

# RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

L. Draper M.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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

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A SPIRITUAL BARBECUE.

Lecture Delivered by Prof. J. R. Buchanan at Lake Pleasant, August 7th, 1886.

(Reported for the Religious Philosophical Journal.)

As the summer season and the summer resorts are not congenial to the elaborate discussion of profound scientific themes, I have thought it well to substitute for a learned lecture a more familiar conversation, under the name of a

SPIRITUAL BARBECUE.

which is a sort of luxurious and dignified picnic. Looking back sixty-four years to boyish days in Kentucky, among the men of a generation that has passed away and left not one survivor, memory recalls the old Kentucky barbecue.

It was under the broad shadows of the grand old trees, where the birds were still singing, that savory odors rose from over the long trenches, full of fire, over which were roasting the forms of oxen, sheep, pigs and poultry, watched by the sable sons of Africa, when the democracy of both sexes came pouring in, and the militia led by a Colonel with a lofty plume, followed their flag, while their ear-piercing fifes and loud rattling drums set all the young boys to dancing with ecstasy. There I first tasted the wine sangaree, and thought it a nectar for the gods, while the older folks pronounced peach brandy the true elixir of life. The Declaration of Independence was read, and the day was filled with eloquence, music, womanly beauty and generous feasting, all in the cool frost.

IMMORTELLES—PHENOMENA.

Here under these trees let us have our intellectual barbecue. There are more than fifty themes of importance, the result of more than fifty years of observation and cogitation, on which I would like to address you at length. But to-day I propose only to walk through the garden of knowledge and pluck a flower here and there, or perchance pull up a weed and examine its botanical nature. The first flowers I would pluck are the Immortelles—the flowers of immortality. That is the flower for Spiritualists and for the spiritual camp meeting. I think the Spiritualist should wear the Immortelles as his badge, as Scott wear the thistle, and Irish the shamrock.

There is a grand power in the thought of immortality! in the faith that enables us to realize the grand estate to which each of us is the unquestionable heir. Fill your soul with this strong faith, and it gives unconquerable strength. If we are going very soon to a grander home than any monarch ever had, we should care no more for our little difficulties here of poverty and toll, than the traveller cares for the shower of rain through which he has to run to catch the car that takes him home. Every Spiritualist should attend seances and receive communications enough to fill him with this sustaining strength. We shall never grow beyond the stage of spiritual phenomena, as some transcendental people think. We shall never weary of meeting our friends from the better world, and never cease to enjoy the help that mediums give us, for mediums are the bridge from earth to heaven—not like the Bridge of Sighs for the condemned at Venice, but rather like the rainbow arch that lifts beauty and tranquility above the storm.

Let us "praise the bridge" that has carried us safely over the dark river of despair to the heaven of our hopes, and cherish friendship, and lift it up above the sphere of corruption and delusion, as did the Christian Spiritualists of the first centuries, for they did not appreciate highly the words of their mediums except when "the man who speaks in the spirit not only speaks, but also lives the truth."

PERVERSION OF RELIGION.

The oftener we look toward the shining shore, the stronger is our faith, and the more we drink in from the river of life. This is the true soul cure, and mind cure, for the mind cure when it is not a disguised spiritual healing, is nothing more than the power of a grand and heavenly conception, the conception of a perfect life, to lift our life to a higher level. This power we have in all the better forms of mediumship, which bring us into closer communion with those in whose bright lives there is no death or disease, no hatred or scorn, no sorrow or gloom.

Religious Spiritualism is a great power for the healing of the nations, as well as for their enlightenment. But there is nothing good in this world that is not terribly perverted. The religion of Jesus was perverted into the religion of Constantine, the religion of priesthood, the religion of damnation, which has been one of the greatest and bloodiest curses ever inflicted on mankind. The Inquisition, the auto-da-fé, the religious wars and persecutions of Europe, and the wholesale slaughter of the innocent people of Mexico and South America, constitute the darkest pages in all the world's history, since the days of the cave dwellers.

Spiritualism, too, has its perversions—it's trickery, delusion and credulity, but they compare with the perversions of Christianity as the little monkey compares with the tiger. The one is terrible and fierce, the other only ludicrous. We have sometimes, in materializations, the apparitions of saints, philosophers or heroes, whose breath is rich with the odors of fish, or onions, or whisky, and angel forms beneath whose flowing white robes appear the cowhide boots of the performer. Grand ancient spirits appear and profess to have been the husband of one of the ladies present in some old incarnation, graciously permitting them to clip from his venerable head locks of hair with a pair of scissors never used before, while his magnificent robes are illuminated with the splendor of phosphorus and luminous paint, and when the bubble bursts they find their love-tokens of hair to be the clippings of an old dilapidated wig.

VARIOUS KINDS OF CRANKS.

As the Christian churches have always been plentifully supplied with religious cranks, some of whom consider themselves like Guitian and Freeman commanded to commit murder. Spiritualism is entitled to a fair share, but its cranks are generally harmless. They may have a great mission, but its result is generally poverty and suffering the missionary. I have met only a few of these ecclesiastics—one of them, a benevolent lady, conceived herself to be the woman clothed with the sun, as mentioned in the Bible, and was trying to sustain the character while living on charity—hungry and unclean. Another who was still more intelligent and cultivated, conceived herself to be the bride of Christ, and made no secret of her marriage. Another was convinced that a Savior for America would appear in her child, but the child never came. Another lady informed me that she perceived Spiritualism to be in a very disorganized condition, needing a head; but luckily she had got into communication with the absolute source of all truth and wisdom, and therefore she said, "Spiritualism now has a head." Another, a very well educated woman living in the most abject poverty, took possession of an old deserted house on the commons in New Jersey, and lived there, believing that she was guided by Christ, and commanded by him to establish there a centre for gathering and organizing all the women of the world.

Another woman believing herself to be possessed of the highest wisdom and love, and controlled by the greatest minds that have ever lived, has been for many years writing me letters in her own name and in the names of all great men.—Confucius, Humboldt, Solon, Spinoza, Franklin, and a dozen others, informing me of her intellectual greatness, her matchless virtue, and the greatness of her mission to redeem the world. She has written these letters to various eminent Spiritualists and as she generally failed to receive a polite recognition from them, she takes her satisfaction when they die, by writing letters in their names (in the name of Dr. Britton or some other eminent Spiritualist), apologizing most humbly for their neglect, of so great a woman when they were on earth, being blinded by their own egotism, but now that they have reached the clear vision of the Spirit-world, they see in her the most adorable elements of divine wisdom, and ability to lead mankind to a higher life.

Another individual, not a crank but a masculine impostor, gave forth that he had established a mysterious Grand Lodge for ancient spirits, like Hermes, Aristotle, and a host of others, equally famous, were the inspiring band. I went one evening to hear him address his dupes who were seated all around the room wrapped in white sheets, and found that his ancient wisdom consisted in telling them that just then and for some time to come it was not a good time to investigate Spiritualism, for if they did they would find much to excite their suspicion; but it was a very good time to receive passively whatever they saw or heard. He had a plenty of dupes to pay him well for bogus personations of ancient spirits from Hiram Abiff to Jesus Christ.

One of these educated cranks determined some years ago to make a raid on the coal merchants to compel them to send a large quantity of coal to the poor in New York, and to get the necessary credit he rented a fine house and bought fine furniture for it on

credit to give him an appearance of wealth, so that his orders would be honored by the coal yards. He then began to order coal, but his crazy scheme broke down at once, and he was turned out of his quarters. Since this he has gone from one folly to another, and in California was arrested by the authorities for practicing a crazy sort of vegetarianism by which some children were nearly starved.

The spiritual crank is generally benevolent and harmless, unless he succeeds in getting the weak minded to follow his guidance. One of them, a very amiable and well meaning gentleman, thought he had a mission to call the great reformers and philanthropists together and plan a new society. He could get but four or five common people to go with him, and with them he attempted to found a model community in New Jersey, and publish a little newspaper or pamphlet. This was kept up until the community was completely starved out, having nothing to live on but a little popcorn, and that was the end of it.

THE NEW BIBLE, OAHSPHE.

Another, much less benevolent and much more ambitious, secured the co-operation of a little corps of the crankiest spirits in the upper world, and determined that he would produce the greatest book that ever had been written, which should go down with human progress for thousands of years and entirely eclipse and supersede the Bible, and bury Jesus Christ in oblivion, against whom he seemed to feel an intense jealousy. He sent forth his book, Oahspe, full of egregious blunders in science and history, but all spoken in the name of Jehovah, in imitation of the style of the old Bible, and started his community in New Mexico, which is already dropping into pieces with severe criticism on this mouthpiece of Jehovah.

REV. THOS. L. HARRIS.

Something of the same sort was attempted about thirty years ago, by a gentleman of a higher order—a man of genius, eloquence, mediumship and poetry—the Rev. Thos. L. Harris. He did not attempt to overthrow Christianity, but attempted to make an addition to it—to establish himself as a sort of spiritual pope. He wrote volumes of grand, mysterious, graceful and magniloquent language, of which the world has taken no notice. He established a little community in Western New York, managed his finances with skill, gathered some property from his followers, abandoned the enterprise there and reappeared in California, where he is living in obscurity.

It is a pity to see a man of rich spiritual gifts, fitted to adorn and enlighten society, led by his ambition to be a great leader, into the old Christian forms of fanaticism and crankery.

The writings of Harris are in style somewhat like those of Swedenborg, but the crazy element overthrows the rational. He speaks of heaven as an arch-natural region, and this is one of his descriptions:

"Here is a man who rides on a white horse, and who wears a crimson mantle; upon his breastplate is a jewelled emblem of the Two-in-One. He bears in his hand a songhorn, whose vibrations are reproduced by melodious thunder in the higher skies. This also is a priest, a primate of the episcopacy, and he sets in motion, the sphere that directs the action of the industries, with every change of day and time. This is the Arch Cupid, who pontificates for the land in the supreme sacrament of its sexual life....his eyes are as lamps of flaming fire."

THE NEXT COURSE OF THE BARBECUE.

This is not spiritual, but Christian crankery. Now, perhaps, this is quite enough of our pot-pourri of fraud, folly and insanity, and the next course of our barbecue should be some serious reflection upon it. Wherever Christian fanaticism has come into contact with Spiritualism, it has produced a compound insanity. It has taken the brilliant and lovely Jenny Lees from her honored sphere on the spiritual platform to waste the prime of her life in bitter poverty, in a chimerical attempt to have Jesus materialized on the platform. It has produced innumerable attempts to imitate the Old Testament performances and to act as a mouthpiece for the Lord—insanities which it would be tedious to enumerate and disgusting to describe. Spiritualism has been a great restorative power to counteract insanity, but orthodox religion has in all countries been one of the chief sources of supply to insane asylums, and now we have the confession of Dr. Coues of Washington, who claims to stand at the head of Theosophy in this country, and in antagonism to Spiritualism, that his Theosophy tends directly to insanity and that it is dangerous for any but the chosen few to have anything to do with it. I will admit that his kind of Theosophy, which is not religious, tends to insanity, and that he is going that way.

THE THEOSOPHISTS.

Mark well the contrast, my friends. Spiritualism has no more tendency to insanity than any other science. It has, indeed, a protective influence against insanity, by maintaining hope and reason. Dr. Crowell proved this by getting the statistics of all the insane asylums of this country. But orthodox religion tends that way very strongly, and is one of the chief sources of supply to insane asylums; and what Dr. Coues calls Theosophy runs into it directly, as he admits. But all systems of scientific and religious truth elevate man in every sense, and just in proportion as any doctrine is destructive to the mental or moral nature, it must be false and morally wrong. The spiritual religion

of Jesus is as elevating as orthodoxy is in some respects debasing, and the Oriental Theosophy of Dr. Coues is not a sound form of thought. But Theosophy does not belong to Dr. Coues; it means only the search for Divine wisdom, and does not mean the mystical doctrines of any sect. I am as much of a Theosophist in the true meaning of the words as Dr. Coues, and I do not acknowledge that the Buddhists and re-incarnationists and Oriental mystics or gnostics have any better title to the word Theosophy than I have, and I do not intend that they shall keep it as their private trade mark. I claim to be a scientific American Theosophist, and every enlightened Spiritualist is a better Theosophist than the mystics who try to appropriate that title to themselves.

The President and founder of the Theosophical Society of India is my old friend and supporter in anthropology for thirty-four years, Col. Olcott, and the platform of Theosophy which he had laid down, and which is accepted as the constitution of the Society, contains no creed—no mysticism—nothing to which we might not all subscribe.

According to that platform, we are Theosophists. Theosophy in its proper sense is no more identified with Buddhism and re-incarnation than it is with Romanism, and I have no sympathy with the fanciful eccentricities who would abandon the sublime and soul-inspiring principles of spiritual religion for the vagaries of Oriental traditions, the study of Oriental magic and the fable, gloomy pessimism of the Buddhists, who look upon life as misery, and seek for something which is as near as possible to death without being entirely dead, instead of seeking for that glorious heaven to which we aspire—the anticipation of which does not lead to the passive, nerveless life of Buddhism, but leads to deeds of grandest heroism, like the life of Joan of Arc,—to lives of martyrdom like Servetus, Husse and Wickliffe; to lives of brave philanthropy like Howard, Garrison and Phillips, and to the fearless advocacy of truth which we have seen in the pioneer Spiritualists, whom I have ventured to call "the army of heaven."

I believe in the leadership and supremacy of American thought, with its fearless and substantial common sense, which leaves behind the dark shadows of the past, which overhang Christianity and Buddhism, and which leaves behind the popularity and pleasure of fashionable life and fashionable doctrines, to walk in the thorny paths of the pioneer in science and religion.

RELIGION—SCIENCE.

Spiritualism as applied to life is a religion; but *per se* it is a science, the proper name of which is PNEUMATOLOGY; and it requires as much as geology or physiology to be cultivated by scientific minds addicted to patient investigation like my lamented friend Detton, or like Profs. Crookes, Wallace and De Morgan in England—men free from superstition and credulity.

In this matter—the cultivation of science—it must be confessed that the spiritual movement has been deficient. The materialistic camp has vastly the advantage in the number of scientists in the industrious cultivation of sciences, the attainment of positive knowledge, and the rejection of crude and fanciful ideas, and it is by that superiority that the physical scientists retain their hold on the public mind, and they will continue to hold the reins of power until Spiritualists show equal energy in the pursuit of other forms of knowledge, such as was shown in the brilliant example of Prof. Wm. Denton.

Not only the scientific colleges, but the Christian churches are setting us an example that we have been slow to follow. Their annual meetings at Chautauqua gather in thousands to their various intellectual feasts, and a branch of Chautauqua has just been meeting at Lake View, Framingham, Mass., with another brilliant display of science, learning and eloquence, while we have but one theme.

Paganini charmed his audiences sometimes by fiddling on one string; but there was only one Paganini, and that was only an occasional performance. There is no grander, or more beautiful theme in the world, than the spiritual theme; nothing, in fact, that is equal to it; but if enough is as good as a feast, and if we have fiddled on one string for thirty years, there would surely be no harm in enlarging our orchestra.

The prediction has recently been made by my friend, Mr. Colville, in one of his inspired lectures, that Spiritualism will ere long be virtually given up by the class of credulous sightseers, and be taken up earnestly and patiently by men of scientific minds. If you look at the writings of such men as Wm. Howitt, Profs. Gregory, Enneüscher, Reichenbach, Wallace, Crookes and Sargent, you will realize how grand the science is which our colleges exclude, but you will also see that its scientific basis has not yet been reached, because it lies deeper than their researches have gone. The spiritual faculties of man are a part of the intellectual faculties which have their organs in the brain, and which are common to all mankind, and they will never be well understood until the brain, having been thoroughly investigated, the entire nature of man shall be understood, and thereby his relations to the Spirit-world, which I have been demonstrating for forty-five years in college and out of college, to the satisfaction of all who hear me. When science is established in authority, vagaries cease, for its neophytes are instructed; and it has been for the want of this instruction that so many errors have been widely diffused, and that a generous-hearted but fanati-

cal and credulous gentleman of Boston vainly spent a fortune in building a Spiritual Temple, and so conducting it that it stands a monument to human credulity and a discredit to the cause for which it was erected.

NOT ENTIRELY SPIRITUAL—MESMERISM.

There is too much blind faith in every thing that comes through the mouth of the medium, whether honest or dishonest. It is all supposed to come from spirits. Chagnet's "Celestial Telegraph," published in Paris about fifty years ago, is full of just such messages, containing interesting descriptions of the Spirit-world and discourses on spiritual philosophy.

