

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE

VOTED TO ANNUAL PHILOSOPHY

ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

VOL. XLII. CHICAGO, MARCH 12, 1887. No. 3

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.

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—A Reasonable Religion.

SECOND PAGE.—A Family Circle in Germany. The Quakers—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Can Spiritualism Spiritualize? What of the Dead. A Good Example.

THIRD PAGE.—Woman and the Household. The Star of Bethlehem. Senator Stanford's Son. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

FOURTH PAGE.—The New Theology Movement. Sam Jones in Boston. Curious Incidents. "The Religious World." The great Preacher Passed to Spirit-Life. The Spirit of a Departed Physician Careses his Fiancee. Remarkable Coincidences. A Blind Critic of Pictures. General Items.

FIFTH PAGE.—Passed to Spirit-Life. Experiences in the Edgy Camp of Christian Scientists Continued. The Brahmo Samaj. General Items. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIXTH PAGE.—Welcome Them. Anti-Tobacco Law in Michigan. A Tent Illuminated. Bewitched or What?—Views for and Against. The Terrible Risk of It. Curious Manifestations. An Apparition. Hoffman—Burr. Bishop Finds Miss Lee's Ring. Manifestations at a Private Circle. New York Spiritual Conference. She Prayed It. A Vote of Thanks to W. R. Ties. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Only Thirteen Years Left. A. Edgar's Love. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Life in the Spirit-World and the Preparation for It. "The Kingdom Within." The Shadows on the Wall. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

A REASONABLE RELIGION.

A Sermon by Rev. Reed Stuart at the Independent Congregational (Unitarian) Church, Detroit, Mich.

We cannot write the national history of the soul. It cannot be written. The wisest of mankind have attempted it, but they have failed. Witness the thousands of useless volumes of metaphysics in the libraries. The geologists can write a natural history of the earth, the botanists of the plants, and the astronomers make a map of the skies; but who can discover and interpret the laws of the soul, or give the rank and true position to each of the bright worlds that shine and sparkle in the mysterious inner sky? Chemistry, and the microscope have brought to light many secrets; but here is something which forever eludes detection, and refuses to be analyzed and dissected. It were as easy to define God as to define the soul.

Vain is the attempt, then, to give the rank which each power of the soul holds in the world, or glory one state of the mind to the shame of another. One star differeth from another star in glory, it may be; but not one of them could be spared without damage to the universe. The splendid city of God, which the night reveals, would be marred if one of its palaces should be ruined. So it is impossible to draw comparisons between the divisions of the mind, and conclude that one is better, or more useful, or more beautiful, or more necessary, than another. Intellect is good; but it is no better than love. Memory is beautiful; but so is hope beautiful. The search for truth is a noble engagement for the soul; but so is pity, flowing out in acts of mercy, a divine activity. The bud is good, and the leaf is good, and the fruit is good. So are instinct, and opinion, and knowledge, and will, and intuition all good. The soul rejoicing over a flower, or a sunset, or weeping over a wrong, or a sadness, is as true and as nobly occupied as a soul discovering a new law of the world, or meditating over the might and splendor of Godhead.

The soul cannot live without truth. The body does not crave air more than does the soul crave truth. It is the prime element of its existence. And yet, it is like the air in that it must be free and forever renewed. If confined, and used too often it becomes stale and corrupted, and poisons instead of nourishes life. How annoying a specialist may become,—who thinks that the regeneration of the world can be wrought by the adaptation of his particular and favorite plan! It is idealism in philosophy, it is evolution in science, it is free trade in political economy, it is an educational test of the ballot, it is woman's rights, or church extension, or orthodoxy, or liberalism, or co-operation, or masonry, or vegetarian diet, that will surely bring the millennium, if we may put faith in the fervid claims of their admiring adherents. But it is seen that each one of these truths, when taken out of its proper relation, becomes a falsehood. Each driver of these chariots is a reckless Phaeton; he drives too fast; he does not keep his proper course, and does not gladden but scorches the earth.

But love, and imagination, and will, and reverence are capable of similar abuse. If love swerves from its orbit it does not bless but blase life. Imagination, unchecked, becomes insanity. An untamed will becomes a despot. When reverence overflows its banks it turns into superstition. A mystic saw that "in heaven the cherubim know most; the seraphim love most." But every soul has its native cherubim and seraphim, who know and love; and it is better that they should keep within their boundaries and not interfere with each other.

In religion there is a place for faith and

love. But we wish to maintain there is an equal place for reason. Our life should not tarry forever at either extreme. Like a pendulum, we should be so delicately poised that we can freely swing from one wall of our enclosed existence to the other without being thought fickle, or a traitor to either reverence or reason;—or, like the tides, sweep with all our force toward one, without fear or regret, assured that soon we shall return and rise as high on the shores of the other beautiful continent; and the law of compensation cannot be slighted or annulled. As we have long since learned to trust the stars and the seasons in their methods, an equal trust should be reposed in the soul's ability to achieve a beautiful career. God has no quarrel with himself.

Whence came reason? If we only could have a solvent and satisfactory reply to that question. The philosophers who find sufficient answer to all the perplexing queries of life by interrogating the witnesses that the eye can see and the hand can touch, without hesitation, say it came from instinct. Press the inquiry a step further, and ask them whence came instinct? and, with equal promptness, they answer, from appetite. But as one follows them in their description of the likes and dislikes of the different forms of life, from the aspidian to the ape, and from the ape to the ancestral savage, and from the savage in the cave to the savant in the academy of science, the wonder still lurks if the whole story has been told, or whether there are some other witnesses who, if they had been called to the stand, might not have changed the finding and the verdict somewhat. Probably if we knew how God came to be we would better be able to tell the origin of reason, and trace its marvelous steps through time. There have been secret currents of being flowing through the ages, as invisible torrents of electricity stream through the ocean of light and air,—spiritual waves, finer than the philosopher can detect or measure with his most delicate instruments.

One thing is sure,—now it is day and awhile ago it was night. Gradually the light issued from the darkness. Had that never occurred but once, and there was no man living who was present when the amazing spectacle took place, we would all be in ignorance as to the method or cause of its occurrence. In such like ignorance are we as to the coming of reason. Long prior to the most ancient history of man, it had arrived. Whether it came as the day came,—first a faint promise, then a few scattered, widely divergent gleams of light, then a flush of flame, as of a purple beacon kindled over the horizon, then the majestic pageant of an upward wheeling world of fire which lavishly hurled its light over a whole zone of earth, cannot be known. Only we know it is here. God has a key to every door, and enters where and when He will. When He opened the door of the soul, and entered as reason or love, cannot be dated; only we know that there came a celestial day, long ago, when the bolt was slipped and entrance was made.

It being assumed that reason is a natural and necessary endowment of the soul, and as divine as love, the proposition should go without debate that it should be freely present in every department of human life and activity. The whole broad empire should willingly concede its right to assist in regulating and adjusting its affairs. Reason is no more of an intruder, in the province of man's religion, than it is in the province of his politics, or his agriculture. Wherever it bears the royal seal, it does not need to sue for the right of way. Barefoot, and in coarse garment Hildebrand compelled Henry IV. of Germany to stand for four days in the snow, without the gates of Canossa, seeking admittance; but no Pontiff can deny the right to this king to enter within the walls of religion. Unlike Henry, it comes to the gates of the church not to supplicate for mercy, but to demand justice.

And yet that scene in history has sought to repeat itself. In theory, religious people have opened the gates to reason, while, in fact, they have been closed. Long since it made its peaceful invasion of all other domains, and has gained a victory; but upon all sides the popular religion has presented a hostile front to its approaches.

There is nothing that the church actual so dreads as common sense. For twenty-five years the pulpit, and the religious press of popular Christianity, has not ceased to lament or denounce the spread of rationalism in the land. The impression is made that if rationalism comes, religion must go—that to confess reason is to deny God. Without doubt there are mysteries in religion, as there are in our daily life which, up to date, have not been solved to the satisfaction of all. How people think, how one mind unconsciously influences, or reads the secrets of another mind, what is beauty? what is sex? what are sleep and death? are mysteries in that they are so deep that the plummet of our logic has not yet fully sounded them. But the mysteries of the prevailing type of religion, which have been so jealously guarded against the assaults of rationalism, are not the things which are too great for reason to solve, but the things that are opposed to reason. They are not natural, but artificial mysteries. Care has not been taken to make a distinction between that which is above common sense, and that which is simply contrary to common sense, between that which is mysterious and that which is only foolish. It is not the mysteries of religion that need tremble at the incursions of reason. It is only the frauds that are in real danger. Once, it must be confessed, there was some

excuse for religion to be partial and unreasonable. Other things were lacking in greatness as well as it, and it did not possess a monopoly of all the nonsense in the world. When the books of Moses were written their author or authors permitted many childish and absurd things to find a place within them. But these books do not contain any more or greater absurdities than other pages written in that far off time, outside of Palestine. They contain imperfect ideas as to the creation, and the shape of the earth; but they are as nearly correct as the ideas which the surrounding nations entertained upon the same subject. Their thought about God was often puerile, but so were their astronomy, and their geography, and their chemistry, and their agriculture equally childish. At the same time that they were thinking of God as a greater man, with all the passions of themselves, who was appeased when he was offended by the slaughter of birds and lambs, who made bargains with them in which he guarded his own interests with the shrewdness and thrift which was a characteristic of themselves, and while they were believing that the most awful of all mysteries was enclosed in a box which they carried from place to place with great ceremony,—during those same years they thought that the earth was a flat plain which the sky enclosed and covered like the roof of a tent, they thought that by journeying far enough the end of the world might be reached, they threshed grain by driving oxen over it, and used a crooked stick for a plow. If they thought of God as small, it was because they thought of the world as small. A small kingdom did not need a great king. One only a little larger than David or Solomon would be sufficient to govern an empire only a little greater than Judea.

Nor were the surrounding nations any wiser in their estimates of things. The Greeks were unreasonable in their religion; but no more so were they in this than in their measurement of earth and its forces. The priests were no more mistaken in their ideas about the gods than was Herodotus in his ideas about the source of the Nile and the causes of its annual overflow. We can easily excuse the priests for their views concerning heaven, when we hear of such men as Pindar and Pliny believing that, far to the northward, lived a race of people who lived in perfect happiness. There was no sickness, no old age, no toil, no war, and no sorrow. These learned men placed this happy region, not in heaven, but on the earth. And yet they were as powerless, or as careless to verify their theory concerning these happy Hyperboreans as were the men of religion to establish their belief concerning Olympus and its gods and goddesses. The religion of those days showed its ignorance when it believed without evidence in the existence of demons and demigods, but not any more than did science show its ignorance, or disregard of facts when it accounted for the southward movement of the sun in the autumn by assuming the prevalence of a strong wind blowing from the north, or saying that insanity was caused by the changes of the moon. When all things else were unreasonable, it is not surprising that religion was.

But now great changes appear in almost all things. When we look at the present world, and note its completeness in so many departments, and compare it with what it once was, it is difficult to think that this is the same earth and the same humanity. Everywhere traces of wisdom are found which were absent from those old centuries. The absurd things in agriculture, in astronomy, in chemistry, have all been taken out. A supreme court has been in constant session, through all the long period, before which the beliefs and practices of man have been summoned for trial. This court is constantly examining witnesses, and passing verdicts from which there is no appeal. It sent out experts, and they came back and testified that there is no such land as that of which Pindar wrote. Others were sent in a different direction, who returned and reported that they could find no "Fortunate Islands" or sea of perpetual calm. It summoned others who testified that, to the best of their knowledge and belief, the earth is not a plain, but a globe, and offered to verify their belief by experiment. Others came and declared that cruelty is not an assistant in education; others gave evidence that a despotism is not the best form of government; and still other witnesses were found to testify against slavery and witchcraft, and intemperance, and all the follies and vices of the race.

With everything else on trial before this court of reason, it is not strange that religion is at last summoned to appear. It would be strange if it were not summoned to give some account of itself. Our world could not move along with a reasonable chemistry, and a reasonable theory of medicine, with a reasonable government, and education, and astronomy, and still carry with it an unreasonable theology. And, as man has been compelled to part from the childish in every other department of life, he is now yielding the reluctant consent to give up his hold of the childish in his religious theories. With some wisdom in everything else, he is at last becoming ashamed to be foolish in his religion. Having given up his belief in witchcraft and slavery, and human sacrifices, he is beginning to think it cannot be wrong to distrust the infallibility of a book which recognizes the validity of such things. In everything else recognizing the reign of law, he is concluding that all the reported violations of order by which the sun was stopped in its course, or the sea was calmed in an instant,

or the dead were restored to life, must be mistakes. Having ceased to use the wooden plow of the Hebrews, he is rapidly losing faith in the partial and cruel God of the Hebrews. As he believes that no human judge has the right to punish the innocent for the guilty, distrust is becoming widespread of any theological theory which assumes that God has the right thus to do. Finding that everywhere else a man suffers for his own evil deeds, he is now surprised that he ever believed that he could suffer by proxy, and that his guilt could be transferred to another. Discovering that in no business affair is it ever so, many are questioning the correctness of theological arithmetic which, when dealing with the God head, declares that three times one make one. Thus, slowly but surely, common sense is invading our religion, and is driving out the nonsense which has so long claimed and occupied such a large portion of its noble territory.

Everywhere the lament is made by the churches over what is called the irreligion of the multitudes. But the question is worthy of serious consideration, on the part of these same churches, how much of this irreligion is due to some natural wickedness of the heart, and how much is due to the refusal of the religious teachers to be reasonable in their speech upon religious themes. So far removed are many of the statements of doctrine from common sense, or man's way of thinking about other things pertaining to life, that many have been compelled to hold themselves aloof from the places where such extravagant statements were made. Faith was not represented as a noble attitude of the soul in which it reposed in confidence on the bosom of a mighty, on-sweeping law which must end in the final well being of all things, but as belief in the difficult and improbable. It was thought to make a doctrine reasonable was to make it human; and such a concession to the natural heart must be avoided with all care. Faith was the power of belief in the impossible. It was a mania for the incredible and absurd. As much stress was laid upon the stories of Moses, and Daniel, and Jonah as upon the Golden Rule. The one who doubted the divineness of these stories was a lost man, and incurred the hatred of God, quite as much as he who was living a wicked life; indeed he was more sure of hell than the profligate man if only he believed right. There was much more hope for the wicked believer than for the just unbeliever.

There is too much of the unreason in religion yet; but there is not so much as there once was. The improbable doctrines still lie unrepealed upon the statute books of the churches, but they no longer influence the lives of those who pretend to believe them. The doctrine that God will damn a man whose heart is good but whose belief is defective, the doctrine that Jesus was a sacrifice to satisfy the justice of God and draw His wrath away from the race, the doctrine that man was created to glorify God and that out of His sovereign good-pleasure he chose to permit the vast majority of mankind to suffer in an endless hell, and many another equally unreasonable doctrine still find a place in the nominal beliefs of the church. But the church actual now is much more reasonable than these beliefs. The doctrines are slowly dying, not by legal enactment and public execution, but from emaciation and neglect. They are becoming obsolete; and it would be as difficult to find one who truly believes them as to find a man threshing his wheat with a flail, or cutting it with a sickle. The Calvinistic theory of God and man is as dead as the Ptolemaic theory of the sun and earth.

It is not claimed that reason has given the best form of religion possible. It has not completed its work any place yet. There are defects still lurking in our theories of government, and education, and the relation of money and toil. But, as reason leads the way in other things, it must lead the way in religion. Having done so much, it is expected to do more. Having cast out so many of the small and foolish things from religion, there will now be room for the great and wise things. Having turned the mind away from its care concerning the stories of a foreign people, it will now lead the way toward a noble faith. Not caring what became of the chariots and horsemen of Pharaoh, or of the rod of Aaron, how the city of Jericho was captured, whether the sun and moon halted in their course, man will have more time and a greater solicitude to lay the foundations of a true character, to establish his home in truth and honor, to worship the infinite power in greater earnestness and greater simplicity, to line his earthly pathway with good deeds, and still expect a heaven farther along in the way he is going.

Nor is it expected that reason will solve all things and reduce them to terms of the intellect. Some things will forever lie beyond the mind's power to grasp them. The soul loves the great sweet mysteries of nature, and bows in reverence before the nameless Might which made and upholds the worlds. Reason does not ask permission to reduce the soul to a chemical process nor blot the hope of immortal life from the tremulous heart of mankind. It is foe to the broad natural affirmations of religion, but only to the small and unworthy things which have clustered so densely around religion. No reason does not wish to take away any valid claim of the heart. It would only teach the soul to distinguish between what is true and what is false. Religion has no better friend than it. A reasonable Religion! Think of it for a moment in its magnificent form and rich drapery. Its foundation is not a few profane texts taken from a foreign scripture. It is

as broad and deep as the many sided experience of the race. Beneath it are the unfaded instincts of childhood, the pure affection of motherhood, the dreams of the poets, the meditation of the philosopher, and the loves and aspirations of the saints of all ages. It assumes a God; but it assumes Him as much to satisfy the claims of the intellect, as the claims of the heart,—a God not of a local providence of earth, but of the universe; a Being without limitation, without personality; higher than the heights, deeper than the depths; filling the immensities of space with an awful majesty, and yet in every snowflake and flower, and the humblest can touch the hem of His flowing robe. It assumes a soul; but it assumes it as much in the name of science as in the name of poetry; a somewhat in the life of man which is not definable in terms of chemistry, which can think and hope; which can plan an earthly life, and can dream of a life to come. It assumes salvation; but it comes, not as a reward for a certain form of belief, but as a natural result of right action. It gathers to itself all good, and truth, and beauty; and it would make man's march across the earth a type of his journey when the borders of earth are passing and fading in the distance,—here everywhere loyal to the high behests of Virtue.

