sinks under the torture of overtaken brain and nerves, weeks of weary watching follow. The young life flees from the abused body, and the clergyman stands by the coffin and tells the mourning family how "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away." It is a school house murder did they but know it.

But light is breaking and the slaughter of the innocents is to die away. In the past decade or two much thought has been given to these matters. Before us is a list of books on School Hygiene, from the Massachusetts Hygiene Association and other sources, written by physicians, nurses and teachers. They treat of ventilation, care of the eyes, contagious diseases, nervous troubles, overwork, evils of alcohol and tobacco, etc., and are full of practical sense and forethought. The New Education of Dr. Bushanan is a valuable treatise on the moral and ethical education so needed in schools. Marked and excellent changes are going on. First come better and healthier school houses, next we begin to see the dawn of better methods—less cramming and more real education—the calling out of mental and moral power and beauty, educa-

tion, as from the old Latin *Educare*, to draw out.

Every parent, and all the people, should help to stop this slaughter of the innocents, should give thought and time to this real education, should talk with teachers, visit schools, and have living interest in these important matters.

Froliesome Brokers.

It appears from the daily papers that there was at one time in the history of things terrestrial a misunderstanding in the revival meetings held for the salvation of the pugnacious, willful, treacherous and selfish Wall street brokers in New York City. The oldest Methodist church in America stands serenely in John street, near to the centre of stock gambling speculation. The unexpected success of the Episcopal missionaries in filling Trinity church with crowded noon assemblages at that time led to a similar venture at the John Street Church. Revivalist Hugh O. Pentecost was conducting noon services, and Singer Stebbins lead the hymns, which were a fine feature of the services. A few doors off was a locally noted chop-house, to which many brokers went for their lunches. Most of this coterie belonged to a Wall street glee club. During one week they have dropped in at the revival meetings, on their way back from chops and ale, to join most spiritedly and melodiously in the choruses of Stebbins's songs. As they behaved decorously, seemed religiously inclined and appeared to be of God's chosen ones, Pentecost and Stebbins inferred that they were pious, until a direct call on their leader—a young man with far more relish for prize fights than religion—for an address or a prayer so comically impressed his companions that they laughed outright. Then they tried to make amends by singing at their best with Stebbins, after which they privately assured the revivalists that they had not in the least intended to gny the meetings.

Now here were hilarious and froliesome young men of the dare-devil kind, lending certain cultured and fascinating gifts to aid devout church members in rendering religious exercises more entertaining and instructive. Their voices were probably superb, and the sublime uncton that pervaded their vocal efforts, was undoubtedly highly appreciated by those present, and very amusing to those who knew them. Though one of them had an insatiable relish for well contested prize fights, greatly enjoying the brutal scenes of a stugging match, yet there was, strange to say, a tender pathos in his voice that was charming, and which, when disconnected from the man and his acts, was calculated to exert a soul-elevating influence. Now, under the circumstances, this question naturally presents itself for consideration: Should natural or acquired gifts be allowed to always have free and full exercise when eminently well calculated to aid, entertain or instruct humanity? The brawny arms of a ferocious prize fighter would not be repelled when exercised to save a person from drowning; nor would the act be less meritorious because he had previously engaged in disgusting prize fights.

A physician without any character as to morality, but skilled above all others in surgery, would be the one called upon to perform difficult and dangerous operations on Christians—such as the removal of tumors, the amputation of a limb, or the cutting out of internal obstructions; he would be preferred all the time to the highly religious surgical dotard.

Churches accept contributions from gamblers; those in want of assistance often make appeals therefor to sporting men; the courtesan has been known to do humane deeds, and a generous impulse has often marked the career of a despicable thief. A vile sport of this city, occupying a prominent position and who was shot by his mistress, wrote an affectionate letter each day to his mother. It is said that Sarah Bernhardt has several illegitimate children by as many different fathers, yet on the stage she is very popular. There is no distinctly dividing line between the good and bad of human nature; they blend with each other, to a certain extent, each, at times, predominating.

The singing of the sportive characters of the Board of Trade, so long as it was good, entertaining and instructive, might have been placed foremost, and thus utilized, while the actors should have retained their exact status. If Poe got drunk, it does not lessen the sublime merit and exalted sublimity of his poems. People who are good, are no less so, because others are bad, and those that are bad, are no less heinous and disgusting because others are good.

On the whole, we think those hilarious young sports acted kindly in rendering more attractive the revival meeting, which otherwise might have been excessively dull,—which was, in fact, dull until they enlivened it by their presence; and arrangements should have been made to utilize that portion of their nature that could be employed for good. The world cannot be divided into two distinct classes—the good and bad—that can be known on sight, for those that assume to be self-righteous often prove to be libertines, while the gambler has at times shown himself to be a true hero. Imperfection inheres in everyone; perfection abides nowhere on earth. He who looks for the latter in any of God's children, is looking for that which never had an existence—only in God himself.

We are in favor of utilizing to its fullest and most comprehensive sense the good in each one, while the bad should be held in abeyance, relegated to the background, and regarded as only so much rubbish; hence we shall interpose no objections against the

troliesome Wall street brokers using their charming voices to render the religious services of the missionaries more pleasing to those who attend their ministrations. The mere fact that they are Wall street brokers, and admire pugilistic encounters, is no evidence that they are emissaries of "Satan," or that they can never rise above their present depraved tastes.

