

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

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

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BEWITCHED OR WHAT ?

The Most Extraordinary Occurrence of the Nineteenth Century.

tor Hugo describes in "The Toilers of the Sea," and, taken all in all, this woman cersee, and, taken an in an, this woman cer-tainly looked a witch! She was the best-shunned woman near and far, amply abused in her absence, while amply and carefolly appreciated when present. Young and old did homage to "the evil-eyed one." THE BEWITCHED PIGS.

Previously, I myself had witnessed the wholesale slaughter of a litter of pigs, by this "witch," the property of her next neighbor, a Mr. K., under peculiar circumstances. During a professional call at Mr. K.'s, on leaving the house, I had occasion to praise the healthy appearance of a litter of pigs, a few weeks old. To my astonishment, Mr. K., an unusually intelligent farmer, solemnly as-serted that "these very ones will certainly die ere sunset, for the witch had evil-eyed them!" Disgusted with such stupidity I let loose on him a harangue contra-superstition, and gave vent to such scientific horror with what he had uttered as I best knew, but without shaking his belief in Madame J.'s " pow-

ers" an iota. The next day's sun rose to his victory, my defeat, and the dead pigs, all of which, as related by Mr. K., "took their lit-tle tails into their little mouths, near sunset the day prior, and twirling about, faster and faster, had dropped dead." What killed the pigs I wot not; but that they were dead, in answer to the "witch's" mysterious sum-

THE FRACTURED THIGH AND MYSTERIOUS WORMS

mons, I do wot.

But let us return to our story, and relate what befell us at the "witch's" on that mem-orable evening. Her son, Fred, lived with her, together with his sweet, little wife, who at all times looked as if frightened, having a well-pronounced "scary look." I hitched the horses outside of Mrs. J.'s property, and, ask-ing Fred's young wife to take Mrs. Hoffman in kind charge, entered the house a rickety in kind charge, entered the house, a rickety cottage, whose timbers appeared ever ready to fall apart, but somehow clung together, about as mysteriously as will two drunken sots, homeward bound from an eve's caronsal. Although I had passed dozens of times through the long and narrow shed, serving as main entrance to the living-room, I never could overcome a vague reluctance to remain there longer than barely necessary to hasten, in tempo accellerato, to the room mentioned, where Fred was securely bandaged, lamenting his compulsory idleness. Yet I never made mention of this uncanny sensation while hurrying through this shed, chiding myself for entertaining such "nonsense." On that day I actually suffered while passing through the shed, and was relieved whenonce in Fred's room, the "large room" of a farm-house. But I was doomed to every possible misery a physician only can fully ap-preciate. Fred hailed me with ill-suppressed impatience, showing agony of mind as well as of body, upbraiding me for "deserting" him, etc. Let me here remark that I had bandaged his leg, some five days prior, in plaster of paris, to keep aloof outside in-quisitive interference, and that there had been no untoward symptoms, nothing to foretell any trouble whatever all this time. But that day Fred impatiently greeted me with: "Doctor, I beg you come to me, quick! Mother and I have had a rumpus, and ever since I er and i nave had a rumpus, and ever since i am in agony. Something is the matter with my broken thigh, for I feel a crawling all over it, under the bandages. Mother has cursed the leg, invoking evil spirits to annoy it with worms!" In reply, I simply felt of Fred's pulse, believing him under febrile ex-citement. I found his pulse normal, skin moist and coal: my sola attention was now moist and coal; my sole attention was now turned to the fractured limb. Naturally, I dreaded gapgrene, and set to chiseling his thigh from out its plaster of paris encasement. I doubt whether the sudden disappearance of that very limb, then and there, would have more confounded me, than the horrible sight before me, when the bandage fell from the limb! There, in all their slimy, winding hellishness, crawled over and about the thigh and then the bedding, white worms, from one to two inches long, and about the thickness of a goosequill, one as if outvieing the other in appearing most infernally ugly! These "worms" were not such as I had before seen in hospitals during hot weather, where wounds had to be neglected from various causes. It must also be remembered that this was a simple fracture, not even the slightest scratch accompanying it. Only the Evil One could have created such worms! But, of course, he didn't. Yet, who did? There they were, to my utter bewilderment. I had not yet regained my usual quiet,—that mental equilibrium so soon acquired by phy-sicians—when a low, mocking laugh behind me announced Mrs. J. She seemed the only one to enjoy the situation, but soon accosted me with: "Don't be alarmed, Doctor. This is nowise your doing, nowise your fault. I wish Freddy to respect his mammy more, shoulder, a la Richard the Third, she, as if and not call her names. I regret causing in mock reverence, bent her "off" knee in a you this extra trouble, but-," gone she was, skulking out, via that gloomy shed! My eyes followed her as she passed out of sight, back to her work on the farm, when a veritable shout of surprise from Fred returned my attention to my patient. Fred pointed to his injured limb, where not a worm nor trace thereof could be seen! Mrs. J. had not as much as entered the room, but had remained standing in the doorway. Her position even obstructed all contents of the bed from ordi-Devil's-Ointment, prepared in unholy confab on the "Block's Berg," from such clergymen's-fat, as had served the devil in heaven's livery while on earth! Her optics would have been the pride of such a diabolic devil-fish as Vic-

THE DEVILTRIES LAID TO THE OLD WOMAN. Collecting my scattered senses the best I Collecting my scattered senses the best I could, I re-bandaged the leg, while Fred un-bosomed himself of his many troubles, airing his long pent-up feelings, ridding himself of a recital of the strangest occurrences in "black magic" perhaps ever recounted to mortal. Besides other deviltries even the recent death of a better was believed the recent death of a brother was believed the work of servile devils, for three months prior it was prognosticated by the "witch" exactly as it occurred. It would carry us too far from our theme, to recount these weird, and often satanic doings laid to this woman by Fred. Some coincided with similar stories plentifully afloat in that neighborhood. I may reveal some of these in some future issue of the Jophnal.

Fred tearfully referred to his nice little wife, who was rapidly fading amidst such depressing surroundings, shamefully mal-treated by the old hag. Finished with my bandaging, and preparing to depart, I advis-ed Fred to leave his mother, and take his wife with him to Chicago, there to manfully work, and in neace and happiness support har as and in peace and happiness support her, as in duty bound. I also met his other remarks with pity and scorn, doing my best to enter into his benighted pate if even but never so small a ray of the "gorgeous light of this enlightened century," (1) hoping to thereby remove this "medieval nonsense." But all my well-meant advice proved futile, for Fred impland me to beam my cenned and to not implored me to keep my counsel and to not further arouse his mother's ire, "For," as he added, "she hears every word you say." Pointing to the fact of her being too far off (some 500 feet, on the farm), to hear even us shout aloud. Fred corrected himself, with: "She feels what you think, in some strange manner, which I know positively to have been the case, from my childhood up." At that time, entirely unacquainted with occult possibilities, I let fly at him my undisguised

horses stir proved without avail, and in my despair and braving the consequences, I jumped from the phæton to personally examine into matters. The "Something" at each wheel had vanished, at least I saw them no more. But I found the ponies and the wheels still some half foot from the ground suspended in the air. I repeatedly passed my hands under the horses' feet and the wheels scarcely believing what my senses of sight and touch now plainly demonstrated! I then attempted to turn a wheel, but though sus-pended afloat in air I could not stir it the east bit. After a hurried consultation with my wife, whose bravery under such trying circumstances was certainly remarkable, I returned; to my seat in the phæton, having gained her consent to desert the buggy and team at once. I promising to also leave it to its fate. In stepping out her dress caught on something in the buggy, placing her direct-ly in between the wheels, while suddenly the horses turned in her direction, to all appearances certainly to crush her between wheels.

the latter almost touching when thus brought together! I remember her piercing shriek, but cannot recall aught else, save that now the ponies sped on! How was my wife saved from being crushed to death? Neither my wife nor I can explain the above, and both of us are without even a surmise. But we positively know that she was caught in between the wheels while they met, without lasting consequence.

PONIES AND BUGGY FLOATING ACROSS A BAVINE.

Onward I sped up a steep road, both sides of which bordered with deep ravines cut by the rains of many years. These ravines were at least twenty to twenty-five feet deep. It was as if some intelligent force deliberately headed the horses toward and over the right hand ravine, and though the buggy and the ponies touched the ground while on the road disgust; and, after reviewing for his benefit all he had said, in cutting ridicule (as I then firmly believed him fully deservant), I left I attempted to alight but was unable to stir, and fortunately so. My wife finally caught up with us, and it seemed as if her presence remedied matters, at least I could now lead the horses by a halter to the nearest farmhouse, some half-mile distant. All spooks then vanished. Slowly progressing, it had become quite dark ere we arrived at the farm. My wife was now seized with great dread lest something evil should befall me at the farmer's, urging me to pass by and on. But what could I do? Rapping several times at the rear door, without recognition, and about to try once more, the door was suddenly flung open without warning, revealing the farmer, Mr. F., with gun pointed at me and evident-ly about to fire! A shriek of Mrs. H., and the farmer's own wife, simultaneously, recalled the fellow to his senses, and as if combatting with some unseen influence, he threw the gun far from him, himself sinking exhaust ed to the floor, his blanched cheeks evidencing the inner turmoil that shook his powerful frame. When we had sufficiently recov-ered from our surprise, Mr. F. related how some hours before he had actually been forced to take down that old gun, from a hook where it had been forgotten for many years, to clean and load it, and finally to point it at me with every intent to kill me. He had not recognized me, though we were old acquain-tances, till my wife's shriek saved him from murder. And thus "the witch" had verified her threat, that I would "be in greater danger that very night." Mr. and Mrs. F., as if to ridicule us for our "superstitions fears," proposed to drive our team to my home that very night. We had kept from them all mention of the more occult aspect to our adventures, merely stating that our ponies were balky, etc., but; whenever they were ready to start, armed with a large lantern, a sudden whiff of wind, from every direction, would extinguish the light; and in the ensuing darkness the same manifestations would occur that had confounded us! They were a tenacious couple and tried it again and again, hitching the ponies to a heavy box-wagon, such as are found on farms, but such was sure to be the deviltry following, that this worthy couple now peremptorily refused to harbor us and our team for the night. "You are both possessed of the devil," would be their invariable answer to our requests to at least keep our team over night. Finally I prevailed on him to call on a neighbor who, ignorant of the trouble, was found willing to take the horses with him. Nothing further occurred than that we had to walk home, our hearts and heads laboring with conflicting emotions!

and will do so through these columns, it will be welcomed by me, and I trust by others also.

No. 21

Perhaps some one of my readers, of more mercenary make-up, will ask: "But how about your fee? Did you ever re-visit the witch's house to collect?" To him will I gladly and in best of faiths make over a judg-ment I later procured from a North Division Justice (at Chicago), which judgment I have been unable to collect, no one relishing to present the same to "the witch." Nor do I enre to press my suit. But I make this con-dition:—the party desirous of pocketing the \$150, together with compound interest since 1874, must present his claim to "the witch" in person. J. C. HOFFMAN. M. D. in person. Jefferson, Wis.

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor of the Keligio-Philosophical Journal:

The phenomena connected with Spiritual-ism are but the alphabet upon which the phi-losophy is founded. Sir John Herschel once said "that we should keep our eyes open to those things which in the ordinary course of those things which in the ordinary course or nature ought not to happen, for they are the clues which lead to new discoveries." So these raps, table movings and slate writings are the clues which have opened the doors to a new discovery in the history of man's rela-tion to the universe in which he lives. For the clues we have been based down two thousand years we have been bound down to a crude and irrational theology, originating among a semi-barbarous and ignorant people who lived on the eastern shores of Asia. This theology is not adapted to the educated civilization of the nineteenth century. Its dogmas and tenets cannot be reconciled with human reason, and its teachings as to man's life and destiny are in violation of every principle of justice, human and di-vine. All of the finer feelings and affections of our nature rebel at the thought of an in-finite punishment for a finite life of sin. We reason that a punishment ought only to be for

A Narrative that Carries the Mind Back to Medieval Times.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

The JOURNAL has frequently favored us with interesting incidents of spiritual character, the personal experiences of some of its readers, volunteered for general benefit. Undoubtedly such recitals have recalled similar ones, often of so sacredly private a nature, as to cause one to besitate in approaching a generally unsympathetic public with one's own experience. Yet, after all, should it not be one's duty to acquaint others with such lessons from spirit friends? Will not many thus also profit, or, at least, become enliven ed to spiritual things? It is solely in this spirit that I venture to add my mite, having, as additional motive, my eagerness to secure the reader's opinion on what then befell me, an enigma as puzzling to me this day as it was fourteen years ago. I am still "at large" for a solution. To none, but the nearest members of my family, have these occurrences ever been related; and for obvious reasons. Let this reticence on my part excuse the late hour I publish this to my fellow-readers of the JOURNAL. The manner in which this recital is worded, needs excuse; but I am compelled to curtail my story, too fully aware of the value of these columns to be unnecessarily annexed by one of my ilk. But once for all, I wish it emphatically understood that I here relate facts, or, at least, what appear such to me, and I assure the reader that I am never easily duped, by others or myself. Of course, I hold myself subject to your judg-ment, soliciting such as a favor.

THE EVIL EYE.

In 1872, I was located (in medical practice) within thirty miles of Chicago, on a farm, among farmers-plain, honest people and the best of neighbors. My circuit covered an extensive area, rendering my wife's company on these long, otherwise monotonous rides almost a necessity. Thus, one afternoon, we were nearing the farm of a Mrs. J., sit-uated on the highway, opposite an unpaint-ed, deserted church, a gloomy enough neighborhood. Mrs. J.'s son was then under my care with a fractured thigh, having but just recovered from a similar accident to his left forearm. The direct cause of these consecutive fractures was universally laid to the worthy dame herself, or to her "evil eye," although she was known by all to have been at home and miles distant when both accidents occurred. Let me explain,

Mrs. J., or better known to old and young, as the "evil-eyed witch," was by everybody shunned, because of her supposed ability to bewitch any and all by her disliked. I found everybody in actual terror of this woman. My explanation was, that most of these uncanny stories were due to her peculiar physique, remarkable indeed. Carrying her right jerky manner, stumbling more than walking, and muttered unintelligible words in croaky voice to herself, or mayhaps to some invisible presence. Her lips, as thin and expressionless as if cut in sole-leather, were never without motion. From her emanated that weird, witch-like, non-sympathetic, icy-cold magnetism, all for bad and none for good. Yes. she looked a witch, soaked in evil, and, as traditions have it, as if besmeared with Devil's Ointment, prepared in unholy confah on the "Block's Berg," from such clergymen's-

his presence, thanking God I was not as these people, and joined my wife, awaiting me in the garden fronting the house. We were soon seated in our comfortable phæton, get ting ready to leave, I all the time thankful for the superstition-destroying rays that science, by a not to be over-estimated chance. had ensconced into my thought-box! Never had proud aristocrat more thoroughly despised the low-born, than I, on that eve, those benighted mental plebeians"!

. THE BEDEVILED PONIES.

While about to start my ponies, ever-ready little pets, Mrs. J., with all of the devil in her eyes she could possibly therein cram, slid up to and circled around our team. This later procedure proved her "Devil's Good-night," and introductory to as bad a night as God ever permits His Satanic Majesty to torment defenceless man with! Attempting to start, I found, to my utter dismay, that every encouraging word, not even the whip's convincing lash, could induce the horses to stir, though ever willing and never balky. All attempts proving futile, I was about to despair, when the old hag waved her bony hand at us (apparently in high glee), screaming: "You may be learned, Doctor, and certainly know more than I do. But I can do more than you can even explain. Hence, next time don't give advice to my family unasked. It is often dangerous to blow where it burns you not." And, with an energetic wave of her sinewy hand, while retracing her steps around our phæton, she finished her tirade, shouting: "Go on, go on, Doctor; this very night you will be in greater danger than this!"

Onwards the ponies sped, apparently re-lieved and glad to have the distance betwixt them and the "witch's" increased. By this time evening had set in, and we hastened on, yearning for "Home, sweet home."

THE PONIES AND BUGGY RAISED FROM THE GROUND.

Such is the blessing of a good wife, that soon, under the quieting influence of Mrs. H., I had forgotten, for that time, the above occurrences. We were chatting of the many things that a young couple have to talk of. of future plans, of our contemplated return to Chicago, where my home had always been, when, without the slightest warning of any kind, the ponies suddenly stopped short standing stock-still, all the while trembling violently, as if shaken by some outside force! Even then our thoughts did not recur to the witch," and her final threat. Suspecting nothing untoward, I jokingly diagnosed "Ague" to be the motor in question, and assumed a grief-stricken appearance at the enormous proportionate amount of quinine our ponies would require, when the jocular within us became rapidly annihilated by ad-ditional diableries. The horses, buggy and contents, all of it and of us, were unmistakably raised from the ground, and remaining thus afloat, were violently shaken, in the veriest Swedish - movement - cure manner! Here was a new predicament which naturally centered whatever of thoughts were left me in one great wish to protect and save my wife by inducing her to leave the phæton. But, true as woman, she refused to desert me.

THE APPEABANCE OF DWARFS.

While excitedly arguing the point with her I chanced to look downward toward the wheels. The sight that there met my optics added none to my valor, for at each wheel I plainly discerned a dwarfish, human-like "Something," real as life, of short and strong build, lifting with all its might, evidently the cause of the severe shaking up we were still undergoing. All efforts at making the

THE MORNING OBSERVATION.

The next morn our team was promptly re-turned, and we at once started for the scene of our last night's scance with hobgoblins. Mr. F. and wife corroborated what had befallen us there. But we had more satisfac-tory evidence! We could plainly see the tracks of horses' feet and of the wheels on the road; and where the team had turned to and fro, over the ravine, and back again! Plainly these tracks led to the ravine's edge, con-tinuing on the other side. Equally plain were the returning tracks, but the closest examination could not reveal the least mark at the bottom of that ravine, unrefutably prov ing that we had really floated both ways over the ravine. Indeed, had we not, and had we fallen into said ravine, we could not have left it without human aid, the coming day.

I here rest my case with my kind readers. Will they please aid me in unravelling this mystery? I candidly admit it to be beyond my can or ken. If sught of the JOURNAL'S many readers can offer a solution to this, my plain, unvarnished tale of stubborn facts,

the purpose of reform, and only proportioned to the crime committed, and that no amount of sin compressed into one short life of seventy years, can deserve an eternity of torture.

We further reason that a scheme or plan by which at least ninety-one hundredths of all the people who ever were or will be born on this globe are destined by the flat of the Supreme Power to an eternal life of misery, has a fault in its construction somewhere. Nor can we understand how it is that one may commit the grossest crimes, the most hideous sins, and then shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of an innocent person, and thus escape the just penalty of wrong doing. These incongruities drove men into doubt, from doubt to infidelity, and from infidelity to materialism.

Then Spiritualism came with its attempt to solve the grand mystery of existence. It is, perhaps, only one of the many loop-holes through which man has sought to escape from the dilemmas of dogmatic theology, but it has a reasonable appearance and presents a reasonable solution.

Darwin, supplemented by Wallace, has fairly demonstrated the theory of evolution; the development of all natural things from a lower to a higher order of existence. This theory applies only to the physical life of the planet. The basic law of Spiritualism is the adoption and extension of this law of evolution to the spiritual life of man. Thus, while theology teaches that man's fate is determined in this life, and fixed at his death, at which event he becomes either an angel or a devil, Spiritualism says that death is no barrier to man's further progress and development; that after this change he passes into another and higher state of existence; that he does not become either an angel or a devil, but that he remains himself, with all of his affections, his traits and characteristics. He has wider opportunities and broader fields in which to acquire knowledge, and he simply goes on living and learning forever. This is the rational and natural result of the law of evolution. There seems to be no reason, and we believe none can be given, why if this law of evolution be true as applied to physical life, it should not also

be true and applicable to the spiritual life. In this philosophy the eternity of punishment is denied. There is no more of a hell hereafter than there is here. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement is fallacious. Every man must bear the consequences of his own wrong doing, and must work out his own salvation. No one else can save him. Posi-tively this philosophy teaches that in order to be good you must do right, live right, act right and die right; that you cannot make a good man out of a merely repentant bad one; that honesty is not the best policy—that it is not policy at all, but men should be honest because it is right, and not because it is poli-tic. It enjoins morality and temperance. It is the living foe of slavery and alcohol. It promotes charity and toleration for all differences. It teaches that the good of the race is the prime object of life, and that true happiness consists in the doing of those things which make others happy, and this is the ra-tional philosophy of Spiritualism. That part of Spiritualism which claims to

prove the existence of the human spirit as an intelligence separate from and living after the death of the body, and the power of this spirit under certain conditions to com-municate with living persons, and its ability to identify itself, is a scientific religion, for it has a firm foundation in established facts.

