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

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FACTS, IDEAS, PROOFS.

A Lecture Delivered by C. W. Cook,

Before the Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists at Omro, Dec. 19, 1886.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

At the close of my first lecture on the subject of Spiritualism, a gentleman who had listened with marked attention and no small degree of interest, said to me, "Mr. Cook, your positions are well taken, and your conclusions are inevitable, if your facts are correct. But I don't know about them." This, together with other remarks which, from time to time, have reached my ear from the opponents of modern Spiritualism, has led me to prepare the following discourse for the purpose of removing, if possible, from the minds of some of my hearers, at least, the shroud of ignorance as to what Spiritualism really is; of presenting proofs that its phe-nomena do occur as alleged; that they are reliable; and that they are produced by intelligent human beings once resident on this or some other of the numberless planets in space, but now dwellers in the Spirit-world.

For the purpose of getting these facts, ideas and proofs before you, I shall present the subject in the form of questions and an-

- 1. What is Spiritualism?
- Do its alleged phenomena occur?
- Are they reliable?

4. How are they produced?

In regard to the first of these questions there are various definitions. The ordinary orthodox opposer supposes Spiritualism to consist in certain inexplicable phenomena, wonderful feats, magic tricks very similar to those of a juggler, only surpassing them in the gaping wonder which they excite in the beholder. Others, and I am sorry to be obliged to include a few Spiritualists themselves, in this class, suppose Spiritualism to be a sort of means whereby they may inquire of the spirits about the most insignificant and utterly selfish matters pertaining to their corporeal and especially financial welfare. As, "Do you think my son will get his patent?" And, "Will he make a great deal of money out of it?" Or, "What can you see for me?" Or, "Can you tell me how my sore too is getting plane?" toe is getting along?

While there may be, and doubtless are spirits who have never yet developed into very high nor comprehensive planes of thought: since there are constantly passing to the sec ond sphere men and women who never think nor talk about anything higher than how many dollars they can get into their own private treasury, or their neighbor's dress or bonnet, or an old horse with the poll evil, or how much money their pigs will bring in market, or how many chickens the old hen will be likely to "hatch out;" still, he who supposes that these trifling communications constitute Spiritualism, shows not only his dense ignorance upon the subject, but also the low groveling plane upon which his own nature is now acting.

Materialism, although occupying the very opposite extreme from Spiritualism, yet considers it an ally because Spiritualism perceives the "handwriting of God" in no other book than the Book of Nature; and hence believes in the reign of immutable law. But when Spiritualism, accepting as it does all the facts of materialistic science, ascends into the higher, the deeper, the more interior realm of principles, and demonstrates the immortality of man, materialism exclaims: i'Yours is a beautiful philosophy! I hope it rs true! But I know nothing beyond the ange of senement facts?

cosmopolitan moral eclecticism, accepting from everything the good, and rejecting the bad." A good definition! I repeat it. "Spiritualism is a great cosmopolitan moral eclecticism, accepting from everything the good, and rejecting the bad." A. J. Davis says: "It is, first, phenomenal or objective; then secondly, it becomes subjective and philosophical. What does phenomenal Spiritualism teach? It teaches, by demonstration, three articles of knowledge: First, that man is an arganized monetality or spirit of which his organized mentality or spirit, of which his physical body is in general a representative; second, that death is to man nothing more than a physiological and chemical change, leaving the states of affection and intellect unaltered, and thus preserving the individuality of the mind complete; third, that the dynamical relationships between this earth and the spirit-land are perfect and intimate, whereby the departed person may refer and whereby the departed person may return and whereby the departed person may return and hold converse vith those remaining." "What does philosophical Spiritualism teach? It teaches by the laws of cause and effect, by clairvoyance in the thinking faculties, and by reasonings, intuitive and correspondential, that omnipresent and immutable progress is heaven's first law; that the so-called 'imperfections' of the globe and the discords of nafections' of the globe and the discords of nations will be eventually overcome by the per-fect workings of our universal Father God; that immortal truth lives and will prevail everywhere, and is the only 'light' which can dispel mental darkness and unite humanity; that celestial love is the eternal life of Mother Nature, the inspiring presence of Deity in all parts of the universe, a perpetually flowing and inexhaustible fountain, by which everything lives and moves and has its being; that there never was and cannot be a 'miracle' in the popular theological understanding of the term; that all religions, creeds, sects, theories of man, laws, institutions and governments are of human origin, and (to the harmonial thinker) indicate the wants of the age, and the status of the different minds in which they appeared; that man's only infallible authority or 'rule of faith and practice' is the divine 'light' which eyer shines in the highest faculties of his mental organization; that in proportion as man's affections become refined and his thoughts harmoniously exalted, so in the same proportion will the world be visited with holier conceptions of God, with senti-ments of brotherhood more sacred, and with contemplations of the universe more enlarged and worthy; that the conditions and experiences of the individual after death will be in accordance with the development of the sentiments and the intellect before leaving the earth; and lastly, that human character is the effect of causes both interior and circumstantial, is ever susceptible to ab extra influences, and will ultimately be harmonized by the spontaneous will or ever operative laws of the Great Positive Mind."

This, then, is the analytical definition which Brother Davis gives of Spiritualism. Were I, myself, to define it, I should say: "It is the same tree which took its root far back in the superstitions and mythologies of our infant race; which has put forth its branch-es in the various conceptions of God, and of man's nature and destiny, which have in various geographical localities, and from timeto time, appeared during the progressive development of man; which reached its beau-tiful budding in the primitive Christianity of some nineteen hundred years ago; whose fragrant and prophetic blossoming is our own beautiful modern Spiritualism; and which is destined to bear its golden fruit in the harmonial philosophy of the coming

Again, Spiritualism is that same divine light which glimmered feebly forth—a flickering taper-in the spiritual darkness consequent on the infancy of humanity, but shin-ing brighter and brighter, as by progressive development, its environment became more and more capable of emitting its rays. It shone beautifully forth in various eras, and through various persons in the past:-Brahm, Buddha, Moses, Plato, Jesus, Mohammed, Swedenborg,—until, in our own day, it is become the rising sun which is destined to banish the night of ignorance and superstition from the world, and by showing man a glimpse of his indubitable destiny, induce him to "forget the (myths) that are behind," and to "press forward to the mark of the high calling" of his own spiritual nature which he shall learn to love so wisely that all the transitory things of all the earth shall tempt him to demean it no more forever.

nomena of Spiritualism occur? To my mind it seems more strange that this question should be asked than it would if one should inquire if railroads are actually in successful operation, or if dispatches are actually sent by magnetic telegraph. More strange, because the former, the spiritual phenomena, although witnessed, cognized by the same senses as the latter, are yet under the control of more subtle laws, and hence productive of more wonder and consequent discussion to the human mind. But although discussion to the human mind. But although these phenomens are more common than the sailing of a steamship, there are hundreds, who never having witnessed them, deny that they occur, though they readily enough believe the report of the sailing of a steamship, though never having seen one in their lives. Why is this? With the ordinary orthodox, it is because they regard all such occurrences as miraculous, and with them, miracles have enough. With the Catholic, while he believes

Our second question is, Do the alleged phe-

There are other definitions of Spiritualism.
Some of its most noted lecturers deny that it is a religion at all and assert that it is a pure science. Hudson Tuttle says: "It is a great that they can occur outside its pale, and why?" Because not recognizing the undeviating action of immutable law, he believes that these spiritual phenomena are specially vouch safed by the Deity in a miraculous manner to the faithful followers of the church, and to them

The materialist, who prides himself upon being consistent, will take the most incon-sistent position imaginable, and say that the thousands of persons who know they have witnessed the phenomena in question, have been either deceived by some juggler's trick, or are hallucinated; while at the same time. he will accept the testimony of these very persons as to any other occurrences which they may have witnessed and gained knowl-edge of by precisely the same senses. Now I submit that there are thousands of

competent persons in every walk of life, from the lowest to the highest, including the honest farmer, the shrewd man of business, the titled professor, the keen scientist, the metaphysical theologian, the learned jurist, who know by the operation of the same senses through which they have acquired all other knowledge that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism do accually occur. And alternative and account account and account account account and account account and account account and account and account account account and account account account account and account accoun though it is not yet forty years since the invisible intelligeness produced the tiny raps at Hydesville, there is now scarcely a community in the civilized world of which some

of its most intelligent, most candid members have not witnessed at least some of these many and varied phenomena.

"Well! why can't I see them?" asks the skeptic. As well ask why you can't burn a stick of wood by plunging it into a snow-bank! You have never candidly investigated the matter, and put yourself in a position nor condition to witness these phenomena. not tell you that he or she knows these phenomena occur. More than this! There is searcely a thoroughgoing Spiritualist who did not once ridicule and sneer at those who believe in these phenomena, and who has not become such in spite of every prejudice with which an early education and the popular jeers of a surrounding public could imbue the human mind. (I know this was the case with myself.) Not only so, but many of them have sacrificed positions of honor and profit to a bigoted community, and the friendship of their nearest relatives, simply because they have had the nobleness of nature to candidly speak the truth relative to these phenomena. These facts should, and do, in every thinking mind add great weight to their testimony. In fact, they render it emphatically unimpeachable.

If you cannot accept such testimony as

this, you are a singular jury and will proba-bly never believe any evidence on this subject. If, however, you have an inquiring mind, and such an earnest love for truth that you are impelled to know concerning it, the way is as open, yea, more so, for investigation to you as it was to me. "Seek, and ye (too) shall find!" "Knock (at the door of Nature's Temple) and it shall open unto you," disclosing golden harmonies innumerable. 'Come (to the spiritual fountain which has been opened for this century) and drink free-ly." It shall prove, indeed, a "savor of life unto life," since it indubitably demonstrates the immortality of man, and the consequent boundless infinitude of possibilities of which

it proves every human being a repository.

You need journey to no Mecca nor Jerusa lem to prosecute your search for truth in this matter. Nor need you bring to your midst any renowned medium to fill the simple with gaping wonder. But in the bosom of your own family, or among your intimate friends and neighbors who can have no possible motive to deceive you in this matter, form a "circle" according to the few laws now imperfectly known respecting spirit communion; (nearly any spiritual publication can furnish them to you). Render your bodies pure by bathing, wholesome food, and abstaining from tobacco, alcoholic drinks, and all sensualisms. Render your minds pure by entertaining noble thoughts, benevolent purposes, and holy aspirations. Then reverently prosecute your search for truth. You shall find it! and it will prove a light to your intellect, a joy to your affections, and a source of development to your being. Thus will you "add to your faith, knowledge," while your "meekness, temperance, hope and charity" will be increased a thousandfold.

We come now to our third question: Are the phenomena of modern Spiritualism re

Ask the wife of your bosom who has never deceived you; the husband of your holiest affections, whose strong arm has sustained you through the trials and sorrows of life; the noble soul who, through life, has been to you a Damon and Pythias combined,—his unfailing friendship ever true through the slanders of enemies or the fawnings of seeming friends; the innecent child who knows no guile;—ask all these, through the medi-umship of whom these phenomena occur, if they are reliable; and the blush of shame will mantle your cheek as they reply: "You know me too well to think that I would stoop to deception!" "What! violate the sacredness of our relations by mere idle pretense! Mar your holiest affections by deceiving, relative to your departed dead? I could never

Are they reliable? Ask any competent witness who has observed them. Ask the great English naturalist, Wallace. Ask the

scientists, Crookes and Varley. Ask the states-men, President Lincoln and Vice-President Wilson. Ask men of literature, Victor Hugo and Epes Sargent. Ask Judge Edmonds or Judge Holbrook, the eminent jurists. Ask Prof. Mapes, the chemist; Hare, the electrician; Crowell, the physician; Ward, the millionaire; and Watson, the theologian. Ask all these every one a Spiritualist and there all these, every one a Spiritualist, and there comes a united voice: "We know the phenomena of modern Spiritualism to be as reliable as those of any existing science."

And I here make this assertion which is And I here make this assertion which is founded on facts so patent that I need not enumerate them. There is no existing science to day, which has for its foundation, experiments, facts, and phenomena so numerous and varied; or which has been tested by such multifarious means, under such diverse conditions, and by minds of such varied mental calibre and training, as has Spiritualism. No wonder that some of our lecturers consider Spiritualism a pure science. It is a sider Spiritualism a pure science. It is a science. But it is more. It is a philosophy,

it is a religion, as well.

Now, after all the varied phenomena recorded by so many thousands of observers, and by some of the best minds in the civilized world; if after all this, these phenomena are not reliable, then are no phenomena na are not reliable, then are no phenomena reliable. And the discoveries of science for the last three centuries are naught. We are driven into the position which Christian theology held during the dark ages, viz., that man knows nothing; can learn nothing by employing his own powers; must not use his reason; but must blindly "gape and swallow" what the priests tell him is a revelation from an awful God. And if we can not understand it, we are told that "It is not given for us to know the mystery of Godgiven for us to know the mystery of God-liness;" that "we must not seek to be wise

above what is written."

Shall-we hasten back into the dazzling light of this Stygian darkness? Away with such twaddle! such belittling notions of man! and let us thank the divine principle of progression that such a God never existed only in the superstitious minds consequent on the darkened brains of our ancestors scarce yet developed out of the savage condition. Let us be thankful that, by using his God-like powers, in science, in philosophy, in relig-ion, man has developed so much of this beautiful earth from the bestiality and savagism of primitive times, into the progressive civilization of this nineteenth century; that, by investigating the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, this highest, this grandest of all sciences, he has not only found them to be reliable, but he has demonstrated thereby, his own immortality. So that now, in this matter, Spiritualists can say with Tyndall. 'We believe in justification—not by faith

but by verification." Rejoice, all ye children of men! The day of blind adherence to the "say-so" of any man or book-whether six thousand or eigh teen hundred years old—whether the priest at the altar or the speaker before you—is about to pass away from your earth forever! The illimitable universe, and the infinite collection of illimitable universes are ever open for your inspection. Employ your Godlike powers in a search for truth therein, and in applying that truth to ameliorate the condition of your fellows. Among other invit-ing tables which our Father God-and-Mother Nature has spread for you, is that of the spiritual outgrowth of this century. Come and partake of its rich viands. Its "bread of life" will inspire you with the true object of existence, which is not to "serve God" in popular creeds and selfishly "enjoy him forever;" but to serve your fellowman and endless progression: "Not happiness as an end, nor truth again in forents areads and for nor truth as it is in favorite creeds and formularies; but eternal life and endless improvement, of which, happiness and truth are the incidental developments and everhealing concomitants."

Having defined Spiritualism, and present ed what seems to me conclusive evidence that its phenomena do occur, and that they are reliable, it now remains for us to ascer tain their producing causes. This, we shall do by the Baconian or inductive method of reasoning from effect to cause. We ask you to carefully follow us in its prosecution.

It is now pretty generally conceded, even by the opponents of modern Spiritualism, that certain singular phenomena do occur at spiritual séances, that there is something singular, yes inexplicable, about them which they cannot understand nor account for, and which few of them attempt to explain. Why is this? There are several reasons for it. In the first place, there is a large class of minds who, I am sorry to say, are still so imprisoned in superstition, and so much under control of the priests that they fear to inquire into the matter. They are told by their teachers, that it is the work of the devil, and they have a hard task to keep out of his clutches anyway. Besides, their superstition is such that the bare idea of a spirit frightens them half out of their senses; in which trembling state, they are in poor condition to calmly inquire into the cause of anything. You remember how this same class of minds went almost crazy with fright over the phenomena of printing; dared not investigate its cause; considered it a mystery produced by Faust or Guttenberg, who certainly had a devil which some of them had actually seen -horns, hoof, tail and all. The same class of minds is with us still, though somewhat advanced since the days of Faust. But the phenomena of Spiritualism are far more remarkable than was that of printing, and they are shrouded in as great, if not a greater mystery for these minds, as was Faust and his devil for their illustrious predecessors.

Let them alone, with their impotent shout-ings of "Devil!" Their progeny will be as much benefited by Spiritualism as themselves have been by printing, since the time of Faust, Schæffer, and the Guttenbergs.

There is still another class of minds who are convinced that these phenomena are caused, as they, themselves, invariably purport to be, by human beings who have passed the change of death; but who, worshiping as they do, at the shrine of Policies and Expediencies, rather than at the shrine of Truth iencies, rather than at the shrine of Truth and Principle, either remain silent in reference to the matter, or, for the sake of money and popularity, go into those places of fashion and popular resort, the churches and Sunday schools of the day, and decry the whole thing as a humbug. This class of minds think: "This and that may be right and true, but Public Opinion says we must not do it! We must act and walk in all points as it prescribes or we shall be lightly points as it prescribes, or we shall be lightly esteemed; certain mouthfuls of articulate wind will be thrown at us, and this, what mortal courage can front?" I have in my mind now, a gentleman who writes A. M., mind now, a gentleman who writes A. M., LL. D., after his name, and who receives a salary of about \$1,500 per year as Superintendent of Schools in one of Illinois' little towns. He once told me, in a private conversation: "Yes! Mr. Cook, I've investigated Spiritualism. But (cautiously, as you see) it it's true, 'twon't do! It'll kill any man, in this country." A little further on, he said (and remember he has enjoyed all the advantages of a collegiate, education, has been (and remember he has enjoyed all the advantages of a collegiate education, has been admitted to the bar as a lawyer): "Seventy per cent. of all my ideas, have been obtained from Spiritualism. But don't tell any one, it would hurt me!" "Kill him." I suppose, i.e., his popularity. Now mark! The next Sunday after this conversation, he told the children in Sunday school: "I have investigated Spiritualism myself! (pompous! authoritative!) and there's nothing in it. It's a humbug." When I heard this, I wondered if he'd admit that "seventy per cent. of his he'd admit that "seventy per cent. of his ideas" were "humbug;" and I could not help wishing that he had got the other thirty per cent., because then, he would have possessed integrity sufficient to declare the truth, or remain silent at least, and not make a "lickspittle" of himself for the paltry sum of \$1,500 per year and the fleeting flattery of a few bigoted applauders. He is a good type

of his class. Having disposed of these two classes, I might mention, in passing, some of the vague and unsatisfactory theories upon which opponents to Spiritualism, who cannot but admit the occurrence of the phenomena, attempt to account for their production. These theories are as varied and contradictory as can be imagined. Not one of them is logical in its induction, and neither one alone, nor all combined together, at all accounts for the facts observed and the effects produced. But I cannot weary your patience by a consideration of them.

In presenting my own inductions, which are certainly honest, and, as I believe, logical, as to the cause of these phenomena, permit me to relate a portion of my own experi-

ence in investigating them.

In the fall of 1865, I removed from the State of Wisconsin to Webster City, Iowa, for the purpose of taking charge of the public schools in that place. At that time I regarded Spiritualists as a set of deluded fanatics; and, in common with other "knowing ones" who boasted of a scholastic education and moved in what would be termed the "better circles," I sneered at the "soft-headed listen-ers" to "feeble tips and raps," and the "gap-ing mouthed gobblers of mediumistic tales," although none of us had ever witnessed, nor sought to witness, the phenomena so far beneath our lordly notice. Nor had we even read anything on the subject, except the ridicule of those who, like ourselves, had, without examination, learnedly (!) declared the whole thing a humbug. Being a single man, and one of quiet habits, I sought board in a private house, away from the bustle and confusion attending life at a hotel, where, un-molested, I might pursue my studies. Fate would have it that I should board with a family of Spiritualists; though, as you might imagine, I sought in vain for accommodations elsewhere.

After we had become somewhat acquainted, and had had several conversations on the subject, my hostess said to me one evening, while I was busy with my book: "Mr. Cook, did you ever see any spiritual manifestations?" I replied in the negative; whereupon she inquired if I would have any objections to seeing herself, husband and daughter sit at the stand, for the purpose of obtaining the phenomena. "Certainly not," said I. She remarked, "We may get nothing, but we shall see." She removed the lamp from the stand to a large table where I was sitting, and the three took their seats at the stand, with their open palms lying lightly onits top, while I went on with my studies, not disposed to give the matter much attention. In a short time the stand began to tip, and they began to ask questions and receive re-plies by means of these "tips." With emo-tions akin to those of a small boy at a circus, I looked on and listened. At length, more amused at the novelty of the thing than from any other motive (though not without some curiosity as to how the stand could be moved so dexterously). I propounded a question to the stand, which met with a prompt response. I began to study how they moved that stand. But they all declared that they did nothing towards moving it, except to lay their hands, which were all in plain sight lightly on its top, and that they could not

(Continued on Matth B

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. THE OPIUM HABIT.

