

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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LITERATURE  
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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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

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## MY WIFE.

Reader, I do not ask you to believe the tale hereto appended. I write the history of that night merely to satisfy the cravings of a mind which has dwelt too long in silence upon its wonderful incidents, caring little whether the world believes or no.

Some, I know, will call my tale but the wild imaginings of a brain subverted by a deep grief. Others will say that, overpowered by long watching over a sick and dead wife, I fell into a restless slumber, and haunted, even in unconsciousness, by the grim shadow of my sorrow, was made the victim of a wild though realistic dream.

Others still there may be who, believing in the wisdom and power of God, will perceive in it an indubitable manifestation of His sublime will—readily discerning the motive—and may give some credence to my words. Still, as I have said, I do not ask credence unless voluntarily given. All I desire is to reveal to the world the history of the strange events of which I speak.

Without, the night was dreary; it was in November, and though on the hither verge of winter, those blustering elements that characterize our northern season raved and stormed with as much vigor and earnestness as if it was mid-winter. It snowed—not with that quiet falling of soft, feathery flakes of which the poets tell, but borne upon the wings of a stern northeaster, dry and chilling, whirled in thick, blinding eddies; and as each heavily laden gust struck against the black windows of my room, leaving its contents piled against the sills and frames, they shook as if with cold at the icy touch of the storm, and trembled as if with terror of their exposure to the night's inclemency.

Without the night was dreary; within it was to me infinitely more so. The room was cold and cheerless, and, facing the northeast, was exposed to the full, unbroken force of the tempest; and the wind, as it whirled around the corners of the old house, shrieked with a clamor that would have upset nerves in the least degree susceptible to that oppressive loneliness caused by the din of a winter's storm.

But let the storm demon rave! I was unconscious of his howling; and my ears were deaf and my soul dead to the furious raging of the night; for within that room, in an open casket, lay the mortal remains of my wife.

My wife—these are cold words to express the relation which existed between us. She was more than mere wife to me—she was my joy, my hope—aye, my very life. She was as a star set in the firmament of my existence, sending its warm gleams through my heart, pervading my entire material system, and lighting my hitherto gloom-enveloped soul with the soft, steady effulgence of spiritual illumination.

But I must tell you how she died—how this star fell from my sky and disappeared in that illimitable and mysterious place that lies beyond the grave, as on this depends the sequel of my story; and without it my account of that night would seem indeed but the delicious wanderings of an insane mind.

She was not handsome, the term considered in its proper sense; only a pale, quiet little thing. But there was a nameless something—an expression of some hidden sorrow it seemed to me—gleaming from the depths of her wondrously beautiful brown eyes, and shadowed about her finely cut and sensitive mouth, that unlocked the door of this gloomy heart of mine, which had never opened to receive a ray of the softening light of human affection since my mother died, and admitted the image of this spiritual maiden, who was destined thereafter to be the ruling spirit of my life.

We were wedded; and from that time her

health, which was even then far from strong, failed—not suddenly, but with that insidious, almost imperceptible, gradation that betokens a general sinking of the constitution. I consulted the most experienced physicians, and by them was told to take her away from the heat and tumult of the city, and let her breathe a while the pure, life giving air of the country, laden with the fragrance of the woods and wild flowers; and that doubtless the roses would soon bloom by the side of the lilies in the garden of her cheek.

It is needless to say I followed this advice; and taking this farm-house in a suburban neighborhood, which combined many of the qualities mentioned by the learned practitioners, fondly hoped to see my darling soon restored to perfect health.

But, blind idiot that I was, I did not see that a hidden secret was wearing her life away—gnawing, as it was, at her sensitive heart with a quiet, though none the less positive industry.

If I had seen it I could have drawn it from her, and, by unburdening her soul, could have taken from her sentient conscience its responsibility, and thereby have saved the flower, which, in my blind ignorance, I allowed to wither and perish.

Each day saw her grow pale and more ethereal, until she seemed less a resident of earth than a materialized spirit of air; and as I sat for hours and watched her attending as well as she could to her little duties, I would find myself wondering whether my wife was a real woman, composed of the gross material of earth, or merely an intangible shade that would vanish if I but put forth a hand to touch it.

Finally she took to her bed; and for three days and nights I sat by its side, gazing into her lustrous eyes when she was awake, and eagerly listening to her faint breathing when asleep, until I knew that the hour of her dissolution was at hand—that in a very short time the light of my life would expire, leaving it but one long, dreary night to which I could expect no morning, until I should again meet my darling in the land which knows no darkness.

It was the morning before the night of which I am about to write. All that previous night she had lain tossing upon the bed, unable to sleep, and I had sat by her side, never ceasing my circumspection over her. Toward morning she became more quiet and composed; but by the cold perspiration that stood on her marble brow and the film that gradually gathered over her deep eyes, I knew that her condition was the prelude of that eternal quiescence which must come to all of God's creatures; and my heart stood still for a moment and stopped throbbing, as I realized how fearfully near at hand was the grim, subtle shadow that was to rob me of the only one on earth for whom I cared.

Suddenly she looked in my eyes and signified a desire to speak, and bending over her, and listening with earnest attention, I bade her say what she would.

"Charles," she said, but oh! in such a low and tired voice, "I have something I must tell you—something that has preyed on my mind, but which I swore not to reveal, even upon my death bed; but I know I would rest more quietly if I could only tell you. Would it, do you think, be an unpardonable sin if I should break my oath?"

Now, for the first time, flashed through the convolutions of my clouded brain a knowledge of the disease which had worn away her life. I saw that her soul had been burdened by a dark secret which it had been unable to carry; and in my bitterness of spirit, I cursed my belated perceptions that they had not before perceived it. However, I was too late; everything was now past, and laying aside for the time, my poignant grief, I earnestly advised her to ease her unquiet conscience, assuring her (what cold casuistry could, in such a case, have done otherwise) that such a proceeding would not be held a sin.

"Well, listen," she said, but drowsily, as if slumber was stealing over her wearied senses. "It was—but sleep begins to cloud my mind. I cannot now tell you all I have to say, I must sleep; but I will awake to-night, refreshed, and will unburden my soul of the horrible secret which has been so much misery and the cause of so much life-destroying thought since it was first thrust upon me."

Her eyes closed and her words ended in slow, disjointed syllables, and almost inaudible, like those of a person overcome in the act of speech by an irrepressible drowsiness. I watched her breathing, which was barely perceptible, grow fainter and fainter till it ceased entirely, and I knew that she was sound asleep—that she was wrapped in that profound, dreamless slumber which we are told is never broken, until the trumpet is sounded that rouses all for arraignment before the tribunal of the Omnipresent.

The sun had risen, but the dark despair that came over me threw such a gloomy shadow over everything that I saw not the light which began to stream into the cheerless room. Although I had for weeks been hourly expecting this final ending of her existence, yet when it did come my mind was for a time dazed, and I became wholly unconscious of all save the deep sorrow in which I was enveloped.

All that day I sat by the bier of her I loved despite the efforts of the nurse to persuade me to lie down and rest. Rest! Was there any more rest for me in this life? Was not my brain in a condition which no repentance could ever reduce to a state of painless repose? Still I was not mad. On the contrary, my mind was too clear. I recognized my

sorrow and was fully conscious of my great grief.

The day wore on and night came—the night I have described. I was still in the room in which they placed her, sometimes sitting by the casket and gazing upon the pale uncovered face, and anon pacing the floor, occasionally stopping by the window and almost unconsciously looking out into the dismal storm.

Now comes the wonderful part of my tale; the relation of which will, perhaps, cause me to be set down as a madman, or at least the victim of a perverted dream.

The clock had just struck midnight; that wondrous hour which, since the beginning of Christianity, has been set apart for supernatural manifestations. I was in one of my restless moods and was walking the floor with quick, irregular steps. Suddenly, as if a window had been thrown open to the night, a fierce gust of wind, freighted with fine, stinging snow, entered the room, causing me for an instant to forget my woe, and to look up quickly, wondering at the occurrence.

As I looked out, suddenly, from my inner consciousness, I saw near the center of the room—what? It was nothing incarnate—nothing pertaining to this world of flesh, but an apparition of celestial splendor; a visitant from a spiritual world; a brightly perceptible, although intangible, form of light, that proceeded straight toward the casket in which reposed the form of my wife. For an instant, only, my gaze rested upon the apparition, then it disappeared within the casket.

I was not startled, nay, nor surprised, even when the next instant my wife arose from her dreary couch and stood before me; for as the soul is life and life is the soul of humanity, I knew that the glorious vision was her immortal soul returned again to its tenement of clay. But who can find the parallel of this wonderful resurrection? Where is anything analogous recorded in the history of mankind?

As I said, my wife stood before me. I looked into her eyes and could see that soul gazing at me from their liquid depths, with deep, enduring affection. I reached forth my hand to clasp her to my breast, but in place of the warm, glowing person of the living, I touched only cold, deathly clay.

In spite of my preternatural calm, a shudder came over me. "Wherefore," I cried, "has this thing happened? Is it to punish me for my unreasoning grief—for my bitter complaints against God's holy will? Else why should that cold, dead form stand before me in the semblance of life? Why should the corpse of her I loved rise icy and unwitting, reanimated by the soul which has once abandoned it?"

Slowly and distinctly came the answer from those cold, colorless lips:

"To fulfill my promise of yesterday morning—to disclose the secret that has so long rankled in my bosom. I have awoke as I promised for the purpose of unburdening my soul of its dreadful load. But I must lead you hence. Protect yourself against the chilling storm of the night, and come with me."

"Whither would you go? Where would you lead me in such a night?" I cried, with a feeling of tender solicitude for my wife, forgetting, at the sound of her well-remembered voice, what she was. "We cannot go out to-night."

"Charles, you must come," she wailed. "My soul droops beneath the weight of its dreadful load, and to-night it must be freed or never."

I had no choice. Even if I feared for myself to brave the fury of the storm, which I did not in my present state of mind, the tired, grief-laden tones that seemed to emanate from the depths of a suffering soul, would have driven the feeling from my cowardly heart. So I prepared to follow her.

The night was bitter cold as we exposed ourselves to its inclemency, and the blinding snow cut my partly uncovered face like sharp particles of metal; but my mind was so thoroughly wrapped in its thoughts of this wonderful adventure that I had but the remotest consciousness of anything outside.

As we made our way through the storm, I had a very faint idea of the road we were following. As I have said, our house was situated in the suburbs of the city, and on a pleasant day the walk thereto was a matter of but half an hour; and dimly I knew, more by intuition than by observation, that the path we were now pursuing was that which led to the city.

Under other circumstances, when my brain was in condition to receive impressions from outward surroundings, that night's journey would be most lonesome, for we met with not a living person, even after we left the country road and entered the streets of the great metropolis.

I followed by the side of my strange conductress until she stopped before a building on E— street, which I had known to be a noted gaming house; and as the door flew open at her approach and we entered the dimly lighted hall, I marveled much what this den of vice and immorality could have to do with the secret of my immaculate wife. Still, saying not a word, I followed where she led.

She proceeded silently along the hall, and stopped before the wall at a point where I could see no indication of a door or entrance of any kind. Nevertheless, when she touched a certain spot with her hand, a door swung open sufficiently wide to admit our passage. Silently beckoning me to follow, she stepped through the aperture and entered into a dark, narrow corridor. Dark, I said, but a bright, steady of light seemed to

hover around my conductress, keeping pace with her motion and shedding its penetrating rays into the gloom before us.

At the end of the corridor she again paused, and stooping, raised a trap-door; and the light which hung over her pierced the intense blackness of the hole, disclosing a flight of stone-steps which led down into its gloom.

Dark and dismal as it looked to me I could do naught but follow her down these steps, and through a dank, noisome-cellar, whose empty hollowness magnified every sound, so that although I was shod with rubber, and my steps made but little noise, my overwrought nerves experienced the same sensation as if a score of men were tramping over its echoing floor; still I followed on across this cold, hollow vault, through a door and into another apartment that was almost the exact counterpart of the first.

"Ah!" said my guide, stopping in a manner that indicated that we had at length reached our destination. "I already feel a delicious lightness that tells me I will soon be free. What a glorious sensation of relief begins to pervade my soul!"

"But why," I asked, "did you bring me here? Why did you not reveal your fatal secret at our own home?"

"I have led you here," she answered, "in obedience to commands from a source too high and mighty for me to presume to question or deny, that you might have more than a mere verbal relation—that you might see for yourself some portion of that which has preyed so long upon my mind, and eaten away the tissues of my life. Behold!" she cried, gliding across the vault to a deep niche in the wall, and pointing with slender, trembling finger into its gloom, "behold, in all its horrible significance, the material part of my secret; that which has been ever before me in my waking moments, and the ruling subject of all my dreams."

I followed with my gaze the direction of her outstretched finger, as her attendant illumination spread itself into the deep recess. What did I see? Ah! I will tell you: two horrible, ghastly skeletons, placed in a reclining posture against the slimy wall, seemingly looking at me from out their hollow sockets with a horrid grin, as if in mockery of my carnal vestments in this gloomy abode of death.

The chilling sensation which flashed over me was not one of fear, nor was it of repugnance. No, far more terrible and soul-sickening it was than either of these. My spirit was faint from the icy chill of a horrid suspicion darting across my brain, and I uttered not a word as I looked full upon the face of my wife.

Without analysis she knew the burden of my thoughts, and her soul looked reproachfully at me through her transparent eyes; then my blood ran free again, for I saw that it was stainless and perfect in its immaculate purity.

"Now I will tell you my tale," she said, "here in the house in which its incidents occurred—here in this cellar, in the presence of these fleshless remains of the victims of that night's tragedy."

Two years ago this very night my mother lay upon her bed, the grim shadow of death hovering above her. She had, the day previous, been suddenly stricken with paralysis, and she then lay dying, while I, who was all save one that was left to her of a once large family, sat with anguished heart, awaiting the final closing of the all-encircling shadow. There was another whose place was by that bedside, Will Emmond, her eldest born and my half brother, a wild, riotous young man, who had given our mother many a heart ache, and had caused her to shed many bitter tears. Yet he possessed a heart which was, when not under the control of his perverted passions, previous to some transitory impressions of affection, and if he knew of his mother's condition he would have flown to her side.

In that, her dying hour, her thoughts were all of him; and she frequently dumbly expressed a strong desire to see him before she passed away. Ah, that was a sad hour! Our mother, powerless of speech, could make known her dying wishes only through the medium of her fast dimming eyes, and those wishes were to see her son bending over her that she might beseech him, mutely though eloquently, to abandon the viciousness of his life, and redeem the worse than wasted years of the past by the nobleness and virtue of those to come; thinking that perhaps the entreaties of a mother death-stricken would have greater influence over him than the prayers of that same mother in bodily health.

"I knew not where to find him. If I had known, I would have gone even to the lowest den of infamy for him; to ease her last moments I would have gone to the very breeding places of sin, and called him from among the slums and dens of this great metropolis; but what could I do? Nothing! and yet as her end drew nigher and her prevailing desire became so overpowering that I saw its denial caused her much mental agony, I resolved to make an attempt to find him; so that, at least, my conscience could not reproach me with neglect of a dying mother's wishes. Making known my determination, I started out into the night, with, however, not the remotest idea of where to go; and, half unconsciously, I allowed my unguided feet to carry me wheresoever they would.

"What watched fate watched over me that night and directed my unwitting footsteps? Can it be that everything in our earthly life is fore-ordained, and that all our paths are traced in the great register of mortality while we are yet unborn? Truly, I think so.

It would have been better for all concerned if I had not found that wayward youth; yet on my page of that wondrous book of fate it was written that I should find him, and so it came to pass.

