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

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UP AMONGST THE STARS.

BY J. G. JACKSON.

In our own childhood we look above with wonder when the darkness of the night has opened to us the twinkling beauties of the sky. Thus also in the infancy of the human race, ere the light of science had revealed the meaning of those countless orbs, it must have been the same with all men—they could but gaze and question. A large proportion of earth's people still have no realization of the meaning of the stars. Many yet blindly regard the Jewish scriptures as a veritable store of truthful revelation—still cherish the ideas taught in divinity (?) schools, that, in some sense, allegorically or otherwise, the Book of Genesis must be regarded as a wonderful mine of inspired truth. To the scientist, who is measurably relieved from the hereditary bias caused by ages of false culture, it is easy to perceive how mythical and fanciful are the records we have been thus blindly schooled to venerate.

That every star (properly so-called) represents a sun, is now known beyond a peradventure; and the development of every sun from its original mass of revolving cosmic matter, necessarily implies an off-throwing and co-development of attendant planetary worlds, that are but children, so to speak, of the condensing central luminary, and must ever revolve around and be vivified by the light and heat of this their original parent; at least—

"Until the sun grows cold
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold";

that is: until, in the progress of some cycle of time only less than eternity, these suns may, in very truth, one by one successively "grow cold" and die!—but die only (as is true of all shapes and forms of death) to pass through the laboratory of universal nature, and be evolved, thenceforth, into other and more harmonious forms throughout these endless cycles of eternal life; for, is it not true, as our spiritual philosophy inculcates, that all visible material nature exists but as a basis from which to evolve higher,—still higher, more perfect and more enduring existences? Stars, then, we repeat, are all stupendous living centres of light—heat—force;—individualized types of the Divine and Eternal Power.

Were our sun extinguished all visible forms of life, beauty and growth on earth, would perish; so on every other planet of our system. Thus also would it be with every star, or system of stars that the night reveals. The death (growing cold) of any one of them would involve the cessation of all life dependent upon its vivifying beams.

Before we attempt to grasp the tremendous realization of what "the stars" imply, let us question science as to their magnitude. Our star—our own central sun—is a globe, surrounded by a terribly convulsed and seething ocean of flame, equal in bulk to one million four hundred thousand earths such as we tread upon. Yet science reveals that this, our sun, tremendous as it thus appears to be, must really be classed amongst the smaller samples of fruit in the Gardens of the Infinite. Astronomers, through the patient labor of years, have been able to approximate the distance from us of some of the nearer stars; but it is still an unsolved problem, to certainly determine the real magnitude of any, no telescope having yet been constructed that will show a star-disk sufficiently well-defined to make a micrometric measurement thereof possible.

But, nevertheless, through an estimation of the observed intensity of the light of our

sun as compared with the light reaching us from those stars whose distances are approximated, a means is obtained for computing their relative intrinsic brilliancy, and hence to give a good guess touching their real relative magnitudes.

In this way some recent computer estimates the beautiful sample star, "Alpha Lyra," at more than sixty thousand times the bulk and power of our own solar orb. Sirius, the Dog-Star, is another sun of inconceivable magnitude, and doubtless there are many others of greater glory than our own as well as many of less.

Prof. Newcomb, well known as one of our best and most conservative astronomers, remarks in this line of inquiry, "That our sun is really a star less than the average, which would modestly twinkle among the smaller of its fellows if removed to the distance from us at which they appear."

As to the number of these stars—these awful centres of material and spiritual life and growth, it is estimated that there are nearly fifty millions in view through our best modern telescopes.

What thoughts are these, could we only rise to them? How could we, informed of these facts, still reverence the petty so-called "inspiration" that treats of the apparent expanse of the sky as a "firmament" called "heaven"; as a solid arch "dividing the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament"; and which when speaking of the "two great lights"—the sun and moon—placed in this firmament, had no words for that infinite of suns and planets—that limitless universe—compared with which, the "great light" (our little sun) is truly but a drop in the infinite ocean, and our far less moon but a grain of sand on its boundless shore—that "inspiration" which had no word to speak of these myriads of distant suns save that: "He made the stars also"; that "inspiration" again, which, after four thousand more years of human attainment appears in the mind of the "only Son" of the Infinite God, "by whom he made the worlds" as only this: "The stars shall fall from heaven" (Mat. 24: 29; Mark 13: 25).

Dear readers of the JOURNAL, do you catch my meaning? It is this: The vast growth of knowledge since the Jewish book of Genesis was written—and since Jesus taught and prophesied what was never fulfilled and never can be—has opened to the thought of man a universe of worlds infinitely beyond conception to the writers of the earlier day, and no less exceeding that of the reputed miraculously endowed founder of the Christian faith.

Oh! that the world of men could rise to its true appreciation, and become enabled to perceive, in all and through all—from the least to the greatest—in the material and in the spiritual, the unceasing reign of an Infinite Divine Presence that rules and guides by law alone.

Descending from these flights of thought, what shall we say of "Up Amongst the Stars"—the heading of these lines? I answer only this: We are now amongst the stars in very truth, in degree, the same as is possible for us to be.

Were we to take flight and approach sufficiently near to any one of the infinite host—either our own sun or any other—your material frames would vaporize in the intensity of its heat with a most sudden cremation, and what effect might be made upon your spiritual constitution, experienced wisdom alone can tell.

Should we visit the region of Sirius, or his compeers, it would be but to alight upon some one of his majestic train of planets, to find congenial friends and (as is not improbable) a more beautiful and perfected home than ours. But Sirius would there appear only as a mighty sun, and from the shadow-side of our temporary sojourning place, the same stellar vault would twinkle above us though changed somewhat in apparent conformation; while some learned resident of that distant home of sentient beings might point out to us our poor little sun, obscurely visible—not to be missed if utterly extinguished. On an other hand were we to visit the Pleiades, thinking to get "Amongst the Stars," they would, as we approached, so widely flee asunder, that on alighting upon the planetary dependents of either one of them, we would find ourselves near but that one star of the group, and it would be as our own sun or as Sirius, a vast controlling centre, while the others would shine as stars more or less remote, so far asunder in reality are the individuals of that beautiful group which, in the olden time, was reputed to be shedding their "sweet influences" upon the earth. We could still look aloft from our place of visitation in the Pleiades, and fancy how beautiful it must be "Up Amongst the Stars."

These are not mere fanciful speculations; but well grounded deductions based upon the proven truths of science.

Will our readers ask: What good is to result from knowing and appreciating all the astounding facts to which we have alluded? Shall I attempt to tabulate the answers?

1. It will tend to enlarge our minds, and raise us above the overvaluation of the narrow and petty influences which surround us, thus to perceive such an infinite cosmos yielding obedience forever to Divinely sustained and omnipresent law.

2. It will enable us to justly appreciate the narrow ideas of Deity, which existed in the minds of the earlier and uncultured fathers of our race, whose God was but an enlarged man, endowed with passions and weaknesses similar to their own, and whose world and its creation, to them so momentous, would

count as naught, on a general view, if blotted out and utterly extinguished from the stupendous whole.

3. It will make any rationally expansive intellect reject with scorn the thought that this Divine Presence which upholds all this infinite cosmos, is the father of but one son, begotten of a woman of obscure race on the little planet earth, and elevated by the narrow conceptions and pious frauds of weak minded devotees to the fanciful (we might well say blasphemous) elevation of a co-equal with that Infinite Presence, and only Savior of the race of men (presumably upon all the myriads of worlds) from the inharmonies and weaknesses incident to their evolution, and only to be outgrown under the divine order which is forever tending from the lower to the higher, as through knowledge and wise obedience we are enabled to work in accord with its unflinching demands.

4. It will finally tend to the banishment of all forms of mental and physical slavery, whether to the dogmas of the inventors of "cunningly devised tables," or to the superstitious dreams of the weak and the ignorant.

Then may our human race arise in their might as a united power to "replenish the earth and subdue it"—overcome yet more and more its various imperfections—give their time more and more to the courageous seeking after wisdom, in the material, moral, mental and spiritual; and thus render our now utterly imperfect world, possibly equal to many on the material plane, now existing or to be discovered, "Up Amongst the Stars." Hockessin, Del.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal.
Evolution at the Helm—The Bright Side of Chaos.

BY S. L. TYRELL.

My few words on so great a theme as the above, must, of course, be abrupt and disconnected,—some thoughts, perhaps nebulous, with many missing links to be supplied by the reader. The social sky, all agree, to-day looks dark and threatening; but every cloud has two sides, a dark and bright; its color mainly depends on the standpoint of the observer. What is dark from the valley below, is golden upon its sunny side, seen from the mountain top above it; so with the social cloud now over us; if viewed from the low plane of commerce and political economy, it seems a coming cyclone; but if regarded as a grand, natural phenomenon in an established order of human development, it at once assumes the tints of the rainbow, and becomes a cheering bow of promise, instead of an omen of destruction.

Two theories of the universe embrace all the essential thought of the world upon its origin and end. One view excludes design, and gives us a "chance world"; the other, a world governed by intelligence. The fearful, supreme mystery of all human thought is man himself. Materialistic science traces man's nebulous, backward path till his origin fades out in the pale mist of vanishing matter. Physiological speculation here also loses its starting point, and all its mysterious gorms and "potencies" evaporate in the fiery, primeval crucible, and vanish away with the ethereal rocks into the invisible void of seeming nothingness; but from behind this impenetrable veil, man has in some way come with nerves to suffer, and a soul to exult or despair. Where is this mysterious evolution of the eternal ages bound? What is his destiny? is the living question of the hour. Is the world with its priceless freight of soul and nerve, drifting before the winds of blind, relentless fate, or has it a pilot steering it to a definite goal? Of all the world theories, the chance theory is the most despairing. An intelligence, although a demon, may be supposed capable of reform, change and mercy, while the attributes of insensate matter may eternally go on evolving sentient life to suffer, heedless of agony or prayer.

The philanthropist is ever asking, What is the meaning of human existence? What is nature's ideal destiny for the race? Have we a solid basis in science and history for hopeful prophecy, or must we yield our hope to a gloomy pessimism? Theology is no more a recognized prophet; science and history must be the seers to unveil our future. In philosophy, facts are the basis of infallible prophecy. From the fact that matter falls to the ground, and has always done so, through all known time, we believe that it falls by an established law, and will continue to fall in the future. The law of human progress rests also on facts of observation, and its basis is equally safe and scientific. All history and prehistoric records show a uniform and persistent advance in mind and morals, and we are as scientifically bound to believe in future progress as to believe that apples will ripen and fall in autumn. The law of progress is so clearly demonstrated to-day, that even a gloomy, agnostic pessimist may catch a gleam of hope from his cold fatalism; for if matter is so fortunately endowed with mental and moral "potencies" as to naturally crystallize into such beautiful forms, as conscience, love and tender human sympathy, it must continue to obey its immutable laws, and he has a ground of faith as sure and scientific as chemical affinity or gravitation.

The theist may confirm his faith in a grand outcome for man, from the truth that mind has fixed laws as well as matter. Intelligence cannot be conceived to act without motive, and since the adaptations in the universe which result in pleasure, so infinitely

outnumber those of an opposite tendency, we must believe that benevolence is the ruling attribute of Deity, and must determine all divine volition. Since the self-existent creator did not originate his own life, he cannot lay it down, nor abdicate his throne, but must remain the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and must forever in the future as in the past, work persistently against the powers of evil. Theistic reasonings have ever been confronted with the supreme mystery of the existence of misery or evil in a world governed by a God both good and omnipotent. It is idle to pretend that theology or metaphysics can logically reconcile the conflicting facts of evil, and a good and absolutely omnipotent Deity.

The logical Mill dared to follow his logic to its legitimate results, and solved the dark problem of the ages by the startling doctrine of a limited Deity—a God truly benevolent yet not strictly omnipotent. Mill's theory satisfies the reason better than any other, and gives us the conception of a world the best possible that Deity could make; a world incomplete, but progressing toward a more perfect ideal. A moment's abstract thought must show us that evil is inseparable from any conceivable creation, since every created thing must be finite and limited, and hence imperfect, and imperfection is but another name for evil. The original problem before the divine intelligence was: No creation or an imperfect one. Divine goodness was impelled to create, and hence we have a world of apparently conflicting forces. But the unwelcome concession of a limited creator need not disturb our faith in a glorious future for man. Past progress demonstrates a power competent to cope with stubborn fate to a degree that will at length make earth an Eden. The hands of the evolutionary clock move so slow that present motion is unseen; but contrasts of the past and present show a sure and persistent advance all along the ages. The marvelous upward movement of man, in science, morals and art, may be shown by a single representative comparison. The stone hatchet and the ocean cable show us at a glance the infinite chasm that divides the ages. Evolution never retreats; she holds all positions gained, for a new base. Her advance has been greater in the last century than in any previous thousand years. Toiling on patiently through the uncounted ages she has prepared her implements, and her future prowess will be far more wonderful than in the past. She has at last evolved, as her co-worker, that miraculous instrument, the human brain, with power to apply directly the laws of development, and by intelligent art, produce results in a few months or years which might not have been reached in centuries by the unaided efforts of "natural selection" and "the survival of the fittest."

Huxley says evolution is not always uniform in her steps, but sometimes, suddenly produces almost miraculous creations. She has in recent times made one of her exceptional leaps, and carried man farther towards her ideal civilization in a century than in thousands of former years. The rapid development of inventive genius has virtually made man a creator. He now makes artificial men to do his servile labor. England or the United States can do the work of the world now with their artificial men. Kind nature has nearly finished man, her masterpiece. She has given him almost divine attributes, and handed him the key to Paradise! He can enter if he will. All that man needs now to open the gates of Eden is a little further development of his moral, sympathetic nature, and this needful unfolding is fast progressing. The germ of maternal love, nursed in the heart of the primeval mother, has by hereditary laws extended beyond the patriarchal household, to tribes, clans and nations; and as by disease, superfluous parts are weakened, and finally eliminated from the physical organism, so the developing spirit of kinship among the nations, is weakening the savage, warlike instinct of primeval man, and will at last evolve an improved variety of humanity, who "will by nature do the things of the law."