As yet, this rational religion finds no church, or voice to become its perfect organ and herald. But we cannot yield the hope that it shall find them. Find them it certainly shall or will make them. Ever as of old a Holy Spirit broods over the chaos, out of which the new heavens and the new earth emerge. As in the spring the south wind rushes into our fields and gardens when the sun has taken away the barriers of ice and snow, and woe upward the grass and flowers, so rushes the genial Spirit into old forms and awakens them to life. When this is done again on earth, as done it surely shall be, what marvelous things will appear! The quenched altar fires will blaze again. The churches will become plastic, and will expand to fit the enlarging soul of the worshippers. Not then will they be resorts for those who are feeble-minded, no asylums in which the double-minded and the untruthful can skulk and seek protection from the light of truth. No, there shall be a place where the noble can be made nobler; where the strongest intellect can go for nourishment; where the fainting hearts of men and women can be cheered with a stronger hope, and where all of life's purest ideals can be kept aglow. The preachers of that religion shall be true men, first, and then preachers. They will see again the deep meaning of things like the bards and prophets of old. They will behold the sovereignty of the soul; their speech will be a true message from the Highest to the hearts of men, and the platform upon which they stand shall be a sacred place like the altars of a temple. They will not fear to go alone to receive their message; they will retire from the multitude and stand face to face with God; and when they return to their pulpits and declare what they have seen and heard, through their words those who hear will catch glimpses of the beauty and truth ineffable; and, looking up, they will see the ceiling of their church lifting away into lofty arches, until it takes the curve of the sky and nothing is between them and the heaven of heavens.

Not yet do we see this. But while we are waiting for the coming of that church and its herald, let us not lose heart that they still tarry. Take courage in the thought that they are coming. Make this church one light point to give promise that the sun has not forsaken the earth though dark the night may seem, and far off still lingers the day. It should become a standing recommendation of a genuine religion to the hearts of multitudes. It should see that, to the limit of its power and privilege, all those who have been repelled from religion by its narrowness, are invited back by its breadth; those who have been alienated by its superstition are constrained to return by its reason; those who have been driven back by its coldness, are drawn back by its warmth; and those who have been exiled by its cruelty in the past, are won back by its present love.

Meet we here in the name of a reasonable religion,—in the interest of love and of truth, of the heart and the intellect. Bring hither our best thought, and our deepest humility. Be brave to think, and to speak; but know also, that there must be times for silence and sacred meditation over that which is unutterable. Dare to be free in all our actions, nor care for the criticism or praise of man; yet forget not to yield to the gracious monitions of the Spirit, nor to bend low before the tender mysteries of existence. Bring hither our confidence, our hope, our aspiration, and our music. Thus, meeting here within these walls, as souls that can both reason and adore, it will be to us all a sacred place. This church will maintain no purposeless, no strained, existence; it will stand by its own firm right as a temple of God and Man; it will do its work without apology and without boast; and we, and many others, sharing its high intent shall be drawn by it toward the All God, as the stars are drawn by the sun.

There is a law in California whereby the theft of an article worth over \$10 is treated as grand larceny. A prisoner was recently convicted of stealing a watch sworn to be worth \$10.50, and was sentenced to ten years penal servitude. His friends claim to have proved that the watch only cost \$5, and are appealing against the verdict and sentence in consequence.

A FAMILY CIRCLE IN GERMANY.

BY DR. G. BRÄDE.

II.

At a sitting of April 19th, 1884, the medium Carl had the first appearance of a "spirit," which, although he is naturally pretty courageous, scared him vehemently. He observed, however, that he saw the same appearance when he closed his eyes. This occurrence called to his mind a "vision" which he had had some time ago, and which bore a striking resemblance to the present apparition. He described his former vision thus: In the University town, where he studied, he awoke some weeks ago in the night from sleep, when in the perfectly dark room he saw the form of a beautiful girl in a white, shining garment, lying on his sofa. The apparition looked friendly at him. Doubting whether he was awake or dreaming, he dipped his fingers into a glass of water on his night table and wetted his eyes. The form, however, remained and disappeared only later after he had become fully aware that he was not dreaming. He said he was now inclined to believe that even that vision had some objective reality, and he longed to know more about it. The "spirits" were consulted, and by table-tipping and the alphabet the medium was directed to write psychographically: "It was Clara of Munich. She died the same night. Her spirit is always near you. CARL." He then, deeply moved, told his parents and sister that in 1832, through the brother of Clara, he had made the acquaintance of that young lady. He had then seen her again in 1833, when she had become much taller and handsomer. He could never believe that this young, blooming and healthy person should have died. As the others remarked, that Clara's brother, his friend, would certainly have informed him of that sad event, Carl stated that he had neglected to leave his address in the University town with Lieutenant L. The circle, however, eager to follow up that matter, ascertained through the military directory the whereabouts of the young soldier and a non-committal letter was written to him by Carl. After some days of painful suspense the following answer from him was received:

"April 21st, 1884. "DEAR CARL. I was very glad to receive at last a sign of your life. Your question, how we all are, I cannot answer as I much wished. My dear sister died on February 28th of pneumonia. I would certainly have informed you of the sad event, but had no idea of your whereabouts. Clara was memorably composed, and commissioned me to send you with her last greetings a little bouquet of pressed flowers lying in her prayer book. In the general confusion I forgot this, however, and our uncle who, immediately after Clara's funeral, left for his sisters at the Hague, locked her rooms. In May he will return to Munich, and then I will send the flowers to you directly. Yours, BRUNO L."

On May 5th, the family circle by the table and the alphabet received this message: "Consider the following as a sign of our favor." And on the sheet of paper stuck to the board by direct writing: "This great favor was granted to you because you have always believed, and we have remained friendly to you."

Then by table-tipping the command was given to Carl to take hold of the writing-board, and they heard the sound of writing. After a few minutes the board was taken out of the medium's hands and dropped upon the table. When light was struck they found on the board a little bouquet of dry flowers, and on the paper stood these words: "From Clara to Carl; from the South." "Spirit" Clara affirmed that it was the same bouquet devoted to him on her death bed.

Eager to know the ways and means of this first "apport" they had experienced in their circle, they requested the spirits to explain it, but received in answer: "Do not ask how and why? Suffice it that we reward you in this way, and we will do it yet."

In the sitting of August 20th, 1884, the medium was directed to write psychographically: "Have a bracelet made of the small bunch of my hair, and have the fastening arranged so that you can use one half of it with a glass cover as a locket."

The command was given to Carl to hold the board, and after a few minutes, and the sign of "light," they found on the board a small tuft of golden-brown hair bound up with red silk and emitting the odor of violets. Carl recognized it as Clara's hair, and then came the psychographic communication:

"It is my intense wish that Carl should wear the bracelet as soon as possible. At your hair dresser's, Carl, you will learn the address of a skillful hair twister; let him do the job. The goldsmith's work, your dear father may have done where he likes."

These commissions were done as directed by Clara. Of a detailed description of the arrangement of the bracelet, which here follows in the report, we need only mention that on one side it had attached to it a locket, on which, on the inside of the bracelet a concavity was seen destined to receive a piece of isinglass. This appendage became the occasion of another wonderful manifestation.

In the fall of 1884, Carl received from some other of the familiar spirits, the promise of a Christmas present; and on Dec. 25th he was, during a sitting, ordered to put his bracelet on the table, and after a few minutes light was wanted, they found in the small locket the bust portrait of a beautiful young woman with downcast eyes, and by alphabet came the message: "Never dare to remove the glass, lest the picture would be lost to you."

On the next day, however, the father of Carl, seduced by the desire to examine the picture under a good magnifying power, met with a mishap which threw the whole family into dismay and drew a volley of reproaches upon its head. Some untoward pressure on the frame of the isinglass made this spring open and drop to the floor. Rapidly stooping down to pick it up he remarked yet a brownish coloring of the glass, but after a few seconds this, too, was gone as well as the picture, and the glass appeared clear and transparent. The spirit, however, proved merciful. While the family was sitting at the dining table they noticed raps on it, and by alphabet came the message: "The picture is not lost to you." On January 1, 1885, they were admonished to provide for a better closure of the bracelet, and on January 8th, they received the psychographic command: "Handle my picture with care, as every retreating after a guiltless loss requires more and more time."

Carl was directed to put the bracelet into the right hand of his sister, and while she held it they got the message: "Take what I give you from a loving heart." Light was struck, and the locket was seen to contain the same picture of "Fernanda," of which Carl is yet the happy possessor.

This "Fernanda," as the spirit called herself, had been, as she said, the wife of an English army surgeon, Dr. Brown, who fell in the war of the Crimea. She survived her husband six years and died in Hungary. Dr. Brown often gives useful medical advice in the family, and their spirits, like those of others, have been introduced into the family circle by Clara.

Besides the "apports" which play such an important part in this romantic narrative, we are told of quite a number of other articles brought by the spirits into that highly favored family circle, and of one quite as mysterious removal. In May, 1884, four fine pine twigs, one for each member, were brought; in June, a letter M. made of lilac blossoms, ascribed to a spirit Marie, who often gave poetical messages; in February, 1885, the initial of the family name, formed of red camellias and hyacinth blossoms, was laid on the scance table; in March, a blue silk ribbon from Fernanda; in April, a little tuft of black hair from the same, to be divided among the members; in October, a half-withered rosebud with leaves from a crown, which Clara's uncle a few days ago had deposited on her grave at the Hague; a red silk ribbon from a friend of the daughter who had died some weeks ago; in February, 1886, a little portrait (bust) of Dr. Brown engraved in steel for an ivory locket bequeathed by Fernanda to the mother of the family. On May 16, 1884, the latter expressed the wish to devote a rose to each of the spirits, Marie and Fernanda; the roses were laid on the table and the light extinguished, and after a few minutes, light being struck again, the roses had disappeared. Afterward, when the family was together around the dining table the thanks of the spirits were expressed by raps and the alphabet, and during a sitting in May, 1884, the medium clairvoyantly saw the two spirits ornamented with the roses.

Of serious philosophical communications, most of them in poetical form, the family circle received quite a good number. A few specimens of them are given in the report, which in a correct and finished form attest to the authorship of a highly educated mind, with lofty aspirations, liberal views and enlightened ideas about religion.

We have thought it worth while to take the pains of acquainting the English reading public with the remarkable story of this family circle in Germany, whose surprising success has been allowed to go into publicity. It is of great importance to know what is going on in Spiritualism in other parts of the world, and to compare it with the state of the cause in our own midst. We gain in this way a better view of the sameness and intrinsic coherence of our cause all over the globe, and a general survey of the whole plan and development of the spiritual movement, which cannot fail to confirm our conviction of its truth and its great destiny in the future. This successful family circle in Germany was, as it seems, entirely independent from American or Anglo-Saxon Spiritualism. It was induced by, and an outcome of, the study of Allan Kardec's works, and conducted in his principles and directions. But, nevertheless, the doings of this circle will be found in perfect harmony with our own theory and practice; the method of proceeding, the ways of conversing with the spirits, the means of receiving their messages, perfectly coincide with the usages of our own circles. Is not that a mighty proof of the unity of the spiritual movement now in progress and of its spontaneous origin in a supramundane sphere, whilst our enemies never get weary of calling it an invention of men, or an illusion of fools, or a fraud of impostors?

While no experienced Spiritualist will doubt the genuineness and truthfulness of these interesting pages from an unpretending family chronicle, our opponents will not fail to spot the whole as an invention, a mystification. But no sound man could entertain such a suspicion for more than a minute, for even the most superficial consideration of such an idea. Who, by all means, should be the mystifier and who the mystified? Should we believe (the existence of the circle being conceded) that a son would be able to mystify his father, mother and sister for years, by making them believe that facts which they all perceived with their senses, and which not the most skillful conjuror could dare to imitate under the same conditions, were brought about by his supernatural gift, while in fact they were tricks? In the family circle there was certainly no mystification. But could not the editor of the *Sphinx* be the mystifier or the mystified? Could not the whole narrative of the wonderful occurrences in the sanctum of a family be a fabrication, a hoax for the purpose of ridiculing *Sphinx* and Spiritualism? and could not the editor be the victim of a clever impostor? There is not the least ground, either, for such an assumption. As we have mentioned above, the editor introduces the report with the assertion that he is personally acquainted with the father of the family, who is a well-known lawyer, whose credibility and "judgment is beyond doubt."

What motive could such a man have for a mystification of this kind? But suppose the editor himself was the mystifier, he invents the whole story in the interest of causing a sensation for his young periodical. This assumption, too, falls easily to the ground. As the truth would come out sooner or later, the editor would have slapped his own face, committed a suicidal act the more so as the *Sphinx* is not an organ proper for phenomenal spiritism, but devoted to the examination and elucidation of the "mystic powers" of the living human subject. By publishing facts which exclude all other explanation but that of the existence of supramundane intelligences and actors outside of the mystical subject, the *Sphinx* would seem to have prejudiced its own tendency, for which, however, we express to it our sincere thanks.

The Quakers—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I remember some time ago when in one of your jocular moods, you called me a "recalcitrant Quaker." This means a "kicking back Quaker"; and not proposing to abide under the injurious imputation, I move to show you that I am a "striking forward" member of the great brotherhood of man, once numbered with that very reputable "Society of Friends" called "Quakers," which was originated in Puritan days by one George Fox; and which some thirty-five years ago threw some of us over the paltry, because we chose to exercise our liberty to investigate the truths of Spiritualism. Notwithstanding this kind (?) action of theirs, I will not allow "reprobates" of the "outer-world" people, like yourself, to utter, unrebuked, any sneers against them. Though "a peculiar people, zealous unto good works," and arising in peculiar times, they gave expression to several "testimonies" (as they called them) of a reformatory character, against evils then existing, such as war, slavery, intemperance, etc., in protesting against which an advancing world has since followed their lead. They claimed originally, the superior authority of the "Light within" (call it intuition, revelation or what you will) as any written word or record of the past. But when attacked with the mad dog cry of "infidelity" on account of this claim and on account of their denial that the Bible could properly be called "the Word of God."—Robert Barclay (their most learned and standard writer),

while he continued to hold to the efficacy of present revelation over the letter of the Bible, yet adroitly turned it under, by saying that "all revelation contrary to the Scriptures was ungodly and spurious."

The Quakers made grand progressive steps towards liberty of conscience and the rights to individuality of thought; but as just mentioned, they lacked the courage to stand by their original convictions of the paramount value of present revelation and of the ever advancing discoveries of science, to all musty and uncertain historical records; and hence have they, along with other divisions of the Christian world, continued unto this day, in their search after truth, to carry in their hands a dark-lantern whose uncertain rays from narrow openings, have been continually directed upon these doubtful records, even after the glorious Sun of Truth has beamed in its effulgence upon them; thus striving to continually cramp and entangle the world's advancing thought in the craftily woven meshes of Error.

Since reading the three just critiques of Miss E. Stuart Phelps, which appeared in the *JOURNAL* of January 29th, it has dwelt with me much to remark further concerning her and her late prominent work, now on sale at the *JOURNAL* office, entitled "Beyond the Gates." The woman who has any realizing faith in the highly wrought pictures she has therein drawn of the loving justice and charity which prevails in the life beyond, should not have written in the manner she did under the heading of her query, "Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?" and thus thrown herself open to the scathing but just censures of your able correspondents.

What signifies it, if it were even true, that few Spiritualists, as she would imply, have succeeded in making a clutch or even in getting a grip on the slippery surface of cultivated thought, while we number amongst our earnest believers such names as William Lloyd Garrison, the clear-brained apostle of anti-slavery; Joshua E. Giddings of Ohio, the hard-handed, able and honest statesman; Wendell Phillips, the silver-tongued orator, and a host of other earnest and cultured men and women, at home and abroad; not excluding that grand sample of American manhood (call she him cultured or uncultured), our ever honored and martyred Abraham Lincoln? How dare she thus implicitly slander the disciples of a cause so dear to the minds and hearts of thousands after setting forth in her aforesaid polished romance how they, the humble, the lowly and obscure that have lived a life of loving self-sacrifice, are honored in the life to come?

If she had a tithe of the spiritual culture, represented by her as prevailing in the heavenly home she could not have so indiscriminately misrepresented Spiritualism, unperfected, as it may still be, by choosing only its "oblique" and vulnerable side.