"Although the hour was late, my preoccupied mind admitted no fear of harm or molestation, and I wandered to this fatal locality when I saw the object of my search, if so it may be called, about to enter at the door of this house, through which we have so lately come.

"Will," I called eagerly; but the door was already closed and he heard me not; then I rushed up the steps and flung open the door.

"He was but a moment before me. He stood in the hall, and turned in surprise when he heard me panting behind him. He had been drinking, though not deeply, and his look expressed the utmost consternation as he beheld his pure-hearted sister in this abode of vice.

"Margaret," he said, "why are you here?"

"Oh Will," I cried, "come home! our mother is dying."

"He looked at me in a dazed way, while his frame trembled with that sudden loosening of the nerves which betokens a remorseful conscience suddenly awakened to a sense of a life of sin, and of an unpardonable wrong committed by a career of wilful neglect.

"During this time I heard footsteps descending the stairs, and looking upward I perceived two men, partly intoxicated, reeling down toward us.

"Come Will," I said, with terror, pulling at his arm; 'come quickly! some one is coming.'

"He turned, mechanically, to follow me; but before we reached the door, the men, who had quickened as much as possible their steps, stood between it and us, and intercepting our further progress.

"Will Emmond, what have you there?" asked one of them, leering at me in a manner that terrified me.

"What is that to you? Stand out of the way," cried Will, endeavoring to push them from our path.

"Making a slang comment, emphasized with an oath, upon my personal appearance, the two ruffians suddenly seized me, and in an instant both had pressed their vile, drink-bewildered lips to my burning face.

"I noted the ebullition of resentment that expressed itself on my brother's countenance by a flush which darted like light over its entire surface. Whatever of enduring love his shallow, pleasure-loving heart was capable of containing was held in reserve for me, his sister; and this insult was more than he could endure.

"He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew forth a pistol—a tiny thing, more like a child's toy than a death dealing weapon. The reports were no louder than the crack of a whip, yet at the instant the ear distinguished them, two lifeless corpses lay upon the floor.

"It was not done in cold blood—the result of calm premeditation. It was the sudden act of hot, impulsive youth, in resentment of a deep insult; yet his face blanched when he saw what he had done, and he looked around in terror to see if there had been any witness to his crime. But the house was profoundly silent, and, as his fears subsided, his thoughts turned to the necessity of concealing the bodies.

"One of the men in the act of falling had reeled blindly against the wall, and, as if he had touched a hidden spring, a door flew open disclosing the dark, narrow corridor through which we had lately come. Fortunate contingency! This must surely lead to a place of concealment.

"I did not then seem to be wholly impressed with a full sense of his impassioned act, and, half dazed as I was, I lent him my feeble assistance to drag the corpses through the aperture and along the full length of that dismal hall. Here we were brought to a stop by the cold, blank wall, but by the flickering rays of a lighted match, which partially dispelled the gloom, Will took a rapid survey of the place, and his penetrating eyes soon discovered the trap which leads to these dank, gloom-enveloped cellars.

"It is not necessary to give a detailed account of our further progress. Sufficient it is to say that, with much labor, we finally deposited our horrible burdens in the place in which now repose their whitened bones.

"Then, with a feeling as if an icy hand was tearing away my heart from its receptacle, came, with overwhelming force, a complete realization, in all its horrid purport, of his fearful deed.

"Will," I cried in an agony of grief and apprehension for the consequences which might ensue; 'my poor, fated brother! what will become of you?'

"Then my consciousness deserted me, and I fell, inanimate, to the cold paving; but only for a moment did I remain in this condition, opening my eyes shortly to behold my brother bending over me, endeavoring, by briskly chafing my wrists and temples, to start the congealed blood in my heart, and send it again coursing through its accustomed channels.

"His face was death-like in its paleness, and I could feel a trembling of his whole frame as he helped me to my feet.

"Then and there he exacted from me a solemn promise that I would never reveal what had that night transpired; that I would go down to the grave with that dreadful burden upon my soul.

"It was on your account, Margaret, that I did it," he said; 'and you can do no less than to shield me from the law by keeping our

Continued on the eighth page.



Phenomena in a Private Family.

After despatching the last number of my paper for publication, I thought it advisable to write to Colonel L., and ask him to give me his opinion once more regarding Harry's clairvoyance; and in a letter received in reply to mine, Colonel L. says: "I have sat with your nephew, as you remind me, in my own house, and through unconscious writing a most wonderful communication was given, which I am sure he could not have invented himself. Names of people were mentioned, and in a way that he, as a stranger to me, could not have invented. I believed his mediumship to have been quite genuine."

It was some time before I could make up my mind to leave town, though daily proposing to take the step, and often writing to Ethel to that effect. At last, early one afternoon, I formed the resolution to fix a certain hour on the following day for my departure, and sent off a short note to Ethel to meet me at the station by a particular train.

On the following morning, before leaving town, I received a note from her (she being, of course, in ignorance of my decision) to say, that a most extraordinary thing had just happened. She had heard three loud raps, proceeding apparently from the dining-room, and on going in to see what was the matter, found a sheet of note-paper with the ink still wet, and these words, written in a decided hand: "Mrs. Freddie is coming back. I am so glad."

So far as we could make out afterwards, this occurred in W.—, about the very time that I was writing in London. To my great regret, the paper was not forthcoming on my return. It had been placed on the chimney-piece on purpose that I might see it, but had been destroyed, either by her servant or by her little girl, a spoiled pet, who plays a not unimportant part in this record of spiritual manifestations in a home circle.

I was impatient to go on with our sittings, but matters were not exactly in a favorable condition for the purpose. The weather was bitterly cold, in the first instance, and though that would not have mattered to me, yet the others were not sustained by the same enthusiastic feelings, and felt the discomfort of leaving home on wintry nights very much. Then again the religious bigotry of some most excellent people had been brought to bear on my nieces, slightly on Ethel, during my absence, and a conflict was apparently going on in their minds as to the advisability of holding intercourse with spirits merely for the purpose of gratifying my wishes. They could not see how all-important it was to establish the mere fact of the existence of spirits; and Ethel in particular made the occasionally trivial and ludicrous character of their communications an excuse for passing the greater part of the winter evenings in playing chess, which she said was a much more intellectual and instructive occupation than sitting for a seance. However, it enabled her to stay at home with May, who would never go to sleep unless her mamma sat by her bedside with a lighted candle in the room.

On the impropriety and folly of indulging a sensitive, excitable child in this and in every other way, I had frequently dwelt with earnestness, but my expostulations were treated with neglect, and attributed to every motive but the correct one. I was supposed "not to like the child," of whom I am really very fond, and in her small way May often retaliated too, and generally made my visits to the house a time of torture by unceasing noise and chatter. Under the circumstances I found it frequently impossible to avoid evincing some slight feeling of irritability or uttering a rebuke, which was generally fatal to the prosecution of the enquiry I had so earnestly at heart, for that one evening at any rate. Manifestations in a "home circle," which may appear so smooth and easy of attainment, were just the manifestations most difficult to get; for they would only occur in perfection in that circle, and to keep up a harmonious feeling among the members was an arduous and diplomatic task, and taxed all my energies. Harry was invariably obliging, as was Katie, A., a sweet-tempered, gentle girl, was for a time, however, attracted by Beth Shan or some such meeting, and my sister was getting nervous because she had been told that her children were being publicly prayed for and expostulated with. So matters were not so favorable for the project I had most at heart, viz., that of offering the manifestations in our circle as particularly worthy of investigation by the Psychological Research Society, a member of which had expressed a desire to come down here, and had written for our permission to be allowed to witness them.

The phenomena were, however, so powerful that the infrequency of our dark seances did not effect some phases of them. "Tom's" gruff voice always welcomed, and bade me adieu; and sometimes when May was out, and Ethel and I were talking quietly alone, the door of the little dining-room would softly open and shut repeatedly. At my sister's house there was generally a pounding subterranean sound at night, and voices were constantly heard in different parts.

Among them there was now a most remarkable one. It seemed to proceed from a dwarf, and never came from a greater height than that of about two feet from the ground. It always spoke in a deep, solemn, earnest tone, and presented a marked contrast to the livelier and more youthful tones of "Vincent," "Luke" and "Ted." It called itself "Josiah." But when we did sit, and a lady whom I will speak of as Mrs. M., kindly took up her solitary watch by May's bedside, during Ethel's absence, the phenomena were always very varied and striking. While Katie played the piano, the remains of an instrument called, I think, "Fairy Bells," performed an effective and brilliant accompaniment, high over our heads in various parts of the room. It had been given some years before by a gentleman to my daughter Mary, and though I always cherished it as a souvenir of her controlling spirit "Peter," yet it had been left behind in my sister's house when I went to the Continent in 1853, and now, in a dilapidated condition, discoursed music that had never been heard to issue from it before. Though we made a solemn engagement to hold hands round the table (excepting, of course, the person at the piano) hands touched us, forms were felt to glide round the chairs, and often when I had my hand on Ethel's, "Tom," who always attended her, blustered forth his harsh observations at a distance of several feet. During this time the sensation felt on touching Ethel was clammy and death-like; but she did not complain of cold.

It must not be supposed that my vigilance and attention ever relaxed; the more remarkable the manifestation, the more earnest were my endeavors to test its truth. I had a theory that spirit-action only occurred at a short distance, say that of one yard and a half at the utmost, from the body of the medium, when the latter was in a normal state; and in this opinion I was for a time confirmed by some manifestations that frequently took place, whenever we were walking home from the house in which the seance

had been held. Occasionally while walking with Ethel or with Harry, hands patted my shoulders, pulled my hair, tried to take off my bonnet, and so on, and often on the side opposite to that on which my companion was, and the size of the hands varied. When Ethel was with me, it was a light but still determined hand that touched; with Harry, a larger and more powerful one, and it was more of a grasp and pressure.

Now, during the seances, which, thanks to Mrs. M.'s self-sacrificing kindness, were gradually again growing more frequent, the religionists too having temporarily relaxed in their attentions, my conclusions and opinions were put forward very openly and often dogmatically. "Though spirits are controlling, the manifestations are really effected by the spirit-body of the medium himself. When Luke touches, it is your hand, your spiritual hand, that touches me, Harry; when an instrument plays above our heads, it is your hand, A., that plays it. I am sure this is the case."

Here a key was turned, a door was unlocked on the side of the table where Harry was sitting, and then rapidly closed; but the light from the passage had streamed in, and I had seen a long arm, coming apparently from Harry's right shoulder, recede from the door, which was on Harry's left. Not only was there an arm, but there was a coat sleeve and a white cuff. What was that? Well, anyhow, it seemed fatal to my theory. This was at Ethel's house; where we always got the best seances. There was no piano, and my nieces and nephew used occasionally to sing. The girls were singing. I was not noticing the words, but talking earnestly to Harry and Ethel. All hands were on the table. My left hand was holding A.'s right. Both our hands had gradually and unconsciously to be drawn up towards the centre of the table, and after a few minutes I realized that a very soft, seemingly large hand was lying on mine, and gently pressing it, as if entreating recognition. At this moment Katie's voice rang out:

"Once more I see, as through a mist of years, A face long gone with all its smiles and tears; Once more I press a tender, loving hand."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "how that hand is pressing mine! Whose is it?" The words were repeated. Katie, who knew nothing of what was going on, spoke, began again the verse at which she had been interrupted, and then as memory woke and recognition succeeded, I said, entreatingly: "Oh! give me a test before you go: give me a test if you really are here."

In the solemn silence that ensued, a form seemed to move round softly to the back of my chair, and laid both its hands on my head; then, gently took out all the hair-pins, undid the plaits, and stroked down my hair several times. I knew the touch now; I remembered the loving action as characteristic of one, long dead and deeply mourned. "Yet, one thing more: Tell me where we parted," I added. No answer. "Call out the alphabet, one of you." Distinct and emphatic were the raps that spelled out the word "Hissar."

I may explain that Hissar is a station 80 miles to the west of Delhi, on the borders of Bikaner Desert, where some years of my youth were passed. And the being whose touch and test I now recognized, left this earth before any one of the mediums sitting at the table was born. They were completely in the dark, too, as to what was passing with respect to me at the time.

Here, then, was another proof that the theory to which I have alluded was fallacious. Moreover, it demonstrated the return of the dead, which I had not quite believed. This most unexpected manifestation made me more impatient than ever when there was an impediment thrown in the way of seances, as there often was by Ethel's anxiety about May—one of the roliest, healthiest children in the world—but supposed by her mother, in her nervous, passionate affection, to be ever on the verge of some mortal malady.

Mrs. M., too, fond as she was of us all, and anxious to oblige, made no secret of her horror of Spiritualism, and expressed her disapprobation of our proceedings, by a lengthened and solemn visage, whenever her vocabulary of warning texts was exhausted. She is a dear, excellent person, and I shall always love her for her goodness, but certainly her interference on these occasions caused me, temporarily, a great deal of unhappiness.

Katie's action was always thoroughly decided—she never expressed her fears and doubts regarding Spiritualism, or said it was a wicked thing; whatever her opinions may have been, they were kept to herself. Ethel's apprehensions on the subject of May's health never affected her either; and it is not improbable that she impressed this fact on the child's mind in some way that it did not soon forget, for Katie and I fell somewhat out of favor with Mrs. M. and Ethel. "Tom," too, intensified the position by frightening Ethel at night—scratching her door, and trying to burst it open—so that she had to pile boxes up against it, and make her servants sleep in the room.

Things certainly indicated that the best and highest influences were not at work, and matters reached a climax when Mrs. M., in her ardor to secure Katie's spiritual welfare, burst one day excitedly into my sister's sitting room, and without any salutation exclaimed: "Oh, Mrs. —, you are ruining Katie, body and soul." Harry, who was not well, was on a sofa, placed in a recess, and my sister was in an armchair in the fire-place. They were the only persons in the room. Hardly had the words escaped Mrs. M.'s mouth, when three sonorous raps came from the dining-table, and a voice shouted something that no one appears to have distinctly understood—certainly not Mrs. M., who told me herself of the circumstance, for she fled, vowing that nothing would ever induce her to enter that house again.

Such was the unsatisfactory state of matters when Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood wrote to say that in pursuance of a promise made when I was in town, he would come down to W.— on a certain day, and telegraph to me later the probable hour of his arrival. But A.'s birthday was to intervene between the present date and that time, and we were all invited to meet at my sister's to celebrate it. A seance had been promised, and Ethel had signified her intention of letting May remain, and sleep on a sofa till it was time to break up. I was delighted at this concession on my daughter's part, as I am in possession of a more cordial feeling, and began to look confidently forward to a better time when Mr. Wedgwood came. Ethel called on me on A.'s birthday, and we showed each other the presents we meant to give in the evening; but though her words were affectionate, there seemed an effort on her part to make them so; her lips were set and had an unusual look of determination. She clutched May's hand, and whenever the child approached me, exclaimed: "Don't tease your grandma. You know she does not like it."

Her face is round, smiling and rosy—I enclose a photograph; it looked pale and seemed hatched-shaped! "What is the matter with this girl?" I asked myself; "surely her imag-

inary grievances regarding that child cannot so seriously have taken hold of her mind. It seems like madness." But we made an engagement that I was to call and accompany her to my sister's cottage at 7 o'clock, and so parted.

The appointed hour arrived—passed, indeed—and I hurried my steps so as not to keep Ethel waiting. My mind was a blank regarding everything but the anticipated seance. In imagination I enjoyed Mr. Wedgwood's astonishment when he would see doors open without the touch of a human hand, and objects move, in the light, without contact. How conciliatory we ought to be towards mediums, I thought; what would become of us without them.