The "boycott," the "lockout" and the "strike" are only the upheavals of a social earthquake, struggling to elevate the world. The fiery convulsions that rent the crust of the old earth raised priceless treasures to our reach. The question returns, What will be the final outcome of the "labor trouble"? Nature is not blind nor impotent, she will conquer in the end. Through the smoke of the conflict between the social forces the white flag is already seen; and the main reason is no longer doubtful. Evolution's grand ideal from the beginning is human happiness; and human brotherhood is the divine law to fulfill her design. Fraternal brotherhood is the "divine event toward which creation moves." Evolution's chief agent in reconstructing civilized society will be the miraculous inventive genius of modern man. Labor saving machinery is the key to Paradise. The logical steps to this final goal are direct and plain. Invention will still go on with increasing force. The sickle will never supplant the reaper nor the thimble the sewing machine. The race will still obey the law of nature, and multiply, regardless of Malthus and the quacks. Artificial men of steel will crowd nature's workmen to the wall. The Democratic idea of equality, universally awakened in the expanded mind of modern man, will enfranchise the world, and the enfranchised world will practically adopt the popular political theory that "the voice of the people is the voice of God," and will claim possession of the world by divine right,

regardless of previous kingly "grants" and titles.

Political economy cannot disguise the stubborn fact, that the world will in some way subsist upon the products of the world, either as workmen, paupers or criminals; and when the resources of labor fail, there must inevitably grow up an idle, pauper or criminal aristocracy, living at ease on the revenues of capital; hence, property through self-love and in self-defence, will be compelled to yield to the evolutionary law recorded in the Golden Rule. The conflict can end only in some fraternal form of just and wise co-operation. That end is ordained to come and beyond lies that millennial era for which in all ages the good have worked and prayed. Our scientific seers tell us the moon is dead, and that mother earth is on the road to death. This is doubtless so; but at the estimated speed of half a second in two thousand years, there will be ample time before the burial. Cleveland, Ohio.

Boston Spiritualism—The Unitarians.

20 THE EDITOR OF THE RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

It is nearly three years since I left my work upon the Pacific Coast, the main particulars of which you can hardly have forgotten. I was there nearly seventeen years, and I cannot but think that a reasonable share of the present activity in our cause there has sprung from seed sown from the granary of my Liberal and Reform Book Store, on Kearney street, San Francisco. It is quite possible, however, that some tares may also have sprung up; but as I have a firm faith that the life of tares is but brief, whilst the pure wheat of the truth can never die, I can still reflect with joy upon the work done through my instrumentality there.

Since my return to this eastern land I have not been wholly inactive, though from the necessity of my condition I have been comparatively quiet. My first work was one of observation, first among the Spiritualists of Boston, then among my old friends, the Unitarians, especially the ministers with whom I am still in regular standing, and among whom I have many whose hearty sympathies I seem to retain; many who do not think the less of me on account of my more than thirty years of outgrown Spiritualism.

As a result of my observation of the state of Boston Spiritualism, I must confess that I was somewhat disappointed in this one respect at least; there was not so great an advance toward the higher religious phases of our faith as I had anticipated. In other words, the proportion of mere phenomenalists, of wonder-seekers almost exclusively, was greater than I had expected to find in a city of such general advancement. I had supposed that here at least the tendency to mistake the scaffolding for the sacred inmost of the temple itself, would by this time be fast disappearing. But in this respect there was hardly any improvement above the San Francisco I had so recently left.

With my Unitarian brethren I found an encouraging advancement from the position occupied at the time of my leaving, nearly seventeen years ago. Their theology had become more radical and progressive, whilst their attitude toward Spiritualism had greatly improved. Here I felt that I had a special work to do, and in which I succeeded considerably beyond my expectations. I was allowed to introduce and defend our faith in the minister's Monday Club, where I found quite a number of partial and of full supporters; and even what was once the conservative denominational organ, the *Christian Register*, opened its columns to me for a candid but decided defence of the faith, and the result of what I thus published was of a highly satisfactory character as appeared in the responses received personally, and also through the *Register* columns. Indeed, the general tone of that paper in one direction seems now to be quite reasonably fair and satisfactory, the editor being a decidedly able exponent of a growing liberalism. He seems to be a highly intuitive and inspirational man, who having years ago outgrown his Baptist creed, is still being strongly impelled in the direction of a faith more satisfactory than the accepted Unitarianism of the day; and well this may be the case, for although surely there is some movement here, yet is it wavering slow toward the more cheering and perfect mount of vision presented by the unfolding of our modern Spiritualism.

I did think at first that the aims of a liberal Unitarianism might be so far expanded as to give a warm and general welcome to our new proofs of the nearness and activity of the angelic world, and thus a much needed help be imparted to the somewhat dull, unmoving power of the Unitarian pulpit. But probably Unitarians as a denomination are destined to go on much in the old routine of comparatively small progress and work, whereas if they would but expand their sympathies and borders, so as practically to receive the new proofs of a near and conscious intercommunication between the seen and unseen worlds, the power of their pulpit ministrations and of their humanitarian efforts generally would be almost infinitely extended.

With hearty sympathies in the good work you are doing in your excellent paper, I am as ever, cordially yours in the faith,
Cambridgeport, Mass. HERMAN SNOW.

It is indignantly denied that there is dissatisfaction on the part of Gen. Logan's family with the medical treatment he received in his last illness.

THREE PREACHERS.

A Look Back on the Horizon of Time When the World Was Young.

The Beloved, Hairy Man, in Black, Who was Born in Calcutta—On the Shores of the Sea of Galilee, and Those of Lake Michigan—From Jeremiah to Sam Jones.

THE FIRST PREACHER.

Dimly through the centuries, in the obscure twilight of time's morning, far down on the eastern horizon, one may see a region and peoples, unique, bizarre, sensational in their characteristics. They are ill-defined, they are distorted as their reflection passes through the innumerable years which separate them from the present, as the rays from an object are bent in their movement through water. The curious one who stands on the summit of the nineteenth century and glances back through the intangible distances sees what resemble the disturbing visions of a broken slumber. There are trees as men walking; there are giants and dwarfs. A great smoke lies over the area through which penetrate the red flames of burning cities. A chariot of fire rises into the air and blazes a resplendent pathway athwart the sky, and disappears in the zenith. Fierce combats rage over this region, and hot lightning falls from the clouds and blast myriads of human victims. Hissing serpents, fanged and deadly, crawl among the people, and the old and the young, men, women and children, fly shrieking and dying before them.

The mountains tremble in terror, and the earth shudders convulsively in the grasp of the earthquake; the lakes, seas and rivers rise and swell above their beds to the mountain-tops, and then subside, leaving the slopes and valleys thickly strewn with sudden dead. Rivers are turned into blood; dense darkness which can be felt rests for days over the landscape; a burning bush with a flame that sears the eye lights up the sky and is not consumed. Armed hosts struggle in the mountains and on the lowlands and litter the ground with their slain; populous and fertile areas are devastated by the overflow of floods of war and are left a desert.

It is a wonderland, full of mystery, destruction, war, turmoil, death and sublime confusion. The dead come forth at the bidding of some potent genius; the arid rocks, smitten by the wand of an enchanter, gush cool torrents of water; men with blood on their garments and with the hot breath of the avenger scorching them like the blasts of a furnace, flee to the cities of refuge. Innumerable trains of captives march across the borders and disappear forever.

II.

It was in this region of wrath, enchantment, dread agencies, and terrifying manifestations of unknown powers that the first preacher, the first prophet, originated. He was born of the flames, the smoke, the mystery, the idolatry, the wars, the anarchy. He was not the development of mere conventionality, but of necessity. The nation was imperiled, religion was endangered, idolatry menaced the altars,—and he was born.

This creation had no chameleon-like qualities; he did not reflect the hues of his surroundings. Of one of them it is said: "He was a hairy man and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins." Neither purple, nor fine linen, nor luxurious surroundings were his. Simplicity characterized every moment of his life. The Shunammite woman understood this, for when she invited him to visit her she made him a "little chamber on the wall, and set for him there a bed and a table, and a stool and a candlestick, and gave him some bread."

The parsonages of these men were in the recesses of the hills, their theological tomes were the stars, the skies, the uneasy winds, the swelling buds and the blossoming plants. In the dense solitude of the inner wilderness they communed with nature's hidden forces and believed that they stood close to the abiding place of the great Jehovah. They dwelt apart from the masses. When the sins of the nation became flagrant they roused themselves and went in search of the offenders. The ravines, the highways, the streets of the cities, the palaces of the great, were their auditoriums. Clad in a single garment of black horsehair stuff, which enveloped him like a mantle, with belt, and scrip, and staff, the original preacher strode through the land wherever there were people to hear and sins to be denounced. With long, unkempt, straggling locks bleached by sun and wind, and brawny, hirsute limbs and emaciated features, he was the impersonation of rude and effective strength. His eyes flashed with fire, his nostrils were aflame with righteous wrath, and his voice smote like a sledge hammer the air and the consciences of his hearers.

A specimen of one of these early sermons, thundered among the broken heights of Samaria, or reverberating through the streets of Jerusalem, or across the pasturelands of Judea, may be of interest.

III.

"Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings.

"Hear now this, O foolish people, and see without understanding; which have eyes and see not and ears and hear not. Fear ye not me? saith the Lord; will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree that they cannot pass it, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it? But this people hath a revolting and a rebellious heart; they are revolted and gone.

"Obey my voice and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways I have commanded you, and that it may be well unto you.

"Oh that my head were waters and my eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep a day and a night for the slain of the daughters of my people. For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I am black; astonishment hath taken hold of me.

"Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no health physician there? Why is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered? Give glory to the Lord your God before He cause darkness, and before your feet stumble on the dark mountains, and while ye look on the light; he will turn it into the shadow of death, and make it great darkness. But if ye will not hear it, my soul shall weep in secret places, and mine eyes shall weep sore, and run down with tears.

"I have seen thy adulteries and thy neighborings, the lewdness of thy whoredoms, and thy abominations on the hills in the fields. Woe unto thee, oh, Jerusalem! wilt thou not be made clean?

"Behold, the days will come, saith the Lord, when they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, saying, know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least to the greatest, for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more."

IV.

A deep silence prevails as he closes his

burning words. The awed listeners, with throbbing hearts and pricked consciences, scatter and disappear, and the hairy preacher, with a farewell gesture of warning, turns away and is lost in the thickets of the mountain slopes.

THE SECOND PREACHER.

I.

Eight or ten centuries later, quiet rests over the same regions. The colliding spear-men and archers, the slingers, the smoke of incessant conflagrations, the devastated fields, and the corpses of the slain have all disappeared. There is to be seen in the streets of the cities the gleam of the helmets, the long spears, and the oblong shields of the Roman soldiery.

It was a time when the grasp of the invader had quieted the turbulent populations and foreign subjugation had repressed local disturbances, and when men, tired of centuries of war, captivity, slaughter, and internecine conflict, were disposed to listen to the suggestions of peace. It was at this period that, one day, a man slowly climbed one of the foot-hills of the mountains which border the Sea of Galilee. The region was wild and tumultuous beyond description. Before him as he slowly ascended the precipitous heights was a range of mountains which seemed the result of one of the most savage of nature's volcanic upheavals. Here were bare, sharp crests of rock standing in naked isolation, and there others covered with fierce, ragged, and stunted trees, like the rough, shaggy head of an untamed savage.

The climber seated himself on the bare summit of one of the lofty promontories that abutted boldly over the sea below. Away to his left rose the snowy peak of Hermon, whose grand altitude dominates the mountain ranges as a giant does a crowd of children. To his right, away to the south, flowed the deep valley of the Jordan, into which debouched an inextricable mass of ravines, deep, dark and forbidding. About and beneath him rose the terraces of the vineyards, and wherever cultivation had not cleared the surface of the soil wild flowers, rich in coloring, covered the landscape like a gorgeous blanket. Across the lake rose the rounded and varying outlines of the mountain ranges of Gilead, and at his feet, far below, slept tranquilly in its mountain cradle the Sea of Galilee.

Following him at a distance came a handful of men, evidently of the humblest class. They were naked save as to a piece of cloth wrapped about their loins. Their legs, feet and chests were bare; their hair was long, coarse and unkempt; their beards hung in confusion, in the case of the old men, far down their breasts. When they saw that their leader had seated himself, they came up noiselessly and respectfully and placed themselves near his feet, and then, as they gazed timidly and reverently into his face, waited in silence.

The principal figure was that of a man of about 30 years of age. His form was perfect in outlines and strong and well-knit, although not athletic. His dress was a single piece of woollen stuff, which was wound gracefully about his shoulders and chest, and which fell to his feet in the graceful lines so pleasing in the drapery of a tall and slender shape. His head was perfectly shaped, the hair a brown that threw off a shimmer of gold, and which rippled down his shoulders almost to his waist. The face was shapely in all its features, with a suggestion of palor; the beard, colored like the hair, was silky and long and flowing, with not enough volume to impair an impression of youth. The eyes were large, deep, melancholy and thoughtful, full of tenderness, and looked out with a dreamy expression, as if they were lighted from within.

At length his eyes fell on the humble group gathered at his feet. His face kindled with a genial glow, and in a moment he spoke in a low, clear voice, full of tender sympathy, saying:

II.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted; blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

"I say unto you, unless your righteousness shall exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven.

"But I say unto you that whosoever shall put away his wife save for the cause of fornication causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever that shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, for where your treasures are there will your hearts be also.

"No man can serve two masters; he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.

"Not everyone that saith to me 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

III.

And then the preacher rose, and withdrew into the recesses of the mountains; and the wondering listeners descended to the Sea of Galilee, and began casting their nets.

THE THIRD PREACHER.

I.

Almost twenty centuries later a new scene presents itself, two thousand leagues away from the barren crests, the wooded hills and the terraced vineyards of Lebanon. It is in a city on the plains—a great city like the Babylon which once sent its cohorts to Judea and swept away its people as with the broom of omnipotence.