"Ignorance" is the most charitable imputation to make in reviewing her late article; but is it the true one? I fear not! and there are manifest grounds to fear and question whether the volume, "Beyond the Gates," is the writing of an earnest truth seeker, or whether it is "a cunningly devised fable," in the line of much prevailing thought, calculated to add to her mere literary success; or to pander, perhaps, to the lingering superstitions of orthodoxy, by still teaching the idolatrous worship of the fabulous "only-begotten Son of God" under the seemingly modest name of "the Master," applied to him who is reputed to have said in answer to one who addressed him "good Master": "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God" (Mark 10-18).

After first reading a few years ago the volume of Miss Phelps herein alluded to, I closed it with emotions of mixed admiration and disgust, and could not get relieved from the latter without writing to her a few earnest and honest questions. To these she did not condescend a reply, and I am still left in doubt of the real status of the book, and its value as an instructor in this age which yet remains, with all its boasted enlightenment, more than half shrouded in darkness.

I therefore now propose by your leave, Mr. Editor, to address in an early number of the *JOURNAL* an open and respectful letter to the lady containing some important queries and perhaps somewhat of a critique upon her production. J. G. J.

Hockessin, Del.

Can Spiritualism Spiritualize?

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the *Weekly Inter-Ocean* of Jan. 11th, appeared a two-column article by Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, under the above title. As the *Inter-Ocean* admits the article, but does not permit an answer to the question through the same medium, I appeal to the *JOURNAL* for space to review some of the remarkable opinions advanced by this successful novelist. In beginning I recognize the fact that whatever Miss Phelps or I may think of Spiritualism, counts but little. We may succeed very slightly in modifying belief, as one water drop changes the contour of the ocean, but we cannot extirpate it. Spiritualism already has a most extensive literature, has founded a new philosophy of life (and death) for mankind, and is striding onward with an ever-increasing growth. In the last ten years there have been more books published on the subject than upon all the old theologies together. If it does not yet wear silk and have the rustle of freshly laundered garments that Miss Phelps is so anxious about, these will come in time, and let us hope not to the detriment or enervation of the body that they will invest.

In the outset Miss Phelps disclaims being herself a Spiritualist. Yet throughout her entire article she shows a marked interest in the subject, gives much advice to Spiritualists, and grievously regrets that Spiritualism is not more "respectable." Why she should be so concerned about something she does not believe in, is one of those curious mental paradoxes that the psychological society might profitably investigate.

Miss Phelps says: "What, indeed, is it that you offer us? Simply the most stupendous thing in life. Which of us would not lay down life itself to know that we had spoken yesterday with the darling of our souls, dead, years ago?"

I would reply that a very large majority of people are not competent, either by want of integrity, natural bias of mind, or independence of action to become Spiritualists. To them Spiritualism is of no consequence whatever. It is not material if they believe in the immortality of the soul or not, and they do not care if it is immortal or not. Instead of "laying down life" they would not lay down a dollar to ascertain if their great grandfathers were in hades or happiness. This is so well understood that the most experienced Spiritualists never try to interest unbelievers who repudiate the subject; and they are quite aware that there are great numbers who, through educational influences have been brought to consider that Spiritualism is unfashionable or not *en vogue*. Scientists of the strictly material school, and all theologians have labored hard to

spread this view and make it socially hazardous for one to boldly announce that he believes in the immortality of the soul, and has faith that his friends after death have yet left sufficient of their affectional character to return and do their best to open communication between the two worlds.

Miss Phelps writes: "Drift on as you may through whatever course of investigations, become a post graduate if you will in what you may be pleased to call the study of occult phenomena,—what after all and through all do you achieve? Are you a better man? Are you a wiser woman? Is life more lofty? Is death more dignified? Is your heart more pure? Is your struggle with sin more manly? What have you found? What have you learned?"

It would require a large volume to reply to all these short questions in detail. I would say briefly for those who stand on a different plane from Miss Phelps, that life is more lofty and we do feel much more comfortable. If to rob sorrow of its tears, the grave of its despair, and the future of its uncertainty, counts anything in life, we have made a considerable advancement. If to cease to be cowards, oppressed by fear, and dominated over by misinformed and often crafty priests,—if to have liberty of thought and the aspiration of hope, mean anything, then we have made a great gain. If to be free, untrammelled, and restored to our natural responsibility has any significance we have been carried forward by what we have learned, and we refuse to be sneered out of these possessions by any sentimental pessimists.

Miss Phelps indicates that she has visited many mediums and has encountered some of "dubious respectability." She mentions those residing in "dingy and tawdry districts upon flights of dubious stairs, at the foot of which a guest sensitive to the conveniences of life,—(elevators, I suppose), may well pause and ponder on the respectability of his (her) errand." Another matter that disgusts her is the twitching or hysterical jerking of mediums when they go under control. She thinks that is not nice and does not like it. Neither do the mediums. They would prefer escaping such spasmodic exhibitions. But if Miss Phelps can stand an electric shock without wincing she might perhaps discipline some of the mediums to be smooth and placid. She informs Spiritualists that the time has come, and that "they now have the best chance you ever had or the best you are likely to get, as there is a committee of learned men representing the American Psychical Research Society, Harvard College, Boston thoroughness, and what not of other wise and reputable things that no amount of newspaper wit can prevent us from respecting very much indeed," and that this august committee has called upon mediums to come forward, (presumably at their own expense), and show what they can do. She says: "Come out into the upper air, step into the sunshine from your dens and your fens. Leave your alleys and your corridors, your hiding places and markets of truth, abandon your tricks and your cabinets. Turn off your paid mediums who sell the preciousness they presume to possess for fifty dollars per day. Make Spiritualism unmercenary, unworldly, honest, open, reverent."

Now, let us look into this charge of mercenary practice and subject it to the basis of common sense that the lady pleads so strenuously for. First, Mr. Editor, will you inform your readers who those lucky mediums are who are able to command fifty dollars a day. Not that I complain of it, for if they are meritorious they should have it. They should have it on the ground of custom, for Moody, the Evangelist, demands more than that; Sam Jones, counting his expenses, including comfortable living at the best hotels, receives more than that; the boy preacher Harrison, who has sent several persons to the lunatic asylum—having now a permanent victim in the New Jersey lunatic asylum, gets better pay. All the heavy preachers of the metropolitan pulpits, receive most substantial mercenary perquisites. Talmage, who during the past year has dealt out more slush than I have ever heard from any medium, receives a fat and mercenary salary. Several years ago a book was written called "The Gates Ajar." Because of Spiritualism, it became popular and has run through several editions. It was written to make money, and it has yet to be shown that its authors ever refused to receive her profits from her publishers. But for the ideas in it appropriated from the spiritual philosophy the unmercenary effort of the authors would have failed.

Turning to the history of mediums, who ever heard of one that amassed a fortune? Which one has died rich? Which one of the genuine mediums has not again and again gratuitously spent his time in giving the messages of love to those heart-broken with sorrow! Oh! let us lay this charge of mercenary practice among mediums forever. Miss Phelps, after practicing on Spiritualism in literature and making it handsomely pay, should be the last person in America to prefer charges of mercenary practice among mediums. C. H. MURRAY.

Denver, Col.

What of the Dead.

Abstract of a Lecture Delivered through Mr. J. J. Morse, of England, at the Grand Opera House Hall, New York City, to the First Society of Spiritualists, on Sunday Evening, February 6, 1887.

(Reported for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.)

ceaseless activity is the characteristic of the human mind. In science, art, mechanics and philosophy; in society, government and industry, this activity has been exerted upon the lines of progress and expansion from the first dawn of human reason down to the present time. The advances made over the barbaric past, as reflected in the civilization of to-day, abundantly testify to the vigor of this activity, as well as justify its existence and operation.

In one department, however, this activity is not generally commended; for frequently it is discovered that this particular department is reserved as holy ground, the peculiar possession of a special class. Intruders are warned off; reformers are mercilessly tabooed; for, while discovery and progress, inquiry and investigation are proper and right, in all other departments wherein they are associated with man's spiritual nature and religious opinions, they somehow become all wrong! Probe, plumb, scale, weigh and measure all things pertaining to matter and man's mortal career; subject all speculations to the most rigid analysis, but keep your hands off the claims preferred on behalf of assumed divine revelation and its ecclesiastical custodians! Inquiry then becomes doubt; criticism, blasphemy; the son's protests against inhuman creeds, infidelity!

Oh! monstrous faculty that blesses progress in things mortal and temporal, but denies it for things spiritual and eternal! Man's future life—if there be one—is of all things the

one most needful for the sacerdotal orders to be capable of demonstrating. To-day they are dumb thereon, so far as fact or evidence is concerned. Bereavement falls upon the heart and household. The pale knight mows down the loved one. Tears wash out the joyous hues of happiness, turning the rosy tints of life to the whitened frost of death. Then, born of anguish, doubt and fear, the cry, burdened with the misery of loss, rises from the sorrowing who remain,—What of the dead?

Philosopher, what of the dead? The answer is but meager. Speculation, hair-splitting subtleties, wire-drawn and conflicting bewilderingisms are plenty. If the scientist ventures a reply, it is as likely as not the rapid spectre of a schoolman's fancy, summed up and sealed with at least the sad admission: "Philosophy can but speculate upon what it knows, with safety; beyond is the infinite perhaps." Mourners, doubters, believers, deniers, how like you this? Yet to this, in honesty, the philosopher, a subjectivist, must come at last.

Physicist, scientist, what of the dead? Your reply is: "On general principles, being dead they are out of court!" Why so? Because there is in man no prophecy of a conscious life beyond his bodily existence. Consciousness is the sum total of organic coherence. Intelligence is the mechanical equivalent of cerebral action. Life and deeds are the expressed sum of the human machine's possibilities. This universe is eternal. Life is a constant interchange among its parts. There are psychic sciences, oh! physicists; facts of the present and the past; incidents of history, sacred and profane; hopes, intimations and experiences, and if you deride these, claiming that science has no time to waste over the superstitions of the past, you, too, must stand condemned as unable to answer the ever vital question. Scientific bigotry is an experience not quite unknown.

Religionist, what of the dead outside of your creeds, doctrines, traditions and testaments, new or old? Firmer ground is needed at this time. Rail not against those who cannot accept your foundations. Answer them, or confess you cannot! We make no war upon your convictions, but we ask you for your facts! Heaven, hell, God, angels and devils are differently understood to-day, in comparison with the past. Tell us what you know, and though it be but a tiny fact, or but one small evidence, it will bless your people infinitely more than has all your preaching these past centuries wherein you have taught,—not demonstrated—man's life hereafter. Silence, and silence is all!

Spiritualist, what of the dead? Nothing! Why? How so? The dead alone can answer! The dead alone can answer also. What of the dead? The Spiritualist can but repeat what the dead have told him!

Tell us then, you mighty army, how is it with you? The living host again enters into mortal life; dying has not so changed them that life, mind, love and memory, which form personality, identity, or individuality, have been lost. All these pertain to them, for they are those that lived on earth, and dying has but lifted them one stage upwards. Their life is a reality, as is their world. That world is a fulfillment of all that the Eternal promises his children, by the needs he plants within them. In it the wrongs of earth are righted; in it the wrongdoer eventually encounters every consequence of evil act that has not come to him while on earth. Retribution and compensation are its mighty laws, and purification and progression the ultimate results for one and all. Every ungarmed account of mortal life must be met and settled there ere progress is possible. From this there is no escape. Conviction of wrong is hell enough. Consciousness of rectitude is surest heaven.

A Good Example.

The promptness with which the Chinese government has made reparation for injuries inflicted upon foreign missionaries by native violence rather puts to shame our own tardiness in making indemnity for the killing of Chinese by American mobs. But it appears that the Chinese government has gone beyond this, and has caused to be posted in the various provinces of the empire proclamations calling upon the people to live at peace with Christian missionaries and converts, and explaining that the Christian religion teaches men to do right, and therefore should be respected. It is said by those who know the Chinese best that they are not a people who persecute for opinion, and as evidence of this is cited the fact that for centuries persons professing four different forms of faith have lived side by side, and the teachers of each, have lived in peace. The riots in Cochinchina sprang from the fact that the population had grounds for looking on the missionaries as the precursors of war and foreign domination. The injuries to missionary property at Chung King were caused by the fact that the missionaries, in spite of warnings from the local authorities, insisted upon using a color in the decoration of their buildings which from time immemorial had been restricted to the sovereign alone. The proclamations now posted by authority of the Chinese government breathe a spirit of the utmost tolerance. They declare that the missionaries have the right to lease ground and houses and to travel about to preach, "their sole aim being the inculcation of the practice of virtue, and having no design of interfering with the business of the people." "Such of the subjects of China as wish to become converts may lawfully do so, and as long as they abstain from evil doing there is no law prescribing inquiry into or prohibition of their action." "The sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right; those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, and both sides should therefore continue to live in peace, and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." The government of the province of Kwangsi has even gone further and enjoined its subjects to live on peaceable terms with Christian converts, under penalty of severe punishment. It has also refused to allow them to exclude Christians from the literary examinations.—*Chicago Times*.

Misses Stella Hays and Irwin Laughlin are two wealthy little women of Pittsburgh. The former is fourteen years of age, and one of four heirs to \$5,000,000 left by her grandfather. Irwin Laughlin, ten years of age, is an orphan and sole heir to many millions.

Ross R. Winans, of Baltimore, is noted for his generosity to his tenants. He is now in Europe, and every two weeks sends home \$100 for the poor of his city. William Winans, his grandfather, is the owner of vast estates in Scotland, and is noted for his tyranny and unpopularity.

W. Casper Stewart, an employe of a Pittsburgh firm of glass manufacturers, who traces his ancestry back to the Stuarts of Scotland and England, has heard that an estate of over \$50,000,000 is awaiting a branch of that family in Great Britain. So far twelve heirs have been discovered in America.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [106 West 23rd Street, New York.]

JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent, As a bird speeds forth from the opened tent, As the smoke lies out when it finds a vent, To lose itself in the spending— Does it travel wide? Does it travel far, To find the place where all spirits are? Does it measure long leagues from star to star, And feel its travel unending? And caught by each hailing, blowing wind, Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind, Will the courage fail and the sight be blind, Must it go in search of its heaven? I do not think that it can be so, For weary is life, as all men know, And hating and struggling to and fro Man goes from his morn to his even. And surely this is enough to bear, The long day's work in the sun's hot glare, The doubt and the loss which breed despair, The anguish of baffled hope. And when the end of it all has come, And the soul has won the right to its home, I do not believe it must wander and roam, Through the infinite spaces groping. No; wild may the storm be, and dark the day, And the chattering soul may clasp its clay, Afraid to go and unwilling to stay; But when it gives it for going, With a rapture of sudden consciousness, I think it awakes to a knowledge of this, That heaven earth's closest neighbor is, And only waits for our knowing; That 'tis but a step from dark to day, From the worn-out tent and the burial clay, To the rapture of youth renewed for aye, And the smile of the saints uprising; And that just where the soul, perplexed and awed, Begins its journey, it meets the Lord, And finds that heaven, and the great reward, Lay just outside of its prison! —Susan Coolidge.

The only woman railroad official in this country is Miss Laura Braden, treasurer of the Washington and Waynesboro railroad, in Pennsylvania. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, has brought out two novels—"Astra" and "Des Deux Mondes"—which she signs "Dito" and "Item" in order to disguise her authorship. In Topeka, Kansas, there are three women duly commissioned as notaries: Mrs. Thurston, in a bank; Miss Anna Smith, in the Capital office, and Miss Spencer, who is also deputy county clerk of Shawnee county. Mrs. Rachel Frances, who died lately in Atlanta, Georgia, left about \$30,000, most of which she had made out of her dairy and truck farm. She was an excellent business woman. Mrs. Elizabeth Kinser of Memphis, Tenn., has left a bequest of \$40,000 to the biblical department of Vanderbilt University. Mrs. T. Nodder, Keokuk, Iowa, has one of the largest and finest grocery trades in the State, doing a business of \$50,000 a year. She has been established since 1860. Miss Harriet Backer, artist painter, is the first woman elected member of an artistic jury, to officiate at the exhibition of pictures in Bergen, the second city of Norway. Modjeska is said to be at work upon a Polish translation of Shakespeare, to which she will devote several years. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, the philanthropist, has presented Prof. Maria Mitchell with \$1,000 toward the endowment of the Observatory at Vassar College. Miss Sarah W. Starkweather is serving her second term of three years as Borough Superintendent of Public Schools, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. During her first term, she was the only woman filling such a position in the State. Madame Dienlafay has been decorated at the Louvre in Paris, with the medal of the Legion of Honor, as a recognition of her services in placing in this museum Archaeological treasures accumulated by her in her five years' journeyings in Persia. Mrs. Olive Fraser Ingalls of Glenora, N. Y., recently invented an apparatus for readily distilling water. It can be used on any stove and is called the "Household Distiller." One of the most remarkable women of recent times is Madame Kowalewski, a young Russian lady of distinguished parentage, who has developed an amazing genius for mathematics, and has been appointed professor at the University of Stockholm. Miss Susannah Whitney, a New York school teacher, has just resigned after fifty years of service, forty-five of which were passed as the principal of public schools, and five in a single institution. There are many persons in our great cities who devote their lives to rescuing those who have been led astray. Half the work they do, if done in season, might have prevented heart-breaks and ruin. One fruitful source of evil is the inexperience of unprotected girls who come to great cities without friends, or seeking friends which they are unable to find, and finally fall into bad hands. In connection with the New York Bible and Fruit Mission, a lady is employed whose business it is to look after young and unprotected girls arriving in New York, and see that they are duly cared for and protected. It would be well for all young women going to New York to note the name of Miss Etta I. Clark, 416 East 26th street, New York, opposite Bellevue Hospital, and apply to her at the Bible and Fruit Mission for advice and aid in cases of need or necessity. A woman having a good deal of mediumistic power, living in a western State, wishing to take the JOURNAL, writes in this way to the editor: "I have no money, but I have some duck feathers, ducks, turkeys and chickens. My husband has given me all that I can get on the sale of these, above the market price in my town. Now, if you will please send me a copy of a daily paper, perhaps I shall get some way of shipping them to the city, and so make enough money to take the JOURNAL for one year." The poor pathetic letter tells its own story. The thrifty wife never thought what a picture she was drawing of her own condition. It seemed a natural thing that she should have no share in the chickens and turkeys she had plucked. They were not hers; she never thought of using any portion to satisfy her own personal necessities. A pitiful dollar or two might be her own, could she sell the stuff she had raised and cared for "above the market price." This is a volume in a paragraph. How many wives, too proud or too broken-spirited to speak of the sense of degradation which comes over them whenever they think of the years

they have worked in the home made habitable by their exertions, not even their best friends know. The domestic has wages that she can spend as she pleases. The wife often working harder than the domestic has,—what her husband chooses to give her while he lives, and when he passes on, the pitiful use of a third of what she helped to make and save. On the other hand, the dolls of fashion and those who minister to man's passions, two classes nearly allied in their hold on the good things of life, and the misuse they make of them, are pampered and petted beyond any just desert. Spoiled themselves, they spoil, in turn, their associates. What wonder that they who "toil not neither do they spin," looking upon these sisters who toil and spin too hard and long, with such results as we have quoted, mentally determine to get the most and give the least out of life. It all comes from the lack of justice toward woman, and that, in turn, comes out of a lack of comprehension of her nature. Power and the responsibility coming from its use is what she needs.