THE TRANCE CONDITION.

In the entranced condition we rise above our common stains, and any good subject may hold forth with eloquence and wisdom above the average, and speak fluently of the Spirit-world and its inhabitants. Trance speakers have fallen into the habit of being controlled, or thinking that they are, and thus attributing all the utterances which belong to their own powers to some controlling spirit. But it is not safe to assume that any spirit is concerned, unless the utterance is above the powers of the medium, or is essentially different from anything that might be expected from them. Perhaps the modest medium does not wish to speak by his own authority and prefers to rely on a spirit and believes himself a channel of supernal influx. When he is a speaker under trance conditions he can test the inspiration, but when he merely receives mental impressions, and attributes them to a spiritual power, the discrimination is very difficult. When I suggested this difficulty to Judge Edmonds, asking him how he could certainly distinguish the operations of his own mind from a spiritual influx, he confessed that he had no certain criterion. Thus some persons attribute to the spirits their own cogitations, and some, on the other hand, are guided by spirits without knowing it, and suppose that all originates with themselves.

The trance speaker should have no difficulty in testing this matter, and determining whether he is a passive medium or an entranced speaker. According to Swedenborg's doctrine, the spirit commanding with a man and familiarly attached to him is sometimes governed by the man and thinks as he thinks, so that a man may have an attendant spirit, and think he is guided by the spirit when in fact he is following his own notions. If it is really a spirit, that spirit is entirely different from the medium, and has the memory of another life, and perhaps, of another language. I would say to the medium, get your friend when you are entranced again to question the supposed spirit, and see if he knows what such a spirit ought to know. If he was a Greek, ask him to speak in the Greek language, and to answer questions about Greek history and geography, manners and customs. If he was a Jew, let him speak in the Jewish language. The most eloquent discourse I ever heard, if I might judge from the sound, was delivered in the Hebrew language by the prophet Jeremiah through the lips of Jesus Shepard. If the spirit is a Roman, let him give us the Latin language in its true pronunciation, which is lost. Let the Frenchman speak French; the German, German; the Italian, Italian; and then ask them the particulars of their own lives and their friends and contemporaries. If they cannot answer such questions, at least as fully as the spirits that report at the *Banner of Light* circle, then they are not in control, and you are merely acting as a trance speaker, entitling yourself to the credit of all you say, though it is possible you may have some psychometric rapport with the spirit that helps you to imitate him or to express his sentiments.

But when the spirit is really in control, he is not always in perfect control, and all that he attempts to say mingle with the mentality of the medium and come out different, as the sunlight through a window of stained glass differs from the out-door sunshine. The Thomas Paine utterance through Mrs. Richmond differs just as much from the Thomas Paine utterance through Mrs. Colby as the two ladies differ from each other. Mrs. Colby is certainly nearer in style to Thomas Paine but a good writer could make a much better imitation of the style of any author than the expression of his ideas which we get through mediums generally. The spiritual controls reported at London by Judge Petersen through his medium, come from a great variety of distinguished men of different nations and different ages and contrasted character, but the messages are all as much like each other as so many peas—they are all exactly in the style and manner of the Judge himself, who dominates absolutely over his medium, who is in perfect sympathy with him, and feels his pains at any distance. This great variety of spirits speaking in one style, whether English, French, German, Jewish or Arabic, reminds me of the story of a lunatic, who said that it was singular that though he was the monarch of the world and every day had on his table the richest viands from all climates and all quarters of the globe, some how or other every thing tasted like porridge.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
OUGHT TO GET RELIGION.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The following extract from a letter received by the writer from a prominent minister, presents subjects for serious consideration:

"I must say to you that your article 'Why I do not attend the church and Sabbath school' is unfair and hardly like yourself. I admit that many ministers of the Gospel aspire to place and position beyond that which is laudable and commendable. Nevertheless every man, with the spirit of a man, should aspire to positions of highest usefulness and broadest possibilities. Jesus did not say to his disciples—as you make him say—"When you reach Rome you must demand \$1,000 salary, at Athens \$1,500"; neither did he tell them to go out as 'beggars.' He did tell them 'the laborer is worthy of his hire,' 'carry neither purse nor script,' &c., let the people support you. It is right and just and biblical that those who minister to the people in spiritual things should be liberally supported."

"You ought, in justice, to admit that a majority of the preachers of this age and community are at least devoted and earnest laborers and, while asking your pardon, I must say to you, and insist that the one thing you need is religion. You ought to get religion."

These are earnest words. There is no cant about them. They are the fervent, heart-felt sentiments of the writer, and as such merit profound respect. I have no censure for the clergy at large, and as I have before said they have the opportunity of incalculable usefulness. Neither would I cramp the spheres of their "aspirations." It is only when they aspire to become something that reflects on the dignity of their high calling, and make themselves a by-word and cause of scoffing, that, in common with right thinking church members, I protest against the indecency.

Jesus did not send his disciples out as "beggars." He sent them "without purse or script." That is they were to carry no written sermon; but stand up and utter the inspiration of the moment, and depend on the people for maintenance. Their wants were few, and they had no incentive to ask or take more than their daily bread. That would be called beggary to-day. They were promised martyrdom and the promise was fulfilled. They shrank not from their fate, but bravely went to their assigned tasks. Mark was dragged by the Alexandrians through the streets till dead; James the Elder was murdered by Herod; of Peter it is said "after manifold sufferings for the Master he died," but whether crucified with head downward cannot be determined; Andrew was crucified at Patras; Phillip preaching the Gospel south of the Hellespont and Euxine, in Asia Minor, died a martyr at Hierapolis; Bartholomew, preaching to the Albanians on the Caspian, was flayed alive and crucified; Thomas suffered martyrdom at Melapour in the East Indies. Whether Matthew suffered martyrdom in Persia or Albania is not known; Simon and Jude are said to have been murdered in Lurit in Persia. The list of fathers and teachers, beginning with Paul, who was beheaded by Nero, is a list of martyrs.

What taught us by this terrible record of devotion and self-sacrifice?

That the preacher who goes out for the purpose of holding aloft the highest and purest example for the conduct of life, purely for the good of mankind, is divinely ordained for his noble work, while the preacher who is "called to a pulpit," because he has escaped from a theological school, and has adopted preaching as a business, is out of time and place.

True, the Church owes its ministers honorable support, if they deserve it. To the advice that I "ought to get religion" I give heed. For the years of my life I have looked about me, and desired if there was any good in religion to acquire the good.—There are many kinds of religion, as the Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, Universalist, Unitarian, and hundreds of others. I have studied the various kinds. In the character of their believers and in the character of those who profess no faith there seems little difference. There are good Congregationalists, Baptists, Universalists, and good Methodists, and good Unitarians, and there are miserably bad ones in each of the churches. There are very bad infidels, and many honorable and good men. Looking about the town and country, one finds the church member as hard, selfish and over-reaching as the non-professor. One takes their word no more readily because prayer is fresh on their lips. They attend church on Sunday, and their religion is confined to that day of the week, or else they have not enough to spread over the six working days.

Nor does one perceive any difference between the sects in exemplary morality and religious life. I am urged to get religion as the one thing needful, and yet the kind is left uncertain. If I strike on Universalism I am sure to be damned; Unitarianism is worse. The Baptists tell me that I must be baptized or find the neglect of a plunge or a sprinkle will land me in a place where there will not be even water enough to give a sprinkle. To get this religion, I must subscribe to a creed of some kind. That creed says man fell, which I do not nor can not believe, because opposed to the known facts of history. I must believe that God created the earth and the heavens in six days, which I do not nor can not believe because opposed to the facts of geology. I must believe that God the Father and Christ the Son are the same, which is contrary to the laws of physiology. I must believe that salvation depends on the Lord Jesus Christ, and not on individual effort, which I do not nor can not believe, because contrary to reason and justice. I must believe that an all-benevolent and omnipotent God created man in the full plenitude of his power, and because this man does exactly as he created him to do, condemns him to the eternal tortures of hell, which I do not nor can not believe, because repugnant in every sense to humanity and love. I must believe these and many more doctrines and stultify reason, let me accept whichever creed I may. Is it getting religion to say one believes, and thus become a hypocrite, floating on the popular current? This is easy to do. The garment fits loosely, nowhere chafes, and many there are who wear it.

Religion, it may be said, is the fundamental principles of right, justice and wisdom, on which all these diverse sects are founded, and it is the acceptance of this and not of this or that belief which constitutes religion; it is only acceptance but actualization in the conduct of life. That, then, is the religion to get, and as not more than one-third, probably not one-sixth, of the people have subscribed to the forms of any sect, this is probably the religion they accept. If they are true to the highest convictions of right and justice, who shall say that they are not as religious as though they subscribed to all of the creeds? If the man who does right because right; who loves justice for its own sake; who is kind, forbearing, merciful, and charitably forgiving, is not a religious man, what, then, constitutes a religious man, and where shall one be found? To assume that no one, however exemplary his life, has religion, unless an accredited church member, is arrogance which nearly approaches sublimity. Yet this assertion is constantly reiterated, and the

inference added thereto that however moral a man may be, if outside the church he is little better than the vilest criminal. A man may be a shining light in the church, contribute largely for church purposes, and never let the plate go by when the object is the conversion of the heathen; lead in prayer with sonorous voice; and be in constant fear lest his neighbors miss the way, and yet be the meanest, most selfish and hypocritical being the sun ever shone upon. Christ himself belonged to no church, founded no church. The organizations which came after him were the work of selfish, ambitious, and designing men. There is no passage in the Bible commanding belief in any creed, church form, or union with any organization. Christ and his apostles were ranging the country on the Sabbath in a manner that to-day would cause their arrest by some plowman as abandoned tramps. Tramping in the fields, the woods, by shady streams, may to-day be as profitable as listening to the majority of sermons ground out by rule and repeated by note as a parrot repeats its monotonous story of wanting a cracker and having a sore toe. The modest flower which reflects in its petals the azure of the sky, and perfumes the air with its sweetness, is more eloquent of the perfection with which the laws of creation have woven the chain of existence, than all the high phrases of Rev. Bombasticum with his smatter of Hebrew and lore of theology. From that lowly flower through countless forms, to the starry heavens where world is balanced against world, sun against sun, stellar constellation against stellar constellation; and sustained by the mighty arm of gravitation which whirls them on their determined orbits in the mazy dance of the heavens, from which through ages unending there is no deviation, each going and returning with the certainty of omnipotent decree, the earth and the sky is one vast volume open to all, so plain that they who run may read.

You would have me get religion by confession of faith, prayer-and observance of Sunday as a sacred day. You assume that those who do not thus confirm have not religion.

Nature knows no Sunday, no day of rest.

There is not a vestige of a passage in the Bible commanding or even recommending Sunday or Sunday observance. Such prayer as we publicly hear, of the church and prayer meeting are strongly and explicitly condemned. As for confessions of faith they are all man-made, and as such man is above and beyond them all.

Therefore, before "getting religion" as so highly commanded, it would be well to distinctly determine what kind of religion should be obtained. As none bear the signet of God, but have the ear mark of man, this task may not be as easy as would be supposed, yet they who set themselves to the tremendous task of guiding humanity across the quaking lands of theology, should know with unerring certainty, for their mistake according to their own belief, will change the stream of humanity heavenward, and pour it one vast Niagara of woe into the bottomless pit of perdition.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

Walter Howell's Farewell to his Western Friends.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some time since, your readers were made aware of my intention to visit England this fall, and as has been noticed elsewhere in your columns, I take my departure on the steamer "Alaska," which sails from New York on Tuesday, Aug. 31st. I therefore take this opportunity of giving a parting word to my many friends in America.

It would be ingratitude of the basest kind, were I to leave your country without expressing my heartfelt appreciation of the kindly hospitality extended to me from first to last since my arrival among you. So great, indeed, has that kindness been, and so strong is the affection I cherish for those dear friends who have made this a home for me, that I scarcely know which is dearest to my heart, England or America; not that I love old England less, but an enlarged soul makes it possible for one to love a greater number without diminishing the love for former friends. It is this divided heart which causes me a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain at the thought of leave-taking. There is the pain in saying good-by, and the pleasure in the thought of once more grasping the hand of old and tried friends.

Everywhere I have gone, I have made friends whose memory will ever be sacred to me. And when my visit to England is ended, I shall look forward to the pleasure of seeing them with quite as much delight as that which characterizes my present anticipated joy in the thought of seeing my English friends. While speaking of return, I would say, it is my present intention to leave England for America in June, 1887, so that our separation will not be for long. Meanwhile, I hope, under the inspiration of my guides, to accomplish some good work on the other side of the Atlantic.

What are the results of my labors during the past four years in this country? I candidly confess, I don't know. I can only hope, that in some degree, superstition has been dethroned; reason and intuition enthroned, a few sorrowful hearts comforted by the gospel of light and immortality, the moral character of others strengthened and spirituality enlarged; by some, spirituality adopted in place of cold, dark and lifeless materialism. Are these things too great to hope? Let the feelings, thoughts and actions of my many auditors bear testimony.

There are times when the worker in the spiritual field feels discouraged; but to each and all of my co-workers in America, let me say in the words of Andrew Jackson Davis, "Truth is immortal, and can not die; error is mortal, and can not live." Therefore, "whoever goeth forth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with them." Let us, then, work on, thinking not of immediate results, but of faithfulness to the living present, and our work shall be crowned with success. There are many heroes whose epics are unsung; there are thousands of heroines unknown to fame, but they are not forgotten of angels, and heavenly bards sing their praise. Wherever the earnest, honest medium is, there heaven's gate may be found ajar, and the fore-gleams of immortality be seen. If we are faithful to this solemn trust, a universal humanity, a cloud of witnessing angels, and above all, an approving conscience, will applaud our entrance into everlasting bliss, and heaven and earth ring with the sentiment, "Well done good and faithful servant."

Let us not forget, in the development of our mediocrity, the development of character. It is too often remarked, and with too much truth, that mediocrity is no guarantee of moral worth. Whilst it is true that the quality of a communication partakes of the moral and spiritual character of the medium, so that we may be windows through which the light of heaven streameth, or vol-

canic vents through which the lava of immoral passion belches forth upon society. Hence our responsibility. If moral character had been commensurate with medial development from the time of the Rochester knockings until now, our cause would have been recognized, no doubt, as the most important element in society to-day. Instead of this, our movement has been retarded by the imposture and immorality of some of its would-be leaders.

The spiritual worker finds it no easy task to fulfill his mission whilst the movement in general is so thoroughly unorganized. It is discouraging to realize that to all appearances, our cause is as far from organization as it was ten or fifteen years ago, as far as I can learn from those who were then and are now workers in the field. What is to become of Spiritualism? Is it to be absorbed by the more liberal forms of churchianity? Or shall we find some common ground of union from which to evolve a permanent organization? It is somewhat amusing to see the effect which a very little patronage from the church will have upon a large number of Spiritualists. I am always glad to hear of spiritual thought being expressed from the pulpit, but it should not be forgotten that these liberal preachers owe to Spiritualism their most acceptable sentiments. It is not the church that patronizes us, but rather spiritual thought patronizing the church, so far as its speakers are capable of receiving inspiration. Although it is desirable to avoid a concrete form of organization which would retard by its ponderous mechanism rather than aid, yet, is it not possible to organize in such a manner as to facilitate the progress of "our glorious cause"? To be a little practical, I would suggest the formation of a lecture bureau, and a psychical evidence ditto, from which accredited moral, inspirational, and trance speakers should be sent forth, and such physical mediums as are of good, moral character, and who possessed undoubted psychical powers; these would by virtue of being sent out by such a bureau—granting, of course, that it were recognized as being under the best of management—carry with them an influence socially, which they do not now; for the nomadic kind of life led by most of us who are laborers on the spiritual field give but little opportunity for the establishment of local reputation founded upon character. As a result of this, every new-comer is looked upon with suspicion. I do not wonder at this, nor do I condemn its spirit, for it is a kind of safe guard.

And really, Mr. Editor, I have no ground of complaint in this direction, for, as I have before stated, I have been kindly treated whenever I have been. The reason why I make these suggestions is because I want to see some form of organization established that shall inspire confidence in the public at large.

I fear I have already taken up too much of your valuable space, and I will, therefore, bring this rambling letter to a close: but before doing so, permit me to express my warmest thanks to you, Mr. Editor, personally. Whenever it has been in my way to visit Chicago, I have always found such uniform attention, and received so many courtesies from you and your employees, that I should feel myself condemned were I to leave without thanking you most heartily for these. It will be a pleasure to furnish you with such general outlines of my work while in England, and such other matters as may be interesting to your readers.