Hurriedly I knocked at Ethel's door, and was walking along the passage, when I perceived that it was she herself who had opened it, and stood there, clad not in the warm garb suitable for a winter's walk, but in a loose, light-colored dressing-gown, with the light falling from a lamp behind on her fair hair. "What?" I exclaimed, "not ready! We shall be much too late."—F. SHOWERS, in *Medium and Daybreak*.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. ROCKS AHEAD.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

(Concluded.)

I do not know whether anything can avert the consequences of the terrific forces I have already pointed out, apparently working to our destruction. Sometimes I think they must surely end in the greatest catastrophe the world has ever known; but I feel assured that if it be a possibility to evolve a higher manhood without crushing the present civilization, then it can only come by a development of the spiritual in man.

I know the change would itself be a revolution, the mightiest the world has ever known; for it must not forsake the life of today, as monks, nuns and the old hermits have done, but it must take man just as he is, and make him less selfish and more loving; and without lessening his feeling of responsibility to earth life, man must also evolve such a direct knowledge of his own future as will keep his present longings and passions under control of his higher manhood. Is that a possibility? I believe it is; but whether it be a probability is quite another question.

We have now had spirit intercourse for nearly forty years; but he would be very bold who asserted that any of the points we have marked have been softened by that fact. So far as man mortal has done little but hold intercourse with spirits nearest to his own level, and who regard life's struggles from the same standpoint as himself; but I want to make a startling affirmation. I believe that not one man in a thousand has ever yet had true intercourse with the Spirit-world. Nay, I will go yet further and say that the mortal can only receive just so much spirit truth as he has qualified himself to comprehend.

No spirit can approach mortal life without becoming less than a spirit. At every step downward more of the spirit is left behind. At last through medium lips and physical phenomena the mortal level may be reached, but by so much that control is less than spirit, we have been demanding all these long years that the spirit shall come to our level, and so long as that is the case there can be no antidote to the universal spirit of the savage which now dominates our boasted civilization. Until man himself rises to meet the spirit, his own level of manhood will be unchanged. Keep our points full in view in the light of this truth, and see where they will lead us.

We cannot stop the era of inventions, and every "labor saver" means so many more unemployed hours for the worker. That might be a blessing if it only meant more hours for developing the manhood of that worker; but it can never attain that end whilst the spirit of commerce divides mankind into slaves and masters; in other words, into laborer and capitalist, with strikes on one side, lockouts on the other, and the terribly unequal division of wealth. Science, art, religion, philosophy, all combined, cannot give the laborer a blessing unless there be a higher manhood evolved to pave the way; and the whole world's cruel competition so broadens the field that no one nation or race can alone solve the problem.

Further, so long as over population is possible, and increase shall be controlled by passion, so long must statesmen and philosophers recognize that the blackest of thunder clouds is already above the horizon. We be to them upon whom its bolts shall fall!

Am I not right when I say that nothing but a changed conception of man's relations to his brother can throw any light upon our problem? And if light be possible it can only come by a proper use of spiritual truth. Let us remember that we are seeking an influence capable of affecting individual men and women everywhere, in every class and condition of life the world over; and herein lies, perchance, a gleam of possibility of success; for modern Spiritualism can do its glorious work without any organized society; it can penetrate college and church; the cot, the palace and the mart; and if man but awakes to its meaning and its privileges, it might yet become the savior of our civilization. But it can only do its work in its own way. First, it brings to man proof of his own immortality. He can, as many do, stop right there and worship that proof for the remainder of his life; but I emphatically declare the world is none the better for a whole generation of "test hunters."

In the next place modern Spiritualism will make man more of a savage, or more of an angel, according to how he uses it. We would fain hope he may yet grow away from the savage era of competition and the wealth hunting spirit of commerce; but that can only be by his learning and realizing the relation of his life to-day, to his own immortal life of to-morrow. The man who learns to hold the future before him as a picture, will grow both into a knowledge of his own manhood and its responsibilities, which will affect his dealings with his fellows.

Yet we are compelled to note that this grand influence must spread to a world-wide extent, if it is to have a world-wide effect. The man who planned that system of mutual benefit in Willimantic had a kind of brotherly heart; but all the same the laws of commerce to which I have alluded, will in the long run crush both capital and labor in that factory too, unless there come a change in human nature well nigh universal.

I confess that I see no hope save through the power of modern Spiritualism; and even then it often seems to me like a "forlorn hope" attack in a siege; almost, but not quite, impossible of success; not quite impossible, because if a man once reach out to meet the spirits, instead of waiting for them to come to him, his own growth has begun; for he thus gives to the wise and great in spirit-life a power to bless mortals, that they do not possess until man mortal becomes a co-worker with them. That is all individual man can do; but the nations, and the world of

humanity is composed of individuals; and the spirit of a higher manhood can alone be its savior from the approaching storm; yet whatever betide, no man can struggle to a higher level without reaping a blessing to his own soul, which will first reflect upon those most dear to him, and then will cast an influence around his daily life. Even if our boasted machinery must one day rust in silent inactivity; if commerce is to perish from its own inherent selfishness; yet would such a manhood evolve a new life founded on a brotherhood wider than the gulf called "death." Neither strike, lockout, nor angry riot can lift manhood to a higher level. Fierce legislation in the hour of peril will be of no avail. Manhood itself must grow, or all is lost.

Just as each apple must do its own growing and ripening for the coming autumn, so there is no possibility of a bright future for man the mortal, save as we all, each for himself, evolve a higher manhood, with all that is therein contained. 403 West 23rd St., New York.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. MADAME BLAVATSKY.

BY M. L. — F. T. S.

It will be readily conceded by all fair-minded people that any truthful sketch of a religious cult or its founders, must be given from an inside point of view; the point of view of the convictions of the actors. It is this which imparts to Arnold's "Light of Asia" its secret charm, pervading every page, like a subtle perfume; the hand that paints the moving picture, paints with a loving touch.

The unbiased reader of these "Incidents" in the life of one of the most phenomenal women of our time, cannot but discover a nucleus of vast import unfolding through her marvelous career, or, as an occultist would say—her latent personality. It does not appear to be so much the life-incidents of an individual which unroll from the fascinating page, as the evolution of a movement through her. She stands forth as the powerful battery of a still greater power behind her, in whose service she is a sworn disciple. Yet her editor represents her foibles to be many and glaring; they are, however, but the fret and fume of the surface spray—never the deep waters underneath. These surge steadily and rhythmically in responsive action to the pole-star of her being—the star that illumines the vast ocean of arcane knowledge.

The book was hastened into print as a vindication against attacks from the malignants—especially the slimy current set in motion by the "Coulomb" forged letters. The betraying Judas must always be a member of the household.

Mr. Sinnett has certainly accomplished his purpose in putting this material into shape; he has drawn the obscuring veil aside and to friend and foe alike, disclosed a soul which—whatever its shortcomings may be—never has swerved in obedience to the "master" who is to her represented by her Guru. But the book is far more than merely a vindication of a woman's motives. It is a revelation in the psychic realm of mysterious and far-reaching laws which show the illusions and dangers of mediumship. A clear idea is given of what the occultist calls "astral corpses," shades of the dead—lingering reflections of those who have gone on—which the medium assimilates. Some are described as passive and harmless and others as active and dangerous. An instance is given of this latter kind:

When traveling in Egypt, at the Pyramid Cheops, one of her party was a young lady medium, "hardly twenty, governess in a rich family of bankers, an extremely modest and gentle girl," who wrote out some Russian sentences under the control of a ghost who had been a former servant in madame's family and who had just died of dissipation. "It was an appeal for 'drink.' 'Give me a drink! I suffer, I suffer.... A drink!'" She had hardly written the words "when she was seized with a trembling and asked to drink. When water was brought, she threw it away, and went on asking for drink. Wine was offered her—she greedily drank it, and began drinking one glass after another, until to the horror of all, she fell into convulsions and cried for 'wine—a drink!'—all she fainted away, and was carried home in a carriage. She had an illness after this that lasted for several weeks."

The description and analytical explanation of the ghosts seen at the Vermont home of the Edlys, by Mad. B., is to an occultist, the only satisfactory one. "If they" (the audience) "could but see what I feel!" she exclaims,—"if they only knew that these simulacra of men and women are made up wholly of the terrestrial passions, vices, and worldly thoughts of the residuum of the personality that was; for these are, only such dregs that could not follow the liberated soul and spirit, and are left for a second death in the terrestrial atmosphere, that can be seen by the average medium and the public."

"At times I used to see one of such phantoms quitting the medium's astral body, poising upon one of the sitters, expanding so as to envelope him or her entirely, and then slowly disappearing within the living body as though sucked in by its every pore."

Madame Blavatsky has been accused of saying that she could control "spirits." In answer to this, her sister, Madame De Jellowsky, says: "Let it be clearly understood that Mad. B. has never pretended to be able to control real spirits, i. e., the spiritual monads, but only Elementals; as also to be able to keep at bay the shells of the dead."

The occult power of Mad. B. has been too widely demonstrated the world over to admit of doubt. One of the most interesting phenomena given in these memoirs is the duplication of a blue sapphire ring for a London lady. The lady says: "She then proceeded to manipulate in her right hand my blue sapphire and her own occult ring, at the same time holding my right hand with her left. After a minute or two she extended her right hand, saying: 'Here is your ring,' showing me at the same instant two sapphire rings—my own and another—identical in every respect, except that the second was larger and a better cut stone than my own." \* \* \* \* \*

"About two months after, on my return to Madras, I took the duplicated sapphire ring to Messrs. Orr & Son, Jewelers, and I was told by them that they valued the stone at 150 rupees, calling it a very colored sapphire. [Signed] "SARA M. CARMICHAEL. "London, August 14th, 1884."

Regarding the Coulomb forged letters, Mad. B. says: "Sentences here and there I recognize, taken from old notes of mine on different matters; but they are mingled with interpolations that entirely pervert their

meaning. With these exceptions, the whole of the letters are a fabrication.

"The fabricators must have been grossly ignorant of Indian affairs, since they make me speak of a Maharajah of Lahore, when every Indian school-boy knows that no such person exists."

Mr. Hodgson, of the Psychological Research Society, does not appear in an enviable light under Mr. Sinnett's showing. It is to be regretted that he has thrown such discredit on himself and his associates by his unfeeling attitude.

The truly Theosophic readers of this compilation can hardly fail to be glad of its appearance; not less can such forget to honor the bravery of a woman who has dared to stand in the front of the Theosophical movement, and face the cannon of the enemy. That would be a remarkable religious cult indeed which could begin without them, in this age of the world!

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Blavatsky and Her Followers.

BY W. T. BROWN, BACHELOR OF LAW.

The time has arrived when my position should be defined regarding Blavatsky and her "Theosophical" Society—and that in the interest of all earnest, spiritual truth-seekers, whether known to the world as Spiritualists, Theosophists, or Rosicrucians.

In some respects I am a most remarkable man. The great "Koot Hoomi" has placed his hand upon my head, and said, in writing, that his influence would be over me! Even Sinnett has never been so privileged; and as, according to the doctrine of Karma, it is declared that we never can obtain more or less than we deserve, it follows that I must be an individual of unusual attainments to have merited the notice and benediction of a great Adept of the Himalaya mountains.

If it be urged that I have been gullible, I reply that it is to my credit. Human nature is not, on the whole, so wicked and heartless as to warrant the constant uneasiness of suspicion and distrust; and the likelihood is that if I found people again whose motto was, "There is no religion higher than truth," I should again believe in them and their professed philanthropy, until and unless the powers that be saw fit to deceive me.

On the principle that Evil and Good are relative terms, and that Evil is Good in disguise, The "Theosophical" Society and literature have been most beneficial. The Blavatsky literature has widened men's views, and prepared them for thought and action in the realms of the occult. Viewed impersonally, "Isis Unveiled" and "Esoteric Buddhism" have been good instruments of teleoclastism. We need not believe, it is true, that she shall be called back again and again, by reincarnation, to endure the bonds of matter upon this infinitesimal orb.

But where Blavatsky has lamentably, culpably and criminally failed, has been in all pertaining to her personal claims. Her claims to be in communication with "Mahatmas" or "souls regenerate," have not been established. On the contrary, she has been proved by myself to be an untruthful and unscrupulous deceiver upon the ordinary earth plane; and, as we know that Good employs good and Evil evil, it follows that the occult powers behind her cannot be of a different nature from that which her daily character represents. Sufficient stress can hardly be placed upon the fact that feats of "magic" may be scientific, in the sense of being true on occult planes, and yet be morally worthless and false, and may proceed from any other than the represented source. When Dr. Richard Hodgson, of the Society for Psychological Research, declared that Madame Blavatsky was an arch-impostor; and when, at Madras, in India, Mr. and Mrs. Coulomb revealed to myself and others the trap-doors and sliding-panels, which they declared were prepared for the production of "phenomena," under Madame Blavatsky's own directions, I felt and knew that the ground had not been covered, and that there were psychical phenomena which neither Mr. Hodgson nor Mr. and Mrs. Coulomb could in any way explain.

Sufficient perseverance has enabled me to see, however, that Madame Blavatsky's impositions extend even far into the realms of the occult. Like Goethe's Faust, I find that she has sold herself, for a temporary consideration, to the devil. Let us hope that she will see the error and folly of her ways; that she will publish a volume of "Confessions," and become a help to mankind, instead of being, as heretofore, a snare.

The names, "Kuthumi" and "Morya," are those of old Indian Brahmins, or spiritual teachers, and have been chosen on that account by the madame for her adepts. But so far from the sons of India being captured by the use of the venerable names, a mere handful of East Indians favor the organization at all in any way, while the responsible and educated Hindus, as a class, have unhesitatingly characterized the madame as a superb, daring fraud, which fact is very surprising to the visitor from England or America in the face of the protestations of "the founders," that they are working unselfishly for the benefit of the children of "old Aryavarta."

The "Aryavartans" don't seem to see that their salvation is in any way dependent on a couple of sympathetic foreigners.

The fact is that the Theosophical movement owes its origin in this country directly to Mrs. E. H. Britten's volumes, "Arc Magic," and "Ghostland." Before the publication of these valuable works, Madame Blavatsky was a wandering spirit medium. When these works came out, she saw what seemed her opportunity, and her powers instantly became transformed to those of great Eastern adepts. She had been, it is proved, in this country many years before, under different names, and her story as to having lived in Tibet, and being the widow of a deceased Russian general, is, to say the least, highly improbable. Sinnett and Olcott have been her dupes; but there comes a time, it is needless to point out to these gentlemen, when, unless a righteous stand be taken, a dupe becomes a knave. In this country, Dr. Coues, it is well known, is the embodiment of vanity, and is hunting for a place of power, which, of course, will constantly elude him. So much for the Blavatsky movement.

Theosophy (not Blavatskyism) is benign and comprehensible. It is the story of the soul—its fall into matter and its salvation by re-generation. The same story has been told in Buddhism, Israelitism, Platonism, and Christianity. A comprehensive title, therefore, is Theosophy. From the innocence of childhood in generation to the harmlessness and wisdom of re-generation, this is the entire psychical drama. The details of our experience on all the different planes, are for our discipline, and every soul must be allowed to follow its inner light in the fulness of its freedom.

The works of true Theosophy, which I would cordially recommend to others, are "The Perfect Way," by Dr. A. Kingsford and Edward Maitland, B. A.; Scribner and Welford, New York. "The Light of Asia," by Edwin Arnold; "Theosophy, or the Higher Life," by Dr. W. J. Wood; "The Spirit of



The New Testament," by Susan E. Gay: "The Temple of the Holy Cross" by F. B. Dowd; "Esoteric Christianity," by Dr. W. F. Evans; "The Mystery of the Ages" and other works, by Lady Catharine and several others. And for Theosophical periodicals I would name the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, The World's Advance Thought, Light, L'Aurore, The Esoteric, and the Sphinx.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 29th Street, New York.]