Called Back to Life.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* relates a remarkable cure performed by a physician, which reads more like a "fairy tale" than a reality, but which is nevertheless true. The main points we give. As is well known, the blood is the life. Its absence must be death. This, in medicine, is generally considered to be in the nature of an axiom, and is accepted without argument; yet there are cases in which the blood has ceased to support life, and death was only a question of a few moments, when by the prompt action of a physician another liquid has been introduced in the circulation to take the place of the blood, and this for the time being supports life as well as if it were blood. This is well shown in the case of Lizzie Seymour, a bright little 10 year-old girl, who is now at the Chambers Street Hospital, Cincinnati. Lizzie's father is a butcher. A few weeks ago Lizzie fell from a window. Several feet below the window was a row of meat hooks upon a frame. The unfortunate girl on her way to the pavement struck on one of these close by her shoulder. A piercing yell followed the striking of the sharp-pointed hook into her flesh. She hung for a moment and then the weight and motion of her body jerked the hook through her flesh, and she fell unconscious in a limp mass upon the sidewalk. The blood was spurting from the quivering flesh that hung in threads in the upper part of her right arm, when her father rushed out of the shop to pick her up. From the sudden pallor that came over her face he thought that she was dead. Then the little bosom heaved a sigh, and he rushed like a wild man, with his daughter in his arms, through the crowded streets till he came to the hospital.

Tenderly he laid her upon a cot. The surgeon quickly commenced his work picking up the bleeding arteries wherever the points of severance could be found. Several doses of stimulants were given hypodermically at regular intervals, and she finally recovered consciousness, but was very weak. She remained in this condition for several days, and then grew a little stronger, and began to take an interest in what was going on around her, and from the indications there appeared to be a good chance of her final recovery.

"She is dead." Thus spoke the nurse in a subdued voice as she stood by the cot of little Lizzie just as the chimes of old Trinity rang out the midnight hour about a week after the patient was brought to the hospital. The nurse was then making the rounds of her ward. In the dim light of the large sick-room the pallid face of the little sufferer seemed whiter than the sheets upon which she lay, and she had stopped breathing. The nurse turned up the light preparatory to calling the orderlies to remove the body from the ward to the dead-house, and walked back to the cot to make the patient ready for the trip to the grave. Placing her hand on the child's forehead she found it warm to the touch. Her ear was over the patient's heart in a second. A faint beat that was more like the trembling of a muscle was heard. Lizzie was only on the edge of eternity after all.

Quick as a flash the nurse roused the house surgeon from his sleep. He got up with the usual grumble that follows such a proceeding and hastened half-dressed to the cot of the patient. The pale face caused the lethargy of spirit to vanish, and he was a man of science, ready to do anything to save life. "There must be a ruptured artery," he said.

Ripping off the bandages quickly from the patient's arm it was found that there had been a secondary hemorrhage, and the white sheets had been dyed crimson with the blood of the dying girl. One of the ligatures which had been placed on the artery had given away.

"Get me some hot water and salt," exclaimed the surgeon.

It was brought as quickly as possible. A quantity of salt was put into the boiling water and dissolved, and the temperature was then reduced to about the nominal temperature of the human body. When these preliminaries were over the surgeon took a small knife and made an incision in the left wrist of the patient about two inches long. The muscular tissue was carefully separated until the radial artery was found. So much blood had gone from the body that the artery was in a state of collapse. It was dissected free from the adjacent muscles and drawn upward through the incision and held in this position by a metal supporter being placed underneath.

No anesthetic had been given, as the patient was unconscious naturally and did not feel any pain from the manipulations of the surgeon. Taking a fine lance, the man of science punctured the radial artery and slit it downward about a quarter of an inch. Then he took a common Davidson syringe and gently forced the muzzle into the artery until it fitted perfectly tight. The suction end was placed in the dish containing the solution of salt. Then, by a gradual pressure upon the bulb, after all the air had been removed, as well as every particle of dirt from the syringe, the solution was forced into the artery against the action of the heart. When the liquid reached the branching arteries at the elbow it flowed into them and filled them with salt and water, until the arm was

made up of this compound. This impulse sent whatever blood there was in the body flying with increased force through the ordinary channels. It reached the lungs and the respiration slowly began, and when its magic touch was felt in the nerve centres in the brain the patient's head moved, and her black eyes opened languidly. 'Twas then she felt the stinging sensation of pain in her arm, and her body shuddered for a moment. The vitality was so low, however, that the pain was not intense, and the liquid was pumped into her body until about twenty-four ounces were absorbed. By this time, in all about fifteen minutes, the functions of the body had been restored, and the patient had been called back from the door of death. The artery was again tied up, and from the time of the transfusion of the salt and water the progress of the case has been steadily toward recovery, and in a few days the patient will be sent home.

Good Words on the Uses of Wealth.

How to use wealth is a great question to-day. How many rich men take a selfish view of their position, spend lavishly for selfish enjoyment, and sometimes even crush those who are trying to rise and whom they might help with no harm to themselves. It is a good sign of the times to see a better class of rich men coming up. Senator Stanford, of California, is rated at \$50,000,000, and has given away over \$15,000,000 in the past two years. In a late letter in reply to some resolutions of a citizens' anti-Coolie league in California, he favors the restriction of Chinese immigration and then writes of the rights of labor and the uses of wealth in a terse and clear way honorable to his head and heart. We extract as follows:

The unemployed in California are numerous, but I do not think they are unemployed because of the Chinese or anything other than their own improvident nature. I have fed tramps at a direct expense of over \$200 a month during the past season on one farm, although there was never a day during that time that we were short-handed of good men and wanted them. There is room in California for 15,000,000 of people, and it will then not be more densely populated than the New England and Middle States of the East. The theory of our Government is founded upon the inalienable rights of man, which the poor of all others are most interested in maintaining, and in strong contrast to the paternal or monarchal theory of Government. So no man can have a lien upon another and determine what he shall do with his life, liberty and rightful possessions. Whether the owner of property shall give to those in distress or not is a question for him to determine, settling with his own conscience and with his God to what extent the products of his labor, care, thrift, industry and economy shall be given to the unfortunate or to the idle, shiftless and improvident. I trust I am not unduly egotistical in believing that my sympathies in the welfare of my kind are as strong as those of most men, particularly for the poor; and I have a strong faith that the time will come when the comforts of life, at least, will be the common belongings of the poor people of our country. The wealth of individuals makes up the commonwealth. The most interesting question in regard to it is not unduly egotistical in believing that my wealth, actively and wisely in use, gives employment and spreads prosperity. The individual property is the prosperity of the whole; and the prosperity of the whole results in the prosperity of the individual.