The scene is not under the open blue of day where the sea-breeze fans the hot brow of the mountain, but within a somber inclosure of night. It is in a great building with cushioned pews, carpeted aisles, arched ceilings, and an altar rich with burnished wood and upholstery. An organ peals at intervals through the space, and glittering gas chandeliers flood the building with a sensuous light. A vast audience fills the place; there are gray hairs, the rosy cheeks of youth, the royal garniture of furs; a great display bedizened in all possible combinations and complexities of stuff and color; grave, leering, intelligent, smiling, silly, intellectual, empty faces; immature youth, angrened old age, motherly countenances, and all the odds, ends and sweepings, and infinite varieties which are to be found in the composition of a vast modern, cosmopolitan city.

The respectful solemnity of the simple fish-

ermen who sat at the feet of the Master high among the rocks facing the Sea of Galilee is wanting. In its place there is an eager curiosity, a restlessness, an expectancy of something piquant and unusual. There is a flutter, and the quick, changeful glances indicate something novel and exhilarating.

A slender man with close-clipped hair, a smooth-shaven face, and a mustache like that of the boulevardier of the great cities, the far-dealer, the dude, and the gambler, comes forward and gazes nonchalantly over the audience, which sits with a smile rallying to its lips and hands gathering for bursts of applause. The conspicuous figure, with one hand thrust deep in the pocket of his trousers, in a voice in which there is a strong nasal quality, and with accents which indicate long association with the Afrite element of the south, speaks.

II.

"I don't go much on physical courage, because we find that a much higher expression in the bull-pup. [Laughter.]

"Another thing. You would sit here all night and yell 'Amen!' 'Lay on Macduff!' and 'Give it to him!' if I were to attack the drunkard. Yet if I were to assail one of you—you who allow four thousand saloons to thrive among you—you would say: 'Hold on! He belongs to the bung-tun!' [Loud applause and laughter.]

"If I were a woman and had married a man who did not pray at home, I would go to the Legislature and have my name changed right away. [Renewed laughter.] If he didn't have the manhood to pray with me I would take the baby out of the cradle, ram him in to it, shave off his whiskers, and nurse him at my breast. Little bit of an insignificant thing! I would not marry such a little ratterier. [Screams of laughter.]

"I know an animal that likes to sit on the doorstep and howl at night. He seems to enjoy it. He howls because he has fleas. [Laughter.] He likes to keep everybody awake. But you can't get the devil's fleas off a man so long as he plays cards or goes to the ball-room. Do you understand that? A person with the devil's fleas on him is always rubbing against something. He is rubbing against the round dance in the ball-room. [Laughter.] Take that home with you!

"The worst thing in this world is a 210 pound, tenth-rate, big, flabby Methodist. Put him in God's scales and he wouldn't weigh an ounce!

"Why, brethren, I could find more Christians in Hong Kong, China, than there are at this meeting to-day. If you can't pray I want you to take your earrears out of here, and stay out. We don't want you here!

"There was but one preacher in Atlanta that had the brazen effrontery to stand up in the pulpit and endorse the charity ball, and it was not three months afterward until this very man was found in a brothel in Cincinnati.

"A skunk, a pusillanimous skunk! 'If I get religion only in my head I get the big head with it.

"There are some men who would wish to get out of heaven to get a cocktail. I think one of them was the man who attended service on the south side the other day and couldn't sit it out. He had to go over to the Calumet club to get a drink. There are a great many men who when told of their faults conclude that the man who tells them is no friend. My talk about the cocktail has raised a howl of indignation among some people. It is the big dog which hollers. [Laughter and applause.]

"I heard of one of your old deacons shirking out of prayer-meeting the other night, a little ahead of time, and going over to his club to pour down a cocktail.

"I can put up with a man who will drink whisky, but I have a contempt for a man who will drink beer. If you don't turn whole hog in time it will be your own fault. I can tell you you will have to get a hog pretty hungry before he will drink this latter-day lager beer. He will almost die before he will do so. But these two-legged ones will gulp it down, and they will stick themselves so full of it that if you turn them upside down about five gallons will run out of them—you old hog, you!" [Great laughter.]

III.

And thus endeth the third lesson.

POLITO.

Re-Incarnation: Fact or Fallacy?

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered Through Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, at Grand Opera House Hall, New York City, December 19, 1886.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

Superstition and mysticism are twin brothers, whose parent is ignorance. Accurate investigation of nature's laws is dispelling the illusions and delusions of ages. The truth, the whole truth, concerning all things is the demand of the present enlightened age. The universe is either under the government of invariable laws and supreme principles,—or the playground of chance, whether typified as chaos, or in the form of an arbitrary and partial ruler. In the first case, it will be consistent with itself; in the second case, law and order would be unmeaning terms.

The biologist and physiologist have, by their researches, made it plain that there are certain fundamental rules—laws—pertaining to human life, that are ever the same in their nature and results. The physicists have so far made it fairly plain that evolution is the law of development. Spiritualism has made it certain that the "dead" live as organized existences after the soul quits its mortal tenement; but in the face of all these sound conclusions, a doctrine is advanced that violates every law of life and record of experience. A re-animated Pythagoreanism—a nineteenth century re-hash of metempsychosis—is presented as the only true solution of the origin and progress of the conscious soul, and Spiritualists of a certain sort, proclaim that re-incarnation is the only true philosophy of life!

What do we know of it as a fact? Nothing! Its advocates may retort that we do not understand it; the point is admitted, we do not!—not because we have failed to inquire—our proclivities and instincts would cause us to do that much; but we fail to understand the matter for the simple reason that we know of no case to support the asserted doctrine!

Let us examine. Its origin lies at the door of one Roussang, whose *nom de plume* was "Allan Kardec," and who received it—so he alleges—from the "spirits"; following him comes an able, cultured lady, Dr. Anna Blackwell, both of Paris. No subsequent exponents of the doctrine have ever equalled either of these teachers in intellectual culture or ability. What are their substantial grounds? It is necessary for the soul's development that all phases of material existence shall be experienced by each one. It is a punishment—in each of these cases, therefore, com-

pulsory. It is optional. It is but a partial re-embodiment. It alone explains genius—for good or ill—in unexpected places. It is the only solution to the justice of God as seen in the wide diversity of human lot. These are the substantial arguments advanced by the teachers of this doctrine. To many the doctrine is conclusive, because fascinating; to us the mere question, is it true?

Can the soul be developed by a return to matter, so that its body can be better fed, clothed or housed—or the reverse—whichever way its former circumstances were? or by a change of sex in the flesh? Need the peasant become a prince to be made a better soul? If punishment is the object, why? and who determines the number, length and character of the returns? If optional, compulsion is untrue! If partial, their bodies may be animated by but portions of souls! If it alone explains genius then honors are wasted, and punishments misplaced, on either nobleness or vice! If it alone vindicates the justice of God the question arises how is that known to be the case? Who knows the nature of God's plans and purposes, outside their unfoldments in the nature of man, and the constitution of the universe? No one!

The doctrine is a social peril. Daughters may be mothers to their parents. Children are not their authors' own. Human bodies are not channels through which the dead and gone rascality or virtue of by-gone days may find re-entrance into mortal life. It undermines the tenderest relations and sweetest ties of life, makes marriage and parentage mockeries; is in these regards devilish and altogether damnable.

The soul is something. How does that something effect an entrance into the human focus? No re-incarnationist has ever dealt with that issue! It must get there. How? There is the rub! The universal testimony of all seers, clairvoyants, mediums and spirits, is that departed humanity are in form, size and appearance, much like themselves when on earth. How do they get rid of, or compress, those bodies, until they can get into the channels of physical reproduction? The physiologist pauses for an answer; so do we.

If re-incarnation is true, then incarnation is true. Granting such postulate, evolution falls to the ground. Darwin, Wallace, Spencer and the rest were deluded! If evolution is correct then incarnation fails, and with it re-incarnation. Souls are not sparks or specks rained into the material universe and breathed into human bodies as men breathe in the dust specks of the air. Man organically and consciously represents in each stage that much of the unfoldment of the God inherent to all substance that its grade affords functional expression to. It may be a crystal here—vegetable substance somewhere else. Motion, aggregation, organization, sensation, instinct, reason, mark the upward steps. This life is but a building up of the real man—a preparatory school. In the next all that can possibly be required will be found; it would not be a "higher" or a "better" life, if it were not so.

For the vain, who like to think themselves as princesses or priestesses—kings, poets, pontiffs, rulers and nobles, at second hand, re-incarnation may be a beautiful doctrine; but to the student of nature, the careful thinker—to those who are not "pleased with a rattle or tickled with a straw," it will ever afford an example of how philosophy can be distorted, while the judicious will see in it teachings that would subvert morality, overturn the distinctions of right and wrong, and inflict curses upon the race, that those now existing would seem as virtues by comparison. It is a dead sea of moral danger and intellectual rotteness. Safety lies in avoidance. Dalliance is danger. It has no real place or lot in the better part of the spiritual philosophy.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright in Newton, Kansas

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

To me it looks an age since I saw the editor of the JOURNAL. I think it was at Lake Pleasant, August, one year ago. Since then you have visited the golden regions on the Pacific Coast, and been the means of floating upon the market of the intellectual world very much brain matter of one sort and another, which we can ill afford to let slip out of our grip.

Mr. Wm. Emmette Coleman I have not met, but his racy articles make me wonder whether his hair is black or white; whether he is tall or short. Certainly his intellectual stamina sparkles with Oriental grit. I like them because he puts himself into work. He is not a spiritualistic jelly fish but a man with a backbone.

There is Prof. J. R. Buchanan of Boston, too. We shall not know him fully till he has been in heaven one hundred years. His mind is huge; his thought original and analytical; and his courage equal to a leviathan.

Under the ready and facile pen of my late friend S. B. Nichols. One by one our friends are journeying to the "Shadow Land."

I am glad to see again the able pen of Hudson Tuttle at work. He has said something which our children will devour with interest.

Some men should not be seen by their worshippers; the moment they are seen the illusion bursts! A great number of men I have worshipped in my time for their mental power, moral excellence, or for the position of greatness thrust upon them. A man appears different in his books. You feel him in the strength of his intellect there. When you see his face, it is often too commonplace for our ideal—the winter overcoat of a great weltering soul within.

I met Hudson Tuttle—like a gaunt shadow advancing in the twilight to his lodgment—one night at Lake Pleasant. I loved him not a bit less after having seen and heard him.

Mr. James G. Blaine I saw and heard in Philadelphia. I liked him better after. It was the sound of his voice that captivated me.

The Marquis of Hartington, when a rising politician, I admired; but when I heard him speak he fell dead upon me. It was his voice.

The power of Mr. Gladstone is due to his voice more than anything else.

John Bright, the tribune of the English Democracy, has many charms, the greatest of which is his voice. How easily man can be ruled by the voice and men of those he comes in contact with.

Since the camp meetings, I have spent one month—September—in Philadelphia. I felt a shadow of regret at the close of that month to leave a platform which for more than two years had been so familiar to me. Sunday after Sunday during that term, I saw the same smiling faces of persons, full of sympathy, come to listen to what my lips had to utter. My utterance will mean something to those men and women for the unborn eternities. Thoughts, true and hot, never die.

The month of October I spent in Northampton, Mass. I had good success. The people came and filled the Grand Army Hall. Though no spiritual society exists there, there is soil

ready for one being planted. November I passed in Cincinnati. The people came in crowds to listen to my influences talk. The hall was filled every Sabbath, and the interest increased so much in my work that I have agreed to spend June and a part of July with them on my return from here. How easily we can become attached to those who become attached to us.

I took a very severe cold in the Queen City. When I left I was under an agreement to stop and lecture at Bloomington, Ill. When I arrived there I met a blizzard which had got there before me. I disappointed the many friends that came out to bid me welcome. I owe an apology to Dr. Waters and his good wife for the extreme trouble they were put to, and the many friends that left their snug homes that cold night. I will call upon the Bloomington people on my return when Zensib's wrath is appeased and the prairies glisten in the spring of promise. It was a long night's ride from Bloomington to Kansas City.

Kansas is the spot where a population of 30,000,000 of people can live and be fed. Fifteen years ago the site of the city of Newton was a prairie over which the buffalo roamed at liberty. These solitudes of prairie had not been invaded; for cosmic ages this land had waited for the coming of this day. The deer, the prairie chicken and rattlesnake were the undisputed owners of the land. They have all now gone before the peaceful plow and the mendacious rifle. What a contrast between this place and the city of New York. There a family is pent up in one ill-ventilated room from the window of which can be seen piles of brick and mortar, and the hollow faces of hungry men and women; but here is fresh air, room to stretch out one's arms at full length; a chance for man to thrive and make a home. Queer social problems lie as an integral part in this thought, that wise heads may some time work out satisfactorily. What a revolution it would make in the world if every man would try to do more for himself.

Newton is quiet a city, boasting of eight churches. Every Sunday eight educated men break the bread of life to the people; all very respectable men at their calling, and using old theological material with about the same effect as the garrulous pulpiteer elsewhere. The windbag Newtion has not, however, brought every Newtonian into the church. There is a very respectable part of the population, wealthy and educated, which shows no sympathy for them. It maintains a respectable attitude of denial of the supreme "verities" of Christian doctrine, and notwithstanding pious conjurations, devotional warnings of eternal suffering and all forms of pulpit fireworks, goes on the even tenor of its way heedless of the same. An infidel's farm sells for as much as a Christian's when the location contains the same advantages. Infidel grass sells for the same per ton in the same markets as that which has been raised upon a good Christian's farm. That may even seem a very curious thing in some men's eyes.

Well, is it to this free intellectual people that I have come all this way to talk? Truly I ought to have something to say to them that no man here could have said, or said so well, or otherwise it is a fool's errand in my coming away from home.

Mr. Munger is the president of this Newton Society of Spiritualists and Liberals. How he sits upon both ends of the balance at the same time, is more than I can tell. He is a first-rate gentleman.