While the old theology is a purely deduc-tive system, Spiritualism on the contrary is (Conta und un Matthe Eng.)

ORIENTAL THEOSOPHY.

A Message from the "Brooding East."

[New York Tilbune.]

THE VIEWS OF BABU MOHINI CHATTERJIE. Babu Mohini Chatterjie is a Hindoo gentle-

man who for some three years past has reman who for some three years past has re-sided in Europe, occupying himself in.ad-vancing the public comprehension of the ob-jects of study comprised under the general head of Oriental Theosophy. Mr. Mohini has come to the United States as the guest of Mr. Arthur Gebhard, of this city, and it is his purpose to spend the winter here, and inci-dentally to take advantage of whatever opportunities for the furtherance of his life work may occur.

In the course of an extended conversation with Mr. Mohini the following views and opinions were elicited, and are here set down in the belief that the readers of the Tribune will be somewhat interested in ideas which, apart from all consideration of credibility, are likely to have the recommendation of novelty for the majority, while they represent a current of thought, a stream of tendency, as the Germans would say, deserving serious examination as a sign of the times.

Mr. Mohini in effect said: I am a member of the Theosophical Society, but I do not like to call myself a Theosophist, because that seems to imply the possession of absolute knowledge of the truth, whereas I am merely a seeker. To understand my position you must be acquainted with some of the beliefs I hold. It appears to me that the time is approaching when the East will be called upon once more to furnish a religious ideal to the West. You know that all former spiritual ideals have emanated from the Orient. Christianity came thence, and when materialism and ecclesiastical corruption had so encrusted the living faith with superstition and ritnalism as to obscure its beauty and destroy its elevating influence, it was again from the East that the revival of learning proceed-ed which opened the way for a partial return to a higher ideal. I consider that the relation between the

East and the West through the presence of the English in India is one of the most important factors in the future evolution of mankind. It is not that the English have themselves recognized their opportunities. On the contrary, they have been blind to them. But it is not necessary that the bee who fertilizes a distant tract with the pollen he gathers from the flowers in his quest for honey, should realize what other purpose he is subserving than the satisfaction of his instinctive impulses. The English in India have despised the ancient people they govern there, and have spurned the lore of the Vedas, but the industry and inquisitiveness of their scholars have been the wings whereon the sacred seed has been borne, and they have let it fall here and there in situations favorable to germination.

Once before a great material power con quered the East, only to find the source of its own subjugation in the event. The English poet, Matthew Arnold, has beautifully deceribed that great triumph of spirit over matter which resulted in the birth of the present religion of Christendom. You must not think that because I am an Oriental I am hostile to Christianity. If what I conceive to be my mission has any significance, it lies in the endeavor to help forward the restoration of true Christianity to the West. I shall surprise you, however, when I say that true Christianity has ceased to be practiced or even understood in the West, and that India alone contains the body of truth the study of which can bring back the Western nations to the Path, and avert from them the natural consequences of that materialistic career which they are at present pursuing with such absorbed eagerness. If Christianity has so far failed to hold its own against the materialist science of the day; if faith is diminishing among the peo-ple, and a purely sensual philosophy is taking its place; if as religion declines the spectre of socialism looms up menacingly, it is because the growth of egotism among the priesthood everywhere has made them mere echoes of the world's self seeking, and has caused them to accept the apologetic theory that the teachings of Christ are incapable of practical application. Do not imagine, however, that I regard Christianity as in any sense entitled to exclusive preference. I reverence it because l hold that there is but one Eternal Verity: and that all religions are expressions of it. It is in India that the source and fountainhead of the world's creeds is to be found. It is there also that the greatest spiritual philosophy known to the human race is enshrined in a literature the conquest of which by the West will be a new and greater Renaissance. You may say that the old world, as you call it, can evolve a dominant ideal for itself. I answer that it has never yet shown its capacity for such an evolution. It has owed all its spiritual views to the Orient, and it has failed to derive from those gifts the benefit inherent in them because it has proceeded to carnalize its religion, instead of seeking to purify its carnality. You say that Christianity is impracticable. It is certainly true that you have never practiced it. But it is really only impracticable because you have made it so. What is the influence which operates most strongly against the adoption into you: lives of the Gospel doctrines? Is it-not the cultivation in all of you of that masterful individualism which manifests constantly through the lust of possession? "The lust of the eyes and the pride of life," your own sacred writers put it. Whence springs the great diversity of conditions, the contemplation of which breeds socialism? Is it not the direct outgrowth of the passion of acquisitiveness? You people of the West can not enjoy life unless you are perpetually in-creasing your possessions. You surround yourselves with a luxury the steadily increasing artificiality of which carries you always further away from nature, and further away also from the influence of Gospel truth. The Brotherhood of Man which Jesus Christ believed in has become unthinkable to you, with your millionaires at one end of the social scale and your tramps at the other. Yet there is one country in the world where it is still not only thinkable, but possible, and that country is India. Do you know why this is so? It is because the venerable creeds of India-and Brahmanism and Buddhism are essentially one religion-have for ages taught, to a spiritually minded and receptive people, the ephemeral character of life, the folly and danger of concentrating the energies upon it, the wisdom and necessity of holding it always as a temporary possession, the chief value of which consists in the opportunities it affords for doing good. The two hundred and fifty million inhabitants of India were not conquered by the Roglish. They submit to the British rule chiefly because their religion prevents them from looking upon what you call liberty or independence as a supreme necessity. Christianity is at one with the Vedantic sacred

Sec. Sec. Stars

every human being is born to essay is not the conquest of external circumstances or of his fellow men. It is comprised in the old Greek axiom "Know Thyself." If Christendom had realized this, and had not been misled by the the promptings of materialism, the millennium would not have seemed so fanciful and vain a dream as it appears to day. I do not say that even in India the height of unselfishness and magnanimity commended by the Vedantic doctrines and typified so no ly in the career and teachings of Christ, is ap-proached; but I do say that the people of India are better adapted, by cycles of medi-tation upon the pure, unsophisticated pristine world-religion, to accept the lofty views there inculcated, and that one most important spiritual gain to them consists in their emancipation from that lust of possession which seems to enslave the West more and more.

The discontent which takes the form of socialism is the natural result of a view of life which gives supreme importance to externals. Christianity and the Indian religions nais. Constrainty and the indian tengions alike teach the very contrary to this. Ine-quality in social condition is in the West the chief cause of popular restlessness. I do not believe, however, in the doctrines of equality upheld by the socialists. There is not, and never can be, equality between human beings in their view. Every man is different from every other man, and has his individual preferences and aversions, his particular en-joyments, his peculiar habits of thought. To equalize outward conditions, therefore, would only be to stretch all alike upon the bed of Procrustes. The experiment has been attempted several times, and as you must know it has invariably failed. Such failure is inevitable, since so long as the Western theory of the purpose of life prevails men will continue to cultivate acquisitiveness, and the constant growth of their material desires will at once stimulate their pursuit of prop-erty and keep them discontented with even the utmost success in obtaining it. Where, for instance, is there an example of a rich. man who thought he had amassed enough wealth? The more a Western man gets the more he wants, and while your world holds to this principle you can never be free from the fear and danger of socialism.

But in India socialism is impossible. We are all poor there, but it is because we do not desire to be rich. Humanity is so constituted that as a rule men obtain that which they strive for most earnestly. In the West material possessions are sought; in the East spiritual enlightenment. The result is that the West has riches and the East ideas. But man cannot live the materialist life long without suffering from it. Possessing a nature which is at least half spiritual the de-privation of a pure religious ideal poisons his cup. Permanent progress demands such an ideal, and without it the utmost advances of soulless science can only tend to hasten the advent of that reign of force which must extinguish civilization. The present tendencies are in the direction of that danger. It has been borne in upon me that the time is ripe for the introduction to the West of the Eastern wisdom-religion which is fundamentally one with true Christianity. When I have been asked if I desire to convert Europe to Buddhism or Brahmanism, I have always said, "No; what I desire is to convert Chris-tendom to Christianity." Pray do not think, however, that I regard myself as an apostle

tian the rejection of any Gospel teaching, but only the renunciation of those parasitic ac-cretions which have deformed and overlaid the doctrines of the Founder, you may con-clude that my outlook is not so fantastic and extravagant as without this explanation it might appear. It deserves to be noted, also, that the indications of Western preparedness to take new ideas from India are more nu-merous than you would suppose. Let me in-stance the Transcendental movement in your country. Emerson and his school borrowed-freely from the lore of the East, and the fruc-tifying force in their conceptions they owed to India. Coming down to the present time I find that a powerful current of thought in Germany, and I recognize many familiar ideas in it. On inquiry I learn that this is the philosophy of Schopenhauer; but when I read Schopenhauer I see behind him the wisdom of the Vedas. He indeed has twisted and distorted the truth thus derived, for he has attempted the impossible feat of serving God and Mammon at the same time. A working union of materialism and Spiritualism is out of the question. Schopenhauer has only succeeded, by forcing these incompatible el-ements together, in producing that negation of all sound thought which you call Pessim-

iam. To understand the Indian religion there must be a capacity to perceive spiritual truth of some kind, but the materialist philosophy of the age appears to lack this capacity. Nirvana and Maksha seem to the earth-bound vision synonyms for annihilation. This is because they are the symbols of a form of existence so far transcending human experience that only the illuminated spirit can realize, and even it but dimly, the subtle re-finement of life involved. But it is indeed true that the philosophy of India is as much broader and more comprehensive than Western philosophy as the cosmology of the Orient is broader and more comprehensive than Western cosmology. Your men of science, with their scorn of intuitional methods, have tied themselves down to the exploration of the little corner of the universe upon which they are planted. The result is the insularity, narrowness and intellectual bigotry which characterize Western scientific research. Indisposition to acknowledge indebtedness, moreover, was never the accom-paniment of a stronger disposition to borrow. After furnishing your scientific store from Eastern depots, nay, after adopting in many cases an Eastern terminology which perpet-ually exposes the origin of the ideas and discoveries you have appropriated, your sages have neither the grace nor consistency to ad-mit that Indian learning may have a value of its own.

One English scholar, Professor Max Muller, has, it is true, very handsomely acknowledged the debt Europe owes to the East, and I wish his book, "What India Can Teach Us," could be generally read. That is a fair be-ginning of a liberal movement which I hope will spread wider the present efforts to break down the barriers between the two regions and enrich the West with the spiritual treasures of the East.

I am a member of the Brahmo Somaj, as well as a member of the Theosophical Society. My ancestor, Rammohun Roy, was conspienously associated with the movement. Its influence has declined of late years, but the spirit which informed it was truly divine. The great spiritual movement of the or that I put myself forward as an accredited | future will be one aiming at the abandonrepresentative of Indian thought or feeling. My ambition is to help a little in that seed-ination of spurious embroideries from all creeds, and the union of all who are not at rophied by materialism in the worship of one God, of whose essence is all humanity, and the glory of whose divinity may be shared by the humblest son of Adam who has learned to walk by the new light: To quote one of your Western poets, Matthew Arnold, I and those who think with me desire to

Ahl those words should have been cherished as "apples of gold in pictures of silver," and then my life would not have been darkened or my home saddened for all these hopeless years.

Is there a prettier eight than a dainty babycarriage, with its wraps of fairy-like em-broidery, its delicate tints of color, and its pearl of pearls, roses under lace, sparkle of fringed eyes, lips like opening buds, tiny waxen hands, radiant flashes of smiles or little breathless cooings? If there is I have yet to see it. The old stop, and some of them uncover their white heads, before this young creature, on whom the bloom of Paradise still lingers,-this silken cord between heaven and earth, this as yet sinless interpreter of God. Little children exclaim at its beauty, and would fain stay the nurse to wonder and caress. The rough man on the street corner, filthy without and within, checks the oath that festers on his unclean tongue, and there comes to him a waft of other days when he was as sweet a thing, perhaps, as the baby whose wonder-wide eyes startle him with their revelation of angelhood.

I saw once on a crowded street, a very rich woman in her carriage. Diamonds flashed under the wraps that were thrown over neck and shoulders, and from the lobes of her delicate ears. A plain, worried looking woman, in a plaid wrapper, thinking her own sad thoughts, planning, perhaps, how to get the rent that was almost due, or fill the empty marks basis at the provide the plain. market basket at home, pushed the plain little hand-car that had only a snow-white pillow for its adornment, but on that pillow reposed a year-old child, whose sweet face was

a rest to look upon. The rich and beautiful lady caught a glimpse of that face, and instantly ordered the carriage to be stopped. I was not near enough to hear what she said to the weary looking mother, but I knew by some magical sort of kinship that her eyes were full of tears. Away down in her heart lay a buried love, perchance, and she saw a little grave somewhere, under whose green cover a face as rare as that of the poor woman's baby, slept, never to be awakened by the voice of love or song. I saw her put something in the hand of her lowlier sister, something that brightened the sad face at once, and then so reluctantly, with such yearning glances, she gathered the velvet wraps about her, and

slowly, slowly drove away. But this had happened years ago, and I never walked ont with my beautiful boy, noticing with swelling heart the ovation of which he was the subject, but I thought of and pitied that rich and possibly childless mother.

We were not rich, George and I, but we had enough for comfort, and a little for lux-ury, and we never stinted in making purchases for baby. His carriage was the pret-tiest to be found in all the city. I have it now, its delicate fringes tarnished,—the lit-tle pressure where my baby's golden curls rested that terrible time, just as his beauti-ful head had left it. Since then it has had no other occupant, and though it is a constant reminder of things I should like to forget, yet I cannot part with it.

One day, a cloudless October day, a lady friend called for me to fulfill a promise I had made her, to go to one of the principal shops in Washington, bargain hunting. She had brought her carriage round, and I was just JANUARY 15, 1887.

and left, blind with tears, distracted with fright, I could not have found the carriage but for my friend, who sprang out and led me to it.

What in heaven's name has happened?" she asked, as she came into the seat, after me.

"My baby!" I gasped. "He doesn't know me-doesn't know anything! The noise of the band has killed him! Drive to the nearest doctor."

Why linger upon these sad reminiscences? We had doctors from far and near, but they never did my baby any good. The most learned of them failed when they knew the facts. Years passed-ten, fifteen-let me see-yes, to-day is the dreadful 9th of October-and my baby still lives. Limbs almost the size of a man; hands beautiful, hair still golden and hanging in long curls on the bosom, eyes blue and always wonder-wide-only a baby, and fifteen years old!

O my anguished heart, when I dress himand feed him, and he looks up at me with that year old smile-never beyond thatnever the sweet language of babyhood-pleased with a rattle-with a picture, but better pleased to lie motionless, looking at me or at the wall. Still beautiful-but ohl such beauty! No soul-full intelligence. He cannot hear the loudest sound; he has never heard whisper or thunder-burst from that day to this. Something in the delicate structure of the brain gave way under the stress of that clashing harmony, that made the crowds so glad.

Nanny, poor girl, has suffered all her life long. She has children of her own now; and she never meets me but she asks humbly if I have forgiven her. O yes, I have forgiven her, but myself, never! She was led away for a few moments, thinking the baby was asleep in a sheltered place, but some one-moved the carriage where I found it, some thoughtless hand. I was the only one to blame after all the warnings I had had, to

leave my baby to the care of hirelings! "I have thought often, when shrinking from the ordeal of making my sorrow public," said the sad mother, from whom, as I sat by the bedside of her boy, I learned these factsthat if I could have the ear of every mother in the land, I would beg them never to lose sight of their darlings. Only the other day one of my neighbors left her beautiful boy, three years old, in the kitchen, alone, while she went upstairs to make the beds. To day a little white corpse lies in the room you can see from here, and the mother has lost her reason, all from a moment's neglect. In that moment the boy lighted a match; in ten minutes he was burned to death.

And so I have jotted down this true story. May the warning I have striven to outline, not be unheeded. To every mother I would

Deem it thy truest pleasure ever to watch Deem it thy truest pleasure ever to watch The swift unclosing of all infant charms, The first unfolding of the mind to catch. Nor give thy babe to rest in heedless arms. Remember, life's to him a wonder-wide, And he a marvel of God's highest art, And he a marvel of God's highest art, Let no less duty bar him from thy heart, But of thy soul, thy love, thy time, make him a park. ALICE ROBBINS.

The Late Professor Butlerof.

Our readers will remember that this disready to go ont with baby and his nurse Nanny, a good natured girl, who had always seemed devoted to him. My darling was dressed in his best, and Nanny had taken the big to the difficult of the career of the deceased genleman. We are indebted to the Sphinx for

sowing work which the Theosophical Society has begun; to assist in bringing about that better understanding of the East which acquaintance with its religion and philosophy alone can supply.

The Theosophical Society has been miscon-ceived considerably, and this is partly due to a mistake—at least I think it so—in the initial movement. In order to interest the West great stress was laid on the minor phenomena of occult science. It was thought that the presentation of these wonders would convince thinking men that the subject deserved attention. Unfortunately, the first effect was to attract the kind of people who care only for the thaumaturgy and nothing for the doctrine. Presently these wonder seekers, finding that the purpose of the society was not the production of phenomena, but the study of ancient religions and philosophies mainly, fell away, and then a more serious and spiritual element came to the front. At present the beginning of a far more intelligent and thorough examination of the literature of India than has been attempted before is being made. In England, France, Germany and Italy groups of students have been organized, and these are pressing their researches steadily. If I have any part in the movement it is simply that of an occasional advisor and interpreter. There are points in Indian philosophy and literature which require the light only derivable from inherited national apprehension for their understanding, and such points I am sometimes able to clear up for Western minds. I have been urged indeed to make new and annotated translations of some of the more important of the Eastern sacred books, such for instance as the "Bagavad gita." It is possible that I may do something of the kind if no more competent hand can be found.

Of course such an attempt as I have ontlined to bring together the East and the West, and to modify the materialism of the former with the Spiritualism of the latter, must be a work of time. I am led to hope that it will ultimately succeed because I am tanght hy the masters whose humble disciple I am that the progress of the race is ever upward and onward, and because a continuance of materialistic civilization on its present lines must if unchecked end in disaster and retrogression. As to the existence of those masters I have nothing to say, save that I believe in them, and with reason which satisfies myself. It is not advisable to speak of, or to insist upon the recognition of, the Mahatmas, however. before those who are wholly unprepared by training and education to comprehend, much less accept, the vast scheme of knowledge of which they are the custodians and the teachers. Nor can I say anything of my relations with them beyond the statement that I may be regarded as a chela. In my personal concerns, however, the public can take no interest, and they are in fact quite unimportant. Such little significance as belongs to me grows entirely out of my identification with doctrines and views most of which are probably strange to the Western intelligence. It is to dissipate this strangeness, and to familiarize the world with truths it ought to make its own, that the Theosoph-ical Society has been established, and in this work, which I and others consider very important, I am doing what I can.

The possibility of uniting the East and West in the acceptance of the Universal Religion appears to me so fraught with great results that it is a duty to further it. The first step toward such an accord must be the clearing away of misapprehension on both sides, and the demonstration of the real identity of all genuine religion. When I add that the mones in teaching that "the Kingdom of of all genuine religion. When I add that the Serven is within you." The conquest which Universal Religion requires from no Chris"What still of strength is left, employ, This end to help attain; One common wave of thought and joy Liftlog mankind again."

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MY BABY.

A Story for Mothers.

I was a young mother-very young-only nineteen. My baby, my little Ray, was a birthday gift, born the day I was eighteen, and his beauty was my delight-my rosy baby Ray!

I have never since seen any thing so incomparably beautiful as my boy. Fancy the face of a cherub, blue bright eyes, sparkling and laughing, a magnificently formed head. covered with golden curls, a complexion of the blended lily and rose, a pretty, proud little mouth, always ready for a kiss, and a neck and shoulders exquisitely turned and polished.

Not whiter were the snowy wings Of the sacred dove that, flashing in the sun, Seared heavenward exulting to the light.

"Don't love him too much," said the wise-acres, now and then, "because if you do you will lose him."