A Graphic Picture of the Misery Resulting From Its Use.

BY DR. J. E. BABCOCK.

In relation to one who takes morphine as a habit, and to one who having taken it and abandoned it after years of its indulgonco, there is as wide and marked a difference between the two conditions—I speak as one having authority—as there is popularly supposed to be between these of heaven and Having taken opium in any form, for any length of time, one's normal condition or nature becomes utterly changed—under-going a complete transformation, both physically, mentally and morally. If naturally gay, gravity takes its place. If social pleasares wore extravagantly enjoyed, solitude becomes their substitute. Mental stupidity gives way to mental activity, and even brilliance. If taking the keenest pleasure in the presence of the opposite sex, the utmost aversion is the change. If naturally convivial, the quiet of one's own room gains the ascondancy. If averse to reading, writing or study, the exact reverse becomes a passion. If given to late hours, early ones assume their place. If a spendthrift, care and

economy become prominent virtues.

Such are a few of the ordinary contrasts, as offected by the habitual use of morphine which are rendered apparent to the student studying from an actual experience, and for a chort time the mental stimulation, and physical exhibaration, afforded by the opiate is a cource of the keenest enjoyment and happiness; harassing cares, with all their concomitant mental anxieties, become a thing of the past, but only for a short time, for after the unfortunate has been lured by morphine's charms to a point where it becomes only just short of impossible to abandon the use of the drug, reaction sets in and the devil lurking therein thrusts forth a claw. The exhilaration is found to be but temporary, and despondency—notwithstanding stren-nous endeavors to push it aside by an ever-increasing dose—becomes, in the course of time, chronic; despondency not alone as the primary result of the drug's action per se, but through its indirect manifestations upon the physical and mental systems. The suffeler finds himself gradually growing thin-ner, and lighter in weight. His face assumes a peculiarly pallid and unpleasant appearing hue. His eye loses its brilliancy, and he sensitively finds himself looking upon his appearance with the utmost regret and aversion. Permanent constipation of the bowels, of on otherwise almost impossible character, sets in, and a movement of them can only be secured by the use of such powerful cathartics that their indulgence cannot be justified oftener than once every five or six days, which period indicates the frequency of movement as obtained, and only to be obtained, by their use.

Physical ailments of numerous descriptions follow as a natural matter of course. Animal food becomes repulsive to the stomach and the anticipation; while sweets of all descriptions are craved in its stead. As a consequence the appetite is scarcely ever sufficiently keen to enjoy a single meal. The sexual instinct is for the time being entirely obliterated, and the sufferer's mind dwelling upon these results and effects, from which he knows there is scarcely a chance of ceaseless petulance, and seeming ingraticacape, assumes a morbid, extraordinary unhappiness, such as the ordinary person can age you constantly, but without fail you have not even the remotest conception of. The fact that the realization of the victim's slavery is always present, and the constant fear in anticipation of some accident which shall deprive the taker of his accustomed drug in some manner, makes of one's life a continual series of anxieties, such as are, in themselves, almost nothing less than torture.

A CRUEL EXPERIMENT.

I once knew a young man from whom his friends—though enemies would prove a more appropriate term-had surreptitiously ab atracted, during a serious illness, all the morphine that he could control, and, under a mistaken sense of kindness, destroyed it; they took his clothing at the same time, and locked him while asleep into his room,—all of which was the most infornal idiocy-to say nothing of its cruelty—upon the part of those who thus sought to restrain his indulgence-nay, his overwhelming necessity. The result was that after midnight the young man awoke restless and feverish, from a more than ordinarily prolonged abstinence, and heated with impatience he proceeded to secure his accustomed dose of morphine. Discovering the trick which had deprived him of the opiate, and his inability to leave the room, he became simply desperate and fran-tic in the extreme; he stormed and cursed, and pleaded; crying like a child to be released, but his captors—who thought themselves his friends—were merciless, because they loved him, and because they had no conception of his agony. Suddenly a crash was heard in the room. Alarmed and anxious his jailers hurriedly entered, but the prisoner had flown; the room was empty, and the broken sash indicated the manner of exit.

In a frenzy of despair and indignation at the horrible cruelty of those professing to be his friends, that young man had adopted and carried into execution) a most desperate design to end his agony and life at the same time. He had thrown himself with one determined rush through sash, glass, and all that would impede his progress, to the ground below, some fifteen feet distant, and when these friends entered that room he lay ont side senseless, bruised, cut and bleeding, with a badly fractured leg. Sadly and tenderly, with their consciences lashing them as with a whip of thongs, they picked him up, and when too late they opened their hearts to mercy. That young man lived, and two years later entered upon all the horrors of abandonment of his own free will, pass ing through them successfully, but neither he nor any other person living who takes morphine as a habit, can be successfully forced to stop taking it. The desire to abandon the habit; be free from all its accompanying ills, and regain what one can always recall as their normal condition, with all its natural pleasures, is ever present; but the very hopelessness of a successful issue to the attempt, generates a grim despair such as death would at any time be a most welcome relief from. Business ability is gradually weakened, and a morbid indifference assumes the place of former ambition until the despondent brain too frequently tries and hopes to find relief in an "overdose." But ere such an irrevocable step is taken, numerous unsuccessful attempts to abandon the drug have been made, and in proportion to the strength of the persons will power is the agony of the trial prolonged. If of natural-ly weak will a few hours of fearful suffering will disastrously terminate the struggle, and a sense of despair, such as no human mind can fathom, will become ever present; but if of a naturally powerful will—and in the grades of strength of will there is as marked

and palpable a difference as in strength of muscle—the effort will be of a giant character; such a one will enter the wide open jaws of hell itself and battle there until physical endurance gives way, or holding strong by the strength thereof he triumphs for at least a time; such a result is, however, but one of the successful issues among hundreds of thousands of trials which are fail-

A VIVID PICTURE OF SUFFERING.

Those who are in health can never have the remotest conception of what it means for the sufferer, in the threes of abandonment, to feel as though his stomach was literally full of white heated coals, burning, scalding and sizzling without cessation for days at a time. To feel for hours at a stretch as though some steel-fanged hand were clutching and trying to drag the stomach from the body. To have every nerve in your body seem for day after day as if it were being seared by a red-hot iron along its entire length. To have as an ever constant companion, the sensation in one's mouth that it is full of red pepper stinging and burning. To endure physical and nervous prostration until in a frenzy of ageny and discouragement the hand can scarcely be restrained from opening a gash in one's throat. To be wholly without sleep, save a single hour, for thirteen days and nights, though mercifully finding a certain relief in the delirium which ensues. To endure the mental stress and constant agony of mind, with never an instant's diversion, which results as the natural effect of such suffering. To be compelled to live upon the sole diet of lime water and milk as the only possible nourishment the stomach can bear, and again I say that if you in health, or otherwise, can have any adequate conception of what such agony means, then you can partially appreciate the horrors of an attempt to "swear off" the morphine habit, ever aggravated as such attempts are with the absolute knowledge that tempts are with the absolute knowledge that if you will only relax your grip for a single instant of time, and take but the slightest portion of the poison-only just once-that a heaven of ineffable bliss—in contrast with the present hell—is just within your grasp; but no that cannot be for "just once;" there can be no half-way measure in such a matter, for that "just once" means utter and ignominious failure.

HOW TO ACHIEVE VICTORY.

If you possess the will to bear it—and there are such wills—you can suffer to the end so long as you maintain that will unbroken, but yield to a single relief voluntarily and the end has come in the form of absolute failure; and what is more the sufferer knows the fact at the time; discouragement and loss of self-respect result, and after a cruel but gallant fight the battle has ended in naught save the determination never to try it again; but where one can be faithful to the bitter end a certain degree of victory will be the reward; absolute victory so far as the taking of morphine is concerned, but yet a victory as will be seen later on-which still retains many questionable elements. From the be ginning to the end, wherein active and acute suffering must be endured, will ordinarily constitute a period of eighteen or twenty days. To endure this one must-and I say must—be able to command the services of warm, constant, and supremely faithful friends; friends by their unfailing sympathy; friends who will patiently endure your must be the possessor of sufficient means to release your mind from any added care of a financial nature.

No poor man or woman can ever hope to succeed in abandoning the use of morphine as a habit. Money is essential because you have got to have comforts which money alone can secure, but more especially is money necessary because you have got to live for months unable to fix your attention in the slightest degree upon any business requiring personal supervision, since long after the period of acute suffering is passed a nervous, homesick restlessness, which cannot be shaken off, and which is in itself a torture, constantly pursues you. The mind cannot be fixed upon anything whatever in a business way; reading, writing or study, before so agreeable, now becomes utterly loathsome; and the solitude and quiet of the morphia life, then so desirable, are now replaced by a great and overwhelming passion for excitement; excitement of any name or nature, it matters not what, so long as it suffices to prevent one's thoughts from dwelling upon one's self and thus relieve that constant restlessness before alluded to. Sol essential is some form of excitement that I venture to say, in the absence of it, that within one year nine out of every ten of those who have successfully fought the fight will relapse into the old slavery again, and this, too, notwithstanding a vivid recollection of all they have suffered to be free. Pleasant and convivial companions are invariably sought after; the sexual desire returns with overwhelming force. In fact the functions of the entire body-both mentally and physically-become bouyant with new life, new blood, and physical exhilaration, and it is just here that the extremest danger lies in excessive indulgence of all that may be included under the head of dissipation. The craving of the reclaimed morphine taker is almost overwhelmingly irresistible for continuous action and excitement, and if he be of a sensitive, analytical turn of mind, with a conscience, and with the capacity to be cruelly hurt by the gossip which will inevitably circulate concerning him, it will not be long before he will reason himself into the belief that his last condition is worse than his first, and that with all its miseries his former life, which he endured so much to break away from, was the preferable one-especi ally if complications arise because of a slender purse—and after a long and anxious mental struggle he will then do one of two things: resume the habit deliberately, or if his aversion is strong enough, he will just as deliberately commit self-murder, since in any event he can see nothing but unhappiness in store for him.

HEROIC TREATMENT.

I once knew a talented and successful physician whose home was in a small town in Massachusetts. He had made many fruitless efforts to release himself from the exactions of the morphine habit, but his sufferings were too great in proportion to the strength of his will, and yet this man's nerve was simply superb, for he went to Philadelphia, sought out his old hospital friends, related to them his morphine history, and then deliberately said: "I want you to place me under proper restraint; take my morphine away from me, and under no account yield either to my entreaties, commands or threats. If my life pays the penalty, promise me that you will let me die rather than give me any of the drug." They promised, and placed

pleading piteously for relief; the next raving and blaspheming because they would not permit him to change his mind and go free. They gave him the best of attendance, and kindest care, but they were merciless—no morphine did he have that he knew of, though the several accessions, while in delirium it upon several occasions while in delirium it was injected into his arm in order, as they believed, to save his life. At the end of thirty days he returned home, as he considered, a free man.

This man's will power was weak, but his nerve and courage were marvelous in plac-ing himself under such restraint, knowing fuli well just what he was doing, and just what such restraint meant. Well, for a year that man sought every species of excitement and conviviality. His physical system became a sort of human volcano ready to break forth upon the slightest provocation. He did not drink to any marked excess, but his methods of life were so different, and the metamorphosis was so complete that the staid citizens of his town gossiped so much in their wonderment, and told such infernal lies in connection with him, that his practice began to desert him and he to-make an analysis of himself. Sensitive and, to others, incomprehensibly restless, he finally, after long mental travail, determined to return to morphine. regardless of its results, in order to subdue the irresistible longings of his new nature for excitement, but no sooner had he done so than a species of remorse and regret took possession of him; discouragement overwhelmed him, and one afternoon he was found lying in his bath tub-dead from an opened artery.

THE UNFORTUNATE VICTIM.

In condemning him, let those who are without sin cast the first stone. Can the term "unfortunate" be more appropriately applied than to this man? And I say unfortunate because it is the only term to apply to those

who habitually take opium in any form. No person ever enters upon the habit deliberately. Who ever knew of such an instance? Upon the contrary, the first step is nearly always the result of using the drug as a means -and a blessed one if used understandingly of alleviating pain, and the unpleasant-ness of an illness; but I strenuously main-tain that if physicians would be less reckless in its use, or if large quantities are necessary, keep their patients in ignorance of what they are administering, there would be vastly fewer cases of the "opium habit," for where a patient is kept under the influence of morphine for any continuous length of time—and a few days are all that is necessary—informed of what they are taking, then when it is withdrawn and the resultant unpleasant effects occur, which even then seem like suffering, they will in some manner procure the drug for themselves, sincerely think ing that when they once more regain their natural strength their will-power will then enable them to cease taking it whenever they desire. Alas! that time will never, never, come save through the travail of soul, the agony of mind, and the suffering of body, which it has been the effort of this article to faintly describe, hoping that it may serve to enlighten some who may be tempted but who in yielding to such temptation go down into the valley of the shadow of death not knowing what they do.

Bangor, Me.

A DISCOURSE

Delivered by Joseph Williamson

At the Funeral of Miss Sarah Howes, Cowlesville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1887.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.) In the presence of circumstances such as have called together the present assembly, it cannot be improper to review the many very suggestive facts that lie at the root of human speculations with regard to life and con-sciousness. If there is truth in the universe, it is within the province of the human mind to reach out after it, through the murky avenues of the unknown future and the obscure past. Opinions, based upon exceptional facts, are too illusory and unsubstantial to remain undisturbed by time, and a more uniform ex-perience of men. Truth is composed of many factors, none of which can be spared from the roundness and symmetry of its perfection It is a fact beyond question in the universal experience of mankind, that the mind realizes the close relationship that exists between the conduct of to-day and the consequences resulting therefrom of to-morrow We sow that we may reap. We labor with mind and body to build up a moral and phy sical future, that shall, as we hope, fully equal our ideal of perfection, that may give to future generations many advantages that we of the present can never realize. Our hopes of the morrow are always in advance of the realizations of to-day. We live to make the morrow brighter and better than to day. Life and thought are in their very nature transitional; the present moment's thought is the legitimate offspring of the one that but a moment ago engrossed our conscious-ness; and our present thought will become the parent of succeeding generations of re-lating thoughts. We live in to-day, but we live for to-morrow. The evils of to-day are not sufficient for us. We anticipate with a certainty borrowed of long experience, many looming up in the distant future. We labor to turn them aside or fortify ourselves with courage to encounter their force. Knowledge is of the past and of the present; the storehouse of experience is the fand upor which we are continually drawing, and which enables us to measurably estimate the probabilities of the future, with which our hopes and fears are mostly concerned. Is it to be wondered at, that these hopes and fears have projected themselves away out and beyond the confines of human life and experience? Certainly not; it is the very nature of hope and fear to reach out toward a future, though knowledge and experience lag behind.

The question, which I think always has, The question, which I think always has, and always will, press itself upon human thought and consciousness, is, How is the future linked to the pat? Is time a great ocean, so deep and so vast, That mind may repose in Eternity's lap, And ever awake refreshed by the nap?

Shall all be forgotten, and life cease to be? Shall the thoughts we are thinking like waves of the

sea Be succeeded by others in endless array, And each in succession pass forever away?

Shall the sorrows that pall and the joys that delight, Like the day, pass away in the shadows of night, And the loves that we cherish fade and be lost, As the pane-pictured forest limned by the frost?

A retrospective survey of human activities will reveal to us the fact that the subtle and intangible realities of thought remain as an inheritance of the ages. When the rocky monuments designed to perpetuate the memory of thinkers, have crumbled and been lost in the sands of which they were originally composed, the purpose of the designer lives in the conscious thought of after ages. Works him in a padded room with all its windows of art, that taxed the genius and skill of the prejudice, and choose that which is the best? 27.

properly secured. In forty-eight hours he was almost a raving maniac,—one moment thought that guided that hand survives in and smooth and clean, and shape it as you 1807.

the admiration and efforts at imitation of suture artists. Do we wish to acquaint ourselves with the history of things anterior to the genesis of man? The geologist finds imbedded in the rock a form, the material of which differs not from the rock in which it is found; but the form, the ideographic reflection of the form speaks the word of truth and wisdom, telling us what without its subtle ald would ever remain in the darkness of oblivion. The foot prints in the rock tell us that long, long ago man had been there; that the ground upon which he walked was then a plastic and yielding mass. They even tell us within very small limits the stature and structure of the being who made the impres-

Did you ever reflect on the unsubstantial nature of form? Matter is one thing, form is another. Matter, it is true, must have form; but form itself is an ideographic concept. Nevertheless this ideal unsubstantial entity is the key that unlocks the mysterious secrets of an infant world. Ideas, thoughts. words, written or spoken, have nothing apparently to recommend them as enduring entities; yet it is doubtful if an idea or thought having become the common property of humanity has now or ever will lose its influence on the future of the human race.

Matter, says the scientist, is indestructible; it may, however, become intangible, invisible. Form, they also claim to be equally indestructible. These conclusions are the mental tests. Is force or energy more of a inherited results of the tendencies of all the latter less enduring than the formal mental tests. latter less enduring than the former? These large measure of hope. Those who are living, must submit to so much, at least, of uncertainty, as our experience determines. Those who have gone before us have had the experience that alone can fully determine the question so far as such a question can be determined by experience.

Life and consciousness, though lying in the fore-front and pathway of all investiga-tion are shrouded with dimness and mist that have hitherto defied the penetration of the most acute thinkers and investigators. The minds that have probed the far off prob-lems of space and marked out the pathway of Neptune even before any eye had certifie its existence; the minds that with unfailing certainty interpret the language of the solid rocks and reveal to our astonished gaze the secrets that unfold the story of unnumbered wons of time; the minds that are rich in the lore of dead peoples and dead civilizations, that read in the stone and metal fragments that have lain for ages, rusting and moldering in the dust and rubbish heaps of the past the life history of decayed civilizations; the minds that solve the problem of races of men by the aid of speech, are all dumb and silent on the problems of life and consciousness. Why is this? Has the last word been said, the last truth revealed? Has all been done that may or can be done in this direction? I think not. If I mistake not, the future has in store for unborn humanity more light

than the present.

Men will think and investigate when released from the trammels of superstition and prejudice; and the field for work in this direction is broad and rich, and the coming la bors will be many. Men no longer gaze in wondering expectation of a supernatural revelation that shall reveal to them the occult mysteries of life and consciousness. Their searching inquiries are being directed to ward the facts and circumstances that lie within the reach of common observation and they labor incessantly toward and for the unfolding of natural knowledge. Mistakes and failures are not few nor far between but every effort tends to make more certain the final result; and the methods of procedare that have done so much to augment the knowledge of the various sciences that have been subjected to its manipulations, may be trusted to yield, sooner or later, some solution of the problems that appear so difficult in the sphere of life and consciousness.

The indestructibility of force, admitted as finally established as an undisputable fact, would seem to present difficulties fully as great as those that obscure our knowledge of the final condition of life and consciousness. The idea that certain beliefs had the power to endow the conscious part of man with the attribute of immortality, has forever lost its bold upon the minds of men. We may rest assured that the facts of life and death are unmoved by beliefs of any kind. Immortal ity, if a fact at all, is so independent of creeds and faiths. We need not urge the acceptance of a verity when the mind perceives it to be such; its acceptance is provided for

regardless of entreaty or promise of reward. Here in the presence of death, where the sympathies of sorrowing friends are rent and torn by the sad event that overshadows the many interests of every day life, it is a becoming tribute to the many virtues of the one whose loss they mourn, that we extend to them that sympathy due to unavoidable mis-fortune. I cannot forbear saying what I am fully satisfied will be the verdict of all having any acquaintance with the deceased, that she leaves a record of womanly virtues that commands the admiration of all. Mentally freed from the conventional domination of social usage, she passed through life worthily discharging the duties of a daughter, a sister and a friend. With a strong mind resting upon the hope of life beyond the grave, she has passed from us, leaving a vacancy that friends will find difficult to fill.

The Religious Education of Children.