Mediums are developing here. Home circles are popular. Slate-writing is a phase that one medium possesses here, and has done some service. Dr. Abbott is a magnetic healer of considerable practice and power. Altogether, the cause of Spiritualism may be said to have made a good beginning here. Dec. 15th, 1886. J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I have just received and looked with pleasure over your valuable Christmas number full of gems of the mind. As "agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." I rise for information. Like Mother Eve, I want to know. To this end I will ask a few questions. Prof. Buchanan says of Bishop: "He has done things which cannot be done without spiritual co-operation." If he means earth-greed spirits, I want to know:

1. If we are immortal, must we not possess individual capacities or faculties unknown and unexpressed?

2. If so, can we say to our spirit expressed through the earthly mental life, "Thus far canst thou go and no farther?"

3. If mediums believe and think they know they are assisted by arisen spirits, has not Mr. Bishop the right to know whether his power is aided by spirits or practice?

4. Do we not smile (I do) at the theologian who claims all good deeds are from God, and all evil the power of the devil, leaving the song-prayer answered, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing," for the individual soul?

5. As dogs, doves, cats, etc., evidence that animal instinct or intelligence will do many wonderful things, must we decide they are "controlled" or angel guided?

As I have no time to study books, and but little to read, I want to study, and not leave one kind of dogmatism to enter another, letting faith override facts. I remember that man's human accomplishment: were at one time ascribed to the two reigning Kings of Heaven and Sheol (how proper one can be with the new revision), while man himself was thought a mere "worm of the dust." I am confirmed in my belief in future life because of our unexpressed powers.

I was amused to find that the "old man" in Harper's Monthly is made to think that angels don't "go with us common mortals." It is such mortals that need them most. Humanity has learned to help those who need as much as those who ask—if there is love among the angels, there should be enough to help those on earth. If love and sympathy are not for angel use, heaven needs reforming. As we have so very few uncommon mortals it seems as if the angels belonging to Harper's Monthly must have a lazy time. Several nations have had one of these uncommon mortals, but not enough to furnish employment for the multitudes of angels. I think I prefer John Hay's practical poem of Little Breches.

"And I think that savin' a little child's life, And bringin' him to his own, Is a darned sight better business Than loaffin' around the throne."

Every one to their taste or belief; and I like to have people believe what will bring their inner and better life to the surface, irrespective of creeds. We are all of us obliged to believe according to our natures, and we cannot compel beliefs. It is of more consequence to me what actions are than beliefs. C. FANNIE ALLYN.

A cunning man overreaches no one half so much as himself.—H. W. Beecher.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [105 West 23rd Street, New York.]

CONSOLATION.

Through the village, o'er the river, to the breezes gladness flinging, With the glory of their music, are the church bells sweetly ringing.

Wearily, sad and disappointed, hope borne down by many a fear, 'Tis a stranger, pause and listen, as their gladness sound I hear.

In my heart sweet memories waken, round me gleams a glory vast, Linking all bright thoughts together of the future and the past.

Holy music, rich in blessing, is the gladness of the song, That the breezes o'er the river from the church bells hear along.

In my heart hope reawakens, bringing strength and life and light, Love to suffer, will to battle and to conquer for the night.

Though cast down, yet not despairing, glorious words I seem to hear, Words to make me strong in daring, words to cast out doubt and fear.

In the hazy stand the ringers, while the silver song still swells, But they cannot hear its beauty for the clashing of the bells—

Only others, not the workers, hear the glory of the strain, While we bless them, they must labor; theirs the suffering, ours the gain.

This, perhaps, the noblest lesson that the holy music tells, While across vale, wood and upland, all its silver gladness swells.

Ye, who live, who love, who labor, bearing, daring all you can, So you may, by God's good blessing, cease one suffering heart of man;

Help one brother to grow better; cause one sinful soul to see God's great care and love and patience over waiting, o'er and o'er.

Freer than His holy sunshine, or the blessing of the rain, And the freest to those sad ones who are worn with doubt and pain;

Oh, take heart! perhaps no knowledge, no sweet thanks for help well given, May be granted for thy cheering in thy life on this side heaven;

Love thou on in earnest working, and perchance thou yet mayst see That some hearts whom thou hast soled have been blessing God for thee. —C. G.

O Sata San, a young Japanese lady writer, has been taken on the editorial staff of one of the best newspapers in Tokio. This is the first woman in the kingdom of the Mikado who has been admitted within the circle of journalism.

Mrs. Catharine V. Waite of Chicago, has commenced the publication of the Chicago Law Times, a quarterly magazine, larger than the Century. Mrs. Waite is herself a lawyer, an active business woman, and a very able one.

Mrs. N. L. Morrell is in charge of "Our Woman's Department" in the New York Freeman, the official organ of the colored people. Mrs. Morrell, at the head of her column, lifts this standard for her countrywomen: "The aim of this column will be to promote true womanhood, especially that of the African race. Suggestions as to how its usefulness may be increased will be gladly received."

The Housekeeper, a journal of domestic economy, published in Minneapolis, has lately gone into the hands of Mrs. D. T. Smith of Dubuque, Iowa, as editor. Mrs. Smith is well known by the name of "Maude Meredith," under which cognomen she has written stories, pathetic and humorous, and poetry which sings itself like the strains of a wild bird. The Housekeeper is in good hands under the control of this tried and true friend of woman and woman's work.

Among the women editors of the country, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge may be counted as one of the foremost. She was the first and is now the editor-in-chief of the St. Nicholas magazine for young people too well known to be described. She worked her way up by hard labor.

Then there is Marion Harland, a voluminous writer as well as editor of Babyhood; and Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, who is said to receive a salary of \$6,000 per year as editor of Monroe's publications. She is from Georgia, and began literary work while in her teens.

The Journal of Education says: "The State of Michigan is favored in the ranks of women who are devoted to journalism. Miss C. M. Fleming has made the Alma Record a decided success, and has sent out a new edition of Hearth and Hall a periodical that met with an untimely death by business combinations, a little time ago. Mrs. W. H. Marion is doing admirable work on the Utica Sentinel as managing editor. Mrs. M. L. Rayne, former editor of the Household, is of the editorial staff of the Detroit Free Press, and is one of the most brilliant and talented newspaper women in the country. Mrs. Fred Slocum is associate editor of the Cairo Advertiser, one of the liveliest papers in the State. Miss Hattie Smead has recently retired from the Lansing State Republican after eleven years' service. Mrs. A. J. Church has been editing the Owosso Press for eighteen years. Miss Manon Carr has been effective on the staff of the White Pigeon Journal for some time. Miss Conway is one of the writers and managers of the Kalamazoo Northern. Miss Kittie Drake is one of the editors of the Kent county Times."

The firm of Steele & Steele edit and publish the pioneer paper of Merced Co., California, and have lately started a daily in addition to their weekly issue. The elder member of the firm, Mrs. R. G. Steele, is a woman of heroism and energy. In a private letter to a friend from which we take the liberty of copying, she gives a brief sketch of her life. The year 1856 found her with a sick husband and a babe, penniless in New York City. Happening to see the unusual notice of a lecture to be given by a woman—Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, one of the most charming and cultivated of the noble band of pioneers—Mrs. Reeves was fired by determination toward self-help. She attended Mrs. Oakes Smith's lecture on "Water," and at once began taking lessons of an elocutionist. The business reverses which had broken down her husband, fired her young, determined nature to do its best. In six weeks Mrs. Reeves went upon the platform as the reader of Macbeth, from which she gravitated upon the stage, and was a successful actress for five years. From the stage, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves emigrated to California, a quarter of a century ago, and established the first paper in Merced Co. Mrs. Reeves conducted the business alone after her husband became a hopeless invalid;

educated and established her eldest son as an editor at Sonoma, and took her youngest son into the home paper as junior partner. She says "I am sixty-two years old, have a good home and plenty of business; work every day from six in the morning till ten at night, enjoy good health and am happy."

There is little evidence here of the "clinging vine" theory, to which some good people so pertinaciously hold. As the old lady said of total depravity, "it is a splendid theory but a great many won't live up to it." At the approach of trouble and adversity they absolutely refuse to hang their limpsy weights on their friends, but strike out bravely for themselves, thereby gaining experience and development.

That bright monthly paper, The Woman's Tribune, lives and flourishes at Beatrice, Neb., under the management of Mrs. Clara Bowick Colby. The editor has fine taste in the selection of literary matter and wields a brilliant pen. The paper holds a position of influence midway between Eastern periodicals devoted to woman's advancement, and the New Northwest which is the beacon light of the Pacific coast.

Woman's advent into journalism has had an incalculable influence in purifying literature. Look at the papers and books of the last century, and measure the strides that have been taken since then! As far back as Shakespeare's time hardly a page but contained allusions or open expressions of indecency. The press is a mighty engine for good or evil, and almost universally, when directed by womanly taste, its mission is to encourage and uplift.

Late December Magazines Received.

THE PREHENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE. (London.) The usual amount of good reading is to be found in this issue.

THE PANSY. (Boston.) The young readers will be amused with the Christmas stories and illustrations.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. (New York.) Articles upon health and how to preserve it fill the December number of this monthly.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Orange, N. J.) Contents: The Philosophy of Health, by Prof. Sheridan Wait; Conversation; The American Akademe.

THE AMERICAN KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY TEACHER. (New York.) The articles in this monthly are devoted to the interests of parents and the teachers of young children.

Early January Magazines Received.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston.) Mrs. Oliphant and Thomas Bailey Aldrich contribute the first chapters of a delightful novel of English country life which opens the January Atlantic. Marion Crawford begins a serial entitled Paul Patoff, and Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in his paper on French and English, shows the difference which the Puritan influence has made in the English manners as opposed to French. The Physiognomy of the Days shows the curious characteristics of the days of the week. Arthur S. Hardy has an original paper. Two papers of real value are: What Children Read To-Day, and The Saloon in Society. There is also some good verse, and with the usual brief notices complete one of the best magazine numbers for January.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (New York.) The Popular Science Monthly for January is unusually rich in articles bearing upon social and educational topics. Prof. W. G. Sumner holds the leading place with a discussion of the question, "What Makes the Rich Richer, and the Poor Poorer?" Sir John Lubbock considers the subject of Manual Instruction. Mr. Frank P. Candon gives his attention to the Misgovernment of Great Cities. M. Maurel presents the results of a Scientific Mission to Cambodia. Dr. C. C. Abbott gives an account of the White-Footed Mouse; and Mr. Ernst Ingersoll, another of The Hound of the Plains. The Experimental Study of Nature is commended, with vigorous arguments, and the Bishop of Carlisle inquires into the origin of The Week of Seven Days.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York.) Christmas and New Year's articles seem to have a prominent place in the January St. Nicholas. The frontispiece shows us Ye Merrie Christmas Feast and is followed by a Christmas poem. Millet and the Children comprise an article with many sketches, paintings and etchings by this celebrated artist. These Christmas Stockings is an appropriate story by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Frank R. Stockton concludes A Fortunate Opening. A Glimpse of Eden School will be read with pleasure by the young. There are several Serials, Poems, and Jingles, with many illustrations to add to the pleasure of this number.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (New York.) Contents: The Moutjiks and the Russian Democracy; Sir Samuel Ferguson; Our Grandmothers; The Rulers of the Balkans; The Gastronomic Value of Odors; Gustava Flaubert and George Sand; The Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture in France; Europe versus England; Henry D. Thoreau; The Eve of Venus; The Brewer of Ghent; The Philosophy of Dancing; Will Culture Outgrow Christianity? Spooklike Research; Literary Notices, etc.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) The usual amount of good articles, stories, poems and notes make up this month's contents.

GOLDEN DAYS. (Philadelphia, Penn.) The best story writers contribute to this sterling weekly paper for boys and girls.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

CONSOLATION AND OTHER POEMS, by Abraham Perry Miller, pp. 122, 12mo. New York: Brentano Bros.

Mr. Miller, the author of this charming little volume, has for many years been editor of the Worthington (Minn.) Advance, and his poems have had a wide circulation through the columns of newspapers. He is thoroughly western, with broad views and honest liberality, a clear and incisive mind which detects the narrowness of conservatism and scorns to palliate wrong, condone sin in high places, and sham what he is not. He makes no fine verses for the verses' sake, but he has something to say, and he finds that he best expresses himself metrically. He has thrown his poems into three groups, Religious, of the War Period, and Miscellaneous. In the first and most lengthy, there is a fine word painting of natural phenomena as exists in our language. In the Ghost, Mr. Miller has taken "The Raven" for his model, substituting a loved spirit for the raven, and well succeeded in introducing the spiritual philosophy. He felt the presence, and smelled the delicate fragrance of Jesseamine, when he saw an "opaque disk" rise from the floor, from "Whence a luminous mist or vapor, shaped and shining like a taper, Rose upon the air beside me and the carpet floated o'er;

And this radiant apparition opened like a flower Elysian, And I saw the loveliest vision ever mortal saw before— For there stood the fairest ghost that ever stood by man before. Stood and smiled, and nothing more! Fashioned like a maiden slender, and with luminous eyes and tender, This fair ghost looked out upon me with a love divine and pure. After the ghost had illuminated the philosophy of life she passed into vapor, leaving only a "hologram and glory," and now in the delight of a new found life, the poet may well sing a song of triumph: And that glory, undecaying, is forever shining shining, With a light above the sunlight there upon my chamber floor; And that Light my soul is craving—in that Light my soul is living All the hills of Time out-braving till I meet her on that shore, And my soul into that Heaven which is imaged on the floor, Shall be lifted evermore!

With true prophetic fire he says of "The Race": "Whatever may, in Time befall, Must end in love and right at last; To-day is better than the past, And Love must own and govern all. And from earth's dust and toil and strife And from life's transient pains and cares, The race constructs the unseen stair, And climbs into a higher life." In the same strain is the following: "Toll on, ye millions, and rejoice, The morning star is in the sky; Lay down, and like the sky lark's voice, Fall the glad tidings from on high. And ye who read the times aright Can see how well the work goes on, The red Dawn driving back the Night, The whole world turning to the sun."

