No. 1

Readers of the Journal are especially requested to not items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the power. The fragrant emanations of balsam ress." Send the facts, make plain what you want to trees delight them. They will communicate sena in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones: movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religic-Philosophical Journal.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA.

RECORDED BY DR. N. B. WOLFE, Author of "Startling Facts!" - Mrs. Helen Fairchild, Medium.

Spirits Flash in and out of the Ambient Air, and Maintain Materializations long enough to Walk in Good Light About the House, Talk, Drink Wine, Feast, Dance and Play Cards.

SPIRIT PLIMPTON WALKS THE STREETS OF CIN-CINNATI AND FALLS TO PIECES IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PAUL-EGYPTIAN KINGS AND QUEENS IN ILLUMINATED COSTUMES! ETC.

"The day of freedom dawns upon the world, The liberating Eras rise and shine; And like a milistone cast into the sea Oppression rolls its brazen axle down Oblivion's cliff, and rises not again!"

I was from home during August and Sepember. In the beginning of October I re turned, and soon after resumed sittings with Mrs. Fairchild, which had been interrupted by my absence from the city. I propose now to report as briefly as the matter will allow the results of these later seances, as I did of those held before I went away.

It is fair to say that the seances I now re port were held in Mrs. Fairchild's parlors, and not in my own, as the former had been. and that I was as free to make conditions to suit myself there as if I had been in my own

But, let me say first that I always get the best spirit manifestations when I sit alone with the medium. I rarely consent to "join a circle of friends" to make up a scance, for the reason that I always try to avoid the inharmonious conditions of ethers, and feel more at peace with all "the world and the rest of mankind" when apart from others.

A great deal depends upon the condition of the sitter, whether he gets good manifestations or not. Often the spirit wanted has not been educated how to respond, and therefore cannot manifest except by proxy. Spirits are more sensitive to influences than mortals. Domestic trouble, anxiety, grief or a dishonest purpose in consulting them often thwarts or prevents good manifestations. I try to possess entire equanimity of mind when I sit for spirit communications. Once I carried a vexed temper into the presence of

the spirits. I was at cross purposes with all my surroundings and every body. I was soon told that my fretted mind could not understand the holiness of truth, nor appreciate its value and loveliness. I was dismissed with a gentle "good night," and "pleasant dreams" to reflect over my folly.

Physical conditions, too, influence spirit manifestations favorably or otherwise. I knew a person to enter a circle recking with the smoke, grime, dust and foul emanations of several days' travel in a Pullman palace (?) car, who almost commanded the spirite to find his stolen overshoes and answer some trashy conceits that had found congenial lodgement in his sterile brain. Of course, such idiots get only what they deserve, and make willing witnesses to testify before a Seybert Commission that Spiritualism is a great fraud, as any man will, who suffers from

a bad catarrh, get the odor of the disease from every thing he smells. These remarks are intended to assist good neaning people to investigate Spiritualism in a proper way, and that they may understand how to aid their spirit friends to show their forms, faces and to speak.

Dipirits require more dainty conditions to enable them to work well, then mortals.

more freely in a light, well ventilated room, with a clean man, than in a hot, dark place with an unwashed one. The bath is a divine institution in the propagation of Spiritualism. The condition of men is but the reflex image of their minds. I will now record as heat I can phenomena which accurred in my best I can, phenomena which occurred in my recent sittings with Mrs. Fairchild.

The light in her parlors was sufficient to allow the head lines of a newspaper to be distinctly seen and read. In her back parlor stood the skeleton of a cabinet. It looked like, and would answer the purpose of, a "wooden clothes horse!" Over this skeleton wood-work I hung curtains of black cotton volvet elect. velvet cloth. These reached up about seven feet from the floor, leaving two feet from the top to the ceiling an open space. The top of this enclosure was also open to light and air. This simple arrangement is called a cabinet, but wherefore, I know not, as it is at best but an enclosure—an open top tent. Among herdsmen it would be called a "corral," and I think properly, for it is only a shelter fence to protect spirits from intrusive influences

while they are at work.

This building of the "corral" (if you please) was all the preparation I made for the reception and accommodation of our spirit friends. I sat in the front parlor, ten feet away, with the medium. We had been there only two or three minutes when the spirit Plimpton flashed into our presence, not from the floor, not from the "corral," not from any place in the room where he could have been concealed, but from the air-the circumambient air! It seemed as if he materialized his form from our breath, and maintained his existence with all the functions of a living

man for twenty minutes.