WHY SHOULD THEY NOT?

Why should they not, on free and tireless wing, Visit us here, in their journeying? From the Free Country, where apart they dwell, They yearn for us, as we yearn for them, If but to touch their saintly garments' hem? Ah! who can tell?

Why should they not? We wait at eve and morn For their return, And our poor hearts ill brook their long delay, As, day by day, We wait, and watch, and listen for the tread Of those whom we call "dead?"

Why should they not, from that mysterious change We miscall "death" gain larger, ampler range, To serve, as God's high ministers of good, To our poor humanhood?

Why should they not? Oh! aim and unrevealed! The inner for the outer sight concealed! We wander still along the mist-hung river That rolls between us and the dread forever; And to its waves that kiss our shrinking feet Our vague, unfutured questionings repeat; And yet no sound Brings answering echo from the dark profound.

Why should they not? Oh, universal! Bid these strange queries of our hearts "Be still!" Teach us the truth which spurns the creed of fate, And opens wide doubt's interposing gate!

Why should they not? They, who, in childhood, With upturned hands receive both ill and good, Undeveloped still, till crossed the narrow tide, All is made plain upon the other side. —S. P. Dwyer.

A doctor's wife in Devonshire, England, supplies choice ferns at low but remunerative prices, sending them by parcel post all over the United Kingdom. This is a new industry.

Mrs. Rosenberg of the Treasury Department at Washington, is one of the best counterfeited detectors in the world. She gets \$1,800 a year.

Mrs. J. T. Gilbert of Milwaukee, has offered to give that city a copy of Miss Anna Whitney's statue of Lief Ericsson, the Norse explorer.

Mrs. Lina Moore and Miss Gilmore, two ladies of Washington Territory, are the principals of the "Pacific Coast Syrup Company." One bottle of their lemon syrup will make lemonade enough for an evening party.

Miss Emille S. Clarke of Harrisville, Burlington, R. I., is successfully carrying on the business of an insurance agent. For ten years she has been the successor of her father in the agencies, at the request of the companies.

Miss Elvira Inzulza Diaz has received the diploma of licentiate in medicine and pharmacy at the hands of the rector of the University, Valparaiso, Chili, who congratulated her as the first of her sex to receive it in Chili.

Miss N. B. Cummings, now the librarian of the department of justice at Washington, is a daughter of a former justice of the supreme court of Pennsylvania, and is regarded as one of the best authorities on law books in the country. She is literally an encyclopedia of reports.

Mrs. Florence Kelley Wischniewsky, a daughter of Judge W. D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, has been put in charge of a series of publications to be issued as the New York Labor Library, and intended to supply economic literature for working people. She is a graduate of Cornell and Zurich, and has been for some years much interested in political economy.

Dr. Lucy M. Hall, physician of Vassar, has kept a list of the number of days each girl has been absent from illness during the year, and compared it with a similar record kept of the young men at Amherst College. She finds that the girls are not absent from illness nearly so much as the young men. Women can stand a four year's course of severe study as well as their brothers.

In a speech delivered some time since by that eloquent woman, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, she describes a little incident in the following strain. Comment is unnecessary: "I was in a court room last week, for the second time in my life, when a witness was brought forward to prove a charge of cruelty on the part of the husband, and began to give her evidence that the husband came home at night, in February, when the thermometer was ten degrees below zero, and turned the wife, her little child, and aged mother out of the house. The wife ill, and the mother eighty years of age and hardly able to walk, were turned out in the night in a city where they had no claim on any body, no relative, no very dear friend. When this witness went on to make out her statement, even then suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, she was halted by the judge, who said the husband had a right to do so. There was a quarrel between husband and wife, and he had a legal right to turn her out and take possession of the house. That was not cruelty. I could not believe that I heard correctly. I inquired of an eminent lawyer, and he said that such an act would not be construed as cruelty. What would be cruelty? Why, beating, or kicking, or threatening with a revolver, or a slap in the face. That explained to me the question of the opposing lawyer who would ask: 'Did your husband make any black and blue bruises upon you when he kicked you? Was it black and blue where he slapped you? Did you show the bruises to any body?' What justice is there in the courts when this spirit rules? What justice is there when a husband has a legal right to turn his wife, bleeding at the lungs, into the street, with her aged mother and infant child, when the thermometer ten degrees below zero? This is not cruelty? I should like to know if women ought not to have a chance to help make the laws. Have women nothing to complain of?

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. Under the above title, Helen Campbell, some time since wrote an article so pertinent

and suggestive that it seems well to introduce a portion of it here. Such teachings are needed in the country and in the city, in schools and in families. She says: "Evening classes for women and girls anxious for self-improvement, yet too busily occupied during the day to seek it through the usual channels, have been for some years part of the work of the New Century Club of Philadelphia, an organization which has sounded no trumpets, but has done steady and untiring work toward the real advancement of women since the hour of its inception.

"To one of the chief workers in this direction came a year ago the thought of a course of evening lessons on the physiology and hygiene of daily life, so simply put as to be perfectly intelligible to working-women, yet given by the best medical authorities. There resulted finally lectures on not only these topics, but on nursing, the care of a child from its birth on, and the necessary action in case of sudden illness or accident. The hall, the entrance fee to which was fixed at five cents, was filled with working women of all grades of intelligence, who listened with an almost pitiful intensity to directions no human being had ever thought it necessary or expedient to give them. Manikins and various other modes of illustration were freely used, and, as the audience passed out from the lecture on the care of a baby, one sad-eyed little woman said: 'Ah, if there'd been anybody to tell me a quarter of what I've heard to-night I wouldn't be goin' home to an empty house.'

"Naturally, the question comes up, 'Why was she not taught?' and, as naturally, the answer is, 'Because, at home or at school, one may learn anything save the one thing that is of most vital importance in every year a woman has to live.' The old idea, born of the ignorance and asceticism of the dark ages, that the body is a vile and dishonorable possession, still dominates. No light of this nineteenth century has been strong enough to dispel this shadow of the past. Even where the rights of the body are admitted and gymnastics in-doors and exercise without are expounded as essential, it is only in rarest cases that the facts that underlie all health or progress are made plain.

"Many a girl low at last in a dishonored grave has been the text for sermons on parental government and influence, but how many have even hinted that the teaching the sacredness of her own body might have hindered the tragedy? Ignorance is not innocence. The child whose knowledge of natural phases in the life of the body comes from servants or is perchance acquired through some chance encounter of the streets, has lost something that no after effort can replace. It is the mother's right—it should be the mother's deep desire—to save her child from such catastrophe, and, until all mothers accept this as part of their sacred trust, such cases will still be, wherever unscrupulous, unregulated passion finds ignorance its ready prey.

July Magazines Received Late.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York.) Wild Flowers, a profusely illustrated paper, opens this month's installment of good reading and is followed by the sportsman's music. A third paper by Talcott Williams, treats of Animal Locomotion in Mybridge Photographs; a humorous story is Sister Todhunter's Heart; the Lincoln History closes up the Kansas troubles, and interesting and hitherto unpublished letters by Lincoln and Greeley are given; the veteran historian, George Bancroft adds to the historical value of the number by recounting an Incident in the Life of John Adams. The war series comprises this month the hundred days of battle in the Struggle for Atlanta. Christian Science and Mind Cure, and the Potential Energy of Food, are two papers of a suggestive and valuable character.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. (New York.) The subjects discussed in the July number of the New Princeton Review are not varied but interesting. R. W. Gilder emphasizes Certain Tendencies in Current Literature; American Art Since the Centennial, enumerates the multiplying indications of original and distinctively American evolution of art in this country; The Theory of Prohibition is examined in a candid spirit; Recollections of the Duc de Broglie, covers the notable period of French history between 1785 and 1860; the Vicissitudes of a Palace, interprets Tennyson's well known poem, The Palace of Art; Prof. T. W. Hunt discusses the subject of Literary Criticism; Miss Hapgood gives Tolstol at his best in Sevastopol in May. New Books and other timely matters are discussed freely.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) The July Wide Awake opens with an account of Washington's Boyhood. The Use of it is a stirring Fourth of July Story; The Story of Keodon Bluffs is fresh and bright. An article about the Harvard Annex is written by one of its graduates and will be of interest to many girls. The Queen's Jubilee is commemorated by an English woman. The Secrets of Rosalindes, and the Lost Medicine of the Utes are as delightful as ever. Cowper is the favored author in the Ballads of Authors and Dr. Rachel Littler Bodley the subject of successful women.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York.) The frontispiece for July is from a drawing by Herbert Gandy and is entitled Chatter. Chapters one to three of Marzio's Crucifix, by F. Marion Crawford, open this number. Walks in the Wheatfields; The Private Journal of a French Mariner; Love the Eternal; Old Hook and Crook, and a Secret Inheritance, complete a most interesting number.

BABYHOOD. (New York.) Babyhood for July is at hand and is a seasonable number of this popular magazine. An interesting article is on The Mountains, and another on Sea-Side Resorts for Children. Nursery Pastimes is an interesting department, and in Nursery Problems answers are given to a large number of questions relating to a wide range of topics.

THE CHICAGO LAW TIMES. (Chicago.) Contents: John Jay, first Chief Justice of the United States; International Copyright Union; The President's Vetoes; Suffrage a Right of Citizenship; Recollections of Lyander Spooner; A Celebrated Case; Medico-Legal Department; Editorial Notes, Etc.

THE FREETHINKERS MAGAZINE. (Buffalo, N. Y.) Robert G. Ingersoll contributes The Declaration of Independence, and Wm. Emmette Coleman, Unity and Charity among Freethinkers. The Literary and Editorial Departments are full of timely hints, notes, etc.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) A portrait and sketch of the life of John G. Saxe opens this month's reading. Several important articles relative to the study and status of Phrenology are given. Portraits of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort are accompanied by Phrenological analysis as given by Prof. L. N. Fowler. In the Health Department are timely articles with the usual complement of scientific and industrial notes.

BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN. (Boston.) Contents: Magnetic Education and Therapeutics; The So-Called Scientific Immortality; Review of the New Education; Victoria's half century; Outlook of Diogenes; A Bill to Destroy the Indians; Miscellaneous; Outlines of Anthropology.

THE CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICIAN. (Chicago.) The third number of this quarterly contains an attractive table of contents to those interested in this science. The quarterly is designed not only for metaphysicians, but for the general public and those who would know something about Metaphysical or Christian Healing.

MENTAL HEALING. (Boston.) Contents: Mental Healing Convention; The Good of it; Human Leadership and Heavenly Liberty in Christian Science; The Problems of Evil; Editorial, Etc.

HOME KNOWLEDGE. (New York.) Contents: Health Hints to Travellers in Mexico; The New Education; Bathing; The Ways of Women; Electricity; Ventilation; Power of Music; Editor's Table, Etc.

THE PATH. (New York.) The usual amount of articles on Theosophy in America, Occult Science, and Philosophy compose this month's table of contents.

ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) Varied and interesting articles are to be found in the July issue of the St. Louis Magazine.

L'AUREOLE. (Paris, France.) This monthly still continues to keep pace with the thought of the day.

THE UNITARIAN. (Chicago.) A good table of contents is presented for July.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

A FINE THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN. By Horace Mann. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, cloth, 50 cents.

This treatise met with such favor when first published that twenty thousand copies were sold, and it has been often called for by individuals and societies since out of print; and now it is again offered to the public in its original form. The author was well qualified to write upon this subject, having been the first Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education and a man of vast experience.

EVOLUTION AND CHRISTIANITY A Study. By J. C. F. Grumbine. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, 50 cents.

The author attempts in this book to examine the relation of Christianity to Evolution, and has evaded all questions which involve metaphysical sophistry, endeavoring to touch upon only those relative points which force themselves upon him by their importance. The book is not exhaustive, but quite suggestive, and will satisfy many truth seekers.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, edited by William George Clark and William Aldis Wright. Twelve volumes. New York: John B. Alden.

Volume one, containing The Tempest; The Two Gentlemen of Verona; The Merry Wives of Windsor; and Measure for Measure is out in cloth binding, clear type and good paper. The remainder of the set will follow, and now is an opportunity to procure Shakespeare at a price to suit. The present edition is without notes or comments; but in an additional volume uniform with these will be presented a very full Glossary, an Index to Characters, and Familiar Quotations, also other important matter that will be convenient to readers of Shakespeare.

New Books Received.

The following from Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. NINETEENTH CENTURY SENSE: The Paradox of Spiritualism. By John Darby. Price, \$1.00.

PRELIMINARY REPORT OF THE COMMISSION APPOINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA TO INVESTIGATE MODERN SPIRITUALISM, in accordance with the request of the late Henry Seybert. Price, \$1.00.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. A treatise of the activities and nature of the mind from the physical and experimental point of view. By George T. Ladd. New York; Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$5.00.

LIFTING THE VEIL: Or, interior experiences and manifestations. By Susan J. and Andrew A. Finck. Boston: Colby & Rich.

APHORISMS OF THE THREE THREES. By Edward Owings Towne. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, \$1.00.

WHAT IS MENTAL MEDICINE? By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Chicago: Magill and McCluer.

Of Interest to Teachers.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at Chicago, July 12th to 15th inclusive, round trip tickets will be sold over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. from all stations, at one unlimited single fare added to \$2 in each case, for the round trip. These tickets will be sold only July 6th to 12th inclusive, and are good only for July 6th to 13th inclusive, and are good only for round passage July 13th to 15th inclusive and not before July 15th. Arrangements, however, have been made that the original purchasers of these tickets can be accorded a prolonged limit for return passage, if the proper application is made and granted by the Chairman of the Western States Passenger Association, Home Insurance Building, Chicago, before July 18th, in which case it will be necessary for the tickets to be deposited with him for which he will give memorandum receipt, until the day when the passenger wishes to return, which day shall not be later than Sept. 8th, 1887. These tickets are to be sold to teachers and members of their families and to editors and reporters of educational journals.

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Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, writes to the inventor of the Psychograph as follows: "DEAR SIR: I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle and construction, and I am sure will be far more sensitive to spirit power than the one now in use. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when its superior merits become known."

A. P. Miller, journalist and poet in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Worthington, (Minn.) Advertiser says:

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, July 23, 1887.

## Angelology of the Bible.

The Bible of Christians is a great authority because it is a great book. From beginning to end it is pregnant with Jehovah—God. This gives to it an element of peculiar sublimity, and this is the best excuse for the absurd veneration of Christians in imputing to it a unique inspiration,—infallible in every part to the very letter. Its lofty spiritual thought we venerate, and from this and the great and wide-spread regard for it we naturally bring it into close and familiar comparison with the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. Neither of them is an absolute moral authority in the dicta with which its spiritualistic utterances are associated. But both supply the basis of a judgment. Their forms and their psychological significance and spiritual as well as metaphysical implications should be studied in the light of each other, as they often have been, and this should be done as impartially as possible.

The Spiritualism of the Bible is a system of Angelology. Its objective manifestations of extra-mundane beings are always of this character. They are messengers of God or symbolical representations of Deity. They never appear of their own accord for their own pleasure or the pleasure of friends in this form of life. They come on some special mission of the divine appointment, and generally the object sought is such as to seem to a Jew, if not to all good men, worthy of divine interposition, especially in pre-scientific times. As soon as their mission is fulfilled they disappear; they are always dignified in deportment, and sometimes they are lofty and sublime. There are among them no Indians nor Negroes, and no pucks and mountebanks. They practice no antics and "out up no shimes."