The war poems are from the poet's personal experience and are among the best of the book. Space forbids giving the lengthy extracts which tempt the reviewer. Mr. Miller is imbued with the spiritual conception of life and hereafter, and is essentially a poet of the new age. H. T.

New Books Received.

THE CAUSES OF THE DECAY OF TEETH. By C. S. Weeks. New York: Fowler & Wells Co. Price, 10 cents.

THE LABOR-VALUE FALLACY. By M. L. Scudder, Jr. Chicago: Jeffrey Printing Co.

Those people who desire to become acquainted with the doctrine and claims of Spiritualism will find in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published in Chicago by John C. Bundy, the best paper of that class in the country. It does not hesitate to expose the fraudulent practices indulged under the cloak of Spiritualism or impostors who profess to be its representatives. Its discussions are thoughtful and while its editorial management is able, it treats opponents and opposing doctrines with respect. Price, \$2.50 a year. Address John C. Bundy, Chicago, Ill.—The Kankakee (Ill.) Gazette.

Simon Cameron gave proof of his ability to enjoy his eighty-eighth Christmas by riding from his farm in the country to his house in Harrisburg, where he celebrated the day in the orthodox fashion.

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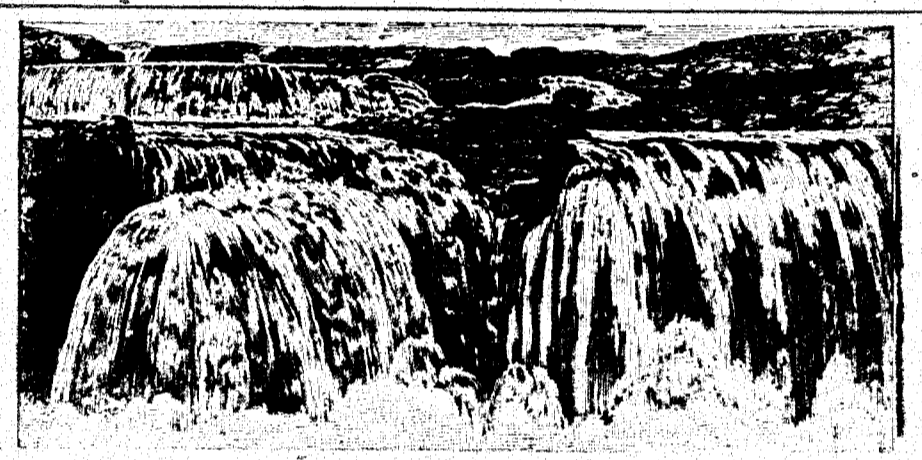
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents. Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

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

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 8, 1887.

The Power of Satan.

We are indebted to The Gospel Sickle for new light on a great question. Two main things we learn. First, that Satan, in these latter days, is wonderfully busy; second, that he is using Spiritualism with great power and effect to corrupt the churches.

The Sickle is meant to reap in many lands. It is a semi-monthly sheet published for the International Missionary Society by the Review and Herald Publishing Association at Battle Creek, Michigan, and is the organ of that society to spread the Second Advent doctrine over the world.

That thriving interior Michigan city is the headquarters of the Adventists, and they have a great printing office, a spacious tabernacle, a good college and a large sanitarium amidst the neat cottages of the two thousand people in its western ward who adhere to their faith.

In an editorial headed Spiritualism, The Sickle says: "Numerous prophecies very plainly declare that the last great deception under which the world will fall as it draws near the period of its final destruction, is to be a new development of false doctrines enforced by new and peculiar manifestations of satanic power."

It further tells, in fearful detail of which but little need be given, of "false prophets," of "new manifestations of satanic power," of "great signs and wonders," and of "spirits of devils working miracles," and refers to a Bible text, 2 Thess., as revealing Satan as the one master mind "behind, and in the very midst" of his last work on earth.

The Bible they interpret literally, with no allowance for myth, or figure, or Hebrew symbolism, and, of course, the devil is a real person—a fiend in hideous human shape. He is very active and shows great power in these days, rioting in devilish joy at the early prospect of the world's destruction—a joy only dimmed a little by the fact that a select company of Second Adventists and some others of the elect will flee from the flames and be beyond his clutch. That, however, is not a serious trouble to him, for he exults in the sure confidence that the vast majority will be victims of the fire ready and waiting for their endless burning, and which he, and the lesser fiends who serve him, will keep alive forever. Thus much as to the first leading fact, that Satan is busy.

The second—that he uses Spiritualism, to accomplish his vile ends—is of special interest to our readers. The Sickle cuts sharp and strong in this field. Speaking of "signs and lying wonders" it says: "For many years we have seen this very work developing in the earth under the name of Spiritualism... based on one of the grossest and most inexcusable perversions of God's word ever devised. It has behind it a preternatural power of the very nature brought to view in the prophecies; and it is to go with such power, and become so all-pervading in its wide influence, that it would, if that were possible, deceive the very elect." Of the power of Spiritualism they tell far more truth than of its aim and purpose. That power, they say, is to reach "the different organizations of apostate Christians... controlling them all will be this satanic agency of Spiritualism." It is to have a power even greater than Catholicism, for it is the "two horned beast" which the Bible tells of. Our readers will be greatly indebted to these good Adventists for telling us that we serve a two horned beast—an awful monster it must be!

But the churches are actually being reached. We are told: "Spiritualism must evidently work its way into, and control the different religious organizations of the land." They have watched it for years, and seen it "discarding its grosser features,

"donning a more religious garb... with the expectant and strong prospect of controlling these churches."

A correspondent of the Banner of Light, writing from Washington, D. C., two years ago, is quoted as proof of their opinion as follows:

I assure you that I would not give up my belief in and my knowledge of Spiritualism for all the gold in the United States Treasury! And yet I remain a member of the church, and with the Episcopal minister and his wife at my far-away home, have formed a circle, and I am glad to say we have excellent demonstrations, Sunday morning, from the pulpit, he preaches Spiritualism; Sunday night we commune with the spirits, and will allow nothing to interfere with our appointments with them. Who shall judge us in our work? I know that Spiritualism in its truest and best sense—that Spiritualism which does not seek to destroy but to improve and build up—is rapidly gaining a foothold in all churches, and will in time have complete possession.

There was a time, perhaps, when there was reason for attack upon the churches; but the time has now come when the churches can be quietly taken possession of and their buildings turned into spiritualistic temples.

This is the opinion of the writer only, and is true in part to us. While the time for exposing error in creeds and dogmas has not gone by, we can be constructive as well as iconoclastic, build better and not be content with only battering down old walls.

We had actually thought that such a change in the methods of the Spiritualists was for the better, but now The Sickle has cut down our hopes. We are all only serving Satan to catch the apostate Christians with guile, not, as we had hoped, trying to build on solid spiritual foundations.

If The Gospel Sickle is right the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a servant of the devil. Think of it. In the very heart and centre of this godly city of Chicago, high on the upper floor of a massive and splendid block of buildings not a stone's throw from the city hall, is its office from whence go out weekly messengers from Satan!

But while The Sickle tells some truth as to the power and spread of Spiritualism, it is all wrong as to its source and effect. Satan—a personal devil—is an old and outgrown oriental myth. From nothing comes, and so this does not come from the devil. Spirits are busy, but not the fiendish kind the Advent fancy conjures up. Angels, heavenly messengers, men and women yesterday on earth but now in the higher life, are trying to reach open and receptive souls, and are finding them in the churches and meeting with success in their work. Blessing, not bane, comes of all this. As dogmas die souls open heavenward. To the Spiritualist these Sickle thrusts are weak and absurd. When our Advent friends outgrow their narrow dogmatism they will seem so to them. Their frankness we like, and they say what many other bigots in the churches feel. Some are fortunately outgrowing that feeling.

A word of just commendation. The Adventists uphold and emphasize, temperance, industry, simple living and honesty. The Battle Creek Adventists have a good name for the practice of these cardinal virtues.

That Washington Calvinist.

A long communication has reached this office from Rev. Sunderland, whose tergiversations and coarseness we recently exposed. It can be all numbered in his own points.

1. He confesses his statement was incorrect as made to our correspondent, that he had never seen or known of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

2. That the only copy he had seen was the one which made him so mad that he wrote us the highly Calvinistic and murderous epistle of last spring.

3. That that abusive and indecent letter of his was "private admonition." He complains of our want of delicacy in printing it, and calls it an abuse of confidence.

4. He charges that we held him up to public obloquy for a gross assault, while not stating that we had ourselves previously spoken our disgust at the erection of a statue to John Calvin.

5. That we are as bad as he is anyhow for having kicked back.

Let us take up his points seriatim.

1. He forgot! Well, we did not forget, and when we do forget writing such an abusive letter to a person whom we confess we never heard of before, we hope we shall have grace to make an apology. How many more such literary exhibits of himself has he forgotten while preaching Jesus Christ on Sundays.

2. After all the only copy was the one that disturbed him. Curious he should have happened to see just that one that so upset his ministerial manhood, and—well, hasn't he forgotten again?

3. The letter of his, written to a stranger, an editor, concerning an editorial, and concerning the editor's own paper, was "private!"—although not even marked private! But to the charge of lack of delicacy in printing such a gross affair we plead guilty. It was not a decent letter to put in print.

4. We have held him up to obloquy. We, no! We simply held up his obloquy, or rather gave him a chance to hold it up himself. As for any previous attack on him we never referred to the man directly or indirectly; but we criticised a proposition of a public character to erect a statue to John Calvin,—as mean a reprobate as any of his followers ever was or can be, which is saying a good deal.

5. That we are as bad as he is anyhow! As the skunk said after hitting a fellow, "You smell as bad as I do, anyhow."

Exeunt Sunderland.

The young people are trying to organize a society of Spiritualists, to be controlled exclusively by them, and to meet at Lake Side Hall, corner of Indiana Ave., and 31st St. A. L. Coverdale seems to be the leading spirit in the movement. We hope they will succeed.

The Poetry Man's Plaint.

With much trepidation the member of the JOURNAL's staff who has charge of the poetry, ventures to mildly intimate that of rhymes his woes abound. He has been called upon to face death in various forms and has no recollection of having ever quailed before it—leastwise not much. But alas! he finds himself growing weak and fainthearted under the load of "poetry," which comes at irregular intervals and in varying quantities. From the four quarters of the globe, and the heavens above, in blizzards, avalanches, cyclones and floods it comes. His life is insured for only a small amount and he would not like to leave his family to struggle on alone, yet awhile. Therefore he craves mercy and a general suspension of the rhyming rage. If perchance it shall appear that this is exaggeration, remember that poetic license is sometimes—not often—allowable.

These few remarks are not intended to hit anybody in particular, nor everybody in general. Above all things, dear reader, they do not apply to you; but possibly you can name some one whom they ought to pinch.

There is considerable poetic talent abroad in the land, and if those who are so fortunate as to have it in stock will only study the art of composition and learn to esteem literary finish as of equal importance with sentiment, they will do credit to themselves, make fair poetry and avoid the danger of arrest by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Editors.—Ed. POETRY DEPT.

The publisher yields to importunities of his faithful assistant and permits the publication of the foregoing plaint. He does so the more readily because he knows that all of his readers are excellent poets and that the trouble comes from contributors to other papers, who roam abroad seeking whom they may paralyze.

We want to see mediumship lifted out of the rats, and this can be brought about, not by denouncing mediums for their faults and weaknesses, but by kindly helping them to a truer understanding of the sacred nature of their gifts.—Golden Gate.

While Brother Owen is expending that part of his vitality which is susceptible of being worked into "kindly help" for the cheats and dead beats among mediums, is it not possible that a large number of people may be wronged for want of knowledge of these traffickers, which information could have been supplied by the Golden Gate? If our esteemed contemporary will give the name of just one of these faulty and weak mediums who has permanently reformed, stopped cheating, ceased to indulge in immoral practices and is now using mediumship for high and noble purposes, we will take it as a personal and professional favor. In the meantime the JOURNAL must continue to have more regard for the happiness, morals, and pecuniary interests of the public at large than for individual wrong-doers. And the JOURNAL must do this even though it now and then disgruntles some good soul who has pinned his faith to a fraud.

When the JOURNAL discovers a desire on the part of a questionable character to rise out of the smoke of doubt and deception, it yields the palm to none in its generous help and encouragement. But it believes that charity to the public is as much more important than toleration of crookedness, as is the happiness of society paramount to the selfish gratification of the individual. We know of no authority in law or ethics which justifies the suppression of knowledge necessary for the public weal. In the language of that statesman and scholar, Charles Sumner, "the genius of our institutions requires publicity."

A gentleman, to whom a friend had sent the JOURNAL for a time, writes asking its discontinuance at the end of its term. He says: "I have read it with care, but cannot see any foundation of truth in many of its marvelous stories. Instead of enlightening the mind they seem to me to tend to lower it into superstition. As a faith much in it is beautiful. The Lord grant it may be true! But to me, although I have prayed earnestly for it, there is no shadow of a sign." He is one of a growing number, not satisfied with the old faith, not convinced by the facts, new and old. Yet praying most earnestly, desiring deeply, hungering and thirsting with a hope that Spiritualism may be true, he may yet find it so. The friend who has sent him the JOURNAL need not think his missionary work lost. Much good fruit has come from such work, for its weekly visits are looked for with interest by many inquiring recipients. A good way to begin the New Year is subscribe for it to be sent to some thoughtful friend.

It will astonish many to learn that the religious societies so ably and acceptably presided over by Prof. Swinand Dr. Thomas, are not reputable, Christian bodies. But such is the fact, for Simon pure orthodox churches in this city decline to give retiring members letters to either of them. As these two preachers speak every Sunday to larger audiences than can be found elsewhere in town, and do more marrying, christening and burying than any dozen orthodox clergymen, it is quite likely they will be able to stand the boycott.

A correspondent at Hutchinson, Kansas, writes: "Who is Prof. Regnarg, exposé of Spiritualism, mesmerist? etc. He has lately been here performing. Just spell his name backward and mention him in the JOURNAL? Newspaper notoriety is the capital in trade of such charlatans as this 'Regnarg.' Hence we don't care to give him space worth a dollar a line. He is a swindler and that is all that need be said."