He brought a chair from the wall to the middle of the parlor, and sat in front of us. took both his hands in mine and kissed him in his bearded mouth. He was as glad to see me as I was to see him. He spoke with a clear voice and said:

"Well, old boy, what news? What do you know? How are you getting along? Tell us the news!"

I began to tell him the current newspaper news of the day, such as I thought would interest him, but had not proceeded far, when he again repeated the questions he had asked before. This caused me to look at his face closely, on which I saw a vacant or far-away expression, as if in a trance.

I remembered my friend had been a newspaper man, and tried to think his desire for news was his passion in the spirit as it had been in the natural world, but this surmise was dispelled, when I remembered that Josephine and other spirits had shown the same characteristics. When General Grant was given a dinner by his friends in Cincinnati, I sat opposite him, at the same table, for three hours. My purpose was not to eat, but study the "silent man"! He had this introspective, absent look in his face, and was unconscious of the excitement about him, until Judge Taft broke the spell and said "General your time has come to speak." He rose to his feet, and without embarrassment or hesitation delivered a masterly, condensed review of every speech that had been made during the evening, in the strongest language possible to employ. After he closed he lapsed again into his abeyant or far-away condition.

I said to Plimpton when he repeated his question, "You asked, and I answered those questions before! Have you lost your memory, or have I not been understood?

"I suppose I have!" he said, "I am only surprised I have anything left in me, coming as I do! But old boy, what news? What do you know? How are you getting along? Tell us the news!

This confusion of mind is only temporary This spirit soon collects his wits, and falls into coherent conversation. His mental powers flash with intelligence, and startle with brilliant declamation. I have heard Plimpton as a spirit speaker for half an hour with eloquence and logic unequaled by any efforts in his life or by any mortal lips I have ever heard.

Plimpton and I were in the habit of meet ing in my house, several times a week, where after supper, we would adjourn to the office to discuss the news of the day over a game of cards and a lunch. Plimpton used tobacce— I did not, and hence had the clearest head. We both used naughty words when the game went against us. He could emphasize a little bit stronger, and was more classical than I.

Whon he gradually realized where and what he was, he spoke in a natural and rational manner. He alluded to our old time meetings at "146," and spoke of our contests with evident pleasure. In a spirit of mischief and badinage, I said:

"I thought you would like to forget the games we used to play, as the victories were generally on one side—the defeats on the other.

"That was because you was lucky, old boy!" he said with humor. "Yee! yee!" I responded, "You always called

it luck, I remember, but I hope you know better now!" "Not a bit of it! It was all luck, when you won! Science when I won," retorted Plimp-

"Which was not very often!" said I.
"Spare me, old boy!" cried Plimpton, "You was born under a lucky star! It will be with you to the end. When you come again fetch a deck and I'll teach you how to play progressive cassino!"

In this manner Plimpton talked with us twenty minutes in a light sufficient to read by, with all his faculties alert and in free play. I handed him the card of a business firm in Cincinnati without comment. He held it close to his eyes to read, and then ensued the following collegny:
Plimpton—What about this? What did you give me this for?

Wolfe—To read!
P.—Well, I bave read it! It is the card of Downs & Alexander, but I am not interested in steam pipe and boiler coverings. W.—I not only wanted to test your ability to read, but to satisfy my mind that your eyes were as accurately materialized as the rest of your body. The eye is a delicate structure, and its lenses and humors must all be accurately adjusted for the transmission of light to the consession.

sion of light to the sensorium. I notice you are still near-sighted. P.—Only when I take on the elements.

Without giving any intimation of his intention to transit, he released my hands and flashed out of, as he had flashed into, my

presence, leaving no visible trace of his visit. With this the scance closed, On the following day I went again to Mrs. Fairchild's parlors. The conditions of the place were the same as I had left them the prace were the same as I had left them the previous day. I had a table brought into the front parlor, and on it placed a lunch with a pack of cards. My object was to make the occasion a merry one, and as much like our meetings in the olden time as possible. I wanted also to study the effect of the arrangement on Plimpton

the arrangement on Plimpton.