The Star of Bethlehem.

The New York Herald has recently devoted a considerable portion of its space to the so-called "Star of Bethlehem," and its descriptions have been copied into other papers far and wide. The special stimulus for the effort is the expectation by some people that the star which burst upon the vision of Tycho Brahe, Nov. 11, 1572, will re-appear in 1887, its period as a variable being assumed to be 315 years. The prediction is based upon the recorded occurrence of similar phenomena in the years 1264 and 945. As these three dates are separated by intervals of 303 and 319 years, and as three previous appearances at corresponding intervals would carry us back to the beginning of the Christian era, some would-be wise man has jumped to the conclusion that this star is the one which appeared at the birth of Christ. The hint has been so extensively accepted that a great many people are on the qui vive for a sight of the stranger and seem to await it with confidence that there can be no mistake in regard to it. A little closer acquaintance with the facts will suffice to show that the whole thing is a blunder—at least in so far as identity may be claimed for the star seen by Tycho with that reported by Matthew to have gone before the wise men of the East in their search for the infant Saviour. The language of the Gospel is that the star went "stood over where the young child was." That means that the star must have been very near the vertical when it passed the meridian above the pole, in which case its declination was not more than about 32 degrees north. The apparitions referred to as having occurred in subsequent years were visible in not far from 60 degrees of north declination and could never approach the north overhead at Bethlehem so nearly as the midsummer sun comes to our zenith. It is evident that such a star could not fulfill the conditions laid down in the Gospel, and a re-appearance in the latter part of the nineteenth century could not be properly regarded as forming a connecting link between us and the scenes enacted near Jerusalem 1,891 years ago.

There is really no proof of identity between the star seen by Tycho and those strangers which blazed out in earlier years. The positions of none of them except the last were noted precisely enough to enable the astronomer to draw a connecting line between them. But it is not beyond the range of possibility that a variable star should exist with such a long period, though it is difficult to do more than guess at the conditions that would cause a star to blaze up at such long intervals and die out to invisibility during the lapse of such enormous cycles. Several cases of variability within less time are known, the two most notable examples being Algol, which goes through all its changes in a few days, and Mira, which requires the largest part of a year for the details of its performance. But these and all the other known variables keep in the same point of the heavens as referred to the earth, while passing from dimness to effulgence, and back again to the phase of faintness of light. There is no reason to think that an object, variable or otherwise, can describe a journey extending over a twelfth part of the circumference of the sphere and return at the vast linear distance that separates us from the nearest fixed star. Such an idea involves what may be called a mathematical absurdity, which must be accepted by those who expect to see the Star of Bethlehem shine out in the constellation of Cassiopea, which is where Tycho saw his marvel. —Chicago Tribune.

Senator Stanford's Son.

The New York Telegram publishes a story from Washington to the effect that the spirit of Leland Stanford, son of the millionaire California Senator, has appeared three times to his father, and a similar number to his mother. It is reported that the spirit of the departed son has given his parents a great deal of advice about the disposition of the vast property of his father. The story goes that the spirit urged the Senator to take a certain proportion of his property and devote it to the establishment of a great university upon the Pacific Slope. The directions given upon these separate occasions have been most faithfully carried out. It is said that the Senator is still awaiting another visitation, and that his entire estate will be disposed of according to the light which he receives from the other world. The Senator confided his experiences to a minister of the gospel, the pastor of one of the most fashionable churches. After listening to the story the clergyman became convinced that the Senator had actually been the object of a supernatural visitation and is satisfied of the truthfulness of the occurrence.

Scrofula, salt rheum, all humors, boils, pimples, and disease of the blood, general debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh and rheumatism, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take it now. 100 Doses One Dollar.

A bull pup owned by William Turk, of Round-out, killed four large barn rats and mercifully spared a fifth. The rats were caught in a wire trap and put into a room where there was no loophole to escape. The dog was placed among them. It looked at the rats a moment and then "went for" the common enemy. Quickly it shook the lives out of four of the rodents, but the fifth one it refused to touch. The reason of this was that the rat crawled humbly toward the dog, and in a supplicating manner raised its paws and begged for its life. The bull pup took compassion on its crying foe and refused to touch it when urged to do so. Mr. Turk says the dog has a heart in it as big as an ox. —Kingston Freeman.

"We say at night, 'Would God the day were here,' And say at dawn, 'Would God the day were dead.'" How well Swinburne has emphasized the feelings of thousands of earth's fairest daughters, who are laid prostrate by disease's fell-hand. But, instead of the anguish of despair, what a song of joy ascends from the hearts of those ladies who have used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and by its means been restored to the glorious sunshine of health. It is a positive remedy for those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses so common to our female population. Price reduced to one dollar. By drug-gists.

New Books Received. THE DRUGGAMER'S TEACHER, ONEIROCRITICA. By James Monroe, Peoria, Ill.; J. W. Frank & Sons. Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandarite, Doct's Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by G. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar. CURED WITHOUT THE USE OF KNIFE. Pamphlet sent free. F. L. FORD, M. D., Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS! KNECKBOCKER SHOULDER BRACE and Suspender combination. Expands the Chest, promotes respiration, prevents Round Shoulders. A perfect support for Ladies. No harness—simple—unlike all others. All sizes for Men, Women, Boys, and Girls. Cheapest and only Reliable Shoulder Brace. Sold by Druggists and General Stores, or sent postpaid on receipt of \$1 per pair, plain and figured, or \$1.50 silk-lined. Send chest measure around the back to KNECKBOCKER SHOULDER BRACE CO., Easton, Pa. N. A. JOHNSON, Prop'r.

Railroads. The Line selected by the U.S. Gov't to carry the Fast Mail. Burlington Route C. & O. R. R.

The Only Through Line, with its own track, between CHICAGO, PEORIA and DENVER. Either by way of Omaha, Pacific Junction, Atchison or Kansas City. It traverses all of the six Great States, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, MICHIGAN, NEBRASKA, KANSAS, COLORADO. With branch lines to their important cities and towns. It runs every day in the year from one to three elegant equipped through trains over its own track, between Chicago and Denver, Chicago and Omaha, Chicago and Council Bluffs, Chicago and St. Joseph, Chicago and Atchison, Chicago and Kansas City, Chicago and Topeka, Chicago and St. Paul, Chicago and Sioux City, Peoria and Council Bluffs, Peoria and Kansas City, St. Louis and Omaha, St. Louis and St. Paul, St. Louis and Rock Island, Kansas City and Denver, Kansas City and St. Paul, Kansas City and Omaha, Kansas City and Des Moines. At each of its several Eastern and Western termini it connects in Grand Union Depots with Through Trains to and from all points in the United States and Canada. It is the Principal Line to and from San Francisco, Portland and City of Mexico for Tickets, Rates, General Information, etc., regarding the Burlington Route, call on any Ticket Agent in the United States or Canada, or address HENRY B. STONE, Gen'l Manager, CHICAGO. PERCEVAL LOWELL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, CHICAGO.

IA MAN WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY By reason of its central position, close relation to principal lines East of Chicago, and continuous lines to terminal points in the West, is the most direct, the only true middle line in that transcontinental system which invites and facilitates travel and transit in either direction between the Atlantic and Pacific. The Rock Island main line and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, St. Louis, Geneseo, Moline, Fullman, Palace Park and Sleeping Cars, elegant Dining Cars providing excellent meals, and between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison, and Kansas City—restful Reclining Chair Cars. It is the Principal Line to and from San Francisco, Portland and City of Mexico for Tickets, Rates, General Information, etc., regarding the Burlington Route, call on any Ticket Agent in the United States or Canada, or address HENRY B. STONE, Gen'l Manager, CHICAGO. PERCEVAL LOWELL, Gen'l Pass. Agent, CHICAGO.

The Great Rock Island Route Guarantees Speed, Comfort and Safety to those who travel over it. Its roadbed is thoroughly constructed, its track is of heavy steel. Its bridges are solid structures of iron and steel. Its rolling stock is selected as human skill can make it. It has all the safety appliances that mechanical genius has invented and experience proved valuable. Its practical operation is conservative and methodical—its discipline strict and exacting. The luxury of its passenger accommodations is unequalled in the world. All Express Trains between Chicago and the Missouri River consist of Pullman, Genesee, and Michigan Fullman Palace Parlor and Sleeping Cars, elegant Dining Cars providing excellent meals, and between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison, and Kansas City—restful Reclining Chair Cars.

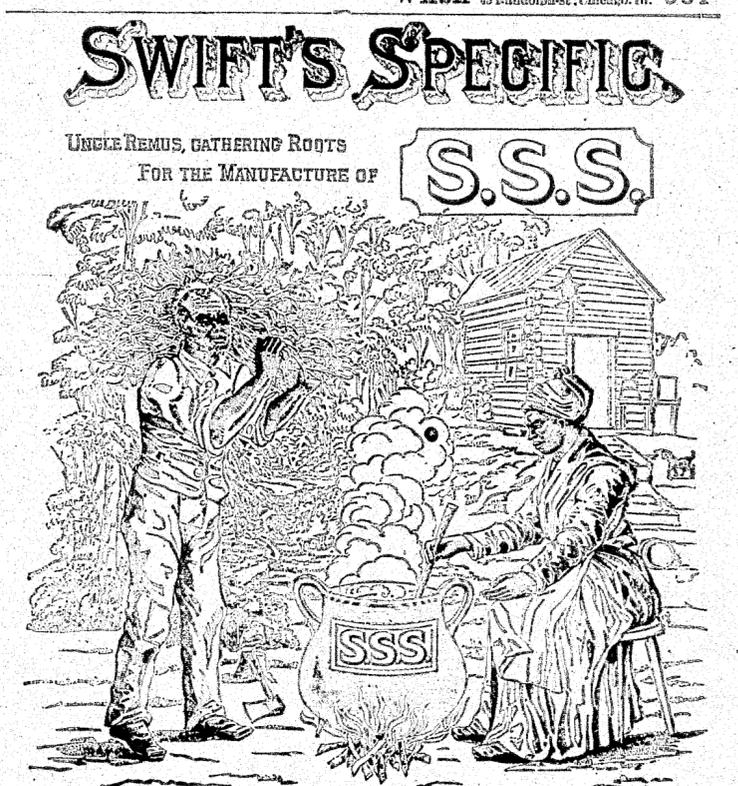
The Famous Albert Lea Route Is the direct line between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this route solid Fast Express Trains run daily to the "Great West," through Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, the rich wheat fields and grazing lands of Interior Dakota are reached via Watertown. A short, desirable route, via Seneca, and Kanabeka, offers superior inducements to travelers between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and International Falls, Minnesota. In Dakota, especially families, ladies and children, receive from officials and employes of Rock Island trains protection, respect and kindness. For Tickets, Maps, Folders—obtainable at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada—or any desired information, address, R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket Agent, CHICAGO. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

\$250 A MONTH. Agents wanted. 90 best-selling articles in the world. I supply free. Address: JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich. A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we self-operating washing machines. A lot of our own name, J. B. and express office at once. The National Co., 233 Broadway, N.Y. WE WANT YOU! A two energetic man, creditable employment to represent us in every county. Salary \$50 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales of machines. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book with testimonials. HEARNE & CO. P. O. Box 1487, New York.

PIANO AND ORGAN PLAYING easily learned by using Soper's Instantaneous Guide to the Organ. Any person can play a tune at once on either instrument without the aid of a teacher. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book with testimonials. HEARNE & CO. P. O. Box 1487, New York.

A SOLID 10 PER CENT Per annum, first mortgages on productive Real Estate. Loans approved by Tacoma National Bank EAST AND WEST. Correspondence Solicited. ALLEN C. MASON, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

I CURE FITS! I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long cure. I want my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed in no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a free trial and a free bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address: Dr. H. G. ROGUE, 125 Pearl St., New York.



FOR THE BLOOD. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO. ATLANTA, GA., U.S.A. For Sale by all Druggists. Neuralgic Rheumatism & Erysipelas. About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an increasing pulse and very frequent pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eleven months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I noticed a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about ten dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of the disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per day. I think S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends. Greenville, S. C., June 21, 1886. REV. R. M. PICKENS.

From Rev. Mr. Kelly. Myself and wife were seriously afflicted with material poison, nervous prostration and general debility. After using three large sized bottles of Swift's Specific, we now consider ourselves almost entirely free from any blood impurities, and are as active and supple as we were twenty years ago. I take pleasure in recommending S. S. S. to all who are suffering from any impurities of the blood, dizziness or nervous headache. Nashville, Oct. 7, 1886. SAMUEL KELLY, Elder Church of Christ, Muddy Fork, Howard County, Ark.

Living Witnesses. Rev. Joseph Langston is a well known minister and member of the South Georgia Conference of the M. E. Church South, stationed at Brownwood, Ga., on the Southwestern railroad, and is esteemed by all who know him. He says: "Centenarian—I very cheerfully and gratefully certify to the efficacy of Swift's Specific in curing me of a severe case of dyspepsia, which had harassed me for about two years. I had it so bad that I could not sleep. Night after night I lay awake unable to get an hour's sleep. My friends who had known me before I had the dyspepsia, had repeatedly recognized the same man in me when the disease held me in its tightest grip. I may truthfully say that I had dyspepsia about as bad as a man could have it, not to die. It was so severe that I felt, as I suppose other dyspeptics do, as if I had several different fatal diseases, ranging from heart disease to consumption. Indeed, one physician stood me out that one of my lungs was atresed. After several months of fruitless treatment, S. S. S. I was cured, and am entirely well to-day, not having lost a single day this year in my pastoral duties. This was last year. I keep S. S. S. as a household medicine, and there are few ailments which, by purifying the blood, are not benefited, and many cured, by the use of Swift's Specific. JOSEPH O. LANGSTON.

EVERYTHING THAT IS NEW IN SEEDS IN RARE PLANTS. PETER HENDERSON & CO. CATALOGUE No. 246, which this year we send out in an illuminated cover. The Catalogue is printed with new engravings of the choicest flowers and vegetables, many of which can only be obtained from us and contains, besides, 2 beautiful color plates, and very full instructions on all garden work. Altogether it is the best ever offered by us, and we believe is the most complete publication of its kind ever issued. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps, which may be deducted from first order. Please be sure to order Catalogue by the number. PETER HENDERSON & CO., 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

Good Coffee! Good Coffee! Will fit any coffee pot, and requires no egg to settle the coffee. THE LITTLE GIANT COFFEE DISTILLER. Will make clear, rich coffee in from 5 to 10 minutes. A practical success. OUR LITTLE GIANT COFFEE DISTILLER makes practical the correct principle in making coffee. To boil coffee in the ordinary manner extracts in a bitter form the caffeo-tannic acid, rendering it strong and unpleasant to the taste. The process of Distillation brings out the aromatic flavor of the Coffee, which is the essence and nutriment of coffee. Directions sent with each Distiller. In ordering send height of coffee pot. Price by mail 40 cents. Address FRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO

By JOHN C. BUNDY.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, 1 year, \$2.50; 6 months, \$1.25.

SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS. SPECIMEN COPY FREE.

REMITTANCES should be made by United States Postal Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter or Draft on either New York or Chicago.