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn is speaking every Sunday. She goes to Troy, N. Y., for January.

In reply to a correspondent we would state that the last we heard from Mrs. Maud Lord, she was at Los Angeles, Cal.

Under the title, "Children and Ethics," on the sixth page, Mrs. Bisbee contributes an article which we commend to those interested in children—and who is not?

Dr. R. B. Westbrook, LL.D., has just closed a radical course of lectures in Philadelphia, to large audiences. He is about getting out a new book on the "Origin of Christianity."

F. W. Gramsmyer of La Grange, Tex., writes: "I have received the Psychograph you sent me and am much pleased with it. Two dollars enclosed for which send me two more of the same."

M. L. Holbrook, M.D., Editor of the Herald of Health, New York, writes: "I hope all goes well with you in your splendid fight for a higher ethics and more common sense in Spiritualism."

The Chautauqua Calendar for 1887, by Minnie A. Barney, has appeared with its usual excellent selection of golden texts. Miss Barney has arranged the "Gom Calendar" for several years past, and very acceptably to the Chautauquans.

Our old friend Dr. Beck contributes an interesting narrative for this number, which we have entitled, "A Dream Extraordinary." We believe Dr. Beck to be a man of truth and veracity, and give confidence to his statement.

The interest in John Slater's séances, at Assembly Hall, is on the increase. His last Sunday evening's audience numbered nearly a thousand, and many were the expressions of wonderment and delight at his remarkable tests of spirit presence and identity.—Golden Gate.

"How I became a Spiritualist and How I remain a Christian," is told on the sixth page by a contributor who is obliged to use a nom de plume for prudential reasons. He is a gentleman who wields a wide influence in his community, and in his own way is doing effective service for the spiritual philosophy. We shall always be glad to publish his contributions.

Mrs. Emma Hopkins begins another course of lectures on Mental Healing at 2210 Michigan Avenue on the 10th inst. While the JOURNAL takes serious exceptions to some of the assumptions of this school of healers, yet it gladly testifies to the value of much that is there taught and believes all who listen to Mrs. Hopkins in a receptive spirit will be repaid for the time and expense.

Victoria, not the amiable ruler of an empire on which the sun never sets, but she of salacious memory, the Woodhull, wails through a column in the New York Herald, all because people persist in regarding her name and free love as synonymous terms. Possibly there has lived as great a female falsifier as this Woodhull-Blood-Martin, but if so, history fails to reveal the name.

Mr. B. Franklin Clarke writes: "Your Christmas number is one of the best I ever saw." Hudson Tuttle says of that number: "It is the best ever published, although I had thought other issues hard to surpass." Compliments for that paper pour in from all quarters, and we again thank contributors for enabling us to make it so good, and for their continued aid in keeping up the standard of excellence.

E. H. Dunham writes: "Mrs. Amanda M. Spence of New York, closed her labors for the Providence, R. I., Spiritual Association, December 26th, with two powerful discourses upon the 'Development of Fraternal Love,' and the 'Spirit-world and its Relation to This.'" Her lectures were radical in the extreme, and have stirred up the thoughts of her listeners to an unusual degree, which, it is hoped will result in a more earnest searching after truth, and an increasing interest in the cause of Spiritualism in this city."

If mediums would become more perfect instruments for the higher intelligences, they should never debase their gifts to sordid uses. But this they do whenever they invite spiritual communion for business purposes. The shores of the mystic sea of spirit communion are thickly strewn with financial wrecks caused by overweening confidence in the business counsels of mischievous and ignorant spirits.—Golden Gate.

Very true! and by the same token it were well for the whole Spiritualist press to imitate the JOURNAL in refusing to advertise or countenance mediums who make a specialty of giving business advice. Let there be no inconsistency between editorial page and advertising columns. We think Bro. Owen's position identical with our own on these points.

The Morning News of Wilmington, Del., speaks as follows of our contributor, J. G. Jackson of Hockessin: "Justice of the Peace John G. Jackson, whose beautiful residence and grounds are just north of the Delaware Western railroad, about half a mile beyond Hockessin, at Mill Creek station, believes in surrounding himself with all the rational and helpful comforts and conveniences that a rural community affords. His home is a model of comfort and neatness, and his grounds are the most attractive to be seen along the line of the Delaware Western, nearly all of which is the direct product of his own industry and ingenuity. In his own words he is the maker of 'glimcracks,' but he is more. He is not only skilled in mechanics, but he is an artist, an inventor, a civil engineer, and he is probably the leading student of the stars in the State."

An exchange says: "A new method of treating consumption, which is now attracting the attention of physicians, consists in the injection of remedies directly into the lungs by means of the hypodermic syringe, the needle of which is passed through the wall of the chest. The object aimed at is, of course, to apply the medicinal agent as nearly as possible to the affected parts. The experiments so far made in this direction have been most satisfactory. Carbolyzed iodine seems to have produced the best results, causing the complete cessation of cough and expectoration."

Under the title "Three Preachers" there appears on another page a vivid picture of three stages of the world's history as reflected by three representative preachers. With the skillful hand of an artist the writer furnishes the drapery calculated to bring out each subject in sharp contrast with its companions. *Polito* is the *nom de plume* of Mr. Franc B. Wilkie, one of the strongest newspaper writers in the country, and a man well versed in religious lore. His "Three Preachers" originally appeared in the *Times* of this city. How does the contrast between Jesus and Sam Jones please the evangelical public? As Sam Jones was publicly invited to Chicago and other cities by orthodox clergymen and endorsed by them, it must be they esteem his style in good form and best adapted to modern civilization. Indeed, it is more than probable that had Jesus and Sam jointly occupied the platform here and elsewhere, the clergy and audiences would have given the latter the most prominence.

An extraordinary story comes from the village of E-d Lion, York County, Pa. On Dec. 26th Henry Weichman, a farmer living in that vicinity, died, to all appearance. On Thursday the body was prepared for burial. Mr. Weichman was a strong and healthy man, of florid complexion, and the face of the supposed corpse was ruddy and life-like. The lid of the coffin was screwed down and the remains, accompanied by a large number of neighbors, were borne to the graveyard. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and the sexton was just about to throw in the loose earth, when one of Mr. Weichman's sons cried out: "I must see my father once more; something tells me he is not dead." His urgent request was granted; the coffin was raised to the surface and the lid opened. The body was found to be warm and limber, and when the skin was pierced blood oozed out. A physician was at once sent for, the body having meantime been carried back to the house. The doctor at once declared that Mr. Weichman was alive, and the opinion is that Mr. Weichman is in a trance.

We learn that the advent of J. Clegg Wright into the Western town of Newton, Kansas, has started up a blizzard. His lectures during the past month have been very well attended. When the weather was good the hall was filled. The Church people have taken alarm and the city has been alive with theological controversy. In the post office, store, bank and street, the subject of talk is the same. Prof. Clark Braden had been lecturing in the city, and Mr. Wright replied to him. As every one well knows, Clark Braden is a bombastic and unscrupulous opponent. He vows vengeance upon Mr. Wright. He has challenged him to a debate, and Mr. Wright has publicly said that he would meet him. The local paper at Newton has the following: "We are glad Clegg Wright is here, and also that Prof. Braden has followed after him, and hope the matter will be sifted down and both sides have a fair and impartial hearing. We don't like to see one little, old long-haired man run all the ministers of the city into their holes. That isn't our idea of war either with the world, the flesh or the devil."

Lyman C. Howe spoke at Grand Rapids, Mich., December 26th. His lectures at Benton Harbor excited a great deal of interest. He commences a course of lectures at Kansas City, January 9th. Mr. Howe writes as follows from Benton Harbor, Mich.: "I think one cause of spiritual stagnation in many places is that the clergy have neglected us! They have not so faithfully advertised us by their anti-spiritual sermons, nor called us bad names so much of late. They are getting derelict of duty. Let us hope they will be more considerate in future, taking Rev. Brewster and Rev. T. B. Roth of Utica, as examples. Bro. Jones has evidently met the public mind here, and won confidence and approval for himself, and done valuable service to the cause. He and his friends, with a little help, gave us splendid music. I was also agreeably surprised at Sturgis, by the excellent music, by a choir hastily organized by young Mr. Wait, nephew of J. G. Wait." Mr. Howe lectured at Muskegon, Mich., Jan. 2nd. He speaks in high terms of Mr. L. V. Moulton, President of the Spiritualist Society at Grand Rapids. He regards Mr. Moulton as a most excellent medium. Mr. Howe rested for a few days at the Sanitarium at Alma, which is under the charge of Dr. A. B. Spinney.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has contracted with an English publisher to write a series of articles on topics relating to women for a religious periodical.

Charles E. Pilgrim, the new boy preacher, is said to be just 16. He has the advantage of Mr. Harrison, the pioneer "boy preacher," by about forty years.

It is stated that the Pope will hold a consistory on the 20th inst., when he will nominate a number of Bishops.

A convention of the Freethinkers of New England will be held in the Paine Memorial Hall, Boston, on Saturday, Jan. 20th, and Sunday 30th.

The lecture by Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, on "What is Christian Science?"...

"Progress from Poverty" is the title of a new book by Giles B. Stebbins...

Woman in the State.

Abstract of a Discourse Delivered at Anthon Memorial Church, New York City, by R. Hooper Newton, D. D., on Sunday, Jan. 2d.

[Special to the Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

Proverbs. 8:15. By me kings reign and princes decree justice. The Hebrew Genius fashioned the form of the Heavenly Wisdom as a Divine Woman...

In the sphere of education I see little to fear but much to hope from woman's influence. The two chief defects of our People's schools are their lack of industrial training...

Woman's tender sympathy prompts her now to side rather with the old charity than with the new charity—the pity which puts pennies into the beggar's purse without asking questions...

The State must look after the morals of society. There is no question that woman's entrance upon the field will re-enforce the moral energies of society...

When we speak now of a "moral man" we mean usually a man who is blameless in his domestic relationships. He has "good morals" if he is a faithful husband...

As woman takes her place in the State she will correct this one-sidedness of her moral ideal and lead out her aspiration for public fidelity...

It is another sign of the blessed work of woman's coming citizenship that the movement in England against the illusive and immoral French system for regulating the social evil is led by a great-hearted woman...

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"The Pulverization of the Churches."

BY M. A. CHANCEY.

More than thirty years ago I was present at a small gathering of Spiritualists in a little room on Broadway, New York...

Perhaps the most remarkable fact illustrative of the effect of Spiritualism upon the creeds of Christendom, is the re-translation or, as it is called, revision of the New Testament with a view of bringing this basic exposition of the Christian faith into harmony with the new and more enlightened ideas of the last half of the nineteenth century...

Another marked example of "pulverization" is seen in the action and teachings of clergymen. Many instances could be cited, which have been published in the JOURNAL, where clergymen have voluntarily left their pulpits by reason of more liberal and broader views of religious matters...

Still another sign of "pulverization" is the gradual liberalizing tendency in the teachings of the religious press. While ministers have lessened the number of their "doctrinal" sermons, the press has followed in the same direction, and devoted more space to questions relating to the welfare of humanity in this world, and less to speculations as to a future state based upon creedal doctrines...

A very significant instance of the power of modern Spiritualism to "pulverize" the churches is the so-called Andover controversy, in which the question is raised as to whether the heathen who have never had Christ preached to them will have a probationary chance in the next world for salvation from their sins...

From a consideration of these facts, the statement of Mr. Davis may be regarded as prophetic. The "pulverization of the churches" has certainly been going on for the past thirty years, and it requires no great prophetic power to predict their complete reduction to powder under the influence of Spiritualism...

A Testimonial to Mrs. N. Reynolds.

Last Sunday evening, Dec. 26, 1886, was the occasion of a very interesting and highly sociable gathering in the spiritual parlors, Kasper Hall. After the usual exercises and a beautiful discourse by Mrs. N. Reynolds on the appropriate subject of "Peace on Earth, Good will toward Men," the president, Mr. Elisha Waters, then announced that he had a very pleasant task to perform, but felt entirely inadequate to the occasion...

in the form of a lamp, which he trusted would be of some service to her as she had been to us.

It was a perfect surprise to Mrs. Reynolds. However, she received the beautiful parlor lamp in a fitting manner, giving in response an improvised poem suitable to the occasion.

A SPIRIT BLESSING.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Whilst lecturing recently in one of the interior cities, I learned of a very remarkable proof of clairvoyant power, which has been carefully authenticated. For over twenty years an uneducated blacksmith has been a spirit's instrument for magnetic treatments and also for clairvoyant examinations of disease...

A lady with a young daughter came to the office one morning, and the Doctor was as usual about to make a clairvoyant examination, when one of his guides entranced him and said: "Madam, you don't need a doctor. Your husband is sorrowing because he has lost you. Write to him at — post office, Colorado, in care of the postmaster, who is his friend."

The lady then told the doctor her somewhat remarkable history. As a poor orphan, without relatives, she had been brought up to service in an English town many miles from her birthplace. There she had married an industrious young mechanic, and lived happily with him until the birth of their daughter. A time came when labor was plentiful and work scarce, so the ambitious young husband proposed to try his fortune in America...

Meantime serious changes had occurred. His wife, thoroughly alarmed at not hearing from her husband, had concluded that it was her duty to go to him. So in her turn she sailed for the city where her husband's one American friend, only to find when she arrived that he was dead, and no one there knew anything about her husband. Her husband's letters to his wife addressed to her in England undoubtedly drifted into the dead-letter office, and they thus became lost to each other.

Ten memorable years rolled by. The man found his way to Colorado; became the owner of a ranch, and a man of property, but sorrowed every day over his lost wife and child. The woman at first labored in a mill, and afterwards as a nurse supported herself and daughter. Neither had thought of marrying again, but carried life's sorrow silently and bravely.

The surprise of that wife at the statement of the doctor's control may well be imagined, but she immediately wrote to the address given her, and the JOURNAL of that date will reach our happy family, of which all alike—father, mother and daughter—are blessing the angel world, and the doctor, its medium instrument.