They seldom appear in the dark. They are not nocturnal rovers. On some occasions they come to the sleeper as in a dream, the most modest advent possible; or if the occasion call for it, they rouse the sleeper and tell him what to do and stimulate him to action.

Unlike Mephistopheles and his horses, they never show any fear of the daylight. They have no studied concealments. They are not limited to special times, places, forms and conditions, for their manifestation. They appear in the open air, in the fields, and in the city streets, or in the house or the temple, all with equal ease and freedom. They seem to recognize no limits of time and place, and their cabinet is the universal sphere of possible duty. They acknowledge no dependence on any particular individuals or circumstances for their "materialization." God and his will are their only cause, reason or excuse, and dependence for their appearance and disappearance. This is always their religious and sublime aspect. These manifestations in materialization are very rare, if we compare their number with the time they cover in the alleged chronology of the Bible.

Nearly all visitors from other worlds are indigenous to those worlds. In all the Old Testament there is only one instance of the return of a departed human being, and that was the prophet Samuel, who was reluctantly brought back by the Witch of Endor, as the narrative relates. This was considered unlawful, and such supposed witches were under the royal and sacred ban.

In the Jewish conception of the divine economy, before the Babylonian exile, there was no action, nor device, nor wisdom for the dead. They had only to lie still in *sheol*. When David's first child by Bathsheba died, he said he could go to the child, but the child could not return to him. All the angels were supposed to be, and to have always been, members of a different and higher order of beings than man—a race which was not a race,

because its members had known no parents' no infancy, and no propagation. Each was directly created by the Almighty fiat. They were the court minions of the one only eternal Monarch. As such they were also the guardians, guides and protectors of the pious people and the cause of God in this world. Here, in this characteristic, the Bible stands in striking contrast with modern Spiritualism.

In the New Testament, however, there is a change in the direction of our Spiritualism. The old angels still retain their style and place. In the opening of the synoptic gospels they visit the virgin and her espoused and her cousin Elizabeth. They render aid to Christ in the agony of the garden, and roll away his tombstone and give information to the visiting women. St. Paul speaks of them as being ministers to the heirs of salvation and as being present in the assemblies of Christian worshippers. But in the story of the transfiguration in the 17th of Mathew, Moses and Elijah are introduced as visitors talking to Jesus of his prospective death. Jesus himself is described as often appearing to his disciples after his crucifixion. Still later Paul said Jesus appeared to him, and John is said to have seen him in glorious form and presence many years later. The mighty "angel" whom John would have worshiped, says he is one of the prophets who have the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophecy; that is, he was one who had borne witness to Christ as his disciple.

We have, therefore, in the New Testament the beginning of what constitutes the essential element of modern Spiritualism—the manifested return of those who were once regular denizens of this world.

We have here, therefore, an argument in favor of the modern doctrine. It is a psychological evolution, a movement in the line of mental development. The early Jews were incompetent to entertain the conception, and their experiences of extramundane spiritual phenomena were necessarily misinterpreted. Their views of man were too materialistic for them to conceive of him as being after death strong and active with all his faculties in perfect condition and even exalted, with an adequate sphere for action. Hence when they had evidence of extramundane agency, they must attribute it to a higher order of beings than man. This is the origin of their angelology.

In all this, the mental action of the Jew ran partially parallel with that of all the eastern nations and races, especially of the Semitic stock. Among all these people of early times, gods and angels or divine ministers are conspicuous in their letters and monumental history. But there is little or no sign of the thought of the conscious and active return of the deceased. The great men are apotheosized, and thence unseen save by their influence on human affairs; and many primitive people have attributed unseen influence to departed ancestors; but the conception of them as returning according to the experience and belief of modern Spiritualism, is foreign to the modes of thought in the early conditions of the human mind.

Even among the Greeks the same general facts meet our observation. All their visitors were gods and goddesses and only rarely were these conceived as apotheosized men; while common men and women were never thought of in such a light. Even Achilles and Ajax with all the other heroes must go to the shades and stay there with no power to visit the earth in the possession of real human faculties of mind. When Ulysses would communicate with the departed he must go to them where common mortals may not go, and there he may see and hear and learn something after he has infused life into them by the scent and taste of blood; and Virgil shows the same thought.

We would not, therefore, confound the angelology of the early world with the idea of the modern Spiritualism. Doubtless the facts are the same but the theories in explanation of the facts are very different. Just as the recognized phenomena of astronomy are the same, though the Copernican theory has superseded the Ptolemaic. They knew of other world-visitors, as we do, and they explained them as best they could, and we explain them better. That is the unity and the difference between the ancient and modern Spiritualism. We have entered on the scientific study of these phenomena, and have reached conclusions which are more simple and rational and better verified concerning phenomena which have been more or less common to all times and lands. All these phenomena are to be compared and critically sifted, and scientific conclusions sought concerning them as well as for others which may become known.

## Speak and Write Plainly.

If you wish to be understood, speak and write plainly. Such is the burden of a contribution to the *Evening Journal* by Prof. Swing. He evidently has suffered from the obscure penmanship of correspondents, and the mumbblings of some of his parishioners; hence he sends forth a mild protest against such intolerable annoyances by alluding to instances where great trouble and inconveniences were caused as follows:

A lady stepped into a cab and said sweetly to the driver "291 Huron." All seemed well for a time until the Jehu gave signs of going over to the West Division. Upon inquiry he was found to be setting forth for Van Buren. It was in vain Booth cried out *Sic semper tyrannis*, because the plain man who heard the words, did not possess any familiarity with the Latin tongue and very naturally reported the words as being: "I am sick,

send for Maginnis." While Lewis Gaylord Clark was in our world and was helping N. P. Willis edit a paper, his note that he would write for the *Home Journal* as soon as he could find his lost muse, was so printed as to put Clark in the attitude of seeking a lost mule. A doctor in the country left a dispatch at the telegraph office ordering "a dozen limes" for a patient. The man in Chicago filled the requisition by expressing to the invalid a dozen "Times." A fashionable girl of this city sent a letter to Winona, but it reached its true destination in a month after it had been well inspected by the Postmaster at Vienna, Austria. Poor letter, it did not know where to go!

A city lawyer fell into a terrible passion over a letter he had received from a brother attorney. After making some hot remarks about wasting time over "hieroglyphics," "puzzles," "chicken tracks," and "ink lightning," he sat down and gave the offender some red-hot advice about writing more plainly; but the letter did not hurt the man's feelings in the least; he could not read the note, and put it aside with the remark: "I never could read that fellow's writing." Mr. Emerson sometimes wrote so badly that sentences lay in manuscript for hours or days before they would give up the writer's meaning. Once when this grand man had written a sentiment in a book for a friend, and had gone far away East, that motto or maxim refused day after day to show its face. Each neighbor who called in was set to work at the puzzle. It was solved at last by a man who knew about Mount Monadnock. He worked from that base and found that—

A score of piney miles will smooth  
The rough Monadnock to a gem—

Bad penmanship and the indistinct utterances of sentences, as demonstrated by Prof. Swing, are gross imperfections wherever found, and easily overcome with a little care. The Professor asserts that "puzzles of enunciation or of written thought, coming from great people or common people, are blemishes which cannot show any good reason of existence."

The one whose chirography can be easily deciphered, or whose sentences are clearly and plainly enunciated, making it possible for him to communicate readily and clearly, possesses a power which enables him to outstrip those of superior native ability, who through indifference or disregard for others dress their thoughts in slovenly garb.

## University Education and Religion.

The commencement exercises of the Michigan State University at Ann Arbor, the last week in June, had added interest, and more people than usual, from far and near, in attendance, because the semi-centennial celebration came at the same time—the foundation of the great University, which now has over 1,500 students, men and women, dating back to the day of small beginning in 1837.

A notable feature of the week was an address by Prof. Henry R. Frieze before an audience of over 3,000 in the large hall, on "The Relation of the University to Religion." The institution is under State control as a part of the public school system, and therefore no denominational or sectarian bias or education can be allowed, in accord with the law or the idea under which it exists. This state of things is an indication of the growing and healthful tendency to separate education in colleges and elsewhere from theological dogmatism, or sectarian bigotry.

The university at Ann Arbor has been criticized by evangelical educators as heretical in its tendencies, and also by some free thinkers as really too much under orthodox control. Doubtless its position helps to weaken the sway of the old dogmatism over higher education, and doubtless, also, the large influence of orthodox theology permeates its very atmosphere and modifies the working of its impartial theory; so that these criticisms from opposite extremes both have some foundation.

Prof. Frieze is some seventy years old, has long been a teacher, and for a time acting president at Ann Arbor; his scholarship is high, his character excellent, his aims the best his light allows, his thoughtful rectitude of purpose greatly respected. He is a Christian, in the orthodox sense, and therefore not unfriendly to religious influences of that kind. All this makes his opinion of more value and interest than would be that of a free thinker. His words are those of a good man, long experienced as a college teacher, a liberal and rational conservative. With fine impartiality, yet with deep conviction, he declares in favor of unsectarian education in the university as well as the common school, as best for that liberty of conscience and freedom of thought which help to build up pure and undefiled religion, to strengthen Christianity as a higher life, not as a more rigid creed.

Such an opinion on so signal an occasion, from a man in his leading position, is significant and noteworthy. It tells of the upward and enlarging tendency of modern thought, and breaking down of sectarian bigotry, and the growth of intuition and reason in religion.

Did space allow, the whole address, as reported in the daily journals, would appear in these columns; but some idea of a few of its leading points must suffice. It was heard with that marked and respectful attention which a speaker commands who, with a background of experience, utters his deep and mature convictions.

He says that the Church without the State fails to educate the people, for want of resources, and that want of unity in this country would make such efforts by the confli-

ing sects of small use. In an earlier day denominational schools did great good, and may still sometimes; but, with our changed modern conditions, the State must be the educator, and such education will be no hindrance, but a help to real religious life and character, for truth in literature, science or religion, is in unity, not in antagonism. He says that there exists among the students of this university of Michigan a more virtuous sentiment and a higher tone of moral feeling than in most colleges; that the proportion of youth whose impulses are wayward and vicious is unusually limited. This conviction is founded on considerable experience as instructor, and upon intimate acquaintance with other schools; and he says that a goodly proportion of professing Christians are among the students at Ann Arbor.

Compulsory attendance at morning prayers in the chapel is not a rule at Ann Arbor, nor does Professor Frieze favor it; but says that "the real religious life" gains without it. While some of his views are certainly open to criticism, yet the general scope and tendency of the address is enlarging and noble, and a sweet sincerity marks its every word.

A few of the concluding sentences are as follows:

The university has left, of course, like all the typical colleges to which I have referred, the official authoritative, and hereditary inculcation of religion to the pulpit to which exclusively this sacred duty has been given. It is its duty, it is its duty, to foster in its students the habit of thorough research into all questions and topics of philosophy, the doctrine, and history and the philology of religion whether Christian or pagan, whether Mohammedan or Brahminical.

And to say that the university, because it is a State university, cannot do this is to deprive it of that which is the very life of a university—absolute freedom of investigation in every field of human thought and experience and in the whole limitless world of nature. Even a school of liberty, if it be worthy of its name, must have all this liberty; even there, no ingenious youth can be properly and wisely shut off from the inquiry into the historic grounds of belief, into the philosophy of theism, into received interpretations of the sacred writings; a theological school of any character must be, in part at least, a philosophical and scientific school.

Our best wishes, hopes and prayers will ever follow you. Be students still in straightforward truth, in manly courage and freedom, and above all things strive to keep a place in your heart for faith; faith in God and immortality; faith in the final triumph of truth and righteousness. Do not think that faith is the weak resort of the credulous alone. The knowledge of second causes makes men proud and sometimes blind. Faith, at last, is the only strong hold of the wisest as well as of the most simple. Faith is not contrary to reason, is not the foe of science; it only goes before them, grasping things beyond their reach. The deepest insight, the minutest analysis, even to the division and solution of the most subtle elements of matter, leave us just as far as ever from the knowledge of their substance and their ultimate source. We must have faith; no man not the proudest that mocks at the credulity of faith can himself live a moment without it. Something we must take upon its authority; the alternative is this: shall our faith reach out to God, take hold of God, or shall it put that greater strain on reason, and assert that there is no God or immortality, and for us no future but blank annihilation? Plunge not into that alternative of despair.

## Camp Excursion Rates.

The JOURNAL office is taxed severely to answer questions of all sorts from a multitude of people, at least one-half being from persons not subscribers to the paper nor patrons of the office in any way. About one-half of these requests for information are written on postal cards, though the slightest reflection would convince the writers that replies thereto must cover at least a page of note paper. The mere expense for stationery and postage in replying amounts to a considerable sum each year, to say nothing of the cost of clerk-hire, rent and cost of securing for the office the stock of knowledge requisite to supply the demand, which additional expenditure runs the outlay to an amount that reaches into the thousands. Expressions of admiration for the JOURNAL and of confidence in the trustworthiness of the information thus obtained, neither flatter the publisher nor pay current expenses. He is always glad of just appreciation, but believes this can be better shown by deeds than words. He is obliged to draw the line on inquirers somewhere, and does it at the postal card. No attention will hereafter be paid to postal card inquiries, nor to letters of inquiry that do not enclose postage.

At this season the leading class of questioners are intending camp visitors. These inquirers should apply to the clerk or secretary of the camp to be visited, or read and preserve for reference the notices and advertisements that appear in the JOURNAL and other Spiritualist papers from time to time.

And in passing it may not be amiss to remark that the managers of camps, grove meetings and conventions should be more careful to promptly and amply advertise in Spiritualist papers. The Spiritualist press is not benefited financially by these annual gatherings; it invariably pays out much more than received from such sources, and cannot be reasonably asked to act as an unpaid purveyor of information concerning the business affairs of these enterprises. In the JOURNAL for June 25th was published the announcement of Mr. Geo. H. Daniels, vice-chairman of the Central Traffic Association, in which it was made known that an excursion rate to Lake Pleasant had been agreed upon by the lines embraced in that organization which includes the principal railroads leading east from Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati and other large cities in the West, and lines east of Springfield, Illinois and St. Louis, Mo.

Camp visitors when purchasing transportation must buy their tickets to Lake Pleasant, paying full fare, and at the same time obtain from the ticket seller a certificate of purchase. This upon being countersigned by the clerk of the camp, and identification of the purchaser, by comparison of signatures will entitle him to return ticket over the same route at one-third fare. These tickets cannot be bought until July 27th and the return ticket must be used within three days after

camp closes. For full particulars concerning transportation and other camp matters, address, N. S. HENRY, Esq. Clerk, Lake Pleasant, Mass. There is no special arrangement outside of New England for visitors to Onset and Queen City Park, except from New York City; but visitors from the West to Lake Pleasant can secure excursion tickets from that point to any place they wish to go. Circulars of information as to Onset Camp, may be had by addressing, E. GERRY BROWN, Clerk, Onset, Mass.; for Cassadaga Lake Free Association, address Mrs. M. S. RAMSDELL, Secretary, Cassadaga, New York; for Lookout Mountain Camp, G. W. KATES, Chattanooga, Tenn.; for Queen City Park, Dr. E. A. SMITH, Brandon, Vermont.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

Diana L. Butterworth remits to this office but fails to give her postoffice address.

Spiritualists will hold a two days' meeting at Kent's Grove, Geauga Lake, Ohio, July 23rd and 24th. Mrs. R. S. Lillie will be the principal speaker.

W. S. Rowley, the remarkable telegraphic medium, can in the future be addressed at 513 Prospect street, Cleveland, Ohio. His little instrument has created widespread interest.