There is one curious superstition concerning the matter of religious training that it seems to me important that I should notice meet it at almost every turn. It is one of the finger-marks of a crude, undeveloped, and unthinking liberalism. Parents tell me continually that they do not give their children any religious training, from the feeling that it is taking an unfair advantage of the child. They say, I propose to let my children grow ap as far as possible unbiased. When they become of age, capable of thinking for themselves, then let them look over the world and choose what religion they will have, what their belief as to these great questions shall be. Now, this might be all very wise and well, provided, in the nature of the case, it were not utterly impossible. Can you take one of your children and isolate him from all the rest of the world, and let him grow up till he is twenty years of age with no thought concerning God, concerning duty, concerning right or wrong, or worship or aspiration, with no thought con-cerning a future, and then can you suddenly place before him all the facts, the dreams the imaginations, the hopes, the fears, of humanity in all the ages, and have him so situated and so constituted that he shall look over the whole field freely without any

wished, and then toss it from hand to hand, or let it fall into the dust or mire of the street, and let any passer by step on it or shape it as he would, and then at the end of a certain time suddenly endow it with life, and ask it to choose what shape it would hold, and whether it would be soiled or clean, you would be engaged in a rational operation as compared with this one of which I am speaking. Suppose a sculptor should take a piece of marble and stand it in front of his studio on the sidewalk, and should invite every passer-by to have a stroke at it with a mallet and chisel, shaping it according to the faney of the caprice of the moment, and then at the end of the year have it suddenly endowed with life, and ask it to choose what it would be, the shape of a god or of a satyr, of beauty or ugliness, pure and white or stained and soiled; this man would be rational as compared with the one who believes that you can let a child grow up until he is twenty unbiased, without absorbing any religious ideas or convictions, and then freely choose what he will be. If you do not bias the child, the first that he meets on the street or in his school, or among his companions, will begin the work of biasing, of impression, of education, of training; for this is a continnous process. Whether you will or not, it is something over which you have no choice. It is something that will be done either wise ly and well or unwisely and ill.

These persons forget another thing, - that past. This brain, this heart, these bodies of ours, are not clean white pieces of paper are questions that await the teachings of the future, and upon which we in the present must be contented to solace ourselves with a again in all the ages of the past. We are the total result of thousands of generations, and we come to the beginning of this life with tendencies and biases and inclinations of every kind. It seems to me, then, that, if you have any views, any convictions, any persuasions as to right; and wrong as to persuasions as to right and wrong, as to God, as to human character, as to destiny, that you think are worth holding, you should do your utmost to give these to your children. If you have none, of course I shall waste my words in talking to you un-less I can persuade you of the importance of becoming possessed of them as soon as possible. If you are doubtful about any of these convictions, then seek to remove these doubts. Seek to find out the truth, and remember that anything that is safe for you to hold is safe for your child to know. I am amazed, as I come in contact with parents, to find that they hold certain religious convictions themselves, and yet question the wisdom of telling them to their children. Extracts from a sermon by the Rev. M. J. Savage, in the Christian Register.

> For the Religie-Philosophical Journal. AN OPEN LETTER

To Father T. P. Abbe, of Sorrento, Fla.

DEAR FRIEND: I cannot refrain from telling you how disappointed I am in your dis-course delivered on the 19th inst., at my daughter's funeral,—not that it disagreed in the least with my religious belief, but that it did not contain what I especially requested, through Bro. Risinger, when I applied for your services. My request was this: That you should embrace in your remarks a plain and distinct reference to the spiritual interarteu irienos, as you and i alike believe is taking place at the present time, the same as that recorded in the Bible. Also, that should you not wish to do so, I would prefer not to have services at all. From the following statements you made a few days before, while stopping at my house, I had scarcely a doubt but that you would freely comply with such a wish, else I should not have made it known to you. Those statements were after I had introduced the matter of spirit tests: "You can tell me nothing I cannot match." "I see my son whenever I want to." And you agreed with me that the modern phenomena of spirit intercourse in no way conflict with the principles of Universalism.

When you introduced your text: "The dam-sel is not dead but sleepeth," my soul almost leaped within me in anticipation of the present tangible evidences of a future life about to be presented; but what did you do? You referred freely to the dead past up to, but not subsequent, to the days of Christ, but studiously avoided mention of what I asked for; not even as much reference was had to the communion of our spirit friends, as was common upon funeral occasions, with the orthodox ministers forty years ago, when I was a

I have heretofore supposed that I was none the less a Universalist for believing in the Christ's teachings conmodern evidences of Christ's teachings con-cerning a future life, and my name is still on the church record in the State from which I came; but this rebuff of yours, coming as it does from an aged, talented and acknowledged representative of the Universalist denomination, coupled with similar ones from professed Universalists, has at last brought me to the point of withdrawing from the visible church and my interest in its success as

Did you fear that to comply with my request in presenting the whole truth as we both conscientiously hold to it, would interfere with your success in building up your cause in this vicinity? Then why, in opposition to that request, did you extend your services? It looks to me, however, that as you did so, you should have considered my wants in preference to that of the congregation, and that you could not have done less than to honor the feelings of myself and family by making known our belief, even though you did not commit your own. Allow me to say that I cannot help but feel that you have acted unwisely, untrue to yourself and to us in this hour of need, and in conclusion, I would say that if you desire to build up a Universalist church here or elsewhere, to be anything better than an empty shell, you must hereafter act true to your own convictions, and erect it upon modern

as well as ancient truth. With well wishes for your personal interests, and for the truth as you conscientiously

hold to it, I remain your brother, FLETCHER WILSON. Bay Ridge, Fla., Jan. 23, 1887.

Envelopes were first used in 1839. Anæsthesia was discovered in 1844. The first steel pen was made in 1830. The first air pump was made in 1654. The first lucifer match was made in 1798. Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570. The first iron steamship was built in 1830. The first balloon ascent was made in 1798. Coaches were first used in England in 1569. The first steel plate was discovered in 1830. The first horse railroad was built in 1826-

The first steamship plied the Hudson in

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 20th Street, New York.]

MOTHERHOOD.

"() beautiful new life within my bosom, New life, love born, more beautiful than day, I tremble in thy sacred presence, knowing what hely miracle attends my way...
My heart is hushed, I hear between its beating The angel of annunciation say, Hail, blessed among women, while I pray.

"O all creative Love! thy finger touches My leaping pulses to diviner heat, What am I, that thy thought of life should blossom In me, in me thy tide of life should beat?
Beat strong within me, god-tide; in high passion
With quickening spirit earth-born essence greet;
Fountain of life ilow through me, pure and

"O all-sustaining Lovel come close beside me Me so unworthy of this wondrous gift, Purge me, refue me, try me as by fire, Whiten me white as enow in glacier-rift, That neither spot nor stain nor blemish darken These elements that now to being drift, Inspire, sustain me, all my soul uplift."

That the editor of this column has not oftenor dealt with the most important facts of woman's life, Marriage and Parentage, is not owing to a failure to comprehend their tremendous import to humanity. With unpar-donable stupidity men begin at the end of the alphabet to spell upward. Millions of money every year are spent in trying to correct mistakes that could have been obviated by beginning at the letter A instead of Z. If any thing tends to make a thinker grow sad and impatient, it is this brutal and senseless treatment of effects instead of causes.

What is the need of asylums, reformatories, hospitals, jails and prisons? Why the vast machinery of justice made to detect and punish crime? Why, when art, science and material pros-perity increase so marvellously, is there not

a corresponding increase in morality? It is because the very beginnings of life are kept foul and polluted. "Conceived in sin and born in iniquity," as a large percentage are, children grow up trained in intellect, but, to all intents and purposes, as far as discipline, self-control, and all physical habits which affect the soul are concerned, perfect savages. Indeed, the unspoiled savage is far ahead of the average city denizen of to-day. Reared among churches, theatres, galleries of art and luxurious appointments of the foremost country, they are steeped in

self-indulgence and animalism. Are these hard words? Facts justify them. On these subjects, because there is so much to be said, nothing is to be said. It is a delicate topic and difficult to handle wisely. They who do the vilest deeds in private, are shocked at plain words in public. Like the luxurious, rotten populace of Rome before its fall, the greater their demand for a deceit-

ful varnish over the surface. To build human society on the basis of righteousness, the foundations must be laid in purity and in right relationships. Selfrenunciation, living for the highest and the best,—they are divinely beautiful, and the children of such do not need regeneration.

The JOURNAL is not the place to do more than indicate, in a general way, the necessary reforms in marriage and parentage.

They are reforms which lie at the root of all They are reforms which lie at the root of all entitled A Day, and William Winter, one true growth, and Spiritualists, as a body have been culpably direlict on these points. Let us hope they may wake up to the duty

which lies before them. Two worthy laborers in this field of reform deserve mention, they are Dr. Caroline B. Winslow, editor of the plucky little Alpha of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler of Chicago, who first started the moral educational societies in this country. From leastets and publications put forth by the latter, we will make extracts suitable

for this column: PARENTHOOD.

"It seems to me like flinging an insult to God to claim in this nineteenth century, when lightning is our servant, when space is annihilated by the telegraph and telephone, when machinery is steel and iron endowed with intelligence, and the steam engine has transformed civilization, to claim that only in the domain of parenthood must the accepted ideas. of past centuries govern and obstruct progress. There is, there can be,but one adequate. logical, compensatory fact of human exist-ence, that humanity is God's instrument of manifestation in the flesh. In accordance with this view, the highest use we can make of love and parenthood, is the most perfect and beneficent use of life. Then what should be sought is the best product in offspring. and the best conditions for its development. It is a well known fact that the lowest forms of life multiply fastest; the period of gesta-tion is longer in animals of highest development. The capacities of human intelligence and spiritual endowment require corresponding capacities in parenthood and ancestry to secure a development that makes these capacities available in human life to the child. Of all forms of advancement to which humanity should aspire, that of parenthood should be most earnestly sought. The parent, teacher, thinker, physician, or reformer, ought to find this branch of social science the highest demand upon their tal-ents, energies and devotion. That mankind shall be sheltered from the vicissitudes of climate and storm in dwellings of taste and luxuriance, shall be clothed in fabrics of choicest texture, shall be fed on rare fruits gathered from every clime, and yet claim that God has ordained that children shall come into existence whether or not there may be for them a shelter or a crust, whether disease or health is liable to be their inheritance, whether or not God has spoken in the soul of motherhood a desire to call a lifeseems to me preposterous. But more than all, it is a mockery of civilization that contains no higher ideal of the uses of parenthood than simply to multiply. God says to-day to the intelligence that is learning the secrets of nature and applying them to the comfort and uses of mankind, seek to understand the laws and conditions of human development. God says to the unenlightened or unthinking woman, that no power has any claim on her life and existence for the mere purpose of multiplying; and to the enlightened, earnest, devout woman who has a con-ception of the vast obligations of parenthood, God says, that reason, the teachings of experience, and the laws of mind and spirit, should attend the introduction of human life into the viciseitudes of an earthly career, and reg-ulate the love which calls it into being." MORAL EDUCATION.

The following extracts from a circular letter serve to show the reformatory principles and measures of the Moral Education Society

of Philadelphia: "A standard of social purity for men as high as that for women; a spirit of charity where was the Heaven she was going and helpfulness toward the failen but repen-

tant woman; the installment of women as The children she had loved and left behind? matrons, teachers, physicians, managers, wardens, inspectors, trustees, and other officers, in all penal, reformatory, or charitable institutions in which women are confined; social and legal penalties for masculine unhabitive eternal vigilance accept the legal. chastity; eternal vigilance against the legal-izing of prostitution; a suppression of all low plays, books, pictures, and every other object and appliance which rouses and pampers the lower passions; a suppression of the liquor and tobacco vices, both of which directly feed

and foster lust.
and foster lust.
"As regards the marriage state, we would submit the following principles:

"Mutual fitness, mutual respect, and mutual love are the only proper conditions for an honorable marriage. Every woman should demand absolute purity of life and habits from the man who sues to be her husband and the father of her children. A husband should ever make his gratification subservi-ent to the highest welfare and happiness of his wife and offspring. It is the supreme right and solomn duty of every wife at all times to possess and control her person, and, for her own sake and her children's, to hold it sacred from every violation of moral and physical laws. 'It is the right of every child to be well born '-that is, to be welcome to this world—to be born of such parents and under such circumstances as to secure to it physical, mental and moral health. It is the duty of parents to see that their children are conceived and born and educated in such a way that their tendencies shall be toward all that is pure and good. Further, it is the duty of parents to educate and enlighten both their sons and daughters, so that if they enter the marriage state, they may go into it wisely, reverently, purely, and unselfishly and make of it a blessed sacrament."

There is needed something beside mere mental according to the control of th

tal conditions. Temperance in food, drink and care in the expenditure of strength in every form, would at once elevate the moral standard of the individual. Character is affected by physiological sins, impure physical environments poison spiritual fountains and it is irony to call such transgressors Spiritualists.

Early February Magazines Received.

THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY. (New York.) The Laws of Habit, by Prof. Wm. James, gives a clear explanation of the way in which habits come to involve all the functions of the organism. Of great interest, also, is the discussion on Materialism and Morality, and Science and Morals. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson contributes a paper on Science in Religious Education. An illustrated paper, entitled The South-African Diamond-Mines, furnishes information on the ordinary aspects of the subject. Some Points on the Land Question embodies a logical exposition of the principles on which the right to own land is vindicated. Mr. George Pellew, in Fetichism, or Anthropomorphism, reviews the position respecting the origin of fetich-worship. The subject considered in the Editor's Table is that of Prophets of Evil. The other departments of the number are quite up to their average in fullness and interest.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston.) Mr. Lowell's poem, Credidimus Jovem Regnare, will be one of the first things to which readers of the February Atlantic will turn. John Greenleaf Whittier also contributes a poem Son, and Paul Patoff, are continued, and Mr. Fiske has a paper on The Federal Convention. A Glance Backward, by Susan Fenimore Cooper, contains reminiscences of her father. The reviews are devoted to some of the latest and best works. The Contributors' Club and Books of the Month complete this number of the magazine, which appears in new and elegant type.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) The variety in the contents of the current Century is quite noticeable. Politics, biography travel, fiction, art, architecture, astronomy, war reminiscences, unwritten history, poetry, and humor furnish topics of vital and present interest. The Life of Lincoln is occupied with Lincoln's first term in Congress and his life as a lawyer. Prof. Langley's New Astronomy series treats upon The Stars in a way to hold the attention; Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani contributes an article on the bronzes of Rome; The Bailing of Jefferson Davis, as recounted by one of the chief actors, is the subject of a paper by George P. Lathrop. In the War Series the important subject of Gettysburg is concluded.

St. NICHOLAS. (New York City.) James Otis begins a serial this month, entitled Jenny's Boarding House, and it deals with newsboys and babys. Between Sea and Sky is a stirring Icelandic adventure; Effic's Realistic Novel is a very clever sketch; Rev. Washington Gladden has a number of valuable thoughts under the title, If I were a Boy; and Palmer Cox tells of the Brownie's Singing School. There are many more stories, poems, illustrations and jingles.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE. (E. R. Pelton, New York.) Prof. Edward Caird opens this issue with Gothe and Philosophy, and is preceded by many good articles as the following shows: American Jottings; The Fall of an Island; The Character of Shelly; Loyalty of the Indian Mohammedans; France as it is and was; Animal Love; The Railway Bubble; Illustrations of Faust; Financial Frauds; The British School at Athens; The Matterhorn and its Victims; Literary Notices.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

BROTHER AND LOVER: A Woman's Story. By Eben E. Rexford. New York: John B. Alden. Price, 40 cents.

In tenderness, gracefulness, simplicity, and ex-ulsite versification, it would not be easy to find this The story, is left, while a young girl, an orphan, with a still younger brother, Robert, to whom she promises her dying mother to be all that an elder sister could be. The poem opens thus:

I never shall forget the summer day When mother died. If I but cless my eyes It all comes back to me, as, after dreams, Remembrance of them haunts our waking hours... It all comes back to me like yesterday-That summer hour, across whose sunshine fell The lonesome shadow of an unmade grave. In those long days, when sense of coming loss Hung like a cloud between me and the world,

And seemed to shut me in, a prisoner there, Away from those who had no care to vex— No grief to bear—I used to sit and think Of what must be.—I saw dear mother's face Of what must ne.—I saw dear mother's lace Grow thinner, paler, like a sail that fades In the gray distance, and I knew full well That she was drifting out upon the tide That sets toward the Infinite Sea, and soon Where her dear face made sunshine in the room The shadow of dread Arrael's wing would fall. Where was the Heaven she was going to? Where was the Heaven she was going to?

When trouble came to us, could her warm heart— No less a mother's heart in Heaven than it had been A mother's heart on earth—know of it all, And understand our sorrows as of old?

What Heaven was I hardly understood,
For childhood's thoughts are vague ones at the best About the mysteries of life and death;
But I was sure that Heaven would not be The Heaven of my fancy if it shut Our mother and her love away from us. Mother would often talk with Rob and me

About her going from us. Never once She spoke of it as dying, for I think "Going away" has not so sad a sound As "dying" has, and in that thoughtful love Which always sought to spare her children pain, She chose the simple phrase in daily uso Among us when we speak of those who go
Upon a journey. If we think of them
As yone away, not dead, we do not feel
That awful sense of loss which death suggests; We, someway, do not feel their absence so;
A little time of parting from our friends—
A parting all must knew—and then
To be with them again. Sometime, somewhere,
The sundered paths will meet, and love will have
Its own again,—its own forevermore
But if we think of them as dead, we seem
The stand map the being of agreet sulf To stand upon the brink of a great gulf Too wide for us too cross, and feel that they Are separated from us by a sea That breaks upon a shore of mystery, And they are lost to us. At least to mo It always brings such dreary fancies up To speak of death, or absent friends as dead. So, when our mother talked with Rob and mo About her going from us, I would feel That after she was gone, 'twould be as if Her feet had climbed a long, steep hill, and she Was on the other side, just out of eight, But never far away. The thought was sweet With comfort for a childish heart like mine, Perplexed by thoughts of what I felt must be. The mystery that I could not comprehend.

Buth and her brother grow up into early woman hood and manhood. She says:

Though to mysol? I had not said, in just so many words.
That John Earle was my lover, I had felt
His friendship had a tenderer quality
Than ordinary friendships have. No word Of his had ever told as much to me, And yet I knew it. I could feel the truth. Our civil war breaks out. John and Robert both enlist in the Union army. Before they set out, John avows his love for Ruth; but she answers thuc:

"Dear John, best friend I ever had, Save Robert and my mother, I can give
Friendship for friendship, but the love you seek
I keep for Robbie, and for him alone."—
"I ask no love like that," he said, "I want A different love. You can love me as I Would have you, Ruth, and love Rob none the less,**.
"You cannot understand me, John," I said; I'm sorry for your sake, so sorry, John. But what you ask it is not mine to give."
"I will not take an answer now," he said:
"Think over it. Before I go away
Pil ask for your decision."—"It will be The same," I answered.

After a couple of years Ruth receives a telegram telling her that "Robert was killed in bettle yesterday." Soon afterward she learns that John Earlo had been sorely wounded by the side of Robert, and was lying in the hospital, apparently very near his end; and that he was continually calling for "Ruth."

And felt how near death was, I did not know How much I loved John Earle; but then I saw The truth to which my love for Brother Rob Had made me blind. The love that John had asked My heart would give him now, but ah! too late Would come the boon his steadfast heart had craved. Alas, too late! What need have they who go Away from us to Heaven, of earthly love?— The love that would have made a Heaven here For them and us. "Too late, too late, too late, too Kept ringing in my ears to torture me With hopeless longing and with vain regret. By the monotony of its refrain, "Alas, too late."