There is reason to believe that there has been and will continue to be a steady advance in the minds and thoughts of the church toward clearer, broader and more adequate conceptions of what is declared in the Bible. We are warranted in assuming that a basis of theological opinions made up of the great fundamental truths and doctrines of the Bible, unimixed with fatal misbeliefs, set forth in plain and comprehensive form, is necessary to the best interests of the church and to a not inconsiderable extent to the religious life of the individual. The historical creeds are all of these materialistic, often so in their forms of expression and manifest conceptions respecting the future life. The once popular notions respecting the resurrection of the dead and the character of the life everlasting which these creeds manifestly teach have ceased to command the assent of the great body of intelligent believers.

If these men think it out on that line they will come to see and feel the great power of the modern spiritual movement in lifting modern thought above these "once popular notions" then they will also see in the spiritualistic conceptions of "the character of the life everlasting" something "to command the assent of the great body of intelligent believers."

Move on, gentlemen; you are on the same upward path we are trying to walk in. Fear not and faint not, cast aside the heavy load of old creeds and we shall be within hailing distance of each other "in the good time coming," which may not be so very distant.

Joel Peffley writes: "Quite recently a young lady, Mrs. Black, died under suspicious circumstances. She returned and made raps at the time her corpse lay in state for interment, and has been rapping more or less ever since. She writes and draws with a pencil; has been seen many times even in daylight. Dr. Beck and wife of Delhi, myself and several others, were at her house one evening; a young lady medium was there. Mrs. Black was soon rapping, and said she would show herself, (we being in the house), in the yard by moonlight. She was seen by four or five different persons that evening, and at as many different times and places. She was apparently dressed in her shroud. She opens the door and walks in so as to be heard. We think she has remarkable power for a new born spirit." Mr. Peffley writes from Colburn, Ind.

Mrs. M. E. Marcy of Lyons, Mich., writes: "Nemoka Camp Meeting Association of Michigan, is not dead as reported. It will hold a camp meeting from the 6th to the 23rd of August. Speakers engaged: Dr. C. A. Andrus, and O. P. Kellogg of Ohio; Mr. Warren Bishop of Wisconsin; Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, Mrs. Julia Walton, J. W. Kenyon and J. H. Burnham, of Michigan.

J. Madison Allen has closed his two months' labors in Vineland, N. J., and has been lately speaking in Trenton, N. J., and at the camp meeting at Bridgeport, Pa. He expects to attend other camp meetings, and will receive further calls for rostrum work. Address for the present 1601 N. Fifteenth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The South Side Spiritualists are going to have a picnic some time in July.

Letter from E. Heber Newton, D. D.

A Popular Religious Teacher and Well-Equipped Student of Theology, Science and Philosophy Expresses His Views on Spiritualism. The Attitude of a Great Soul Overflowing with Love for Humanity Toward a Subject of Stupendous and Everlasting Importance. Spirit Phenomena and the Methods of Spiritualists as Viewed from the Standpoint of a Friendly and Deeply Interested Observer.

Dear Col. Bundy:

Since reading your speech in New York I have been drawn to write you a line expressive of my sincere admiration for the courage and frankness and love of truth which that speech manifested. Although I do not begin to know what you have gone through with in the course which you have set before you, I think I can imagine something of the determination which it has taken to accept such a mission and to persevere in it through the storm of misrepresentation which it was sure to call forth. Brave men are never too plentiful in the world, and the little which I know of Spiritualism convinces me that in it just now brave men are sorely needed; not only to confess the faith which may be cherished before the world, but to confess the truth to which their very faith may blind them within the movement itself. As you know, I have been for some time past reading carefully in the literature of Spiritualism and allied fields, with deep interest. As you know also, I have never experimented personally among the phenomena of Spiritualism. My judgment of it is, therefore, wholly an outside expression—one drawn from second-hand sources, but therefore, perhaps, less liable to any illusions of the senses or any contagious influences of enthusiastic circles. Approaching the subject in this calm, cold manner, weighing the evidence carefully, I have satisfied myself that, if there be any validity in human testimony, the phenomena grouped under the title of Spiritualism, after all the abounding frauds and illusions are discounted, hold secrets which it behooves man to resolve, if possible. These secrets seem to me to more than hint the existence in man of powers and potencies such as make entirely credible, from a scientific point of view, the old belief in a life to come. They seem to warrant, yet further, the conclusion that there ought to be some other interpretation of many of these phenomena than Occultism—if, as I have already said, human testimony is worth anything.

Standing in this attitude of dispassionate attention I am equally free to confess, however, that, along whatsoever line I have sought to follow some clue, I have continually stumbled upon fraud and humbuggery of a character almost sufficient to close up the investigation. On every hand I know of those who have been thus turned away from further pursuit of the subject—sometimes with the bitterness of outraged sensibilities, which have been played upon for love of gain. I am satisfied that nothing stands in the way of whatever truth there may be in the movement so much as this ubiquitous element of deceit. Whether the ultimate solution of these phenomena, physical and mental, be Occultism alone—and by Occultism I mean not Madame Blavatsky juggling or pretentious theosophy, but simply transcendental physics, science dealing with the higher phenomena of the natural order—or Occultism plus Spiritualism—in either case there is a substantial boon for humanity in the gift of the movement. How important, therefore, that such a movement should be carried on with the utmost seriousness and earnestness; with every endeavor to eliminate this element of deceit, or at least to minimize it; with a systematic attempt to throw around these phenomena the guarding conditions which shall secure their purity; with a determination to educate mediumship—whatever may be involved in it! This, as I understand it, is the work which you have set your hand to do. One need be no Spiritualist to recognize the great importance of this work and to rejoice in the courage and determination with which you are doing it. I happen to have come across lately several instances of the suspicion which this work has cast upon you, among the supporters of Spiritualism; and this has revealed to me more sensibly the difficulties under which you are laboring, and made me glad of an opportunity to express to you my own conviction of the need of your being not weary in well doing.