Mr. B. E. Davies and wife, of New Mexico spent several days in Chicago last week. These friends are devoted Spiritualists; living all their married life in New Mexico on an extensive cattle ranch, they have, nevertheless, found opportunity to cultivate their spiritual and intellectual natures. Several of their children are fine mediums and the history of their experiences in the home circle would be of great scientific value.

Undertaker Dabney, of Washington, D. C., was, on July 11th, called upon to bury a colored infant whom, it was stated, died four hours after birth. The child was taken from a bureau drawer, wrapped in rags, and handed him, and he placed it in the coffin, carried it to his undertaking establishment, enroute to the burying ground. While temporarily stopping there, vigorous sounds were heard from the little coffin, and upon opening it the infant was found crying and kicking in a most lively manner.

Mr. W. M. Salter, known to everybody in Chicago as the lecturer of the Ethical Society and esteemed by all who have had the good fortune to make his personal acquaintance, is spending his vacation in New Hampshire. His vacations, however, are not of the conventional sort. Among the quiet, health-giving hills and valleys of New England he masters the latest thought of the scientific, philosophical, religious and ethical fields, and builds the foundations of the admirable discourses given before his ethical society through the year following vacation.

No paper intended for publication in the JOURNAL ought to exceed, at the utmost limit, two columns; and its value is apt to increase in geometrical proportion with the shrinkage of that amount of room. There is now on file in the JOURNAL office a large stock of material made up of articles that would make from three to seven columns, and though in many respects valuable, their publication is doubtful owing to their verbosity. The JOURNAL solicits short, well digested, perspicuous articles, and will seek to give them early insertion.

On the 4th of July last, Mr. J. J. Morse closed his labors at the Spiritualists' State Camp Meeting Association of California, with an eloquent and powerful oration suitable to the occasion. He has worked hard and zealously, delighted and instructed large audiences, made a host of friends, and is adding another success to those that have already attended his great abilities in the past. At the close of the above address resolutions of approval were unanimously adopted by the association, expressing full satisfaction with Mr. Morse's lectures and services, and commending him to the "love, sincere regard and support of all who love the truth."

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Santa Ana, Cal., June 26th, and has visited the camp meeting at Oakland, finding a small but harmonious and successful camp, its managers affable and apparently making a success of the meeting; has also visited several localities in California, Oregon and Washington Territory and reports that field of spiritualistic efforts as offering little practical inducement to speakers. His present address, is Walla Walla, W. T. Home address, Box 123 Scranton, Pa., where he will be pleased to receive calls for the coming fall and winter campaign, either in New England or the West.

Fifteen thousand school teachers made Chicago just too lively for anything last week. They came from every where in America nearly, and brought along their sisters, their cousins and their aunts. The long "spell" of hot weather, such as the oldest inhabitant never before experienced, taxed the endurance of visitors; and they greeted the constantly recurring remark of the citizen that "the weather was unusual" with a smile which had been sarcastic only it was too sickly. No doubt some good to the profession may be counted among the results of the convention, but a silly thing was the passage of a resolution, recommending national aid to schools in the Southern States. It looks a little as though the action was inspired by a desire of the movers to enlarge the field for Northern teachers, and at the same time secure Uncle Sam for paymaster. There is no State in the Union but that is able to educate its own children, and this it should and must do, or be left behind in the struggle.



The fall term of Belvidere Seminary will begin Monday, Sept. 19th. Spiritualists will find in this institution a healthy, liberal, home-like school for their children.

The Haslett Park Spiritualist Camp Meeting opens August 3rd, and continues until September 5th. Haslett Park is the new name given to the camp ground formerly called Nemoka.

The Y. P. S. wishes to announce that its first annual picnic will be held at Jackson Park, on Saturday, July 23rd. All are invited to attend.

The JOURNAL reluctantly rises to inform the Management of Onset Camp that one Hannah V. Ross, a notorious swindler, now under indictment, advertises as holding séances every evening in their hall.

The Illinois Central Railroad have issued a pamphlet entitled "Southern Homeseekers' Guide and Winter Resorts on the Southern Division of the Illinois Central R. R."

It is said that the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, who figured in the same ball game with Mark Twain the other day, is only mildly eccentric—for a Beecher—and is by long odds the most popular resident of Elmira, N. Y.

A trip to the Garden of the Gods, a delicate and elaborate pamphlet of sixteen pages, bears the impress of the compliments of the Burlington Route—Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

The Lake Bluff Convocation, of which Miss Frances E. Willard is President, has grown into three great sections: 1st. The Mass Meeting, which occupied the afternoon of each week day.

The American Educational Aid Association's object is most worthy. Its Board of Directors is composed of most excellent men, among whom are Rev. P. S. Hanson, D. D., Rev. Thos. Galt, Rev. M. V. Van Arsdale and Rev. Glen Wood.

Giles B. Stebbins, commenting on the status of Spiritualism in England as evidenced by a late number of the Medium and Daybreak, writes: "The good and wise practice of holding circles with the same medium and always only the same persons is more common there than here, and thus our British spiritual cousins avoid the confusion and injury of promiscuous circles, as we may well learn to do."

The famous measure whereby the general government has taken control of the railroad traffic, has one anomalous feature which has not received the attention that it should. Perhaps other more glaring features have diverted attention. The law declares that no common carrier shall receive a greater or less compensation for services for transportation of persons or property.

Under the date July 12th, G. H. Hawes, corresponding secretary of the California Spiritualists' Camp Meeting Association, writes: "Last Sunday the doors of Metropolitan Temple were again thrown open, and Mr. Morse occupied the platform upon which Mrs. E. L. Watson has so long ministered to thousands of people."

The advent in Chicago of the cold wave from the northwest and that of Rev. C. D. Lakey, were synchronous; both were most refreshing and equally cool. It is a question whether Lakey's presence in town was not the cause of the drop of thirty degrees in the thermometer.

Rev. O. Clute, of Iowa, is in town this week in the interests of his Unitarian missionary work. Though working with the Unitarian organization, and thoroughly grounded in its essential principles, Mr. Clute is also an earnest Spiritualist, with a mind and purpose too big for sectarian lines.

The California Camp Meeting.—Mr. J. J. Morse.

BY WM. EMMETT COLEMAN.

The California Spiritualist camp-meeting at Oakland closed its sessions on July 4th. Both financially and intellectually the meeting was a success, the latter more especially. The principal speaker, Mr. J. J. Morse, was "golden opinions from all sorts of people," by his logical and eloquent presentation of rational common-sense Spiritualism, free from the vagaries and untenable hypotheses, so often heard from the lips of other prominent trance speakers.

At the close of Mr. Morse's fourth of July oration at the camp, (which oration has been rated "as one of the most eloquent, patriotic, and profound orations on our country that had ever stirred the hearts of the American people"), a series of resolutions was adopted expressive of the depth of gratitude due Mr. Morse and his controls for their sublime utterances during the session of the camp, and of the appreciation of his auditors of his fidelity to truth, his affable demeanor to all, and his goodness of heart.

Inter-State Commerce Act.

The famous measure whereby the general government has taken control of the railroad traffic, has one anomalous feature which has not received the attention that it should. Perhaps other more glaring features have diverted attention. The law declares that no common carrier shall receive a greater or less compensation for services for transportation of persons or property.

as men and citizens, as all other citizens are treated. "That is all they are entitled to and no more. This is the only doctrine that is consistent with republican principles."

Before the new law, it was customary for railroads to carry ministers for half-fare, the same as children less than ten years old. They have the privilege of yet doing so, if the ministers are willing to submit to the disgrace the exception in their favor implies.

Why should they travel for less than lawyers or doctors? Because usually not wealthy? If so, then, all poor people ought to travel at less price. Is there any sacredness of character surrounding the gospel minister that so hedges him in with divinity that the government must make obeisance? Nothing of the sort. He is a common man, who makes a business of preaching, as a lawyer does of pleading, or a doctor of prescribing.

Camp Meeting in Kansas.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Delphos, Kansas, will hold its 10th annual camp meeting, commencing August 26th, and closing September 13th, lasting seventeen days. The society has purchased eleven acres of grove three-fourths of a mile north of the depot, and is fixing it for a permanent resort.

Delphos, Kansas, July 15, 1887.

A Deserving Institution. A few weeks ago we received the following letter from one of the principals of the Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, N. J., and as it brings to light a new and valuable system of practical education, we give it this publicity:

At the home of his parents in Huron, O. July 6th Adolph Reitzner, in the 15th year of his age, Adolph was a remarkably intelligent and gentle boy, a fine medium, and loved by all who knew him. A week before his death he was taken to the hospital, and died there, leaving behind him a wife and two children, and a large number of friends who were deeply grieved by his death.

Every parent, who has the interest of his children's future at heart, should send, at once, for the circulars of this Seminary. A more valuable or practical system of instruction than it affords, could not well be devised.—Exchange.

General News.

The treasury department has learned that large quantities of opium shipped from Victoria, British Columbia, by way of the Canadian Pacific are being smuggled into the United States.—Wm. P. Thrasher dangerously stabbed Andrew Killbrow at Matthews, Kansas, last Saturday. Killbrow had been a witness against him in a lawsuit.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, N. Y. City, services Sunday 11 A. M. Officers: Dr. D. Carr, President; Oliver Russell, Vice-President; Dr. George H. Payne, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y. The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday, 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall.

St. Louis, Mo. Organized August 22nd, 1886. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Braden's Hall, northeast corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited.

THE ESOTERIC. A New Monthly Magazine at \$1.50 per year, single copies 15c. Devoted to Oriental and Occidental Theosophy, The Mystery of Life, Past, Present and Future, How to understand one's self and others, How to make Astral, Mental, Moral, and Psychic, and Ultimate the Ideal of the Ages.—It is full of the Spirit of the New Age. Sent on trial 6 months for 50 cts. Esoteric Publishing Co., 478 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION. The first object of this Association is to provide homes for homeless and friendless children of special merit. The Association now has under its care: One 5 year old boy, One 1 year old boy, One 6 months old girl, and others from 10 months to 7 years.

began May 23, will probably be concluded this week. So far as known not a single penny's deficiency has yet been found in the \$95,500,000.

THE OPEN COURT.

Thinks He has Identified Agnes Chute.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I think I ought to write another line to inform your readers that I have the strongest reasons for believing that the writer of the recent series of articles in your columns on "Unitarianism," under the name "Agnes Chute," is Mr. Charles Ellis, recently of Mt. Pleasant and East Saginaw, Mich. It is not strange that the writer of articles so full of coarse slang, malignity and misrepresentation should have chosen an assumed name.

The Art of Diplomacy.

As a life-long Unitarian, a constant attendant upon the meetings of the late Conference in this city, and a close observer of the contest in our ranks, I have a word to offer: I am "strongly impressed," as some Spiritualists would say, with the thought, that the series of searching articles published in your paper from "Agnes Chute," were written by one not in sympathy with the radical wing. It seems to me they are from the other side, and put forth as a diplomatic way to create sympathy for what just now seems "the under dog in the fight."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

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"Our lady readers will be pleased to learn that there is in the market a beautiful, cool, ventilating Electric Summer Corset, admirably adapted for use during the hot season. It was invented and is made by Dr. Scott, the Proprietor of Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts and other appliances. Though of excellent quality and containing all the essential properties of magnetism, it retails at \$1.50 and is within reach of all our lady readers. Dr. Scott's advertisement of this new Summer Corset recently appeared in our columns. Any lady desiring to know more about it or to purchase one, should address Dr. Scott, 312 Broadway, New York, to whom you can safely remit the price, \$1.50 together with 15 cts. for postage, and it will be delivered safely into your hands. Always state exact size of waist when ordering Corsets and mention this paper.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the most deadly disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently 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. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl Street, New York.

CHICAGO.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society, meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 150 22nd Street, at 7:30 P. M.

The Spiritualists Central Union will meet every Sunday at 2:00 P. M. in Weber Music Hall, corner of Wabash Avenue and Jackson Street.

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums Society, organized March 1884, meets in Spirit Liberty Hall, 13 South Halsted Street, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. every Sunday. Admission five cents to each meeting.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, at 125 West 43rd Street, New York.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y. Service every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the Everet Hall, 398 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

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CRYING BABIES

are made GOOD NATURED, HEALTHY, HEARTY, by the use of

Lactated Food

Babies do not cry if they are satisfied, and they cannot be satisfied if they are not properly nourished by their food, or if the practice of the stomach or the bowels.

LACTATED FOOD

Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even the best mother's milk is rejected by the stomach, hence it is of great value to all invalids, in either chronic or acute cases.

150 MEALS for \$1.00. for an infant.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. I was cured before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted. I was troubled with chronic catarrh, gathering in head, difficulty in breathing and discharges from my ears.

A quartet is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to the eye. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Danvers, Geo. N. Y.

THE CASSADAGAN.

A daily paper, published on the Cassadaga Lake Camp Meeting ground in the interest and for the information and benefit of the members of the association, its patrons and the public, during the meeting of 1887.

It will contain a brief synopsis of the leading discourses, a careful report of its interesting conferences, in which all are invited to take part, a record of the public tests given, important arrivals, notices of mediums and such other matter as may be found interesting. The whole comprising a graphic record of the sayings and doings at the Camp. The meeting will cover a period of thirty-seven days and the paper will be sold on the grounds at five cents a copy, or furnished to cottages, delivered, at twenty-five cents a week; but in consideration of the advantage of knowing just what to depend upon and how many to provide for it will be furnished to advance paying subscribers, by mail or on the grounds, at one dollar for the entire course.

PROGRAMME FOR THE SEASON OF 1887.

The Spiritualists of Western New York, Northern Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio will hold their Eighth Annual Camp Meeting on their camp grounds at Cassadaga Lake Camp, Cassadaga Co., N. Y., beginning Saturday July 26th and closing Monday Sept. 4.

- List of Speakers Engaged. Saturday, July 26th, Jennie B. Hagan, Mead. Sunday, July 27th, Jennie B. Hagan, Mead, Luanna C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y. Monday, Aug. 1st, Conference. Tuesday, Aug. 2nd, Jennie B. Hagan. Wednesday, Aug. 3rd, Luanna C. Howe. Thursday, Aug. 4th, W. J. Colville, Mead. Friday, Aug. 5th, Mrs. Clara Watson, Jamestown, N. Y. Saturday, Aug. 6th, W. J. Colville, Mead. Sunday, Aug. 7th, W. J. Colville and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill. Monday, Aug. 8th, Conference. Tuesday, Aug. 9th, Cora L. V. Richmond. Wednesday, Aug. 10th, W. J. Colville. Thursday, Aug. 11th, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass. Friday, Aug. 12th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. Saturday, Aug. 13th, J. Frank Baxter. Sunday, Aug. 14th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and J. Frank Baxter. Monday, Aug. 15th, Conference. Tuesday, Aug. 16th, Walter Howell, of England. Wednesday, Aug. 17th, Mrs. H. S. Lake, of Wisconsin. Thursday, Aug. 18th, Walter Howell. Friday, Aug. 19th, Mrs. H. S. Lake. Saturday, Aug. 20th, Walter Howell. Sunday, Aug. 21st, A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, and Mrs. H. S. Lake. Monday, Aug. 22nd, Conference. Tuesday, Aug. 23rd, Mrs. H. S. Lake. Wednesday, Aug. 24th, Walter Howell. Thursday, Aug. 25th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, of Boston, Mass. Friday, Aug. 26th, Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 27th, Judge H. S. McCormick, of Franklin, Penn. Sunday, Aug. 28th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie and A. B. French. Monday, Aug. 29th, Conference. Tuesday, Aug. 30th, Dr. J. C. Street. Wednesday, Aug. 31st, to be announced hereafter. Thursday, Sept. 1st, Mrs. R. S. Lillie. Friday, Sept. 2nd, to be announced hereafter. Saturday, Sept. 3rd, Mrs. R. S. Lillie. Sunday, Sept. 4th, Mrs. R. S. Lillie. For Circulars, Address: MRS. M. J. RAMSDALE, Secretary, Cassadaga Lake, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED to sell NOVELTY RUGS, PATTERNS, for making Rugs, Pillows, Blankets, Bedspreads, etc. Machine sent by mail for \$1.00. Send for late reduced price list. R. HOSKINS & CO., Toledo, O.