The medium and I took a position about six feet from the table, under the gas light, with one burner in a half flame. We were talking of ranches, cattle, etc., when in the "twinkling of an eye," Plimpton came out of the air, and steed beside the table. It was truly "sud'nt!" He were an office jacket and a close fitting, black skull-cap. His gold spectacles glittered in the gas light. At the time he did not seem to notice our presence, but began inspecting the articles I had put on the table for lunch. He took up the arrangement on Plimpton. had put on the table for lunch. He took up one after another, and after satisfying his judgment that all was right, looked toward

"Sit up, Doctor. Let us lunch!" I sat at the side of the table facing the cabinet north of me; Mrs. Fairchild to fay left; Plimpton on my right at the end of the table. Plimpton took up the bottle of wine, and after inspecting the stamps and labels said, "Its Mumm's best brand; a fine wine!" He used the screw to remove the cap, break the wires and extract the cork. To do this as he did, required both skill and strength. He next filled the glasses and passed one to Mrs. Fairchild and one to my-

self. We arose to our feet, and I said, "Pil drink to your health, Mr. Plimpton!" He quickly responded,"Not to my health old boy. Our health gives us no concern. It is always good; drink to something else! Haven't I made a point on you this time, old fellow?" and he laughed heartily over his conceit.

I admitted he had, and substituted the sen-

timent, "Light and progress to us all!"
To this toast we all tasted wine. Plimpton drank half the contents of his glass as naturally as I did. He then passed fruit, cakes and candy, one plate at a time, with due regard to intervals and the proprieties of table manners. After replenishing our lasses, and while I was looking him squarely in the face, my eyes seemed to grow filmy, and before I could wipe them, Plimpton was lost to mortal ken. We had chatted so long, and our intercourse had been so personal and natural, I had forgotten he was a spirit, until he so undemonstratingly disappeared. I only then realized what an extra-ordinary thing it was to drink wine and lunch with a spirit.

His evanishment, however, was only tem porary. After sitting a few minutes in silent amazement, Plimpton came back to his old position. His advent was as rapid as the lightning's flash—the wink of an eye. He made no allusion to his sudden "taking off," or to his coming back. I don't think he was conscious of what had transpired, for he took

up the cards and said: "What game, old fellow? Do you say progressive cassino?"

"Yes! that'll do. Deal!" I answered. He then shuffled the cards nervously as I have seen him do a thousand times, and dealt to each one until the complement was given. On the table lay two tens and two aces. I held a knave, which goes for;eleven It was my first play, and of course I made a weep thereby and secured the two aces counting three in the game, which was too much for Plimpton. He exclaimed, "There's your old luck again," and threw up his hand. As he did this he leaned this head toward me and said in a deferential undertone,

"THE EMPEROR!"

Looking straight before me, at the other side of the table stood with bare head, in good light,

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!

I have seen him before in my parlors or Smith street with Josephine, his wife, escorted by a body guard of French soldiers. In a better light I now seanned the face and form of this remarkable man. I received his extended hand, and gave him a glass of wine. He said something, as he took the wine, which I did not understand. The word "France," I recognized. He tasted his wine, set down the glass, bowed and went out. How or why he went, I can no more explain, than how or why he came. But he left a fadeless memory. He steed in good light

three minutes. A small, slender, young looking man, with flowing brown hair, in an undress uniform. He was unlike any of the pictures made of him after he had grown obese. His features in profile will always be remembered, for they were as characteristic as Washington's or Lincoln's.

The Emperor had passed out but a minute or two, when a tall, handsome fellow in uniform stood in his place. He were a chin

form stood in his place. He wore a chin beard and moustache. He, too, came out of the air. Plimpton leaned his head again toward me and whispered.

"NAPOLEON'S FIRST OFFICER!"

whatever that may mean. It signified something, for Plimpton seemed awed when he spoke. For myself, I steed firm in my boots, and I did not feel the earth quake! As a rule I don't admire "soldier fellows," any more than Gen. Grant admired "literary fellows!" Our regards were made up of about "'af an' af," admiration and its opposite! But there stood the man! I gave him a glass of wine, which he held above his head, and said something about France, as the Emperor had, which was lost to my understanding, if not to my ear. The delivery of this sentiment and toasting it with wine, seemed to be all the business the "first officer" had to trans-act, as he vanished the instant he put down his empty glass. I turned to speak to Plimpton, but he, too, had disappeared.