That was the time of superstition, when signs and omens were more rife than now, and dreams were told with trembling intonation; but my boy was so splendidly healthy, that it never occurred to me he could be sick noticed now and then that he was peculiarly susceptible to sound. A slight noise would startle him-the fall of a heavy article cause convulsive hand-graspings, and sometimes heavy sobs. At such times I would catch him to my bosom, and soothe him with soft sweet sounds, or low music, and presently all would be well.

It did not occur to me that in this matter he was different from other children. I had before had no experience, as I was an only child. George, my husband, who worshiped the boy, was as ignorant as I of childish belongings and idiosyncrasies, and I am not sure that he ever noticed the peculiarity as I did. Still it did not seem to me that there was really any grounds for fear. I was only more careful not to disturb my darling while he slept, and allow no distracting elements to trouble him when awake.

Every fond young mother knows with what delight the pretty garments are fashioned with which to wrap the baby in when he is taken out for his daily airing. My baby had many beautiful presents from his grandpar-ents, among them whole sets of lovely clothes, and my pride was centered in them and him when in pleasant days I dressed him for his nurse to take to the park. My mother had always been very careful to give me advice, knowing how inexperienced I was, and among other things cautioned me not to allow the nurse to take little Ray away from the house unless I was with her.

"Nurses are not mothers, and the best of them fail in their duty at times," she said. "The meeting of a friend or lover, some at-traction in shop windows, carelessness in crossing the streets, peril by draughts, by thoughtless people giving the child fruits or confectionery-these, and we know not what other evils, are avoided if the eye of the mother guide and her hand lead rather than the eye and the hand of hirelings.

carriage out and come back for him. I tried to excuse myself, and yet the pros-

pective drive was tempting. "I wonder if I had better leave Ray at

home?" I queried by myself. "Why, can't you depend upon your nurse?" asked my friend.

"Always," was my answer—" when I am with her. I make it a rule never to let baby go out without me."

"I wouldn't be such a slave!" was the quick response. "Havn't you a good nurse?" "As good as the average," I made answer, "the best nurse is not as careful as the mother.'

"I don't know about that," she replied. "My nurse takes almost the entire charge of my children. If you cosset him so, your boy never will be a man!"

There was something in the words that struck an instant terror to my heart. I have never forgotten what a shock it gave me; and yet I was foolish enough to be governed by the speech.

'Nanny, you'll be very careful," I said, anxiously, as I smoothed out the ribbons. and pulled at the laces from the midst of which the cherub face looked out. His eyes were fastened upon mine-my angel boy! my little Ray! And as I gave him a last, loving kiss, his face brightened all over, and carried the memory of that heavenly smile with me.

We had got through with our purchases and were going home, when my friend said, "Suppose we go to the Capitol grounds! The band is playing to day, and we may hear one piece. Probably your baby is there.

I had forgotten that it was band-day, and a vague uneasiness stirred in my heart at the recollection.

"Yes, let us go by all means," I said, "and drive fast, please."

Long before we reached the grounds, the strains of the band were andible. I wanted to fly-not that I cared for the music, although it had always been a great treat to me, but something seemed to call me-and when there-I could not stay with my friend, for it seemed to me that I saw my baby's car-riage close to the band, and alone.

"Of course it couldn't be," I said to myself, again and again, as I made way through the crowds who were chatting and swaying. Should I ever reach the place? People looked after me; somebody spoke to me, but I could not pause to see whether it was stranger or friend. The red coats, the flashing brass, glittering in the slowly setting sun, the blue sky above, the trees overhead-ah. there was Ray's carriage, and he was alone! Right under the horrible beating of the

mighty drum, whose sticks a crimson athlete was using with terrible effect-right under the clash of the brazen cymbals-the shrill clarion notes of the trumpets-there was my boy!-but oh! what had come over him? I glanced at him in absolute terror.

His eyes were half open, his head fallen forward on his breast, the pretty cap tumbled and nearly off--and from his right ear two or three drops of blood were slowly stream-

ing. "God help me!" I cried in agony, as I found the child would not answer to my look or speech.

Just then Nanny came along, her cheeks fushed and her laugh loud. By her side was a young German lad, who had often corre to the house with bread. When she saw me, she started and lost color.

"Nanny, you've killed my boy!" I cried, almost beside myself, as I caught his limp form from the cushions. "Take the carriage home," and regardless of the growd gathering about me, I ran hither and thither, right ' he was five years old.

the following information concerning him: At one of the last meetings of the Society of Natural Science at Berlin, when Professor Polek, in his address, spoke of the latest labors of the Russian chemist Butlerof, and expressed a hope that they would long be continued, the greater number of those present were ignorant of the fact that Butlerof had ceased to live. Prof. V. Meyer communicated the intelligence to the assembly that their distinguished colleague had departed this life a few days previously, and on a motion of the former speaker, the meeting was postooned out of respect to the deceased. Thus did his comrades in science honor a man who, apart from the priceless services he rendered to chemistry, did important work for the present century, for he not only recognized the fact that deep reasons lie at the root of the present spiritual movement which he undertook to inquire into, but he recognized that the previous modes of inquiry into supernormal facts were not altogether free from error. As a man of science he undertook experiments free from all objection. Thus, shortly before his death, he devoted himself to the study of photographs representing transcendental manifestations, and was present among others at the scance at which Mr. Eglinton was photographed as medium, while above his head a hand was seen This experiment was a peculiarly interesting one. because it fulfilled the condition exacted by Ed. von Hartmann for a genuine spirit photograph, namely, that the medium and apparition should appear together on the plate. On the other side, his labors in chemistry are of high value, for he first established the fact of a great number of bodies whose existence is of great importance to various theories, because the proof that those bodies really exist supports hypotheses which were much disputed in his time, but are now universally acknowledged. Thus he discovered the Trimethylcarbinol and studied the primary and secondary alcohols by joining this and that together. His most important researches were in the department of organic chemistry,

Alexander von Butlerof was born on the 6th of September, 1828, at Tschistopol, in the government of Kasan; at Kasan he studied chemistry, and at a later period gave lectures opon it in that place. He spent 1857 and 1858 in foreign parts, principally in Paris, was called in 1868 to St. Petersburg as a professor, and since that time he conducted there the studies of the more advanced scholars. In this capacity he succeeded in winning the love and esteem of his pupils, and without neglecting his multifarious duties he found time and energy to devote to the study of supernormal facts. All honor to his memory !-- Light, London.

In recently published recollections of Lyman Beecher it is told that while walking home one night with a big book under his arm a skunk suddenly crossed his path. He threw the book at it, and when he reached home they had to fumigate him and bury his clothes. A few weeks after the catastrophe, one of his sons came rushing into his father's presence with a pamphlet in his hand, saying excitedly:"Look here, father, what this scalawag has written about you. You must answer him." "Pooh! pooh!" said the old Doctor. "I'll have nothing to do with him. I issued a whole quarto volume against a skunk lately, and I got the worst of it."

A ten-year-old boy of Marlon, Ind., has besolely due to tobacco, which he has used since-

Woman and the Household.

JANUARY 15, 1887.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

[106 West 29th Street, New York.]

TO H. M. P.

Only a word of greeting From the heart of the passing year; With the love-fed memories thronging Of the absent, shrined and dear. In the midnight solemn stillness, The peaceful soul atent, May know of the Life immortal, Of the Truth its dreaming blent.

Only another greeting 'Mid the wishful multitude; But the unsaid threefold meaning By the heart is understood. In the holy calm surrounding The peopled midnight hour

I give thee, o'er time and distance, The gold-hued Eden flower.

It is steeped in the wondrous sunlight Of the blessed Spirit-land; And it glows with a gemmed radiance

And comes from an angel's hand. In the patient watch of the midnight

The golden rose I send.

As a mystic and binding token

From my own to the heart of a friend.

One flower of heaven is fragrant With all Life's memories sweet, All the joy of Divine possessions It lays at a mortal's feet.

In the lone, hopoful watch of the midnight, At close of the earthly year, I give thee the jewel descended

From the heights of the upper sphero.

Only a word of greeting,-

May God's bonediction rest, On the heart for other's striving

With the Old and the New behest!

May the dreamful, holy midnight

As a spirit easis be, Where the "living green " of Hispastures

Is given to you and me. Dec. 30, 1886. -Cora Welburn.

FROM MANY SOURCES.

Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper of Paris, has been in-vestigating the fate of American girls who go to Italy to learn to sing, hoping to suc-ceed on the Italian stage. Of the hundreds that she has known during the last twelve years, only three have been successful-Marie Van Zandt, Emma Nevada and Ella Russell. Of the rest, some few are making a pre-carious living. Others have gone home tired ont.

A young lady of seventeen studying at one of our large co educational universities, has chosen the course of mechanical arts, and takes shop practice, studies machinery and its necessary accompaniments of science and mathematics, and in all branches acquits herself to the satisfaction of her teacher. Her object in pursuing a course considered usually fit only for the masculine intellect, is to enable her to assist her father in his large manufactory at Rochester.

Theresa Kelley, now superintendent of a book-bindery in Cleveland, O., during the war entered the hospitals as a nurse. Her services were so valuable that she was sent to the front and received a commission as Orderly Sergeant from the Fifth Ohio Infantry. Hors is the only case on record.

Miss Alice R. Jordon, the young lady who took the degree of LL. B., at Yale College last June is the first and only lady who ever graduated from that institution, and but twenty-three years old. Two years ago she was admitted to practice in the Circuit Courts and lately was admitted to practice in the

husband built with his own hands the strange little house in which she lives for her to enter as a bride in the spring of the year 1799, and that since that date she has never lived in any other. It is a curious one-story edifice, built of rough undressed stone. Mrs. Calhoan has been the mother of sixteen children, all of whom reached maturity, but only five are now living.

"She frequently walks to and from High land, four miles distant, and, though small and exceedingly shrunken in appearance, is active and in full possession of her faculis active and in turi possession of her facur-ties. The strange looking old figure may often be met in the woods gathering herbs and roots, from which she distils many simples in whose curative properties her coun-try neighbors have unbounded confidence. She is said also to know something of the Sybil's art, and often takes peeps into futurity. Mrs. Calhoun receives a pension by reas-on of her husband, who died at an advanced ago many years ago, having served in the war of 1812.

HOW TO WIN.

The following noble words are the key-note of Frances E. Willard's new book, "How to Win," with an introduction by Ross Elizabeth Cleveland. They define the limitations of self-culture:

"Thus far I have been trying to impress upon you the reasons why you should cultivate individuality and independence in word or deed. I have claimed that each one of you has a 'call' to some specific work indicated by God's gifts to you of brain or heart or hand. But I would not have you only, or ifdeed chiefly, concerned with the evolution of your powers for your own sake. If you acquire, let it be that you may dispense; if you achieve, that others may sun themselves in the kind glow of your prosperity. The people who spend all their strength in absorbing are failures and parasites. It is alike the business of the sun and of the soul to radiate every particle of light that they contain. There is every reason to believe that this is precisely what they are for. And so, having made sure of your light, strength and discipline, strike out from the warm and radiant centre of a self-poised brain and heart, into the lives about you, and you will find that 'What is good for the hive is also good for the bee.' The luminous characters of histo-ry have done this always. Losing their lives in those of other men, they have found them on the crest of the world's gratitude and fame. What they have done on a grand scale, we, from identical motives, may do on a small one. Such natures are as different from those who cultivate their choicest gift simply for their own sake, as a lighthouse is different from a dark lantern. 'Self culture' is much in vogue now a days, and has for its highpriests some of the most incisive minds of this or any age. But self-culture stops in the middle of the sentence I would fain help you to utter. It says, 'Make the most of your powers:' it does not say ' for others's sake as well as for your own.' It claims that if we set the candle of our gifts upon the candlestick of modern society, its light will inevitably radiate according to its power of shining, and thus while brightening ourselves, we shall have done our nimost toward lighting up the

have done our utmost toward lighting up the general gloom. But self-culture forgets that a candle is no type of you or me. We are human spirit-lamps, whose rays should be di-rected and intensified by the blow-pipe of an unceasing purpose; for we are all so made that unless we will to light up other lives, we can never do so to the limit of our power. Self-culture is never base; it is often noble; out it can never de the nodiest aim of all.

If heaven crumbled and stars fell like rain, Making seas mist and melting the rocky plain, My voice would not be hushed : If the inner firmament, which makes the dome Of the human head an infinite sky, Reason's high home.

Should grow opaque with nimbus clouds and horrid

Still in the jarring mind some light would linger,

My love of thee Is life in me.

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The colored pastors of Florida have initiated a boycott against the railroads. At a meeting held a few days ago it was asserted that colored people were compelled to pay first-class fare for worse than second-class accommodation; that young white men passed through the colored cars cursing and drinking, regardless of the presence of women, and that even the bishops of the church had no immunity from disrespectful treatment. It was resolved that the colored people should cease all visits and enterprises, as well as camp meetings, which would make it necessary for them to patronize railroads.

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exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hailett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information, how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed

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Sufferers are not generally aware that these dis eases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulat-ed whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 505 King Street West, Toronto, Cahada.



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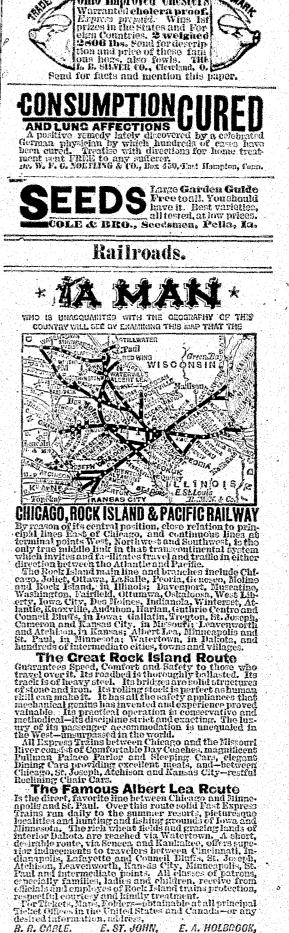
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storms Of wild, discordant thoughts and insane forms,

by His ways, Who, in babes' mouths wakes praise; But if my love were gone, if I felt not the pang Of tenderness, nor over in me rang The peaks of human sorrow,-I were dead where life doth start. Come, Friend, I'll hold thes closer to my heart !

Superior Court. Michigan is her native State.

During the severe November storm on Lake Erie, the steam barge, C. N. Pratt, when about fifteen miles out from Detroit, disabled her wheel and was obliged to cat loose from her consort, the schooner Victor of Windsor. Left to herself in a raging sea which frequently swept over the deck, the condition of the Victor and her crew of half a dozen was desperate.

Capt. Lennox's daughter, Minnie, eighteen years of age, was the only woman aboard. Realizing the imminent danger of the vessel, she donned a tarpaulin suit and for thirty-six hours, until the storm subsided, worked with the crew. She helped to haul in the towline, took her turn at the wheel, and did the work of the hardiest sailor without flinching. The schooner finally reached port safely and the heroic young girl, although exhausted from exposure, was no more so than the men.

The Pioneer Press says the "Rev. Annie Shaw is not only a minister, but a doctor of divinity. Many anecdotes are told of her which illustrate clear grit. In the early days in Mich. she had occasion to preach at a remote lumbering settlement. She was obliged to go a part of the distance by wagon. In a lonely, unfrequented part of the route, far from, human habitation, the driver, who was a low, brutal fellow, began to talk in a way he shouldn't. Miss Shaw stood it for nearly half an hour, and finally, when she was con-vinced of the man's motives, she suddenly drew a formidable derringer from the folds of her garments, and said very quietly, "You low, contemptible brute; utter another word of that sort, and I'll shoot you like a dog." The threat was sufficient. The man read de-termination in the lines of the "preacher woman's" face, and did not utter a syllable the rest of the trip. He helped get a large congregation for her at the settlement, " because," he said, "I liked her grit."

A Washington correspondent writes: "A Miss Johnson was on Friday appointed clerk to the House Committee on the Library, of which Mr. Singleton, of Mississippi, is chairman. This is the first instance on record, of a woman being employed in the capitol, though the departments, as every body knows, are full of them. Another interesting circumstance in connection with this case is that Miss Johnson was sworn into office by her mother, who is a notary public of the District.

The Tribune has learned from London Life that the German Empress Augusta has for many years been under a "massage" treat-ment. It is given to her by an old woman of the Silesian peasantry, now more than seven-ty years of age, who is never allowed to be long away from the court, travels with the Empress, has her entree everywhere, assists at all the court ceremonies from some quiet corner. and is allowed to bring her daughter to the palace to see her, rather than that she should absent herself, for a journey to her native place. "Die Masseuse" is quite a power, and her brisk repartee and racy liveliness make her a most agreeable companion despite her rusticity.

A correspondent of the Herald has visited the oldest inhabitant probably of the State of New York. He says: "There is now living about two miles from Centreville, Uister county, a woman named Jane Calhoun, who has reached the remarkable age of one hundred and six years, having been born on the 3rd of November, 1780. She was born, mar-ried and has lived all her life in the district, and her age has been verified beyond ques-tion. The old lady tells with pride that her I should not be crushed:

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

ESSAYS BY J. VILA BLAKE. POEMS BY, THE Same Author. Two Volumes. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. Boston: George H. Ellis. 200 pages, price, S1.00 per volume.

J. Vila Blake is an active and devoted Unitarian clergyman in this city whose personal worth, spirit-ual carnestness, scholarly culture and mental ability have won him many friends. His treless industry and love of letters impel him to book-writing in ad-dition to his parochial labors, and these two fair volumes are results of his toil and thought. The essays are on Faculty, Public Education, Luck, Praise, Censure, Common Sense, The Immortal Life, Con-Science, and a score of other topics. Treating of The Immortal Life, Mr. Blake ignores

Spiritualism in all ages, says no word of vision or manifestation, and so puts himself in the happily decreasing list of those who keep behind any perception of the needs of our day, or of what people es-pecially wish to know. "The belief in a future life," he says, " is remarkable. No belief is older, spread more widely or more enduring, yet none has to en-counter facts so hard and to battle against such foes.... I have no reasoning to offer for it. I have met no arguments which prove it. As an emotion or a source thereof, the thought of a future life is, or a source thereof, the thought of a future life is, first, health; secondly, splendor; thirdly, germane to love....Can anything be vaster, grander, more glo-rious, than the thought of continuity of a life which at maturity is still at infancy? As to love the heart longs for perpetuity, and love is dead if it admit death....As a motive, it is bad, servile....As to proofs, seek none, but attend to infimations, that come, and sometimes indeed, seem to rain on us, as wa co ou? wego on."

we go on." How a belief and thought so durable, so health-ful, so glorious, can be bad, if rightly understood as a motive, passes our poor comprehension. Whyseek no proofs? Was Darwin foolish and mistaken in his twenty years seeking of proofs of evolution? Darwin's "infimations" led him to seek proofs, and his mark courses led him to size whot he found to his manly courage led him to give what he found to the world at the cost of a transient flood of abuse

Topics of other essays are better treated than this. The volume of Mr. Blake's poems include ove ninety topics, a few of which are translations, "Wild Rice," the opening and most pretentious poem cover-ing eleven pages. It is a graceful list of description, showing close observation and love of nature. The author is happiest when drawing ethical conclusions from the sights and sounds open to all, but the meanings of which are sealed unto the multitude. Among the best of these are Love and Law, Quintrains, Sursum Corda, Seers of Love, Hymn, Judging, Prophets, and Epodos.

The following will show the sweet, exuberance in which poesy wells up in the mind of Mr. Blake. It is always poesy from the spiritual depths of being; from fountains which, if they fail to quench the deep-est thirst, never fail to give pure, refreshing draughts of inspiration. In them all genuine lovers of the good, the beautiful and the true will take delight.

IN HIM.

Though the bee Miss the clover, Fly it by and know it not; Though the sea wash not over On the sands a wounded spot; Heart, O heart ! Thou wilt part From the All-hold on thee, and lose thy way, Nøver, nøver; Nor will sever Thy sweet life from the life of night and day. Thou in Him

Liest as dim As yellow wings in golden atmosphere, Or in the sea each watery spiritual sphere.

Only one whose nature has risen above creed and convention into the regions of pure spiritual being could have uttered that, or this:

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It awful throes should shake the world

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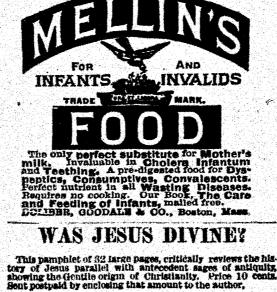
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Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the 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 15, 1887.