She hurries away to the scene of the conflict; finds John Earle indeed sorely wounded. He slow-ly recovers, and one still October day he conducts her to the nameless grave of her brother. He leaves her there alone for awhile, and then comes back to

"Is it too soon?" he asked, and came and stood Beside me, looking down upon the grave
With thoughtful eyes. "I knew, dear Sister Ruth,
You'd have so much to tell him." "Yes," I said, "
"And I have told it,"—smiling through my tears,
At him who stood there with his empty sleeve Across his breast. How brave, how grand he looked! "If I were lying here, and to my grave You came, dear Ruth, what would you have to tell?" He questioned, looking gravely in my eyes.
"Oh John," I cried, my heart upon my lips,
"I'd tell you that I loved you." Like a flash
Of sudden light, the meaning in my words Broke in upon him, and with eager eyes He scanned my face. "O Ruth, what do you mean?" Oh, are you blind?" I cried in sweet, swift shame, "I told you, once, I could not give such love
"I told you, once, I could not give such love
To you as that you asked for. I was wrong.
Oh, let me be right hand to you, dear John—
I'll take the place of the strong arm you gave
For him whose grave is here. Oh, may I, John?"—
"Ruth, Ruth," he cried, in voice that trembled so
With doubtful joy, the words seemed close to tears,
"Do you say this because you pity me?
For love's sake only would I take the gift
You offer me."

I looked into his face. With honest eyes, and answered truthfully. "Believe me, John, I say it for love's sake," And overhead I heard the pine's low voice felling its troubles to the wandering wind, While in the rustling grasses at my feet I seemed to hear a voice all jubilant With gladness, and I think it was Rob's voice, And he was telling me he knew, he knew! Ah yes, he knew, and for love sake was glad, As was the bird that from its little nest Upon his grave soared singing up the sky, To tell the story at the gate of Heaven.

And thus comes to a happy close this "Woman's Story," so gracefully told from beginning to end.

New Books Received

RECITATIONS AND READINGS. No. 8. Compiled by Mrs. A. R. Diehl. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. CHRIST UNVEILED. By Anna J. Johnson. New York: Jas. N. Johnson. Price, cloth, gilt edges,

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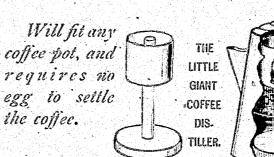
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JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

OHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, February 12, 1887.

A Methodist Muddle.

Thoro is a stir in the Methodist camp. shameful refusal and hesitation in doing s right thing is calling out a good deal of rightcous indignation. The Chattanooga Methodist-University is under the charge and control of the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Some weeks ago Professor Wilford Caulkins of that University insultingly refused to shake hands with a colored preacher of good character and ability.

The Freedman's Aid Committee investigated the case, declared the Professor "unfit" to teach in the school, and asked the Chattanooga trustees to dismiss him. The trustees asked for further consideration, which led the committee to repeat their request for the resignation of Mr. Caulkins. The trustees refuse to act as asked, and their stand meets nooga. The Freedman's Aid Society pays the current expenses of the University, erected its fine buildings, and "may make its mandate imperative" at any moment its committee in Cincinnati choose, -so thinks the Northwestern Christian Advocate in this city. Others try to claim that the Chattanooga trustees have the power for a year to manage as they see fit, which the Advocate here thinks "incredible," and which seems very unlike the usual methods in like affairs.

Thus hange the affair, and so long as it is in this position no cry of "Peace, peace!" will be of any avail. But this is not allonly a small part indeed. Two young colored men, of unquestioned good character. manners and ability, have asked for admission as students in Chattanooga University. and have been denied on account of their color. This adds fresh fuel and gives wider spread to the fire. Not only does the Advocate in this city denounce the trustees as violating their charter and the order of the General Conference, but it says: "If the Gos-" pel cannot lead Chattanooga to forego dis-" tinctions which the United States laws con-"demn, we may well make a new estimate " of the lauded triumphs of Christianity." The Pittsburg Christian Advocate calls for the early removal of Professor Caulkins and declares that such a course as has been pursued cannot be rightly allowed by their church.

A veteran Methodist preacher in New Orleans writes the Boston Christian Witness. that no church has said more or better things on the fatherhood of God and on human brotherhood than theirs; or more thoroughly denounced caste as a sin, "but in no church in the South are caste lines more dis tinctly drawn than in theirs." He savs:

Not a pastor in the South, outside the methodist Church could have been induced to publish a card so brutal and unchristian as the following:

"The First Methodist Church, in this city, of which I am pastor, is for white persons exclusively, and colored persons are not invited or expected to attend.

E. H. King.

Not a pastor in the South, outside the Methodist

"Birmingham, Alabama." The bad report has reached over the Atlantic, and the Methodist Times in London "can " scarcely believe that any Methodist institu-"tion could have been guilty of conduct so " outrageous." It asks: "Was it to perpetu-"ate caste that Garrison pleaded and mill-" ions fought and bled? We are dumbfound-"ed. We can scarce believe our own eyes " when we read in the Baltimore Methodist " and the Northern Christian Advocate, arti-"cles defending the Chattanooga authori-" ties in a strain fit only for the darkest days " of slavery."

This brings out the fact that these leading Methodist iournals are on the wrong side. It is the old story over again. Forty years ago or more, when slavery ruled the Methodist church, the editor of its great leading paper opposed the discussion of the question, saying: "We shall lose the border Conferences, " and soon what will become of the Methodist

"church, with all its wealth, power and glory?" So pious Methodists held, bought, sold and flogged their human chattels, and abused the abolitionists as infidel agitators.

The New York Independent says some plain and true words on this Chattanooga affair. and the plous Northern Christian Advocate brands it as a "traducer of the Methodist Church." Now, as in the past, those in the wrong vilify those who are right. It is a plain case. The Methodist General Conference has fully decided that no person shall be excluded from its schools on account of their color. The Chattaneoga trustees defy the Conference. Which will yield? The pluck and high sense of justice and consistency of the North Western Christian Advoente must command respect. It says: "Surely we have a bit of debate in front of us."

Nothing can be more cowardly and pitiful than the faltering course of the journals which half way take the other side. The bold bad course of the Chattanooga trustees is respectable in comparison, for boldness is better than meanness.

The case brings to mind the trial of that brave Cape Cod sailor. Jonathan Walker, in the ante-bellum and slave-holding days, at Pensacola, Florida, for slave stealing, and his conviction and sentence to be branded on the hand with a hot iron, making the letters S. S. on his seared flesh. No man could be found in that Southern town to make the branding iron until a blacksmith from the North offered to do it.

For the Freedman's Aid Society, backed by the Methodist General Conference, to build a college where decent colored men can be insulted by its professors, and students kept out of its classes on account of their color, and allow this state of things to go on with their financial and heathenish support and consent, would be paying for the branding iron to mark the negro as of a low and brutish caste. The education of the black man will be the salvation of the South; wrongfully to keep him in ignorance fills the land with peril. Let our Methodist brethren, our neighbors of the Advocate and their like, meet "the bit of debate in front" with ance tolic courage and with the zeal of John Wesley, and settle this case in the right way, and that will prove, as it ever does, the safe way. can sustain it: those who do not can let it alone, and the South will be helped by higher intelligence and broader humanity.

The Quincy Meeting.

The annual session of the Illinois Pres Association at Quiney is said by old attend ants of these meetings, to have been one of most interesting and profitable ever held in the twenty years of its existence. The editor of the JOURNAL enjoyed it greatly, and feels that contact with these sterling charwith general approval, it is said, in Chatta- acters of the secular press is of inestimable value to one engaged in his special line of work. He also desires to return thanks t the press and citizens of Quincy, for their manifold courtesies. In another column will be found a report of the meeting by a Jour-NAL representative, which is as full as space permits.

> The Foreign Missionary Board matter seem still to be in hot water. The Christian Union says a new creed, more orthodox than the old, is being sent out in a strange way This is its statement: "The revised Apostles Creed has been largely mailed and sent abroad from the mailing room of the American Board in the Congregational House. This action has occasioned much comment in va rious quarters, and many ardent friends and supporters of the Board express surprise, and criticise the doing on two grounds: it assumes authority to issue a creed; it offers a revised version of the Apostles' Creed without indicating that it is not the original Apostles' Creed." Rev. Newman Smyth, preaching in New Haven on "The Signs of the Times." spoke of this new creed as "not a sign of anything but folly." He said: "Had we been told that some convocation of lord bishops after prolonged consideration had deemed an enlargement and emendation of that ancient symbol of our faith necessary, we might have received the result with a pained surprise. But the new Apostles' Creed comes to us in the last week of the year 1886 unheralded, without authority or name, yet inclosed in an official envelope of our American Board.....Our Puritan fathers were bold iconoclasts in their day, but I know not that they ever ventured to offer to the world a parody of an ancient creed Surely this divisive theological novelty is no sign of that growing Christian unity in which all large

> and generous souls are beginning to rejoice. It is not an extravagant estimate, says The New York Christian Advocate, that there are five hundred hypocrites, impostors, and cranks of both sexes getting a living by acting as temperance lecturers, evangelists, etc., in the United States and Canada. A short time ago a man appeared in Burlington county, New Jersey, in the different Sunday schools, dressed in the attire of some foreign nation, professed to have been a cannibal, and made such an impression at the Sunday schools which he visited that large crowds went out to hear a lecture which he advertised. A corrupt evangelist who has been exposed in Nova Scotia has taken advantage of the desire which many have to hear women evangelists, and, though not a woman, professed to be one, dressed in female attire, and produced a tremendous impression.

Will Caleb Cushing please give us his post office address? We will then comply with his request.

G ENERAL ITEMS.

J. Frank Baxter was a great success at Cincinnati. The Society passed very complimentary resolutions on him.

We regret to learn that Mind in Nature has been discontinued. It did a most excellent work while it was published.

Mrs. Kate Cleveland, late of Detroit and, now at 404 West Randolph street, this city, comes well recommended as a medium and a lady.

A San Francisco correspondent writes: "Mrs. Watson lectured upon the 'White Cross Movement,' Sunday, January 30th, to not less than twelve hundred people."

The Chicago Tribune says that Sam Jones declined to preach to the newspaper men of Boston, because he came to call sinners and not the righteous to repentance.

The fact has been satisfactorily established by various scientific researches that many substances absorb luminous rays during the day, and at night emit these rays in such a manner as to impress photographic plates, although they may not be perceptible to the unaided eye. Artists have not only succeeded in photographing the visible night phosphorescence of Mont Blanc's summit, but have even secured an impression of a midnight landscape-invisible to the eye-on the terrace of the observatory at Prague.

A French physician contends that groaning and crying are two operations by which nature allays anguish, and that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover than those who suppose it unworthy to betray such symptoms of feeling. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of a few hours by giving full vent to his emotion. If people are unhappy about any thing let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boo-hoo, and they will feel one hundred per cent. better afterward .- American Homeopathist.

Elaine Goodale, who it will be remembered, together with her sister Dora, when they were children, sent forth some beautiful poems from the home-farm in the Berkshire Hills, has just accepted a commission as government teacher on the great Sioux Reserva-Then those who love Chattanooga University | tion. Miss Goodale was a teacher in Hampton Institute and there became intensely interested in the welfare of the Indian. The mantle of Helen Hunt Jackson seems to have fallen upon her. It would appear very fitting and not at all unlikely, that "H. H." may find in this sympathetic young girl with her beautiful poetie nature, an avenue through which she may be able to carry forward her cherished ideas.

> The old anti-slavery ploneers are rapidly passing away. Abby Kelly Foster, aged seventy-six, and Henry B. Stanton, aged eightytwo years, have recently joined the "choir invisible." Mrs. Foster was of Quaker origin, deeply religious and conscientious, she felt that she had a divine call to work for the freedom of the slaves. She possessed undaunted courage, though her meetings were often attacked by the mob, the broken glass from the windows falling about her; but she never wavered or lost hope, and lived to see the last fetter fall from the black man. She has lived in retirement for the past few years, but was still keenly alive to all reforms, taking great interest in Woman's Suffrage, Temperance, etc., and at a ripe old age has entered into rest.

> The Cincinnati Inquirer speaks as follows of a lecture by J. Frank Baxter: "In the midst of his address, which began a few minutes after seven o'clock and continued one hour, he was, so he said, impelled to give heed to a spirit which had a message, which was: 'Do not let Victor write so much. His ambition cannot be satisfied in that way.' The spirit was that of Frank H. Helleberg. His father, who was present, recognized it. The Victor referred to is a brother of the dead young man. Mr. Baxter, in his lecture, acknowledged that there are frauds cloaked under the name of Spiritualism just as there are frauds in every thing else. He read a letter from Mrs. Ellen E. Andrews, of Akron, Ohio, in which she says that the Owen W. Mitchell who appeared in spirit at the meeting one week ago was her husband. He had died eleven years ago."

The Orton Mission Industrial School on West Lake Street, in this city, is a practical charity that some of the restless, idle people who are wondering what they can do to benefit humanity, would do well to emulate. A few philanthropic ladies started a school for the purpose of gathering the poor girls of this neighborhood together, to teach them to sew and do other useful things. One day a little boy, half frozen, stole in to warm himself, and he was given a needle, thread and thimble; he was interested in learning to take stitches, and was found very apt. It was soon noticed that there was quite a change in his appearance—his face was washed and hair combed smoothly. Soon other boys began to come, all were taught to sew. About a year ago it was decided to set apart Saturday forenoons for the exclusive use of the boys. A kind friend donated some carpenter's tools and two work benches were put in. There are now forty-eight boys enrolled. "The object in teaching them to sew," said one of the teachers, "is to cultivate in them a spirit of patience rather than to teach them a practical lesson in the art. Sewing requires patience, and as they all look forward to the time when they may work at the carpenter's bench they are anxions to graduate from the sewing class." A during the week instructs these boys on Saturdays and takes great pride in their prog- other editors.

ress, and does all that is possible to stimulate in them the desire to learn a trade. Among the pupils of the school a society has been formed, known as the Band of Brothers, with a membership of twenty-two. The society meets once a month, and its teachings are to overcome the use of improper language and to cultivate good manners. "What we need," said one of the teachers, " is more tools and more teachers. We hope to have this small beginning grow into a training-school where all the trades are taught."

I. P. A.

On Tuesday morning of last week the forty thousand citizens of Quincy who read either the Herald or the Whig-they all read there -saw the strange device I. P. A. in large black capitals at the head of a leading column. In the afternoon the same cabalistic combination stood out prominently in the Journal and the News. To these honest and unsophisticated souls the letters, naturally, first suggested Innocence, Purity, Affection; reading down the column it was found they stood for Illinois Press Association, a body composed of editors and publishers of news papers in the State and numbering several hundred members. The ere is said to be historical evidence that in the early years of its existence this Association was not a model of sobriety and decorum: that its morale was sadly affected by an army of camp followers in the persons of lawyers, doctors and politicians who longed to pluck the dear people, and who felt it were more readily done with the aid of the press gang. But whatever of hilarious erookedness once prevailed, none can now be found even under the most searching scrutiny. Hence after three days of intimate relations with the Association the citizens of Quincy by a solemn and formal vote declared that for innocence, purity and amiability the I. P. A. was unsurpassed. It may be mentioned in passing that the Association at its winter meetings seeks to convene at a point where the follies and fancies of the wicked world are unknown, or leastwise, held in abeyance. This is done that no seductive allurements may beguile members from the work of the session, which is made up of essays and discussions bearing upon the editorial profession and newspaper business. Those who know Quincy will commend the wisdom of the Executive Committee in accepting the pressing invitation to the "Gem City." No citizen of that city would so far forget himself as to tempt an editor to neglect his duty. The first session was held on Tuesday even-

ing, when acting President LeBaron of Every Saturday, Elgin, presided. Hon. J. Parkhurst. Mayor of Oniney, delivered an able address of welcome, embodying a large amount of valuable information, to which Mr. Le Baron responded. J. C. Bundy, RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, was then introduced and read a paper on "The Country Press in Ethics." The city papers of the next morning contained extended reports, including the speeches and essay in full. During Wednesday and Thursday several papers of general interest were read including a symposium, "Woman in Journalism," by Hon. M. B. Castle, Argus, Sandwich, and Mrs. A. V. Wakeman, Times, Chicago. Mrs. Mary Allen West, Union Signal, Chicago, by spe cial invitation addressed the Association and made an excellent impression. Gen'l Bane of Quincy who has had much experience among the Mormons was invited to enlighten the editors as to his view of the perplexing problem. The General believes that only by disfranchising the Mormons will the solution be found; in this position he is sustained by those best informed, including some who were once Mormons.

The citizens of Quincy were unremitting in their courtesies to their visitors, meeting all trains coming in over the numerous roads and furnishing carriages at a moment's notice, either night or day. The social side of the affair reached its culmination on Wednesday evening, in the banquet and ball at the Tremont House, tendered by the citizens, and in which they were largely represented by their best known people. Col. W. W. Berry. a prominent lawyer of the city, was chosen by the citizens as master of ceremonies; his magnificent physique and polished manners completed the adornment of the feast. After a two hours' discussion of the generous menu Col. Berry in a finished little speech introduced the intellectual course, consisting of eight numbers:

"The Illinois Press Association," responded to by Gen. M. M. Bane.

"The Press of Illinois," responded to by J. K. LeBaron. "Quincy, the Gem City," responded to by

C. B. Bostwick. "What are we here for?" responded to by

ludge T. A. Fritchie. "The Press," response by W. K. Sullivan. "Reveries of a Bachelor," response by C. D.

"Moons and Honeymoons," response by C. M. Tinney. "Scientific Use of the Imagination: Its

Commercial, Æsthetic and Therapeutic Val-

ne," response by John C. Bundy. Col. Berry then announced that a large number of young people were waiting in the

ball room to receive such of the editorial party as wished to join in the dance. This was sufficient to arouse the surfeited sitters and many of the younger ones availed themselves of the opportunity, including Dr. Charles Holt of the Kankakee Gazette, and Rev. Charles Crandall of the Chicago West End Christian Advocate. These two are speyoung man who attends a mechanical school, | cially mentioned as their skill and grace upon the floor made them the envy of all the

As the company was leaving the banquet hall, a mysterious card was quietly slipped into the right hand of each veteran editor by a descendant of Abraham. It read thus:

"Present yourself in the reception hall at one o'clock A. M. sharp, and obey directions there given you by Hon. W. K. Sullivan of the Chicago Evening Journal."

Promptly at the stroke of the clock all who could disengage themselves appeared and were conducted by General Sullivan through a long and narrow passage into a small hall, neatly and appropriately decorated for the occasion. At the farther end sat a venerable looking man of noble figure and benevolent expression; at his left sat W. H. Hinrichsen. the able editor of the Quincy Herald; on his right a black cloth covered from view what might have been a coffin, but was not. Editorial curiosity was aroused to its highest tension as Mr. Hinrichson arose and, as is his wont, shook his auburn curls preparatory to breaking silence. Laying his hand affectionately and reverently upon the shoulder of his aged companion, Mr. Hinrichsen introduced him thus:

Gentlemen of the Illinois Press Associa-tion: I have the very great pleasure of introducing to you one who saw the fate of Europe decided on the field of Waterloo, one who as a drummer boy beat time for troops that beat the great Napoleon, one who came to this land of the free and home of the brave before you were born. One who founded Quincy and lives to enjoy her prosperity and welcome so brilliant a body of representatives of the Press as that now before me. Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce Hon. Emanuel Johann Schlauber, Aldermanat-Large, for the City of Quincy. (Applause.)

ALDERMAN SCHLAUBER'S SPEECH. Gentlemen of the Press: There is a well grounded suspicion in the minds of our city authorities and business men, that you were not in a sufficiently receptive condition on Tuesday evening to retain the valuable data so succinctly and perspicuously given you by Mayor Parkhurst. It is believed that you are now in a state of greater perspicacity and that a brief illumination from me will enable you to reflect the light of Quincy abroad

in the land. Gentlemen, for nearly four score and ten ears have I trod this green earth; from the Rhine to the Mississippi have I wandered; on battle field and in the cornfield have I struggled; in the arena of political contests and before the Common Council-have I studied human nature. But I assure you on the honor of an old man who loves his adopted country, that never before has it been my lot to meet such an aggregation of total abstinence as I now see before me. We have many times and oft banqueted visitors but never before has it been a dry banquet. When my distinguished friend, Hinrichsen, declared the Association would decline wine and of our delicious, strength-giving, home-brewed beer would have none, our citizens' committee and our city officials were dumbfounded. Behold, gentlemen, the emblems of our sorrow (raising the black cloth, and disclosing a keg of beer untapped and a bottle of champagne with a black ribbon over the seal). This seal unbroken, this beer-spigot'dry and crackling, bespeak the bona fide nature of your claims to total abstinence; yet I know by the glow on your cheeks and the sparkle in your eyes, that your hearts are warm and that you will not forget what I am about to say. plause, and shouts of "Never." "Neve

Gentlemen, I will be brief; though ninety years old I am not garrulous. In 1822 I was living in St. Louis, which then had about four thousand inhabitants and aspired to be a city. With a prophetic eye I saw that town was to grow into a big, dirty, slowgoing place; and, too, I wanted to get out of slave territory. I packed my kit and struck north; when I reached the site where Quincy now stands, I determined it was my fate to settle down.