For the past two months I have been the guest of Mr. Fred. Haslam, whose door has been ajar for me for the past four years, and through the kindness of himself and wife, my stay has been made very pleasant.

Should any of your readers desire to communicate with me during my stay in England, they may address me, in care of William Oxley, Esq., 65 Bury Road, Higher Broughton, Manchester, England. Again thanking my western friends for their kindness to me, and bidding them good-by, I remain yours faithfully in the cause of humanity.

WALTER HOWELL.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

From the Standpoint of the Mystics.

A Series of Papers Prepared for The Religio-Philosophical Journal from a MS. Work, Designed as an Encyclopedia of Mysticism.

NO. 12.

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD, OF THE ASTOR LIBRARY, N. Y.

#### THE PERSONAL IN RELIGION.

The Soul of the World. The Life-principle of Existence, The Spirit of the Universe, The Universal Spirit, etc., are terms common enough in most philosophies as expressions of the immanent Principle of existence. As an equivalent to these objective terms, we have chosen the Personal, wherewith to express the subjective side of the same question. As such, we shall now define it, and show it as the main factor in all religions, be these of the most crude or the most refined.

The meaning and purport of the word will readily be seen, when it is known that persona originated on the classical stage, and originally meant the mask worn by actors, when they impersonated the gods. Later on it was used for the actor himself. Being transferred to jurisprudence the word signified a free man, a Roman citizen. A slave not being free, was not a person; nor, of course, could an animal, nor any inanimate thing be spoken of as persons, though they may be attributed to individuality.

In the spirit of the Mystic we say: We personate the Deity" (N. B. We do not say God), hence when we use the adjective personal substantively, we mean to use a term that stands subjectively for all that can be attributed to the Deity.

By Deity in contradistinction to God, we mean the unknowable and undefinable, while God is the revealed, the manifested Deity.

The Personal must not be confounded with Personality; it is not subject to the limitations of this latter word, nor does it carry the definite linguistic sense of that word. It is by nature springing and elastic, and really defies every effort at a clear and accurate definition or translation into relative grammatical forms. What Buddha declared (Dhammapada) about self: "Self is the lord of self; who else could be the lord?" applies equally to the Personal: "The Personal is lord of the Personal, who else could be the lord?"

Let it not for a moment be supposed that this notion of the Personal implies limitation, or that it is applicable only to that which is finite or relative. We repeat it, it is not subject to the law which applies to Personality, which term does apply to the finite.

The main distinction between the Personal and Personality is the name in degree as regards the relationship between Deity and God. The Personal is conscious of existence and controls an exist-

ence in Personality. Personality is a transient good and not eternal; though it acquires existence by being a temporal manifestation of the Personal, its own being is only a delusion (Maya). Those who worship—and there are those in the church, who do—Personality mistake the shadow Isvara for Brahma.

The Personal alone is substance; it remains the same under all circumstances, and differs in nature from everything else, by being self-sustained, and being the "countless stars" spoken of in the Sufi parable above. Where are we to find the Personal? Answer: As "all atoms in space are its mirrors and each one is fronteth with its perfect face," look for it anywhere in nature and you shall find it. Again: "Behind the veil of self shines unseen the beauty of the loved one," hence "one step beyond yourself" you shall find the Supreme.

It shall be our object in the following papers to traverse the spheres of "Nature" and "The Beyond Self" to show you the Personal, and may we come to realize the words of Haeckel, "the old philosopher": "There is nothing like keeping the inner man!" That will be our reward!

#### NATURE IN RELIGION.

There is, perhaps, no term harder to define in philosophy than nature. Though the word is used by everybody and everywhere, its extensive use in no way facilitates its interpretation. When we here endeavor to define it, it shall be mainly with regard to the use we shall make of it ourselves in the following papers.

If we clothe the Personal, as we have defined it above, with objectivity, we may call this form of its existence Nature. But remember that such objectivity has no reality, beyond that which we attribute to it. We are the creators of its objectivity. That is one sense in which we shall use the term. Under such an objective aspect the Personal most frequently appears in the so-called Revealed Religions. All their anthropomorphic ideas represent an objectivity attributed to the Personal in some of its many modes of existence. Originally the objective form served an intellectual purpose, but too soon it was turned to selfish uses by priests and rulers.

The Personal may, however, also be conceived as being objective in a real sense.

In the Upanishads is often referred to the simple fact of cream rising out of milk as an illustration of Brahma's existence in the world. Like the cream being hidden in the milk till this becomes "still," when it separates and manifests itself on the surface, so Brahma is hidden in the world as an inherent power, not being revealed, till "the hour of quietude and stillness." Let us turn the illustration round and say that without the milk no cream will rise. If then the cream represents the Personal, the milk represents the objectivity of the Personal. But we must beware of taking the objectivity spoken of as the source of the Personal. We are only using an illustration to help to a conception of the Supreme. In reality the milk and the cream are essentially one, as much as subject and object are essentially inseparable in the universal unit. However, let our illustration stand for what it is worth, and let us say, that as surely as the cream has its objective side in the milk, so the Personal must also possess a certain objectivity. This objectivity we shall also call Nature. It is under the aspect of this objectivity that most of the Natural Religions worship the Personal. In the following papers we shall pay special attention to these religions.

The attentive reader will have noticed two elements in the process of the cream rising out of the milk, namely, the rising out of it (the becoming cream) and the being cream, after the rising. The first element, the process of becoming, is generally called *natura naturans*, and the second, the settled process, is called *natura naturata*. We shall, of course, have to treat of both, but the first is the most interesting and instructive. We shall from the nature of our subject have more to do with it than with the other.

We have thus far pointed out four different uses of the term Nature. We have still to mention a fifth, according to which Nature is synonymous to the Personal. In this way the term is much used in the present day. Nature is personified and spoken of much in the same way as some of the old gods. Some thinkers in thus speaking attribute all manners of evil to Nature. John Stuart Mills (in his Posthumous Essays) does not know where to stop when recounting the maladies of "Nature's everyday performances." On the other hand, Wordsworth does not know expressions enough wherewith to convey his ideas of "Nature's goodness and divinity." Goethe's views were about midway between these two extremes. He had no eye for the destructive features, nor not enough reverence for the divinity; he preferred to look exclusively upon the mediating and restorative powers of Nature. Either one of these three men had a part of the truth, but none of them saw or was willing to acknowledge the whole truth. If we must identify Nature with the Supreme, let us recognize these three modes of existence: Brahma, the creative power, Vishnu, the restorative power, and Civa, the destructive power. Under either manifestation the Supreme may be known, and has been known in the History of Religion. We shall show that as we proceed.

\*This illustration is drawn from the Upanishads. We shall return to it in due time.

[To be Continued.]

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Social Position as it Might be.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Concluded.)

Napoleon once said that when he could find a virtue that would bring in as much money to the national treasury as did the vice of using tobacco and liquor, he would be pleased to turn it to account. He meant that we must accept life as it is, and strive for that which is possible and practical to-day.

I notice that many of our thinkers and writers would like every occupation and manufacture to be under government direction. They point to the post office and the public school as illustrations of business managed by the people's representatives with most marked success. But I draw a different inference from the facts they quote. Only the other day people were prosecuted for doing post office work at just one half its cost by the government. And we know the cruel tyranny with which party managers, in spite of civil service reform, say to the poor post office clerks, "Your money or your place."

Private schools are usually superior to the crowded public school with a hundred pupils to a teacher, who loses her situation if she dare to make a complaint. Yet our post office and our public school systems are the best we can to-day devise, and must be upheld, as essential to the nation's growth. But until manhood shall out grow the politician, and either bury him out of sight, or crush him under true statesmanship; and further, until we cast aside forever the hor-

**Woman and the Household.**BY HESTER M. POOLE.  
[106 West 29th Street, New York.]**BEATING INTO THE HARBOR.**

Beating into the harbor,  
When the cloud-dimmed sun is low,  
And over the stormy waters  
The gull and the petrel go;  
With sails all torn and rifted,  
And cordage wrecked and gone,  
The worn ship seeks a haven—  
Dismasted, spent, forlorn.

Strained hull and ruined cargo—  
At the evening's stormy close,  
Beating into the harbor,  
The weary vessel goes:  
Thankful to make the home-lights,  
Though only a pitiful wreck  
Of the ship that sailed so proudly  
With the snowy spars and deck.

Beating into the harbor—  
O weary, shipwrecked soul,  
Lost hopes, lost joys, lost powers,  
Wide come of the wished-for goal:  
Over the glem brightly  
The holy city's lights—  
And the storm-tossed bark, with rapture,  
The Heavenly Pilot sighs!

Helen Chase.

Miss Mizpah Breckinridge, the daughter of Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge of Kentucky, is studying law with a view of practising with her father.

Mrs. Celia A. Patterson, at a recent civil service examination for the position of stenographer to the New York Insane Asylum at Buffalo, received the highest marks for speed and accuracy.

Mrs. A. F. Newman of Salt Lake City, has appeared before committees of Congress in favor of a proposition to build an industrial home in Salt Lake City, for Mormon women who desire to escape from polygamy. It is designed to give Mormon women who want to break away a home and opportunity for a livelihood.

Miss Emily Sartain has been chosen by unanimous vote principal of the Philadelphia School of Design. She is the daughter of John Sartain the famous steel engraver, and has been long known as a superior artist. She has studied abroad during many years, and has had charge of the art department of two or three magazines.

Miss Rose Kingsley, daughter of Charles Kingsley, has written a series of articles called "The Children of Westminster Abbey," and is also writing for several magazines. Charles Dickens' eldest daughter is a writer; so is Anne Thackeray and Florence Marryatt. The literary faculty seems inherited in these cases.

Mrs. J. G. Lemmon has been contributing to the San Franciscan a series of interesting papers on marine botany, and is about to publish a handbook of the marine algae adapted to the Pacific Ocean flora. She has made extensive journeys over the extreme South and West, with her husband, in the interests of botany.

A benevolent Englishwoman, Miss Leigh, conducts a home for women and girls, id Paris, where more than five thousand have found shelter and safety since the home was opened. Such an establishment is needed in every quarter of every city.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, the round-the-world missionary of the W. C. T. U., has gone to China. Her letters and those of Mrs. Mary E. Willard, who is now in Germany for the education of her daughters, send letters full of interest to the Union Signal, the organ of the W. C. T. U. of Chicago. Mrs. Willard, who will remain in Berlin another year, would be glad to receive into her family a few young ladies who wish to study German, or pursue any other studies, in that city. Her address is the office of the Union Signal.

Mrs. Margaret Lucas, the sister of John Bright, and the newly elected president of the World's Temperance Union, accompanied by a party of English ladies, hopes to attend the next national convention in Minneapolis, October 22nd.

In one number of a contemporary we find these two items concerning what women have done:

"Miss Emily Young has opened an insurance office in Dayton, Ohio, and is succeeding. She is fully qualified for the work, having begun as clerk in the Fireman's Insurance Office, which occupation she followed for five years. She now acts as solicitor for all the local and several foreign companies."

"Miss R. S. Mills is editor of the Hawkeye, Dakota Star. During the last six months she has not only furnished the news, but has proved up on a pre-emption, planted five acres of trees on a tree claim, built a saw-mill, and raised the largest turnip and the roundest squash in Hyde county. She proposes to reside on her homestead."

## DO LIKEWISE.

The following paragraph is from a veteran publisher and reader of the JOURNAL, who has often sent to the editor of this column, useful information concerning her favorite topics. These brief lines contain a world of suggestion in themselves.

It is astonishing that mothers should be willing to send their daughters into the world untrained to fulfill the practical duties of life. This gentleman writes as follows:

"Many years ago I went to visit a family in New Jersey, in which there was a method of instruction for her daughters pursued by the mother, a shrewd, sensible woman, which it has always seemed to me to be well worthy of imitation, by every mother who has her daughter's future happiness at heart. This mother was a thorough housekeeper, a widow who, in addition to her household duties, was carrying on the business of her late husband in a building adjoining the house. She had four daughters. She gave them the best education the city afforded, which being the seat of a college, the schools were uncommonly good. When the oldest daughter graduated from school, the mother took her into the kitchen, where she was thoroughly instructed in all the mysteries of that kind of work; taught her all other kinds of housekeeping work even, how to select poultry, butcher's meat, etc., and how to preside at table. When she was competent to do it, she alternated, week in and week out with her mother, in taking entire charge of the house, as mistress. When the other daughters graduated, the same thorough instruction was given them, and when these girls married, as they all did, housekeeping was no bugbear to them or cause for trouble and anxiety to their husbands. Their parlor was the resort of the best people in the place, and their house was a home in every sense of the word. Will every other mother go and do likewise?"

## WOMEN'S CLUBS.

The New England Woman's Club of Boston, held many interesting meetings during the past year. Among the essays read before the members was one on "Woman's Work at the

New Orleans Exposition," by Julia Ward Howe, who gave an account of her own work as President of the Woman's Department. At another time Dr. Minot gave a paper on "Physical Researches." On another occasion Edward Atkinson, the apostle of cheap food, talked upon "The Cost of Living." He illustrated his statements by a new cooking apparatus of his own invention, whereby stewing, simmering, etc., can be successfully carried on at a very slight cost by the heat of an ordinary kerosene lamp. Afterwards "Mormonism" was presented and discussed, and Mrs. H. T. Wolcott read a paper on "The Gainful Occupations of Women." And at another time Mr. Crocker read a paper on "Double Taxation." Henry George, at another time, talked upon "Woman's Interest in Social matters," and also upon Labor and Land, discussion followed, several ladies answering his peculiar views upon those questions, and presenting their own.

Such is the way in which one of the oldest clubs spends time, in its monthly meetings. No topic which is of vital interest to one sex, can fail to be moment to the other. Womanhood is enlarged and expanded by thought upon these varied subjects which affect us all. We need wisdom and strength; these come not by ignoring perplexing problems, and calling them unwomanly. They come from grappling with them, reasoning about them, and then applying the result to the practical things of life.

Sorosis, the oldest woman's club, has not been idle during the year. With an enlarged membership there are some who serve only to swell the numbers, but there is a vital power issuing from it, which bespeaks a goodly proportion of earnest, devoted, progressive women. Mrs. Thomas, the president, is receptive to every good thought and widely interested in every thing that tends to benefit humanity.

There are committees on literature, art, science, music, philanthropy, and business women, each of which is represented during the year in a full social meeting. On these occasions there are recitations, music, a presentation of the subject by the chairman; papers more or less exhaustive upon its various aspects, and lastly an oral discussion. A great deal of ground is covered, many new thoughts evolved, and the members are helped to take a broader range. Life is sometimes made easier, burdens are lifted, and those present learn the best way of doing the actual duties of life. The tendency of indoor avocations, in which women are reared, is to the local and particular. Unless there is an effort made to grow upward and outward, women become fixed in grooves. They cease to grow. They become domestic fossils, or butterflies of fashion.

There is a culture of the heart as well as the mind, that comes from attrition with others. Women do not generally know each other well enough. They have no means of mutual acquaintance, such as men have in business. Usually when they meet, it is in a conventional and external manner. There is a world of tenderness, energy and power, in womanly natures unguessed by themselves, until called out by circumstances. Let us resolve to develop in the best and highest way possible. Let us try to know each other better, and to reach the heights of serene, noble, spiritual womanhood.

## The Theosophical Mahatmas.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In reference to the article of Mr. Wm. Emmett Coleman on the subject of the Theosophical Mahatmas, it may be interesting to our fellow laborers, the Spiritualists, and to Mr. Coleman in particular to be made aware of the following facts:

1. I, the writer, along with Colonel Olcott, President of the Theosophical Society and Damodar K. Mayalankar, a chela, was visited at Lahore, India, on the 19th, 20th and 21st of November, 1883, by the Mahatma, Koot Hoomi, in the flesh.

2. We know him to be a living man, possessed, no doubt, of what are practically divine powers, for they are beyond the cognizance of materialistic science.

3. The Master was kind enough to leave with me tangible remembrances of his visit, in the shape of a letter and silk handkerchief.

4. These facts have been duly recorded in the *Theosophist*, in the 3rd edition of the "Occult World," in "Some Experiences in India," and in an autobiographical sketch, "My Life."