ELY BUTCHER'S LIGHTNING KILLER. The most successful exterminator. Every street will be a free. Quick work. They die near the plate. Commence early and keep ahead of them. Five cents everywhere. Butcher's Head Sign.

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CHOICE INVESTMENTS!

If you wish to double your money within a year, now is the time. We still have for sale at a great bargain, a few lots in the thriving and promising new town of

Coal Harbor.

beautifully situated on the east bank of the Missouri river, in McClean the banner county of Dakota, surrounded by the celebrated McClean county coal fields; a 12-foot vein opened and in operation now, one mile from Coal Harbor. Two railroads heading for it, and a big boom is anticipated.

TEN PER CENT.

Money loaned on first mortgages, best of security, and no expense to lender; heads of loan, one third valuation. Money invested for non-residents; taxes paid; a general real-estate business transacted.

FOR SALE.

Improved farms, choice acre property, ranches, etc. in McClean, Burleigh and Bonanza counties. Some of the government lands in McClean county; sections cheaply offered; I also have some A. I. bargains in Missouri real estate, such as you will find it in their interest to consult me. All correspondence cheerfully answered. Address: A. J. BERRY, Engineer, St. L.



Voices from the People.

Information on various subjects. Sleep. We sleep and dream. Who has not seen and met His heart's desire in that charmed palace—Sleep...

Science of Theology. Science emphasizes the importance of investigation. It says investigate and then believe or disbelieve according to the weight of evidence.

When we go beyond the region of observation and experience, and beyond the possibility of data for our beliefs, we pass from the region of science to that of theology.

The empire of science is continually enlarging, while that of theology is yielding its territory just as fast as the compass can reach the regions in which it is entrenched.

There was a variety of forms, some appearing as children, two being as they were seen at the same time, while others represented persons of mature age and form.

On arriving at the residence indicated, she was surprised to find her patient to be a man of about 40 years old, apparently suffering from the most excruciating pain.

It is extremely easy so to arrange an investigation into these subjects as to prove a negative. Spiritualists have assuredly not challenged the Society for Psychical Research to appoint a committee of such men as those who form the elected body.

The Rev. John Murray Forbes is the only Roman Catholic priest ever excommunicated in this country before Dr. McTiglynn.

Bishop Howe says the inscription among the South Carolina Episcopalians against the negro is the most serious breach in the history of the diocese.

Rev. W. I. Gill Protests and Explains.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I am sorry to say something for the JOURNAL. By what spirit I know not, but I am sure it is not the spirit of a Spiritualist.

What further was necessary I did not know. There is no church which comes within my present range of attendance and ministrations.

On the 15th and 16th of last month, Mrs. Stoddard Gray and her son, of New York City, presided as mediums at two materializing sances at the residence of Mrs. Fanny W. Sanburn in this city.

Sances with Mrs. Stoddard Gray and Son.

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An Amusing Incident.

The Boston Herald relates a case where a lady disciple, of Galen, got ahead of a practical joker.

To Prove a Negative.

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The Bangs Sisters.

Last winter, in company with Mr. D. S. Bonnett, I spent some time investigating independent sances writing at the Bangs sisters.

E. J. Carpenter writes: I would prefer to have the JOURNAL in quarto form.

J. T. Rothenberg writes: The course you follow with reference to Spiritualism I endorse to its fullest extent. If you would change the form of the JOURNAL to a quarto, even if thereby its price should be somewhat higher than at present, you would confer a great benefit on your subscribers.

J. C. Herbert writes: I am developing as a speaking medium, and my wife is clairvoyant.

RAISED FROM THE DEAD.

A Remarkable Resuscitation of a Lady Who Was Supposed To Be a Corpse.

Saved from the Crematory by the Accidental Fall of a Flower from the Coffin.

The Morning Journal of New York vouches for the truth of the following remarkable story: On June 30 last a hearse and one carriage stood in front of an elegant mansion on Fifth avenue.

AN ELEGANT ROSWOOD CASKET was carried from the house and placed in the hearse followed by four individuals, who entered the carriage.

An Irreligious Parrot.

Mrs. Lucretia Bemis is a widow. Her husband was a sea captain, and when he died, about fifteen years ago, he left his wife, among other worldly goods, a large green parrot, versatile in plumage and in conversational powers.

SOMEWHAT REVIVED HER.

I had placed her upon a lounge. I told her to remain very quiet, as she was very feeble and the least exertion might prove fatal.

Organization.

They who say organization is impossible must remember they only speak for themselves. For them it is impossible; and will continue to be until they are ready for it.

Mrs. Mary A. Crawford writes: I have had one full form materialization, no one present in the room but myself, and I hope I may never have such another experience.

The Chinese foreign board has issued a circular to the effect that the government will not permit any further importation of the Sha-ho gate at Peking.

The Third Universalist church, the Rev. Mr. Nickerson, pastor; has arranged for a lawn party and dance to be held at the residence of D. W. Richardson, corner of Baxter street and Noble avenue (Lake View), Thursday evening, the 21st inst.

Now I Lay Me.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, I Pray the Lord my Soul to Keep; If I Should Die Before I Wake, I Pray the Lord my Soul to Take.

This quatrain, familiar to most English-speaking households the world over, and too familiar to all the children of New England to require to be quoted in full, may probably be found in itself also some moderate antiquity, possibly two or three centuries. But what merits entitle it to so wide a popular diffusion or so long a life, it is difficult to see.

Comparatively recent; for the present writer, now in his seventieth year, was grown to mature manhood before ever he heard it.

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Bret Harte was born in Albany and is only 49 years old.

Rabbits have become a terrible nuisance in some parts of Nevada.

It will be the fashion this summer for girls to rub cheeks instead of kissing.

A box with \$200 in counterfeit gold coins was found not long since in Georgia.

Two gipsy girls, aged 13 and 15 years, were sitting under a tree near Boyertown, Pa., on Sunday evening, when it was struck by lightning.

On the day, in 519, that King Arthur won a great victory over Saxons, Tevi, or David, afterwards archbishop of St. David's, ordered the Welsh soldiers to place a leek in their caps.

A colored porter on a Southern railroad sold a bottle of ale in his car as it was passing through a prohibition country in Mississippi.

The human hair varies in thickness from 1-250 to 2-600 of an inch.

Oscar B. Farnum, of Boston, tired of life, took a big dose of laudanum, tied his necktie tightly around his throat, hung himself thereby to the chandelier, turned on the gas and tried to die.

An English experiment finds that, contrary to general opinion, a growth of ivy over a house renders the interior entirely free from moisture.

A Frenchman near Waterville, Me., has a Newfoundland dog which he uses as a horse.

The books in the British museum are bound on a principle, historical works being in red, theological in blue, poetical in yellow, natural history in green.

A Maine editor came near losing his temper the other day. In a notice of one of the local chloirs he said that "the well-trained and cultured voices of the excellent choir showed to the best advantage in the anthem, 'When Morning Purples all the Sky.'"

This story comes from Inyo, Cal.: A load of hay was put in a yard near a stable.

Essex, Mass., has a citizen whose greatest claim to distinction is his appetite, and that is remarkable.

Edward A. Lovelock, of Troy, N. Y., lately bought a young tree set in a tub.

In 1832 a woman who worked in a mill at Lowell, Mass., deposited \$40 in a savings bank.

The coal-beds of China are five times as large as those of all Europe, while gold, silver, lead, tin, copper, iron, marble, and petroleum are all found in the great quantities.

John Conrad, Preston, Ill., is said to have in his possession a German Bible which was printed in the fifteenth century, being 365 years old.

Old Mr. Sawyer made a pass at Neptune with his cane, but all he did was to knock some veneering off the bottom of the boat.

A curious premonition of death occurred to Isaac Mushrush, a workman who was killed by the explosion of a boiler near Pittsburgh recently.

A \$500 clock which pipes thirty-six Italian, French, German and American tunes with wooden flutes besides telling the hours and minutes in silver chimes, has been placed in the vestibule near the dining-room at the executive mansion at Albany.

A fox hunt recently occurred in Kent, Conn., which was in many respects the most remarkable this country has ever known.

A heavy thunderstorm came up while Charles Kinzleman was cutting grass for his cow on Col. J. H. Lick's farm, near Frederickburg, Pa., on Saturday.

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Given to Lying.

What is the matter with the human race? What quality is it that induces people to tell lies of which they can get no possible benefit?

It appears to be even worse with the ear. It is at best a crooked organ, and nearly everything that passes through it gets a twist.

An Old-Time Warning of Death.

The first volume of Dr. Samuel Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets" records on page 225 a singular experience.

"The present age is very little inclined to favor accounts of this kind, nor will the name of Aubrey much recommend it to credit ought not however, to be omitted, because better evidence of a fact cannot easily be found than is here offered.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, for Children and Pulmonary Troubles.

A Great Mining Enterprise. One of the most promising enterprises organized here recently, is the Fortuna and Silver Mining Company.

Catarra, 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 catarrhal tubes.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but an empty dream."

Gov. Larrabee has sent to the office of the Dubuque Times a stalk of corn grown upon his farm.

The Buddhist continues to make vigorous efforts to counteract the spread of Christianity in Japan.

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pocket, with one box of Ayer's Pills. As they operate directly on the stomach and bowels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body.

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped.

John W. Brown, M. D., of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I prescribe Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent."

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My Wife.

(Continued from First Page.)

secret. One of the bodies entombed here is that of the proprietor of this den, and probably none save he knew of these loathsome vaults. Come, let us leave them, with all the evidences of my dead buried in their gloomy recesses. Then he made me repeat my oath to never, even upon my death bed, disclose the secret with which I was charged.

"How well I have kept my word you, my husband alone know. I tottered, rather than walked, after him as we retraced our steps through the dark passages and finally stood once more upon the street beneath the starlit sky. The cool air revived me and soothed to a state of partial quiescence my quivering nerves, so that I was able to walk briskly by his side as we proceeded toward my home.

"In a short time we entered the dwelling I had left but a few short hours before. I had brought the prodigal back to the bedside of his mother, but she knew it not; for her upturned face was white and quiet, and she gave no sign of that breath which mysteriously binds the soul to its terrestrial companion.

"The very next day my brother went on board of a foreign bound ship, leaving me to bear the burden of our secret alone.

"Is there need to tell you how I bore that burden? How it preyed upon the vitals and tissues of my life until it finally consumed them? All those two corpses were always before me. Day by day I could see the slow process of decomposition working its sickening changes upon those remains. It is a wonder that I retained my reason through that frightful time. Then I met you, my husband, and thinking my love for you would lessen the horrors of that hideous vision, I permitted myself to marry you; but still did my mind follow those corpses through all the stages that Nature works upon the dead, until I could see no vestige of the flesh which once clothed their whitening bones. Then was my horror doubled, haunted, as I continually was, by those bleaching skeletons. I could see their grinning countenances always before my eyes—aye, and hear the rattling of their luxuriant bones as they remorselessly pursued me everywhere.

"Do you wonder, then, that the soul, forbidden during life to cast off its terrible burden, should return to its abandoned prison, that it might shake itself clear of the load which rested so heavily upon it, even in the world to which it had flown? But, Charles, deal leniently with my brother, that wild, perverse boy, whose passionate temper and quick resentment of an insult resulted in so much misery to his sister."

"Then turning to the skeletons, upon whose grim visages still rested that mocking grin, she concluded: "Rest ye in peace, ye that have reached the inevitable end of all mortality."

"Then beckoning me to follow, she proceeded to make her way from this gloomy receptacle of death.

How we reached home, through the blinding storm, along the lonesome road, sometimes across a short stretch of bare ground, but oftener plunging waist-deep through a snow-drift which blocked our way, I never knew. But this I know, that when we arrived there the morn was close at hand; and when we were again housed within that cold, dreary room, she stood a moment before me, and gazed at me with that look of deep love which was allowed no more material manifestation in this life; then she walked softly toward her casket, and quietly laid herself down upon its cushions, and I once more saw that apparition of celestial glory appear from within her resting-place, and glide slowly across the room and through the window, which seemed, although I could not perceive it, to open to admit its passage. I rushed to the window, and, pressing my face against the black panes, eagerly, tremblingly watched that glorious resident of another world, shining through the clouds of blinding snow, until it disappeared; then, quivering with unstrung nerves, I went to the casket and gazed upon the passive face of my dead wife. A peaceful expression of satisfied longing rested upon her features, and I knew that her soul was relieved of its burden, and was now assured of perfect and eternal rest.—J. T. in the Cape Ann Advertiser.

Mrs. H. J. Horn's Answer to "Weak Points of Spiritualism."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The world is filled with empirics who in a vain desire to appear learned, rush in to criticize where the truly intelligent and cultured mind would fear to tread.—"as fools walk where angels would fear to tread." In a lecture called "Weak Points of Spiritualism," the writer after wandering in a disconnected manner far from the given theme and animadverting against "the innumerable herds of alleged mediums," the lecturer finally launches into the open sea where his weak points are to be found, and numbers them as eight very weak points, indeed, against Spiritualism!

Number one is the innumerable herds of mediums who are indifferent jugglers, judges of human nature, who possess the "cacoethes loquendi," which learned phrase means "an evil habit of speaking," from the Latin word "cacoethes," an evil habit, and loquendi, rage for speaking. How this overwhelming phrase applies to this class of mediums, whom he terms tricksters and bogus mediums, I fail to see.

The third charge is that "men of learning and scientific attainments" have looked into the matter and "find nothing," while others have discovered phenomena they cannot explain! He continues with these strong weak points till he reaches the sixth objection, which is the one I, as the guilty medium, have to deal with. There he says that "talented men of broad education, etc., return and give utterances far below the utterances of these same men while on earth." "A notable illustration of this will be found in a book recently published by a medium," quoting the names of Mills, Greeley, Bishop Colenso, Thiers, Dickens, Disraeli, Bulwer and others—names appearing in no other book but mine, which is entitled "The Next World Interviewed," and as I am the medium alluded to, and as these distinguished persons named have chosen me as their humble "locum tenens," I respond over my own signature to the unwarrantable attack of this astute reasoner who says:

"I have grave doubts regarding the genuineness of these pretended interviews."

Now I wish he would enlighten me as to the meaning of these words. Does he intend to say that I only pretend to have had the interviews? or does he mean that he doubts the genuineness of the pretension? Certainly a pretended affair is not genuine. Probably he wishes the reader to infer that he doubts the identity of the spirit communication. In reply to this I can only say, that is a matter of opinion, as many readers, of wide culture and profound thought, names well

known in literary circles, have informed me that they thought the several papers remarkably characteristic of the writers who were attached their names thereto, and as I myself belong to a literary family, and am a woman of college education, I consider myself a competent judge of literary merit wherever found. I must say that, on re-reading the work to answer his objections, I was particularly struck with the originality of the contents of the volume, and pleased with the glowing diction of the spirit authors.