I have been a careful student of the experiments of the English Psychical Research Society, and I am sure that it represents a widespread disposition to approach this baffling question from the standpoint of non-belief, dispassionately and scientifically. I think the time has gone by when the claims of the mystic phenomena, which go under the name of Spiritualism, are to be pook-pooked away. They have out lived ages of denunciation and contempt and ridicule. The time has come when men are prepared to examine them as they would examine any other class of phenomena—simply seeking for truth. If Spiritualism meets this disposition by a corresponding readiness to put away the element of deceit, which unquestionably has so strongly characterized it, and to systematize the study of its own phenomena in such a manner as is absolutely requisite for any scientific results—the two forces of inquiry might move forward harmoniously, and the truth, whatever it be, would be gained for the world. I know that Mr. Stanton-Moses is appealing to Spiritualism on the other side of the water to take up this responsibility, as you are doing in our own country. I wish you the fullest success in your courageous course. After having weathered so many storms, I feel sure that you will hold out to the end, and I am confident that then the men who have most misunderstood and misrepresented you will be the very ones to applaud you.

I observe in the Spiritualistic journals their natural satisfaction at the growing disposition on the part of society at large to at least impartially consider the claims of the movement. Nothing will help forward this disposition so much as for Spiritualists to back up the work that you are doing; rid the movement, as far as may be, of its frauds and charlatannies, and get down to bottom facts. There is no stronger testimony to the faith of Spiritualism than that which you made the other day in your New York speech, denouncing fraudulent materializations and cabinet performances, out of the very conviction in your heart as to the reality of intercommunication between our world and the realm of spirits. Such a speech weighs more heavily with outsiders than any other testimony.

Cordially yours, E. HEBER NEWTON.

Garden City, L. I.

The views of so competent a critic, one who has the highest interests of spiritual truth and psychical science deeply at heart, are worthy the profound and lasting attention of Spiritualists.

We ask those who believe in the JOURNAL's platform and methods to earnestly consider how they can most effectively strengthen



Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

"No Classes."

"No classes" here? Why, that is idle talk. The village beau sneers at the country boor; The importuning medic who walks Our city streets despise the parish poor.

The daily toiler at some noisily loom Holds back her garments from the kitchen aid; Mean while the latter leans upon her broom, Unconscious of the bow the laundress made.

The grocer's daughter eyes the farmer's lass With haughty glance, while the lawyer's wife Would pay no visit from the trading class If policy were not her creed in life.

The merchant's son nods coldly at the clerk; The proud possessor of a pedigree Ignores the youth whose father rose by work-- The title-seeking maiden scorns all three.

The aristocrat of blood looks down Upon the nouveau riche, and in disdain The lovers of the intellectual frown On both, and worship at the shrine of Brain.

"No classes here," the clergyman has said; "We are one family." Yet see his rage, And horror when his favorite son would wed Some pure and pretty player on the stage.

It is the vain and natural human way Of vaunting our weak selves, our pride, our worth; Not ill the long delayed Millennium Day Shall we behold "No classes" on God's earth. --Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Psychical Wave.

When Herbert Spencer wrote the famous pages which he entitled "The Rhythm of Motion," he gave to the busy world which has no time to be scholarly, but which is eager to follow the trail of scholarship too great not to be comprehensible, a phrase for which we are all grateful. This term expresses better than any we have the use of, the nature of one of the most powerful laws known to the universe--the law of vibration. Every created thing oscillates; this is the amount of it. Though we wrought ourselves blind to ask the reason, we have not to go beyond the timing of our own pulses to learn the fact. The petty beat of the pendulum in the kitchen clock sways within the majestic diurnal revolution of the globe. The waves pulsate upon the shore; the tide flows beneath the moon. Your telephone message is a shallow set adrift upon the ripples of sound. Poetry uses no metaphor when it speaks of the floods of light. If a child draw the tip of a pencil lightly across a paper the line will be undulatory. If a cannon-ball were uninterrupted by any impeding body, it would return to the spot whence it started. A body's cry rises and drops from instance to instance. An American storm, beginning the continent from Montana to Maine, peeps as a "blizzard" and ends as a zephyr. A weed growing at the bottom of a brook undulates. The use of the telescope teaches that every pulsation of the heart jars the room. Both lateral and vertical oscillations beset the motion of a railway train. The songs that muse of "winding rivers" sing above the law of continuity. The current and the change of a leaf tremble in the wind, and the climate of the earth is affected by changes of position "taking twenty-one thousand years to complete." Sleep visits the blessed once in twenty-four hours, and awful periodicities control the jaws of earthquakes which swallow cities. An intermittent fever and a variable star obey the same authority. Sunrise and sunset, season and season, life and decay, are the throbs of one mighty circulation pulsing from an unseen Heart.

These things we are taught as the alphabet of modern philosophy. We are taught that the law leans over, far beyond the scope of physics; that the human mind, like the ultimate atom, serves the large decree; and that human experience itself is a slave to the eternal rhythm. We are reminded that grief and joy and hope and anguish alternate as much as the building and the fading of a windflower. We are asked to observe the misery of the paragon as well as the joy of the miser; and that mourners smile because they have wept, and weep again, since they did smile. We are reminded that crime and pestilence pulsate in epidemics across the globe. We are called upon to record the throbs of the pendulum of history, whose swing sweeps from civilization to ruin, from the people to the throne, from tyranny to riot, from confusion to order, from morality to nihilism, from atheism to bigotry, from the material to the spiritual law holds over or holds into rhythmic law. A thing or a thought works to and fro. For growth or for decline, to the base or to the apex--in the phrase of modern thought, to evolution or to dissolution--it is in the nature of motion to tend. Rhythm is not a simple affair. It is a complication. There is a rhythm within rhythm, motion over against motion; movement double, quadruple, complex--if we do not, as you would say, we are too feeble to follow the coil.