DO NOT IN ANY CASE SEND CHECKS ON LOCAL BANKS.

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 50 cents per Agate line.

Reading Notice, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

Entered at the postoffice in Chicago, Ill., as second-class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a 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, March 12, 1887.

The New Theology Movement.

Not at Andover but at Jamestown, N. Y., in the Champlain region. Last summer a convention was held in that locality, of clergymen and others, mostly of former orthodox affiliations, who wished a broader outlook and more unity of spirit than the sects can give. Dr. Thomas, of this city, had some part in the matter. Out of that grew The New Theology Herald, a bi-weekly magazine, with J. G. Townsend, a former Methodist preacher, and Solon Lauer, a graduate of Meadville Unitarian Seminary, as editors. A convention for next season is in prospect, where those from far and near can congregate, take counsel and renew their spiritual strength. This movement is like the Andover new theology, only it is considerably further along the line,—more distant from the old theology.

All such advances are significant and welcome. They are signs that the ice is breaking up. They reach toward the higher aspects of Spiritualism.

Mr. Lauer has sent out a leaflet of four pages, "What do we stand for,"—a good title. There is a refreshing frankness, a manly directness in saying that a man really stands for something in these days when we have so much agnostic indefiniteness, that what an uncertain Wisconsin editor called "a favorable allusion to the probability" of things, is about all that some free thinkers venture on in religion or in spiritual realities. Mr. Lauer does not stand as a dogmatist, but as one with faith, reason, conviction and courage, upholding the highest truth he knows, ready for more, and standing fast by certain primal ideas. His mood is good, his aims high; with no "inflexible creed" he has "vital beliefs and a purpose." He says:

We stand, first of all, for real religious life. The religion that does not produce that, is fatally deficient. We stand for free and fearless thought. . . . Man's mind is not to be a stagnant pool, but a spring bubbling over with the waters of living thought. . . . We have certain great convictions born of this very freedom of thought. . . . We believe in God. We deny that every star is a freebooter of the skies, accountable to no authority. A spirit permeates all forms of life, the unseen cause of visible results, the infinite source of being. We believe in revelation. The spirit of God, moving suns and planets, unfolding countless forms of life, unfolds itself also in the soul of man, writing words of truth on the heart.

This is all large-souled and natural, and stated in the best light of liberal theology which hardly reaches into the thought of the new spiritual dispensation. That thought shows how all lower forms of matter or types of life reach up toward man; how all divine ideas are in his spirit, which mirrors the universe, and in its tranquil and receptive state is open to all truth.

He believes in Christ, not as anomalous or miraculous, but as "the human vessel filled to overflowing with the Divine Spirit."

Prayer is "communion with the Divine," and "is not to take the place of labor, or to annul the action of God's law." This is far above the old idea, yet as a means also of reaching our friends over on "the other side," as we reach friends here when we need them, prayer has still more significance and naturalness to the Spiritualist.

Repentance as sorrow for sin; the new birth as the unfolding of the higher nature; forgiveness and atonement, or reconciliation, are treated reasonably and earnestly.

Of immortality he says:

The hand of death is . . . the hand of a guiding angel, to lead the soul out of darkness into light. Death is change, not destruction. The soul is a part of the Divine Life and cannot die. Resurrection is of the soul, not of the body. It does not mean the miraculous mending of the vase of clay. It is the arising, not of the body but of the soul. Heaven and hell are conditions before and after death. . . . We believe in human progress, now and forever. Eternity is ours, the universe is our school and God is our friend and teacher. The vision of man returns like a wing-wearied bird from its flight into the future of the race, but it brings to us the clive branch of faith and trust.

With a study of clairvoyance and spiritual seership, such do all new theology advocates

need to better meet and solve the questions of to-day, this earnest and large-hearted writer would learn that what is called death is the release of the spiritual body from its home of clay, the resurrection of the liberated celestial form as well as of the undying soul which buoy it up and animates it, and which it is to serve in the great hereafter. There are no disembodied spirits. If there were our identity would be in peril, our personality might be lost. It is this perishable body serving the soul in the lower conditions of earthly life, and the incorruptible spiritual body, which death does not touch but only releases, but which has its resurrection with the resurrection of the soul at the last hour of life here, and which serves the spirit as its finer body in the higher life. Thus are we built to last. Our personality must endure.

In no carping spirit are these suggestions made. Mr. Lauer says that his brief statement is imperfect, and invites comment which is fairly given.

The breadth and earnest manliness and fraternal spirit of this leaflet are surely hopeful and commendable. It is a voice, not "as of one crying in a wilderness," but like the exchequer of a hopeful pilgrim climbing toward the clear air on the mountain top.

Sam Jones in Boston.

Rev. S. L. Gracey, D. D., a Methodist divine, writes our neighbor of the Advocate that Jones and Small "have captured Boston," and are having large hearing. It is not well to think lightly of the plain talk of plain men. Better a true heart and false grammar than a false heart with true grammar; but "poor white" slang, brimstone theology, and swaggering manners and language are not means of grace.

Here is a sample of Sam Jones, as given by this correspondent:

A certain Mr. Herford, who is the popular pastor of one of our Unitarian churches, took occasion to refer sneeringly to Mr. Jones' statement that he "accepted the whole Bible from lid to lid, Jonah, the whale, and all," and then exalted reason and common-sense as the only standard to be used in determining what parts of the Bible should be accepted, and what rejected. Mr. Jones yesterday returned the compliment, thus: "I understand it is the quintessence of the declaration of ignorance in Boston for a man to say that he believes the Bible from lid to lid. Well, then, I'm a happy fool from head to foot. One of your brainy men has actually jumped on us little swamp Georgians because we believe the Bible. My! Down in Georgia during the war there was a poor old woman who had a little scraggy dog, with his teeth all gone. Johnston's army was retreating, and she loved Johnston's army; and so she sat all day and held the dog in her arms to keep him from biting Johnston's army. This is just like these little infidels, holding infidelity, with its teeth all gone, from biting the great army of God's church. I hope you will not allow me to get bitten while I'm in Boston." We think that will be enough to stop the snarl of the little cure all about Boston.

If this dogmatic style of illustration may be kept up, it might be said that some dogs bark loudest when behind a fence, or on top of a flight of steps, with danger far off.

Sam Jones would make poor work in a fair debate on the Bible question with Brooke Herford, or any other intelligent man. Theodore Parker used "reason and common sense" in accepting or rejecting Scripture. What a contrast between him and this swaggering story teller!

It sometimes happens, unfortunately, that a Spiritualist, or other liberal speaker, lacks moral weight as well as good language, but when a Methodist doctor of divinity writes in this style of praise of Sam Jones, and the Christian Advocate here in Chicago publishes his epistle, it really seems as though they were even deeper in the mud than we are, which is very unfortunate—for them.

Has the spiritual life of orthodox clergymen got down to the Jones level? Must they call in such help to recruit their members? Here is what the Boston Evening Gazette says. Must the clergy learn of the editors of popular newspapers? Surely this editor could teach this Methodist clergyman. This is the Gazette verdict, far the best of the two:

Samuel Jones is a cheap and comic version of the Rev. Joseph Cook, with a vulgar coarseness and an obtuseness of intellect wholly his own. In common with his popular prototype, he is windy, illogical, and intolerant. The manner in which he deals with things sacred is offensive to every refined and intelligent sentiment. His assumed positive knowledge of the Creator and the hereafter, and the blatant, self-confident manner in which he rants it forth, are simply ignorance made bold by encouragement. We are willing to concede the sincerity of Mr. Jones' motives and the reality of his religious fervor, but things sacred cannot be treated respectfully from a comic standpoint, and earnest religious sentiment side by side with funny anecdotes and low wit is out of place to say the least. A cheap method of winning a cheap laugh is not a method by which a dignified knowledge of the higher life may be inculcated. Buffoonery is objectionable under any circumstances, but when it is brought to bear upon the subject of religion, it becomes unutterably offensive.

Curious Incidents.

Death or some terrible affliction is often caused under peculiar circumstances. One man dies while blaspheming God; another while preaching in the pulpit; another while cursing because it rained. A strange case was that of Patrick Grogan, of New Orleans.

He proceeded to the confessional, where he knelt in prayer to await his turn to confess to Father Alexis. Another penitent was there before him, and when the latter came out from the confessional-box he saw Grogan kneeling and motionless. His features were pallid and, although his lips were moving, his body appeared to be rigid. Father Alexis immediately stepped forth and said: "My good man, you are a Catholic, I presume?" The pressure of the already cold hand was the only response the holy father received. He then ordered the ambulance to be sent for and bestowed absolution on the dying man. He was carried to a pew and laid on the bench, and a few minutes afterwards died.

Another peculiar case occurred lately at Wilkesbarre, Pa. Henry Edwards, aged twenty, joined the Salvation Army there last Christmas. He foretook his old companions

in sin, and said he was going to lead a new life. For a while he was one of the most earnest workers in the army, and secured many recruits from the society he formerly moved in. He went so far as to visit the mines and implore the young men to join the army of the Lord. He continued his good work until quite lately, when he fell from grace and returned to his sinful ways. One Sunday evening he visited the Salvation Army barracks and scoffed and laughed at the exercises. All of a sudden he put his hands over his eyes and cried out, "My God, what is the matter? I cannot see." Edwards was taken to his home by two friends. He was totally blind.

"The Religious World"

Is the title of a new department in the pages of The Interior. "To inform our readers of religious movements and the trend of religious thought the world over," is their statement of its object, and they promise a correspondence from all lands to that end. The object is good, and the effort significant. It tells of a growing desire to look over the whole field fairly, and get the truth as to all doctrines and their growth and power, or decay and weakness. Possibly The Interior may not reach entire impartiality. It may not give full and clear reports of what Spiritualism is, and is doing, but they will reach toward broader views, and none of us are perfect in clear sight.

The department certainly opens well. Report is made of the marked progress of Mohammedanism in Central Africa, and its benefits to the natives are freely acknowledged, with a hope that "it may be the vanguard of a true Christian civilization."

In this country it is said that "Judaism is permeated and honeycombed with a bold and negating Rationalism," reaching toward "Unitarianism of the most advanced type," and accepting "only the moral laws of Moses;" and that the more orthodox Jews in New York have lately established a theological seminary with the watchword, "For the Law and the Testimony," to counteract this new departure.

In Holland an earnest discussion is growing up in the universities and among the clergy, between the old faith and Unitarianism and Materialism. Prof. Doedes of Utrecht, is quoted as saying: "It is a question whether 'the fool' is not right, after all, when he says: There is no God." Scripture infallibility is doubted and defended earnestly.

The Interior concludes wisely that all should know what is going on touching these questions. Perhaps they may not share our feeling that free thought is better than a creedal fetter. Free thought is not without its perils, but they are far less than those of ecclesiastical bondage. In due time a wave of spiritual life and light may sweep over Holland, saving it from skepticism as to the truths of the spirit. Meanwhile, there and the wide world over, let truth and error meet fairly and freely, and let all bigotry die.

The Great Preacher Passed to Spirit-Life.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was early on last Saturday morning attacked with vomiting, and then fell into an unconscious condition. As we go to press on Tuesday morning, dispatches from New York state as follows: Mr. Beecher yet breathes, but that is all. There was no perceptible change in his condition from hour to hour, between morning and noon and noon and night, yet it could be seen that he was sinking, growing slowly weaker, with a steady drain upon his vitality. How long he may last is beyond foresight. Another suffusion in the brain would result fatally, no doubt, at once. The best hope, should no such symptom intervene, does not look ahead beyond the middle of the week. Last night wore away slowly and very wearily in the Beecher household. All through the night the unconscious patient lay upon his bed breathing heavily, alive only by reason of involuntary muscular motions which he exercised without knowing it. The trained nurse who has been with him since the nature of his illness was defined sat at the bedside, ever alert to catch the faintest symptoms of a change. It was not until the arrival of Dr. Searle, who was on hand about 5:30 o'clock, that it became plain that Mr. Beecher was less able to withstand the drain than he had been when the physician left him a few hours before. The change could not be definitely stated, except that the patient's temperature had slightly risen, that the pulse was less vigorous and possibly a trifle more rapid, and that the breathing, while hardly more labored than it had been, was not as forceful.

Since the above was put in type, a dispatch from New York states that Mr. Beecher passed away at 9 A. M., Tuesday, March 8th.

Edward Kuehl, sixty years old, was found lying dead in a bed at No. 319 South Tenth street, Omaha, Nebraska, March 2nd. The deceased was a well known and eccentric character about Omaha. He was a shoemaker by trade but made most of his money by telling fortunes. His business card read as follows: "Edward Kuehl, the oracle of Omaha, better known as the old shoemaker of No. 319 South Tenth street, Omaha, Neb., master of palmistry and conditionalist, will, with the aid of each one's guardian spirit, obtain for any one a view in the past and present, and, on certain conditions, in the future." The will directs that John Baumer take charge of the remains and see that his body is cremated and all his expenses and debts paid; and then that the residue be offered to the Franciscan sisters.

The Spirit of a Departed Physician Caresses His Fiancee.

A curious incident, illustrative of spirit power, is published in the Boston Globe. It appears from the account given that Luther J. Martin entered Yale College in 1880, coming from his home in Massachusetts. He graduated with honors four years later. While at college he became acquainted with a young lady who stood high in New London society, and when he left to enter the Long Island College he was engaged to be married to her. During his two years' course in medicine he became a general favorite with his classmates, and found time to frequently visit New London. He graduated high in his class at the last examination, and on June 21st he was appointed to the staff of the Long Island cottage hospital. As soon as he received his appointment he wrote to his fiancee, telling her of his good fortune. He received her congratulations immediately and again wrote. This was the last letter she was destined to receive from him. He was taken seriously ill with inflammation of the stomach on June 27th, and died eight days later, at 3:30 o'clock in the morning, without having been able to notify the young lady or any of his friends of his condition.

Shortly before 4 o'clock on the morning of Dr. Martin's death, the young lady, according to her statement, was awakened by the feeling that some one was in her room. Looking toward the foot of the bed, she saw the form of Dr. Martin cross the room, and taking position facing her, smiling pleasantly. He appeared just as in life. He was fine looking, about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches tall, and wore a slight moustache. He appeared very pale, but as he never had much color in his face his appearance did not startle her. So realistic was the scene that she attempted to speak, but could not. After hesitating a few moments at the foot of the bed the form advanced to the head of the bed, and placing a hand caressingly on the young lady's shoulder, gazed tenderly in her face. Then the form suddenly disappeared. When the lady appeared at the breakfast table she told her experience and tearfully asserted that something terrible had happened to her betrothed. A few minutes after a telegram was received announcing the doctor's death. On comparing the time of his demise and that of the young lady's vision it was found that the latter occurred about ten minutes later.

Remarkable Coincidence.

A remarkable coincidence happened on the morning of February 10th—says the Washington, D. C., Republican—at the death of Miss A. L. Duffy, a daughter of Capt. O. E. Duffy, the patent attorney, which occurred at 201 D Street. "Miss Duffy had lain in a dying condition for several hours, being surrounded by the members of her immediate family. The stillness of death reigned over the house as her last moments were drawing to a close. She was conscious to the end, and talked calmly with those about her until a moment or two before her decease. The nearest watcher had scarcely made the announcement that she was dead when a servant from below entered the room in answer to the summons of the call bell. No one had rung, and the peculiarity of the circumstance was in the fact that all of the six bells placed in the dining-room, and communicating with the different rooms of the house, had rung violently at the instant when the death took place. The bells, with one exception, had not rung since Mr. Duffy moved to his present home, the wires connecting them being broken." "The affair," adds the Republican, "created a feeling of awe over the household, as no explanation of the mystery has been made. Among those inclined to be superstitious the peal of the bells was a welcome to the soul of the departed one, and this belief is strengthened, as Miss Duffy was widely known for her sweetness of character, her good works, and her religious tendencies, she being a strict Catholic, and a member of St. Patrick's Church."

A Blind Critic of Pictures.

It appears from the Detroit Tribune that that city boasts of a blind art connoisseur named Coyt, who is also a good patron of art. Whenever and wherever there are good paintings to be seen he can always be found. Meeting him at one of the galleries a few days ago, a reporter found him seated in front of a small Hart, which had just been received and at which he was looking intently, seeming to enjoy it with the rest of the company.

"Here's a new Hart," said he as the reporter advanced to shake hands. "Good, isn't it? He paints stronger than he did. Don't you think so?"

The reporter wonderingly assented. "The distance here is good," he continued, "and the water particularly so. The picture is small but treated with feeling. Hart's pictures are all alike—two cows, a red one or a white or two of a color, a bit of water, and foliage."

"Yes," said a lady of the party. "We call his white cows 'Sunday' cows and the red ones every day cows."

"Well," said Mr. Coyt with considerable pleasantry, "these are not his Sunday cows, evidently!" Neither were they, for they were bright red. The Tribune reporter asks: "How in the world could a blind man tell a brindle cow from a white one in a picture? Is there a sixth sense?"

Lyman C. Howe is engaged to speak at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting, Aug. 21st and 24th.

GENERAL ITEMS.