The case is somewhat remarkable, in that no spirit relative or acquaintance claimed recognition or credit. It seems as if the doctor's grand clairvoyant powers, aided probably by the mediumship of the "lost wife" had enabled his guides to read the whole life history; and undoubtedly, the fact of the existing harmony and love between that husband and wife, and the magnetic link which enabled spirit eyes to see conditions and bridge the gulf that had held them apart.

First Love—A Retrospect.

BY THOMAS HARDING.

First Love!—does the memory of it ever die? Ah! it was so sweet, simple and sincere. Never again between the cradle and the grave, shall the inexpressible delight of one's early love return. Can the light of a sun, long set, linger upon life's pathway, and reveal the outlines of a picture whose coloring has long since faded and gone?

How timid we were, and yet how confiding. We knew each other well. Was it the language of the eye which revealed that which the tongue dared not utter? It was rather the heart which spoke direct to heart, and either heart replied, "Thou knowest that I love thee."

But the evening of life has come and the silvery moonlight has replaced the golden sunshine of the past; yet the memory of my childhood's love still lingers about my heart and whispers, "I am not dead." We were but children, and only for a little time that ecstasy was ours. She returned to her home; we never met again. One day I heard my elders talking together about attending a funeral. Whose funeral? They knew not what a pang it cost me to hear the awful words—"She's dead!" I slunk away to privacy where, unobserved, my soul could shrink up, and my young heart beat in secret.

"What a lonely child he is!" they said. "He has strange fancies. He is not playful like other children. A dull, stupid little fellow. He'll die young!" But, like her grave in the churchyard, her memory was green in my heart through the long summer days; and when the winter snow whitened that little mound in the cemetery, I knew from experience that love can linger after beauty dies.

Deep is the sleep of childhood. Sweet are the dreams of the innocent; vivid the fancies of the young, and inspiration breathes upon us in the early morning. It was only a dream, perhaps, but it was so real (a new kind of reality), I walked with her once more; our arms encircled each other; it seemed to me that she was not dead at all; that there was a mistake some where; she was more mine than ever and I loved her better than before. That was my dream.

The sun was shining upon me when I awoke, the old time moonlight was gone; that was my first genuine Christmas, and I enjoyed the festivities, like any other child. Why shouldn't I? My savior, hope, was born!

The January number of the English Illustrated Magazine will contain the first of a series of illustrated papers by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," descriptive of a recent visit to Ireland. Among the other articles will be "The Daughters of George III." by Mr. W. Outram Tristram, with illustrations; and a series of illustrations to Fouquier's "Undine" by Mr. Heywood Sumner, with an article on the romance by Miss Julia Cartwright.

Magnetism, Mesmerism, Etc.

Instructions in Magnetism, \$2.00; Library of Mesmerism and Psychology, \$5.00; Philosophy of Mesmerism, 50 cents; Electrical Psychology, \$1.00; How to Magnetize, 25 cents; and other works on the subject as well as Phrenology, Physiognomy, Heredity, etc. A complete list, with a sample copy, Parenthetical Journal, will be sent to any address, free, by Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, 759 Broadway, New York.

One Novel Free by Mail.

We will send either "Jasper Dane's Secret," a stirring novel, "Widow Eddon's Papers" or "Robinson Crusoe" all complete to those who send for our new catalogue of over 500 books, and enclose four one-cent stamps. All 3 for 10c silver. Address, WESTERN PUB. CO., Box 509, Omaha, Neb. Mention this paper.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the Morgan Park Military Academy, which may be found on another page. This is exactly what it professes to be, a Christian family school for boys, where they are thoroughly educated, carefully trained, mentally, morally, and physically. It is well appointed and admirably located, and we can thoroughly commend it to the patronage of our readers.

Piso's Curo for Consumption is the best Cough medicine. 25 cts. per bottle.

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

Married.

MEPPER-PHILLIPS—At the residence of the bride's parents in Omaha, Wis., on December 22nd, 1886, by Geo. B. Elliott Esq., Mr. Joseph P. Mepper of Omaha, Neb., and Miss Cora B. Phillips, eldest daughter of Dr. J. C. Phillips, Secretary Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists. The happy pair immediately after the ceremony took the train for Omaha which is to be their future home. Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1827 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$3 and three 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 43rd St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 29th Street, N. Y. T. E. Steyer, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Dr. Carroll, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Perine, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer. Grand Opera House, 2nd Street and 8th Avenue—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Contingence every Sunday at 2:15 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y. Conservatory Hall, corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Lecturer: Mr. J. J. Moore, of London, Eng.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Grand Army Hall. W. E. MILLS, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

Chicago Meetings.

The South Side Lyceum of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Martin's Hall, N. W. cor. 22nd Street and Indiana Avenue.

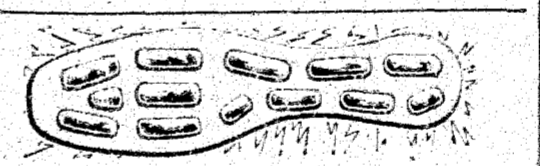
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Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal Religion of Spiritualism.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Faith's fires burned low on life's altars. Prayer-dimons were drooping with doubt; The temples resounded with psalters, From whence seemed the Soul had gone out.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Prayer.

Prayer is now being brought into unusual prominence as an instrumentality whereby the physical world is obtained to be affected, and, notably, the healing of the sick, often when all other means have failed. It seems to me the subject is worthy of careful consideration, and its nature and source of power better comprehended by the people.

How I Became a Spiritualist and How I Remain a Christian.

BY GOLDWIN RAY.

My childhood passed in the forests of Indiana on a new and growing farm, where I lived as close to the heart of Nature as a child to a mother's bosom. I continue to love that mother devoutly and to find solace in her bosom in all my sorrows and temptations in all my joys.

Children and Ethics.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

All Sunday-schools ought to be ethical classes. Education should be so directed as to give the broadest possible culture; and the child, like the adult on Sunday, should receive a stimulus to the knowledge and the love of right.

Religious Retrospect.

BY E. R. ANDERSON.

The grandeur of the doctrine of Spiritualism has just been flitting through the writer's mind, and he sits down to spread them upon paper, with the intention of sending them to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the staunch friend of the pure and true, and the enemy of the false and fraudulent.

Tricksters on the Road.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

That celebrated travelling mountebank, Anna Eva Fay, who has been held up to the public gaze in her true role of fraudulent practices, many times by the spiritual papers, has been in our city and presented her exhibitions at the National Theater on a Sunday evening.

The Ancient British Religion.

Next year the grand Eisteddfod of the Welsh is to take place in the Albert Hall, South Kensington.

The Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists.

The quarterly meeting of the Wisconsin State Association of Spiritualists just held in this place was a very pleasant, social and enjoyable one.

Scientific Accuracy and Consistency.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I want to express my admiration of, and interest in, the article of Hudson Tuttle on the "Accuracy and Demonstration of the Methods and Theories of Modern Scientists." Perhaps it hits me because it is the same line of thought I have had and once expressed orally and inspirationally, and it seems to me that very intelligent thinkers are as blind and stupid touching the deeper revelations of nature as the most ordinary novice, or sectarian bigot.

A Haunted Ship.

Men Refuse to Work Upon a Wrecked Vessel Because of Uncanny Sounds.

A queer story comes from Bathurst, N. B., where the ship Squando was lately wrecked. It is very difficult to get men to work in her, especially at night. Queer noises were heard in the cabin of the vessel last week, which no one could explain, and the men believe the vessel is haunted.

Blind Tom.

Blind Tom, whose peculiarities have been dragged into the courts during his trial for insanity, has at least one bitter enemy in this town, in the person of a well-known and pretty little woman who has a reputation as a pianist, which she is proud of.

A German Paper Devoted to Spiritualism.

Among the many readers of your paper I presume there is a fair proportion of Germans and descendants of Germans.

Visited by a Spirit.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I enclose the following extract from a letter written by Mrs. E. H. Woodruff, of Camden, N. Y. "One time this summer I was very ill, and lay upon my sick bed, too sick to talk or to think, or at least thinking of nothing, only how bad I did feel, when suddenly a beautiful woman in all the freshness of youthful bloom stood before me, looking at me. There were others with her whose faces I could not see, but from the position they were in I should think they were subordinates. Not a word was spoken, and in a moment all was over. Had this anything to do with my speedy recovery, which was so sudden as to surprise all my friends as well as myself, and the doctor also, who had insisted upon my having the fever, and that everybody was taken just so?"

Mrs. Wm. C. Figgott of Shreveport, La.

The JOURNAL has been to us for years superior to any other Spiritualist publication. We read it with confidence, and a greater interest, because we know that your efforts are directed to obtain only well authenticated facts and contributions from the pens of men and women of intellectual and moral worth.

Mrs. Secretary Whitney sent a check for \$50 as a Christmas offering to Charlestown, S. C.

Children and Ethics.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I believe in Sunday as a day for rest and stimulation to all good (where such stimulus is not derived from the ordinary work and study). The time may come when our children will get from the day such a stimulus to a rounded life as necessary. Until then, and until they themselves see their imperative duty to children as parents of a new generation, I think there is vast need of the Sunday Ethical Class.

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Journal and its Correspondents.

No attentive reader of the JOURNAL can long remain ignorant of the fact that its constituency is composed of a mass of dissimilar, and in some respects discordant elements, held together by one paramount consideration only, the hope of immortality; and that it requires no ordinary tact and discretion, as well as other ability in its editorial management, to induce these elements to coalesce and cooperate with sufficient unanimity to give stability to the cause and confidence in its final triumph.

Imagine most persons who take a family paper like the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for instance, for a series of years, become attached to it,—more or less interested in those having it in charge,—which interest is apt to extend to correspondents and contributors generally, each of whom has a certain individuality which one comes to recognize, though never having seen any of the parties themselves, or having had any acquaintance with them other than is furnished through this common vehicle of communication.

Some of the articles which appear in the JOURNAL are a study in themselves; they express thought not altogether on the surface, and they stimulate thought on the part of the reader. In this they imply more than is expressed, as though the writer was unwilling to trust himself in print with his fully developed convictions, inciting an interest in the reader to know more of the writer, his experiences and mental habits. An article answering to this description is the last one of a series, by Thomas Harding, in the issue of Nov. 27th, particularly the first two paragraphs. These biographical intimations, dropping out as it were unawares, are interesting; they evince character; we know the writer is not a fossil, nor a bigot, but progressive and catholic in his views. When such a one states a matter of fact as pertaining to his own experience, it is valuable, and arrests attention. We think of it and if we are skilled in the anatomy of the mind, we can put this and that together so as to form a tolerable notion of the man himself.

The same is true in respect to statements recently made by Judge E. S. Holbrook, in the JOURNAL of Nov. 20th, touching certain experiences of his "through the mediumship of Dr. James V. Mansfield." Here the internal evidence of sincerity, probity and capacity in the witness is such as to attract notice and bespeak respect, notwithstanding the testimony is astounding to persons like the present writer, having had no experience in such wonderful revelations. For one I feel like thanking Judge Holbrook for that article. Such experiences as his are rich, inexpensively rich to whomsoever they may come. Let the world wag as it may here and now, the Judge ought to be a happy man. These messages from mother, wife and child (supposing them to be genuine) are of unspeakable value, and were my experience similar, I would not exchange it for an ownership in fee-simple of all the mines of California, or to be endowed with the genius, or crowned with the fame of a Newton. True, I had read in the last twenty years statements perhaps more wonderful—certainly more pretentious—but somehow they failed to strike a responsive key in my mental make-up. The witnesses in these cases were mostly mere names—abstractions as it were,—which I found it difficult to work up into concrete personalities. The mind is influenced many times by causes which escape observation. We are strongly impressed and we know not why. But in the present instance the cause was obvious. I had perused recently several articles in the JOURNAL coming from this gentleman which gave me an inkling as to his mental processes,—discrimination, judicial capacity to weigh evidence, and apparent freedom from undue bias. Right or wrong in this estimate, a certain receptivity had developed and impressed itself on my mind; this taken in connection with a somewhat peculiar train of incidents as recounted, and with the solemn, yet exhilarating and tremendous significance of the facts themselves in relation to each human being, but more especially to the person most interested in them and whose honor was involved in the statement—if all this did not produce conviction in my mind, it certainly did the next thing to it, it set it in unison with the prayer, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!"

It is quite impossible in a brief article to mention all the contributors to the JOURNAL, whose several writings have attracted my attention, and of whose personalities I have queried in my own mind, but I must not omit to mention Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan; in fact, it was thinking of this gentleman and his article in the issue of Dec. 4th, headed "Positive and Negative Character" as illustrating the Mind-Cure craze, that more particularly induced me to write this communication. I look upon that article as a gem of its kind, furnishing as it does in few words a lucid and philosophical exposition of two very dissimilar and very notable forms of mental manifestation. The only drawback in the pleasure I experienced in reading it was its brevity. On such a theme I could have wished the Professor had given us the benefit of a more detailed analysis and characterization of the salient point involved, the etiology, in particular, which he is evidently so competent to furnish. That these "positive" and "negative" traits are constitutional in many cases, I have no doubt. But I have been in the habit of attributing much of this diversity to causes under our control, to instrumentalities which tend to develop, or retard development, chiefly of an educational character to which the individual has been subjected from childhood up. In my intercourse with mankind I think I have observed that a large minority, possibly a majority of those called negative characters, are persons whose minds received a preponderating bias from religious training in early life, notably Sunday-school training, in which in most cases, independent thinking and judging are systematically repressed, held in subordination by printed lessons latterly, in which questions and answers are furnished; thus forestalling anything like independent thinking on the part of pupil or teacher.