We are familiar with the report of the agent of the English Psychical Research Society—a report which Mr. Coleman dignifies by the words "masterly, searching and exhaustive examination." For the benefit of your numerous readers and to put forever at rest any doubt as to the existence of Indian Adepts, I transcribe, in full, the letter above referred to, with the statement, which I solemnly make, that the original was materialized into my hand when the master was standing in my presence, and when I was fully awake and endowed with my normal consciousness:

"What Damodar told you at Poona is true. We approach nearer and nearer to a person as he goes on preparing himself more and more for the same. You first saw us in visions; then in astral forms, though very often not recognized; then in body at a short distance from you. Now you see me in my own physical body so close to you as to enable you to give to your countrymen the assurance that you are, from personal knowledge, as sure of our existence as you are of your own. Whatever may happen, remember that you will be watched and rewarded in proportion to your zeal and work for the cause of humanity, which the founders of the Theosophical Society have imposed upon themselves. K. H."

I am, dear sir, most truly yours,

W. M. L. BROWN, F. T. S.

(B. L. University of Glasgow, Scotland.) Rochester, N. Y.

## Early September Magazines Received.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART. (Cassell & Co., New York.) This number opens with a suggestive paper on Art in Australia. W. J. Henderson writes of some New York Theatres, giving descriptions, with illustrations. Current Art describes a large number of recent pictures; Quentin Matsy is the hero of the present article on the Romance of Art. A descriptive article on The Rapid Spey gives an account of storied castles and mountains; Claude Philippe describes the Picture Gallery at Dorchester House. A very entertaining contribution is that on the subject of Female Headgear. An exquisite illustration is of A Nunney at Bruges, and a page filled with Austin Dobson's verse, completed another good number.

THE QUIVER. (Cassell & Co., New York.) The Quiver for September opens with two charming pictures. In solid articles it gives Working Men on the Sunday Question; False Prophets in the Past; Sunday musings in the Lake District, and Truths for the Times. There are also short stories, poems and illustrations.

## New Books Received.

MIND IN MEDICINE. By Cyrus A. Bartol, D. D. Boston: H. H. Carter and Karrick; Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co.

METAPHYSICAL QUERIES: Answered by W. J. Colville. Boston: Coggrave & Co.; Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co.

ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY AND MENTAL THERAPEUTICS. By W. F. Evans. Boston: H. Carter & Karrick; Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co. Price, \$1.50.

THE PEOPLE'S PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION. By W. H. Lyon. Sioux Falls, Dakota; published by the author. Price 75 cents.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE LABOR PROBLEM. By R. Heber Newton. New York: The Day Star.

The Fowler & Wells Co., of New York, announce the publication of *The American Kindergarten and Primary Teacher*. As the name implies, it is especially devoted to Kindergarten methods of teaching, but it will be more general than this, and will consider the interests not only of kindergartners, but of primary teachers and parents who have the care and training of young children. Well-known educators and writers on educational topics will contribute to its pages, and all phases of important questions relating to child culture will be discussed. There will be talks with the mothers on the questions in which they are vitally interested. Articles of general interest will be published, furnishing the reader with a fund of information in such a practical form that it can be conveyed to the little ones in their charge in such a manner as to be comprehended and understood. It will be published monthly, at 10 cents a number, or \$1 per annum.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., will publish in a few days a new novel by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, entitled "The New Man at Rosemary." Mrs. Walworth's "Bar Sinister" and "Without Blush" were both received so kindly by the press and public that a new book from her pen is sure of success. It is considered to be far in advance of her former efforts, and doubtless will be one of the most popular novels of the season.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, August 28, 1886.

## Bible Interpretation.

The Andover Review for April last, coming from the Puritan school of the prophets, Andover Theological Seminary, and held as the organ of the most staunch and steadfast old-time New England orthodoxy, has an article on "The Bible a Theme for the Pulpit," in which are some remarkable admissions, which it is not too late to refer to. Heretics have sometimes said that the clergy did not half believe a good deal that they preached in support of the old dogmas, and here comes the testimony of a leading magazine of sound evangelical standing, confirming what they say.

The Review says that intelligent ministers have a "new notion of the Bible," and the question is how much they shall tell of this notion, which is unlike the old belief in Bible inspiration and infallibility. "The minister knows that his conception of the Bible differs considerably from that which holds some, perhaps many, of his people, and apprehends that the divergence of his view from theirs would seem greater and more serious to them than it does to him." The writer feels sure that "some of his people have enough scientific culture to know that neither history nor geology gives acceptance to all the statements found in the Bible narrative," and thinks that if clergy and people could be free and frank with each other real biblical truth might be more fresh and vivid in their minds, but the perplexity of the case makes the poor preachers half and temporize.

In plain English this means that the Bible is not plainer inspired, that errors in fact and science are in its text, and that the preachers had best come out like men and say so,—to all which we give hearty assent. On the other side of the Atlantic Canon Farrar, an eminent dignitary in the English Episcopal Church, gives his Bampton Lectures on Bible Interpretation, and lays down the ground that the book must be looked at as a progressive revelation, and approached with the same use of reason and critical scholarship by which any other book would be examined. The Archdeacon says men must emancipate themselves from "that pretence of reverence for the errors of men who are no more illuminated than are men of to-day, who in knowledge were hundreds of years behind them." For the dogma of Verbal Inspiration he has no sympathy or unity:

Human knowledge and experience are to be brought to the study of the Bible. Revelation is to be viewed in the light of the knowledge of the present. The past has not been altogether unproductive. From each age "some element of elucidation, some fragment of knowledge, some flash of light" has been inherited. But so much evil also has arisen from false exegesis, that "he who would study Scripture in its integrity and purity must approach the sacred page with a mind washed clean from human opinions. Till we cease to palter and juggle with the words of Scripture in a double sense—till we cease to assume that the Trinity is revealed in the beginning of Genesis, and that Canticles furnish a proof of the deity of Mariolatry; till we abandon our 'atomistic' method of dealing with Scripture and the treatment of its sentences as though they were magic formulas; till we repudiate the fetich-worship which passes some of the Jewish theologians; till all the law was of equal importance, from 'God is one God' to 'Timna was the concubine of Eliphaz'; till we give up the late and humanly-invented theories which, with a blasphemy only pardonable because it is unconscious, treated the voices of human anger and human imperfection as the articulate voice of God; till we admit that the Bible cannot and may not be dealt with by methods of which it gives no intimation, and of which we see the absurdity when they are applied to every other form of literature, whether sacred or profane,—we may produce improved forms of Sabellianism, or Socinianism, at our pleasure and at our peril; but we shall never clearly understand what it is, and what is not, the purport of the Revelation contained in Scripture."

These are plain words from orthodox sources, so plain and forcible as to need no comment. Their significance is greater than we fully realize, for they are the beginning of the end of all bibliolatry, and foreshadow the good day when the soul shall be held greater than any book, the Bible shall be a help but not a master, its truths accepted,

but the load of its errors that now weighs them down to be cast off.

Standing in the dawn of that day we can see that the Spiritualists are the only competent Bible interpreters. Without their method its spiritual significance is paltry. Its angel visitants, its visions and transfigurations, are held by liberal Unitarians and others as but irrational and mythical records of absurd and uncertain events,—as marvels not in accord with any law or in the line of any reasonable experience, and only fit to nourish decaying superstition and wonder-loving belief in miracles. The rational and intuitive Spiritualist measures them by his own knowledge and experience, and finds in them inspiring proofs of the glory of man's inner life, and of his being, indeed, in his highest hours, but little lower than the angels, with whom, then as now, he held communion. The facts of spirit-presence, known and believed by prophet and apostle as they are now by living men and women on earth, are the proof palpable of immortality. Thus, and thus only, can we have a rational yet inspiring Bible interpretation.

Shall the Heathen Burn Forever? Serious Congregationalist Troubles.

New England orthodox Congregationalism has been held as Puritan in its standards of thought, and Andover theological seminary as the school of the Puritan prophets, but a breath of nineteenth century air has reached the seminary cloisters and stirred the souls of Congregationalists, not only in New England but far over the land.

A new controversy is going on, not touching superficial matters, but in regard to things held as the foundations of faith. Since the hot old word, by which bad men still swear and by which good men made sinners feel and fear the wrath of God, has been banished from the revised version of the Bible, and the mild sheol has taken its place, the old notions of future punishment have greatly changed. Without taking the opprobrious name, many preachers of high repute, and many of the best occupants of the best orthodox church pews, have taken large steps towards Universalism. There is a "new theology" at Andover, and an irrepressible conflict between the old and the new there and elsewhere. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions represents, and stands for, the old way. That great Board has spent millions in efforts for converting the heathen, basing their efforts on the idea that these heathen were all doomed to eternal burning. Now come up doubts on that matter. From our very heart we honor the intellectually and physically lazy, sometimes gently ruffles his heart, but no indication of this cardiac zephyr is ever shown in voice or face. I have refrained from mentioning him by name in former notes of travel because he prefers to remain unknown outside of his somewhat exclusive little circle. This time I intend to make him and my readers better acquainted—hence this introduction.

The first objective point is St. Paul, to which point Curtis checks our baggage. The big clock in the station tower strikes the quarter; the train dispatcher's gong sounds the starting signal and at 2:15 P. M. to a second, the train conductor cries A-L-L aboard! the engineer pulls the throttle, the pent up steam leaps to its task, the driving wheels turn, and off we go on a four hundred mile run. The farther we get away from Lake Michigan the hotter and more stifling grows the air. At Harvard Junction, sixty-three miles out, the people say the thermometer stood at 98° earlier in the afternoon, but we console us with the assertion that it is now several degrees cooler. Mrs. Bundy is an excellent traveller and never frets under the sway of the triune comfort-destroyer—Heat, Dust, and Smoke. She glues her eyes to the last Atlantic and declares herself very comfortable. Curtis is reticent, but doesn't reflect that perfect tranquillity so desirable in a travelling companion. I manage to survive without making life wholly unendurable to the rest—and that is about all I can say for myself.

To give myself a "metaphysical treatment" I take a retrospective glance and compare the transportation facilities of the day with those of my youth. I am not so very old (indeed, a would-be Christian gentleman has lately spoken of me as a "modern youth"), though when one is forty-five he can hardly call himself young. I distinctly recall the time when not a rod of railroad was built west of Chicago. Along about '49 or '50 the Galena line reached Fox River. From that small beginning thirty-seven years ago the railroad system west of and terminating in Chicago now reaches several times ten thousand miles. The Galena with some other lines is now known as the Great North Western Railway Company, owning and controlling more than six thousand miles of first-class road perfectly equipped and ably managed. In those early days Minnesota was an almost unknown wilderness, my first glimpse of a railroad train being synchronous with the organization of Minnesota's territorial government. Wisconsin had only become a State two years before and I clearly recall the feelings of awe with which I used to hear people talk of their intended trip to "the Territory," meaning Wisconsin. I recollect a long string of noble oxen which started out of our village one crisp fall day, headed for the Wisconsin pines, and how later on I was made miserable by hearing the sad fate of one especially fine pair that had attracted my childish fancy—a tree had fallen on them and killed both. It seemed sad then, but now I wonder if it were not better to be killed and eaten, than overladen and goaded through the deep snow all winter.

All sail set our way, and as dogmas die Spiritualism lives.

A clergyman in Augusta, Ga., has been on trial before the presbytery for heresy. His offense is that he has intimated a belief in Darwinism.

## THREE TRAMPS ON THE TRAIL.

The Editor's Party Headed Northwest—The Start—The Road—Gossip on the Rail—Reminiscence—An August Night in a Wagner—St. Paul—First Impressions of Minnetonka—St. Louis Hotel—A Word about M. D. Shutter—Around the Lake—A Dilapidated Belle—Hay Fever—Land Sharks.

We are three—Mrs. Bundy, Curtis, and I. The purpose of the journey is to get beyond the stamping ground of that unconscionable summer stalker, Hay Fever. While Mrs. Bundy is the only one of the party who needs to keep clear of his track, the rest are glad of an excuse to get away. A big city, even when so exceptionally pleasant as Chicago, gets wearisome and uncomfortable as dog-days come along. It is Thursday, August 12th, and a steaming hot day; the trunks are packed for a two months' tramp; the office folks cheerfully urge our departure, declaring they can get on nicely without us; the thermometer struggles hard to reach an even 100°, and seems angry because it has to stop few points short of the goal; the caravan takes up the line of march toward the passenger station of the Chicago & North Western Railway; the cavalcade reaches the first stage of its journey; hand baggage is deftly arranged, with the celerity that comes from practice, in a section of a Wagner car, and the party unanimously and spontaneously draws a long sigh of relief. Two-thirds of the JOURNAL's party are already known to most who will scan this, so let me introduce Curtis. He is an old traveller who has often been my partner in journeys pleasant and unpleasant, a sort of cranky fellow, some would say, whom one must know quite intimately before understanding. Sometimes, to a stranger or casual acquaintance, he may seem a bit cynical and pessimistic, but he isn't, he is only a constitutional protester against sham and pretense. He prods me severely at times, and I have caught myself thinking him a sort of human mustard plaster. He is a constant inciter to greater tasks, a close and critical observer whose eye takes in all within the scope of vision. Yet he is really a lovable character when the core of his nature is reached. I take him along with readiness, if not with unmixed pleasure, because I know he will never hesitate to remind me of professional work I am trying to shirk, and will give me no rest until I've accomplished my tasks. Then, too, he is ever ready to help me out by lending a hand, or furnishing an idea. I think a wave of genuine sympathy, a sort of fellow feeling for the intellectually and physically lazy, sometimes gently ruffles his heart, but no indication of this cardiac zephyr is ever shown in voice or face. I have refrained from mentioning him by name in former notes of travel because he prefers to remain unknown outside of his somewhat exclusive little circle. This time I intend to make him and my readers better acquainted—hence this introduction.

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The reply made to this is that the Secretary has set up no creed "but has simply insisted that the missionaries be not tinted with the heretical and dangerously false doctrines now being promulgated by the Andover theologians." How are the mighty (at Andover) fallen, when such things are said of them!

The Chicago Advance, the western Congregational organ, charges these Andover heretics with using every method to force their peculiar views on the churches. In the west as well as in the east, The New York Independent gives hearing to both sides, but leans toward the heretics, and the dispute especially in New England is so bitter as to threaten sore disaster to the Congregationalists. The Presbyterians look on complacently, and The Interior, in Chicago, says:

"Now the advocates of the future probation nonsense cannot be determined to raise a row in the American Board of Foreign Missions. The contention now on hand is neither a healthy nor a pleasant one and because it isn't the devil probably sent it."

Dr. John Todd of New Haven has withdrawn from the Congregationalist Association and written a sharp letter rebuking them for endorsing clergymen who hold "unsafe and unorthodox views on future punishment." Rev. Dr. Munger and Dr. Smyth of that city are the two new preachers of these unsafe views, and seem to hold their own pretty well notwithstanding the wrath of their opponents.

It looks like undertaking the impossible to keep Congregationalism in Dr. Todd's old road, but when a sect tries to enlarge its views it's old D. D.'s make bigoted protest.

The old American Board finds its funds grow less, and the old zeal wax cold, because the people do not, as of old, believe in the eternal punishment of all the heathen—especially since they are finding out that some good pagans are far better than some poor Christians. The dispute is grave and far-reaching, but good will come of it.

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A clergyman in Augusta, Ga., has been on trial before the presbytery for heresy. His offense is that he has intimated a belief in Darwinism.

But let us get out of the woods and back to the railroad. The "North Western" now traverses a half-dozen States, each an empire of itself, and reaches into or through as many Territories; and the history of this corporation is but that of many another. With this retrospective work I lift myself entirely free from all sense of the day's discomfort, and get on famously toward a state of philosophical beatitude, when I am aroused, from my reverie by the frantic efforts of an Illinois politician to light a safety match. After watching his futile but vigorous attempts, I venture to weekly suggest that if he will desist from scratching the fire-compelling combination upon his boots, pants and coat, give over marring the polished woodwork of the car, and bring the match in contact with the chemically prepared side of its box, he will succeed. The quality of his gratitude is superior to the odor of his cigar, and so I soon seek other quarters.