A Notable Association.

Forty-five years ago a community was founded a few miles from the city of Boston, which counted among its members or friends some of the foremost intellects and truest souls in all New England. George Ripley, the leader, had just left the Unitarian pulpit, announcing himself a Transcendentalist, and had given his adhesion to larger movements than the Christian church represented. To use the language of Mr. Frothingham, "he " had faith in the soul and the soul's prophe-" cy of good; he saw that the prophecy was " unheeded: that society rested on principles " which the soul abhorred; that between the " visions of the spiritual philosophy and the " bitter realities of vice, misery and sin, in ¹⁴ human life, there was an unappeasable " conflict; and he was resolved to do what "one man might to create a new earth in

courage. Every day was a romance and a surprise. The earth was soon to blossom as a rose; goodness and greatness were sure to grow common, and life would be at once uplifted to a higher level. "Not one person at "Brook Farm," she continues, " used tobacco " or any stimulants whatever.... All the newest and most beautiful thoughts of the time seemed to find us out, and thus we kept en rapport with the noblest of all lands and

philanthropists, were ready to help and en-

anite secure from petty feelings." As events proved they planted before the earth was ready. The gardener does not set out delicate roots till the sun shines warm and steadily and the weather is settled. Yet the fructifying and generous influences of the Brook Farm movement produced rare effeets upon character and gave rich promise of happier years. Margaret Fuller wrote of it: "I have entire faith in the principle of " association, as indicating movements inev-" itable to the coming age, but I should begin prepared for fifty or a hundred years of failure."

The author of these interesting reminisconces which give the inner life of the association, became after leaving it, the assistant of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, who had just been appointed by Judge Edmonds, matron of the Sing Sing prison. No more remarkable story can be rehearsed than that of the ascendency of that remarkable woman over the prisoners under her charge. In mental and moral as well as physical well-being they experienced a regeneration which lasted, in some cases, during life. They were treated as human beings,-not brutes. But that is another phase of experience of which more anon.

Periods of Inspiration.

Nothing is better recognized by modern thinkers, than the periodicity of great spiritual movements. As certainly as spring succeeds winter, eras of quickening follow long seasons of apathy. Historical study is necessary to bring this law into the prominence which it deserves, though it is patent to even a cursory observer.

A marked illustration is that period which culminated in the 15th century in Europe. A great wave then swept over the planet, awakening dormant energies that found ex pression in a variety of forms. Literature, art, science, invention and discovery began to awaken and stir from their long sleep and put forth their strength. The spiritual nature of man gained force enough to push through the almost impenetrable crust of intolerant ignorance. Even Draper who discovers little beside intellectual power, declares that " synchronously with the intel-" lectual there was a moral influence coming " into play. The two were in harmony

"The moral impulse acted under several " different forms."

"The Spiritual Christ"-David Swing. ed preacher speculates as to the probability

One of the results of the late gathering in this city of clergymen and other evangelical helpers and believers in the second coming of Christ, is a sermon by Prof. Swing on The Spiritual Christ-a discourse notable for what is not said as well as for what is said. It opens as follows:

When the doors were shut came Jesus and stood in the midst. John xx : 19. When deeply religious clergymen are looking for-

ward to a coming and a sojourn of Christ upon earth, many who are not of their school cannot bu catch from their convention the spirit of inquiry and wonderment. It is not given to mortals to know the future of the soul, but it is permitted all of us to inquire and wonder and hope.

Some time since we coupled Robert Ingersoll and a Methodist clergyman as looking at this matter from different standpoints, and yet agreeing in the same assertion with which this discourse opens. Now we have a trio,-the materialistic free thinker, the Methodist, and the Central Music Hall preacher, all saying:" It is not given to mortals to know the Vature of the soul." Impartial justice demands that we say to Prof. Swing. as was said to the others: "Please speak for yourself, and not ignore the knowledge of millions." There are millions of Spiritualists, from whom could be gathered scores of audiences equal in quality to the Central Music Hall gatherings, who feel that they know something of that future. Is it not rather cool to ignore this cloud of living witnesses? It is true that they claim no large range of exact knowledge, and wait for the day when they shall know more, but something they do know,-too much to have any clergyman of good sense and large soul pass in silence their careful research and conclusions.

Of men on earth we really know little their outer life we see, but only glimpses of their inner life are open to us. True it i that

"Thought is deeper than all speech, Feeling is deeper than all thought."

Yet no sane man would say that it is not given to mortals to know each other; something is known, too, of those in the life beyond. A fact of which it is a duty to remind the preacher.

After some excellent descriptions of the dignity and gravity of the change called death, Prof. Swing says:

The statement in the text that after his death Christ The statement in the text that after his death Christ came back to his friends and took bis place in the room while the door was shut, brings before us the most car dinal idea of Christianity—that of a subsequent life. If does not urge with the old schoolmen that a spirit can have no attribute of any material thing, can possess no length, breadth, or thickness. It implies by a spiritual being some rational life amazingly different from these earthly forms, but it does not affirm that a spirit is the total negative of all the qualifies of matter. It considearthly forms, but it does not anime that a spirit is the jotal negative of all the qualities of matter. It consid-ers the final quality of matter and mind as unthinkable or unknowable, and uses the term opirit to express a life which is not trammeled by any such coarse material as composes man's body upon this globe....But this epiritualization of one mind solves the whole problem, ether soul can occupy a finor body than the human enement.

These are pleasant and fine words, but quite speculative and shadowy. The text tells a plain and simple fact-that Christ, angible and visible in bodily form as when on earth, really came and stayed with his friends, "stood in their midst" in the room for a short time. Was Jesus a man, or a miraculous being? Prof. Swing, we suppose, thinks him a man noble yet human. Was this recorded fact a miracle, or a natural occurrence? Prof. Swing is not supposed to believe in miracles in suspensions of eternal and divine laws. "The man Christ Jesus" then was materialized in a natural way, just as many men and women have been before and since his day. History is full of such narrations, quite as well attested, verified by more witnesses. than this gospel materialization. Living witnesses; whose word on any other matter no one would question, can come forward to testify of cases even more convincing than this. Why pass by all these? Why treat this case as standing alone, peculiar and exceptional? Why comment on it in such a way that the hearers might think it a miracle? If this one appearance of Christ "solves the whole problem whether soul can occupy a finer body than the human tenement," would not many like appearances, in many lands and ages, make that problem sure beyond a doubt?

of a material world finer than this gross earth. We hope he has or may gain some light in that direction from the writings of gifted spiritual seers of our day. Possibly the time may come when he and others like him will recognize some help to be had from facts and experiences in Chicago as well as in Jerusalem, in solving the great problems' of life here and hereafter.

We should be glad to have the polished preacher tell us frankly what sort of evidence he would require to convince him that those who once walked lovingly by his side in mortal form are able to manifest their continuity of existence; or if he has no personal interest in the matter, what will persuade him as a religious teacher, of the certainty of a future life and the ability of those once in mortal form to demonstrate their individual identity.

Prof. Swing has regular hearers whom he knows and whose judgment and veracity in matters of this world he respects, who are Spiritualists and who can testify of their own knowledge that "when the doors were shut a spirit came and stood in the midst." He seems to credit the evidence of much less intelligent people, whose story, told nearly two thousand years ago, comes to him through channels none too trustworthy. Why is not the testimony of members of his own congregation entitled to, at least, equal consideration and public mention?

Anti-Christian Literature.

At a late Monday morning minister's meet ing in this city, Rev. J. H. Alling read a paper to the Methodists on "The Egoistic Skepticism of Modern Literature," asserting that there is a large and growing anti-Christian of the daily and weekly newspapers is prostituted to serve error, and the modern novel is material and infidel in its tendencies. Among the injurious writers of the day he put Holmes, Renan, Matthew Arnold, Theodore Parker, Dickens and George Eliot, yet he thinks Christian teachings will win at last. grave as the peril is.

One grave sin the newspaper is continually committing in the eyes of this and other pulpiteers, is the dissemination of scientific knowledge, and a code of ethics based on other than orthodox religious assumptions but far better calculated to elevate the world than is the plan that leads either to a Harp or a Hell. The less general intelligence the more complete the priestly sway, hence the newspaper is an enemy to be feared and denounced by Alling and his cult.

What the dickens ails the preacher to black ball Charles Dickens as infidel? The gospel of fraternal love glows on the pages of that writer; neither does he advocate theological heresies. Not to uphold the old dog-

JANUARY 15, 1887.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Lyman C. Howe spent a day in the city last week on his way to Kansas City.

A wag in the daily press professes to be informed that the scaffold is being prepared on 'Gallows Hill," (of witchcraft memory) Salem, whereon to hang the Andover Professors if they are found guilty!

Mr. R. B. Blowers of Woodland, Cal., has been in the city the past two weeks, in charge of the Central California Citrus Fair. Mr. Blowers is an old and successful fruit grower, and believes that Central California has advantages over other sections of that State

Under the title. "Bewitched or What." Dr. Hoffman tells in this number a story which no reader will credit in its entirety, yet the JOURNAL is assured in the most solemn manner by the writer, that it is literally, true. Dr. Hoffman is a highly educated and repubable gentleman, whose testimony as to ordinary matters and in his profession could not be impeached. The JOURNAL offers no opinion on, or explanation of, this remarkable tale.

R. A. Thompson of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: Owing to the extremely bad weather during December, the audiences at the hall of the First Association were not quite so large, but those that came were amply repaid for their trouble, by hearing the grand lectures from Mrs. Paul of Vermont. During the month of January, we will have Dr. Fred. L: H. Willis of Brooklyn, N. Y., to speak for us. We will commence our camp meeting at Parkland, June 1st, this year."

Light says that the English press is more respectful to Spiritualism, almost all the leading newspapers speaking of it with more fairness and as a matter not to be ridiculed. literature in our midst, the immense power The same change has been long and slowly going on here in the secular journals. The orthodox religious newspapers are silent or contemptuous, with few exceptions; the Universalist journals reserved and quiet: the Unitarian press more fraternal, and scientific publications simply contemptuous, their pride as blind as their folly.

Under the title-translated-"The dawn of a New Day," the JOURNAL'S valued contributor and subscriber, Lady Caithness, publishes a new review in Paris. Under the professed auspices of Mary Queen of Scots, whom Lady Caithness claims as her " guardian an-____ gel," the world may expect something strange and sensational. She claims to belong to the "Star Circle," which, during this dispensation, rules the destiny of the world. An interview with the Countess appears in another column.

The Nation, of New York, says: "These who rectil the great public interest awakened by the visit to this country of Profs. Huxley and Tyndall, can but feel surprised that their fellow-scientist, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, is receiving less attention-that his presence in this country is, indeed, hardly known away from Boston, where he has lately delivered a very acceptable course of 'Lowell lectures.' The author of so many popular works of travel, possessing a high degree of interest and authority, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the doctrine of natural selection, should not, in consequence of a modesty which he equally shares with Darwin, fail of a hearty welcome wherever he goes." Charles A. Story, 2832 Vernon Ave., this city, has invented a new system of spelling, which is securing a great deal of attention among prominent men. Rev. H. W. Thomas cordially endorses the system, and in a note to the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives, says: "I am so profoundly impressed with the need of some reform in spelling; and, after a careful examination of the method of Major Charles A. Story, of this city, am so thoroughly convinced of its excellence and value to the millions of children in our land, that I beg your careful attention and consideration of the bill that is now entrusted to your judgment for testing and trying the same, and earnestly hope that it may receive your hearty approval." A leading writer on ethics and philosophy in a private letter to the editor says: " A relative of mine, a bright, well educated man has always looked with a sort of pity on any one who believed in a future life. I gave his wife a psychograph; after several trials, she informed me it was a failure. I told her she had hardly given it fair trial. The next day she invited a young lady visitor to join in another trial. The result of this experiment was marvellous, as were those of further trials. Some communications received are of great interest, and her husband is entirely convinced; his attitude wholly changed. This experience, coming under my own observation, gives me great confidence in the psychograph as an aid in developing mediumship and opening communication with spirit friends. I presume in some cases there will be no results, this from want of medial power in some instances, and in others, from a lack of persistent, patient effort. But on the whole I am sure you would be safe in strongly recommending the little instrument." Religious intolerance does not appear to be quite so rife in New Zealand as it is in England. A little while ago Mr. Bradlaugh was not allowed to take his seat in the House of Commons. In New Zealand they have an avowed free-thinker for their Premier, and, what is still more surprising, this self-same free-thinking Premier has recently had bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, and Robert Stout, the clever Dunedin lawyer and painstaking politician, will henceforward be known in New Zealand history as Sir Robert Stout. Sir Robert is a Spiritual-He is represented as a thoroughly ist.

" preparation for a new heaven."

United with Mr. Ripley and his excellent wife were such men as Charles A. Dana, now editor of the New York Sun; Orestes Brownson; J. S. Dwight, the musical director who first gave Boston eminence in this respect; Christopher P. Cranch, artist, musician, poet and preacher; the beloved Rev. Adin Ballou, who, differing with the others in regard to practical workings afterward established himself at Hopedale, Mass.; George W. Curtis. the elegant and long-time editor of Harper's "Easy Chair," and others of hardly less note. Among sympathizers and visitors were that faithful lover of spiritual laws, Emerson. Theodore Parker, who owed so much to the influence of Ripley; A. Bronson Alcott, the mystic; the Channings, uncle and nephew: Margaret Fuller, the wisest sibyl of the age; Hawthorne, the subjective author, and a multitude of others, moved as by one common impulse.

Convinced alike of the miseries of actual life, the injustice of avarice and the selfishness of competition, these socialists of Brook Farm were bent upon establishing a new social order. Its foundations were respect for the dignity of man and sympathy with his aspirations. All kinds and degrees of intellectual culture received welcome; the doors were open to every sect and nationality. Thither flocked (the advanced thinkers of the country, pre-eminent in quality if not in numbers.

The meals were taken in "common," groups taking turn in serving the others. Two hundred acres of storile land made agriculture the leading pursuit, but a workshop was af terward built and mechanics carried on their occupations; all engaged in their choice of work, receiving wages according to the number of hours in which they were engaged The learned leader blacked boots, milked and cleaned out the stable as well as the hardi est and crudest youths. Delicate women pre sided at the wash-tub and then found recuperation by reading Fourier or studying Greek.

In six or seven years the experiment was at an end. Want of practical knowledge poor land, accumulating debts, produced dis conragement and defeat. The members of Brook Farm community dispersed, carrying with them the memory of the highest and happiest life they had ever known, the form whereof remains unto this day.

Of the first three or four years of Brook Farm life, Mrs. Georgina B. Kirby has given a graphic running history in a book just published, entitled," Years of Experience." English and Scotch by birth and possessed of independence and originality of character, Miss Bruce naturally gravitated to the Community a few years after coming to this country and while yet young. "The very air med to hold more exhilarating qualities then say I had breathed before," she delares. Able scholars, fine theorists, noble

About the year 1440 the art of printing was invented, and the diffusion of knowledge for the first time became possible. A little later, Lorenzo the magnificent, noble patron of art. science and literature, illuminated the continental horizon. In 1446 Perugino appeared to found the Umbrian school of painting. and to develop the genius of Raphael, the glorious forerunner of that splendid school of Italian art the like of which the world has not yet paralleled. The same year that witnessed the birth of Raphael, saw the advent of the rebellious monk Luther, to whose courage and honesty the world owes so much. Nine years later Columbus, moved by the mighty unrest beating at the heart of nature, sailed away to find a New World, greater than his wildest dreams had ever pictured. Six years after Vasco di Gama doubled the Cane, and two-score years afterward Magellan circumnavigated the globe,-the greatest of human undertakings. An epoch so bril-

liant the world had never known. So much, and more which there is not space to mention, for the latter half of the 15th century. In the 18th occurred another notable period, in which "the rights of the masses against classes," to borrow a phrase of Gladstone, was the inspiration of the hour in England, France and America-Voltaire, Rousseau and Mirabeau in France and noteworthy leaders of the American Revolution were its chief exponents.

All signs show that another significant era is at hand-nay, that our planet already approaches the perihelion of its cycle. Inventions and discoveries multiply daily. Revelations of the Spirit-world through man's unfolding powers are startling scientists and puzzling philosophers. Side by side discoveries are made in the seen and unseen universe, the one as well proven as the other, though by different instruments. If many experiments are chaotic, visionary, fruitless, not less are they undertaken in the search after the true, the good and the beautiful. How many times does the apple tree put forth blossoms that bear no fruitage?

Among attempts at reform in modes of iving, are trials of the community system. like that of Brook Farm among a hundred others. Many are based on religious ideas. and, like the Shakers, work out great spiritual development for individuals. Others are yet in the process of formation and will prove educational, even if they go down like Brook Farm, which morally deserved success. Pioneers in thought are seldom practical in its application to affairs, and worldly shrewdness finds better interest for capital. But the unrest deepens, and society waits still for some pattern divine enough to satisfy its ardent longings; substantial enough to meet physical necessities.

Rev. Mr. Eastman of Benton Harbor, an Episcopalian, suspended his meeting Dec. 19th, in order that his congregation might attend Mr. Howe's lecture.

MANGE STREET

The perfect millennium in this world. which the Adventists look for is treated of in this rational way:

Our planet possesses a mission of its own, definite enough and great enough to justify its coming from God. It gives us all an opportunity to make the beginnings of a spiritual life. It is the scene of a great progress, and is capable of reaching a much grander height.

The civilization of man has come like a morning in the summer, which opens slowly from a faint glow in the east and a few chirps of birds to a full sunrise and a whole chorus in the trees. Earth is fully justified by its dawn of human greatness, ev should perfection not follow in this world. It is great and adequate in such a little planet to start s well such a gigantic entity as the human soul. But if the Palestine which gave birth to a Jesus-the Palestine whose home-life gave Him a good childhood, whose scenes of beauty filled His mind with poetry, with illustrations, whose philosophy and literature helped Him compose the sermon upon the mount, if this Palestine could not be His complete and final home, it was still a good Palestine, thus to produce and cherish one destined and worthy to wear forever such a glory-crown. If the planet could not keep Him beyond thirty-three years, it must be credited with the greatness of those years Thus regarding the myriads of humanity, our little globe can not hope to make itself into a heavenly world for its children now here or to come. It can prepare man for happiness it cannot furnish, for a spirituality it cannot sustain, for an immortality i cannot liself possess nor bestow. Our globe is good only for its allotted task, good for man's cradle.

With such a task on its hands, that of carrying man in his infancy, this world is worthy of he and love, but it contains no fitness whatever for the empire of a spiritual king. It is not the world for a spiritual Christ or his spiritual children.

What may be the nature of that higher life be yond earth, to which so many look and in which is to come the triumph of man, is not given to mortals to learn. Nor can society learn whether it is far away or is a borderland of this existence. The uni-verse is so large, and this is so small a globe in the countless host, that the spirit land may be far off. All the probabilities point to a material world; only, one where the mind will be less in boodage to material things, to a life-long inbor for food and drink, and life-long anxiety over the health of the body in which the mind dwells.

This is the spiritual philosophy. The gift-

mas, must be infidelity in this minister's mind. Dean Stanley said Theodore Parker had done as much to uplift religious thought as any man in America. Does Stanley, an English Episcopal dignitary, approve of infidels in this way? No word of Dr. Holmes can be pointed out inculcating anything but the best morals and ethics, and he has rare beauty of spiritual insight. Give us a legion of cheery infidels, healthy in soul and body like Dr. Holmes, and the world will be the better for them.

The sun will shine and the glow of spring will come, and "religion pure and undefiled" will gain, notwithstanding this attack of theological biliousness which has come upon Rev. Mr. Alling.

Telepathic Possibilities.

Rev. H. M. Simmons the able and progressive minister of the First Unitarian Church of Minneapolis gave his hearers a discourse lately in which he touched upon telepathy in the following suggestive way:

There may come a time when mind reading may be common enough, and all thought revealed, and the publication of mental secrets may be a help rather than injury to society and the individual. may be disagreeable, however, for the merchant to have the character of his sugar known: the doctor may be averse to the analysis of his own pills or tons of his own prescriptions having his impres known to all, while the preacher may be embarrassed about his real doctrine. There should be no secrets in religion or anywhere else, and Charles Sumner was probably right when he declared that the genius of our Institutions requires publicity. It would have a tendency to check the bad and encourage the good; by a harmless revelation of all secrets from matter up to mind, lies may be abolished, wrongs found out and faith increased in all spiritual thinger

E. J. Brown of Portia, Ark., was in this city a few days ago, and consulted Mrs. Blade, the slate-writing medium. He received the following communications:

Glad to meet you. Tell Alvin we were there [Mrs. Porter's seance] willing to talk, but had not the power. JOHN S. BROWN. ANDPEW BROWN.