But it were fruitless to point out the beauties and merits of such a work to one who utters the same "nonsense" and "platitudes" as is daily in the mouth of the merest tyro who disputes Spiritualism, and inveighs against a subject beyond his comprehension. The JOURNAL states that the lecturer is a "Spiritualist, but exceedingly careful and critical in his investigations." We have heard of publishers so critical that they refused the best works of distinguished authors, counting them as trash! "Rejected Addresses" is no new event in the literary history of Literature. Many a great work of art has been turned to the wall because of the ignorance of those who pretended to judge of its worth. Raphael's now immortal cartoons were for years stowed away in a garret as so much rubbish, by those incapable of judging the great master's touch!

It is hardly worth while to occupy valuable space in trying to enlighten one who places the invaluable communications on a par with utterances of a "ward politician." 27 Park Place, Saratoga Springs, July 10, 1887.

Notes of Travel.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The unprecedented heat at this time is suggestive to all heretics, and seems prophetic of the time when the "earth shall melt with fervent heat." It is a good time for spiritualist editors to get acclimated. I think if you can stand this you will go through as safely as did the "Hebrew children," who were made fire-proof for the occasion. But it is decidedly withering to my physical and intellectual aspirations. We had a cool, bracing day at Muskegon, Sunday, and I guess the religion partook of the same quality, by the audiences who did not come out to hear my solution of the "Problem of Life." However, the few who did hear gave me a cordial greeting, and made my stay pleasant.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. C. J. Hamilton, whose amiable companion made the beautiful home a haven of rest to a weary pilgrim, and the atmosphere of unpretentious refinement and cordial welcome is "something sweet to think of in this world of ours." Mr. Hamilton has not been directly interested in Spiritualism more than two or three years, but his mind is ripe for it, and it feeds his better nature, and "stubborn facts" have done something for him that will last. He expresses high appreciation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and likes it better and better the more he reads it. The faithful few with whom I pleasantly mingled have left a happy impress with me.

I had the honor of sharing the hospitality, during my last night's stay in the city, of Brother A. B. Wood, late editor of the Social Inquirer. Brother Wood is a recent convert to Spiritualism, being an evolution from materialism, under the wand of Dr. N. B. Wolfe, and the facts that grew up around him, until they crushed the old shell and led him out into the glory. He is not a man to jump at conclusions and accept assumptions without evidence; but rather resists the testimony until facts force him forward. Then he accepts gladly. Such converts are worth the effort it costs to reach them. I judge that his intelligent family share his faith.

There may be some germs sprouting in Muskegon that will bring forth a harvest by and by. I think there are. I enjoyed a pleasant and profitable chat with Brother Nims, who is an admirer of the JOURNAL and its editor. His well stored and active mind gives out its light, and others grow in his shadow. One thinker inspires many with the animation of his genius, and a few hundred men and women lead the thought of the world. The drifting millions fall into the wave and float. I am one of the floaters; but I often find myself floating against the popular currents, and not infrequently have to paddle for dear life to keep my head above the waves. In this city (Grand Rapids) there are some fine mediums, and some strong currents of individuality that do not run all one way! But I presume all will reach the same great ocean of life "in the sweat and by the blood." Hon. L. V. Moulton is a clear-headed, well-balanced, cultured thinker, and devoted to the good and true in all things. He loves truth, and tries to find and use it, and help all honest seekers to Spiritual light. While he does not directly work in all the spheres, and with all the methods which seem best to others, he does not. I think, seek to antagonize any. Mrs. Moulton is a fine medium and superior woman. Dr. F. Schemmerhorn and wife are rather new in the cause, but faithful and fearless. Dr. Schemmerhorn is a medium of rare power. Although devoting his time to his profession as physician and surgeon, he takes some leisure hours in cultivating his gifts in the quiet home circle. I had the pleasure of attending one last week. The strong and delicate hand touches, independent voice answers to mental questions, and various other phenomena, while all were seeking truth, "without money and without price," were pleasant proofs of the close proximity and active identity of exorcarnate souls. Mrs. Lindsey, formerly an active church-member, is a good worker and medium for a variety of phases, and I am told, gives many good tests. Mrs. Graves, the veteran lecturer and medium, is always among the faithful wherever there is opportunity to do good. She is broad in her views of human nature, and never, I think falls into the ruts of envy, jealousy and evil gossip, that so often mar the otherwise beautiful character of good mediums. Mrs. Dr. Marvin is a healer, and accomplishes far more with her hands, spiritually magnetized, for the relief and cure of the sick, than I have ever known by any class of the so-called Christian Scientists. She cures where medicine fails. Mrs. Winch is an excellent medium and a noble woman, and has given many remarkable tests, some of which I hope to get for the readers of the JOURNAL. I speak the 17th and 24th at Sturges, Mich., and intend to start for Fredonia the 25th of July.

Grand Rapids, Mich., July 13th.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Little by little fortunes are accumulated; little by little knowledge is gained; little by little character is achieved.

We complain that our life is short, and yet we throw away much of it, and are weary of many of its parts.

The secret of success is constancy to purpose.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SOLAR BIOLOGY.

The Age of Cranks; They Spring up all Over the Continent, But Boston Ahead.

BY W. H. CHANEY.

Whenever new thought is developed regarding any particular scientific theory, it is remarkable that it starts among the esoteric. The esoteric flatter themselves that they know it all and smile pityingly upon the ignorant masses who strive to develop new thought. When I was a boy, allopathic physicians gave calomel for almost every ailment, and then denied cold water; but now these barbarous practices are nearly obsolete. Why? Did the doctors reform their practice? By no means. The ignorant masses rebelled against these outrages, and not until driven to the last ditch would the doctors yield. So, too, Christianity taught that there was a lake that burned with fire and brimstone where the wicked would forever howl, shriek, curse and blaspheme, all for the glory of God; but the clergy who preach this now are almost as scarce as doctors who bleed, blister and deny cold water in fever. Whence this change? Did the reform begin with the hell-believing clergy? Not much! It had its dawn with the first gentle rap at Hydesville. The very first, and to me all-important, question I asked the first medium I ever saw, was, "Is endless damnation true?" and in answer thereto came a single rap so loud that it startled me. For this heresy Christians repudiated the beautiful philosophy of spirit communion. They ridiculed all who accepted it, denouncing them as insane and idiotic. But the Spirit-world had trained its guns for a long siege, and after battering away for nearly forty years, the old ship Endless Damnation has lost her sails, had her spars and rudder shot away and is now helpless that she can scarcely whisper hell when she sees an ignorant Spiritualist. Satan has been banished, hell upset and brimstone dematerialized, while "the long-haired men and short-haired women," as they call us by way of Christian ridicule, are steadily marching on to victory. And so it has been with reforms in all directions. In my opinion the Spirit-world has started them, not among insiders, the smart Aliens who know it all, but among outsiders, who are uneducated.

The wheat is mixed with chaff, corn has its husks; the rose its thorn, and so on in all things. Men die cranks, and until they can develop out of the cranky condition they seek for mortal cranks that they may continue the work begun in earth-life. For many years I was intimately acquainted with Minnie Myrtle, the deserted wife of "Joachim" Miller. She had a very fine quality of brain and a superior, poetical intellect. For years her father had tried to invent perpetual motion, and died strong in the belief that it was possible. Minnie showed no signs of trying to imitate her father until after she was thirty, when her sensitive nature yielded to the cruelty of an unfeeling husband and reason tottered on its throne. She was a born medium, as well as her beautiful daughter, Maud. Some of the most interesting and philosophical manifestations I ever witnessed came from a circle where Minnie and Maud were the mediums. Minnie broke down, mentally, by slow degrees. Her death would not have been so sad to her friends as this slow yielding of her bright intellect; yet through all her sorrow and despair she never complained, but like Shakespeare's personification of Patience, "she smiled at grief." At last the bright intellects of the past could no longer control her, and then the spirit of her father obsessed her. For years she toiled at his unfinished work. She often told me, when I had drawn her mind entirely away from perpetual motion, that she had begged and implored of her father to release her, but he continually assured her that she was on the point of succeeding and in a few weeks more perpetual motion would be a recognized fact among magicians. And thus she died as died her father. Maud is a weird child, and if crushed by harshness, as was her angel mother, it is only a question of time when some cranky spirit will control her also.

The present is an age of cranks, resulting from the gropings of the soul in mental darkness, seeking for something higher. A cranky spirit witnesses the zeal of a Newton or Kepler impressing upon the brain of a mortal the sublime truths of astronomy and astrology, for both men devoted their earth-lives to these sciences, and as the little boy plays preacher or teacher to those whom he can influence, so the cranky spirit finds mortals on whom he can impress his imaginings, convincing them that they are true science. Thus a crammer won notoriety with his predictions about the great perdition which would send plague and pestilence in 1881. Thus Wiggins predicted terrific tornadoes that raged only in his mad imagination. I exposed the fallacies of both these men before the time set for the fulfillment of their predictions, in the papers of Portland, Oregon. Then comes Philbrook, transplanted from New York to Chicago. He tells us that tornadoes are caused solely by the escaping of electricity from the earth, through the straw stubble after harvest. But I noticed more than a dozen cyclones last winter, after the stubble had been ploughed up and under; besides, the roof of the straw, instead of being hollow, leaving a tunnel for the electricity, is closed up solid, more than twice as thick as the sides of the straw tube. Query? Could not the electricity come up through the loose earth easier than it could squirm and wriggle through that straw stubble to be shot out like a Sepoy from an English Christian mortar? Then, as a specimen of his vivid imagination, Philbrook tells us that the blackberry wine grew into a blacksnake. Finally, by searching he has found out God, namely, electricity! I mean no irreverence, but I think I should smile to see Philbrook's God wriggling himself into the straw stubble and then popping out and raising a cyclone. How sublime this would be compared with "Pop goes the weasel!"

But the last and mightiest of all cranks is Hiram E. Butler, and of course a product of the Hub of the Universe. Some of the most sensible and intelligent men and women on our planet, live in Boston; and as the rose has its thorns, so Boston has its cranks. This last specimen, like Saul, towers head and shoulders above all others. He has written a book entitled "Solar Biology," being a rehash of the errors and superstitions of astrology, long since repudiated by scientific astrologers, cemented together by the wildest imaginings, with a spicing of truth, fully ninety-nine per cent. being error. He attempts to give the places of the planets, evidently mixing the heliocentric with the geocentric longitudes in such a manner that only a professional astronomer can distinguish which is meant, and to cap the climax, makes blunders with both. He gives the earth a zodiac independent of the zodiac agreed to by all astronomers, placing Aries in the earth's zodiac

where Libra is in the true zodiac and then gives, or tries to give, the geocentric longitude of the planets, both being full of errors. Having spoken of the two zodiacs which he styles the sun's zodiac and earth's zodiac, on page 42 he adds: "The common almanac has this zodiac [which one?] laid out accurately, etc.," explaining the difference of 30 degrees between the signs and constellations, but in a way that only a professor of astronomy can understand. As "this" refers to the nearer noun for its antecedent, which is "earth's zodiac," then we must understand that the almanacs give the earth's zodiac.

On page 35, he says "the earth enters Aries on the 21st of March, whereas the 'common almanac,' as well as the nautical, shows that the sun then enters Aries and the earth must enter Libra at that time." Then on another page he declares that Aries begins March 21, but does not designate which zodiac he means, although the astronomer knows that it is the true zodiac. Here is a flat contradiction, and, to the amateur, must lead to hopeless confusion. He starts upon the theory of substituting Libra for Aries, gets lost in his imaginings, and finally finds his hypothesis (if it is not even a theory, much less science) upon the zodiac known to all astronomers. Nevertheless he wanders again in giving the longitudes of the planets, for he places Saturn in Capricornus at this time, when all astronomers agree that he is in the sign Cancer, 180° distant, or the constellation Gemini. And so he goes on with Uranus, Jupiter and Mars, for June 15, 1887, all 180° out of place. Venus is in Leo, but he gives her in Aries, 120° out of place. Mercury is in Cancer, June 17, but he gives it in Aries—an error of 90°, while he gives the moon correctly, and does not give the sun at all! He pretends to found his alleged science on the "fluid" of the sun, calls it "Solar Biology," after the sun, and yet in his table of 80 years, 160 pages, he does not even once give the sun's longitude. This is playing Hamlet with Hamlet left out. Even if his alleged science was in any way true, which I deny, both his rules and table for delineating a person are utterly valueless. On June 4th, 1887, not even one planet is given its right place. But as every quick medicine has hundreds of certificates extolling its virtues, no doubt he can find hundreds to certify to the truth of his hypotheses, as a sailor can prove that there is a "Flying Dutchman," and the Catholic that there is a "Wandering Jew." But all scientists will consign it to the mythical realm of a vanished satan and upset hell.

In conclusion: This book is issued from the press in the very finest style, with wood-cuts almost equal to steel engravings. A cut of the author represents him as a perfect Apollo in beauty, overflowing with intellect and spirituality. The price of the book is \$5, and whoever buys it will be one of those not named in the list of the wise, for he will be "a fool and his money soon parted." I bought the book, and as St. Paul was "the chief of sinners," so am I, among the Solar Biology innocents, one of the early and chief victims. How I wish I had my money back! New Orleans, La.

NOTES FROM ONSET.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The eleventh annual camp meeting of the Onset Bay Grove Association was duly opened on Sunday, July 10th, President Wm. D. Crockett presiding. During the past week every train has brought large accessions to the grove until we are numbered by thousands here at this seaside home. During Saturday night we were visited with a dredging rain, and Sunday morning opened with a sky overcast and threatening a wet and uncomfortable day, which must have deterred many from coming to Onset. The morning service was held in the Temple. Our Middleboro Band, Carter, leader, was present and discoursed some of its finest music while the audience was assembling. The hour of 10:30 A. M., having arrived, the President called the meeting to order, and in his usual and easy style, bade all welcome to Onset for the camping season of 1887, and formally opened the exercises by calling upon the audience to join with Mr. C. W. Sullivan in a hymn of praise, which was responded to in good earnest.

After singing, the President introduced Mrs. M. S. Wood as the speaker of the morning. Mrs. Wood stepped forward and said: "Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen, as I have been assigned the honorable position of delivering the lecture of welcome to this the eleventh annual camp meeting at Onset Bay, I beg of you to let me do so in my own honest, simple way." She proceeded to pour on the oil of consolation. I think that word will do better than any of the many that might be termed somewhat of a vulgar nature. Yes, pour on the oil of consolation. She talked individually to each of the dozen or more of the representative Spiritualists that were seated upon the platform, also selecting a few persons from the large audience present. The lecture was one of Mrs. Wood's real flow of soul, and I trust it met with a response that will cheer her on in the cause she so much loves. At the close of the lecture, Mr. Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., gave an exercise in his mediumship that was decidedly satisfactory, reporting many of the loved ones gone before.

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

At two P. M. the sky had become cloudless and the meeting was called to order at the grand stand. After an hour's concert by the Middleboro Band, the audience was again requested to join with C. W. Sullivan, in a song of praise, after which the President introduced Mr. Walter Howell, of England, as the speaker of the hour. Mr. Howell announced his subject to be "Death in the Light of Modern Spiritualism," and for an hour and a half he proceeded to define the theological, materialistic and spiritual definitions and theories of life and death. It was one of Mr. Howell's finest efforts, and was given the undivided attention of a large and appreciative audience. At the close of Mr. Howell's lecture, Mr. Emerson again gave an exercise in mediumship, with perfect success. I think every name was fully recognized.

Among the arrivals the past week are twelve from Nashville, Tenn: Mr. and Mrs. John Lundson, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse French and three children, John, Horace and Jesse Gee, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gannett and three children: Henry, Clarence and Fred. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Tice, New York; Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, Killingsly, Ct. Mrs. L. P. Danforth, Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Saunders and two children, Minneapolis, Minn. W. W. CURRIER.

Onset, Mass., July 11.

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