Beloit is reached at six o'clock and as we hurry through the brisk little city, catching a glimpse of its college buildings and the waters of Rock River, I suggest supper. No one dissentient, and we go forward to the dining car which has been hauled with us all the way from Chicago to furnish this meal to the passengers. One may take his time in a dining car, and instead of bolting an ill-cooked-meal at a way station we leisurely discuss the well prepared viands, and before supper is finished we are surprised to see the beautiful lakes about Wisconsin's capital, Madison lie to the left of us and the dome of the State building is bathed with golden hues by the last rays of the setting sun. We are now one hundred and thirty-nine miles from Chicago. The afternoon's ride has shown a country suffering from drought, corn-fields hardly worth the labor spent on them, pastures nearly as parched and brown as those of California at this season. Yet where mixed farming is followed the farmers are on the whole in good shape. Oats are a heavier yield and much finer quality than last year. In a belt of country north of Beloit, the farmers favor tobacco raising and have a soil peculiarly well adapted for it. The quality is claimed to be finer than that grown in the Connecticut valley. The crop this year is nearly a total failure; a physician, resident in the section, tells me that fields which last year netted the owners a thousand dollars, will not pay the cost of planting this season. From a commercial standpoint this is disastrous to a considerable body of honest, industrious people, whatever view one may take of it from the side of health and morals.

The night grows space and the porter grows tired; he has turned the cushioned seats into sleeping berths—upper and lower—has transformed the elegant sitting room into a sleeping apartment with a long narrow passage through the centre, guarded on either side by heavy curtains. Whatever saving of time and expense there may be in all-night travel, a sleeping car with the berths made up certainly isn't the most attractive place in the world on a hot August night—thus I soliloquize and am overheard by Curtis, who intimates that if I don't like it I can get off and wait until morning. This pertinent, and slightly pert, comment closes my mouth and starts me on the road to reconciliation with my environment. Toward midnight I essay the interesting but not graceful feat of climbing a step-ladder and settling myself in an upper berth. Fortunately I have no audience to witness the affair—there are times in the life of an editor when he craves large audience, but when he climbs a step-ladder to reach his bed on a car going forty miles an hour around sharp curves, he prefers to be alone; is glad, so to speak, to be unobserved. He can better endure the missteps, the collisions between his head and the sharp polished corners of the sleeping contrivance, and the involuntary contortions which form a part of the preliminary composing for railroad rest. Having got straightened out and given the signal for the approach of the Angel of Sleep, I suddenly realize that I am being rocked from side to side by the motion of the swift moving train, and tossed roofward by the spiral steel springs of the mattress. Just as I doze off the shrill whistle of the locomotive brings me back to the stern realities of life. Somehow, I get through the night, and in the morning feel quite sure I would not like to abolish the sleeping car. Just on the tick of seven we pull up in the Union Depot at St. Paul and in a few minutes are quartered at "The Ryan." Dennis Ryan—one may know he is not a Frenchman by the name—has built a monument for himself in this hotel, at a cost of nearly a million dollars. Though one's esthetic taste is ruthlessly trampled on in some of the interior decorations, especially in the dining room, yet the structure is a credit to the city and an honor to Dennis. The service is rather suggestive of a second-class house, but that can be remedied and Curtis says I needn't mention it. Not being in good form for calling upon friends I hasten to complete our transportation arrangements and then hurry away to the shores of far-famed Minnetonka. We are bound for the St. Louis Hotel, and for the reason that it is managed by I. D. Crawford. When I come to know a good hotel man I stick to him because it is my duty to encourage merit, but especially because it is more pleasant and safer to risk new acquaintances in that line. We take the longest way around and, after a variety of amusing experiences, changing boats three times after leaving the train, the little steam yacht rounds a point and a huge mass of variegated light comes into view. We are too far off to see aught but bright rows of illumination, brought into bold relief by the background

of dark forest beyond. The clear tones of a cornet come softly across the moonlit bay bidding us welcome; the graceful little boat shoots through the water toward the dock, the full moon shows her face above the tree-covered hills, and smiling upon water and land they reflect the glorious light of her face and we rapturously exclaim, "The enchanted Summer-land!" Nothing in the world can be more lovely than this scene.

Five minutes more and we step on shore; a pleasant walk of two minutes brings us to the St. Louis hotel. This is a gala night; row upon row of Chinese lanterns decorate the front of the long building. Within, some women arrayed in ball dress file through the halls, drawing rooms and corridors, escorted by brave men—I conclude they must be brave—dressed in the regulation evening suit. Crawford is in his glory; he is here, there, and everywhere at once. He greets our party warmly but casts an inquiring look from Curtis to me, as much as to say, "You didn't mention this friend in announcing your coming." I try to assure him with my eyes that it is all right and that my companion can sleep in a hammock if need be. The dinner hour is over, the dining room is cleared for dancing, and Crawford apologizes for being obliged to send meals to our rooms. Twenty minutes later and an elegant dinner is brought in: Mrs. Bundy wonders how it could have been prepared with such celerity and her respect for the resources of the house rises fifty degrees. Dinner over we go down and watch the dancers, stroll out upon the broad plazas, and venture upon the lawn at the risk of inviting a hay fever scout to show himself.

Saturday, the 14th, is our first day at Minnetonka and we pass it quietly, listening to the fish stories of the usual size and decoration.

On Sunday we give the morning hours to correspondence, and in the afternoon listen to a discourse in the parlors by Rev. M. D. Shutter of Minneapolis. The sermon is a strong, manly, unsectarian effort, with more of an ethical than religious flavor. After service I make the acquaintance of the young preacher and find him headed in the right direction and looking for the shortest road to the Goal of Truth. Mr. Shutter is a young man, earnest, frank, conscientious and progressive. He studied for the Baptist ministry and preached for that denomination at Minneapolis, where he placed his society in good shape and completed a new church edifice for it. But while laying the foundations of the building he was gradually changing the basis of his faith, and before the church structure was complete he found himself no longer a Baptist. He staid with his society until the new home was completed and then in a straightforward, kindly way gave his reasons for severing his connection with the denomination, and resigned. Rev. Jas. H. Tuttle of the Universalist Church of Minneapolis, formerly of Chicago, read Mr. Shutter's letter of resignation, sent for him and gave him welcome to broader and higher grounds. Mr. Tuttle being in delicate health and needing some relief from his long service, Mr. Shutter was appointed assistant pastor. In a conversation extending to midnight I find Mr. Shutter in a frank and interested attitude toward Spiritualism. He is open to the truth, and knows he has not yet found it all. He seems to be clearer as to what he does not believe than as to just where he stands. But of the essentials, a wise, benevolent, guiding power and faith in a future life, he has no doubt, is strong and clear. In view of the fact that to my knowledge, the liberal churches of Minneapolis, both Universalist and Unitarian, have a large representation of Spiritualist among them, I look with special pleasure upon the attitude of this young seeker after spiritual truth.

Mr. Shutter is only one among hundreds, and possibly thousands, of preachers who feel the insecurity of the old faith and are constantly on the alert for a new and better basis of belief. This will come to them in time. The trend of the age is toward a universal, rational religion, and it will stand upon a foundation chosen from the quarry of Spiritualism.

Tuesday, the 17th, we take the conventional tour of the lake. The Belle of Minnetonka is the name of an enormous side-wheel steamer, making the daily round. She can carry two thousand passengers easily, and has had twenty-six hundred on board. She is nearly three hundred feet long and can run her nose fifty feet on to the beach and back off with ease. This enables her to pick up and land passengers anywhere along the deeply indented, irregular coast line. The boat is safe enough, and that is her only recommendation. The meagre, crude accommodations for comfort, the general air of shiftlessness, the dirt, want of paint, the whole ensemble of this dilapidated Belle make her a disgrace to Minnetonka.

Nature has done grandly here, but the sordid, two-cent policy of those who came in and gobbled up the shores of this queen of all the ten thousand Minnesota lakes, is too mean and grasping to be tolerated. There are numerous comfortable hotels and boarding houses scattered around the two hundred miles of shore line, but the St. Louis, Lafayette, and Lake Park are the only ones that can be rated first class. The Lafayette is a huge affair with capacity for a thousand guests. It is

but is comfortable and pleasant. The magnificent groves of large trees lying on three sides of the hotel grounds afford the prettiest of walks and constantly feast one's love of nature. The hotel stands about seven hundred feet from the water, on a knoll seventy-five feet above the lake. The table is exceptionally good, the service excellent, and Manager Crawford and wife have in the three months of their stay here, grown to be the most popular hotel people on the lake. Should Mr. Crawford continue to supervise affairs in coming years, the house will no doubt have to be enlarged to accommodate patrons, although it now comfortably holds five hundred.

I am diligently investigating the merits of Minnetonka as a haven for hay fever sufferers. I interview all the resident physicians and hay fever people I can hear of. The Minnesota press declares Minnetonka proof against the disease, and the local testimony corroborates this to a large degree. Dr. E. R. Perkins, of Excelsior, has resided at the lake for nine years, and tells me he has never known a resident to have the disease; and, with two exceptions, all coming here afflicted were free from the trouble soon after arriving.

The two exceptions were attributable to local causes, restricted to a narrow limit. Mr. and Mrs. Puckett, and son, of Winchester, Indiana, have summered here for some years, two of the family suffer severely at home from asthma and hay fever; here they are wholly free; and they prefer this location, after extensive travels and trials of other resorts. My present opinion, subject to revision, is that a sufferer from the disease who is in other respects fairly well and has strength and energy enough to keep in the open air much of the time, especially on the water, will be nearly or wholly free from the trouble. Extremely delicate people, with whom hay fever is only one of a combination of troubles would, possibly, have the disease in mild form. Mrs. Bundy has thus far escaped and seems likely to go through the season without trouble. Some may inquire, will not Minneapolis or St. Paul do as well? To which I answer, upon the testimony of competent authority, no!

When the owners of the two hundred miles of shore line and of the splendid sites for cottages all about this lake region inaugurate a decently liberal policy, sell lots at a fair price and encourage cottage building and local improvements, then this locality will have a boom—provided these avaricious land sharks who now control, don't wait too long. They are too many desirable resorts and delightful places awaiting development for the owners here to bleed the public very severely. And this they will wake up to some day; let them have a care it is not too late.

Postal, telegraph, telephone and railroad facilities are excellent. Letters mailed in Chicago at 6 P. M., are delivered to me at 10:30 o'clock next morning. Minneapolis is only fifteen miles distant and St. Paul twenty-five miles; one can go and come at will. Of those phenomenal cities and robust rivals I shall have something to say before frost comes. To-morrow, Friday the 20th, we start for the place to which I have often been consigned by some orthodox preachers, as well as by a few traffickers in commercial Spiritualism—Devils Lake. It lies four hundred miles north west. Next week I shall be able to speak from personal observation concerning this lake of ominous name and of the country thereabout; until then adieu.

B.  
St. Louis Hotel, Minnetonka, Aug. 19th.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Clegg Wright's time is all engaged for next year till the beginning of camp meetings. During September he will lecture in Philadelphia; October, Northampton, Mass.; November, Cincinnati, and the following months at Newton, Kansas. Mr. Wright is doing a good work for Spiritualism. His permanent address is Newfield, N. J.

John Edwards of Washington, D. C., writes: "Will you please allow me space just to say that I am in full accord with the broad and liberal views enunciated by Rev. James Freeman Clark, and Rev. Jones, Unitarian divines. They are more liberal, and less bigoted than many Spiritualists. The tendency of the times is to liberalize and bring people nearer together. If I understand it, that is the aim of Modern Spiritualism, in promulgating the new gospel. Creedal dogmatisms of men will have to give way to sincere, honest, individual differences of opinion, leaving but one test, right action."

*The World's Advanced Thought*, says: "Spirit control is control of the mortal mind by spirits, as in earth life men struggle to control the minds of others to their interest. Teach the spirits who control the minds of mortals that their happiness is best secured by giving true thoughts to those they control, and thus sin will be driven from the world. Spirits who have not the truth must be taught it from the mortal side. The more enlightened the mortal the greater is his responsibility to the Spirit-world. The majority of spirits communicating with earth's inhabitants are no further advanced than the majority of mortals, and the coarser the nature of the spirit the nearer it is to the earth-plane and the easier it is for it to communicate in sensual ways."

**THE MILLENNIUM.** The *Golden Gate* says: "The lady who recently lectured in San Francisco, and claimed to be one of the two prophets spoken of in *Revelations*—ninth chapter, third and fourth verses—does not seem to accept the part of Holy Writ relating to the end of the world. She says she

has had a direct revelation from God as to the precise time of the end of our world, but would only say the event is to occur in from one to five years. Now, the Bible says there shall be a millennium, and upon the beginning of this period there is considerable uniformity of opinion. Over one hundred works, written in the past century, all place the beginning of the reign of peace between 1885 and 1900. We find no difficulty in believing that the Devil is unchained, but that he is near the end of his tether is not so clear. If there is to be a millennium, this modern revealed prophet is something over a thousand years ahead of time. From the general state of things, it would indeed seem that evil is fast coming to crisis. We like to think so, at least. A season of peace and innocence is a joy to anticipate."

Dr. D. P. Kayner has opened an office at 175 Jackson Street, Chicago, where he can be consulted at 10 A. M. or 2 P. M. during week days. Direct by mail in care of this office.

Fletcher Crane, of Stone Bluff, Indiana, writes: "We have concluded to hold a seven days' meeting about the first of October, provided we can get suitable speakers. We wish to hold a revival, as it were."

Geo. H. Brooks has been spending some time lately at his native home in New York. He would like to make engagements with societies for fall and winter work. Address him at Munising, Madison Co., New York.

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#### NOTES FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

On Friday, August 13th, the morning and afternoon were both devoted to conferences. There are two great forces in the world, wind-power and water-power, or words and tears. The former is represented on all campgrounds. It is a great relief to blow off, occasionally. If wind-power has no other effect than to wear off the rust of our own mental machinery, it does its office probably.

But we have no right to give them public expression. So, while there are noble utterances, fervid words of truth and sentiment, glowing appeals for the beautiful and the good, there are also hours when to listen is a weariness to the spirit. There are descriptions of experiences, puerile and insignificant, which only depress theearer. Whom does it interest to know what "guides" and "controls" have to say and do? Certainly not a promiscuous audience. Such stories should be kept for private conversation. We should meet to rehearse the best and wisest that can be given or received. Spontaneous inspirations gushing fresh from the depths of a soul touched by the fire of living inspiration, all will welcome—not weary platitudes, awkwardly expressed. These whispering trees, this bending sky, these purple hills, have a deeper meaning to him whose spirit is alive to communion with high and holy influences, and to him such babble is the prattling of grown-up children. Not in speaking or hearing foolishness, is the soul made wise, profound or strong.

But, I am reminded, as I write these criticisms, made in sorrow, not in bitterness, that the average man must have just such expression. And I remember, vividly, that church camp-meetings give, on the whole, a wind-power to the public ear, not equal in the expression of truth, to what is heard here, and certainly not superior in point of form and rhetoric.

On Saturday morning the conference was rather poorer than usual—sometimes it is exceedingly interesting, it must be said, in justice. In the afternoon Miss A. M. Beecher read a lecture before a large audience, a synopsis of which will be sent you in due season.

Saturday afternoon was devoted to preparations for the grand illumination of the evening. People from the surrounding country began to pour in, and at tea time an elegant tally-ho coach from Northampton drove up to the hotel, laden with spectators. It was still and pleasant as the sun went down and the full moon rose upon a charming scene.

Doubtless the Japanese were made for the express purpose of furnishing the rest of the world with decorations. And the Lake Pleasant camp had a good share of them. There were lanterns by thousands, of every color and size depended from wires and supports made in every device possible. When lighted the effect was enchanting. The soft, rich, mellow transparencies gleaming among the pines and maples, gave forth a radiance which affected the eye as fine music affects the ear. Thousands of people wandered about uttering exclamations of delight, happy and social, and nothing marred the beauty and harmony of the scene. There has never been anything so beautiful here, before. These lanterns were arranged in pyramids, chains, stars or groups, sometimes high up among the trees. Sixth avenue, the residence of our Brooklyn friends and of Mr. Jones' *Office Branch* and the rest of the Utica delegation, was resplendent, and the cottage of Mr. A. T. Pierce on the bluff, was decorated with nearly two hundred large Japanese lanterns. Near by, the dancing hall was filled with a crowd of young people, and all went "merry as a wedding bell."