And thus I was in 1822 the first white settler of this splendid city, now the second city of the great State of Illinois. The bluff on which this hotel stands is two hundred feet above the Mississippi, and I have killed deer and rattlesnakes on this very block. We now have over 100 miles of wide streets laid out at right angles and shaded with graceful elms, but I well recall the time when there was not even a cow path, only the trail of wild animals leading down to the water. Electric lights now turn night into day, where once only the stars and a log fire were to be had. Street cars now carry you in a few minutes, farther than we could go in a day in early times. The best water works in the entire West are here, the pumps furnishing 5,000,000 gallons a day and the reservoir holding 20,000,000 gallons. Quincy is situated in the center of a rich farming district, and coal is laid down at \$1.60 per ton. This will explain to you why such large manufacturing interests are located here and give von an idea of the unusual advantages we can offer those seeking locations for factories

and shops. We now have 150 large manufacturing establishments, employing more than 6,000 hands and supporting more than 20,000 people. Seven stove foundries turned out last year over 200,000 stoves. One of our carriage factories supplies stages for the Fifth Avenue line in New York. We have large paper mills, brew-eries surpassing those of Chicago, and various tool and implement factories too numer-

Gentlemen, I don't want to tire you; I know your staying qualities and will venture a word more. Quincy is 160 miles from St. Louis, 260 miles from Chicago, and hence is not affected by those wicked and venal towns. We have a good moral atmosphere here; our city government is reasonably honest: we have churches enough to suit every variety of sentiment and pocket. Our schools are superior and we support four colleges, with the help of outside patronage attracted by their peculiar advantages.

Friends of the Press,-believe the old man when he tells you Quincy seeks no free advertising, but that in the interest of humanity, in behalf of the suffering and the unhappy, he bids you to voice the advantages of this gem city. Now, I'll not detain you longer. Were you like other men I would drive this spigot to its head through this beer bung and draw the foamy bead that you might quaff. As it is, I ask you to join me with a lass of cold water in the sentiment: Quincy and the Press, may prosperity ever attend

After a hearty handshake with Alderman Schlauber the company returned to the ball room, each member determined to speak truthfully and amply of Quincy and her generous people.

On Thursday the members of the Association accompanied by citizens were furnished

linois Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, which is one of the chief attractions of Quincy, adjoins the city limits on the north. It comprises 168 acres of land, about equally divided into native forest and tillable ground. Up to the present time there has been completed, the headquarters building, eight cottages, the warehouse, engine and boiler house, and the central kitchen and laundry, affording accommodation for about 275 veto. rans. Additional buildings will be required at once, however, as at least 1.200 soldiers within the next two years. It is expected that the Home will be formally opened by March 1. The Soldier's Home, with its shadgroves, will prove an attraction of steadily increasing interest to Quincy, and will draw people to the city from all sections of the

It will be readily understood from the foregoing that Quincy offers the highest advantages as a place of residence as well as a place of business.

The Association is under special obligations to the press of Quincy for the very full and accurate accounts published daily, and to Mesera, Hinrichson, of the Herald, Wilcox. of the Whig and Wheeler of the Journal, for their personal attention. Upon Mr. W. H. Minrichsen of the Herald fell the weight of the undertaking: it was through his active agency that the meeting convened at Quinsy, and his admirable management, executive ability and affable manners contributed very largely to the success of the affair.

Another Exposure.

Owing to the sustained and vigorous warfare upon frauds which the Journal has maintained for years, the vocation of the tricksters has become too hazardous for all except the very expert, and not at all safe even for these. Gradually educated to more critical methods and backed by the better sontiment of the mass of Spiritualists, there has been developed all over the country a class of investigators able to cope with the wiles of the tricksters and to detect fraud wherever it exists. Often it has been difficult and tedious, and many perplexing and still inexplicable phenomena are mixed up with the exposed deceptions. Among the boldest of these disreputable characters is one Mrs. H. V. Ross, who began her career come years ago in Providence, and who has been repeatedly published in these columns as a fraud and swindler. Her performances at Providence became so barefaced as to eause public scandal and render the place nneafe for further plying of her nefarious traffic. Naturally she turned her face toward Boston, famed the world over as the Mecca of spiritualistic frauds and the natural home of governouches. Once settled in Boston with a house arranged in such a way as to insure "favorable conditions" for materialization, Mrs. Ross started off on a fresh career of success. The impulsive and kindhearted old gentleman who has so long edited the Banner of Light, was inveigled into the toils of this wicked adventuress. In the face of the evidence against her, she overcame his caution and secured his active cooperation and private endorsement. Even so acute an observer as W. R. Tice of Brooklyn, was deceived, his judgment baffled and his testimony in favor of the genuineness of the show secured. One evening last week the miserable farce came to an end and the fraud stood fully exposed, as will be seen by an account in another column republished from the Boston Post.

We have for several weeks been in posses sion of drawings of the Ross apartments and had already become morally certain that she was playing the old mopboard game which "Huntcon" worked so skillfully in this city some years ago, and for denouncing whom while working it the Journal was abused by the very people who afterwards had the mortification of witnessing his exposure of his own deception. But it would have been wholly useless to suggest the mopboard and false cupboard theory in print, it had first to be demonstrated, and we are glad it was done by Boston people and that some of them were Spiritualists. We have in our possession a letter written on January 7th, in which there is a detailed description of the trick cupboard and magic mopboard. This information was supplied the writer by Mrs. ——, a medium of Boston, who declared she got it from Mrs. Ross's own sister who claimed to have been a confederate and spirit personator until her conscience would no longer permit it. The scheme worked well at Providence and was duplicated in the Boston house.

This Ross rottenness is a part of the damnable stuff which Spiritualists are innocently caioled into assisting in palming off upon the public as genuine spirit phenomena. When the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has denounced and exposed these frauds it has been in turn denounced as a "persecutor of poor mediums," by addle-headed dupes and wilfully blind marvel hunters. We are sick and tired of all this. Let Spiritualists rise in their might and cleanse their ranks of every suspicious character, cease to excuse or condone deception, place a high premium on honesty and genuine mediumship, encourage and develop scientific investigation. Let them in a word stand squarely upon the platform of the Religio-Philosophical Jour-NAL, and all these disgraceful exposures will be at an end, spirit phenomena will increase and honesty and peace prevail.

Again we warn the Spiritualist public that unless this system of fraud and chiefnery is squelched, the legislatures of the several States will take hold of the matter and, leghas had experience in the violent ward of

statutes likely to work hardship to honest and worthy mediums. In the Ross case no amount of sophistry can befog the issue, no claim of what has occurred at some other seance can be plead in mitigation. The thing is a bold, damnable outrage, which should send all concerned in it to the penitentiary.

Among the prominent names occurring in the Post's account is that of Prof. James of Harvard, and we see in papers published elsewhere the unwarranted assertion that this gentleman endorsed Mrs. Ross's performwill apply for admission to the institution | ances as genuine spirit phenomena. We happen to know of our own knowledge that he not only did not endorse her but was fully satisfied of the fraudulent nature of her ed drives, pleasant walks and beautiful show, even though unable to detect how she worked it. In a private letter to us, Prof. James says of Mrs. Ross:

I lost all interest in her after seeing one of the draped females emerge with her raiment only down to her knees and a pair of black trowsers beneath apparently the legs of a male spirit who had just "materialized," and after observing that one of the child forms was a dummy slung to the neck of an older girl who, kneeling behind the curtain, put out her head, and gave me, instead of an infant hand, four big finger tips belonging to an adult, with a mitten surrounding them at the knuckles.

The Spiritualists of Southwestern Michigan will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Benton Harbor, Mich., Saturday and Sunday, February 19th and 20th. Mr. Bishop A. Beals and other mediums will address the convention. The meetings will be held in Conkey's Opera House. Saturday sessions to commence at 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; Sunday sessions as follows: Conference at 10 A. M.; lectures 1:30 P. M., and 7 P. M.

The Journal office has been undergoing extensive alterations during the past two weeks, and a few days more will be required to fully complete the desired changes. Those who have not promptly received the books they have ordered, can understand the rea-

The next course of lectures to be given by Mrs. Emma Hopkins on Mental Healing, will commence February 10th at 3 P. M. at 2210 Michigan Avenue.

"The Watseka Wonder," one of the most wonderful narratives of the Nineteenth Century, is now for sale at this office. Price

The illustrated Catalogue for 1887, published by Joseph Harris Seed Co., Rochester, N. Y., is received.

"MATERIALIZED SPIRITS."

An Interrupted Seance and What It Developed.

Sharp Tucsle Between Mortals and "Shadows," in which the Latter Are Badly Worsted-The Magic Mop Board.

Some time ago there came to this city from Providence a woman by the name of Mrs. H. V. Ross, who had acquired quite a reputation as a spiritualistic medium. She was accompanied by her husband, and together they produced materialization and manifestations that were not only startling but were apparently quite free from any trickery or charlatanism. Mrs. Ross courted investigation; she invited to her scances scientific gentlemen, clergymen of note, and hard-headed business men, who were amazed at what was revealed to them and for which they could assign no physical reason. These scances were continued at Madame's house, 96 West Concord street, on Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and on three afternoons of each week. On the afternoon of Dec. 27, 1886, a distinguished party gathered in Mrs. Ross's parlors. Among them were Professor Alfred R. Wallace of England, Professor William James of Harvard College, Dr. James R. Nichols of Haverhill, the Rev. Minot J. Savage of this city and Mr. E. A. Brackett of Winchester. There were also a number of ladies in the company. Both before and after the scance the cabinet was thoroughly investigated; also the room above and the cellar beneath. The cabinet consisted of a curtain stretched across one corner of the front parlor. The walls in this part of the room were solid and to all appearance would not admit of the passage of anything mortal. Directly back of the cabinet in the rear is a small china closet, but as it is separated from the front room by a wall twelve inches thick, it apparently played no part in the performances. The company, having been satisfied that there was no opportunity or desire for

fraud, were treated to a succession of spiritualistic manifestations that were truly startlifig. Dim, shadowy forms appeared; allowed themselves to be touched, and even conversed with persons present. The following afternoon the same gentlemen met again at Mrs. Ross's house, and on this occasion the manifestations were even more wonderful. The materialized form of a tall Indian took a particularly active part, and finally had to be reminded that he was making himself a little frequent, but before he retired into the cabinet, he escorted a lit-tle child in the audience into the middle of the room and waitzedher about for a minute or more. The distinguished gentlemen were

greatly mystified, and Professor Wallace declared he had never seen anything like it. Mrs. Ross's success naturally excited much comment in spiritualistic circles, and all her séances were well attended. Many persons who were willing to be convinced paid her repeated visits, and all came away with the belief that her manifestations were as wonderful as they were unaccountable. Among those who, out of curiosity, were present at some of these seances was Mr. C. A. Braman, manufacturing jeweller, 415 Washington street. A few visits, in company with a number of friends, convinced him that the forms which appeared in such a mysterious manner were "of the earth, earthy," rather than belonging to the spirit land. They had seen the babies, the young men and maidens, and even the "big Injun," and their curlosity was aroused. So they quietly formed a little plan which was put into effect last Monday night. The "conspirators" consisted of Mr. C. A. Braman, his son, Mr. C. L. Braman, Mr. R. G. McLauchian, Dr. N. W. Gilbert, Mr. John W. Tufts, the organist of King's Chapel; Mr. John S. Nichols, Mr. W. F. Metcalf, Mr. Fred E. Phelps, Mr. McLeod, Mr.

carriages and shown about the city. The II- islating without due knowledge, will enact an insane asylum, and his muscular powers made him a valued companion in case the "spirits" became unruly. The plan was as follows: It was agreed that when the Indian should make his appearance, some one man who had previously been selected should seize him. Another should oc-cupy himself with Mr. Ross, a third with Mrs. Ross, a fourth should light the gas and the others put in the best possible work. If the Indian did not appear, then the chimes of the little French clock on the mantel, striking 9, should be the signal. Mr. C. A. Braman provided himself with a box of lucifer matches, so that a bright light could be obtained at short notice. Thus prepared the party assembled in the front parlor of 96 West Concord street, last Monday evening, and the gentlemen state that everything started off as usual. The cabinet was examined; Mr. Ross made his little speech, the lights were extinguished save a small lantern situated in the opposite corner of the room from the cabinet, the doors leading to the back parlor were closed and the perfor-

> The curtains were drawn aside and a shadowy form revealed for an instant. Soon the manifestations remained longer and finally began to move around the room. For some reason the Indian did not appear, and the fatal hour of 9 was appreaching without any action having been taken by the company. At last a "spirit" who claimed to be a friend of Mr. McLauchlan called him to the cabinet. Mr. McLauchlan said at a venture: "Is that you, Harry?" The "spirit" nodded an assent. "My dear friend," continued Mr. Mc-Lauchlan, putting out his hand, which the "spirit" took, "I am very glad to see you." Mr. McLauchlan tightened his grip on the spirit's hand. "Come out here," he said, and then in a quick, sharp voice, he cried: "Come on, boys; I've got something!"

mance began.

The party responded to a man. Mr. Braman's matches flashed into flame, and in an instant the room was as light as day. The spirit Harry" found himself in the middle of the floor, with the ghostly muslin stripped from his face. Mrs. Ross was securely held, while the stalwart Mr. Willard caught the gentle Mr. Ross in his arms just as that gentleman pulled his revolver. But the most singular part of the affair was yet to come. Young Mr. Braman, who is a finely-built, muscular fellow, sprang to one side of the cabinet, and as he lifted the curtain he saw his "big Injun" with an uplifted chair, preparing to brain the first person who entered. Under a blow like a flash of lightning, which landed on poor Lo's jaw, the now thoroughly materialized spirit fell to the floor. Young Braman was on top of him as soon as he struck, when he perceived, to his astonishment, that his victim apparently had no legs below the knee. A vigorous pull, however discovered the cause of the phenomenon and solved the mystery of the cabinet at the same time. The mophoard in the seemingly solid wall had been pushed up by some ingenious mechanism and a clear passage into the china closet before mentioned in the back parlor was effected. It was through this open mopboard that the spirits were admitted to the cabinet, and it was in the rooms of the house that the various changes of costume were made.

While the battle in the cabinet was progressing there was a general meleo going ou in the parlor. Poor little Mr. Ross was struggling in the embrace of brawny Mr. Willard, begging to be released and acknowledging that the game was up. The "spirit: Harry broke away from his tormenter, and succeeded in making his way up stairs. Then the cabinet was searched, and behind a black cloth, which covered the parlor walls inside the cabinet, serving as a background for the presentation of the spirits, were found two boys, or young men, and a poor little trembling girl, not over eight years old. She was completely terror-stricken, and clung to the dress of Mrs. Ross, crying bitterly. The "staff" of Mr. and Mrs. Ross turned out to be four boys and the little girl. The "big Injun" proved to be a young man of 20 or more years old. Mr. Ross did not attempt any explanation, but refunded the money paid by each one of the audience present, and the company departed well satisfied with the night's work. A Post representative called last evening at 96 West Concord street, but was unable to gain admittance. The blinds were securely closed, and up to a late hour there were no signs of life about the premises .- Boston Post, Feb. 4th.

On Sunday, Feb. 20th, a collection will be taken up in all the Catholic churches in the United States for the benefit of all the colored and Indian missions under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Gibbons.

Catarrh is a constitutional disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a constitutional remedy. It cures catarrh,

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no better remedy can be found than "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold everywhere. 25 cents a box.

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Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palateable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

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

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

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been perma nently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they send me their Express and P.O. ddress. Respectfully, Dh. T. A. SLOCUM. 181 Pearl Street, New York.

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PROSPECTUS.

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B. F. Underwood (formerly Editor of The Index), and SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Editora.

THE OPEN COURT, continuing the work of The Index, in presenting religious thought upon a rational, scientific basis, will encourage freedem of thought, untrammelled by the authority of any alleged revelations or traditional beliefs; afford an opportunity in its columns for the independent discussion, by able thinkers, of all those great chical, religious, social and philosophical problems the solution of which is new demanded by the practical needs of the hour with an urgency hitherto unknown; treat all such questions according to the scientific method and in the light of the fullest knowledge and the best thought of the day; will advocate the complete secularization of the State, entire freedom in religious and exact justice for all. It will help substitute catholicity for bigotry, rational religious thought for the catholicity for bigotry, rational religious thought for the catholicity for bigotry, rational religious thought for the rality in all the relations of life, and of making the well-being of the individual, and of society, the aim of all carnest thinking and reformatory effort.

While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the most prominence will be given in The Open Court to the positive, affirmative side of radical liberal thought. Subjects of practical interest will have preference over questions of pure speculation, although the latter; with their fascination for many minds, which as Lewes says. "the unequivocal failure of twenty centuries" has not sufficed to destroy and the discussion of which is not without value, will by no means be wholly ignored.

"The Open Court, while giving a fair hearing to representatives of the various schools and phases of thought, will be thoroughly independent editorially, asserting its own convictions with frankness and vigor, and will endeaver to keep the banner of truth and Ikeason waving above the distractions party contentions theological controverses and social and political crazes of the loar, to submit al

James Parton, Geo. Jacob Holyoako, Fred. May Holland, Minot J. Savage, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Anna Garlin Spencer, Edwin D. Mead, Wil iam J. Pottor B. W. Ball, Chas, D. B. Mills, Allen Pringle,
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Moncure D. Conway, Wm. M. Salter, John W. Chadwick John W. Chawles, Ednah D. Cheney, Paul Carus, George Hes, W. Sleane Hennedy, W. H. Spencer, Hudson Tuttle,

Among those from whom we have good reasons for expecting contributions, is the distinguished philologist and oriental scholar, Prof. Max Muller; and we have the statement f one of his personal friends, that Ermest Ronan will prob of one of his personal intends, that kinese from a will probably encourage us by articles from his pen.

Several other well known radical thinkers, European as well as American, whose names are not included in the above list, will be among the contributors to the columns of The Open Court, in which will also be printed ercasionally, during the year, lectures given by Prof. Felix Adier before his Society for Ethical Culture.

THE OPEN COURT will be published on the 1st and 15th of

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Voices From the Leople.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Por the Religib Philosophical Journal. Lings.".

DY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

God of the Crescent and the Cross, God of the Gentile and the Jew, Source of all recompense and loss Through all the old and all the new: Thy revelations on me shine Where'er a knee to Thee doth bow. For part of every faith is mine And part of mine is every vow.

God of the arch-celestial spheres God of the deepest depths of hell, Though earth be swept by floods of team Or tides of rapture o'er her swell, Thou art the cause of all effect, Thing the effect of every cause, Since man's devotion or neglect Can never break Thy changeless laws.

God of the fire that burns and glows Within the human brain and soul, Refining matter till it knows And feels Thine infinite control; Mameless, Thy children name Theo still, Epundless, they seek to bind Thy thought And limit Thy eternal will To colf-conviction inly wrought.

Denying while they own Thee still. Bolioving while they yet deny, Oboying overmore Thy will opaying overmore thy will While in their madness they'd dofy; Changeless Thou art through ceasoless change For transmutations but reveal Of truth a broader, higher range Which fact and circumstance conceal.

Lost in Thy life, myself I find Impersonal, yet one with Thee I blend with Thy eternal Mind As drops commingle with the sea, And like the drops I seek the sky Attracted by Lave's cloudless sun, Again in ocean's breast to lie When day her royal course bath run.

Or yet to linger in the cloud, To feel the fierce ternade's sway, Or when have ceased the thunder loud To giltter in the rainbow's spray; But whoresoe'er my pathway lio I throb in Thy eternal heart, O Lovo Divine, elnco I am I Corevermore because Thou art.