The vibration of the violin string seems a simple affair of molar disturbance producing sound-waves. Who shall say what was the rhythm started in the soul of the peasant who heard Ole Bull play in a tavern, and amid the hush of his fellows--moved beyond them all--brought his hand down thunderously upon a table and cried: "This is a lie!" Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in Forum for June.

Materializations.

The enclosed communication is from a substantial farmer of Walker township, which embraces the part of this city on the west side of Grand River. He is well known as being a man of sound judgment and undoubted veracity. He was a confirmed skeptic up to the time of his first experiences related in the enclosed communication.

One week ago tonight I attended a circle at his house in company with Mr. Aspinwall from Minneapolis, Minn. It was extremely sultry, and we got permission of the controlling spirit to break the circle and air the room. Soon after being seated again, different spirits conversed with us, and asked and answered questions as intelligently as any of our acquaintances do here in the city. We were often touched--three or four of us at a time--by hands of all sizes; one took hold of my hand twice and one gently pulled my whiskers. One spirit whistled independently, while another kept time on a sifter's head by rapping. Mr. T.'s aunt, who brought him up, came and told us how much trouble he made her when he was a boy, and told circumstances which he recollected. Seven or eight different voices talked, and some gave us very elevated ideas of our duties and opportunities here.

John Clancy, the one who first controlled and developed the medium, told Mr. Thornton at that time, that he died in Denver, Col. Mr. T. worked with him six months in Oregon thirty or forty years ago, but had not heard from him since. He told me, at my request, the name of the man who buried him. I have lost the record, but will inquire of him the next time I sit in the circle. If any one in Denver will go to the records of the Catholic Church there, they may get a valuable test. I will gladly send the name of the one he says buried him.

One spirit tried hard to talk. John Clancy said she was my daughter, and he described her correctly. She had been a teacher in Cornell College, Iowa, and died at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1877. This talk with these spirits was as familiar and as real as a visit with neighbors.

Some very conservative people are investigating this subject in our city of many churches. The Bangs sisters have been here and Jesse Shepard is now here and the spirit of inquiry is abroad.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Before a recent church entertainment in Kingston, Mass. a young woman was freed. The night of the festival the young woman who took the tickets had them as they accumulated on a window sill. She had been a teacher in Cornell College, Iowa, and died at Ithaca, N. Y., in 1877. This talk with these spirits was as familiar and as real as a visit with neighbors.

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An Experiment in Telepathy.

To the Editor of the Belgio-Philosophical Journal

Experiments in telepathy are especially interesting. The following from the Herald of Health illustrates a remarkable case:

In October last, while conversing with a friend who saw visions, persons and landscapes appearing vividly before her, the question was asked, "Do you see into the other world?" She answered simply "yes" or "are they things and people at a distance seen by second sight?" My friend said she had often tried to settle this question, but had been unable to do so.

I proposed to her that we institute a test to demonstrate, as I believed that these appearances were of real persons or things belonging to earth. My plan was that I should try voluntarily to appear, or cause a vision of myself to appear, to her at a distance. I soon went to a city 500 miles from where she lived, she not knowing where I went or how long I was to remain. I said nothing to any other person about the experiment I intended to make.

At intervals I endeavored to go to her mentally, but I never wrote to her, nor she to me, nor had we fixed any hour for the experiment. I was, however, restless and uneasy, and I did not know how nor what was the best way to proceed. The efforts of a child to fly by moving the arms would not have been more ridiculous or ineffective. I tried to put into practice the theories of Esoteric Buddhism by trying to project the supposed astral body, but no effect came, except profound exhaustion. The exercise of the will seemed to prevent the egress of that essence which should, as I supposed, pass from me and go to her.

I then conceived the idea of unwilling my own will, or of reducing myself to a negative state. But I concluded I should have to go to India and sit twice seven years under the peepul tree and live on a diet of rice and water before I should be able to attain that condition, so I gave up this idea. I could not, however, forget the subject, as I had previously mentioned that such a projection of my personality had appeared at a distance without volition, and thought that the problem was one I must some time solve.

Every form that the imagination can take mine took; I pictured the "recipient" vividly, and then thought of myself as with her, picturing forth the scene in its minutest details and then willing vigorously, hoping that it might be realized, but there was no result. I also tried to yield myself up for a long mental journey on going to sleep, but without success.

One night I went to bed in a high fever consequent upon a sudden but slight indisposition. My mind was idly but nervously occupied by a great number of topics. Among other things I thought of a certain reception which I had to attend in a few days, of having no dress suitable for the occasion, but of which I had not a word of thought. And then I wondered, by association of ideas, to think of a certain evening company which I had attended with the friend with whom I wished to try my experiment in telepathy. I thought of this idly, without volition, but as in fever the mind seems to cling to idle thoughts with great persistence, so these thoughts kept repeating themselves. I became weary of their persistence, yet could not escape them. I then began to wonder what I could do to appear to my friend, but did not try--only kept thinking of it.

Suddenly my body became slightly numb, my head felt light, my breathing became slow and loud, as when one goes to sleep. I had often been in a similar state. When I came out of it I lit the candle and looked at my watch. The next day I thought of the experience of the night as meaningless, and was ashamed of having considered a change of breathing as anything more than a premonition of going to sleep.

A few days after this experience I received a letter from my friend, forwarded from where she supposed I was, in which she stated that I had appeared to her on a certain evening, giving the time; that I wore a dress she had never seen before, but which she perfectly described; that I stood with my back to her and remained so a moment or two.

As I had not written a word of facts to appear to her, and as the opportunities of two months for guesswork or deception had elapsed I felt that my proof was as positive as I could desire. Not proof, however, of the outgoing of an astral body. Had I appeared to my friend as I was at the moment, in bed in my nightdress, the case would simply have paralleled many of which we have read; but my appearance in a dress that was 200 miles away, and which had never been seen by the recipient, forms proof of the best theory that has yet been propounded by students of telepathy. It is the theory of thought-waves directly impinging upon one brain after being generated in another brain, producing a facsimile of the first thought on the second brain. The theory has arisen, as if in self-demonstration, in several minds. Dr. Holbrook first propounded it to me some years ago. It seemed no more improbable than the same theory in regard to light, heat, sound, etc.