You did not mind the loss of that horse. ANDREW. John S. Brown is the father of the Mr. Brown seeking spiritual light through the. mediumship of Mrs. Blade, and Andrew Brown was his brother. Mrs. Blade did not know the initials of either of them, nor did she know that he had lately lost a horse, referred to by Andrew in the communication he gave, or that he had a brother Alvin. The tests were very satisfactory to the recipient.

Although Mr. W. Wrving Bishop avows that his mind-reading feats are in no way connected with so-called spiritualistic phenomena, Prof. Joseph R. Buchanan, M. D., in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, insists that Mr. Bishop is "no philosopher," doeen't comprehend himself, and "his assertion is of no importance when we know that he has done things heretofore which cannot be done without spiritual co-operation." The Observer is not at all dogmatic, but this argument strikes him as a marvellously bold attempt to cultivate violete on a thistle. New York Graphic.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

straightforward and honest man, and he has | might be through pure spiritual impression. had his reward in a continuous stream of When the average citizen understands spirsuccess and honor. Many otherwise able | itual philosophy, he will vote Charles B. Winmen are morally weak-kneed, and carefully hide their Spiritualism or other progressive notions. The Medium and Daybreak says that "this amiable form of dishonesty evinces want of character, which is the barrier that stands between mediacrity and eminence. Of course, all true Spiritualists are freethinkers, the term meaning a desire to extend the mental horizon, as the Light of the Spirit dawns on the mind. How can a casebound mind receive inspiration? The dogmatic bigot can receive no new light; but he stands in his own, and thereby misses the great opportunities of life. Let Sir Robert Stout's example be a lesson to all."

"The young woman who carries blue-eyed pansies, Black Hamburg grapes and things to caged scamps, has a good deal to answer for," says a contemporary, and such sentimentalism is altogether too common. Women, young and gushing, are subject to it. A man incarcorated for rape or murder, recoives more care and kindness than would save five score of boys from influences that make criminals. Why let the honest starve and waste sympathy on a hardened wretch? The murderer Cluverins, awaiting death in Baltimore, for two heinous crimes toward the girl who loved and trusted him, is overwhelmed with an avalanche of letters, flowers, prayor books and Bibles. Is he a hero because a criminal? Sensible efforts to propare him for the other life are one thing, to treat him like a martyr is another.

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The Banner of Light states that an interesting group of six ladies and ten gentlemen met at Mrs. H. V. Ross's scance room in Boston on the afternoon of Dec. 27th. Among them were Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, of England, Prof. William James of Harvard College, Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, Rev. M.J. Savage of Boston, and E. A. Brackett of Winchester. Both before and after the seance, the cabinet-which was formed by curtains being suspended across a corner of the room, backed by solid walls-was carefully examined, and the room above and cellar below were thoroughly inspected without finding anything that could in the slightest degree reflect upon the honesty of the medium. Prof. Wallace was greeted with a form claiming to be a materialized spirit. He and Mr. Brackett led two materialized forms into the middle of the room. An elderly man, with white hair and beard, materialized and was recognized by Prof. W. as a relative of his whose demise took place in Australia. Several others came to him who were identified.

"Certain Heredity and Psychical Phenomena in Inebricty," is the learned title of a paper in the Alienist and Neurologist. The author believes that "intoxication may be imparted by contagion." In other words, the influence of an intoxicated man or number of men upon one perfectly sober, may produce all the symptoms of drunkenness in the latter. Several marked instances are cited in proof.-and proof they are, if true, as the erudite Dr. D. T. D. Crothers insists. It is certain that, to some extent, emanations from the liquor-soaked toper may be absorbed by a sensitive companion. Whether that extent can be sufficient to produce the appearance of intoxication is not so evident. Scientists are only exploring that domain in which magnetic forces subtly and ceaselessly play and interplay. The moral is too obvious to be enlarged upon. Evil communications corrupt good manners and good morals, even through the pores of the skin. And men have only begun to learn the modus operandi of soul forces. The Index of December 23rd, contains an indignant letter from the Brahman Gopal Vanyak Joshee, describing the abominable treatment to which his wife and himself were subject en route from England to India. Denied passage in the regular steamer because they were Hindoos, they embarked on the Peshawar, of another line, where they underwent contemptuous and merciless treatment. Mr. Joshee writes: "I have travelled far and wide but never saw, elsewhere, such heartless, brutal mortals as the English are to-day in India." Dr. Joshee, it will be remembered, was graduated as a physician in Philadelphia, a year ago. With her husband she occcupied a high place in the estimation of all who had the good fortune to make their acquaintance in America. Mr. Joshee's lectures in Brooklyn were at one time reported for the JOURNAL by Bro. S. B. Nichols. More regret than surprise will be expressed at the arraignment of the governing race in India. Here, as in some other cases, self-styled Christians might well learn a lesson of the brotherhood of men from a race they despise or even from a religion they despise. From York county, Penn., comes a story of "buried alive." After a brief illness and supposed death, the last rites were administered. Then, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, the son of the man supposed to be dead exclaimed, "that something told him that his, father still lived." Instantly the coffin, was lifted and the work of resuscitation proved successful. In the present state of knowledge concerning the frequency of catalepsy and the trance, there is no need of such agonizing experiences. Tests may be administered or the body may be preserved and watched till the change takes place. A medical association in Paris once gained a prize for the certain proof of death. A surgeon who showed that a blister could not be raised upby what process was the son warned of his

gate's suggestion into a law. That eminent sanitary engineer believes that every new school-house in country, village or city, should be set in the conter of a block for a play-ground. By the time that is carried out, elergymen will preach physical as well as psychical morality. And the world at large will have learned that vigor, health and happy onvironments are necessary to that development which alone can understand and obey spiritual laws.

R. Heber Newton was ill last Sunday and unable to preach, consequently a hiatus occurs in the series of splendid discourses on Woman which have been regularly put in type in the JOURNAL office the day following their delivery. It is to be hoped Dr. Newton will be himself again before next Sunday.

College of Therapentics-Boston-and Science of Sarcognomy.

The following declaration of sentiments unanimously adopted and signed by the gentlemen and ladies attending the seventh session, shows how satisfactory are Prof. Buchanan's demonstrations of the new sciences that he is presenting.

The undersigned attendants upon the sevonth session of the College of Therapeutics have been delighted with the profound and wonderful instruction received, and as it is the duty of all who become acquainted with new truths of great importance to the world. to assist in their diffusion, we offer our free and grateful testimony in the following reso-Intions:

Resolved, That the lectures and experi-ments of Prof. Buchanan have not only clearly taught but absolutely demonstrated the science of Sarcognomy, by experiments in which we were personally engaged, and in which we cannot possibly have been mistaken.

Resolved, That we regard Sarcognomy as the most important addition ever made to physiological science by any individual, and as the basis of the only possible scientific system of Electro-Therapeutics, the system which we have seen demonstrated in all its details by Prof. Buchanan, producing results which we could not have believed without witnessing the demonstration.

Resolved, That Therapeutic Sarcognomy is a system of science of the highest importance alike to the magnetic healer, to the electro-therapeutist and to the medical practitioner,—giving great advantages to those who thoroughly understand it, and destined to carry the fame of its discoverer to the remotest future ages.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It is proper that I should say a word in reference to the character of Sarcognomy. the truth and value of which have been rec ognized by all students of the subject, including some of the ablest American physi-

The resolutions of my most recent class in Boston are the same in spirit as have been expressed during forty years, and will be exagain They not only know the truth of the science but recognize Sarcognomy as "the most important addition ever made to physiological science by any individual," and their testimony was based on their own per-onal experience. To the students of Sarcognomy this is a familiar idea, but to others some explanation may be necessary. What are the greatest discoveries in Physi ology? Common opinion would mention as the foremost the action of the heart in circulating the blood,-a discovery not originated but consummated by Harvey; and yet the discovery is of so simple and obvious a nature that we wonder now not so much at the ability manifested in the discovery, as at the stupidity which permitted it to remain so long unknown, and even to be denied and ridiculed when published. Harvey's work on the generation of animals entitled him to a higher rank as a pioneer in science than his theory of the circulation. A far greater discovery was that of Dr. Gall. which embraced not only the anatomy but the functions of the brain as a mental organ-a discovery twenty times as great whether we consider the superior importance of the brain or the greater investigating genius necessary to the discovery. It easily ranks at the head of the physiological discoveries of the past centuries. Next comes the discovery of the motor and sensory roots of the spinal nerves by Majen-die and Bell, which did not, as commonly supposed, include the motor and sensory of the spinal cord. This was a small discovery compared to Gall's, but not inferior to Harvey's discovery of the cardiac function.

the other hand, the physiological powers of the body, operating through the brain, and by definite intelligible laws acting upon the soul-a vast system of science, based on all things new. anatomical facts, but evolved by experiment, to which no single volume could do justice. Its medical applications alone, concisely presented in thirty lectures, would make a volame of four hundred pages.

It is not like the phrenological system of Gall, a mental doctrine only, but combining psychology, physiology and pathology, goes the foundations of medical science, of health, disease and cure, as well as the foundations of all spiritual science, and originates new systems of magnetic and electric practice. It is manifest, therefore, that no biological discovery now on record occupies more than a fraction of the vast area occupied by Sarcognomy, and being a demonstrated science in the opinion of all who are acquainted with it, it needs only sufficient time to circulate the works upon the subject now preparation (the first edition of "Therapentic Sarcognomy" having been speedily exhausted) and sufficient time to overcome the mental inertia and moral torpor that hinder all progress and even was against the million times repeated facts of spiritual science. The warfare against all new truth will be continued until the people demand that our colleges, the castles of antiquated error, shall conform to the spirit of progres-JOS. RODES BUCHANAN. sive science.

For the Rollgic-Philosophical Journal. The Position of Ministers of the Gospel.

BY HODSON TUTTLE.

The nosition of the churches at present is most anomalous. Creeds and set forms of observances, thought essential to salvation by our fathers, have become outgrown by a swift progress, not in the direction they led, but in the more thorough understanding of the world of causes and effects-the world where knowledge is supreme. These creeds and dogmatic doctrines have made no growth. They remain unchanged and unchangeable. They are conservative forces of blind resist-ance. They are infallible of necessity, and to doubt them is to destroy. They are outown, almost obsolete, yet remain recorded in the books of the churches—unrevised and unrevisable. The new convert does not sub scribe to them. The minister is careful not to read certain obnoxious passages, which our fathers thought of vital importance. Ministers carefully eschew doctrinal discus-sion, and no longer blow the embers of hellfire to a white heat, nor parade the devil, nor talk of eternal damnation. They feel that the firm hold their predecessors had on the laity has loosened, and the prestige of their office is gone. They are no longer revered as anointed revelators of God's will. They are moral and intellectual teachers, and if strong enough, gifted leaders, perhaps, but their office has been outgrown. The want they once supplied no longer exists. The phase of eivilization which called for the ministerial office is swiftly passing. The form, the semblance as a shadow is retained, the reality is cone. Hence the minister of the gospel has a difficult task before him. If fresh from a theological school he has been kept apart from the living present, and steeped in antique ideas until he is a part of the past, and when he enters the pulpit he is an anachronism, out of place and time. The world has been rushing ahead, and he is a century bebeen rushing ahead, and he is a century be hind. If of ordinary mould, he is confused by the antagonism of the beliefs drilled into him at college, and the practical thoughts of him at college, and the practical thoughts of the day, but he blindly goes on preaching as his professors taught him to preach, and lets the world go its way. He is a made preacher; his sermons are made sermons; his orthodoxy passes unquestioned. He is dry and uninteresting; but few think a sermon can he otherwise; listening is a sort of penance. It is a burden for him to speak, and a cross for his audience to listen, but a part of church work which is borne because custom has made it the thing to do. Should, however, the preacher be cast of finer material, should he think for himself, and be quickened by the fresh thoughts of living men, and reasoning, break through the shackles of his creed, then, indeed, he deserves our sympathy. On the one hand, he has spent years preparing for his profession; by it he gains support for himself and family honors, emoluments, friends, influence, all the heart holds dear, entice him to the ranks of orthodox faith, which is unquestioning. On the other hand is the independence of free thought, the aspiration after the highest truth, and the urgency of conscience to be true to innermost convictions. He is far ahead of his creed, and thinks himself in adyance of his church members. Here he mistakes, for he conceals and hedges before a laity, more radical than himself. They have outgrown their creed, and hail with rejoicing his bravest utterances. If he continues to grow, the synod or conference, made up of the ordinary men, will suppress him; if he continue to preach, there is the strange spectacle of a church listening to a preacher they do not believe, preaching doctrines he does not believe himself. It is difficult to fully appreciate or com-prehend the perplexities of a minister thus situated. He well knows that nine-tenths of all the ministers of his denomination stand on this ragged edge, and in their hearts rejoice when one of their number dares say a brave and honest word, and that the other tenth are of no account, yet he just as well knowe that every one of them will denounce him with frowning countenance before their respective churches, and call him before the primisterial synod, or conference, laboring to prove him a heretic in order to make clear their iron orthodoxy. He has labored all his life to gain a standing with these ministers. and become a teacher to his church. His social life is with them. His support and that of his family is gained by his popularity with the lay members. His educational bias and prejudices are all on one side. On the other is honesty, to what he knows is true, integrity to abide by the new light which conflicts and overthrows nearly all he has thus far in life regarded as of momentous worth. The position is a grave one and merits profound sympathy. If a really strong man, he may like Beecher, Swing, Thomas, and a few others, carry his church with him up to independent ground, but he must possess more than ordinary tact and knowledge of human nature. If he fail in these qualities he loses everything but his self-respect, and becomes an unrecognized minister without the possibility of having a church to preside over. Hence it is that the incentives which move most men are strong to hold the minister in their bonds, and make it the most difficult of all things for him to be honest. The laity are equally dishonest. They are in fear of each other, as the preacher is in fear of them. On some occasion of love feast or conference. FOUR MONTHS on TRIAL. when all may arise and relate experience, if instead of mouthing the parrot story of their

As it is, with fear and trembling the minister must stand before his church, and assert what he knows it is impossible to believe; must frown on, and denounce the fresh thoughts he knows every one cannot but believe; must pretend to abhor what he knows in the end will be accepted as divine truth; must make himself a sham, a mountebank and a cheat, a whitened sepulchre, not of dead men's bones, but of dead ideas. Let us not denounce, nor sneer, but give unmeasured pity, and spread the mantle of charity. Let us do what we can to bring pulpits and pew to a better mutual understanding, supplying to each, in the meantime, that knowledge of spirit life for which they long have blindly cought.

Berlin Heights, Ohio.

General News.

Six influential gentlemen connected with he Citizens' league of Chicago, spent several hours in a fruitless attempt to convince Mayor Harrison that it is his duty to revoke the licenses of notorious dives.—A divorce from his fifth wife was recently procured by John Rand, of Osakis, Minnesota, now in his seventy-fourth year. By advertising in a Boston newspaper he has since secured a hélpmeet.-The steamer Lydian Monarch is unable to sail from Jersey City for London for lack of bonds for \$200,000 to cover a libe by a stevedore.—The Sultan is about to send to Rome a diamond ring for the Pope and decorations for the cardinals.—The Postmaster General recommends the repayment of §15,335 to the postmaster at Minneapolis. that amount having been stolen from him.-The real estate transfers in Chicago last week aggregated \$1,348,995.-The warden of the New Jersey Penitentiary frustrated a plot by the convicts to kill the keepers and free themselves. It appears that jeweler's saws were smuggled into the prison in bars of soap and plugs of tobacco, and that several iron bars were sawed through.-In the depot at Albert Lea, Minnesota, a young and handsome woman who fell on the track fifteen feet from an incoming train was clutched by a bus-driver and squeezed against the platform in such manner as to leave her unharmed.—Thomas P. May, once a wealthy planter of Louisiana, and at the outbreak of the war a Union man, is said to be dying in London.—The city court at New Haven fined two railway superintendents \$50 each for blacklisting a laborer.—British naval pen-sioners have been ordered to select the ships on which they prefer to serve or the ports where they would like to be employed.-David Johnson, a member of the North Chicago corps of the Salvation Army, has been arrested for the perpetration of seven burglaries .-The clearings of the Chicago banks for the past week were \$63,137,736, an increase of nearly \$7,000,000 over the corresponding period of 1886.-The railways and highways of England have been rendered impassable by snow at many points in the midland counties .- The machine shops of the Ohio Southern Road, at Springfield, valued at \$140.000. were destroyed by fire.-The First Congregational Church in Chicago is nightly crowded to its utmost capacity to hear the revival sermons of Mr. Moody.-Themas A. Edison, the inventor, is seriously ill from pleurisy, at his/ home at Orange, New Jersey .- An

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A fourth discovery, perhaps of equal rank, was the discovery by Harvey's cotemporary, Aselli, of the lacteals that absorb the chyle.

A fifth discovery or discoveries of import-ance was that of the corpuscies of the blogd and the Malpighian bodies of the kidneys by Malpighi.

A sixth discovery considered more important and occupying a larger space in medical literature is the cell doctrine of Schwann, a doctrine still under discussion and by no means a finality.

Anatomical science has few first-class discoveries. Anatomy has been a growth of observation and description—not discovery. Vesalius and Eustachius may, be considered the fathers of modern anatomy, and the name of the latter is immortalized by the Eustachian tube, which he first recognized and described. But the Fallopian tubes named after Fallopius were not his discovery. They had been described long before by Herophilus and others. Eustachius was nearly two centuries ahead of his age in anatomy, and should be gratefully remembered as a struggling scientist. His valuable anatomical works, which he was too poor to publish, were published one hundred and forty years after his death by Lancisi.

From this brief glance at the discoveries of Eustachius, Harvey, Aselli, Malpighi, Gall, fajendie, and Schwann, it is apparent that but one physiological discovery on record is sufficiently important in its nature and scope to be compared with Sarcognomy, which com-prehends the relations of soul, brain and body. What is their relative value? Gall's discovery embraced about one-half of the psychic functions of the brain, with nothing of its physiological functions. Sarcognomy, on a body from which life had departed, re-ceived the award.⁴ In the case cited above, by what process was the son warned of his by what process was the son warned of his sents in one complete view the psychic pow-father's condition? It might be through the ers of the soul operating in the brain and ex-strong sympathy between soul and soul, or it tending their influence into the body, and on just how they felt and believed, from the

Price, developed \$130,000, mainly tied up in dirty rags.—The German ship Elizabeth was wrecked off the coast of Virginia, fourteen miles south of Cape Henry. Fifteen men were lost from the vessel, besides five of the life-saving crew.-J. Rollin Squire, lately Comptroller of New York, declares himself unable to pay an \$1,800 note which he indorsed for his father.-The Rock Island Road has nearly completed arrangements for the use of the Kansas Pacific track from Topeka to Kansas City.

Philadelphia has started out another of those longived phenomenal "boy-preachers." He is now said o be 16. If he follows the example of Harrison he will remain a boy until the gray hairs come.

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The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The Feople's Spiritual Jeeting of New York (Diry, has re-moved to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sub-

noved to Sponcer Doll, A.L. day at 2:80 and 7:45 P. M FRANK W. JONES, Conductor FRANK W. JONES, Conductor Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street Mrs. T. B Stryker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo D. Carroll, President; Offiver Russell, Vice-President; Dr George H. Perine, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

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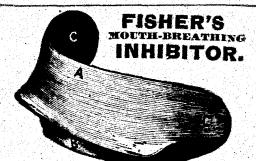
Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N.Y. Conservatory Hall, corner Fulton Street and Bedford Ave. —Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 784 p. m. Lecturer: Mr. J. J. Morse, of Londen. Eng.

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. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULING, Secretary

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

and the second secon



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Toices from the Leople. ASD INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Forever.

Those we love truly never die, Though year by year the sad memorial wreath, A ring and flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves.

For death the pure life saves: And life all-pure is love, and love can reach From Reaven to earth and nobler lessons teach Than these by mortals read.

Woll blessed is he who has a dear bue dead; A felend he has whose face will hever change; A dear communion that will never grow strange; The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed eweetness of a leving breath Will reach our cheek all-fresh through weary years. For her who died long since, ah! waste not lears Sho's thing unto the end!