Thus conscious of my right divine, Of such inheritance the heir I find my sire at every shrine, And claim my kindred everywhere; Kin Love and Wisdom on me shine Where'er in prayer a knee doth bow. For part of every faith is mine. And part of mine is every vow.

> For the Religic-Philosophical Journal. AFTER MANY DAYS.

> > BY W. WHITWORTH.

A grave, slient man, filled with large-hearted, Christ-like love of humanity, impelling him to reach forth helping hands to all distressed sufferers that forth helping hands to all distressed sufferers that fell in his way, giving to those who were athirst and hungered, binding the wounds of the maimed and broken in spirit, and pouring out the blessings of sweet charity and sympathetic love on every sufferer he found in his path. But even he, who thus lived only to help, and cheer and comfort, could not escape envy and detraction, at d his tender spirit became deeply hurt by the blitter stings that were thus made to rankle in his breast. At length he fell into great discouragement, and murmured his heart-sore discouragement, and murmured heart-sore discontent because of the seeming lack of appreciation he received. Then there grew in his breast a hideons demon who greatly tormented him; constantly asking the mocking question: "Of what avail have thy good deeds been to thee? Better have lived for thine own ease and pleasure, caring for none but thyself."

But one day, when he had fallen into a deep sleep, he awoke in a strange country, where a lovely being, wearing a crown of exceedingly bright light and glory, and whose benign aspect filled his soul with inestable comfort and great joy, took him by the hand and led him away. Instinctively he seemed to feel that he had left the earth sphere, and was now arrived to the first stage of a new existence. Suddenly he beheld one he had known in his past career, as a hard, unloving man, bowed to the ground in bopeless grief and vain regret. The landscape was changed to a barren desert, with cold, icy clouds like a leaden canopy o'er head, and jagged, hideous rocks, black caverns and hissing snakez, on every side. Still more horrible were the wan spectres of men, and women and children with supplicating hands held forth, and, oh! such piteous, half-starved pleading for human aid and sympathy in their sunken eyes. In the most heartrending voice, as he beat his breast in action of pityful woe, the man cried: "Oh! if I could help you! Oh! if I could devote my existence to your be-

Then the bright being said to his companion: "This man on earth was possesed of great abun-

dance, far beyond his utmost needs, yet he refused to help his needy fellows; and now his serenest offering lies in seeing those who once vainly implored him to give assistance in their dire extremity, and that he is powerless to aid them. In his lifetime he was the impersonation of selfishness; and now he is fulfilling the immutable law which demands that whatsoever ye sow, that also shall ye reap!"

Once again the scene changed wherein he was shown a landscape of such transcendent beauty as was never seen on the earth sphere. Woody hills and lofty mountains, watered valleys and beautifully undulating plains, covered with such wealth of emerald green as filled the eye with unspeakable delight. Most enchanting of all, was the wide-spread array of blooming shrubs and flowering plants that decked the fairy-like scene as far as eye could reach. Amid these, standing in clustered heaps along the wayside, were some of even still greater sweetness and beauty whose fragrance filled the whole atmosphere and bathed the good man's soul as in a stream of peace and purest enjoyment. It was as if this wonderful fragrance, at once more deliciously pene-trating than anything of which he had ever before had conception, and the exquisitely charming flowers from which the sweet scent was exhaled, had some special significence that belonged to his past life. Like the lifting of the early morn's grey mist by the warm sunbeams, every pang of regret and dis-content whose bitterness had lain on his heart with such weight of misery, seemed to pass away under the benign influence of this fragrant exhalation, until his soul became borne on wings of joy to realms of peaceful serenity and happlest repose.

The next moment the secret of this was revealed to him. The flowers and shrubs by the wayside, which were at once so beautiful and fragrant began to expand their petals and wondrous foliage, and anon they assumed the exact counterpart of those earthly suffering ones he had befriended in their hour of need in the earth life. And now they smiled on him in loving sweetness and gratitude, and sang,

in strains of heaven's own melody:
"All hall to him of the unselfish heart! As he gave to the weak and helpless in their hour of sore distrees, so shall he be made rich and strong in God's choisest blessings. For even as he gave unto the

least of these, he gave it unto me." Then said the spirit by his side:

"Now thou canst see how thy good deeds were made to strew thy future pathway with flowers of love that shall bless thee a thousand fold through all the seons of eternal progress. Even as good seed planted in fertile soil bears fruit abundantly, so does every good deed grow up in bleesed increase of righteousness, and blossom to life everlasting. Evil shall surely die; but good is eternal. Cleveland, Ohio.

An English clergyman expresses alarm at the drift of the State church. He declares that it is saturated with popery and leavened with worldliness. Of course, I know there are exceptions, but as I tell you, the general condition of the Church of Engiand is appalling. For the most part it is being used as a mighty instrument for the perversion of the nation to popery."

Kansas City Notes.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

This is a stirring town of about 130,000 inhabitante, an increase of thirty thousand in the past two years. Something over ten million dollars, it is claimed, have been expended in building within the past year. An extensive line of cable tracks have been completed since I was here two years ago. Robert Laird Collier is still here, and I understand his so-ciety expect to have a new Church ready to dedicate in May. His sermons are full of suggestive thought, and quite radical. Last Sunday he dis coursed upon "How to be Born and When to Die." He dwelt upon the changes in the world of thought due to scientific discoveries, the most conspicuous factor being the recognition of natural law in all departments. He said statistics show an improvement in the health and longevity of the race of fourteen years of average human life, over that of 50 years ago; but he thought man may have lived longer in earlier ages of the world than now. "Civilization is not natural; it is wholly abnormal, and almost wholly artificial. Modern life is almost wholly twisted. The child born to-day begins life on a plane wholly unlike that half a century ago. Then nobody knew that everything was governed by law, but were eternally prating about good and evil as the result of personal intervention or chance. The child born to-day is born under the auspices of science. There have been some glimpses of the spiritual world. The discussions that engaged the sparament words. The discussions that engaged the visidom of the divines 50 years ago, we look upon as friviolous; such as the exhaustive debates, on how many angels could stand on the point of a cambric needle! Men have been looking into the soul and determining what a child inherits. It will take a century to remove the ignorance and prejudice of the world so they can see the truth clearly. Do you know of a man or woman who is fit to live? Where is there of a man of perfect physical organization? Where is there a perfect intellect? Where is there a long life and simplicity? These are just the qualities that make a man fit to live. What man or woman has these? I answer, we are all fit to live only in the percential carse?

He dwelt upon the impulses that led to elopements and unnatural unions, and thought the time would come when the law would prevent them, and

annul them when made.

I have given a very incomplete synopsis, but these thoughts may show what the puipit is doing to stir the thoughts into new expression. Dr. Thorn, who was dean of the medical college here two years ago and an outspoken Spiritualist, is on a tour to Fiorida with his family. I regret to learn that the Dector is in poor health, but hope he will return soon

with the orange blush on his cheek to add his vigor and weight to the spiritual work. Mr. George H. Brooks, who lectured here about two months before I came is well spoken of by all I have met. In fact, he seems to be quite a favorite. I had the pleasure of meeting him, and found him genial and full of the true spirit. He is very consitive, and a fine psychometrist according to the testimony of his many friends here. He went to Wichita, Kansas, where he was to speak last Sunday

Dr. Bowker is as fresh and frank as ever, and though devoted to his profession, he finds time to discuss spiritual themes, and takes high ground for truth and honesty; but I am constrained to think that the Doctor sees some holes in the skimmer which are really only the bright dots reflected back from the converging intensity of his sharp mental rays from the clean surface of the skimmer, where the focus of his imagination fell! Nevertheless it is well to watch the skimmer, even if the light of our gaze hore some holes through the solid surface in search of truth under difficulties.

our gaze to estimate the same surface in search of truth under difficulties.

Mr. A. E. Beggs, with whom I stop, has the advantage of many in the mediumship of his accomplished wife, who seems about as familiar with her invisible companions, as with any outsiders. She both sees and hears them, and seems greatly to en-

joy their company. Dr. Kimmel and wife, both graduates of the medical college, work helpfully and happily together, and bravely stand for the cause of Spiritualism, work for it and do all they can to encourage a high recognition and honorable presentation of its best

I am not speaking under the same auspices, though in the same hall, and to many of the same peo-ple that sustained Mr. Brooke. A new choir has been organized since the change, but with part of the elements of the old one, organized I think by Mr. Brooks. Our music is good and improving each Sunday, and our audience increases, and so far as I

know, good feeling prevails. LYMAN C. HOWE. Kansas City, Mo.

Odds and Ends from New South Wales.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

As I sit in my home, far away in the "back blocks' of New South Wales, writing my brief contribution for your valuable and world-renowned paper, my ear is greeted with shouts of laughter and mirth on all sides from the children, for dear old Father Xmas is here with his load of presents for the little ones, and they are making the earth seem heaven with their signs of happiness.

Speaking of children, reminds me that recently several lectures, debates, etc., have taken place in Sydney, touching upon the system of education adopted in our colonies,—most of our thinking men being of the opinion that a laboratory attached to large school, would prove most beneficial, enabling the pupils to receive practical as well as the-oretical instruction; but, perhaps, it is a little out of place to speak of schools just now, when all have put on holiday garb, and for the next six weeks present closed doors to the applicant. This reminds me of a few lines the old Puritan poet, Withers,

> "So now is come our joyful'st feast, Literary men be jolly, Each room with ivy leaves is drest, And every post with holly. Without the door let sorrow lie, And if for cold it haps to die, We'll bury it in a Christmas pie, And evermore be merry."

For some time past the clergy of our city have been much troubled at the prevalence of Sunday lectures and concerts, which are becoming very pop ular, attracting large numbers of people, some of whom might, perhaps, otherwise find their way to church. Two ministers more energetic than their fellows, took the matter in hand and determined, is possible, to put a stop to such "heatheuish ways."
They convened a meeting of their brethren and formed a sort of club, calling it the "Ministers' Union of Sydney and Suburbs." After fruitlessly sifting the law to find a point by which they could quite demolish these descrations, a petition was drawn up and forwarded to the Chief Secretary, urging him either to take the matter in head paragraphs or him either to take the matter in hand personally, or cause a short bill to be introduced into Parliament to put a stop at once and forever to this Sunday breaking. The Colonial Secretary acknowledged the letter, and intimated he had submitted it to the law officers of the crown. The matter remains still in abeyance, although it is now seven months since the petition was sent in.

The Sydney Daily Telegraph asks: "Does anybody in his sober senses really believe that secular music is an instrument whereby the community is demoralized? Does it acquire a satanic quality in the theatre on Sunday which it does not possess in a

clergyman's drawing-room on Monday? Mr. F. J. Thomas, a gentleman very favorably known all over the Colonies, has written an able let-

ter on the subject, to the Sydney Morning Herald.

I take the liberty of enclosing it to you.

This season our crops are splendid, and the fruit will be most plentiful. Mr. Russell, the government astronomer, calculates that it has been nineteen years since we had such favorable specthar. years since we had such favorable weather.
In and around Sydney, for some unaccountable reason, it is exceptionally unhealthy; perhaps due in a great measure to too much soakage, but in these

country districts, the earth has put on her most bril-liant garb, and all seems smiling; in this part grass was well nigh unheard of, rain was so scarce, and the sun scorched up all vegetation.

With kindest greetings I wish you and your read ers a happy prosperous year.

R. CAERNAGH. An article printed recently in the Philadelphia News gives a census of Philadelphia's church-going population. It finds that one-third of the million inpopulation. It finds that one-third of the million in habitants (more or less) hold membership in 637 churches. The church property is valued at \$23,-195,226; the amount pald for pastors' salary is \$844.-834. The denomination having the largest church attendance on the day on which the census was taken was the Presbyterian, which out of a total membership of \$1,081 had 21,847 in attendance at one service.

THE RALLS COUNTY GHOST.

The Log Cabin Spirit Rapping Followed by Strange Manifestations.

Lime Throwing and Stats-Writing.

The excitement in this city, Perry, Mo. and, indeed, throughout the entire country, relative to the "Missouri Mystery," described in the Globe-Democrat of November 28, has not yet worn itself out, and recent developments have made the affair a greater mystery than ever. The Ingerham family has moved from Brawn's farm house in the weeds into a small from Brown's farm house in the woods into a small one-story frame house belonging to Edwin Hubbard, situated in the northern part of Perry, on Mayhall street. It seems to have gained a world-wide reputation, and strangers from far and near stopping over night in Perry never fail to go and hear the spirit rappings. THE SPIRIT IS A THROWER OF LIME.

A few nights ago, Miss Mollie Cornwall, the very comely Kentuckian medium, asked her "guide" to vary the performance by throwing some lime from the wall. It immediately consented, and, to the surprise of all present, began throwing lime all over the room, hitting several of the occupants of the house and frightening them so badly that they were about to abandon the place. Since then on being asked to do so, it will throw lime at any time of night. The opinion still prevails among the majority of the people of this community that it is a trick gotten up to deceive the public. Miss Cornwall, becoming annoyed at this, concluded not to pay any more attention to it, and on Sunday night, when it began to rap, she told it to go away and never return, as it was causing a great deal of talk about her which she did not like. The spirit resented this order by pulling the covering off of the bed in which Miss Cornwell was sleeping. It repeated this act three times, and also rapped on the head-board of the bed in a very angry manner. It continued this angry rapping for two days, and Miss Cornwall was very much troubled over it, thinking that she had made it mad and that it would never make up with her again. But it at leat cave in and now had made it mad and that it would never make up with her again. But it at last gave in, and now everything is "all serene on the Potomac." Your correspondent has visited the house on three consecutive nights. On being admitted the first night, in company with another party, Mr. Ingerham said he was willing for anything that was of a respectable character to be published concerning the spirit rapping, and was willing to aid in unravel-ing the mystery. He further said that an unbeliever could not get it to rap with any satisfaction.

THE ORACLE SPEAKS.

The medium then asked: "Does the reporter believe in you?"
Two distinct raps were heard, which meant "Yes."

"Does Mr. White believe in you?"
Only one rap was heard which meant "No." I then began to ask it questions, to which it readily answered "Yes" or "No," or would rap three raps, which meant "I don't know."
"Do I believe in you?"

"Yes."
"Does Mr. White believe in you?"

These questions were asked quite often during the evening. Although Mr. White said he be-lieved in the spirit, it would invariably answer "No." I then replied:

"Do you love the Bible?" "Will the Central Missouri Railroad to built through

Perry?"
"Yes," "Is the year 1887 going to be a good crop year?"

"Is there any truth in the Pine street specter in

"Wasit gotten up to deseive the public?"

"Were you in the buggy?"

"Yee."
"Will Maxwell be hung for the murder of Preller n St. Louis?" "I don't know."

"Will the Republicans gain the Presidency chair in

"Will you please rap the time of night it is?" Eight distinct raps were heard. There was no clock in the room, but on reference to watches it proved to be 8:10.

These among a hundred more or less important questions were asked, to which it rapped with promptness one of the three ways designated. A CRUEL GHOST.

The medium said that while "it" was angry with her she could not sleep unless the light burned all night, as it kept up a continual rapping on the head board of the bed. She also stated that it still rapped on the head at night but not in as angry a manner as it formerly had done.

After the medium retired we were again admitted into her eleeping apartment. Scarcely had we entered when the rapping became louder than

during any time that night. "Will you keep time to a song it sung?" We asked. It auswered "yes." A darky song was then sung in a rather feeble manner and we could not refrain from laughing at the way it beat time upon the head board. I then asked if it would pat "juber." Two distinct knocks were heard. The singer again started off on an old-fashioned plantation song which it patted "juber" to the time without a break.

The medium said it did not like religious songs, and the air of "Let the Savior In" was struck to convince us of the fact. Hardly had the music proceed ed half a measure when the spirit quit keeping time and began to strike very severe raps to inform us that it did not like the song. We then bid the spirit "good night," to which it answered with two raps.

The second night your correspondent visited the house there was no one present but the family, and it rapped with much better satisfaction. It also

rapped equally as well the third night. THE SPIRIT WRITES.

By the use of a planchet, which consists of a heartshaped board, supported on two legs, with a hole in which works a pencil, the spirit writes. The medium places her hand, on the board, and guided by the spirit, she writes a hand which can be very easily read. It still maintains that the treasure, which was spoken of in the last article which appeared in this paper, is still secreted on the Brown farm, and says that no one but the medium and Miss

Biggers, daughter of the crazy man, can obtain it.

The following is one of the messages. It was written in a large sprawling hand, quite different from Miss. Cornwall's lady-like penmanship: "Lou, your father sent Sue here, and you and Mol-lie won't get the money until his death, but are sure to get it, for there is a fortune right in your

Miss Cornwall has been in correspondence with a medium in Connecticut who claims materializ-ing powers. She will visit Perry, and some interesting seances are looked for.—Perry (Mo.) respondence of Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

J. Frank Baxter and A. B. French.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I stopped over in Cincinnati last Sunday night and beard J. Frank Baxter at Grand Army Hall. He had a crowded house, and scores were turned away, although there was an admission fee of 15 cents. His subject, "What Good has Spiritualism Done?" was handled in a masterly manner, and drew forth frequent applause. His tests were wonderful, and

created a sensation. The Enquirer the next day had nearly a column in regard to the meeting. Mr. Baxter is certainly doing a good work in Cincinnati.

Mr. A. B. French has just closed a series of five lectures at this place. They have been largely attended and well received. His lecture this afternoon was certainly a splendid effort. His subject was "The Old Theology Contrasted with the New." His business calls him for the next month near Eikhart, Ind. We were very loth to part with him so soon. Willoughby, Ohio. E. W. BOND.

A most prominent archeological study is now be A most prominent archeeological study is now being carried out near Cairo, Egypt—the unearthing of the famous Sphinx of Gizeh. About one-third of the sand has been removed, disclosing the forepaws and a portion of the right side. The paws are made of brick and not of the stone material of the rest of the figure. When looked at from above the figure lacks symmetry, and M. Maspero is of the opinion that if this lack of symmetry should hold true for the whole figure the Sphinz count anterdate the great whole figure the Sphinx must ante-date the great pyramida, which are marked by harmony in all de-talls. Reports from further excavations are therefore eagerly awaited.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, An Attempt to Explain.

Once in the dim past, when ensconced in a close room, with the darkness of night reigning without, an ignorant but truthful German told me he saw a town containing "a good many houses and also a tavern sign." A moment later he added, "I see a big box with doors, and inside of it I see books,

papers and dishes." papers and dishes."
At a remote period, and on a foreign shore, there once stood a monarch who saw, not only the valley of the Nile flow full of purple gore, but nine other remarkable phenomena passed successively before his vision. The indexes of the timepieces of a Russian Czar and his cabinef at one moment indicated 8 o'clock A.M. The next moment they all indicated 7 o'clock. And again almost instantar they indicated 7 o'clock. And again, almost instanter, they indicated 8 o'clock. As we float down the gulf of time up rises a certain J. C. Hoffman, M. D., and avers he saw "white worms from one to two inches long," crawling on a man's fractured limb, which instantly disappeared as by magic; and for this, and other singular phenomena, he asked for explanation.

Here it comes: The German, alluded to above, was at that fime so deeply mesmerized as to be under my complete control. The scenes he described—one 20, the other 40 miles distant—were the productions of my own fancy which, by the force of will power, I stamped upon his mental vision so completely that

stamped upon his mental vision so completely that he saw precisely what I saw with the mental eye. By side of King Pharoah there stood one of earth's mightlest mediums and psychics, and by the exercise of his natural powers projected before the proud monarch's interior vision, ten fearful pictures which, to the latter, were living realities. By side the Czar & Co., there stood an expert conjuror (alias medium and mesmerist) whose will-power predominated over the unsuspecting crowd and produced the dium and mesmerist) whose will-power predominated over the unsuspecting crowd and preduced the above described results. Near Dr. Hoffman there stood, fully bent on mischief, "an evil-eyed witch," with "lips thin as sole-leather" and from whom "emanated a weird, witch-like, ley-cold magnetism," and who projected before the Doctor's mentality a host of leathsome worms! Doctor, those worms were not on that limb but simply "all in the eye." You saw and the victim felt just what she willed you to see and feel, the same as in the other cases described. The language of that "thin lin" is indescribed. The language of that "thin lip" is indomitable will, which she exercised to your great

domitable will, which she exercised to your great annoyance then and subsequently.