G. H. Brooks is engaged to speak in Denver, Col., during the month of March. His address is 1713 Larimer Street.

At Cleveland, O., the Rev. Rollo Ogden, pastor of a fashionable church, has resigned because he "could no longer assent to the doctrinal standard of the Presbyterian Church."

Wm. Mason, of Fond du Lac, Wis., was in the city last week, and reports favorable results with the zithern, with which he has been experimenting. Tunes are played on it by the spirits in broad daylight.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten writes as follows from Manchester, England: "Our cause here is flourishing nobly in the North of England, the special scene of my labor. I have been quite out of health for the whole of this bitter winter. I have never ceased nor broken one engagement. Twice every week, sometimes four times, and always twice every Sunday I speak to immense audiences."

Some years ago, W. D. Howells of Boston, wrote a shallow story, "The Undiscovered Country," the main aim of which was to caricature Spiritualism. He has won some repute as a novelist, but it seems to be on the wane. He is brilliant and gossipy, but lacks really fine taste, and to a greater degree lacks power and moral earnestness. The St. James Gazette, high authority in England, scores him severely. Howells calls the pathos of Dickens "false and strained," his humor "largely horse-play," which the Gazette thinks absurd—an opinion in which many will agree. Not one person of heart and culture, ever laughed or shed tears over the weak pages of Howells, to a score who have been moved to laughter or tears by reading Dickens' stories. In this day, the man or woman capable of attempting a caricature of Spiritualism, will make such a blunder that he may beg for banishment to some undiscovered country where the criticisms on his weak folly could not find him. Howells is passing down and out, let a man of more insight and soul take his place.

A dispatch from St. Louis, Mo., states that the wake of Charles Murphy, a river man, held on the night of March 1st, was the occasion of a most ghastly exhibition of humor on the part of his friends. Murphy died in a hospital and the wake occurred in a livery stable. The mourners were chiefly river men, and the only consolation their grief would brook was a continual sousing in beer. About three o'clock in the morning the mourners dwindled down to a half dozen and they became festive. There were five other coffins in the stable, and they were placed on the floor and each man stretched himself in a coffin. As there were not enough coffins to go around, the corpse was dumped out and placed in a sitting position in one corner of the room with a pitcher of beer near the hand. The live man then took possession of the coffin. All fell asleep and were discovered a few hours later by a horror-stricken employe, who was under the impression that the stable had been converted into a morgue.

Lyman C. Howe writes from Kansas City, speaking encouragingly of the cause there. Alluding to the laying of the corner stone to the new Unitarian church, and the depositing of relics therein, Mr. Howe says: "If some transcripts of independent slate-writing, together with a succinct history of the same could be thus preserved, it might be valuable history in the year 2000, especially if some of the sneers, frowns, and mental grimaces could be photographed in a durable way and left to adorn the future cabinet of curiosities. Dr. Collier is liberal and radical in his way, but not a free man. He is dealing with a mixed people, and though many of his supporters are Spiritualists, he has not the independent courage to read to his congregation an announcement of our spiritual meetings here. But, while some Spiritualists may censure this attitude, a generous view of the situation, should remind us that 'circumstances alter cases.' Though I count our society as good as his in every sense of the word, and I freely and gladly notice his meetings and encourage our people to hear him, yet I realize that a part of his congregation, on whom he depends for support and on whose co-operation the new church may largely depend, have not had the liberalizing and spiritualizing help of our philosophy, and are narrow towards us, though broad towards orthodoxy and the devil. As we are on the tableland of religious liberty and light, we can afford to smile down on them while they frown upon us."

The Christian Union says that "In the past thirty-five years Great Britain has lost by emigration nearly seven million of population—an enormous drain, and one which probably has never been equaled in the history of civilized nations. In spite of this tremendous leakage of population, there has been a steady increase, and during the last ten years the population has run up from 32,800,000 to 36,700,000; the population has increased at the rate of twelve per cent., wealth at the rate of twenty-two per cent., trade at the rate of twenty-nine per cent., commerce at the rate of sixty-seven per cent., and instruction at the rate of sixty-eight per cent. The number of paupers has fallen from forty-eight per thousand to twenty-seven, a very striking and hopeful decrease, due probably in large measure to better methods of charitable work, both public and private; the consumption of alcohol has fallen from 2.33 gallons per inhabitant to 1.79; there are only two depressing facts among these very striking statistics: there is a marked decrease in the birth rate and a marked increase in the insanity list."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Isaac W. Bangs, a prominent Spiritualist of this city, passed to spirit-life at his residence, 365 South Morgan St., Feb. 24th, leaving a devoted wife and one son to mourn his loss.

March 4th, Homer Brouson Abbott of Englewood, Ill., passed to spirit-life. The deceased had been gradually sinking since last September, at which time, while in the performance of his duties as Health Officer of the Town of Lake, he was brutally assaulted by one Hugh Chittick, the injuries then received resulting fatally.

During the last few years Mr. Abbott was deeply interested in the spiritual philosophy, and the tokens he received from those gone before were among his most treasured possessions.

The Social Drift has been changed to magazine form, and will henceforth be published monthly at Muskegon, Mich.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Experiences in the Eddy Camp of Christian Scientists Continued.

W. I. GILL, A. M.

The types made me say in my former article on Camp Eddy, "Her look and conversation inspired courage." Here look should be book, which is more constant than her look, but often less impressive.

The first time I ever heard of Mrs. Eddy, or of "Christian Science," was in 1834 when I was pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Haverhill street, Lawrence, Mass.

Its apparent errors would naturally be the first thing to come to me from common report. The first of such reports was that these people are really atheists.

But these people were not atheists. They attended church and talked about God as the great Reality, and as in some sense the One only Reality. They are, then, pantheists, I concluded, and this was confirmed from a partial reading of certain books much admired among them.

The next thought and question was whether the theory excluded consciousness from its Deity; or does it affirm his existence and nature as a self-conscious Being of Infinite Perfection? I suspected the latter to be the fact, and on inquiry I found they all unequivocally affirmed it.

As I had always been a thorough-paced idealist, since my college days, I was well pleased to see that this new religion denied the existence of matter and affirmed the sole existence of spirit. This induced me to enter on an earnest study of it. As it was held by several in my congregation, and as it was "much spoken against," I felt I ought to understand it; and this I determined on, and I set to work accordingly.

In March, 1836, I went through a three weeks' course of study under Mrs. Eddy at her home, called the "Metaphysical College

of Massachusetts," of which she is the sole instructor, regulator and authority. The lady's book left me in doubt as to what was the great undertone of her thought, character and object, and this I wanted to find out by a personal study with her.

The result was on the whole favorable, with the construction which I put upon some of her statements, a construction which I conceived as necessary to invest them with any rational meaning. I knew that she was incompetent to attach my meanings to her words then; but I saw she was smart, and hoped that she could gradually by private conversation be led to comprehend and adopt them, and thus by such help and afterthought, make her system more consistent and impregnate its empty verbalism with a noble significance.

I thought if this can be achieved, her theory will be better entitled to rank as a "science." Indeed I believed, that, if thus allowed to interpret her, I could command for "Christian Science" the respect and credence of the intellectual world, and which had so far, and justly, repudiated it with scorn.

But here was the great uncertainty. Would she have the lofty cunning, if not sagacity, amounting to wisdom, to allow any man of philosophical training in sympathy with her alleged main object to show her how she might gain credit for a theory she never conceived, but which becomes hers in public esteem in consequence of the thought being attached to her verbiage? As this verbiage had already become associated with Christianity and with idealism; and as I thence conceived that with proper interpretation and construction it was calculated to be of immense service to mankind, I was quite willing to render this service, though no distinct recognition of it; as it must be all attributed to the verbal formulator, whose formulae were the subject of study and exposition. I hoped that this service would be accepted on the tacit assumption that the meanings suggested were justly attributed to the author of the book in question.

On this hope I resolved at length to co-operate. But I, of course, kept all this mental process to myself. I could not be sure but Mrs. Eddy had herself in some points dimly and distantly approached to those very ideas, and the supposition of this I felt bound to cherish as a tribute to her.

I fully explained my feelings and plans to my editorial predecessor, Rev. J. H. Wiggin, who approved of it as feasible. He thought I was probably just the man to achieve so desirable a task. He compared the lady and the writer to Queen Elizabeth and Burleigh; and gave her the anticipated credit of being able to see her great opportunity, and to improve it so as to add a new lustre to her reign. I was, therefore, very hopeful and conscious of a high and generous purpose and aim.

With this explanation of my mental state, my friends will not wonder that for a season I was united with this intellectual Circle. She was never able to number me among her swine. She never in any degree changed my thought. She only furnished a channel along which I hoped to see it run and work with facility and power, and for the public good. Of this she gradually became conscious, and said I was "not converted," and that I was only putting forth my own views in her name. Against this, all her infinite egotism rose in rebellion. She, therefore, began to insist steadily and persistently in our private talks, that I must understand her to mean by her words what was revolting to my understanding. I replied that I had all along construed her rationally; and I could not change my course except so far as she disavowed all rational meaning; and that so far I must decline to accept her teaching. Still, all this might have been long postponed, had I not presumed to be an independent author. As it was the crisis could not be delayed, as I could not consent to be the mere repeater of a very silly jargon, much less be the high priest at a shrine where she was the God.

The Brahma Somaj.

Unity says: Babu Mohini Chatterjee, the Hindu gentleman now in this country, and who is a member of the Brahma Somaj as well as of the Theosophical Society, has given expression to some thoughts well worthy the attention of those who believe in the brotherhood of man and the essential identity of all the different phases of real religion.

"I am a member of the Theosophical Society, but I do not like to call myself a Theosophist, because that seems to imply the possession of absolute knowledge of the truth, whereas I am merely a seeker.

"Where I have been asked if I desire to convert Europe to Buddhism or Brahminism I have always said: 'No; what I desire is to convert Christendom to Christianity.'

"Do not imagine that I regard Christianity as in any sense entitled to exclusive preference. I reverence it, because I hold that there is but one eternal verity, and that all religions are expressions of it.

"Christianity is at one with the vendantic sacred canons in teaching that 'the kingdom of heaven is within you.' The conquest which every human being is born to essay is not the conquest of external circumstances or of his fellow-men. It is comprised in the old Greek axiom, 'know thyself.'

"I am taught by the masters whose humble disciple I am, that the progress of the race is ever upward and onward.

"When I add that the universal religion requires from no Christian the rejection of any gospel teaching, but only the renunciation of those parasitic accretions which have deformed and overlaid the doctrine of the founder, you may conclude that my outlook is not so fantastic and extravagant as without this explanation it might appear.

The great spiritual movement of the future will be one aiming at the abandonment of all sectarian distinctions, the elimination of spurious embroideries of all creeds, and the union of all, who are not atrophied by materialism, in the worship of one God, of whose essence is all humanity, and the glory of whose divinity may be shared by the humblest son of Adam who has learned to walk by the new light.

Here is another plea for the relinquishment of the superficial and the recognition of the real, and Unitarians can certainly understand the message. All such sentiments are helping to swell the tide of influence that shall yet bear humanity into a clearer apprehension of the divine oneness of all life.

out the West, killed himself with a razor at the residence of his father at Indianapolis. He had long suffered from insomnia.—The Milwaukee newspapers have filled their columns with independent men, and now positively refuse to re-employ the strikers.—At Aurora, Illinois, was held the triple funeral of J. D. Dunning and his wife and daughter, all of whom died on Thursday from natural causes.—The democratic members of the interstate commerce commission are likely to be W. R. Morrison of Illinois, Grant of Colorado, and Bragg of Alabama.—The Minnesota and Northwestern road has withdrawn from the freight pool on account of dissatisfaction with the percentages awarded it.

The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Walker & Co. in this issue of our paper. We can recommend this Company to do as they agree, and order entrusted to their care will receive prompt attention.—St. Louis Presbyterial, June 19, 1885.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been 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.

Business Notices.

SEALED LETTERS answered by R. W. Flint, No. 1227 Broadway, N. Y. Terms: \$2 and three cent postage stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Send for explanatory circular.

Chicago Meetings.

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

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 128 West 43rd Street, New York. The People's Spiritual Meeting of New York City, has removed to Spencer Hall, 114 W. 14th St. Services every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 P. M.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening in Court of Appeals Room, Town Hall. W. B. MILLS, President. E. J. HULZING, Secretary.

St. Louis, Mo.

Organized August 2nd, 1867. The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Broadway Hall, southwest corner of Franklin and Ninth Streets, at the hour of 2:30 P. M. Friends invited to attend and correspondence solicited. H. W. PAUL, Pres't, 629 S. Broadway. ISAACS, LEE, Sec. Sec., 1422 N. 12th St.

Michigan Spiritualists Ass'n.

ANNUAL MEETING. The State Association will hold its Annual Meeting (adjourned from Feb. 25th) at Grand Rapids, March 25th, 26th and 27th. On the closing day (Sunday) the 28th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated. Good speakers and mediums, reduced hotel rates, and plans for a good gathering of Spiritualists and free inquirers for truth from far and near.

A PERMANENT CURE.

For KIDNEY DISEASES PROVIDED BY NATURE IN THAT GREAT REMEDY, KIDNEY-WORT

When the kidneys become clogged or torpid, disease quickly gains foothold, because these organs are nature's gateway through which all poisonous humors are washed out of the system. MANY DISEASES affecting other organs are also caused by these humors being forced into the blood, causing terrible suffering. LIVER COMPLAINT, PILES, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, etc., may all be brought about in this way.

If you are sick, or feel tired out or low-spirited, and need a tonic, cathartic, or blood-purifier, nothing will do you so much good as KIDNEY-WORT.

LIQUID OR DRY. SOLD EVERYWHERE. \$1.00 Dry sent post-paid, by sole Proprietors, Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. For cold in the head. Ely's Cream Balm works like magic. I cured me of catarrh and restored the sense of smell.—E. H. Sherwood, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR Washing and Bleaching. In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water. SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor, should be without it.

LADIES ONLY

BENSON'S CAPSICINE POROUS PLASTER. Highest Awards of Medals in Europe and America. The nearest quickest, safest and most powerful remedy known for Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, colds in chest and all aches and pains.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the Cuticura Remedies in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and curing itching, eczema, and all other diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies. NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COMPARABLE to the Cuticura Remedies in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and curing itching, eczema, and all other diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

Soft as dove's down and as white, with Cuticura Medicated Soap. A Revolution in the Treatment of Disease. Magnetic Shields, the great curative agent of our age. Nothing in the history of our world equals the wonderful cures wrought by these Magnetic Shields.



CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO., No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill. MEMORIAL EDITION. Dr. Stevens spent his life in healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and teaching the spiritual philosophy.

FISHER'S MOUTH-BREATHING INHIBITOR. Sleeping with the mouth open is the cause of all throat troubles and Catarrh from this unhygienic habit, and all throat troubles are aggravated by it.

Do You Snore? The snorer, not only suffers personally but becomes a general disturber. The mouth-breathing inhibitor is sent postpaid to any address on receipt of \$2.00.



STOP & READ BEFORE YOU LOCATE.

Splendid Chance to Help Build a Great City. SIOUX FALLS occupies the same relation to Dakota as a distributing point that Omaha, Kan., as City, Denver & St. Paul occupy to their respective States.

Vaughan's Seed CHICAGO. Our 1887 Illustrated "TELLS THE WHOLE STORY" CATALOGUE. For the GARDENER, the FARMER and those who love PLANTS and FLOWERS. We will send this Catalogue with one packet of any of the following NOVELTIES, most of which are offered by no other seedman.

PSYCHICAL AND PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

THE MARY LURANCY VENNUM.

Dr. E. W. STEVENS. This well-attested account of spirit presence created a widespread sensation when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Over fifty thousand copies were distributed, including the original publication and the complete editions, but the demand still continues.

THE WATSEKA WONDER. This is not that history of the case to which I have already referred, but a new and more complete edition of the same, published and a skillfully prepared work of fiction.

MARY REYNOLDS, Double Consciousness. This case is frequently referred to by medical authorities, and Mr. E. W. Stevens makes reference to it in that invaluable, standard work, The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism.

SIXTY PAGE PAMPHLET. Dr. Stevens spent his life in healing the sick, comforting the afflicted, and teaching the spiritual philosophy.

Pay Over to Mrs. O. A. Stevens One-Third of the Net Receipts from the sale of this pamphlet for the next three months.

15 Cents per Single Copy. 100 Copies for \$12.00. 50 " " " " 6.50. 25 " " " " 3.30. 10 " " " " 1.40.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, DRAWER 134, CHICAGO.

A VALUABLE BOOK. A PHYSICIAN'S SERMON TO YOUNG MEN. By Rev. W. Pratt.

This is considered a valuable work. Price, pamphlet form 25 cents. Wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Welcome Them.

BY JULIA GRAY BURNETT.

In the silence, sad and lonely, Of the solemn midnight hour, As the bells, the voices only, Sounded from some lofty tower, Did you ever waken—beaten—

Welcome, then, the loved who guide us Through life's rough and stormy way; Did they linger close beside us, Till the night gives place to day.

In the silence, sad and lonely, Of this happy midnight hour, Are the bells, the voices only, Sounding from that lofty tower?