Thank God for one dear friend. With faith still radiant with the light of truth. Where love comes laden with the scent of youth, Through twonty years of death.

-Jolin Boyle O'Reiley.

Thoughts for Spiritualists to Consider.

To the Editor of the Relicio-Philosophical Journal Blodern Spiritualism, as the Ninetcenth Century manifestations are called, scomed to come as a tidal wave from the infinite ocean of spirit existence. The ages preceding had been preparing the way for its approach. The great thinkers had started an earth-quake among the dry banes of old theology, and the tidal-wave of spirit intercourse with mortals must, In the very nature of things, follow the shock of free thought and free discussion. Slavery, physical or montal, had become foredoomed. The edict of Progress had gone forth that those bound by traditions and creeds should go free. Chains and fetters were to be broken; yokes to be removed and enslaved souls were to be released and filled with the en-nobling inspirations of Freedom.

Such was the inception, purpose and work of the Spiritualism of the nineteenth century, and nobly did it move on its onward march to overthrow the bulwarks of oppression, and still on changing hostile foes into firm friends; turning sorrow into gladness

and weeping to joy. So much for the inception and early work of the So much for the inception and early work of the movement. It excited the wonder, created the love of the marvelous, and wronght up the imagination to a high degree in most cases. The innate cellish-ness of many—the outgrowth of former ages of superstition—working with imagination, carried away some who were partially mediumistic, to be-lieve they were more highly favored than all others, and were in direct communication with God or Jesus Christ, and that those who would not implicit-by holieve and follow their teachings would be believe and follow their teachings would be damned.

In another class the child-like simplicity of their natures led them to confide in every professed medium, and believe everything pretending to be a manifestation from the Spirit-world. In fact the astonishing credulity of the mass of believers led directly to the organization of an army of frauds. Confidence swindlers, with their dark circles, came to the front to take the dollars of their unsuspecting dupes-and that most despicable of all swindling, trifling with the soul's highest and purest affections: Its love for the departed and its yearning to hear again from them-prospered like rank weeds in an unweeded garden, until the esculent and savory plants of real truth were nearly choked out. The enemies of Spiritualism, whose "craft was

endangered," came boldly upon the stage and chalenged the believers to present any conclusive facts in defense of the cause. The phenomena were dis-cussed and the views of advocates and opponents presented in various ways to the world. At last the ittention of some of the advanced scientists was drawn to the subject who commenced a scrutinizing investigation which proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, in the language of Dr. Adam Clark the great Methodist commentator and theologian, "That in the Providence of God, and according to the order

"Behold I Show You A Mystery."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: An acquaintance, who now resides in Denver, but was formerly a Chicagoan, has been in California, visiting a sister who resides in Oakland; there he met his father, who is also a Chicagoan, and who has been a lifelong Methodist. That sister has con-verted them both to the spiritual philosophy. The acquaintance comes back from his visit brimful, and slopping over with the manifestations he has wit-nessed. Bioth here is where the sumalor part correct

nessed. Right here is where the amusing part comes in: to see now enthusiastic and devout he is in his newly discovered knowledge, where before he thought it all a humbug and fraud. He visited Evans, and got proof palpable and unmistakable in more, ways than one,-slate writing and materialization. He also visited Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds, and attend-

ed first, a dark séance, where musical instruments were floated around the room over head, and he declares he saw the hand that carried and rung the bell; that it was luminous and light. There was not much fraud in that, if one could believe his own eyce. He next attended a materializing scance and the ladies present examined the woman's wardrobe and knew there was some defect at the back of the madam's dress, and when the first spirit came it had the same defect in its dress, and the ladies whispered. "That's the medium, sure." Next there were three forms or apparitions, all having the same defect in their dresses. Where the fraud comes in here; is more than I can tell now, but the sitters were dumfounded.

Since the acquaintance has returned from his visit the Oakland sister writes that she has again attend-ed a Crindle scance, and when a spirit was out, a voice from the cabinet says: "Hold the spirit!" Some one did so, taking it by the hands, when it dematerialized, all but the hands, and the party stood there holding them. Immediately the form came up again, materialized, and who did the party have holding by the hands but Mrs. Crindle? Here is where the mystery comes in. If this is a fact in the philosophy, it is going to explain many of the exposes, or rather, it is going to deepen the mystery.

No doubt Mrs. Crindle has heen exposed many times. The writer believes she has been, and that all that is said about her is true, and yet it may have all been just as here related. There are those who will stand up and defend Mrs. Crindle in the strong-est language possible. One person says she has had Mrs. Crindle in her own house weeks at a time and watched her every movement with the utmost scrutiny, and she could not detect any fraud in anything she saw; that it was all genuine, or else there is no such thing as materialization. The writer believes all these statements on both sides, and will couple them with what you, yourself. Mr. Editor, say, "that each seance must stand, or fall, on its own merits."

A Dr. L., who has traveled some, and who comes from the West, has made some investigations with Mrs. Crindle, and he thinks she is the most remark-able woman he has ever met, but one entirely void of sincerity; in other words, she had a devil-a mischievous one-yea, many of them, and they con-trol her. Let us not be too severe on such, but humor them, and learn all we can from their machinations.

The best medium that over lived, the one on whom the churches lay their foundation, showed some signs of deception. Did he not try to make his followers, those that had implicit faith in him, believe that he was flesh and bone; when he was really there only in spirit, and soon after vanished from their sight?

Again, when J sus fell in with the two that were on the must to Emmans, did he not deceive them, by drawing from them all the proceedings of the last few days, under the protense that he knew nothing about it, when he had really been one of the chief actors in the tragedy? Did he not walk a long distance, and talk a long time with them without letting them know who he was? Was there not a bit of deception in this? Again I say, inasmuch as this chief of mediums, or chief of spirits, has d ceived, we must not censure the lesser ones too critically, who only do it for the sake of getting a little mortal money, which is an actual necessity to them, as they cannot be clothed and fed without it.

If all those who are mediumistic, and wish to follow it as a calling, were provided for, so that they would have no fears for their support, and need not strive to put money in their purse, it would improve the phenomena all over the world, and there would be less inclination to deceive. The phenomena have got to be used to lead one into the philosophy-none can believe without seeing it. The recent expose of Mrs. N. D. Miller in San Francisco, is probably true. I believe it is, as Mre. M. has extausted her medial powers, and she resorts to personation, not, transfiguration; but the writer knows that genuine materialization has taken place in Mrs. Miller's presence.' At one of them two adult forms came out at once, and led a party into the cabinet. A moment later, two childish forms came at once; one of them stumbled and fell, for the purpose of identification, and vanished; the other remained a moment and talked. I would here state that there was no possible chance for any confeder-ate to get into the room. I could relate other instances but the most convincing one is, where a hand came from under the table and grasped our. hand with a hearty squeeze. This occurred in day light, in our own house, in a manner where it would be impossible for the medium to reach and do it. The same thing occurred at another time with our wife, when the second hand came and patted the hand that the first spirit hand was holding, and when it was done Mrs. Miller was up and away, from the table. If this is not materialization, firm and solid, flesh and bone, as the spirit Christ represented himself to be, then the writer knows not what to call it. These half-form materializations are more convincing than the full forms, as there is no chance for personation. That was a most beautiful manifestation related by Hiram Powers, the sculptor, as he sat in the moonshine one soft summer night, when a well rounded arm and hand came into view and took from a lady her fan. When asked, "Could it fan us?" It went clear around the circle fanning each one in it. This was as pleasant, as that one was disagreeable that wrote, "Mene, mene tekel up-The writer believes them both to be barsin." strictly true and holy. 1.4 C. W. SMART, Denver, Colorado.

A Philadelphia Ghost.

The Apparition That Terrified a Lawyer and a Cigar Dealer--It Glided Around Like a Balloon

There are two men in this city, says The Phila-lelphia Times, who are willing to take oath that the building at Audalusia known as "Old Audalusia college" is baunted. One of them is H. W. Eshback, member of the Philadelphia bar, having an office at No. 508 Walnut street, and the other is Frank Tygh, a cigar-manufacturer at Locust and Sixth streets. A short time ago these two gentlemen passed the night with a friend, John F. Endicott, in the old college, and since that time they have been startling their acquaintances with frightful stories of a ghost seen there. As proof of his statement Wr Esheak exhibits a bad looking upmar lin which Mr. Eshback exhibits a bad-looking upper lip, which he says was swollen up by coming in contact with a bona-fide ghost. Their stories have gained coniderable credence at Andalusia, where the affair is said to have taken place, and the citizens look upon the old college building with more than ordinary suspicion. Old Andalusia college is a three-story wooden building with a mansard roof, and is near-ly fifty years of i. It is situated at the junction of two roads about ten minutes' walk from the Pennsylvania railroad station. The structure presents a shostly appearance, and being entirely surrounded by large, tail cedar trees is not a place where any citizen would wish to pass a dark night alone. It has been said for many years that the house was

haunt: d. When the college was in a flourishing condition under Dr. Chapman, twenty years ago, Mrs. Chap-man and a young man named Minor became en-emerated of sets before Haring that the destroy was man and a young man named Minor became en-amored of each other. Feeling that the doctor was an obstruction to the free enjoyment of their love they accomplished his death by the aid of arsenic. In trying to obliterate traces of the crime some of the arsenic was thrown into the yard, where some of the ducks ate it and died. The death of the ducks n such a manner led to an investigation, resulting in the arrest of both Mrs. Chapman and young Minor. Minor was hauged. Mrs. Chapman escaped the law. Since that time the house has had the reputation of being haunted. Persons in that neighborhood say they saw lights in the house for years, and few of them would pass it after dark. After the murder the college proved a failure and no one could be found willing to occupy it. The owner of the premi-ses had a portion of the building torn down and the remainder fitted up as a boarding-house, but the unsavory reports concerning it prevented him from getting a tenant. Mr. Endicott finally offered to occupy the place and has now been living there for some months.

Horace W. Eshback said yesterday: "A friend of mine, John F. Endicott, resides in the old Andalusia college, and the other day he invited me over to pay him a visit. Of course I accepted the invita-tion, taking with me Frank Tygh, a cigar-dealer of this city. The weather was one of the best in the morning, and by afternoon a wind and rain storm erast which heted creft could the more maximum we had intended to return to the city on one of the We had intended to return to the city on one of the late afternoon trains, but as the storm raged with-out promise of early abatement we decided to remain over. It must have been midnight when we went to bed. We were shown to the 'spare room.' This apartment was very large, with three deep windows, two doors, and a fireplace. The old college has about twenty rooms, the larger number of which are unoccupied, and Tygh, who is a short, fleshy man, and much given to the subject of spooks, shuddered as we walked down the hall and mut-tered something about its being an elegant night for ghosts to play foot-ball. We entered the room and Tygh thought some one was yelling, but he grew more composed when I told him it was only the wind. The wind was really howling as if the very imps of iniquity were frenzied in the delights of a free night. With the wind whistling through the tall cedar trees it was almost impossible to sleep. the tall cedar trees it was almost impossible to sleep. Anyhow I could not compose myself to sleep, and lay listening to the noises outside and to the enoring of my room-mate.

"Suddenly a light spread through the room, a light like that produced by a candle. In the sur-prise or rather astonishment of the moment I turned and sat up in the bed. I will tell you what I saw made me feel sick and wish I was almost any-where else. Before me was what appeared to be the bust of a man, perhaps 45 years of age, the shoulders covered with a mantle. The face had a perfectly natural appearance, only it lacked mobility, and the whole seemed to be resting on a cloud of snow. The terrible apparition was moving about the room, and I thought it might be a robber, but I noticed that there were no lower limbs, but that it glided around like a balloon. Now, I am not a believer in spirits, but I was frightened. 'What do you want?" I asked, hardly aware of what I was saying The sound of my voice awakened Tygh. He sat bolt upright in bed, gave one glance, and tumbled over on to the floor and began to pray. Tygh is not a religious man. The answer I received from the ghost was something unlooked for, being in the form of a severe blow on the mouth, cutting my lips badly and stretching me at full length on the "Almost simultaneously with the blow the figure noiselessly exploded and seemed to go straight up through the wall. The light did not go out for some time, but gradually died away, leaving us in darkness. I jumped up and lighted a lamp and found Tygh doubled up in a heap on the floor, almost insensible. I looked around the room and found the windows closed, the doors locked, and everything, in the condition it was when we retired. I will admit that I was frightened, and the quickness with which I dressed myself and hauled Tygh down-stairs was something wonderful. It is per-haps unnecessary to say that we spent the remainder of the night before a glowing fire in the sitting-room. When Endicott saw me in the morning he laughed and wanted to know where I got my thick lips. I did not care to tell him the truth, so replied that I had struck it on the bedpost in get-ting into bed. Now, as I said before, I do not be lieve in ghosts or anything of the sort, but I'm go ing to investigate that matter and capture whatever it is that is, providing it is anything human." Mr. Tygh solemnly swears that he saw the whole business, and relates a story exactly similar to that of Mr. Eshback. He says he knows there is a ghost in the old building, and money could not hire him to pass another night there.

Highly Probable.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some time ago I read a short clipping in the JOUR-AL, to the effect that a certain minister of a church in Pennsylvania had expressed the belief, that when men and women passed up to judgment before the allotted three-score years and ten, they would be met by the announcement that they were sinners unlitted for a throne of grace.

On first view it may seem a little startling, not to say harsh, when a poor used up cripple snuffed out like a wasted candle at thirty-five or forty, when he should have been still basking in the sunshine of a vigorous prime, comes tottering and moaning in the threes and twinges of rheumatism or dyspepsia, to be not with the frowning statement that he had committed deliberate suicide and must be punished accordingly. But if we look dispassionately into the matter, is there cause for surprise in this?' Let us cite a few every day samples, such as may be selected from any cometery in the land.

Here comes an emaciated lady not yet thirty. All her children had died in birth. Poor things ! Her friends had grieved. She wasn't equal to the strain of motherhood.

"Why wasn't she equal to it?" the judge demands. Says the record: "Her mamma guarded her from the cradle as a frail, delicate hot-house flower, from the vulgar reddening of the sun, and from the chil-ling invigoration of fresh air, that her skin might be but white and her held of tennated to the tenn be hily white, and her body attenuated to the true fashionable consumptive proportion. Not once were her hands permitted to be solled by vulgar labor, or the slightest fatigue endured in healthy walking. Her physical condition still farther degenerated by rocking chair and pastry, living exclusively on the debilitating condiments of the fancy bakery and French candy departments, coupled to physician and drug-store poisoning, she grows up to be all nerves, accompanied with heart trouble. On the wedding day she is quite overpowered by the excite-ment. Fears are entertained that she would scarcely hold up under the trying occasion. She required sustaining medicine from the family phy-sician. Would it be any wonder if the judge should demand: "You, poor broken reed, by what right did you get married? Did you not know that it was a cruel sin to place yourself in a condition to bring forth rickety children, to drag through life in sickly misery, with prospect that the streams of halfformed humanity would flow continuously on? That it would be a fearful thing to turn your home into a hospital from the cradle to the inevitable endng-the grave-yard !"

Or suppose the man who had been born with a constitution that should have carried him as straight as a reed to eighty, when, full of years and a well spent life, he could pass with honor to his account, but instead he comes at forty-five with a bloated, plethoric body, physically and mentally sodden in laziness and high living; puffed out with fatty degeneration, bleary of eye-sight, thick and wheezy of breath, incapable of thought beyond the quality of liquors and cigars; wealth turned to no better ac-count than indulgence in gluttonous living, till in-tellect is blurred to the deadened inactivity of decaying fungue, and moral perceptions blunted beyond

bower of useful recognition! What shall the judge say to this specimen of swine-like humanity? The record below, across the grand-ly decorated coffin, had been: "It having pleased an all-wise inscrutable providence to call away our esteemed," etc. Mockery! Surely, high time to put an end to such shameful misuse of God's gifts to the degradation of mere animalism. And for him what shall the judgment be? What of the talents en-trusted to him? Body and mind both broken down ere half their allotted period of usefulness has been attained! Is it not certain that the soul must share the deceased condition of the body? That every blur on the latter must inflict like injury on the former? Hence is it not reasonable to think that all such decrepitade as shown in shortened span of life, must entail inevitable condemnation and regulate punishment? W. WHITWOETH. Cleveland, Obio.

Clairvoyant Vision.

In the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

JANUARY 15, 18:7

How Children Grow.

During the International Medical Conference held in Copenhagen in the summer of 1881 a paper read by the Rev. Malling Hanson, principal of the Danish Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was listened to with marked attention and interest. It gave the results of the daily weighing and measurements of height which he had carried on for nearly three years on the 130 pupils-72 boys and 58 girls-of the institution, and demonstrated facts as to the de-velopment of the human body during the period of childhood that perfectly startled and astonished the assembled medical authorities, opening an entirely new field for investigation and reflection. Since then Mr. Hanson has continued his observations, and, though he has yet a tremendous amount of work before him, he believes he is now able to state the outlines of the results he has obtained. The children are weighed four times daily in batches of 20-in the morning, before dinner, after dinner, and at bedtime-and each child is measured once a day. The common impression is, no doubt, that in-creasing in bulk and height of the human body during the years of growth progresses evenly all through the year. This is not so. Three distinct periods are marked ont, and within them some 30 lesser waverings have been observed. As for bulk, the maximum period extends from August until December; the period of equipolse lasts from De-cember until the middle of April, and follows the minimum period until August. The lasting increase of bulk or weight is all accumulated during the first stage; the period of equipoise adds to the body about a fourth of that increase, but this gain is alabout a fourth of that increase, but this gain is ar-most entirely spent or lost again in this period. The increase in height of the children shows the same division into periods, only in a different order. The maximum period of growth in height corresponds to the minimum period of increase of bulk, and vice versa. In September and October a child grows only a lifth of what it did in June and July. In other words, during a part of the year-Autumn and beginning of Winter-the child accumulates bulk, but the height is stationary. In the early summer the bulk remains nearly unchanged, but the vital force and the nourishment are expanded bulk there is rest for the growth, and when the period of growth comes, the working for bulk is suspended. The human body bas, consequently, the same distinctly marked periods of development as plants — The Catholic Nerse as plants.-The Catholic News.

The "RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL," pub-lished by Jno. C. Bundy, Chicago, endeavors in its sphere to exhibit spiritualism in a form in which it can be best understood. The JOURNAL is clean and outspoken and is uncompromisingly committed to the Scientific Method in its treatment of this subject. Those desiring to know what Spiritualism is, when thus presented, should subscribe for the JOUR-NAL. Address, Jno. C. Bundy, Chicago, Ill. Speci-men copy free.—Republican, Dec. 9th, 1886. Milan, Mo.

Mrs. E. Nicol writes: A brother of mine was traveling in Scotland, and had just arrived in Glasgow by sail. He was going from the depot to the street-cars. His wife said to him on the way, "I wish I had brought my umbrella, I shall be wet before I get home." Hurrying to the cars, when she got in she had a new silk umbrella in her hand. She was amazed and said, "See here!" How it came into her hand she never knew.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

There are only twelve missionaries laboring among eight millions of Slamese.

The additions to the Christian churches of Japan are about five hundred per month.

About three hundred polygamists are under in-distment and awaiting trial in Utah and Idaho.

The number of candidates for the ministry of the Episcopal church in the United States is 314-a smaller number than at any time since 1868.

There is a town in Massachusetts-Elmwood-of 600 inhabitants with only one minister and one church, and so it has been for thirty years.

well proved a friendship may appear, Howe nfidences which it should bear and sac-h should not be required of it.-Abbe there ar rificer Roux.

of their existence, it is possible for the spirits of departed human beings to become visible to and communicate with mortals,"

This fact fully proven by some of the leading scientists of the age, as Professors Hare, Crookes, Wallace and Zœliner, and established by repeated ovidence to themselves, led the more profound thinkera among the Spiritualists themselves to adopt scientific methods to distinguish between the true and the false; to separate the tares from the wheat, and carrying their investigations on through the phenomenal to the intellectual phases presented. While the phenomenal was the earthquake which shook up old error, the tidal wave of intellectual spirit forces has swept on and grappled with those errors, scattering wide the seeds of thought, until the various religions, have more or less begun to shape themselves to the form of the progressive ideas of Spiritualism, and all the higher-literature of the present day is full of breathing thoughts from the Spirit-world.