But she "killed the pige." Nothing remarkable in this, for the act was resultant from her "weird, witch-like, ley-cold magnetism." Besideelit was only a case of simple reflex and only half as mysterious as the following, which a living and reliable witness of the monstrosity stands ready to confirm. An Illinois family who had a strong desire to see an elephant, returned from the exhibition so highly charged with elephant, magnetism that a female charged with elephant magnetism that a female hog, belonging to the family became the recipient of the same to such an extent that one of her pigs, subsequently brought forth, had a perfectly developed, miniature, elephant's trunk. The pig was dead. Now, here was a case where a dual reflex produced a singular monstrosity and also a probable death. To explain both cases there is no need of going outside the pale of natural law. To exhaust the natural before calling to aid the super-

nause the natural before calling to aid the supernatural should be the aim of every philosopher.

As regards the man whose gun came so near ending the seance, he was simply an impressible subject, temporarily controlled by the will-power, or magnetic influence of Mrs. Witch. With a strong operator distance is a small impediment. Now to the levitation of horses and buggy. Some 33 years ago I was one of four surrounding a common work-stand. was one of four surrounding a common work-stand, was one of four surrounging a common work-state, and finding it obeyed my unexpressed will in minutia, I ventured to will a certain leg thereof to stick to the floor, which it did so effectually as to require a force of fully 600 lbs. to raise it. Without stopping to discuse how much of this power proceeded from the ego and how much from the occult side of nature, I simply ask if I reached the maximum of power? Or where shall we fix the boundary line beyond which the human will cannot reach with beyond which the human will cannot reach with its power? It is clear to every thinker that a suf-ficient extension of this force would not only elevate the team and buggy from the earth, but waft it safely acrose the ravine. And for the present I shall conclude that Mrs. Witch embodied a force adequate to the occasion, especially with four "human-like 'something,' real as life, of short and strong built," to assist her by lifting at the wheels. Other important points demand notice but space forbids. Chariton, Iowa.

M. J. Burn.

Notes from England.

To the Falter of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: In writing it is somewhat difficult to avoid a prom-

inence of the first person singular, on one hand, and a reference to matters of a too local interest on the other. However, in a letter perhaps a little latitude is usually allowed the writer in both these directions. The questions, What have you been doing? Where did you do it? and, How well was it done? cannot be answered without some mention of the significant "I," and the important locality.

For the past four months I have been thoroughly active in the field of English Spiritualism. During the early part of December I visited London. The spiritual outlook is certainly brighter than it has been for some time. I attended a large and enthus-iastic meeting at Neumere Hall, and I never saw London Spiritualists more deeply interested. The object of the gathering was to give a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Mozart, of Orion. This lady and gentleman are mox making a tour of Europe, and while passing through England, gave their services to many societies, gratuitously. They have left impressions behind them that will live as pleasant memories in the minds of many. Mr. Drake is carrying on independent meetings at Notting Hill, London, and the varyers are most appearaging. the reports are most encouraging. I am to speak there on Sunday, February 13th. Good physical and ciairvoyant mediums are well supported. The Midland counties do not seem so much alive as the Northern. I visited Peterboro, Stamford, Bourne, and other places, on my way to Manchester, where I am engaged to speak the first Sunday in every month until my return to America in the summer.

The large cities in Yorkshire come in for a full share of my labor. The Yorkshire district committee have engaged me to occupy platforms in their dis-trict two Sundays in every month, and about ten week-evenings, until my departure. I have no dates to offer any society now; they were all taken up some time ago; so you will see I am not idle by any means.

So far I have answered two questions out of three. As for the third, I shall leave the minds, hearts and lives of my auditors to bear their own testimony. I have no doubt, but like the seed scattered broadcast. by the sower, spiritual thoughts and sentiments fall upon thorny, stony and good ground. I for one, am willing to wait until the harvest for the results. I spent my Christmas with my old and much es-

emed friend, Joseph Armitage, of Batley Garr, Yorkshire. The door of his house is ever ajar for me. His devoted wife and many children always have a welcoming smile. When I think how many hearts and homes are open to me, both in England and America, I feel myself most wealthy. If I am a fatherless, motherless, homeless child, in the usual sense of the word, Spiritualists have been to me, father, mother, brother and sister, friends and home. May the eainted loved ones of my kindred bless them in blessing me. I have everything to thank Spiritualiem for spiritually. I have been guided from my infaucy, educated and brought into public recogni tion. If I had my choice to-day, of perfect sight without the spiritual perception with which I have been endowed, I would choose total darkness, physically, to spiritual blindness.

I am too late to wish your readers a happy new year, but I certainly hope this year will be in every true sense a prosperous one.

It was most thrilling to me, to once more hear the melodious sounds of an English Christmas. American people do not realize how beautiful it is to hear the church bells ringing out upon the still night air their joyous peal; or to listen to the church choirs, who go from house to house, carrying the gospel of music everywhere; and to swell the Christmas an-them, many bands of instrumental music parade the treets all night. Thus at least the measure of herstreets all night. Thus at least, the messiah of har-mony has a symbolic birth once a year, and the spirit mony has a symbolic birth once a year, and the spirat of good will is inspired. We may differ as much as we like, about the origin of Christmas and the historic Jesus, but we must all agree, that in the depth of winter, and amidst human selfishness, it is good to have even the suggestion of a nobler humanity brought to view.

WALTER HOWELL. Manchester, Eng., Jan. 12th, 1887.

A good colored clergyman in a Southern town prayed the other day that the indelicate might be made delicate, the intemperate temperate, and the

Give all a Hearing.

to the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal. I have read in the Globe of the wonderful feats of Bishop and Montague, and know, from my own ex-perience, that both must look to an outside power perience, that both must look to an outside power for help, even if it does express itself in finding plus, jackknives, etc. I know that Bishop has served up dishes of spiritual phenomena in other places. In Hornellsville, N. Y., some nine years ago, he and his medium astonished a large audience in the Opera House by reading and answering correctly, questions which were written and placed in the pockets of different ones, and they gave answers from those called dead, with descriptions which were graphic in the extreme. I know that his attitude toward the very gift he is using, has been bitter; I think not from principle, but from a purpose.

One's memory does not have to stretch back only to the winter of 1877, to remember a Bishop of the same name, following the illustrious pattern of Jeff Davis, donning petticoats, and visiting the mediums of Boston, of which he gave a detailed report in one of the city papers. He failed, however, to report visiting a writing medium who tried to write for the "woman who was so hoarse;" but the medium's hand kept moving, and finally, without charge, she gave in the grass."

hand kept moving, and finally, without charge, she gave her, or him, rather, a crude drawing of a "snake in the grass."

His strong conscientious scruples against disturbing the "high and holy spirits of the Lord," would, I think, be somewhat modified, if it should come to pass that there was more money in it, calling by its right name a gift plainly promised in 1st Corinthians, 12th chapter. It may be doing God's service to do a popular work, but to me it seems better to do an honest one.

If half of Boston should pass out of the form today, how many would he prepared to become high.

If half of Boston should pass out of the form today, how many would be prepared to become high
and holy spirits of the Lord? Not many, I think.
They would be just what they are, now, until they
could grow better; changing their coats would not
change their minds, and it is the mind that lives.

If to-day I would stand up before the world and
say that I had been a liar for these past twenty-five
years, and in an unsatisfactory way, try to explain
as Bishop does, I should have the church doors
thrown open to me, and hands held out that would
not shake mine now. No! I can't affoid that; life
is too short.

Carrie E. S. Twing. ie too short. CARRIE E. S. TWING.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellancous Subjects.

Dr. Phillip Schaff says there are more men in New York City wearing the title of doctor of divinity than there are to be found on the entire continent

of Europe. Evidences of increasing interdenominational comity are perhaps getting too common to need men-tion, but as the latest instance it may be said that Canon Wilberforce, of the Church of England, re-

cently preached in a Congregational church at Southampton. The wife of a Japanese senator has started a "Society of Love" for Japanese women. The object of the society is to raise funds for the support of a school or bible-woman. This is done by making dif-ferent kinds of fancy work at the meetings. As the

members work, someone reads aloud from the bible. At its meeting last Tuesday evening the Chicago Woman's Unitarian Association adopted resolutions congratulating Senator Farwell that his first vote in the United States Senate had been cast in favor of woman suffrage. The membership of the association represents the four Unitarian churches of Chi-

Seventeen years ago Thomas Adams, a native of Quincy, Mass., but no connection of the historic Adams family, died in Roxbury and left \$10,000 to the Unitarian church at Quincy on condition that a like sum be given to the society by the Adams family within two years of the death of the testator's widow. The latter died in February, 1885, and now the heirs of Charles Francis Adams signify their in-tention of giving the \$10,000.

A clergyman who had got partly through the mar-A clergyman who had got partly through the mar-riage ceremony for a young couple at Lancaster, Pa., last week, suddenly stopped and asked the groom if he had been drinking. The latter admitted that he had taken just one glass as a "bracer," and the min-ister thereupon flatly refused to conclude the cere-mony, remarking that he had determined never to marry a man who was in the elightest degree under the influence of ligner. the influence of liquor.

Dr. Dubousquet read before the Societé de Biolo gie at a recent meeting in Paris a most unique paper upon skin-grafting from the frog to man. One of his patients was a man whose feet had been burned by molten iron. Upon one of the wounds were in-grafted four patches of human skin and upon the other four grafts of frog skin. All of the grafts took firm root. The frog-skin grafts retained their peculiar color for a few days, but afterwards changed to the ordinary color of human skin, in due time the wounds becoming perfectly healed.

A little boy of Buffalo took a recess in his deve-tions one night recently, according to the *Courier* of that city. This juvenile, aged four years and a half, after donning his nightgown, located in a warm corner by the stove to comfortably say his prayer. He got along nicely until almost through, but concluded thus: "God bless papa and mamma, and makeplease wait a minute till I kick Vio. Little sister Violet had interrupted the brother's devotional exercises by tickling the bottom of his bare feet with a broom splint.

The application of electricity to photography has rendered possible many remarkable observations. It has been applied to the study of the path of the lightning's flash. Thus, Herr Leyst of the Pawlowsk Observatory has shown that a flash not unfrequently divides into two or more branches. In one observation the flash divided into two branches, at an angle of about seventy-five, and after passing over a certain space the branches turned toward each other, and were presently reunited. In another observation exactly the same path was traversed four times in rapid succession. The thunder lasted for eighty seconds.

An indignant correspondent writes to The Boston Transcript asking why the clergy do not use the confessedly more accurate revised version of the Bible. "As a parent," he says, "I mean never to talk to my children of, or to allow them to talk of damnation, and, if we use the revised bible we shall find that we have no right to use that word as it has been used in the past. I believe that the greatest care should be taken by parents and Sabbath-school teachers to give the correct meaning of such words as have been mistranslated, for we have no right to retain or teach an error in the Bible any more than one found in any other book. Whether we hold the doctrine of endless future punishment or not, it in no way affects the demonstrable meaning of Greek words.

The advance of Mohammedanism in Central Africa and the benefite that have followed are the subject of an article in *The Contemporary Review*. The writer found well-built cities and the signs of industrious communities. No native beer or spirits, no European gin or rum were for sale in the markets. The Koran had swept away fetichism. The negro population each morning was early summoned to prayer. There were mosques and schools in all di-rections, and so general was the desire for education that many, not satisfied with the home schools, had found their way through many daugers and toils to the great Mohammedan University (El Azhar) in Cairo. The Moslem is not only proselytizing among the heathen; his faith has its missionaries in Sierra Leone and Lagos, where it is recruiting its ranks from the Christian community and declares war upon "civilization's" chief contribution to West Africa—the gin trade.

Chief-Geologist Maj. J. W. Powell contributes an article to the Forum upon the cause of earthquakes. He shows them to be very common,probably one at every hour at some point on the earth. But few are of such magnitude as to prove destructive, and the minor earthquakes are from convulsions so slight as to make no perceptible effect upon the topogra-phy. The point of an earthquake is frequently un-der water, so that a displacement of the earth's crust is concealed. As to the origin of earthquakes many have attempted to explain them on the ground of the explosion of gases in the interior cavities of the earth. But they unfortunately include in their hypothesis no explanation of the origin of these gases or the method of action. Some writers have def-initely assigned the effects to exploding steam. But such an assignment would of course require great cavities, and enormous fiscures within the earth where the steam may act. The geologist is inclined to reject all such theories, upon the ground that it is impossible to conceive of such immense cavities, except just under the surface of the earth, as the weight of great superincumbent strata of earth would probably ormshell support crush all support.

Prof. Newman.

Prof. Francis W. Newman, of London, has been known as a free religious writer of some eminence. He is a brother of Cardinal Newman, an eminent and able Catholic, learned and sincere. The Professor has taken a step toward materialism. M. A. (Oxon) says in Light:

Having in the maturity of life given to the world some books setting forth his belief in a future life, Prof. F. W. Newman has in his decadence published a pamphlet of recantation.... It would be a weary task to take the statements made in these few pages and to recent here mayor of them was he expect. and to point out how many of them may be excepted to, how easily most may be refuted, how often mere assumption and assertion passes for argument, how few are the remarks made with care and cauhow few are the remarks made with care and cau-tion sufficient to entitle them to respect..... I may cite the concluding words written "for the conveni-ence of anyone who may assail these pages." "They [the pages] assert that the 'doctrin' of heaven and heli has its source not in Christianity, much less in Judaism, but in a shallow and monstrous Oriental Theosophy. They plead that this 'doctrin' is not only unproved, but unprovable: that the idea of hell or fiery purgatory is wholly pernicious, and that of heaven (variously and on the whole) far from harm-less."

But surely all, save some exceptionally belated thinkers, and those who do not think at all, have given up any such crude and materialistic notions as those repudiated by Prof. Newman. Has he not grasped the notion that "the kingdom of heaven is within" us; that heaven and hell are states, not places, and that in those states many human beings live here and now? It would seem too late to set forth such a well-worn truth, were it not that Mr. Newman argues or writes all through his pamphiet as if every Christian must run down this world, its duties, its pleasures, and its opportunities of development, in order to exalt, at its expense, a fancied heaven. "Belief in a future [why not "futur"?] life becomes pernicious, first, if the argument require us to disparage the present life, which is certainly God's work." But it requires us to do nothing of the sort. An intelligent and reasonable belief in a future life leads us rather to seize all means of development in this, seeing that man makes or mars his future by the way in which he uses the present, and that he is, in literal truth, the final arbiter of his own destiny. This truth, once really grasped, will not permit a man to loaf through life as a mere epicurean, any more than it will lead him to disparage this world in contrast with the harps and crowns, the ceaseless adoration and elaborate ritual of an ideal New Jerusalem. The only statement of opinion in the pamphlet that will command general approval is that quoted from a Scotch minister, who defined the right object of life to be for each of us "To leave the world better and bonnier by reason of our having been born into it." An intelligent and reasonable belief in a future life

. How a Small Boy was Saved from Drowning.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Doubtless there are many "strange stories" in various stages of preservation, lying on the "chelves of memory" of the readers of the Journar, which, were they recorded in its columns, would tend to broaden the field of psychical study. The following, though not passing strange in the experience of the present day, may seem to illustrate the fact that psychical phenomena are not of recent birth. It was several years before the advent of the Rochester knockings, that the following narrative was told me by my mother, a consistent member of the Presby-terian church, and occurred, I should judge, nearly sixty years ago: An elder brother of mine, a lad of saxty years ago: An elder brother of mine, a lad of say ten or twelve years of age, was employed in a general store in an Eastern village, situated on the life canal. The rear of the store was flush with the canal, so that canal boats could run alongside and receive or unload freight from the door of the store which opened on the canal. The front of the store opened on a street running parallel with the canal. We have then had been unpossible a careful of greekers. My brother had been unpacking a crate of crockery and glassware near the door, and had pushed some of the packing straw out of it into the canal. He discovered that he had accidentally pushed out with the straw a small glass dish that floated on the straw in the water, and on reaching out to reclaim it, he lost his balance and fell into the water.

No one had seen the mishap, and being unable to swim or cry out, he would have drowned had not this, the strange part of the incident, occurred. My mother at the time was visiting at the house of the proprietor of the store, several blocks away and not within sight. She was busily engaged in some kind of work when she felt an impulse urging her to go to the store. She heard no voice, but somehow the words, "Go to the store," kept forcing themselves into her mind. She resisted the impulse and with difficulty shook it off temporarily. She asked herself, "What do I want to go to the store for? I can think of nothing that I want from there?" Sometha think of nothing that I want from there." Soon the impulse returned with increased force and before she was fully aware of what she was doing, she had seized her bonnet and shawl and was on her way to the store at a rapid pace. Still questioning herself about this mysterious impulse she arrived at the front door of the store, and paying no heed to the inmates, who accosted her, she fairly flew to the rear door, and looking out into the water she saw her boy faintly struggling, nearly drowned. The question, "What do I want at the store?" was an-Denver, Col.

Bewitched or What?

To the Editor of the Religie Philosophical Journal: I have just finished reading Brother J. C. Hoffman's article in the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOUR-NAL of Jap. the 15th, under the heading "Bewitched or What?" And to me it is somewhat draped in mystery; but as investigators of spiritual science, we should coolly examine all things that come up before the enlightened judgment; and if the judgment lacks sufficient light to solve the mystery, whatever it may be, that shows a lack of spiritual development. Love and revenge can be used as connecting links between those in the body and those out, and mediums of all grades can be found, hence the versiety of manifestations and only in those out, and mediums or an grades can be counce, hence the variety of manifestations, not only in our present time, but in all past ages. The mission of the Religio-Philosophical Journal is to take away all masks, bow to no human shrine, and try to discover the laws of nature by the unfoldment of the emistinal faculties of humanity. ment of the spiritual faculties of humanity. I love to read it and gather in the golden grains of experience from my brothers and sisters.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate Beware of Imitations.

A. C. DOAN.

Imitations and counterfelts have again appeared, Be sure that the word "Horsford's" is on the wrapper. None are genuine without it.

Kingsburg, Cal.

Not long ago the pupils of an Episcopal parish school were asked by the rector, on one of his visitations, to write down the apostles creed. He was horrified to find that one of the boys, instead of writing "I believe in the holy catholic church," had written in entire good faith, "I believe in the holy cat in the church."

Use the Old and Reliable.

Catarrh destroys the senses of smell, taste and hearing, rapidly becomes offensive, and often culminates in consumption and insanity. No matter what stage the disease has advanced to, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will certainly cure it. This preparation is the only sure cure for this malady in the market yet has many imitators. Others may fall; it never does Your druggist sells it.

Rev. William Gilbert, for twenty years a member of the Philadelphia conference, has withdrawn from the church because he could no longer accept the bible as an inspired guide of human conduct.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby 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, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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Will cure a Cold more thoroughly and speedily than any other preparation in use. This medicine is especially beneficial in all affections of the Throat and Lungs, and affords effectual relief even in the advanced stages of Consumption. Thousands of cases of Pulmonary diseases, which have baffled every other expedient of buman skill, have been completely cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. 35 For fifteen years I was afflicted with Lung troubles. Aver's Cherry Pectoral relieved the distressing symptoms of this disease, and entirely cured me. It is the most effective medicine I have ever used. - C. M. Fay, Prof. of Anatomy, Cleveland, Ohlo.

CURED ME.

In the twenty years that have since clapsed, I have had no trouble with my James M. Anderson, Waco, Texas.

Lungs.—B. B. Bissell, Editor and Publisher Republican, Albion, Mich.

Aver's Cherry Pectoral cured me of Thront, and Lungs troubles, after I had

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

SAVED MY LIFE.

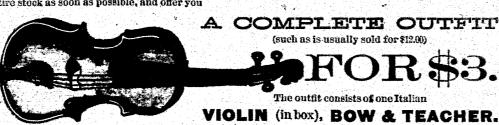
feet health.—E. Felter, Newtown, O.

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

Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the Lungs. Doctors afforded no relief, and said that I could not live many months. I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found it was helping me. I continued to take this medicine until a cured was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life.—Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ili.

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ting and shipping and delivery to express office.