Sunday, the 15th, was a perfect day. Excursion trains began running at an early hour, and long before noon about eight thousand people were on the camp ground, as large a number as have ever been gathered here. Evidently the people of Massachusetts and other New England States are not afraid of Spiritualism. The very best and most intelligent classes are well represented at Lake Pleasant. On an average the heads and faces

of men and women here compare very favorably with any similar gathering. During the morning lecture by Mr. Charles Dawbarn on "Our Duty to the Nineteenth Century," the silence maintained by so many persons was something remarkable. In it he clearly defined religion and worship, and showed the difference of belief between the Aryan and Semitic races. The former thought matter was "uncertain," that is, had always existed. The Semitic race to which the Jews belong, assume that in the beginning nothing existed save God, to whom was accorded the power of creating the universe. But the Aryan thinker of to-day, in questioning nature and counting her answers as scientific discoveries, finds an intelligent maker working in matter through law to produce results intended and foreseen.

Man, a religious animal, studying these laws of evolution, dreams dreams and sees visions, while the materialistic philosopher erects a party wall, outside of which every thing is declared unworthy of this age.

The speaker proceeded to arraign the modern philosopher before the bar of spiritual science. The classical scholar insists on teaching languages filled with uncleanness; he declares that, unless we have wasted many a year over their learned ignorance and poetic dreams, we are not "educated."

The intellect of the present is thus wearing shackles forged in the past, until he has the freedom to seek spiritual wisdom in present conditions. He finds that the mortal grain is not the limit to human capacity, but that great teachers can return from beyond the grave, and borrow a brain through which to dispense what Faraday calls "the twaddle of a country parson." But the returned traveler talks no twaddle to a Crookes, or a Wallace or an Epes Sargent. And we may set this down as a law that "for three parts of the twaddle that comes from a higher to a lower life, look in the glass, O mortal! and behold the cause."

Mr. Dawbarn speaks with eloquence and the power born of earnest conviction. We may not always agree with him, but he is provocative of thought and he always has something to say worth hearing, which is grateful, when one has had a surfeit of platitudes. But, as he is going West before long, the platforms of that section of the country will have the pleasure of rightly estimating the ability of one of the strongest men now before the public.

In the afternoon J. Clegg Wright gave one of his trance lectures upon spiritualism, which has been much discussed, pro and con. He dealt sturdy blows upon the theory of reincarnation, and upon fraud of every description which passes under the guise of this latest and most important belief or philosophy. Fraudulent materializations he characterized in fitting terms, and asserted that a multitude of delusions catered to a larger number of the credulous deluded. The controlling influence held the audience over an hour, and if iconoclasm is capable of making people think and examine for themselves, then will that audience be awakened. It must be said, in justice, that materialization was not pronounced impossible, nor denounced, but the larger portion of it adjudged counterfeit.

August 18th.—Mr. Dawbarn's lecture, on Tuesday afternoon on "Possibilities of Spirit Culture," caused more discussion than any other which has been delivered. It is a subject on which mediums are sensitive and audiences apathetic. But it must be agitated if there is to be any growth among Spiritualists.

It is impossible to give even a brief outline of the discourse, which I hope many other societies may have the opportunity to hear. Mr. Dawbarn declared that everything our senses can grasp is composed of three elements: matter, force and intelligence, each existing as elements. Brain-matter responds to the vibrations impinging upon it; the brain and nerves of the medium grow exceedingly sensitive and respond to vibrations of great rapidity. The law of harmony limits interchange and comprehension of a person, to his fellows upon the same plane of vibration. How, then, can man prepare himself for a higher expression of intelligence? The savage is distinguished from the man of profound wisdom by the slower movement of the atoms of his brain. And yet there may be a volcanic eruption of force to a very small proportion of intelligence amidst vibrations that stand to mortals as spirit-life. A man may explore an unknown country, and yet exhibit less intelligence than his brothers and sisters who never left the old home.

How far can we develop the spirit powers in man, mortal? When we use intelligence through matter at a very increased rate of vibration, we call it "spirit," by which we mean that intelligence is at work outside the scope of our fine senses.

Yet there is no necessary relation between an increased rate of vibration and a higher manhood. Sitting for development will never raise the race one inch toward a higher manhood. Mediumship increases sensibility to vibration much beyond the ordinary standard, yet mediums are not, in consequence of that, better men or women than the average of humanity. The first step toward culture of higher manhood and womanhood, is to prepare ourselves to receive a new truth.

Growth is not possible under mental stagnation; it depends upon accretion or unfolding. Our higher senses will be unconsciously evolved by a higher manhood, and in no other way. The profitable cultivation of man's spirit faculties in earth-life, depends upon and demands the utmost development of his normal powers. What does this mean to the Spiritualist? It means that he should teach the child to realize the existence of spirit-faculties as his birthright, but at the same time he should also teach the child that those spirit-faculties will be of little real value to himself or the world, until he has cultivated his mental faculties to their utmost extent. Let a love of science, philosophy and truth exercise the powers of the soul, and progress follows. Development does not mean sitting still with some one else to do the work. The true progress of the individual must be based on his own effort and the cultivation of his spirit-faculties proceeds from the active development of his mortal manhood. This poor summary must do for the present.

The conferences are growing much more interesting and instructive. At that which met on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Carrie Thwing brought forward the subject of developed womanhood and said many excellent things in an original manner. Mr. Burnham advocated that materialization should be subjected to, and proven or disproven by tests, administered in a dispassionate manner. This state of mind is growing at Lake Pleasant. Mr. Albert E. Tisdale, the blind medium, gave a stirring plea for religious liberty. He is a growing, eloquent young man, who deserves a prominent place in the lecture field. And J. Clegg Wright gave a

place which Christianity has occupied and must occupy, as a factor in human progress.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 18th, Mrs. Emma S. Paul of Morrisville, Vt., gave a lecture entitled, "A Plea for the Common-place," which we listened to with delight. She showed, with great ingenuity, that whatever is rare and divine can be found in common things. We go abroad to seek in vain for that which exists at our own fireside, ay, even in our hearts. Not in the priesthood but among the laity, the common people, has vital religion been preserved. The trouble is that we do not see the truth in common-place things. Galileo saw—in the swinging of a lamp, a common-place motion of a common article, the germs of astronomy which revolutionized science. And yet the world had witnessed the same thing billions of times, with vacant eyes. Are we in pursuit of wisdom, excellence, beauty? We must seek and find it in the unfathomable waters of our own consciousness or look for it in vain.

Mrs. Paul speaks with remarkable fluency, and with great elegance of thought and diction. It is a literary as well as spiritual treat to hear her. And it may be pardonable if the editor of the Woman's Column, remembering how many centuries one half the race has obeyed the injunction, "keep silence in the churches," is proud of those representatives who have dared to break away from theological shackles and represent a refined and spiritualized womanhood upon this platform.

In my strictures last week, given, not in the spirit of criticism but of helpfulness, nothing was said having a reconstructive bearing. Let me have a word on that subject here.

Spiritualism is now old enough to be planted on a substantial basis. Its initial work has been crude, as all great movements are. It has swept over the religious world like a whirlwind, drawing into its vortex a cloud of dust and debris. But it has cleared the air of mist and doubt and now it is subsiding into a strong, refreshing, purifying wind, bringing health and healing to the exhausted traveler along life's hard and stony pathway.

Why not set that wind to grinding out golden grain? Why let it be wasted when so many need the bread of life which it might prepare?

There is no reason why there should not be a School of Spiritual Philosophy established at Lake Pleasant. There are specialists in psychometry, psychology, clairvoyance, magnetism, magnetic therapeutics, etc., who would be glad to give a series of lectures or conversations on these and kindred topics. These should be illustrated and experiments made through which the teachers themselves would be able to more fully comprehend the laws under which they act.

It may be said that Spiritualism is not a science, but such a school would help to make it one. Such men as Crookes, Wallace and Zöllner have done much in other countries, why should not the work be continued here? Lake Pleasant has many advantages for such a purpose, which can hardly be found elsewhere. What these are we will consider in another letter.

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## Voices from the People.

AND  
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.  
Mary F. Davis,  
(Died at Orange, N.J., July 18th, 1886.)

Another of God's guests is bidden up  
To join her Heavenly peers.  
She drank with patience, to the nall, life's cup,  
Its pleasure and its tears.  
The earnest hands, wherein the pen so long  
Wrote gospels for the soul,  
Unclosed, at last, to cheer Heaven's welcome song  
Wherever our bards did toll.

How white and sacred in our reverent hearts,  
In calm and sinless guile,  
Embalmed by other than Egyptian arts  
The dead dear lady lies.  
Her tender eyes, which ever saw the best  
Of what they looked upon  
Are veiled in death: we would not break their rest,  
Since all life's ill are gone.

So in her hands, which never worked for ill,  
We place what they have wrought;  
The rarest flowers from Heaven's eternal hills  
Dewed by angelic thought.  
Thus down she floats into the unborn years  
Bearing good deeds along  
In her crossed hands, some sad as still-wilted tears  
Some glad, and grand, and strong.

What snowy blosoms are rare enough to deck  
Those who through sacrifice  
Of self lay down their lives, their forms awreck?  
Thus this loved woman dies.  
Bid her God speed far from these shadow lands  
And treacherous wilds of sin,  
Where blundering folly, with a careless hand,  
Kills the sweet might-have-been.

EMMA TURTLE.

## Unconscious Clairvoyance.

About three years ago, my friend Dr. R. was called to consult with a young lady, whom will call Miss E. (I am not at liberty to supply name for publication). Upon entering the room he found, besides the invalid, a Mrs. W. (who is an old friend and patient), and an elderly comely looking lady to whom he was not introduced, but who came forward and greeted him courteously, after which the medical consultation took place, and Dr. R. left.

My friend took it as a matter of course that this elderly lady was Mrs. E., stepmother to his patient.

As Miss E. after this, her first introduction to, and consultation with Dr. R., always visited him at his consulting room, he had no reason for going to the house, until some months had passed on.

Then, one evening when I was visiting my friends, Mrs. and Miss E., Dr. R. kindly called to call for, and take me home in his carriage.

As I had always heard Dr. R. speak of Mrs. E. as if he knew her, I was surprised when he joined us in the dining-room to find from his manner that an introduction was necessary.

You know Mrs. E., Dr. R.," I exclaimed, when he replied in evident astonishment, "But this is not the lady I met when I was here before!" and Mrs. E. added, "I have never had the pleasure of meeting Dr. R. before."

"But," said Dr. R., when the introduction was over, "the lady I saw, and whom I supposed to be Mrs. E. when I came before, was a very different looking lady. She was tall and stout," and he went on to describe some one entirely unlike Mrs. E.

Turning to Miss E. he asked, "Do you remember the lady who was with you and A. W. that morning?"

"No," she replied, looking very much amused and interested.

Both mother and daughter declared positively that besides themselves, their friend Mrs. W., and the servant, there was no one in the house during Dr. R.'s visit.

When Dr. R. and I were driving to my home he spoke to me his positive conviction that he saw, and was greeted by, a very handsome elderly lady, describing every detail of her dress and appearance which had evidently impressed him in a very marked and unusual way for him.

"I could not be mistaken," he exclaimed, "for she came up to me, and greeted me in a most courteous manner."

He had a full impression that she had shaken hands with him, but could not declare it was so.

"It was very strange," I said, "surely it must have been a spirit."

And the subject dropped. A few days afterwards I met Miss E. and immediately asked her if she was still sure there was no one present with her on that occasion of Dr. R.'s first visit to her, at all answering to the description he gave of this comely elderly lady. "Quite certain," she replied. "There was no one in the house but A. W. who was sitting with me, and mamma who was talking to Jane (the servant) in the kitchen." "But," she continued, "Dr. R. described my dear grand-mother most accurately, and I know spirit is often with me especially when I am ill!"

Miss E. had been brought up from infancy by her grandmother; who adopted her upon the death of her mother. After this beloved relative was taken to her spirit home, some years ago, Miss E. had lived with her widowed stepmother.

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Their spirit power was connected with: 1st, the accepting of Jesus Christ as Lord; 2nd, the doctrine of the two kingdoms of loyalty to God in Him, and of disloyalty to Satan; 3d, of the complete antagonism of the two; and 4th, that the kingdom or reign of Christ was then and in the future physically invisible but all-conquering. The Spiritualism of to-day generally claims the opposite of all these.

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To some it may seem doubtful which of these schemes is true or nearer the truth. Let the intelligent reader who has some knowledge of the religious and moral history of the world ask which of the two theories harmonizes best with the facts? Which gives the best ethical results in its honest adherents? And 17th Christianity, still fettered with such historically inevitable corruption, as came from paganism and national characters into Armenian, the Roman, the Greek and the Asiatic churches, nevertheless has so great a degree Christified so many of its sincere receivers, is it not possible that it may yet in purified form do the entire needed moral work for humanity? To an outsider and non-partisan of the ideal—nay the apostolic or Christian Christianity may well seem as far above the average Christianity of to-day as this is above that of Europe in the middle ages.

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## Concord School—Plato.

The Concord philosophers took up Plato, after Dante, and we call from H. R. S., the *Eastern Transcript* correspondent, parts of his report, as follows:

Christian and Hopeful, on their journey through the valley, came at last to the Delectable Mountains. Up the mountain's side they toiled, ate of its fruit and drank of its fountains, and at last, in company with the shepherd, saw from the top the celestial city. Perseverance is needed in order to ascend the Delectable mountain of philosophy, put when the traveler has ascended its twin peaks, Plato and Aristotle, he can see from their summit, the celestial city of eternal truth. Before he gets to these peaks he will see dimly, the dust and the mist blind his eyes, but when he is there, the valley beneath him is clear and the celestial city shines in the distance. The view from Plato is more picturesque and beautiful; that from Aristotle more broad. With this suggestion Professor Harris began his last lecture.

The task of Plato is to set forth the changing as opposed to the permanent or abiding; and he establishes, as the ground of all things, universal ideas as archetypes of all forms. These ideas are not merely subjective (existent in the individual mind), but they are laws of the world-order which underlie all difference and all change. . . . The "idea" is, therefore, a cause. It produces an object by reaction on its environment. The plant, for example, reacts on its environment and reproduces itself in other plants. The environment does not, as some have taught, act upon and cause the plant, but the plant acts upon and assimilates the environment, takes it into itself. The life, the idea, is the plant. It is the energy that creates, and it makes over its environment into itself. As the particular plant cannot realize all its phases, it does not live as an individual, but produces others of the kind and dies, surviving only in the species. But man does realize all his phases in self-consciousness. He grasps the whole of himself. He knows himself as subject and object, or as one. Language is the indication of this, and whoever can say "I am" is immortal.

Dr. Peabody began by giving a view of Plato, as one who had that "yearning love of wisdom" which distinguished the philosopher from other men. Plato's authority was recognized by the early Christians—Clement of Alexandria regarding him as a prophet or precursor of Christianity. He then went on to give a resume of Plato's life, by which it transpired that on his father's side there was no one sufficient intellect to account for him by the theory of inheritance; the only man of any importance having lived twenty generations before. But his mother was of the family of Solon. His real name was Aristocles, and he was nicknamed Plato (*πλάτος* meaning broad). In his youth a swarm of bees lit upon his lips while sleeping, and this was afterward interpreted to have been an omen of the sweetness that should fall from those lips, though the speaker had known of the same thing happening to twin boys who did not afterward distinguish themselves in any way. . . . For nine years he was the pupil and friend of Socrates, whose life inspired his own life, and whose teachings were the kernel and inspiration of all his great works. . . . He had such great influence over the opinions of men that he was often called upon to settle disputes and to take part in State and royal affairs. His advice was always for simplicity, peace and magnanimity, which advice, it is almost needless to say, the tyrants who had asked his help either did not adopt at all or only temporarily. He was the most modest of men, never vaunting his knowledge or making himself known unsought.

He would not, however, allow any poet in his ideal "republic" because of their baleful effect on the imagination, and Dr. Peabody cited the influence of "Paradise Lost" on the youth of the last generation as an illustration of this same fact. Although he admired the poem, he thought it had done great harm, for people had taken its teachings instead of their Bible, and believed its allegories to be the actual teachings of the Scriptures. The Calvinistic Satan is Milton's Satan, and he is responsible for the personal devil that casts his malignancy over the Puritan youth and maiden. Homer b-sing so far away in the past and dealing with unfamiliar gods, no one in our days has thought of believing him; but Milton was taken as gospel truth, and the almost equal strife between his God and his Satan is the idea that has dominated the "orthodox" mind of the past, and from which it is not yet entirely freed. In the time of Plato, probably the same thing resulted from the study of Homer and other poets, and so he excluded poets when he constructed in imagination his Utopian republic. Yet himself was a poet and the greatest of them.