What now remains for Spiritualists to do? And hore our inspirations point to the real work of the future. We have lived in wonder-land long enough. Imagination, like the *ignis fatuus*, only dances over the quagmires of ignorance, and will as certainly lead us astray. To be of real value our spiritual knowledge must bear fruit-must take on the form of usefulness-and to do this must become eminently practical. We must let go all unreal imaginings and reach out after exact truth. We should be satisfied with nothing less than this, and while we thus obtain confidence in the spirit-forces and the ability of spirits to aid us, when conditions are properly supplied, yet we should never lose confidence in our own powers to that degree that we should for one moment neglect their cultivation and development in all that is good and true, thus en-nobling our natures and elevating ourselves into communion and fellowship with "the pure in heart," who have gone before, in this way preparing our-celves for practical usefulness in aiding those who are with us in the world in getting out of the darkness of superstitious folly into the light of spiritual truth. In other words, to be useful, Spiritualism must be made practical by being infilled with a spirituality born of knowledge.

When Spiritualists rise to this exalted position their influence will be marvelous. It will be greater over the wild beasts of passion than was Paul's power in overcoming the wild beasts at Ephesus. Mankind are emerging from the era of ignorance and doubt to one of knowledge and faith in practical ideas and real realities. As imagination vields to reason, and false ideas and base passions are subdued by the sway of a spiritualized intellect, we shall see the race wheel into line to work in harmony with the laws of their being in order to reach the highest attainable goal of earthly happiness in unalloyed communion of soul with soul with those who have gone before.

Their faith will then take on knowledge; their Spiritualism, spirituality; their life practical works of goodness which shall blossom with all the excellence and perfection of truth, and ripen into the rich fruits of universal love and exalted wisdom. Then each shall work for all, and all work together for universal good.

No fears then to combine for a common work. There will be but one creed—to work in the most practical way to accomplish the greatest good. Everything will be reduced to that standard, and Imagination, subdued by the logical deductions of reason, will work to the line in the progressive advancement of the race. The spirit of man will then bring into action its almost limitless powers of unfolding, and thus make the ideal of the present the real of the future.

This is no overdrawn picture of the possibilities of Spiritualism when Spiritualiets shall become thorworks for the common good. Spiritualists, more than St. Peter, hold the keys of heaven, of a heaven upon earth, and will be held responsible if they do not open its portals and light the way to it for those still in darkness and doubt.

Linger no longer, but lead in the way That leads out of darkness, to Heav'n's bright day. Questa, N. M. D. P. KAYNEB, M. D.

Mrs. E. Fairchild writes: I have no ctiticisms or suggestions to make in regard to the JOURNAL or its editor-only hearty sympathy for his untiring efforts in making it a paper to be read by the masses. A few families meet here and have an enjoyable time with those in spirit, who are ever rendy to smist in our investigations.

Monkey Affection.

The gorilla, of Western Africa, lives in patriarchal and polygamous families, in which many females and their young submit to the authority of a single adult, and the habits of the chimpanzee are similar; but the Cynocephale, most of the smaller species of the African Continent, and American monkeye, live in considerable troops in a kind of general sexual promiscuity, in which the love of the mothers for their young, very strong while they need it in their weakness, does not outlive their growth out of helpless infancy. Similar babits have been noticed among some savage races; and traditions are pre-served among many people of a time when family bonds did not exist. But traces of more durable family bonds between monkeys of the same blood seem to exist among the chimpanzees and gorillas, where the appearance of particular and exclusive affection is combined with rivalry with the members of other families. Savage, in the "Boston Journal of Natural History," tells of a female chimpanzee which was observed in a tree with the male and a pair of young of different sexes. She first started to hurry down and run into the thicket with the male and the young female; but, seeing the young male left behind, she went back for him and had taken him in her arms when she was shot. Houzeau, in his "Etudes" ("Studies on the Mental Faculties of Animals as compared with those of Men"), compares this trait with the indifference with which the New Zesland mother saw Cook take away her son, prob-ably forever, as she was expressly informed. Houzeau also finds traces of paternal affection in the affection that old anthropoid apes accord to the members of the polygamous tribe of which they are chiefs. This kind of affection can, however, hardly be said to exist among all men. There are numer-ous tribes in which the fathers do not know their own children, in which the names pass in the female line, and where a man's heirs are the children of his sisters. Striking examples of conjugal love are sometimes shown among monogamous monkeys. An incident in point is that of a female of an American species which, tired of holding her young one, called up the male to relieve her. Another story is that of the male in the Jardin des Plantes which became incon-solable and starved itself to death after its companion died.—From "The Mental Faculties of Monkeys," by Madame Clemence Royer, in Popular Science Monthly.

Spiritualism.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: As Spiritualists we can congratulate ourselves upon the present status of our blessed cause. In comparison with the past, how transcendent appears its attitude, how sublimely grand its possibilities. What has not been accomplished in the last thirty years, and yet how much greater the height, if we as a body, properly appreciated our high calling We have grown from a despised, ostracized people to be the most favored under the broad canopy of heaven, with the eyes of the whole world upon us.

Our babe has reached out his arms and encircled the universe-no longer the wailing cry of the puny infant Christ, but broader, deeper notes are coming forth from its capacions lungs, and ere long we shall be startled by its prominence.

Then will be the greater danger, and we must see to it that our light is kept burning with a flame, clear and bright. No wavering, no uncertain movement must attend our footsteps, but upward we must soar strong and invincible in the might of God's resplendent truth, with a determination that, come what may, we, the armor-bearers of this magnificent column of spiritual facts, will be upheld by the knowledge that the angel-world is ever working amid the tangled threads of human life, to cheer and lead us origin. lead us aright.

Brothers and eisters, should not our hearts glow a we contemplate this, the dearest gift of the agee? Let us resolve that from this time henceforth our

aim will be to so live that men and angels may ac knowledge that we have recognized the Christ-principle, the holy evangel of a New Dispensation I CABBIE S. FORSTER. Baltimore, Md.

G. C. McGregor writes: To us who have oved son on the other shore, it gives us comfort and joy to know that he not only lives, but often gives us written messages in our own house. In your JOURNAL we read with pleasure the many manifestations of spirit return, and trust that the Spirit-world will continue to use you as a vehicle or instrument to spread before the people the glorious truth of Spiritnalism.

History can be formed from permanent monuments and records; but lives can only be written from personal knowledge, which is growing every day less, and in a short time is lost forever. John-

I wish to relate a little of my experience that, perhaps, some of your many readers may be able to explain. Nearly four years ago, not feeling very well I retired early and thought I would read awhile, as was often the custom with me. I placed a stand at the head of the bed at my right; on it a large lamp lighted, and proceeded to read. I read perhaps fifteen minutes, then laid aside the paper, and happening to cast my eyes on the ceiling over the side of the wall opposite me, I noticed a red shadow nearly as large as my two hands. I was wondering what could produce it, when it began to move and come down towards me. As soon as it started it assumed the form of a bright red rose. In color and shape, it was like a peony just beginning to burst open, and was as large as a small teacup. Around it were three clusters of the most beautiful green leaves I ever beheld. It was at the first showing some twenty feet from me. As it started I involuntarily put up my hands to take it when it should reach me. It came slowly down in a direct line until within a few

inches of my hands, when it dissolved or disappeared. My husband was silting a few feet distant at the left, talking. I exclaimed, "Don't say a word! 1 see the most beautiful rose I ever saw in my life." When that faded from sight some eight or nine rose had much smaller of light nine color with the source. bude, much smaller, of a light pink color, with sprays of light green leaves, come floating to me from the same quarter, and when nearly in my hands they would vanish. Then from over the top of a ward-robe a few feet away to the right, came floating several bignonia leaves, as large, perhaps, as a silver dol-lar. They floated along near the ceiling, a few feet then vanished.

Now I know this was no optical illusion as some have suggested, for my brain was as clear as usual. I had taken nothing to produce anything of the kind This flower phenomenon at that time was of fre quent occurrence. Another time as I was riding in the horee carsone evening, a large hanging basket filled with the most delicate, exquisite flowers and vines, was suddenly suspended from a pole passing through the top of the car. It hung about the cen-tre of the car for a moment, then vanished. I never saw anything as beautiful except in this, I may say, spiritual condition. I don't know that it is the re-sult of clairvoyance, for I see so clearly that it seems strange to me others cannot see as plainly as myself These presentations were frequent at that time, but of late I get very few. I have had other strange ex-periences of a physical nature, quite remarkable, that could only be illustrated verbally. The question is, were these symbolic, and if so, of what? Milwaukee, Wis. MARY E. VAN HORN.

Scientific.

At a meeting of the Physiological Society of Ber lin, in February last, Dr. Mullenhoff referred to a treatise by Kepler, that appears to have been forgotten, on the structure of the cells of bees. A fact was communicated to the meeting which is very interesting and new, though possibly already known to some readers. It is that, when the bee has filled the cell either with pure honey, or a mixture of pollen-dough and honey, and has completed the lid, a drop of formic acid obtained from the poison bag connected with the sting is added. Numerous ex-periments show that this formic acid preserves honey and every other sugar solution from fermenta-tion. If this he well established, it will show that the sting and the polson apparatus of the bee has a further purpose than that of a defensive or offensive weapon. Another interesting fact suggests itself in connection with this. So far as is known, most of the insects that have stinglog apparatus similar to that of the bee are collectors and storers of honey.---Science Gossip.

Mrs. Ann L. Davis writes as follows from Walls Walls, W. T.: The good cause in this city is prospering. Several are sitting at their homes for levelopment. I heard a medium say a few days ago that there are scores here believing in Spiritualism but who are keeping quiet, waiting for a lecturer o a good medium to come and take a decided stand. I do hope some good medium or lecturer will respond soon to our needs, for the barvest is ripe and waiting for some laborer to thrust in the slokle and gather the sheaves. There may not be many rich ones to respond, but this world's poor are often God's chosen ones, rich in goodness and truth. I do ask that the good ministering spirits will incluse some one to come here and help us in this the best of all causes.

water a water water

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A man is relieved and gay where he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. -Emerson,

The hired pew has become a thing of the past to ,* the churches of Cambridge, Mass., including Christia church, St. John's, St. James's, St. Peter's and St. Philip's

The Jews of Pittsburgh are considering the ques-tion of holding religious services on Sundays, and a convention will be held in a few weeks to take definite action.

Several women of the imperial palace at Pekin have become interested in the New Testament, and meetings for gospel teaching are held within the palace walls.

The largest congregation in Indiana is that of the St. John's Catholic church in Indianapolis, which exceeds 800 families and numbers from 4,400 to 5,000 adherents.

Alas! this time is never the time for self-denial; it is always the next time. Abstinence is so much more pleasant to contemplate upon the other side of indulgence.-Macdonald.

They are not the best students who are most dependent on books. What can be got ont of them s at best only material; a man must build his house for himself .- George Mcodnald.

A brass tablet to the memory of the late President Arthur is to be placed in St. Jonn's Episcopal church in Washington, under the window placed there by him as a memorial to his wife.

There are at present no less than four rabbie, who each claim to be the Messiah, pretending to work miracles. The simultaneous appearance of s) many competitors is without precedent in the history of Judaism,

A sluggish temperament is always on the drag, and a sluggish spirit in religion never makes much progress. Without activity and vigorous carnestnees we can secure but little real gain.-United Presbuterian.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful; not the graceful but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes, the vulgar.—Leigh Hunt.

Canon Liddon has brought home with him a fragment of the Temple of Jerusalem, which he has had placed in the north corner of the choir of St. Paul's cathedral, mounted in granite, with an inscription in Latin from his own pen.

Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Erforts to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous, a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

Such a liberal education as will fit the man in due time to grapple most effectually with any specialty, consists more in training than in acquisition. The man that is thoroughly the master of his own powers will master any sphere or theme to which he is called.-President Bartlett.

Apply healing to other minds diseased, and you will not fail to heal your own. The law of impene-trability obtains in mind as well as in matter. Sorrow can not wholly fill the heart that is occupied with others' welfare. Constant melancholy, further-more, is constant rebellion.-Gail Hamilton.

The English Society for Jewish Missions recently celebrated its seventy-eighth anniversary in London, The income during the past year was £39,097; the expenses, £36,911. The society employs 141 agents, and has 35 stations—namely, 4 in England, 21 on the continent, 6 in Asia, and 4 in Atrica. When the society was founded there were not 50 Jewish converts in England; now there are about 5,000, and among them 100 in the active ministry.

In Ireland the Romish church derives out of the public funds more than £687,900 annually. This in-cludes a sum of £572,244 as per report of commissioners of national education of 1888-4; a sum of £112,000 to Romish reformatory and industrial chools; a sum of £11,000 to Boman chaplains in work-houses, prisons, and asylums, and to nuns in work-houses; and a sum of £21,000-being interest calculated at 5 per cent. accruing annually from the capital amount given the Maynooth college at the time of the disestablishment of the Irish shurch.

HOLD TO ALL AND THE

JANUARY 15, 1887.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

The Kiss of a Sea-Gull.

Weird Facts About the Death of a Young Austrian Sailor.

In the shipping news of Friday morning in this paper was the announcement of the death of Sea-man Jicomo Tarabocchia, of the Austrian bark Ukraine, Capt. Mircovich, by falling from the fore-topgaliantsail-yard when the bark was about 450 miles off the shore of South Carolina. The bark came to this port from Italy with salt consigned to Stephen D. Andrews. There is a ward tole told in record to the young

There is a weird tale told in regard to the young salor's death—he was but 23 years old—by the sailors of the Ukraine. All of them, from captain down.are rugged, practical men, and yet this voyage forced many of them to a partial belief in omens and the weird in life and death. The story must be taken as true, however much readers of it are disinclined toward the superstitious, even if it has had resemblances in sea life. It was just before 4 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, Dec. 11, and, as has been said, the bark was far off the South Carolina shore. the morning of Saturday, Bec. 11, and, as has been said, the bark was far off the South Carolina shore. Tarabecchia was at the wheel. The weather was clear and quite cold, and it was still in the darker hours of the night. Strangely enough, at this time there appeared over the bark a seagull, and it flut-tered and settled slowly downward. It flew toward the sallor at the helm, and at last lighted upon his shoulder, struggling hard to obtain a foothold there. The sallor reached up and took the bird in his hands. It was a full-fieldged seagull, as white as snow. While he looked at it thus it stretched out its taper neck and preesed its beak up to his lips, as if billing with its mate. The sailor caressed it, and finally put it into the bosom of his blouse. It lay still there, the warmth of the spot apparently lulling it to quiet. When eight bells struck at 4 o'clock Tarabocchia was relieved. Going forward to the forecastle, ho clipped the gull's wings and then went below. The bird nestled by him in his berth until it was time to rise again. rise again.

rise again. That day the gull played along the deck, and act-ed as fully domesticated as a chicken. In the after-noon the bark cat and the gull quarreled, and the quarrel closed in a terrific battle. This resulted in both suffering evere injuries, the cat the worst of the two. Tarabocchia laughed at them both. He said to the cat, as if it could understand: "You're never going to get well! You're hurt bad!" And he told the gull that it, too, would die, he crossed.

he guessed.

badi¹⁰ And he told the gull that it, too, would die, he guessed. That night, at 11 o'clock precisely, the bark was far off the Chesapeake shore. It was just at the gulf stream. Suddenly a squall came up to west-ward, and the order was given to furl sails. Tara-bocchia went up and was at work on the foretopgal-lantsail-yard, when the bark lurched heavily. He was about 138 feet above the deck. The accident, fatal to him, now happened. Somehow he fell, and his body, whirling through the air, struck the rail heavily, and then slid off into the sea. It sank im-mediately, and was not seen afterward, though every effort to find it was made. As has been said, this took place at 11 o'clock ex-actly. At 12 o'clock the injured cat quietly died, as it iay on the vanished sailor's chest in the cabin. Just one hour later, at 1 o'clock, the sea-gull died. It had taken to Tarebocchia's berth that evening, and the sailors watched the end with strange feelings, for from the first the actions of the white bird had seemed ominous to the bark.—Providence Journal.

Clerical Scandals.

The number of scandals involving ministers of the gespel, particularly at the East, is such at this time as to recall that season a few years ago, when it seemed as though every county had one such case. In all the principal cities of the Eastern and Middle States at least one suit at law is in progressin which ministers are interested, and in many of the surround-ing towns a similar condition of affairs is to be found. If it is not the preacher who is at fault it is his wife, but it has happened generally that both have been shown up in a most unenviable light. A curious feature of these domestic quarrels is

have been shown up in a most unenviable light. A curious feature of these domestic quarrels is that the members of the churches over which the clergymen are placed, appear to divide about equally in support of the contending parties, and it thus happens that while the feud lasts, and frequently for a long period after some decision has been ar-rived at in the courts, the time of the congregations is taken up with scandal to the exclusion of every-thing else. When a religious body becomes thus de he embroiled it can be imagined that its influence for good is at an end. Societies organized to inculcate morality and spread religion cannot be very efficient when their chief controversy is with each other over a question of immorality on the part of their Jeaders. Unfortunately, in most of the scandals now pending, the guilt of the parties is not doubted. The spectacle of a large body of people publicly professing devotion to purity and virtue using all the enginery of religion in defense of such characters cannot, therefore, be a very profitable one to anybody, and much less so to those whose hope it is to regenerate the world. The marvelous thing about these occurrences is not that an occasional minister falls from grace, but that when his fall has been established, so many people of supposedly healthy minds and morals can be found to insist upon his innocence and to persist in treating him as a leader entirely worthy of all respect. That the minister is only human has been well established, but there are many who will be unwilling to admit that the time has come when the standards aimed at in that profession are to be lowered to the level of those obtaining in other walks of life. If there is not enough decency left in the clergyman who involves himself, his family and his church in vulgar scandal, to induce him to withdraw from his charge, then there ought to be enough decency on the part of his parishoners to make that course imperative. Guilty or innocent, may char course imperative. Grandy of innocent, a preacher figuring in a divorce court ought not at the same time to figure in a pulpit. Some excellent men may occasionally be wronged by the enforcement of a rule of this kind, but the sum of the damage done to the race will be incomparably smaller than is now the case.—*Chicago Herald*.

Scrofulous | Affections

Humors are caused by a vitiated condi- Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and tion of the blood which carries disease to Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's in the system, and suggest the use of Sarsaparilla purifies and invigorates the a powerful blood purifier. For this purblood, and eradicates all traces of the pose Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always scrofulous taint from the system. proved itself unequaled.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible discase. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded. — W. F. Flower, M. D., D. D. S., Greenville, Tenn.

Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was

Cured

The many remarkable cures which have been effected by the use of

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



For years my daughter was troubled, with Scrofulous Humors, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility. She took Ayer's and with Weak and Sore Eyes—the result of inherited Scrofula.

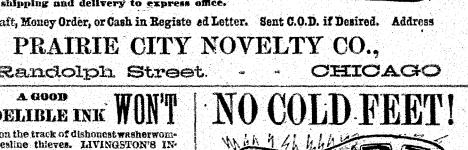
By Taking

Since then, whenever she feels debilitated, she resorts to this medicine, and always with most satisfactory results.—Geo. W. Fullerton, 32 W. Third st., Lowell, Mass.

I was very much afflicted, about a year ago, with Scrofulous Sores on my face and body. I tried several remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I commenced faking Aver's Sarsaparilla. Since using this medicine the sores have all disap-peared, and I feel, to-day, like a new man. I am thoroughly restored to health and strength.— Taylor James, Versailles, Ind.

The healing, purifying, and vitalizing effects obtained by using Ayer's Sar-

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Mental

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King's chapel, in Boston, recently celebrated its two hundredth auniversary. Originally the chapel was the worshiping place of an Episcopal congrega-tion, but since the Unitarian controversy it has belonged to the Unitarians. Oliver Wendall Holmes read a poem and addresses were made by Drs. Phil-lips Brooks, James Freeman Clark, President Eliot, of Harvard, and others.