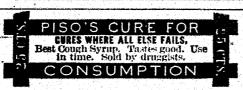
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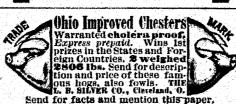
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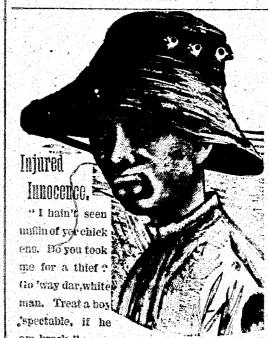
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tell when it would tip, nor how many times. "Would it tip if my hands were on it?" "Try it and see." I did so. It tipped as before. I could not see what caused it to do so. Nothing was in contact with it below, and only our hands lying palm downward, above. Electricity? But the family had no battery nor electrical machine, and my books on natural philosophy said nothing about moving objects in this way, unless they were connected with one of these, by a conductor of some kind. Though the room was as light as two common kerosene lamps could make it, I could see no conductor. I found by actual experiment (and what could be more scientific?) that somebody, or something other-than myself caused the "tips." The other three sitters declared the same. I could not entertain the thought that they were deceiving me, for they certainly had no motive to do so. Besides, they were widely known in the community, as honest, temperate people who earned their living by useful toil, and whose word was the very embodiment of candor and veracity.

What, then, moved the stand? My studies in the natural sciences gave me no clue to a solu-tion. I plainly saw that eight, or a thousand hands lying flat on the top of a stand would not cause it to move. I could see no cause for these movings, but inwardly determined to find it, if possible. I dismissed the subject as lightly as I could, without giving the family offence, and resumed my studies.

During the winter we occasionally experimented with these "sittings" at the stand, which was of plain pine, unvarnished, and without drawers of any kind. Invariably, occurred. What caused them? The others, being Spiritualists, had come to a conclusion. I had not. Animal magnetism? But this was jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Besides my face had scarcely yet resumed its gravity from laughing, in company with self-sufficient scientists, and infallible theologians, at the credulity of the weak-minded "mesmerists."

Ah! I have it. It must be a new discovery in electricity. The hands of the sitters form a battery and sufficient electricity is generated to move the table. "But how will you account for these intelligent answers? Electricity, of itself, can manifest no intelligence. and yet you ask questions and receive replies as though conversing with some intelligent being." I replied: "We, ourselves, unconsciously control its action, and thus unwittingly answer our own questions, as we know to be correct, or as we think they should be answered." (A noted scientist has since adopted a similar theory which he has given the high sounding name "unconscious cere-bration.") We experimented. But answers were now received which were directly opposed to what we expected. This somewhat shattered my theory. However, to test it fur-ther, it was proposed that I ask mental questions. I did so. The replies were as prompt, as direct, and as truthful, as with oral questions. I was obliged to abandon my hypothesis. "But," says one, "might not the other sitters-have mentally perceived your mental question and thus unconsciously controlled your self-generated electricity to reply?" This occurred to me. But as I knew nothing of their mental questions until they orally told them to me, with the reply, so I had their assurance that they knew nothing of mine till I had done the same. And, as I have before intimated, I felt them to be as honest and candid as myself. I was driven to the conclusion that some intelligent being outside our own number, and unseen by us, controlled the motions of the stand and thus gave the replies. I saw no objection to calling this person a spirit for names are but arbitrary signs of things or ideas, after all From replies received, I saw also that this 'spirit" was either once a denizen of earth, or else a being perfectly cognizant of what had occurred and was occurring here. Itself, it claimed to be the former. I was unable to determine whether or not it was, as it claimed to be, a disembodied human being. For there might be another order of beings, angels, guardian spirits, or devils, if you please: who have means of knowing all that a hu man being thinks or does from the cradle to the grave, and can thus reply as the dead human would, if still a conscious individual being. Was the intelligence with which we were conversing, something of this kind? How was I to ascertain?

I kept seeking, and, on further investigation. I found that there are many persons (clairvoyants and mediums), who claim to see these spirits, and that in every instance, they describe what they see as actual human beings who once inhabited the earth. I further found that very many of these descriptions of spirits seen, were so minute and accurate as to cause people who had known them during earth-life, to recognize them (often against their will), as intimate friends or near relatives. Coupling these facts with the invariable declaration of the spirits themselves, and the evidence seemed pretty strong that they are what they themselves declare: "Departed human beings." "They who were dead, and are alive, and shall live forevermore." Indeed the evidence was all in this direction. For I could get absolutely none in favor of the other hypothesis of "another order of beings," viz.: angels, guardian spirits, sylphs, undines, elementaries, devils, or

Yet, not to adopt a hasty conclusion, though the foregoing seemed far from that, I read 'Nature's Divine Revelations." and the first three volumes of "The Great Harmonia," by A. J. Davis. The unassumed manner, clear logic, and profound thought in these works, dealing in the most abstruce questions of science and metaphysics, filled with palpable proof drawn from undeniable facts, yet all written by an uneducated, unsophisticated youth—"The Shoemaker's Son;" all this, I say, taken in connection with what I had myself determined by actual verification, was evidence conclusive to my mind, at least, that MAN HAS AN EXISTENCE BEYOND THE GRAVE. Spiritualism undeniably demonstrated this by a multitude of facts more numerous and varied than those which underlie any other science or philosophy, or any and all other religions.

Further investigations, notably the course of reasoning in "The Thinker" (fifth volume of "Great Harmonia"), have led me to con-clude also: that man's conscious individual existence not only continues after death, but is eternal; in short, that man is immortal. I might mention the letters I received from that excellent psychometrist, Mrs. Mary A. B. Severance, who, though an utter stranger to me, gave a better description of my past life, than I could have done in so few words. a more perfect delineation of my then physical, spiritual, and social condition, and accurately foretold events in my future which have already occurred. I might add how, at the residence of Mr. J. H. Mott, I have seen and talked with the materialized forms of many, among them my own brother, whom I saw, felt and heard (three external senses),

to any other being in existence (internal sense), and what pleasure thrilled me at the old familiar tones of his voice, modes of expression, and gestures of his body. All this, and much more, I might tell, but to the sincere truth-seeker, the same and even better means of inquiry which I had are still open. "Seek and thou shalt find." "Knock," and the door which opens on the flower-encircled path of eternal life shall be opened unto you disclosing its soul-enchanting vistas, lifeennobling thoughts, purifying influences, and holy aspirations. It is already ajar! Enter thou in! Truth shall be thy reward; happiness thy possession; and endless progression thy destiny!

Man, then, is immortal. This age has the indubitable evidence of this fact. The thin veil which separates the visible from the invisible has been lifted by the immortal dwellers on the further side, and they have returned to us on messages of love and instruction. He whose ear is attuned to this matchless melody may catch the sweet strains from angelicspheres, bringing healing to the wound-ed soul, help to the down-trodden, and hope to the whole humanity. These angelic mes-sengers come from their supernal homes, to cheer, comfort and sustain us in the trials, sorrows and temptations of this life. They counsel us to develop the germs of our immortal nature, not by mere restraint from wrong-doing, but by active deeds of philan-thropy; earnest and reverent study in nature's domain; loving and wise thought thereon, and holy aspirations after the good. the true and the beautiful of our own highest ideal.

The glimpses of our destiny as immortal beings, which we, through Spiritualism, have received, illuminate our earth with a glory and grandeur heretofore inconceivable. They render our otherwise cold and barren pathway radiant with the light of Life; fragrant with the flowers of Labor, and laden with the fruit of Progress. They light up the whole universe with a new meaning, and disclose to us some few of the matchless symphonies of the infinite harmony which is eternally more and more to unfold itself to our comprehension, as we walk the golden way of

eternal life and endless progression. Oh, this glimpse into the Great Beyond! We see the wondrous worth of life, and catch a few trembling strains of its celestial harmony; and it gives us courage to labor by wise efforts, loving deeds, and earnest culture, for the establishment of the Kingdom of Harmony within every human being: When each, his own sovereign, upright shall stand And the children of men together shall band In a brotherhood all; in wisdom to grow Till want and injustice no being shall know.
Then, the "Gardens of God," immortal and fair,
Will cover the earth, and bloom everywhere;
All her children, in joy, with the angels will join,
To thank the All-Father that all is divine,

Letter from an Eloquent Lecturer.

[The following, though a private letter, and not intended for publication, is from that earnest worker in the cause, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, Md. It will interest our readers, hence we publish it.— Editor Journal.]

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I exceedingly regret having overlooked the time which should have found prepared my annual report, or inspirational tribute to the columns of the Journal; not that it needed | self proof, hence I have witnessed the so-callanything more from any one's pen to make ed phenomena for myself in Chicago. New it a most beautiful and attractive Herald of York, Brooklyn, Boston, St. Louis and San rruth to all who are privileged to read it, but because since the issue of its first number, it has seemed to me a personal friend and living exponent of those eternal truths of life, to which all the best years of my mortal existence have been ceaselessly devoted. I do not by any means undervalue the noble work of our other spiritualistic publications, while the Religio-Philosophical JOURNAL has come to seem so much a member of my family as to be welcomed as such every time it enters our home. I think it has given to the world more light on the great Philosophy and Science of Life, temporal and eternal, within the last year, than has been reflected from even the most advanced sectarian press and pulpit in the last one hundred years. May your shadow grow no less this side the sun for a long time to come, dear friend and fellow laborer, for the faster our true and earnest servants of truth are called up higher, the more we prize and covet those of the same class who still wear the flesh.

My husband's dependent condition of mind and body has compelled me to remain much at home, and near home for the last twelve months, but I have not been a loser spiritually from such limitation placed upon my inspirational ministry, for the real selfthe eternal I that never dreams of the embrace of tomb or crematory, has been receiving magnificent dividends on its claim to the exhaustless treasure of divine truth, that "neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves cannot break through and steal." My purse is very light, but my head is not becoming more so, though often overtaxed to sleeplessness by the increasing weight of temporal cares and responsibilities.

Among my spiritual luxuries is a serene delight in feeling the jar constantly from the rocking of the corner-stones of the old theological temples, against which the thought batteries of modern Spiritualism, from séance, press and rostrum, have been ceaselessly thundering for the last thirty-eight years. I have known in common with all who having eyes could see the inevitable results of the massed force of the ailied hosts of mundane and supermundane intelligenbearing down against their defenses that it was but a question of time ere the despotism of priestcraft must fall and its slumbering, as well as its struggling prisoners be set free; but even my sanguinely prophetic mind did not expect so soon to hear the rolling thunders of the incoming judgment day of the old heavens and the old earth, with its crash and din of falling shrines and broken idols.

Surely the tireless, fearless evangel of di vine truth, both in visible and invisible forms, may joyfully unite to-day in singing the song to which the immortal Pollock woke the souklyre of T. L. Harris:

"The day of freedom dawns upon the world The liberating Eras rise and shine, And like a millstone cast into the sea, Oppression rolls its brazen axle down

Oblivion's cliff, and rises not again." Though in a measure withheld at present from the rostrum, my mount of transfiguration, where it has so often been given me to stand face to face with the inspiring teachers from the higher realms of eternal life, from the almost daily reports of the secular press, which "speaks wiser than it knows," I am assured that the great work in which I have so long and so gladly shared, is "going bravely on," even far more bravely and successfully than at any former period of human history. Every time an ecclesiasti-cal inquisition seizes upon a newly discovered "heretic," and reopens the investigation

tion of his own brain, to digest his own mental food, and appropriate its nutrition to the development of his own immortal self-hood, —reading the unmistakable sympathy of the great public mind with the defense instead of the inquisition,—I score another victory for modern Spiritualism.

From my point of view the great movement of unfolding truth, which we call our Cause, appears more vigorously active, and more powerfully influential to-day than at any time since it has demanded our attention and while I realize this advance in the grand work to which we have so long been, and to which we are still devoting all our best energies, I have a sweet joyous, soul-in-spiring conviction that with the ascending to the higher atmospheres of our loyal and truth-adoring colaborers, who with us have borne the heat and burden of the day, that Cause each time receives a renewed and most potential impetus.

Since the birth from this earth plane of our Mary Fenn and S. B. Nichols, I have felt sure in my own personal experience of an interblending at times with my own of their spiritual and intellectual aura, and thereby have been led to see still more clearly than ever before how the great tide of sympathy for mankind falling back upon our earth plane from the glowing souls and richly cultivated and endowed minds of the hosts of philosophers, scientists, philanthropists, authors and artists, who have ascended even in our day, and from our own ranks,—must have intensified the power and momentum of progressive thought. I think Edwin Arnold expresses the same sentiment very beautiful ly in his Light of Asia:

"But when the mild and just die, sweet airs The world grows richer, as if desert stream

Should sink away to sparkle up again Purer, with broader gleam." F. O. HYZER. Baltimore, Md.

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To the Editor of the Religie-Philosophical Journal:

If the phenomena of Spiritualism do not prove the continuity of life, hundreds of your readers and thousands upon thousands of the human family who are anxious for the smallest ray of light as to the future, would be glad to have a more satisfactory explanation of occurrences such as, with your permission, I would be glad to relate through the col umns of your widely circulated JOURNAL.

You know something of my interest for years past in occult phenomena; how I have investigated with a determination to accept or believe nothing as genuine spirit phenomena, unless fully and unmistakably proven. The accounts running all through our Bible of spirits returning to communicate and be seen of men, has been a problem past my solution, and dismissed with the idea that those occurrences were eighteen hundred years ago. When told that similar manifestations were taking place every day, I very much doubted the statement, but I determined, if the way was open, that I would prove to my own satisfaction the proposition to be true or false. The literature on the subject was very interesting, but not in it-Francisco, with the best mediums to be found This investigation, spreading over a number of years, has, of course, resulted in witnessing good, bad and indifferent phenomena with a large amount of chaff I have found some wheat, and I am glad to say that in no city have I found more well rounded kernels of pure wheat than right here in Chicago; and I believe anyone so interested may have similar results. Having already taken so much of your space I content myself by condensing as much as possible the result of two sittings with one of the Bangs Sisters, 221 Walnut street. I give simply the facts; let all who read draw their own conclusions:

Having written and carefully sealed a question before leaving my office, I received an answer on the slate, and word for word a copy of the question asked. Three other questions, written at the medium's house. but carefully folded into small pellets so they could not have been examined, were answered between double slates. Twice the medium held the slates under the table, and in another case, the question, written in a small pellet, was placed between slates, and an answer received without removing the slates from the top of the table. All of the above writing was without any pencil being placed between slates.

On another occasion I visited the same medium with a sealed question written by a friend, the wording or contents of which l did not know. Substantially the wording of the sealed question was written between the slates, but the test instead of being given was promised at my own home.

Three questions were written as on previons occasion, and answered between slates. Fthen requested the medium to write a question, and without her touching the slates, l held the same under the table, and the question was promptly answered.

The medium, having heard that in Dr. Slade's presence, writing would occur with slates tied to a chandelier in the center of a room, the experiment was tried, and very successfully, as on the slates being removed from the swinging position, as tied to chandelier, without pencil, one side was com-pletely filled with a fine, well rounded and intelligent communication. We pass with-out comment the materialization of hands under the table stroking my hand, touching my knees, and making themselves unmistakably felt, because for this part of the seance no test conditions were asked.

What do the above and thousands of simil ar occurrences happening all over the world, mean? Chicago, Ill. SEEKER.

SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal

The meetings of the various spiritual societies in Boston are well attended. The Boston Spifitual Temple Society at Berkeley Hall has been favored with the ministrations of Mrs. R. S. Lillie; her lectures are very fine and productive of great good, and very convincing to the skeptic. She will lecture before the Society again during the months of March and May. During her absence in February Mrs. H. S. Lake and Mr. J. Frank Baxter will occupy the platform.

The Ladies' Industrial Society, connected with the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, meet every two weeks on Tuesday afternoon and evening. In the afternoon the ladies are engaged in charitable work. In the evening a large company assemble, and a very interesting meeting follows. Speakers from different Societies are present; also musical talent, and the interest seems to be increasing conversing with him upon subjects unknown tof his right to exercise the organic func- with each service. Capt. Richard Holmes,

the President of the Temple Society, is presiding chairman. On alternate Tuesdays, the Society meets at the residences of members; thus the social and intellectual are blended.

We have been honored with the presence of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Skidmore. Mr. Skidmore is President of Cassadaga Lake Camp Association. Several receptions have been given them; their presence has inspired us with a

desire to visit the camp next season.

Mr. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday forenoon and evening in Parker Memorial Hall; every Monday evening he holds a public reception for answering questions of general interest, and other exercises, at his Institute of Spiritual Science, 668 Trement St He has classes in "Metaphysical Healing" or the "Science of Health," Tuesdays and Fri-days; on Wednesday the Ladies' Benevolent Union met there for charitable work.

At the First Spiritual Temple, Mrs. H. S. Lake occupied the rostrum the first three Sabbaths, afternoons and evenings, of January, and Mr. W. J. Colville the last two Sabbath afternoons. He spoke upon the subject of "Materialization, Etherealization, Personation and Transfiguration." He had a large

The Ladies' Aid Society meets in the parlors, 1031 Washington Street, every Friday afternoon and evening. Many friends are present from the different spiritual societies, and the exercises are very interesting.

The Phenomena Association meets in Berkeley Hall every Sunday afternoon, and Wednesday evening at 1031 Washington Street, where the hearers are entertained with the various speakers and talent presented. The worthy President and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Ricker, and other officers, are devoted and faithful in their efforts to interest and sustain the meetings.

At College Hall, meetings are held every Sabbath and Wednesday afternoon, under the efficient management of Mr. Eben Cobb and wife. There is a full attendance. Mr. Cobb opens the exercises with an invocation. and then gives one of his scholarly addresses, which is listened to with marked attention, following which many prominent mediums give proof of spirit presence and delineations of character, convincing the unbeliever; thus

the leaven is leavening the whole lump.

The Eagle Hall meetings, under the management of Mr. Prescott Robinson, are thriving, and are well attended, and various talents are presented at every session.

Dr. J. C. Street is giving a course of lectures in his drawing rooms, 78 Montgomery Street, every Wednesday afternoon, to a large class of pupils upon the "Cultivation of Mediumship and the Unfoldment of Spiritual

Mrs. Maggie F. Butler, assisted by Mrs. Lizzie C. Clapp, has commenced a series of meetings for the poor and destitute, and the Children's Lyceum No. 1. A concert was given in Parker Memorial Hall, also an entertainment in Langham Hall, the proceeds of which amounted to \$160, which was given as a benefit to the Lyceum, and has encouraged and stimulated the teachers and guardians in their labor of love. These entertainments are to be given every two weeks on Thursday evening. All societies are invited, and those present not only receive a material but a spiritual and intellectual feast.

The coming thirty-ninth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism is looked forward to with great pleasure; six societies have united and engaged Tremont Temple where the services are to be held; thus the good work is going on and the truths and facts of the spiritual philosophy are daily gaining ground in this, the nineteenth century. Old superstition is fading away, and is supplanted by the new spiritual growth and thought of these modern times.

MRS. MARY F. LOVERING, No. 439 Shawmut Ave. Boston, Feb. 1st, 1887.

Australians receive more letters and posteards than any other people, the annual average being twenty-four to each person; Europeans come next with about fourteen each. An Asiatic gets only 40-100 of a letter or postcard, and an African only 9.100. In Europe there were mailed in 1885, 3,804,100,000 letters and 597,500,000 post-cards; in America 1,596,800,000 letters and 398,000,000 postcards: in Asia 246,000,000 letters and 80,000.-000 post-cards; in Australia 93,400,000 letters and 1,200,000 post-cards, and in Africa 18,-700,000 letters and 300,000 post cards. The total number of pieces of matter mailed in Europe in 1885, was 7,249,300,000, in America 3,819,000,000, in Asia 389,600,000, in Australia 151,400,000, and in Africa 30,700,000.

The Rev. George F. Pentecost of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, is a minister whose like is seldom seen. He assumed charge of the church when its congregation was small in numbers and poor in purse. The church is now powerful and wealthy, and pays its pastor a large salary. Mr. Pentecost feels that he should now devote his talents to the strengthening of some less vigorous organization, and has accordingly resigned his charge and will go into the field of hard and active evangelical work.



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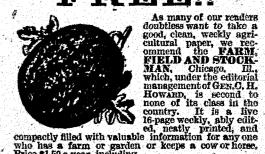
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