Anti-Tobacco Law in Michigan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am not mistaken a majority of the readers of the JOURNAL will be pleased to learn that a bill has been introduced into the legislature of Michigan, which proposes to punish by fine or imprisonment any one who sells tobacco to a minor under 16 years of age.

Your contributor is not puritanical, but can afford to permit people to mind their own business until they tread on other people's corns. But the anti-tobacco enter, as well as the minor, who has no regard for the feelings of others, should be held amenable to law for the inconvenience he occasions.

It is proposed to stop, in a measure, this tendency of American men to degenerate to a condition of which their fathers would be ashamed, and to nip the evil in the bud by preventing boys and children from buying tobacco.

Richland City, Wis. ALFRED BECKWITH.

As the western clouds are tinged with gold even after the sun is lost, so does the memory of a kind and loving smile to the face which his author may be found.

All of us who are worthy anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or in explaining the mistakes of our youth.

BEWITCHED OR WHAT?

Views for and Against.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A very clever story—that which appeared in your last number—called "Bewitched or what?" Does it pretend to be true? Very curiously I do not find the name of the author, "J. C. Hoffman, M. D.," included in the list of contributors of all schools throughout the United States as given in "Polk's Medical Directory."

STATEMENT BY DR. HOFFMAN.

As to my identity, I am son of Ex-Gov. Francis A. Hoffman, Ill., Corporation Counsel, St. Louis, Mo. I am a brother of mine. I am a graduate in medicine, surgery, etc., of Rush Medical College, Chicago, and of two medical colleges in Europe.

Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN—Dear Sir: I have your letter. You shall have the consolation and satisfaction of knowing that there is one, partially sane man who believes you. I only do not know whether you made the statement as a fact or not.

Another Eastern correspondent writes: "Your high-toned and ethical JOURNAL was badly smothered by the publication of Dr. Hoffman's Theosophical extravaganza."

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A few thoughts regarding Dr. Hoffman's narrative in the JOURNAL of the 15th January, recounting an adventure with a "witch."

One of your correspondents writing from California, referring to this strange story, says: "It is somewhat draped in mystery; but as investigations of spiritual science we should coolly examine, etc., which another Iowa writer has done in a manner of superior intelligence, whom I know to be reliable. I repeated the substance of your story. This man said it was not only possible, but was probably true. I know your father very well, and he will probably remember me. Yours truly, GEO. A. SHUFELDT.

All these difficulties are true, which have been felled by the raconteur, Dr. Hoffman himself, across the lines of our advance into the domain which we would fain explore.

Will Dr. Hoffman, therefore, supply the missing links above indicated? W. N. DAVIDSON.

J. C. HOFFMAN—Sir: I have just read your statement published in RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of No. 21, vol. 41, in which you invite readers of it to advise you as to their opinion regarding its peculiarities. My opinion is you have missed your calling, and should at once place yourself on exhibition at a Bowery Dime Museum as the biggest fool in the United States.

Although Dr. Hoffman's story is calculated to tax the credulity of most people, yet a careful analysis of the incidents will show that only an unusual increase or expansion of forces already recognized by students of the occult, is necessary to make them all possible and probable.

The managers of the New York Catholic protector are about to build an infirmary with an extension and a separate ward for contagious diseases in Westchester county. The building, when completed, will cost \$35,000. During the past year the boys in the protector made 65,512 pairs of stockings, 74,578 pairs of shoes, and set 150,000 pairs of type a day.

The Terrible Risk of It.

BY W. WHELFORTH.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Amd the extraordinary assemblage of good things presented in the JOURNAL of Feb. 12th, I was especially attracted by the truthful, beautifully expressed remarks of Rev. M. J. Savage, under the head of "The Religious Education of Children."

But it is not alone that parents abstain from giving religious training to their children. There are those who extend this liberality in deference to their children's judgment as a guide when arrived at years of discretion, by leaving it to their offspring to decide on the path of conduct they wish to pursue.

Even in ways it seems almost impossible to guard against, the utmost vigilance of parents is required to lead their children into the path of right and save them from the evil of the example that came under my own knowledge not long ago.

Alas! for the terrible thing of it. The chief men in this shop were of the most vicious character; saloon tipplers, with not a thought above the level of the gutter; their words were interlarded with oaths and still fouler expressions, coupled to constant mockery of everything that is sacred and good.

Now this strange thing occurred—how, or by what process I cannot tell, except it grew out of a series of private circles I had been attending in the city.

Hence could be seen the supreme importance of home surroundings in the line of Good. If the moral atmosphere there is pure and sweet, and firm hands guide the child right until constant habit has built a fence of sufficient strength to resist the assaults of evil, the future may be safely depended on.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Curious Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I will give an incident that, to me, was quite startling; it occurred sometime since in a family who are friends of mine. The father and husband was an officer in the army and served during the rebellion. While in the service his only child, an infant, died. About the time of its death the sorrowing mother received a dispatch stating that her husband was lying at the point of death, and she might expect his remains at any time.

They looked off to see if there was any change in the little form. After several days and no tidings from the husband and father, they looked upon the little one's face, and behold, on its forehead was the word "Life" plainly written, the letters dotted in. When told to me, I asked, "What solution can you give for that appearance?" The reply was: "The captain is living!" We held a family council, and concluded to have the man and wife, and all developments, Captain P. is still living, strictly orthodox, and decidedly opposed to Spiritualism.

An Apparition.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My first experience was in youth. I was eight years old. One night while sleeping with father, I was suddenly awakened. I turned my face towards father, as I slept in the back part of the bed. He was sound asleep. I saw a woman standing at the foot of the bed, apparently in a white dress. She said nothing, but watched her usual I got afraid. I then shut my eyes so I wouldn't see her any more; on opening them again she had gone. Although the night was quite dark, I could see her plainly. In the morning I told mother what I had seen, and described the apparition so correctly that she recognized it as Aunt Cash, father's sister, and that she was living. I never saw Aunt Cash—not even as much as a picture of her, was ever so far apart. Two weeks brought the sad news of her death.

AT. Neb. Mrs. A. C. LAWRENCE.

Hoffman—Burr.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Overstated says "Everything in science prevailing throughout a certain period, contains actual scientific truth, though frequently much obscured." As mesmerism has retained a hold upon the minds of many of the most scientific men living, I think it fair to say that it contains some actual scientific truth.

His first two paragraphs are foreign to the subject and might be passed. I will notice, however, that as to the German, if he was deeply mesmerized that would of itself present an entire explanation of the phenomena so far as he was concerned.

The story of your correspondent that he produced an effect measured by 600 pounds on an inanimate object, is at war with all theory and precedent. From the most ancient accounts of mesmerism among the Chinese down to the present day, experiments of hypnotism among our scientists, no case of the kind of matter can be demonstrated.

Concordia, Kans. B. R. ANDERSON.

BISHOP FINDS MISS LEE'S RING.

He Started Broadway a Little and Made the Committee Hurry.

The spectacle of Washington Irving Bishop, the mind-reader, with a big black silk cap pulled down over his head and shoulders, dashing down Broadway, New York City, and dragging three men after him, whose hands were bound together with a long wire, astonished pedestrians near Wallack's Theatre, Feb. 27th.

By the terms of the challenge the bank note was to be returned to the donors together with one that Mr. Bishop asked for his own pocket.

Quite as noticeable as anything on the stage was the fact that five ladies sat in the parquet without their bonnets.

Manifestations at a Private Circle.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I will give a brief history of what is weekly transpiring at a small private circle in this city, where I am permitted to attend. Dr. Schermerhorn, a graduate of the medical department of our State University, is the medium, and a very remarkable one.

Mr. John Murray recently delivered before the Royal Society of Edinburgh a lecture upon the total rainfall of the globe, and the relation it bears to the discharge of rivers. He shows that drainage may belong to either inland or ocean drainage, the area of the first being 11,480,350 square miles and the latter 38,829,750 square miles, after deducting those barren areas which have less than ten inches of rainfall annually.

In an article in the February number of the American Museum, 1877, commencing on the third page entitled "Address to the People of the United States," by Benjamin Rush, M. D., the following paragraph occurs: "For the purpose of diffusing knowledge, as well as extending the living principle of government to every part of the United States, every State, city, county, village, and township in the Union should be taught together by means of the post-office. This is the true non-electric wire of government. It is the only means of conveying heat and light to every individual in the Federal Commonwealth." Could Dr. Rush have thought of a "non-electric wire" for such a purpose (even in simile) without having thought of an electric wire?

The growth of the Catholic church has proportionately far outstripped that of the republic. In a period of 107 years the United States have increased from thirteen states to thirty-eight States and ten territories; while the Catholic church in forty years less time has increased from one bishopric to sixty-two bishoprics and nine vicariates apostolic. The population of the country has increased from 2,808,000 to 38,420,000, according to the treasury statement for the fiscal year ending June, 1886, while the Catholic population has increased from 25,000 to about 10,000,000—an increase resulting from foreign immigration, the natural growth of the native population, and conversions from the Protestant sects. The clergy have been increased from 21 priests in 1790 to over 7,500 to-day.

the spirit friends of Mrs. Schermerhorn were talking with them, in tones so loud that I could distinctly hear them. The doctor is controlled by a physician who died a few years ago. He examines diseases, and will probably greatly assist him in treating difficult cases. There were only five in this circle; no money is paid and no object for deception. Grand Rapids, Mich. WARREN HUTCHINS.

New York Spiritual Conference.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The Grand Opera House has lately derived a rechristening as the Uproar House. This afternoon (Feb. 27th) the meeting was opened with speculations on re-incarnation or pre-existence. Prof. Carpenter, strong in body, voice and will, preferred facts, and narrated two very impressive and convincing examples of spirit identity.

Mr. W. R. Rice indignantly repelled Judge Cross's reflective letter in the Banner of Light, and offered one thousand dollars to Mrs. Wells, if she will use a cabinet of certain construction, and produce a genuine spirit form or forms, before a committee of four, two Spiritualists, himself and another, they to select in the case of success the money to go to Mrs. Wells; if a failure to some deserving charity; the offer to remain open, with the chairman, until April 6th. (Applause.)

An acquaintance told me of a church girl he attended when a boy, which furnishes an excellent illustration of woman's wit.

A member of the church had been accused of immorality. One of the sisters was in possession of facts which proved his guilt, but when she was called upon for her testimony the guilty man's lawyer objected on the ground that the church rules forbade women to speak. The point was sustained by the chairman, and the erring brother looked triumphant. The good sister arose.

A Vote of Thanks to W. R. Rice.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

At a regular meeting of the New York Spiritual Conference, held in the Grand Opera House Hall, Sunday, Feb. 27th, 1887, the following resolution was adopted by a large majority:

Resolved, That we, the members of the New York Spiritual Conference tender him a vote of thanks in token of our appreciation of his valuable services. F. E. FANNSVORTH, Sec'y.

Margaret L. Wood writes: I once thought you were too severe on the frailties and imperfections of certain mediums. You are not. I know a gentleman who had a private sitting with a public medium whose control made her use language that no lady ought to utter even in the presence of her own sex.

W. N. Davidson writes: The JOURNAL continues to improve with age. I deem it the most powerful of existing agents in counteracting the effects wrought by the swarms of adventurers pretending to be mediums, and by mediumistic persons who simulate powers not in their possession.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. We learn to climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when you come to the spring they rise up and meet you.

Man's happiness, as I construe it, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.

Unselfish and noble acts are the most rational epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.

There is said to be a bible in Lucas county, Ohio, which was preserved by being baked in a loaf of bread. It is now believed to be baking-day. Mr. Schobolt, the grandmother of the present owner, had just prepared a great batch of dough, when she heard the priests were coming. She took the precious bible, wrapped it carefully up, and put in the center of the huge mass which was to fill her largest bread tin, and stowed it away in the oven and baked it. The priests came and searched the house carefully through, but they did not find the bible.

Mr. John Murray recently delivered before the Royal Society of Edinburgh a lecture upon the total rainfall of the globe, and the relation it bears to the discharge of rivers. He shows that drainage may belong to either inland or ocean drainage, the area of the first being 11,480,350 square miles and the latter 38,829,750 square miles, after deducting those barren areas which have less than ten inches of rainfall annually.

In an article in the February number of the American Museum, 1877, commencing on the third page entitled "Address to the People of the United States," by Benjamin Rush, M. D., the following paragraph occurs: "For the purpose of diffusing knowledge, as well as extending the living principle of government to every part of the United States, every State, city, county, village, and township in the Union should be taught together by means of the post-office. This is the true non-electric wire of government. It is the only means of conveying heat and light to every individual in the Federal Commonwealth." Could Dr. Rush have thought of a "non-electric wire" for such a purpose (even in simile) without having thought of an electric wire?

The growth of the Catholic church has proportionately far outstripped that of the republic. In a period of 107 years the United States have increased from thirteen states to thirty-eight States and ten territories; while the Catholic church in forty years less time has increased from one bishopric to sixty-two bishoprics and nine vicariates apostolic. The population of the country has increased from 2,808,000 to 38,420,000, according to the treasury statement for the fiscal year ending June, 1886, while the Catholic population has increased from 25,000 to about 10,000,000—an increase resulting from foreign immigration, the natural growth of the native population, and conversions from the Protestant sects. The clergy have been increased from 21 priests in 1790 to over 7,500 to-day.

Life in the Spirit-World and the Preparation for it.

BY THOMAS HARDING.

Whatever that is which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts; it is something celestial and divine, and upon that account must necessarily be eternal.—Cicero.

The tidal wave of deeper souls into our midst being rolls.

Longfellow.

The glory of the celestial is one. The glory of the terrestrial is another.—Paul.

Until the mind is fitted to receive the absolute it must be content with the relative, and tropes, figures, allegories and objects must be the mediums through which we become enlightened on questions outside the range of our intellectual capacity; thus, for instance, the school teacher asks her little pupil, "How many are 3 and 2?" He cannot answer; the teacher says, "If you had 3 sticks of candy and I gave you 2 more, how many would you then have?" He will at once answer "5." Now, however highly intellectual we may be, we may be but children spiritually. The glory of intellectuality is one; the glory of spirituality is another, and that which is hidden from view must be simplified by illustration in the field of the perceptible, before we can form any estimate of what it is like.

Sometimes our materialistic friends find fault because allegories are resorted to, to illustrate and teach spiritual truth; but the spiritual teacher is dealing with a question which cannot be comprehended on the face. Individual soul experiences, and soul-conditions and sensations, cannot be perfectly imparted or transferred to another's understanding; those who are cognizant of them (in order to approximate them, and bring them partially within another's comprehension) must illustrate by figures taken from the circle of his present knowledge. Language under any circumstances, is a very imperfect science; it does not always correctly convey thought even on matters of every-day life and experience; and many have been the quarrels, national and individual, in consequence of misunderstandings which have grown out of the imperfection of language. On spiritual questions the material scientist is too "exact"; he cannot treat true spiritual or moral subjects as he would physical objects which can be weighed and measured by material agent and appliances. Further, if we convey our idea through the medium of words, the end of language is attained, whether our style be elegant or inelegant. In matters which relate to the highest welfare of mankind our aim should be to be plain and practical: Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody are secondary considerations, and whatever the caviller may say to the contrary, a phrase whose meaning is universally understood is the most useful where perspicuity is of the highest importance. Let me illustrate; a house keeper enquires of her assistant, "Biddy, is the kettle boiling?" Now, if Biddy happened to be an "exact scientist," she might reply, "No, Madame, the kettle is not boiling, but the water in the kettle is." Biddy in such a case would be discharged on the spot for impertinence, and justly, because she perfectly understood what was intended by the terms employed. In this manner the "exact scientist" may be too "exact" and defeat his purpose.

With a view to the elucidation of my method, it may be well to remark that (in my own mind) I reduce Spiritualism to three distinct provinces, and speak of it, impliedly under the following headings, which, as far as my present knowledge and aspect of the question reach, cover the entire field of Spiritualism, whether ancient or modern, religious or scientific, sensational or philosophical, physical or mental.

The first includes all phenomena which come within the range of our outward senses, and reaches all the way from the simple rap to the full-form materialization. All these I place under the head of "Spiritualism common," or what is commonly called "Spiritualism." Every occurrence of this kind may be successfully explained and the circumstances detailed by or through oral or written language. If, for instance, we behold a spirit, we can describe her or him; we can give a full and lucid detail of all the circumstances under which the phenomenon occurred (as far as they have come within the range of physical sense). We can satisfactorily explain where, when and within what environment we saw, heard or felt. All this comes within the range of direct language to explain, as perfectly as language can explain any ordinary occurrence. This is what is commonly called "Spiritualism." It is a sort of border-land between the two positive and absolute conditions, or the actual physical life and the actual soul life. But these phenomena compose but the vestibule of the temple; they are but the preface to the work to which they are introductory; but the guide-board pointing out the road we are to travel, or the finger beckoning us onward and forward.