I wanted to ask Plimpton before he left what became of the wine he drank and the lunch he ate, whether they were digested and assimilated in his spiritual bread basket, the same as in ours, or how, as I did not discover any spots on the carpet after they went away. I missed the opportunity then, but when he came again he told me that digestion and assimilation with thom meant the reduction of substances to elemental conditions, in which state they were first enjoyed, and then diffused with unorganized matter. I don't know that this metaphysical explanation made me any wiser than I was before, but perhaps the reader under-

stands it better than I do.
When Plimpton left the lunch table, he filled his pockets with candies and cake. He pocket knite, an old-lour-bladed article I had carried for several years, but possessing no real commercial value. He went out so suddenly, he had no time to explain why he did this. But an opportunity soon occurred when he made the following

curious statement:

"My intention was to carry the knife to your house, and place it near your plate, where you would find it next morning when you took your seat at the breakfast table. In doing this I wanted to surprise and show you the power I had to hold materialization. I failed in carrying out this in tention. After I got sufficient power, as l supposed, I walked down Seventh street to Smith, carrying the knife with me. At the corner of Smith a number of the guild of St. Paul were standing in front of the church which had just let out, almost blocking the pavement. I tried to get around, but could not, so I made an effort to crowd through them; but as soon as I was surrounded by their atmosphere, their aura poisoned me until I melted away, and down went the knife on the pavement. An old gray-haired man picked it up, and I fear you will never

get it again." The above is Plimpton's story as near as I can tell it. It contains several points worthy of thoughtful consideration. But these the intelligent reader will recognize without my aid. The dead Hamlet walked through the streets of Wittenberg, at the hour of midnight! Why not Plimpton walk through the streets of Cincinnati, under the same eternal law of materialization, which is so much better understood now than then? Let us know why not!

As Napoleon, his first officer and Plimpton had banqueted, and passed from sight, the medium and I put the table aside, and took our position again in the middle of the front parlor, under the gas light. Here we sat about five minutes when a young woman came out of the "corral," and stepped quickly before us. She bowed, kissed her hand and looked pleased. She wore a dress of thin, dark material, long enough to cover her knees, short sleeves and low corsage. She may have worn tights, but her feet and shapely limbs looked naked to my eyes. Her dark hair hung in profusion down her back. Her eyes were large, brown and bright. She held in her tapering fingers a single strand of large, iridescent beads. Forming a cup of her left hand, she repeatedly dipped her beads in this cup, until in a few seconds the one strand received the accession of another.

She continued this kind of business six or eight minutes; the number of strands and volume of beads had then increased until she could not handle any more. She then hung them dazzlingly around her neck, and went back almost to the cabinet. Here she posed a few seconds as if to begin a dance. Lifting her skirt slightly, she displayed a profusion of white petticoats, and then sprang forward with a graceful movement, describing a line of beauty with the curve of her left arm and hand, while her queenly head and neck undulated with swan-like grace.

Any systematic effort to describe the agile movement and grace of this lovely woman, must fail short of an accurate description. I have seen Celeste, Elisler, Morlacca, Bella and other celebrated premiere Danseuse on the stage, but they did not impress me with the admiration and wonderment this woman did. Her exhibit was all new-motion, point and pose. At times her feet and body rotated (spinapoints) so rapidly that it was impossi-

ble to distinguish her form from a nebulous mass of throbbing light. Then again out of this delirium of motion, this palpitating phan-tasmagoria, the queenly form of a beautiful woman would come.

While this dance and transfiguration was taking place, "Skiwaukee" and "Black Hawk," two grand old Indian spirits. dressed in aboriginal toggery perambulated the room, curiously examining every thing they saw. "Ski" brought me a broken pipe, and asked me to fix it. "Hawk" opened and held the front door ajar, while both he and "Ski" peered out at the people passing along the sun-lighted pavement. These two Indians are powerful aids in materializing spirits and belong to Mrs. Fairchild's spirits, and belong to Mrs. Fairchild's "guild." "Ski" turned from the door, and danced a round dance with the prima donna, with a grace, finish and dignity of step that surprised me. They all enjoyed themselves, and said they "had a nice time," just as silly

mortals do. The manifestations closed abruptly when the medium said, "They have used all the power!" I wanted to ask, "What power?" but refrained.

On the morning of the 5th of October I stood alone under the gas light in the medium's front parlor. She was in the other end of the room giving her attention to a disordered music box. Quick as light, Solon Robinson came and stood beside me. He seemed to come out of my boot leg. I don't know where he came from, but he came all the same.