I have made many inquiries through private and out-religious mediums, who were dominated by only one spirit, hence were not victims of many spirits, as were the historic Magdalene and others, then and since, who were more demented than demoralized by seven or fewer spirits in possession; inquiries for the relief of the sick, of those who had been physicians here, and invariably the remedies they prescribed accorded with the particular school of medicine to which the deceased belonged on earth—whether allopathic, eclectic or homeopathic—and the medicines were such, and in such forms only, as were then known to them or their consulting associates now in spirit life. Is not that suggestive of the limitations of spirit knowledge as to all things of the earth earthy?—and eminently so of geology? at least as to all material things not essential to its eternal progress? Big I do not include medical diagnosis, for certainly the spirit ("to the dividing asunder of bone and marrow"), with the double lease of its own and medium's spiritual body, may be more clairvoyant; nor those incidental cures induced magnetism, prayer, or faith. Those of the Reverend Talmaide's school, as lately enunciated in his belief in the restoration and resurrection of the old defunct body, are excepted from the sheer necessities of their cases, as they certainly will need all the past knowledge, particularly of disinfectants, as well as all the additional material knowledge possible to be acquired both in heaven and earth to purify the old carcasses; and Dr. Hammond and others, equally medically orthodox, may look there for an extended practice, not excepting the "calomel and jalap."

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## Trance Talkers—the Source and Extent of their Knowledge—Coleman versus Coville and others.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The criticism by W. Emmette Coleman in your JOURNAL of July 17th, of W. J. Coville and other trance speakers, must have attracted many readers, from the scientific learning of the critic, the popularity of the criticized, and for the interest attaching to Geology and the creation of the earth. Passing by the question of the moral responsibility of the entranced, or relegating it to that which attaches in a degree to our acts in all other matters, we must all admit that after the submission of the medium to the spirit's immediate control, the responsibility devolves on the latter for whatever is enunciated, and for the same reason, waiving the question of the spirit's moral responsibility, we come to that of his intelligence and the sources and limitations of it.

As an illustration (if not accepted as authority), we refer to the great historical medium, Jesus, who said that he existed before this world was—presumably used by the historian to show Christ's qualification for speaking of the past, implying personal observation all the time, as well as for the then present—qualifications and opportunities that many doubt as being possessed by the compilers, authors or writers of earth's creation in Genesis.

If we cannot have intelligence without organization, or the use of it, nor organization without personality, as human physiology oft assumes, we are brought to the inquiry: Can any spirit now out of the incarnate body know anything of the material earth not cognized through his material body or that of another? Going further, I ask: Do our communicating ones ever truly tell us of any spirits that were not of a prior embodiment in some earthly sphere, as suggested in the Old Testament of the Hebrew angels where the "statue of an angel was said to be that of a man," implying the nature more than the resemblance?

Has any inquirer ever been able to learn from a spirit any rational history of the creation or growth of our earth, that has not been derived from our own scientists, or been reasonably contradicted by them? If not, it is very natural that we should infer that the spirit controls of Mr. Coville and others, touching such ancient occurrences, were carelessly learned from our best authorities, who had acquired their knowledge from actual observation and legitimate induction; and were fair objects of criticism, in view of the old historical medium's (*St. John's*) admittance to try the spirits, including their capacity to instruct us.

The object of the writer is not to cavil, but to "learn of the things of the spirits"—learn what is the experience of others, corroborative of the idea, that the intelligence of spirits communicating is necessarily far less, and their ability to acquire it, more dependent than many Spiritualists suppose. Our Orthodox friends, on being disabused, expect to immediately and enjoy all things in heaven and earth, and that, too, whilst their mortal remains lie moulder in their graves, and that before their Great Judgment Day!

Without presuming, the writer recurs to his own experience with mediums—generally non professional—those not at the mercy of any obsessing spirit in or out of the body; and he distinguishes them from the professional and often coerced ones, in no censorious spirit, feeling the greatest sympathy for every class of those who, to be traceable medium to that extent must be abnormal and semi-martyrs. In that sense were the Kingdom of Christ; his selected sensitives and apostles, not of this world. It was only to these, and their successors in mediumistic capacity, that he taught self-abnegation, the non-possession of spirit or purse, the turning of the other cheek; and the lesson had no reference to morality or virtue,—only to their professional role of mediums, and affords no justification for religious or unprofessional tramping to any other, and is no authority, in or out of the pulpit, for others observing Christ's rules, whereby the naturally mendacious may only increase their receptivity of spirit control and mental guidance; but is as applicable as ever to our mediums of to-day, or until we provide the script or purse, and cease to expect our poor ones to starve or do worse.

I have made many inquiries through private and out-religious mediums, who were dominated by only one spirit, hence were not victims of many spirits, as were the historic Magdalene and others, then and since, who were more demented than demoralized by seven or fewer spirits in possession;

Inquiries for the relief of the sick, of those who had been physicians here, and invariably the remedies they prescribed accorded with the particular school of medicine to which the deceased belonged on earth—whether allopathic, eclectic or homeopathic—and the medicines were such, and in such forms only, as were then known to them or their consulting associates now in spirit life. Is not that suggestive of the limitations of spirit knowledge as to all things of the earth earthy?—and eminently so of geology? at least as to all material things not essential to its eternal progress? Big I do not include medical diagnosis, for certainly the spirit ("to the dividing asunder of bone and marrow"), with the double lease of its own and medium's spiritual body, may be more clairvoyant; nor those incidental cures induced magnetism, prayer, or faith. Those of the Reverend Talmaide's school, as lately enunciated in his belief in the restoration and resurrection of the old defunct body, are excepted from the sheer necessities of their cases, as they certainly will need all the past knowledge, particularly of disinfectants, as well as all the additional material knowledge possible to be acquired both in heaven and earth to purify the old carcasses; and Dr. Hammond and others, equally medically orthodox, may look there for an extended practice, not excepting the "calomel and jalap."

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In conclusion, all so imperfectly said by the writer, is in accordance with the cardinal idea of modern Spiritualism, that we take up with us to the next world, only what we have acquired in this life—no more, no less; that on arrival there we are only what our parents have made us with the rational inference that we have to work out our future, as we did our past, and accept and endure the consequences; and that all the means, well meant and used by all religious or other persuasions, save us just as far as they advance us in the great school of eternal life, where we are now in its alphabet. J. MCD.

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

The red, white and blue of the Union Jack are the colors adopted by the English Unionists.

Cocoon culture along the lower coasts of Florida is growing rapidly in volume and importance.

In New York City the Audubon Society, for the protection of birds, has taken out articles of incorporation.

Lettuce leaves fried in butter make a Creole delicacy. They are also regarded as a delicacy in Central Pennsylvania.

England has a Dicky Bird Society, composed of 100,000 children. Its aim is to encourage protection of birds and animals.

A letter directed as follows passed through the Napa, Cal. Post office recently: "Napa City, Lennard St."

Some girls and young women are beginning to part and wave their

**Charlie Morse—The Boy Medium.**

Two weeks ago we briefly noticed the reported development for independent slate-writing of a boy medium at Hartford, Conn. Buren county.

Last Monday, in company with Mr. A. C. Smith, of this city, we went to Hartford and were fortunate enough to obtain a sitting though the boy is not a professional medium and no charges are made, it being left with the guest to act his own pleasure in this matter. Thus far his sittings have been mostly confined to the family circle and such neighbors and acquaintances as cared to investigate the phenomena.

**CHARLIE MORSE.**

The boy medium, was eleven years old last June. His father, George Morse, died some years ago, and his mother is now the wife of Mr. Sullivan Cook. Mr. and Mrs. Cook are intelligent, courteous, middle aged people, perhaps we should say somewhat on the sunny side of that position, and are both avowed Spiritualists. When Charlie was called in from play to give the sitting and appeared in his shirt sleeves, short boy pants, and barefooted, his broad, honest face lit up with a smile, and deporting himself with an air of carelessness, instead of cautious expectancy, we mentally scored a point in favor of the boy but lowered, somewhat, our expectations in regard to results. Charlie is large for his age and displays a superabundance of adipose tissue, is in fact, decidedly, a fat boy. His head, like his body, is large and well shaped, and, if physiognomy is any criterion to go by, has more of the hotox in his nature than of the crafty fox or grasping vulture. In his light summer dress his pants' pockets seemed to be the only place for the concealment of appliances and these, by request, he proceeded to empty of buttons, strings, and all the various descriptions of things usually to be found in a boy's pockets, and then turned the pockets wrong-side-out. We then examined the table and satisfied ourselves that there were no trap arrangements about it that could be used to aid in deception. We felt that these precautions were a pretty severe draft on the hospitality extended to us but excused ourselves with the reflection that whatever was worth doing in such an investigation, was worth doing well, and the family seemed not only willing but anxious that we should be fully satisfied with the condition of things. We carried our own slate and knew they were not tampered with before sitting. We sat down with our left side to the table, and Charlie with his right, holding one end of the slate with his right hand and we the other with our left; when in position the slate spread was lowered in front of our hands and the slate, the spread falling down about a foot from the edge of the table. Mr. Smith sat a few feet from us on the side of the table we occupied and Mrs. Cook sat six or eight feet from the table on the opposite side. No pencil was placed on the slate and none was seen during the sitting. At first several answers were given by tape on the slate, seeming to be made by the point of a pencil held perpendicularly to the surface of the slate. One rap indicated a negative answer, two "don't know" and three, "yes." A question was then asked that required a written answer, which was given. When the writing commenced we held our end of the slate loosely so as not to hinder and yet so as to be able to detect any movement at the other end of the slate, but Charlie's right arm and the slate remained passive, except that a slight pressure could be felt on the slate which was more perceptible when a letter was being crossed than during continuous writing. The control was asked to drop the pencil on the slate, which request was complied with several times, producing a distinct rattling sound showing that a pencil attached to a rubber string had not been drawn from a place of concealment, for in that case it would have retreated to its place of concealment when let go of instead of rattling naturally on the surface of the slate; aside from its invisibility the pencil used seemed to be a good substantial slate pencil in every respect. After a time Mr. Smith took our place at the table and we occupied his post of observation, but in neither position could we detect anything to throw a doubt on the honesty of the medium or the genuineness of the phenomenon.

**THE CONTROL.**

We were informed that Charlie was first controlled by his own father, that matters ran smoothly for a time, after which another control, previously known to the family but not acceptable to them, seemed to crowd his way in with a determination to monopolize the sittings. The sittings were given up for a time with the hope of thus getting rid of the intruder, and when they were resumed a new control came and had held control up to this time.

**THE NEW CONTROL.**

This new control informed us by writing that his name was Henry Woodard, that he lived at Joliet, Illinois; that he was a trainer and driver of fast horses and that he was killed accidentally on the race-track eight or nine years ago, at Joliet, if our recollection serves us right. From the character of his communications we judge that he was not far advanced here and that he is making very slow progress in the land of spirits. From what information we could obtain from him he seems to be not a vicious but still an earth-bound spirit.

**TO SUM UP.**

If the writing was fraudulent we were unable to detect the fraud. We asked for several tests which we did not get. The control could not or would not put us in communication with any other intelligence. He seemed to be ignorant of means beyond that of control. He gave us little beyond what we have stated that would be of interest to our readers; yet we have confidence in Charlie and believe that he will yet develop great mediumistic power under proper control.

Mrs. Cook gave us some encouragement that she would bring Charlie to Muskegon after the Victoria meeting. Should she conclude to do so we will give our readers due notice of their coming.—Social Draft.

**Cataract, Cataractal Deafness and Hay Fever.**

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby cataract, cataractal deafness and hay fever are cured from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

**Primitive Methods of Measuring Time.**

The story is that King Alfred had no better way to tell the time than by burning twelve candles, each of which lasted two hours; and when all the twelve were gone another day had passed. Long before the time of Alfred, and long before the time of Christ, the shadow of the sun told the hour of the day by means of a sun-dial. The old Chaldeans so placed a hollow hemispherical bowl in the center, that the shadow of the bowl on the inner surface told the hour of the day. Other kinds of dials were afterwards made with a tablet of stone or straight piece of metal. On the tablets were marked the different hours. When the shadow came to the mark X, it was nine in the morning. The dial was sometimes placed near the ground, or in towers or buildings. Two sun-dials are on the Gray and Black minster in Ottawa, the capital of Canada. The old clock on the eastern end of Faneuil Hall, in Boston, was formerly a dial of this kind, and on some of the old church towers in England you may see them to-day. Aside from the kinds mentioned, the dials now in use are intended more for ornament than for use. In the days when dials were used, each one contained a motto of some kind, like these: "Time flies like the shadow," or "I tell no hours but those that are hap-

py." But the dial could be used only in the day-time, and, even then, it was worthless when the sun was covered with clouds. In order to measure the hours of the night as well as the hours of the day, the Greeks and Romans used the clepsidrae, which means "The water steals away." A large jar was filled with water, and a hole was made in the bottom through which the water could run. The glass in these days was not transparent. No one could see from the outside how much water had escaped. So there were made on the inside certain marks to tell the hours as the water ran out, or else sticks with notches in the edge was dipped into the water, and the depth of what was left showed the hours. Sometimes the water dropped into another jar in which a block of wood was floating, the block rising as the hours went on. Once in a while some very rich man had a clepsidra that sounded a musical note at every hour.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

N. K. Brown's *Raw Jamaica Ginger* is the Monarch of medicines. Remember the full name.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Will cure a Cold more thoroughly and speedily than any other preparation in use. This medicine is especially beneficial in all afflictions of the Throat and Lungs, and affords effectual relief even in the advanced stages of Consumption. Thousands of cases of Pulmonary diseases, which have baffled every other expedient of human skill, have been completely cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For fifteen years I was afflicted with Lung troubles. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieved the distressing symptoms of this disease, and entirely cured me. It is the most effective medicine I have ever used.—C. M. Fay, Prof. of Anatomy, Cleveland, Ohio.

While in the army I contracted a severe Cold, which settled on my Lungs, resulting in exhausting fits of Coughing, Night Sweats, and such loss of flesh and strength that, to all appearance, Consumption had laid its "death grip" upon me. My comrades gave me up to die. I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it

**CURED ME.**

In the twenty years that have since elapsed, I have had no trouble with my Lungs.—B. B. Bissell, Editor and Publisher *Republican*, Albion, Mich.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured my wife of Bronchitis, after friends and physicians (so we were told) had almost despair of her life. She is now in perfect health.—E. Feltier, Newton, Mass.

When about 22 years of age, a severe Cold affected my lungs. I had a terrible Cough, could not sleep, nor do any work. I consulted several physicians, but received no help until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I continued to take this medicine, and am satisfied it saved my life.—C. G. Van Alstyne, P. M., North Chatham, N. Y.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

## UNITY, A WEEKLY JOURNAL, of a Liberal Progressive, Inclusive Religious Nature.

UNITY believes that there is a broad and noble common ground under the feet of all right-minded people who fail to find in the creed-bound and orthodox churches their spiritual homes. Its chief aim is to discover and emphasize those common elements of the Liberal Faith, hoping to generate a clear, strong, and courageous spirit of religious love and devout truth-seeking among those who are now divided on one side or another of the great stream of progress思想, under such dividing names as Universalist, Spiritualist, Unitarian.

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"What is it to be a Christian?" will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

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(Continued from First Page)

**PSYCHOMETRIC RAPPORT—PROPHETIES.**  
I don't deny that there may be a spiritual influence even in such messages as these, and they have really given ideas from the spirits, but it is often only a psychometric rapport, and not a spirit control. The influences around a medium often dominate over him far more than the spirits, and hence a great many persons think they are getting messages from high sources when they are only getting a reflection of their own sentiments from the medium.

When the spiritual phenomena broke out among the Shakers before the beginning at Hydeville, there were some real spiritual communications from the departed, but the whole thing was dominated by Shakerism, and the spirits who came back all endorsed Shakerism, and nearly every one, Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, and a host of others, had all joined the Shaker church in heaven and were very devout Shakers.

The wild fantastic messages, crazy theories, and prophecies we receive, are not due to the Spirit world. When at Lake Pleasant a few years ago, I was positively assured by a famous and highly gifted medium, that I would never see New York again, for it would be swallowed up by an earthquake before I could go back. I have two addresses to a spiritual church in Scotland by a spiritual missionary from America, who said that in 1853, at Thompsonville, Conn.:

"My ears were fully opened to that which was being transacted in the Spirit-world. Many millions of spiritual beings were in terrible combat—the one side being the adversary called the Devil, and the other being sustained by the Divine Being. And third army soon became manifest, which was Father of Abraham and the Order of Israel. The battle was exceedingly intense between Michael and his angels (and some Shakers), and those who were with the enemy. In short it was the great battle of Armageddon." But he says that reinforcements of angels came on from God and drove the enemy away, and assures his hearers that he is not a person to be deceived by imagination. This is Christian crankery and about equal to Oshage for wars in Heaven.