The second department is that of inspiration, including all mental experiences of a more than ordinary character, and which are occasioned by external influences, whether proceeding from individual spirits, or undefined laws, principles or things, including all occult and mysterious agencies. These I may designate as "Spiritualism Mental, or Intermediate;" and although they may not be fully capable of elucidation by language, yet we may approximate them by making comparisons between them and other mental experiences, and thus bring them in a measure within range of another's intellectual capacity through the medium of words. Suppose for example, we directly communicate with a present visible spirit and that, for the time, we are divested of corporeal dullness to the degree that (without asking any questions) we can unmistakably perceive the mental condition of the spirit present, and converse by mental impression,—understand his character and, in fact, know him as clearly as one unembodied spirit knows another; that is to say, comprehend him as he comprehends himself; it will be at once seen how difficult it would be to describe the situation, sensations and experiences which occur at such a time. Indeed, such an experience cannot be conveyed by language, gesture, facial expression or any external agency, to another party who has never had a similar experience. If we attempt to approach it at all with any hope of even partially imparting the knowledge, we can only do so by drawing an imperfect parallel or verbal figure of something with which the other party is familiar and saying, "It is something like that." All these mental enlightenments, (what occur outside our own normal condition or those which arise from study and calculation), I place under the general head of "Spiritualism Mental," which as I have said, is intermediate between the physical and the spiritual proper.

But, thirdly, there is a class of experiences and developments still higher and more important, because immediately connected

with the spirit sphere to which we belong, and elevated above and beyond all those which are in any way blended with the physical (for although we may be yet encased in a material body—like a jewel in a casket, we may be as distinct from our encasement as the jewel is from the casket. This is a refinement and elevation of spirit, so to speak, which is accomplished through the cleansing and refining process of intense mental experiences and various tribulations of soul. All processes occurring in this department and all the soul growth and refinement pertaining thereto I designate, "Spiritualism Proper," because they have a direct relation to the Spirit-world proper, so called, being unmixed, so to speak, with the physical. It is a condition of perfection in degree. All such experiences, seemingly isolated, cause what is called growth of soul toward that condition wherein it becomes associated and blended with, as well as under the direct protection of, the true spirit, universal and supreme.

In the former provinces (one and two) of Spiritualism, the individual was palpably associated with others, and the subject's knowledge depended upon such palpable association; but in this the spirit within is the actor; and all knowledge of spiritual things and the spirit's independence of the external are facts which well up from the depths of the soul. This association with the divine is not a society matter, but an individual matter; companionship or even familiarity with the thoughts of the best thinkers, or even a knowledge of the general bearings of profound spiritual questions, do not assist; it is purely a condition reached through personal exercises; it is "the spirit which quickeneth," and, as far as perceptible, all exercises and experiences in this division of Spiritualism arise from within ourselves.

The other branches may be indefinitely subdivided, but they are all inferior, and tributary to this, the comparatively supreme condition of the human soul, in which it is superior to, and independent of, ordinary earth life circumstances and even intermediate association. Now, if Spiritualism in the secondary division mentioned is incapable of elucidation, how infinitely more so are these exercises and the so-called sacred books of the world, which (in pointed sentences and profound illustrations have endeavored to convey them) are, as might be expected, the subjects of levity to parties who are ignorant in this department of experimental knowledge. The moral status of an individual who has attained to that high condition, which I am endeavoring to portray is, perhaps, best illustrated by the figure of a man walking on the sea; the vast depth of waters and the waves which would engulf other men are under his feet.

These three divisions which, for convenience, I make of the great subject, answer well to the three characteristic divisions of human life. (1) The infant lives in peace in the Eden of a mother's love, but soon the suggestions of personal ambition are listened to; (2) he is driven forth from the abode of infant bliss, by the restless spirit within him, and he wanders through the mazes of selfish desire, until at length finding that "All is but vanity and vexation of spirit," (3) he returns in his old age to conscious dependence, not upon a sainted mother only, but upon the universal spirit of unity and contentment. It is thus that the lessons of earth life are learned and made profitable, until at length we become fitted for the invitation, "Come up higher;" and we shall "go out no more forever."

I am conscious of the many great difficulties which environ the entire subject, including the understanding of the immediate source and ultimate bearings on our lives of spiritual exercises; and also of the almost insurmountable obstacles which intrude when we try to impart a sublime idea or detail a profound experience to another; and without aid from their source I should despair of success; but that wisdom and power which calls them forth and applies them to the completion of our characters, I have good reason to believe will not desert me in the hour of need, nor fail to awaken a correct understanding of the terms I may employ in those who read. In this faithful mood writing, reading and understanding become comparatively easy.

The subject with which we are dealing is all-important; the possibilities of great good or great evil to the world through Spiritualism are immense, and small considerations should not be permitted to intrude. In the hour of public danger we care little for "red tape," and when the tornado is desolating our homes, our thoughts are not upon our geraniums. The present world is hungering and thirsting for the truth about the future; it cares little for poetic figures, but it calls for substantial information; the hungry man needs good bread more than strawberries and cream; let none of us try to cheat him with sugar plums at a high price, but give him good bread, pay or no pay! That man, woman or spirit, who has been prepared for the work, and desires to confer a substantial good upon others, reflects the light of heaven and drinks in the inspiration of his "God." How widely such a one differs from the modern lady author who, in the plenitude of her good nature, condescends to give instruction to those better posted than herself.

But we have all a great deal to learn, and sometimes those who think they "know it all" are the most in need of instruction. The materialist says, "Of what value to me is the knowledge of the future? If it exists, it exists for me as well as for you; if it does I shall be so much ahead, and just as well off there as you who have been bothering your heads about it. Let me enjoy myself here; the future will take care of itself." But let me ask him: "Is the penniless stranger cast ashore on a strange land, likely to fare as well there as the thoughtful emigrant who lands amidst his acquaintances, who speaks the country's language, possesses a good outfit suitable to the climate and a purse of the current coin?" Nay! Let us while we can lay in a stock of knowledge which will stand our need when the hour of transition comes, for (all things considered) "death" is a serious change and demands a serious preparation. Sturgis, Mich.

the preacher meant by it. It was a boulder needlessly dropped into a stream, not helping but arresting the flow. It is always a sign that good sense is lacking when a preacher, or lecturer, or writer outrides a word the meaning of which he is certain will not be at all apparent to the persons to whom the technicality is addressed. The first Ballou never used, Spurgeon and Beecher never use, a term certain to puzzle the hearer—certain to retard, it may be to thwart the practical end for which the sermon should always be given.

But some equivalent for this subjectivity has always been a need in popular Christian instruction. It happens to say in one word, what Christ and the Apostles, in all their utterances simple and practical, habitually say in phrases. "The Kingdom of God is within you," is precisely what the preacher referred to meant. "Is within you," is a phrase; "subjectivity" is a word. When without the manner of oddity—always and justly offensive—we can convey a thought by a word rather than a phrase, the law of economy dictates what should be our selection. To translate the beautiful passage, "For behold the Kingdom of God is within you," into "Behold the Kingdom of God is subjective," would be an example of the adage, "It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." But in the discussion of eternal themes, every age needs a special phraseology. It would be a point gained in the work of sound doctrine, in that of emancipating souls from antique error, if a modern word exactly and inclusively expressive of the vital truth, can be made familiar. Those who have put into speculative and theological literature the words "subjective" and "objective" have had this wise end in view. When without circumlocution, without description, without the cumbersome of even a phrase, a practical truth can be expressed by a single word, an important result has been gained. "Vicariousness" in theology is intrinsically just as objectionable as the word "subjectivity"; but centuries have made the one familiar, and hence popular, while in the lack of general use the other is pedantic and often repulsive.

If, however, we were under contrast to put the distinctive and distinguishing quality of the New Testament gospel in a word exactly filling the measure—saying everything and omitting nothing—we doubt if the Unbridged can furnish a better one than the word which moved the derision of a large auditory about thirty years ago. If we are right in our apprehension of the subject, the root and substance of what is erroneous in Calvinistic Orthodoxy is in making heaven and hell "objective." Is there occasion for the translation, which however in the multiplication of words is cumbersome and relatively weak: "In its making heaven and hell places where people go, in which the happiness or woe comes not from themselves so much as from the things which surround them and act upon them?" The "devil," the "fire and brimstone," the "wrath of God" flashing upon wicked souls—these are not in and of the soul; they are external to it; they approach it from without; they are in substance apart from it. Of course the pain is in the soul, but in the old theology its cause is not "within it"—the cause is without—it is "objective."

For many decades Universalists and Unitarians have concentrated upon the point, as interpretative of all other points, that not alone the soul's woes or bliss, but also the immediate and efficient causes thereof, are in the wicked or the righteous soul; in the word that once moved derision, which is hard to make popular, but for which it is difficult to find a substitute—are subjective. We have named the Calvinistic Orthodoxy. We do this to distinguish it from the New. The central principle of the New is its discovery at the eleventh hour of the subjectivity of heaven and hell—a truth now commonplace in the Universalist and Unitarian thought.—Christian Leader.

The Shadows on the Wall.

While on my way west from Chicago a few weeks ago, I made the acquaintance of a very pleasant old gentleman, whose conversation sparkled with brilliant sallies of wit, and who seemed far younger in spirit than any youth upon the train.

As the day closed drearily in, with fitful bursts of rain, the conversation began to drag, and at last our little party lapsed into silence.

The brakeman came in, lit the lamps, and I took a newspaper from my valise to pass the time.

"Boh!" I said, throwing it down, after reading a few minutes.

"What's boh?" inquired the cheery old gentleman, lighting his pipe and settling himself back comfortably in his seat.

"O, simply a fool ghost story I was reading. I don't see why papers print such fal-lal."

"Don't believe in ghosts, eh?" "I certainly don't—do you?" "N-o-o. That is to say, I don't know. I'm no Spiritualist, yet—"

"My host met me on the veranda, and ushered me into the library where we proceeded to discuss the business to which he had referred in his message. It was nearly night when I was ready to start home, and the wild, torn, skurrying clouds, the sharp flashes of lightning and the low, fierce mutterings of thunder told that we were on the verge of a storm.

"My host prevailed upon me to stay until morning. At 11 o'clock he showed me up to my room—a bright, artistic apartment, with handsome furniture, pictures, bric-a-brac and flowers. A ruddy fire danced and sparkled and crackled on the hearth, and everything was comfort incarnate.

"The wall was unpapered, and the side of the room furthest from the bed was unbroken by door or window. I was indisposed to sleep, and lay facing the bare, blank wall, and watching the play of the fire-light upon its snowy surface.

"Suddenly I saw a sight that made the blood turn cold in my very heart—I saw the shadow of a man upon the wall!

"From where I was reclining I could see the fire burning brightly on the hearth, a few feet beyond the foot of my bed—could see that nobody was standing between its light and the wall upon which the phantom figure was distinctly defined.

"I started up and leaned upon my elbow—every nerve tingling with excitement. 'Were you afraid?' I inquired.

"Well, no. It wasn't exactly what you'd call fear, but I had a feeling as if there were somebody in the room besides myself, and that sort of unnerved me, you know. As I was saying however, I started up in bed, and, as I did so, the shadow of a woman appeared upon the wall and confronted the man. She lifted her hands, clasping them in the attitude of prayer. Her body swayed to and fro, and finally she hid her face in her palms. The man, meanwhile, had been standing straight and motionless, with his arms folded on his breast.

"The woman lifted her head. 'Her companion walked off a few feet, returned and resumed his former position. 'The fire flashed up more brightly than before—the shadows became darker, more distinct.

"The woman letting one arm drop raised the other in a defiant manner, and then turned away, as if to leave.

"Quick as thought her companion drew a revolver, and—

"Well, I felt like crying out for help. 'He will kill her,' I thought to myself. The whole thing seems real—seemed as though the shadows on the wall had suddenly transformed themselves to real, live beings of flesh and blood.

"The man drew a revolver, as I said—the woman fell—the vision vanished."

"Is that all?"

"No, not quite all. A husband had murdered his wife in that very room, as I heard for the first time on the following day. You may say what you please of the supernatural, but you can never convince me that those shadows on the wall can be explained by any known or unknown law of nature."

The old gentleman put up his pipe, turned a seat over and spread himself out for a nap, leaving me to discuss his story with my traveling companions and digest it as best I could.—Will Hubbard-Kernan in the Chicago Journal.

A good position in society is not proof against sin. Adam and Eve were the very best people in the world when they were cast out of Eden.—New Orleans Picayune.

A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK.

High Authority. Hop Bitters is not in any sense, an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold, for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bottles.

GREEN B. RAUM, G. S. Com's Internal Rev.

Washington, D. C. Sept. 24, 1884. Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. This is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York; in fact all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his cure would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your Bitters. J. A. W.

Prejudice Kills.

"Eleven years ago our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, this we had preached at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—The Parents—Good Templars.

Milton, Del., Feb. 10, 1880.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic Bitters. Respectfully, REV. MRS. J. H. ELLWOOD.

Schenectady, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1884.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefited and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them. REV. E. E. WARREN.

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading D. D. Official, Chicago, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. The popular favorite for dressing the hair. Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

KNABE PIANOFORTES. UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship and Durability. Wm. Knabe & Co. Nos. 204 and 206 W. Baltimore Street. Baltimore. No. 112 Fifth Avenue. N. Y. A. Reed & Sons Sole Agents, 136 State St., Chicago.

PROSECTUS.

THE OPEN COURT:

Radical Liberal Journal.

Published in Chicago by The Open Court Publishing Co. E. UNDERWOOD (formerly Editor of The Index), and SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Editors. THE OPEN COURT, continuing the work of The Index, in presenting religious thought upon a rational, scientific basis, will encourage freedom of thought, untrammelled by the authority of any alleged traditional beliefs; afford an opportunity in its columns for the independent discussion by able thinkers, of all those great ethical, religious, social and philosophical problems the solution of which is now demanded by the practical needs of the hour; will advance urgency hitherto unknown; treat all such questions according to the scientific method; and in the light of the fullest knowledge and the best thought of the day, will advocate the complete secularization of the State, entire freedom in religion and exact justice for all. It will help substitute critically for bigotry, national religious thought for theological dogmatism, and humanitarianism for sectarianism. It will emphasize the supreme importance of practical morality in all the relations of life, and of making the welfare of the individual, and of society, the aim of all earnest thinking and reformatory effort.

While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the chief prominence will be given in THE OPEN COURT to the positive, affirmative side of radical liberal thought. Subjects of practical interest will have preference over questions of pure speculation, although the latter, with their practical need for many minds, will as Lewis says "the unequivocal failure of twenty centuries" has not sufficed to destroy, and the discussion of which is not without value, will be no means the whole of our course.

THE OPEN COURT, while giving a fair hearing to representatives of the various schools and phases of thought, will be entirely independent editorially, according to its own convictions with frankness and vigor; and will endeavor to keep the banner of truth and reason waving above the distractions, party contentions, theological controversies and social and political crosses of the hour, to submit opinions to the crucial test of reason, and to recall men from their aberrations to sanity and the pathway of truth. It will aim to be liberal, in the broadest and best sense, and to make the patronage of that large class of intelligent thinkers whom the creeds of the churches and the mere authority of names can no longer satisfy.

Among the writers already engaged to contribute to the columns of THE OPEN COURT are those here given: James Parton, Geo. Jacob Holyoake, Fred. May Holland, Minot J. Savage, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Anna Garlin Spencer, Edwin D. Mead, William J. Potter, W. H. Ballou, Chase H. Mills, Allen Pringle, Rowland Connor, W. D. Garrison, Edmund Montgomery, Moncure D. Conway, Wm. M. Salter, John W. Chadwick, Ednah D. Cheney, Paul Carus, George H. Ruggles, W. Sloane Kennedy, W. H. Spencer, Hudson Tuttle, Kelly J. Stewart, Lewis G. Jones, Theodore Davidson, Felix Adler, Thomas Davidson. Among those from whom we have good reasons for expecting contributions, are the distinguished philologist and orientalist scholar, Prof. Max Muller, and we have the statement of one of his personal friends, that Ernest Renan will probably encourage us by articles from his pen. Several other well known radical thinkers, European as well as American, who are interested in the cause of the above list, will be among the contributors to the columns of THE OPEN COURT, in which will also be printed occasionally during the year, lectures given by Prof. Felix Adler before his Society for Ethical Culture. THE OPEN COURT will be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, commencing in February. TERMS: \$3.00 per Year. Single Copies, 15 Cents. Make all remittances payable to E. J. UNDERWOOD, and address The Open Court, P. O. Drawer 7, Chicago, Ill.

DR. PRICE'S PURE FULL WEIGHT BAKING POWDER. GOLD ONLY IN CANS. DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS. NATURAL FRUIT FLAVORS.

MOST PERFECT MADE. Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., flavor deliciously. PRICE BAKING POWDER CO., Chicago and St. Louis.

The Ideal Hair Curler. A New Device for Curling and Frizzing the Hair. Bound to supersede the Old Method for the following reasons: 1. The hair is wound around the outside shell white coil, involving any danger of burning the hair, face or fingers. 2. It will not scorch the hair. 3. The heated iron not being brought into direct contact with the hair, it will not black the hair, face or fingers. 4. It does the work perfectly. Any lady, after a single trial, will use no other. Price, each, MAILED, 50c. The prevailing style of wearing the hair makes this article in great demand, and agents are gathering a golden harvest by introducing it. Send for agents' terms. PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph-st., Chicago, Ill.