Many a time has the present writer noticed that when an unusually bright mind in the class, unable to accept the conventional explanation of a text, in a given case, started a difficulty by a question not laid down in the lesson—what a flutter it would occasion all along the line, until the teacher luckily brought himself to say, "These things are not to be understood, the Bible would not be

a Bible if all its sayings could be comprehended," when the perturbation would subside. In such cases, the newly awakened reason sometimes though rarely, recoils upon itself in a renewed effort to assert its rights; but more generally yields, becomes asphyxiated in the dense mephitic atmosphere of superstition with which it is encompassed. And the influence here started is continued in after life until the intellectual habits become consolidated and fixed. Hence, in matters in any way involving creedal belief, the mind is taught to defer to authority rather than to reason, to look to the without rather than the within for confirmation and proof; thus discouraging independence or self-reliance, and in this way laying the foundation for that passivity of character and non-critical habit which more or less dominates the mind to the end of life. No wonder the intellect loses confidence in its own judgment, or rather fails to acquire any in religious matters—terrified, in fact, in view of the awful issues at stake. Then, too, one is taught to accept not only what is above reason, but what is contrary to reason, to such extent that, in sheer bewilderment, the mind is prepared to accept any metaphysical monstrosity that may be proposed with a show of religious zeal.

I throw out these suggestions not in criticism, but rather as supplementary to the professor's exposition, which from its brevity necessarily precluded anything like an exhaustive discussion of the subject; and moreover because as that exposition now stands, it is somewhat discouraging, inasmuch as it offers little or no hope of a change for the better in the near or remote future. Greenwood, Ill. Wm. B. HART.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. HOW NOT TO DO IT.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

While there is a constant gain and growth of interest in Spiritualism there is, with this gain, a constant and curious effort to account for its facts in some way which shall ignore, or not endorse, the real presence and action of supernal intelligences. The same is true of magnetic healing and psychological power. How not to do it, is the great thing just now, and this shows an undercurrent of feeling that it must be done some day; that the truth of Spiritualism, and of the wonderful powers and faculties in us must at last be admitted, but the evil day must be put off as long as possible.

When that day comes it will be found good and not evil, as have days in the past when some new light, long feared, has burst upon the world in all its power and glory. Meanwhile this game of how not to do it, is a curious thing to watch,—so many, and in so many ways, are in it. Here are the Christian Scientists, the metaphysical cure, and faith cure, and prayer cure, and mind-cure people, all engaged, some knowing what they are about and others not knowing.

Mrs. Eddy, in her book of many words and few ideas, stoutly and with most virtuous indignation repudiates magnetism, scoffs at Spiritualism, and even makes hygienic laws of no moment, that some miracle of healing may come from the reading of her book (price \$3.00) and the practice of her most Christian skill, which practice the Lord will look down from heaven and bless and help, she taking the fee!

Others, under various names, waive aside all acknowledgment of healthy magnetic healing and will-power as natural agencies, and fall back on the theological idea that the Divine power heals in special answer to prayer, and that human help or agency is useless. Some such thought, and ignoring of our own powers given us for beneficent and healthful uses, lies under these many methods of cure.

This is, no doubt, honestly held in some cases, and there are others in which mind-cure and other like practitioners go quietly to good magnetic healers and psychologic teachers, get the best light they can from them, and then go out and call it Christian Science, or some other good name, and so by their craft get gain in their purses, and loss in their souls. Even Dr. Evans, whose "Vital Magnetic Cure" and other earlier books are so valuable, seems to take a little hand in this popular game.

The real elements in these healing methods are healthful animal magnetism, the psychological power of strong will, and sometimes the direct magnetic help of friends in the Spirit-world—all these exercised in a natural way, and all helped by concentration of wish and thought and by the uplifting of true prayer—the soul's sincere desire and aspiration.

When the Christian Scientists and the rest have spent a little more time over the game they will come to this conclusion, cultivate their own powers of healing, know themselves in spirit and body, know how help comes from the life beyond to help us help ourselves, and aspire and desire and strive to be, to know, and to do the best. They will then see the poor egotism of supposing that Christ busies himself in working miracles by healing gout and rheumatism for them while nature and the inner life of man are rich in healthful helps given us to discover and to use.

When we come to Spiritualism this game is being played with great vigor and zest. It would seem to be the absorbing vocation of many members of Psychic Research Societies. An eminent London lady is deep in it; a president of a like society in this country, thinks it the finest and most scientific game in the world. These societies, at some period in the dim and distant future, may report progress, and possibly may tell a waiting world that the game is up, but that will do us no good, in this stage of life at least. Many of the liberal, and in some good ways really large-minded, clergymen are in it. They have a delicate and delightful way of passing by the one great matter, which must be in their minds, and which is surely in the minds of their hearers. It really seems as though Dr. Swing enjoyed the game a little. There are Unitarian preachers who "believe in God so much that they can scarcely believe in any thing else," and whose full minds would seem to have no room for spirit-presence as a part of the divine order of things. With the bigoted minister in orthodox circles the devil does it all—an easy way to end it, but his rich parishioner has a private séance at his house all the same.

The sagacious and well established Spiritualist can be an interested spectator, but not a participant in any of these efforts not to do it. He wants it done; he works and waits for the final acknowledgment of what, to him, is clear and beautiful, and no device can win him from his chosen way. We have but to hold steadfast in our path and in due time the whole game will be up. It is for us to stand by the truth of spirit presence, the fact that people from the other world sometimes come to us, and to realize the supreme significance of that fact and the wide range of thought which it opens. Detroit, Mich., Jan. 24, 1887.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A DREAM EXTRAORDINARY.

In a Dream Land a Physician Visits His Patient.

BY DR. E. W. E. DEEL.

On a bright November Sunday, some years since, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Lovell, then residents of this place, but now of Burlington, this (Carroll) county, started in their buggy for a neighboring village, having with them their youngest child, then about twenty months old. The baby, prattling in its mother's lap, appeared well and strong, and enjoying the ride, suddenly startled its parents by struggling in a convulsion. This unlooked-for event turned them homeward. Arriving there about sundown, another spasm occurred, and I, their family physician, was sent for. Relief was had for the night, but two more occurred on the following Monday, morning and evening, each coming like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, as the child did not seem sick, but ate, laughed and played between the attacks as though nothing had occurred. Each day witnessed one or two convulsions. Of course there was a cause, and in my search for and failure to find it, I was considerably nonplussed and perplexed. I had set aside by the method known to physicians as exclusion,—worms, teething, insects, etc., as the cause, and settled down in the conviction that it was reflex irritation upon nerve centers, but what and where the impinging offense?

Friday morning I awoke from my sleep after having dreamed about my patient, and forthwith I related my dream to my wife. I now give it in full to the readers of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It is the first I want them to crack: I dreamed that I paid my usual morning visit to the sick child; that I passed through the hall, opened the door into the sitting-room, and saw the family seated at breakfast. Mrs. Murphy (now of Judsonia, Ark.), a lady boarder in the family, at the end of the table on my right; Mrs. Lovett sat on her right; Mr. L. next to her, and a gentleman boarder next to him; a stove on my left, and between the end of the table and partition wall was the cradle in which lay my little patient asleep—feet toward me. My dream took in this picture.

I then approached the cradle, deliberately lifted the left foot of the babe, saw on the sole (plantar surface), midway between toe and heel, a small red spot elevated two or three lines above the surface, and in circumference the size of a grain of corn.

I then deliberately and unhesitatingly thrust my thumb and finger into my right vest pocket, and taking out my thumb lancet, I punctured the rose-colored spot, when out came a needle three-fourths of an inch long, the eye first, when I said to Mrs. L., "Your child will have no more spasms." This was the dream, and now what followed was precisely as related in it, without the slightest exaggeration or shade of difference in fact.

Arising in the morning, as usual I ate my breakfast, and went immediately to the house of my patient, with the dream fresh in my mind, and with never a thought of its fulfillment. I had never been a dreamer, and am not a clairvoyant. I passed through the hall and opened the second door, to see the family at the table in the exact relative position mentioned above—baby, cradle and all! The only variation from the dream was that I sat down by the stove to warm my hands just inside the door to my left, and asking how the baby passed the night, was told by Mrs. L. that it had a good night—no spasms, and was now sleeping. I then narrated my dream in detail, causing a ripple of mirth and a hearty laugh from Mrs. L., who started up and toward the cradle, exclaiming, "We'll see now about this dream!" Lifting the foot, there surely was the red spot. I approached the cradle now, took the foot in my hand, and with my thumb lancet did puncture the spot, and a needle three-fourths of an inch long—eye first—did push out from its supporting sack, the point broken off presumably before its entrance in the foot, and I did use the expression above stated to Mrs. L., and there was no further trouble.

Now, let us examine a few points relatively in the dream before we jump to the conclusion that it was the legitimate following of my anxiety for my little patient, or that the case was on my mind, sleeping or waking, and the result shadowed in tracings from conclusion to cause, from distal to proximate ends of the line.

I had never up to this time, been in the house when the family were at their meal. I knew that there was a large kitchen in the rear of this sitting-room, and I supposed they dined there. I saw in my dream very distinctly, and noted every thing, even to the baking of buckwheat cakes on the parlor cook stove in this sitting room. I did not know that Mrs. M. boarded in the family, nor that they had a gentleman boarder. He was a stranger to me, never having seen him before that I remembered of, till in my dream, yet his face was familiar when I saw him at the table in the morning.

Another point: I invariably carried my thumb lancet in a small silver case in my left trousers pocket, always careful to cleanse and replace it after using. My dream made me take it out of my right vest pocket, without a thought of reaching for it in its usual place; possibly the only time I ever had it misplaced, and occasioned this time by the fact that the day before I abstracted blood from the arm of a stout lady in an epileptic seizure, and had to help hold her in her struggles, and hurriedly and thoughtlessly the moment after letting blood, slipped it into my right vest pocket and forgot it. The vest pocket, and the lancet loose in it, was the last place I should have looked for it, in my waking state, for the case was still where I always carried it.

There is what is termed contiguous, continuous and remote sympathy in many of the diseases afflicting humanity. Is there such a law underlying the manifestations of mind force, consonant to, and in harmony with, our dual nature?—the shadow of substance, the fact of fact! I have no theory in explanation more reasonable than that my spirit friends impressed my mind during sleep to see what they saw, in answer to my mental prayer, "Light more Light." Delphi, Indiana.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Spiritual Experiences and Tests.

BY MILTON ALLEN.

While engaged at Altoona, Pa., some years ago for a few months, my wife and I boarded with an orthodox family where there were a number of other boarders, all of whom were strict church members and very sectarian; but hearing us talk about the great work of Spiritualism they became interested and wished us to form a circle.

We told them we were willing to do this if it was for the sake of learning truth, and not for mere curiosity. On being assured of their desire to learn truth a circle was formed, two or three young men employed as clerks in the P. R. R. offices in the town, being of the number. One of these, a strict Episcopalian, was very skeptical, even after witnessing some quite good manifestations.

"He that is convinced against his will remains of the same opinion still." This was his case, until one night unknown to us, he invited a young gentleman friend of his to come to the circle. After sitting a few minutes the table began to move and we learned that a spirit was present who wished to communicate with the invited young man. On questioning, we found that it was a sister of his, and she said she would spell her name. Presently the unusual name of "Suky" was spelled. The young man said he never had a sister by that name, and we thought there was some mistake about it and asked her to spell again. She did so but the name of Suky was again spelled. Mr. — said it was wrong. We then asked her if she had any other name? She replied "yes," and on questioning, the name of "Rebecca" was given. Mr. — said that was correct. Several other questions were answered correctly and satisfactorily.

The next day Mr. — went to one of the banks where an older brother was engaged, and told him about the circle and asked if his sister Rebecca had any other name. As she passed away before the young man was born he only knew of her from older members of the family.

In reply to the question his brother said, "No! Why do you ask?" "Well," was the reply, "I desire to know for a special reason."

"Oh! well," said the older brother, "if that is the case I can tell you all about it. She had a pet name that was quite unusual, and it was a little singular how she got it. When she was a little girl we had a muley cow that was quite a pet, and when she was about the house or yard to be fed or milked, Rebecca, who was very fond of her, was in the habit of running after her so much that we gave her the nickname of Suky. She went by that nickname until she died a few years after."

This made a deep impression on the young man, and on the members of the circle, for they all knew there was no collusion, nor the slightest chance for any. Neither was there any mind reading, for this, too, was impossible.

The young man was a stranger, and besides, never knew that his long since departed sister had any pet name, nor ever heard of such a name as Suky connected with her or any member of his family. We heard no more skeptical talk about Spiritualism after this, from any member of the circle, or others who learned of this incident. We all thought it a rather singular and perfectly satisfactory test,—particularly as it was wholly unexpected and the young man an entire stranger to all in the circle save our skeptical Episcopalian friend.

Another incident occurred while we were with this family, which I feel is too important to be forgotten, and will, therefore, relate it.

Frequent discussions of a friendly character on church matters took place in the way of "table talk" while we were here, and the sparring was at times quite lively. One day, on coming home from my business, Mrs. Allen said to me that she had just received an impression which was so clear and unmistakably spiritual, that she felt it her duty to report it to the friends at table. Accordingly, next morning at the breakfast table, she told them that she had received an impression from some of her spirit friends, and would like to tell them about it. They all with one accord desired her to tell them what it was. Very well, she said, this is what I received:

"The church rests upon four false cornerstones, all of which must crumble and fall. An impossible trinity; a silly total depravity; a cruel atonement and a horrible hell!" They were all very silent for a few moments, and then one of them, a Presbyterian, who was a lawyer, said: "Well, Mrs. Allen, according to late reports one of them is about gone already, and that is the horrible hell." Canon Farrar had just before this preached his famous sermon, showing that there was no foundation in the Greek text, or by any fair exegesis of the New Testament, for a doctrine of eternal punishment.

That a profound impression was made by these things on all the members of that large family, and on their extended circle of friends that were favorable to larger truth, we had abundant reason to know. Thus a little "good seed sown by the wayside" was doubtless productive of lasting benefits to these people. 2411 N. College Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Advertisement for Epps's Cocoa, featuring a graphic of a cocoa tin.

Advertisement for Lundborg's Perfume and Rhenish Cologne, featuring a graphic of a perfume bottle.

Advertisement for The Ideal Hair Curler, featuring a graphic of a woman's head with curls and a curling iron.

Advertisement for Prairie City Novelty Co., featuring a graphic of a dial planchette instrument.