Nevertheless there is much good mediumship, and sometimes almost perfect. To me it is intensely delightful. When the old painters, Janssens and Ruysdael came through Mr. Duguid of Glasgow, they not only gave many reminiscences of their own times and their contemporaries, but they told all about their pictures and painted similar pictures again through his hand. When a spirit wants a perfect expression of himself, he does not prefer to use the medium's brain or hand. Let him have a slate for psychographic writing, and he will express himself rightly. I have a message from exalted spirit, written on closed slate and on paper, with no pencil or pen, which I prize as my most precious possessions.

I have had to speak of certain errors and follies among Spiritualists, but I must say that as statistics show about 160,000 people of unsound minds in the United States, Spiritualists have less than the average proportion in their ranks, and lunatics from Spiritualism are very uncommon in lunatic asylums; nor are the follies of Spiritualists at all equal to the numerous follies and errors of the fashionable colleges and churches, which def all reasons.

**CHRISTIAN FOLLIES.**

Now for the next course in our barbecue, let us look at the Christian follies in progress now. A new sect is just started in Cincinnati, comprising some thirty or forty intelligent and respectable people. It is said, who believe that Mrs. John B. Martin, of Walnut Hills, is Christ, and that her sister, Mrs. John F. Brook, is the Holy Ghost. Their followers meet at Mrs. Brook's house to worship them, and one of them said to a reporter: "I have seen God face to face in the last half hour." Some of them have given up profitable business to worship these two women, and they expect the millennium to begin very soon. Some of them are fashionable people. So in Boston the queen bee, Mrs. Eddy, presents the most unbounded claims to wisdom and holiness, and the power of curing all diseases by denying that they exist, and among her numerous dupes are some who begin to place her in their gallery of saints and messiahs.

The plan of conquering disease by denying its existence is very convenient, and if the logic is sound it is just as good against poverty as against disease. All we need to do is to resolve in the metaphysical fashion that poverty is a nonentity and falsehood, "a delusion of mortal mind," for a good God could not create poverty and therefore we are all rich.

Look, my friends, at the crazy proceedings of a Christian revival, now going on at Marion, Indiana. The newspaper reports say that the neophytes with singing, shouting, shrieking, and praying, gradually work themselves into a wild frenzy. Their hands are uplifted and their faces turned upward. Some shout and yell in the exuberance of their ecstasy; others plead, implore, and cry for the rolling away of their burdens. The spectacle at times is wild, weird, and unearthly. The most nervous and excitable soon succumb and go "under the power." They are stretched out in every corner and in every attitude. They become rigid, and their wide-open, staring eyes have a death-like and unearthly expression, as though gazing upon scenes not presented to the eyes of mortals.

Sunday night witnessed the wildest and most extravagant scenes yet enacted. Such shouting, such jumping, such hallelujahs, such delightful, promiscuous, and abandoned hugging of brothers and sisters in the Lord presented a scene, the like of which has never before been witnessed in this country. It was a wild, unrestrained saturnalia of unbridled passion and emotion. The converts who were stricken down by the hand of God prior to their conversion relate wonderful tales of being suspended by a hair over the pit of hell, of being fanned by the sulphurous breezes from the infernal regions, of looking into boiling cauldrons, of being nibbled at by the fiery serpents and grinding devils, of being saved by the outstretched hand of a pitying Providence. If one-tenth of these Christian follies would be charged on Spiritualism, the orthodox would ask for a law to suppress it.

**NEWBROUGH AND HARRIS.**

Christian folly, combined with spiritual folly, is shown in Newbrough and Harris. Christian folly, acting on a crank theosophy, is shown in the Cincinnati performance. Dr. Cones thinks that the Cincinnati Christ is some astral spirit strayed away from India, and he proposes to settle the matter by leaving his own body in Washington and going in his astral spirit to Cincinnati to turn out the bogus Christ and send him back to India. Is there anything equal to this in respectable spiritual literature?

(Dr. E. next referred to the injustice of medical laws, which make benevolence a crime, and warned his hearers that another attempt would be made to introduce medical monopoly in Massachusetts.)

Returning to our subject, let us draw the line distinctly between the power of trance, clairvoyance and psychometry, which belong to ourselves, and the power of spiritual utterance, which belongs to the departed alone. They are very much alike, but they are distinct. One is the voice of the earthly spirit partially emancipated from the bonds of flesh, and the other is the voice of a heavenly spirit entirely emancipated in the Spirit-world, but cramped and confined when it comes back to this world, and tries to speak through a brain not its own. In true psychometry of the highest order the exalted spirit speaks through its own brain, of which it has perfect command, and looks forth over all space and time with much the same freedom that belongs to the post-mortem life.

These two great voices of emancipated spirits in the form and out of the form, are the heralds of a glorious future, the guides of enlightened humanity, the leaders of that movement which I have called "The Dawn of a New Civilization."

I can anticipate no higher state of society than we shall have when by a perfected spiritual mediumship the denizens of earth are guided or administered by voices from the Heavens, and the sweet influence of the angel world shall banish strife and crime. And while that glorious religious work is being done from the Heavens, an equally glorious work in the sphere of science and wisdom will be done on earth; for the intuitive powers of the human soul emancipated by psychometry will enlarge all sciences, all philosophy, all history. The gifted psychometer can tell more of geology from a single specimen than the faculty of a college; more of ancient history from an old relic than all historians; more of planetary life than all astronomers; more of some cases of obscure human disease than a medical faculty, and more of physiology than all medical schools and faculties have discovered from the time of Hippocrates to the present hour, for the science of *Sarcognomy* was revealed chiefly by psychometry. The gifted psychometer can tell more of statesmanship and the course of public events than Parliament or Congress. The course of events in Ireland for several years and the exertions of Gladstone in her behalf, were predicted years ago by Mrs. Buchanan, and the French Revolution and the death of many prominent citizens were predicted publicly by Cazotte, and the secession war was predicted by Joseph Hoag, the Quaker.

**WHAT PSYCHOMETRY WILL DO.**  
There is no department of human life in which psychometry, when cultivated properly to its full extent, will not eclipse and change existing scientific institutions. It will change the entire practice of medicine; it will teach what theologians have failed to teach as to the future life and present duties, and will render almost useless the whole fabric of judges, juries and lawyers for civil and criminal trials, for a gifted psychometer can come nearer the actual truth, nearer to pure justice in one hour than all the machinery of courts can in a month. When honest citizens fully understand this, they who seek simply speedy justice will demand psychometric arbitration, and they who refuse to accept it will be known as seeking something else than justice. If the Psychometric Counsellors should supersede the three learned professions, it would be a great economy; for statistics show that we have now ten times as many lawyers in proportion to population as in 1790, and from three to five times as many physicians as they have in Europe. Such would be the results of a perfected psychometry, giving medical counsel to the sick, the counsel of justice in the business mart, the counsel of statesmanship in the halls of government, guiding the nations as Lincoln was guided in the great crisis of our nation's destiny by spirit teaching. In proof of these assertions I refer to the "Manual of Psychometry," and to Denton's "Soul of Things."

I predict, therefore, a new profession of higher dignity and greater usefulness than any profession now existing—the profession of the *Psychometric Counsellor*. This century is near its end—the profession of the Psychometric Counsellor will be the glory of the next century.

**GREAT PROGRESS.**

My public life has now extended through half a century and in that half century we have witnessed a wonderful progress. We have seen this great republic growing from twelve to fifty-five millions, and gaining 1,500,000 square miles of territory—nearly enough to make 200 such states as Massachusetts—laying the foundations of an unlimited empire on the Pacific, in California and Alaska, so that we have more than 5,000 miles of land border aside from Alaska and 12,600 miles of seacoast, and our vast territory extends over 44 degrees of north and south latitude and runs through 114 degrees of east and west longitude, so the geographical center between our eastern and western longitudes is not in the Allegheny mountains as it was once, but California itself is midway between the eastern longitude of Maine and the western longitude of our great Alaska. Our national resources are the greatest ever known. The plan of conquering disease by denying its existence is very convenient, and if the logic is sound it is just as good against poverty as against disease. All we need to do is to resolve in the metaphysical fashion that poverty is a nonentity and falsehood, "a delusion of mortal mind," for a good God could not create poverty and therefore we are all rich.

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seen intemperance held in check by a mighty army of temperance reformers. We have seen woman lifted on to a platform of such equality with man that she has entered every profession, and as physician, clergyman, lawyer, merchant, farmer, and in 280 other good occupations, she is advancing to that liberty, equality, and fraternity with man, which seems to me the road that leads onward direct towards the millennium. It is but a few days since that the French Academy of Sciences for the first time received a woman, and the members rose to their feet to do her honor.

The sex notion has been the Bastille of progress; and I rejoice to know that it is being battered down, and that I helped to burst a bar when I admitted the first female applicant into a medical college in Cincinnati. Women can do anything that is proper to be done, 347 women serving the blacksmith's hammers in England. Even in the animal kingdom the barrier is broken, for in Southern Africa as I have been told by travelers, the hens do the crowing and the roosters are silent, and in the beehive the queen bee is the principal personage and the masculine bees, being of no account, are often killed off because they are good for nothing.

Look at the grand movements of the world. We have seen the principle asserted that wars must cease and be superseded by arbitration, and arbitration has begun between England and America. When arbitration shall be established and enforced by all nations as the law of the world, it will be the *greatest emancipation* ever achieved, for wars and armaments and the debts they bring have long enslaved all nations. I am sorry to say that we still look with pleasure on military displays, but the truly civilized people of a future age will look upon bayonets, swords and cannon, with the same horror with which we read of barbarian cannibals. War, I abhor with all my soul, for it is the triumph of hell over heaven.

In these fifty years we have seen Greece free; we have seen the Russian serfs emancipated; the Democracy of England coming into power; France flourishing as a republic; Italy independent; the world relieved from the temporal power and spiritual despotism of the Pope; the leaders in science emancipated from the control of a superstitious church, and the despotism of the medical profession broken down, both in Europe by the genius of Hahnemann, who defied their power and snatched from their hands the lancet and every death dealing drug, and in America by a combination of independent physicians standing on the platform devised by myself at Cincinnati forty years ago, which upholds the Protestant freedom and fraternity of science and the law of eternal progress.

The despots of the three departments of government, religion and science, is overthrown; and prostrate forever, and still greater changes are coming, for they have begun. The rights of labor have been asserted in every civilized country by powerful societies; and the ownership of all the land by all the people. The doctrine which I first presented in 1848, at Cincinnati, is becoming the basis of a great national movement in Great Britain already, as it is destined to be the basis of all national politics hereafter; for in the twentieth century we shall see asserted the right of the nation to the land on which it lives; the right of the people to control all governments, and the right of women to participate in that control. The children of some who are living now will see all this, and will see this nation with territory covering 44 degrees of latitude, a hundred and fourteen degrees of longitude, in a position to teach commandingly to all the world the law of peace, the law of republicanism or freedom, the law of woman's rights, the law of religious freedom, the law of Heaven presented by the direct teachings of the Spirit-world, and the law of wisdom implanted in the divine interior of the human soul, of which psychometry in full development is the sole expression; and these last are especially the glory of the age—the voices from heaven and from the divine element in man, for the promotion of which there is no better place now than the spiritual camp meeting. Long may it flourish.

**NOTES FROM ONSET.**

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Sunday morning, August 15th, 1886, is one of the finest of all the season. After the heavy rain of yesterday the sky is bright, the air clear and invigorating, and vast throngs are arriving by train, steamboat and family conveyance, to enjoy at the camp meeting. But I must not forget to mention some of the entertainments the past few days, for they are among the good things in camp. First comes the Kindergarten entertainment at the Temple Thursday evening, Aug. 12th, which was a grand success. The school has been under the care of Miss Richardson, whose untiring efforts enabled her to present the following programme, which was efficiently rendered by the little ones in her charge:

1. Welcome, by the school.
2. Recitation, "Bessie's Troubles," by Eula Putnam.
3. Song, "The Three Jolly Sailor Boys," by Esterbrook Bates, Ralph Putnam and Brainard Bates.
4. Recitation, "The Mother Hubbard," by Lula Morse.
5. Free-hand drawing, by Esterbrook Bates.
6. Game, "Mary's Lamb."
7. Dumb-bells, by Arthur Blackwood, Esterbrook Bates, Ralph Putnam and Brainard Bates.
8. Song, "Auntie," by Lula Morse.
9. Recitation, "Jennie's Opinion of Grandmother," by Ralph Putnam.
10. Grand Parade, commanded by Captain Pinafore.
11. Games.—Cobbler, Attitudes, Carpenter and Farmer.
12. Recitation, "One More Unfortunate," by Arthur Blackwood.
13. Duet, "Reuben and Rachel," by Eula Putnam and Brainard Bates.
14. Highland hornpipe (in costume) by Lula Morse.
15. Game, "Boat Ride."
16. Operetta, "Bobby Shafto."
17. Good Night, by the School.

I will refrain from mentioning any special star of the evening among the little performers, and simply say that it was all splendid. Mrs. Maggie McDonald, of St. Paul, Minn., has arrived at Onset. Dr. W. W. Hawke, of Jacksonville, Fla., has registered at headquarters.

Joseph Lyon, Newport, R. I., is stopping at Mount Hope cottage, Prospect Avenue.

George A. Bacon and wife, of Washington, D. C., are on their annual visit to Onset. The editor-in-chief, Colby, of the *Banner of Light*, and his assistant, John W. Day and wife, spent Sunday at Onset.

A. W. Wheelock made his second visit this season at Onset on Sunday, the 15th.

Charles W. Sullivan left Onset Tuesday, the 17th, to fill a musical engagement at Queen City Park Camp Meeting.

George Hosmer and family have left Onset for visits to Lake Pleasant, Sunapee and Queen City Park camp meetings, and the White Mountains.

Friday evening, the 13th inst., the Murray Dramatic Club, of Brockton, Mass., entertained about 1,500 people at the Temple with the Mikado. The chorus was composed of fifty selected voices, and acquitted themselves well. The cast was fair for amateurs, with the exception of the Mikado, whose representation was meager.

Sunday, August 15th, 10:30 A. M., Dean Clark was the speaker, and took for his subject "Phenomenal Spiritualism." Mr. Clark attempted to explain some of the causes which produce manifestations, such as table tipping, the raps, and also materialization.

While much that was said could be accepted as a common sense view of the case, there was one remark made that I fail to comprehend. He tried to explain the failures so often made in the materializing séances, of persons that appear to friends in an unrecognizable condition or make-up. He said that it was through ignorance that the spirits often forgot how they looked themselves, consequently they were unable to reproduce their true likeness. Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to differ with him. When Dean Clark enters spirit life he enters there simply as Dean Clark—nothing more, nothing less—else a continuity of life means less than nothing.

Look at the grand movements of the world. We have seen the principle asserted that wars must cease and be superseded by arbitration, and arbitration has begun between England and America.

Mr. Stiles followed with a speech for spirit communion in his usual manner, reporting names as fast as they could be recognized.

Mrs. Nickerson Conor, of Detroit, Mich., was then introduced and called for subjects for poems, and the following were presented from the audience: "Life," "Happiness," "Home," "Soul." The control made use of them all in a very pleasing manner.

At 2:30 P. M., Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, of Coleyrain, Mass., spoke some cheering words before an immense audience, upon the subject, "First the Blade, then the Ear, then the full Corn in the Ear."

After singing, Joseph D. Stiles held a séance, reporting one hundred and seventy names. As this was his closing séance for this camp, his friends gathered at the platform and gave him an informal reception, which not only contained heart-felt words of sympathy and encouragement, but also a purse of the one thing needful to meet the incidental expenses of this life.

Tuesday, 2:30 P. M., Mrs. Nickerson, of Detroit, Mich., was the regular speaker, in place of Miss M. L. Shelhamer, who was unable to meet her engagement. Mrs. Nickerson met with a warm and hearty reception.

The grand illumination of 1886 at Onset is set down for August 28th.

Mr. J. J. Morse, and his daughter, Florence, leave Onset for Lake Pleasant, to join Mr. Morse, this morning the 19th inst. Mr. Morse will make the closing address of the camp meeting at Onset next Sunday, the last Sunday in August. W. W. CURRIER.

Onset, Mass., Aug. 19th.

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