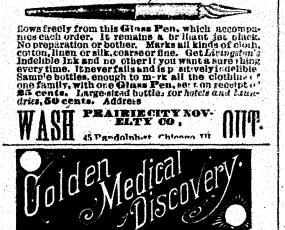
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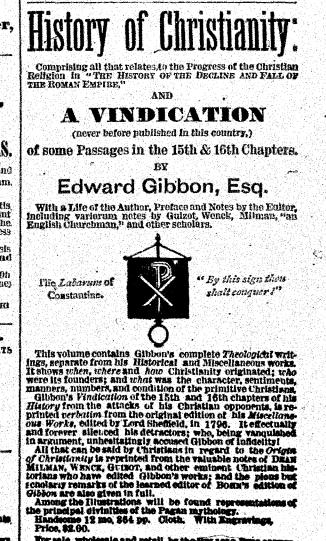
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Interview with a Brilliant Woman of the World-A Devotee to Psychology and Mystisism-Remarkable Account of a Visit from Her Guiding Spirit, Mary Queen of Scots-Her Enthusiastic Advocacy of the New Rolinion.

Baroness Salvador's Paris Letter in New York World: I had often met Lady Caithness in society, always wearing diamonds that a queen might have envied; always surrounded by hosts of friends; but now I cannot understand why I never suspected her to be more than a charming woman of the world, never thought her mentally superior to hosts of agreeable friends and multitudes of brilliant mondaines. When I heard of the publication of the new Theosophical review decided to know from Lady Caithness herself her motives, her opinions.

"When did you first think of-publishing a roviow?"

"Months ago I fought against the idea. In the evening the difficulties appeared insurmountable; in the morning nothing seemed more simple. At last I decided, and my path was made clear before me. Theosophists are Buddhists; above all 1 am Christian. I have an inspiration. Come in the room where I write and I will show you my guardian angel, Mary Queen of Scots."

3

Lady Caithness led me to an immense, superbly-furnished room, and on the writingtable I saw a picture painted on ivory, a picture of the martyr Queen, more beautiful than any I had ever seen before. "She often comes to me. Sometimes I

only feel her presence; sometimes she is vis-

Naturally I was much interested and asked Lady Caithness for an explanation.

"Do you believe in the return of a spirit upon the earth? If not, you can hardly comprehend what I would say."

"Not a believer in name, but one who knows that only a thin veil separates us from the world of spirits.'

"You know, perhaps, that we have a sixth sense called spirituality, a sense that slumhers, but a sense that it is our duty to awaken and develop. In the narrow path marked for ns, we can only advance step by step; to us the things we see at first do not seem pos-sible, but our watchword is always 'forward

"When did you first discover the bond be-tween you and Queen Mary?"

on thy forehead a seal. Aspiration is in- demonstrations, examples, illustrations, di- known to Mr. Phillips, and his identity was spiration. Without aspiration there can be no growth. Inspiration comes from God. Our breath is an aspiration, and inspiration answers it. Each one of our acts should be a prayer, and each act has a result. Thou art a vessel chosen of God, and the star we have placed on thy forehead will speak to all who approach thee and will tell them not to enter thy sphere with impure hands and heart.

"Then Mary gave me minute details as to where 1 might find some of her jewels, among them a ring she was anxious I should possess. En passant, I may say that I own many jewels once the property of Mary of Scotland.

"All that Queen Mary told me I do not remember, but detached sentences come to me from time to time. Here is one: "Use the Bible with respect, she said, 'to be guided and instructed thereby. Read even with more respect the great Bible of Nature. Thou, my child, hast a mind capable of seizing the truths destined to inspire all nations and to make them free; and these events are taking place to-day. Mary, my beloved one, the faith that you have embraced possesses the rarest jewels the world has ever seen. Add something great to its literature. Be courageous, and remain in the high place which has been given you by the Star Circle. You may go on and never arrive at the end of your progress and your development, for the Father, whose perfection you should imitate, will inspire you and be your divine model. Be perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." "Then she left me and all was silent. I

hastened to rejoin my friend, who was alarm-ed in the greatest degree. The next morn-ing I called my maid, seated myself before the dressing-table, looked in the mirror, and upon my forehead saw a round bright spot which seemed like a red seal. That was the impression made by Mary's kiss, and I was willing the mark should remain always. It was the proof of her visit to me. As I gazed it disappeared, but with my spiritual eyes I always see the seal upon my forehead."

"And afterwards did Queen Mary appear as she promised?"

Yes; rapidly as I could absorb the truths. they were given to me to understand. Each day I feel my soul expanding and passing to a new state, peace is mine, new horizons of grandeur and perfection open before me, and my happiness is complete. So intense is the light, so wonderful the joy of my life that nothing known by me until this day can compare with it. Art, society, nothing has ever given me such delight: 'The peace of God, which surpasseth all understanding,' a foretaste of heaven, because 'the kingdom of heaven is within you.' As Mary said to me, I live in the present without looking back to the past or forward to the future, and I know I shall inherit eternal life, because I am al-ready in that life."

Never have I been so impressed. I have heard the greatest divines of the Catholic and Protestant churches give the reason for their faith; but this fearless woman, standing almost alone as the exponent of a doctrine ridiculed by some, misunderstood by others, deserves admiration for her bravery, respect for her sincerity.

Lady Caithness gave me a poem dictated to her by Queen Mary, a few lines of which I quote:

Truth embodied bears all sin away, Fear not to die, for beath an angel is; And thou must meet with death in many ways Fire the finality of life begins to be a consciousne Which shall increase for ave.

rections and instructions.

The explanation here given appears to ac-cord very exactly with what is really known of human physiology and psychic matters. It recognizes distinctly the three-fold nature of man; the sensuous or physical, the psychal, which has its physical focus at the semi-lu-nar ganglion of the solar plexus in the epigastrium, and the noetic or spiritual which centers at the top-brain above the brow. Mind or spirit, however, is not confined or circum-scribed in any sense of absolute fixity to the body, not even to the brain itself. Like all spiritual substance it permeates much more than the physical structure of one in-dividual As more than the physical structure of one individual. As many gases may be included in the same volume, neither crowding away the other, so many minds and spirits may interpenetrate each other; and if they are in the proper *rapport* or sympathy they may participate in each other's moods, thoughts, and even beliefs and sentiments. What one knows or supposes, the others may perceive and even accept as their own-to the extent even of supposing themselves to have had the concept originally. We are inspired and prompted by denizens of the invisible region as well as by those about us who have a dominating or even an instructing influence upon us. Sometimes it makes itself externally conscious as a revelation, manifestation or specific communication: sometimes we seem to perceive and know all as of ourselves.

I have often imagined that by carrying out this matter far enough, the art might be ac-quired of objectifying mental percepts and so evolving a new method of telegraphy. A person in one place witnessing or becoming cognizant of events might thus transfer the nercention of what he had observed into the mind of another individual at a distance but in *rapport* with him. The possibility of this seems to be demonstrated by the examples which we hear and knew of, in which persons have made their voices perceived under analogous circumstances, or even produced the effigy of their bodies so as to be seen like objects immediately before the eyes. Again, scientific discoveries have been made by different individuals almost · simultaneously when they, perhaps, knew nothing of each other; great movements in thought and religion originate at the same time in places distant from each other.

The Oriental people have apparently such an arcane mode of communication. The Arabs call it khabar (c. f. Kabeiri, Hebr-on) or occult knowing.

Lord Carnarvon in his History of the Druses declares that during the Sikh war of 1845-6 there were cases in which the news of defeat or victory, forestalled the arrival of any letters on the subject; and that in the late India mutiny the information of General Windham's repulse at Cawnpore actually reached the Indians of Honduras and the Maoris of New Zeland in a manner truly astonishing. During the Crimean war the khabar at the bazaars of Jerusalem anticipated the ordinary channels of information by many days, and with a striking accuracy. John Calvin, the French Reformer, while lying one day in bed, ill of the gout, heard in this mysterious manner a sound of drums and the coullict of arms. It afterward transpired that at that very time a battle was going on in Northern France between the Guisans and the Protestants. I myself heard | ten in the first instance. Mr. Phillips had Bayard Taylor in a lecture state that when he was traveling in Japan, the leading men of that country received information in some ting the right pellet, I never knew him, peculiar way, of the battles and other events among many trials, to fail once in writing of the war then raging between the United States and Mexico. Perhaps such an art, however, would be a perversion of the function of the spiritual faculties, an employing of them for selfish and unhallowed purposes, and so would come under the abuse of Goetia. There is wisdom which only the wise may speak of to each other. Hence, while disposed to give cordial welcome to all that may really be learned of these matters, hesitating only at deception and charlatanry I feel more impelled to keep silence than to speak. Still, it is true that we human beings are not mere masses of corporeal matter, but "such stuff as dreams are made of;" and in genuine dreaming is embraced the sublimest knowing. A. WILDER.

not revealed until after the sitting. When the four had seated themselves around the table, the medium wrote the name of Dr. Beard's father upon a slip of paper, and threw it to the centre of the table. One of the gentlemen took it up, read it, and handed it to Dr. Beard, whereupon the latter insisted that his friend had informed the medium who he was. Both the friend of Dr. Beard and Mr. Phillips indignantly denied vibrating for several seconds. All present heard the noise and distinctly saw the moving picture. Dr. Beard, after a pause, simply remarked: "Optical illusion!" The Doctor probably regarded this occurrence as a confirmation of an absurd theory which I have been informed he held; namely, that the evidence of the senses is not reliable unless scientifically trained and under scientific conditions. But I think most readers will be inclined to say with Mr. Phillips: "That man is, intellectually, not honest."

One day, I took a skeptic of positive character and strong prejudice to Mr. Phillips' room for a sitting. After the same was over, and while we were standing near the table, Mr. Phillips trying hard to convince my friend of the genuineness of the rapping that was even then taking place, suddenly a number of small articles were swept from the table by unseen power, and rattled upon the floor. It was as if some spirit presence had impatiently said: "Well, will you believe this?" and then given the more striking demonstration.

But, as I have intimated, such things were unusual at Mr. Phillips' scance. The independent writing between slates, always without pencil of any kind, was the most interesting and suggestive feature of them, and it was this that people generally went to him to see. I have myself, frequently, when with him put two clean slates together, held them in my own hands, and, while so holding them, heard and felt a slight ticking and vibration, and then found an intelligible communication written upon one of the slates. During the whole process Mr. Phillips sat quietly at the opposite side of a table five feet in width, and did not touch the slates from beginning to end. Now in a case like this, where I had had the positive and consenting evidence of three senses, I should be ashamed to doubt the genuineness of the phenomena, or to admit that I have not sufficient mental clearness and force to say, "I know that writing was done by unseen power." Besides the writ-ing on slates, I have had, through Mr. Phillips independent writing upon a blank page of a small memorandum book that I had been accustomed to carry in my pocket.

The "pellet test" was also an interesting feature of Mr. Phillips' seances. He would ask the sitter to write, each upon a slip of paper, five fictitious names and the name of a deceased person, then roll them into pellets and place them on the table. This done, the medium would select, either by raps or by impression, from the six pellets so placed. the one containing the deceased person's name, and before it had been opened he would write that name upon paper. Of course he had seen none of the names writgreat success with this experiment; and, although he would occasionally fail in selec-

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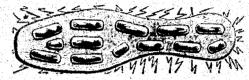
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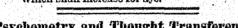


Years ago. She makes herself known in various ways; and many times from her I have received oral communications which I have immediately put on paper. Although I am not the only one to whom Mary of Scotland appears, still she calls me her 'dearest of all." Once she said to me: "Ah, my beloved Mary, all do not believe in my purity as you do. Because I was light-hearted, gay, and ardent many thought that I forgot God and forfeited my eternal happiness for the vain pleasures of a day. They never dreamed of my devotion to my young husband during his illness.' My most wonderful interview with Queen Mary took place at midnight in the chapel of Holyrood, where Lord Caithness is buried.

"Will you tell me about this interview?"

"It was in 1874. I was in Edinburg, on my way to Caithness Castle, in the north of Scotland, when Mary promised to appear at Holyrood. A friend was to accompany me; how I overcame her fears would require too long a time to relate. With a lantern and matches we took our places in a cab, and on the box was a faithful servant. When the carriage stopped the gate leading to the ruined chapel was opened, we entered; when the gate was shut, and we were in the sepulchral gloom, my friend was seized with a sudden terror. and insisted that I enter the chapel without her. How glad I was, for I wanted to be alone with my beloved Mary. Never had the chapel seemed to me so beautiful and the silence was solemnity itself. No longer were the altars illuminated by torches and candles, but the stars of heaven shed their light from above and there was no roof to separate me from their splendor. Where was once the high altar of Holyrood are now found broken tombstones, and kneeling upon one of these I prayed. Suddenly I said: 'Where now are Darnley, Rizzio? Where art thou, my beloved Mary?' 'Here, with you,' said a voice beside me, and turning my head I saw a vague form like a cloud, which gradually took a tangible appearance. 'I have kept my word,' she spoke to me in language whose beauty I could not transcribe. She said that spirits belonging to all periods of history are organized in society under the form of a star. This association, called Star Circle, was founded at the time of the appearance of modern Spiritualism, and has been developed since. During the period of the new dispensation the star rules the destiny of the world Later Queen Mary told me that the real title of this circle is Circle of Christ. Since then I have received a diagram in the form of a star with six points and six rays, which exhibits in a wonderful manner this perfect philosophy.

"Sometimes I have met persons who were unconsciously members of this circle and I recognize them by seeing the star suspended above their heads or marked on their foreheads. While I was reflecting on what Queen Mary had told me of the circle, she said to me: 'More than twenty years ago you were chosen to be a part of this. Circle of Christ, chosen because you have a well-balanced nature, which allows you to understand all sides of truth. The Eternal said to you: Come higher, for I need thee, thou shalt drink of living waters," and from that hour truth was communicated to you rapidly as you could receive it. Now, the time has some when I can ask you if you are willing to promise an entire consecration to the service of God.' Then I knelt upon the tomb. made my vow of consecration, and before it was finished I received a warm kiss upon my forehead. Mary continued: 'As my earthly representative, I charge thes to keep the banner of truth pure. We have placed upon thy shoulders the mantle of truth and



Psychometry and Thought Transference.*

A new tractate upon "Psychometry and Thought Transference" comes to us from the press of the Theosophist at Adyar, Madras. The Introduction by Col. Henry S. Olcott, the President-founder of the Theosophic Society, embellishes the work, which is otherwise anonymous. Col. Olcott subscribes heartily to all that is claimed for psychometry, insisting that it is one of the Siddhis or powers exhibited by the Yogis of India. "Thought Transference," it is hardly necessary to say, is another term for "mind reading." The treatise before us gives an outline of the surmises by physical scientists, and then proceeds to the doctrine of the Theosophical Society, the existence of the akaz (akasa), tenuous cosmic ether, infinite as the original cosmic matter and resulting from motion in that matter. "The Astral light" or "astral fluid" is a different form of that ether, and is perceptive to a highlytrained physical sense. It also exists universally. It forms the"aura" around the brain and spinal cord of human beings, and the nerve-aura attending the fluid of the nerve-tubes and nerve-cells. In this astral fluid everything is registered-every shadow, every thought, every event. "Each particle of the existing matter," says Babbage, "must be a register of all that has happened.'

The Egyptians placed the eternal idea pervading the universe in the ether, or the will going forth and becoming force and matter. The authors or the unseen universe say, that from ether have come all things and to it all things will return; that the images of all things are indelibly impressed upon it; and that it is the store house of the germs or of the remains of all visible forms, and even ideas. This pamphlet also declares that "the basis of all occult science is: That there is but one essence, and that all things-concrete matter in its various manifestations, force, thought and what is called 'spirit'-are but different forms of this cosmic matter; the difference consisting in the distance separating the molecules, and in their arrangement.

Thought transference is explained concisely as follows:

1. The thought or image is conceived in the mind of the operator.

2. It passes into the nerve-fluid, interpenetrating and surrounding the brain with its aura, the nerve-aura.

3. Here it is met by the will, or odylic fluid which is generated about the solar plexus, the life-centre of the body, and a reaction takes place,

4. This results in an image being formed in the astral aura surrounding the agent's head.

5. This image is transmitted in the form of waves through the astral fluid to the astral aura of the percipient. 6. It is conducted thence through his nerve

aura and nerve-fluid to the sensorium,

7. Having reached this focus it is registered in terms of ordinary consciousness a an image.

The completeness of this operation is more or less perfect according to the strength or weakness of will in the operator, and the 'magnetic sympathy" existing between the two

The rest of the pamphlet is devoted to

* Psychometry and Thought Transference, with Practical Hints for Experiments. By N. H., F. T. S. And an Introduction by Henry S. Olcott, P. T. S. Adyar, Madras, India: The Proprietors of the Theo-sophist, London: George Redway, 15 York St., Covent Garden. 1886.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Reminiscences of a Fine Medium.

BY A. A. HEALY.

It is now more than three years since Mr. A. H. Phillips ceased to be a public medium. Those who knew him when in the fall exercise of his gifts will not soon forget the manifestations of spirit power that occurred in his presence. In one respect he was unique among mediums—he was never even charged, so far as I know, with fraud or deception. Investigators, full of suspicion, used to come to him for sittings, and such was the transparent honesty of the man, so clear and satisfactory the manner in which the independent writing came, such intelligence and striking tests were given in writing through his hand, so anxious was he to meet and satisfy each man's particular form of donbt, so willing always to try any suggested experiment, that the investiga-tors, when honest, went away, if not con-vinced, still without any fault to find with the medium. Moreover, and this is of great importance in a public medium, Mr. Phillips' personal habits were entirely correct. He was always gentlemanly in conduct, and refined in his conversation. In truth, so highly do I value the services he rendered the cause, that I believe fifty such mediums, publicly sitting, would compel the attention of the world to the phenomena of Spiritualism. For, however valuable and comforting materialization and other forms of dark seance may be to believers, the independent writing and various other phenomena, such as came in the light with Mr. Phillips, are far better calculated to attract the attention and carry conviction to the minds of intelligent unbelievers.

The career of Mr. Phillips as a medium in New York extended over about five years. During those years he gave scances at the camp meetings at Lake Pleasant, and occasionally made brief visits to Boston and Philadelphia. Independent writing, the socalled "pellet test," loud raps, and communications written through his hand, were the characteristics of the scances. At one period, physical manifestations, such as the moving of objects, sometimes occurred. But these Mr. Phillips discouraged. He seemed to take no pride in them, and did not regard them as of high value. He said that he much preferred that the power be used for intelligent communications. Although in this matter the judgment of Mr. Phillips was un-questionably correct, yet these physical manifestations were sometimes of great interest. Upon one occasion, the late Dr. Geo. M. Beard, the writer on hypnotism and allied subjects, and who was an opponent of Spiritualism, called with two friends, upon Mr. Phillips for a scance. Dr. Beard Was un-

correctly the name on the selected pellet, before the latter had been opened. It was with this test that Mr. Phillips brought confusion upon Stuart Cumberland. That redoubtable person from England made a tour among the mediums of New York to "expose" them, and thus advertise his own public performances. He induced a reporter of the N.Y. Times and one from the Herald to accompany him to the apartments of Mr. Phillips. Cumberland by loud talking and rude behavior endeavored so to disturb and irritate the medium as to preclude any manifestations. But Mr. Phillips quietly invite one of the reporters to enter his scance room alone and prepare the pellets as above described. When this had been done, Mr. Phillips entered the room, correctly selected the pellet containing the name of the deceased person, and wrote the name written therein before it had been opened. He was equally successful with the other reporter. Consequently, the following morning a report highly favorable to Mr. Phillips appeared in both journals, conspicuously placed, and say-ing that notwithstanding all that the would be exposer could say or do, the medium had exhibited a power entirely different from any that Cumberland had exhibited in New York, and far more remarkable. The workdone by Mr. Phillips as a medium.

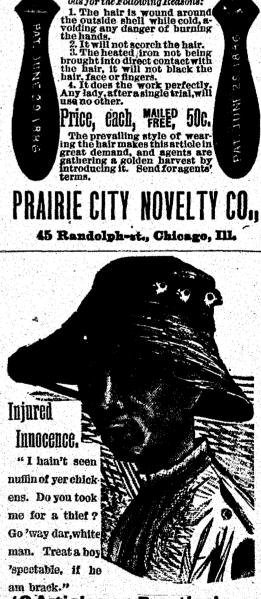
though his term of service was compara-tively short, was of very great value to the cause. He came like a meteor, illumined the spiritual heavens, and like a meteor departed. Where he is now, or if he be still in the flesh, I know not. But I have a great desire for information concerning him. I have heard various rumors, but had no authentic intel-ligence. And if any reader of these lines knows ought of Mr. Phillips's history during the past two years and a half. or of his present whereabouts, I should esteem it a favor if he would communicate with me in a let ter addressed in care of the RELIGIO-PHILO-SOPHICAL JOURNAL.



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