That motion can be converted into heat and heat into light we know and can demonstrate; and this was always true, though for ages people did not formulate the law.

Mind-waves have fallen upon men's ears for ages, and yet the world did not know what mind was. Light does not seem to us a series of vibrations, and yet experiments have proved that it is. We shall, I fear, never know what thought is. People are done with saying that the brain "secretes thought," and laugh at the idea; yet that some sort of chemical or other process goes on in a living brain when we think, no one disputes.

The ordinary way of passing thought from one mind to another is by sound or light waves. How the thought goes into these waves we do not know; but it is not probable that these waves are caused by vibrations in the brain substance?

Now accept the postulate that all these waves start from atomic or molecular vibrations in the brain, and that these waves might go directly from brain to brain, and look at the case in point. It fulfills the conditions of this theory and of no other.

A thought picture was completely and instantaneously transmitted from one mind into another, with content of the thinker, but without real volitional effort, but being in a passive state. The fever I suppose to have been an important factor in increasing the nerve tension, so that thought-waves became more intense. How pathless through the distance could my will conduct these vibrations toward another brain?

I believe that some previous nerve "rapport" must be formed. I had told my friend I thought so, and had deliberately held her head in order that our nerves should be tuned in harmony, as two instruments must be that are to be played together.

I thought of many other persons that same evening, but did not appear to them.

It appears, also, when thought-waves are direct and of sufficient intensity they travel down the nerves, just as they may do when indirect, and set up the appropriate vibrations. In this case producing vision, the recipient saw me distinctly though she was in a darkened room. If the force of my thought-waves had been sufficient, and if I had thought some words instead of simply thinking my appearance, I see no reason why words should not have been repeated according to the same law in the recipient's brain and transmitted to her ear.

The recipient of the impression was not in a good state of health, having chronic hyperemia of the brain, which made it sufficiently sensitive to receive delicate impressions.

If this line of study could be pursued in a scientific, rather than credulous spirit, the causes of insanity, at least, might have light thrown upon them, and nervous diseases be accounted for, so-called Spiritualism might be sifted of its errors, and that which is immortal in man might be better known before we cast off the mortal body.--A. A. G.

The South Branch (W. Va.) Intelligencer stands sponsor for the following: "For several weeks past the cow of A. B. Keller saw milk eating but little and appearing to be in pain. On Thursday of last week Mr. Keller observed the point of a wire protruding about two inches through the cow's back, and taking hold drew it out six or eight inches, when the cow became so restless that he had to secure assistance. Her head was haltered and secured and another attempt to draw the wire was successful. To the surprise of those around it proved to be an umbilical rib nearly three feet long. The cow did not appear to suffer after the wire was drawn, and at this writing she is rapidly improving and will no doubt entirely recover. How did the wire get inside the cow? is the question. Mr. Keller thinks she swallowed it while eating hay in the winter, and it worked through the stomach to the surface."

It is said that there is not a single heathen to-day in Fiji. Out of a population of 112,000 no fewer than 102,000 are adherents of the Protestant Church; the others belong to the Roman Catholic Church.

Remarkable Cures.

Perhaps the most celebrated of these, [cases of natural healing] at least in our day, was the late Doctor James H. Newson, whose marvelous cures attracted a world-wide attention. It was his custom during the more active period of his professional life to visit the afflicted centers of population for ministrations to the afflicted. All were invited to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded, the rich and the poor, for such commensurate reward as they could well afford, and the poor, "without money and without price." I will relate a single case, which is avouched for by the well-known Doctor J. V. Mansfield, as nearly in his own words as I can quote. Both gentlemen were sojourning in the city of Cincinnati, and although known to each other as specialists of wide repute, they had never met. One afternoon Doctor M. called upon the great healer, stating that he could not overcome his desire to see and talk with him, and if possible to be an eye witness to his method of cure. After an interchange of compliments and civilities of a most hearty and natural order, Doctor M. was invited to prolong his visit, with the expectation that some patient might drop in for treatment during his stay, and so indeed it happened.

The new comer was a man past middle age, led in by a little boy. Doctor Newson accosted him with "Well, sir, what can I do for you to-day?" "Nothing, nothing, I reckon, Doctor, but my next neighbor, who is aware of my total blindness, has repeatedly asked me to see you, and says he has little pity for me because of my neglect of it, for he is foolish enough to believe you can restore my lost sight, but I have no faith in it myself. I thought I would come to you, if only to satisfy him of my mistake. Of course you can do nothing for me."

"How long is it since you lost your sight?" enquired the Doctor, as he critically examined the patient's condition.

"It is now going on eighteen years."

"Is this your little boy?"

"Yes, Doctor, it is."

"Then you have never seen him; would you like to see him to-day?"

"O, Doctor, why do you ask me? Of all the things in the world, what could equal that?"

With this the Doctor began to manipulate his patient in a manner familiar to such as have had occasion to observe a similar mode of treatment. In something less than twenty minutes the Doctor addressed him:

"Now open your eyes; what is that projection from the wall?"

"It seems--it looks like a mantel piece--yes it is; I do see it."

"What is that on the mantel?"

"It is a printed card."

"Read the large line at the top."

"The patient read it, 'This is a dream, or do I really see?' he asked himself, then turning his eyes to other objects on the wall, as if to make 'assurance doubly sure,' ventured at length to glance downward to his little boy, timidly, as if half in doubt of the reality of his restored vision; then with a quick, convulsive gasp he exclaimed, 'I can see! I can see! I can see!' the astonished little guide, whose hour of liberation had come in the working of a miracle, which, like all other recorded miracles, depended not less upon the influence of natural laws, because those laws have been for the most part unappreciated and never thoroughly understood.

It is now some three years, speaking after the manner of the world, since the venerable Doctor Newson was laid at rest, but the equally venerable Doctor Mansfield is still doing his work amongst us in a no less marvelous way. What is recorded of Doctor Newson is by no means an isolated instance of cure at his hands. There were many instances within his eventful career as a natural healer, equally startling. If written out in detail they would fill volumes. Nor was he the only one of his time gifted in a like manner.

It is in a very short period since the world-renowned "Swiss bone-setter" was a temporary resident of our sister city of Brooklyn, which she had been induced to visit, by a leading citizen who had availed himself of her remarkable powers for an afflicted member of his family. The cures reported of this lady, who, without any intimate knowledge of anatomical structure--without the use of instruments or medicines--reduced fractures and mended dislocated joints, and healed the bones of the hand, challenge belief in the minds of those who have had no experiences in that direction. Yet they stand today as truths, questioned only by the ignorant or the bigoted, for there are scientific, no less than religious bigots.

A single instance of cure by this wonderfully gifted person, which the writer was made acquainted with, will suffice for an illustration of deformity in the person of a young girl, at the hip, and the family physician placed her upon a stretcher, with a weight attached to one foot in the endeavor to lengthen the contracted limb even with the other. The position was a rigid and a painful one, from which there was to be no near-at-hand relief.

After long suffering the Swiss bone-setter was called in, and throwing aside the instrument of torture, by a single movement, reduced the fracture, and set the limb in its natural position, without pain and with little loss of time. It may be asked, where is this divinely gifted person now? She has returned to her own country, and I am informed her departure was hastened by the opposition of the regular physicians to a system of practice at odds with that which is prescribed by the best surgical authority, coupled with threats of prosecution for venturing to relieve the afflicted by unrecognized methods. It was a famous victory.--Hall's Journal of Health.

The Flying Dutchman.

The recently published book "The Voyage of the Bacchante" by the sons of the Prince of Wales and their tutor, contains the following:

July 11th (1881). At four A. M. the Flying Dutchman crossed our bows. A strange red light, as if of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the masts, spars, and sails of a brig 260 yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up. The lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close on the bow, when she was the officer of the watch from the bridge clearly saw her. He also saw the water-deck midshipman, who was sent forward at once to the forecastle; but on arriving there no vessel nor any sign whatever of any material ship was to be seen either near or far away to the horizon; the night being clear and the sea calm. Thirteen persons altogether saw her; but whether it was Van Diemen of the Flying Dutchman, or who else, must remain a mystery. The Dutchman's flag, which was hoisted on our starboard bow, flashed to ask whether we had seen the strange red light. At 10:45 A. M. the ordinary seaman who had this morning reported the Flying Dutchman fell from the forecastle cross-trees, and was smashed to atoms. At 4:15 P. M., after quarters, we hoisted with the head-wards back, and he was buried in the sea. He was a smart royal-pardner, and one of the most promising young hands in the ship, and in every respect quite up to his level. At the next port we came to the admiral also was smitten down.)

What does it mean? Is there really a spectral ship cruising on the seas--this was between Melbourne and Sydney--or is it conceivable that all these people were the victims of hallucination? or is it all a hoax?--Light.

Do Impressions Upon the Mother Affect the Unborn Child?

C. W. Baker, M. D., makes the following statement in regard to this mooted question among medical men, and very truly remarks that in every neighborhood you can hear stories that sound sensational.

"In this neighborhood a very respectable lady tells of her sister stepping on a coon hole that the children had sloughed, and she gave birth to a child that looked like a coon."

"I have just had a case that strengthens my hitherto weak faith in such impressions affecting the unborn. On the night of November 27th, I was called to attend Mrs. B., age 30, the mother of four strong, healthy children, a half an hour after I arrived at the house I succeeded in delivering her of a female child, weighing eleven pounds, that had a head that very much resembled a snake's head; all of the head above the eyes and ears was wanting, also the back of the head; what little brain there was, was not covered with cranium on top or at the back part."

"I mention resembling those of a serpent; whenever it touched it would squirm and dash out its head so it was impossible to feel it; then the noise it made resembled the hissing of a snake more than any other sound. (At the next port we came to the admiral also was smitten down.)"

What does it mean? Is there really a spectral ship cruising on the seas--this was between Melbourne and Sydney--or is it conceivable that all these people were the victims of hallucination? or is it all a hoax?--Light.

Treatment of Epilepsy by Hypnotism.

At the April meeting of the New York Academy of Anthropology reference was made to the report of French physicians on this subject, contained in *Mind in Nature* for April. The theme had special interest to me, inasmuch as the efficacy of this treatment of epilepsy and epilepsy by artificial trance had been signally proved to me before I had read or heard of the use of this agency elsewhere. The facts communicated to the Academy are briefly these:

A friend of mine told me of his daughter B., aged fifteen, who from early life had been a great sufferer, from chorea and epilepsy. A fright and a fall, together with school confinement, were the supposed factors in the etiology of the case. The family history was good, the hygienic surroundings fair. The attacks of the disease had been frequent, and at times very violent. Earlier seizures were accompanied with vocal and physical manifestations; but later the attacks were those of sudden syncope, without any aura, vertigo or warning whatever. While eating or in bed, perhaps, it would instantly become unconscious, and remain so some minutes. On recovery, no recollection was had of anything and no pain or special exhaustion complained of. At our first meeting only a few cures were put, and a general examination of the case was had. At the second B. was seated directly before me. Her facial muscles were at work, and her arms and fingers as well. Taking each hand firmly within my own I held them a moment, and encouraged her to keep as still as possible, with her eyes fixed on mine. Realizing that I had to do with an unfeeling will as well as a hard body, I stimulated each effort at self-control with quickening, assuring words. Partial muscular repose was secured in a few moments, so that when the hands were dropped in her lap they lay motionless, except a slight twitching of the thumbs. This and also a continued angular movement of the elbow yielded to manipulation, so that only the facial distortion remained. This was noticed by presence and gentle passes from below, each as well as the head body. I stimulated each effort at self-control with quickening, assuring words. Up to this point B. was in a state of normal wakefulness. Now the trance was induced, as I have described in my "Handbook of Astirlogogy."

Mrs. B. was called sometime in May last by a neighbor woman to help kill a snake; it was over six feet long and so vicious that the women had to call the men to help them. Mrs. B. was nearly prostrated with fright.

The practical part of this, that women should keep their feet cool, is not pleasant, when they are pregnant; and in a few minutes she was inflamed in shaping the destiny of the child, by cultivating such thoughts and actions while pregnant, as they would admire in the child?"

"It is a fact of history that while Napoleon was in the empyrean state, his mother took her dead husband's place at the cannon in defending their little island. Is it strange he was such a warrior?"

Wonderful Manifestations in the Home Circle.

To the Editor of the Belgio-Philosophical Journal:

After having investigated the spiritual phenomena for three years with the manifestations confined almost entirely to my own family, I have at last, at the urgent request of friends, concluded to put a few of the many things witnessed upon paper. I am taking time just as they actually took place, not taking time to give a minute description of the exact conditions under which they nearly all occurred, for you can readily see the lack of motive or probability of members of one family practicing deception upon each other.

These phenomena were first presented to us by rapping, tipping, and lifting clear from the floor, a distance of from two to three feet, a common table. From this we were called to form a circle by joining hands with my son-in-law, whom we shall now call the medium, sitting in the center. Very soon after forming this circle every member of it felt distinct touches from unseen hands, which varied in size from a very large man's hand down to a small child's. In order to allow us to judge of the size they would sometimes permit us to clasp them within our own, holding the fingers open for ten or twenty seconds when the hand would either be drawn away or seemingly melt while we grasped it.

One of our circles was more skeptical. If possible, than any of the others, and while he was positive the medium did not touch us, while conscious, he thought possibly that he might do so while entranced as he became so at every sitting now.

At one circle as soon as the medium became entranced the spirit controlling asked the skeptical member to place his feet upon the medium's feet, and take both of his hands in his own. He did so, and we were all touched many times, and every human hand in the house was interlocked.

One evening before sitting I took my son's cap into the kitchen, came back, locked all the doors leading to the dining room where we were sitting, but before we had sat five minutes the cap was gone. The medium was sitting in the circle, turned inside out, and placed upon my wife's head.

We were sitting one warm summer evening and the medium had removed his collar on account of the heat. After he became entranced the spirit controlling asked his wife where his collar and collar button were. She told him the collar was upstairs in the dressing case drawer, and the button in a small drawer on top of the dressing case. The controlling spirit (John) then said to the medium, "You spirit bring (John) get them and put on the medium's collar." In less than time it has taken me to write, it was done, the spirit having to pass through two doors to reach the medium's room.

At one of our circles a little boy about eight years of age was permitted to sit with us, and during the evening he was taken up several times, carried around the circle and placed in different one's arms.

The medium and his wife were sitting one evening alone when "John," the spirit mentioned, took the medium around the waist and Job took his wife, lifting them both from the floor at the same time, a distance of two or three feet. At one time before forming our circle, we placed a violin and mouth-organ in the room; they were both carried around the room, and both played upon at the same time, the music seeming to come from above our heads.

During one of our circles we were told to sing for five minutes, or as near that time as we could, and then light the lamp. We did so, and found the medium had disappeared.

We searched the lower part of the house; then went into the chamber, where we found him perfectly unconscious lying upon a bed, his hands clasped over his chest, a washbow turned over them, and the plates standing on the bowl. Remember, we were sitting so that it could have been impossible for him to have walked out without our knowing it.

At one circle, where there were only my son and his wife, and myself and wife, John asked in his independent voice where he could find paper and pencil. My daughter replied in the secretary just back of us.

Very soon after we heard the scratching of a pencil, the sound coming from between my son and daughter. When asked to get up and see, I lit the light and found a paragraph containing four or five lines of excellent advice and signed "John." The spirit held the paper, and did the writing without any assistance from mortal hands.

We got a great many independent voices, both when we are holding our circles and in the day time when visiting together; the spirits will then often take part in the conversation.

When we were sitting one evening, a spirit friend came to us every week while I was there, talking to us, touching us, and pushing the table all in broad daylight. Many of them are strong enough to sing independently, some being able to sing a verse or two. At one sitting with only three of us present, thirty-five different ones controlled the medium, each speaking in his or her own voice peculiar to themselves.

One evening after all the others had taken their seats in the circle room, I placed an article of the medium's on the kitchen stove hearth, locked the doors and took my position in the circle. At its close we all went into the kitchen, and found the article had disappeared. It being of some value to the medium he began to search for it. After looking awhile in vain, a voice spoke to him in the lamplight plain enough for all to hear: "Oh! it is behind the wood-box cover." We looked, and there it was



hopeful character. If we sharply mark the...

While preparing this paper, I received a...

The Condition of Depraved Spirits.

The evidence we have gleaned confirms me...

Those who may possess the means in the...

There is no evidence, none whatever, that...

There is no doubt among well informed...

So far as I have examined the matter I...

regulations met. It is a system of physical...

The socialist (of revolutionary type) is not...

The Condition of Depraved Spirits.

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port a verdict in a civil—may, in a criminal...

The posthumous works of Joseph Parkes...

Not many years ago I had some correspond...

I have often seen the argument for Paine's...

It is not likely that the authorship of...

I believe public opinion on the subject...

I once carefully investigated the subject...

There is not the slightest reason to think...

I think Francis was Junius. Thomas...

The evidence for the Francis guess is the...

So far as I have examined the matter I...

My impression is that Paine did not write...

As to Paine's having written the letters...

There is no doubt among well informed...

So far as I have been able to form a...

Horford's Acid Phosphate, AS A REFRIGERANT DRINK IN FEVERS.

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