It is humiliating to be so ignorant! but "I'se am, I was born so!" quoth Topsy. The spirit were a faded office gown and skull cap. His long white hair and beard, and sleuder form, gives this spirit strongly marked physical individuality. He took my arm and we walked slowly up and down the parlors half a dozen times, during which he said: "I am glad of the opportunity to talk to you again. The time is rapidly coming, when we will influence the actions of men, more than does blind faith which stabs and stifles their noblest aspirations. Men will live more free in the light of science, reason and common sense, than now! Superstition, the parent of bigotry, as ignorance is of intolerance, will fade away under the enlightening rays of

Robinson speaks with thoughtful deliberation, and whatever he says seems to be solid convictions of his head and heart. His delivery is unlike that of Plimpton. who utters his thoughts with a quick, aggressive torrent of living words, which pour forth like an explosive flery flood of lava from the crater of an active volcano. Robinson held my arm when he began to sink to the floor, but lost his grip and melted into intangibility.

Soon after he passed away, my daughter Anna, a lovely spirit, came out of the inclosure to meet me. She advanced a half-dozen steps and stopped. I went to her, when she put her arms about my neck and kissed me again and again! She was glad to see me. and sent messages of love to her sister.

She was not strong enough to endure so much light, and returned to the cabinet, and faded upon its threshold. Next came from the corral, with noiseless step and womanly

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

She, walked to where we sat under the gas light in the front parlor; she was habited in lace, draping her queenly form from her head to the floor. She wore gems upon her shapely arm and neck. Gracefully she bowed, then aired herself with a promenade up and down the parlors several times. Her trail of lace swept over the carpet in folds of beauty and lovely undulations. The purpose of this fine dressing I do not understand. Spiritually, dress is regarded as a fine art with a mission akin to that of flowers. Love of the beautiful is an attribute of the divine economy, and embraces architecture, painting and statuary.

After this exhibition of dress, Josephine stood near me and spoke of her adored France, She said Napoleon and herself would yet raise her people from the degradation of bigotry and superstition, into the pure light

of reason and liberty.

She then retired to the cloister, and as she went in, "Redrose," the dancing spirit, came out, and danced again as she had the previous day. The movements were different, but quite as bewildering. While she danced, Skiwankee brought me a glass of water, and a short time thereafter handed me a glass of sherry wine, which he says he made from the atmosphere. I sampled the wine, and found it to be "good stuff."

ILUMINATED FIGURES.

The dividing doors between the front and back parlor were now closed by order of an independent voice in the cabinet. After shutting off the gas, and closing the door, the back parlor became pitch dark. The medium sat at one side of the cabinet, I at the other. A few minutes after the doors were closed, the room was made "light as a lily in bloom," by the appearance of a beautiful featured female, with an olive-tinted skin. She was clad in a luminous dress. I don't know how to describe this costume. Every thread emitted light, and seemed to be formed of sun rays. It throbbed with sheen

O, how bright! It covered the entire form
of this dark beauty like a bridal veil, and hang in graceful folds reaching from the head to the floor. On the front of the dress, ornaments of indescribable witchery fairly scintiliated with brilliancy. She were a correct of gems on her brow, and her dar rounded arms were covered with ornam (Continued from Main h Page)

IMPOSTORS EXPOSED.

An Experienced Spiritualist and Expert Mesmerist Explains the Tricks of two Pseudo-Mediums, Showing that Some things are not What they Seem, and that the Trickster can Play Fast and Loose When Apparently Securely Bound.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Only with a desire to benefit the cause of Spiritualism do I present the following for he columns of the Journal.

During the camp meeting season of 1887, I held developing circles at Onset, Lake Pleasant and Queen City Park daily, for nearly six weeks, and also gave a number of even ing mesmeric entertainments.

Many who had never been previously influ-enced by mortals or spirits, by being mesmerized, soon became good mediums. I know of no other way of becoming developed so quickly for any phase of mediumship, and as nearly all can learn how to meamerize, I often wonder that more do not.

Mesmerism, however, will not enable those not gifted by nature, to become mediums, as probably only about one to ten or a dozen are. Although not all can become developed sufficiently to obtain spiritual manifestations, any one can learn a few tricks, and palm themselves off on unsuspecting people as genuino mediums. It was my misfortune to meet two that I believe to have done so, at Onset. I will state a few facts and leave all free to draw their own conclusions.

By special invitation, I attended a private scance, held by C. H. Bridge, on Monday evening, Ang. 1st, 1887, at which there were present besides myself, two ladies and three

Mr. Bridge stated that he was about to favor us with a wonderful exhibition of spirit nower-the passing of matter through matter. At his request I assisted in putting a guitar, tamborine, a tablet of writing paper on the leaves of which I was requested to see that there was no writing, and a lead pencil, into a large bag. A leather band was placed around the closed end, and secured by a padlock through holes in each end of the band. A two-cent stamp was placed over the keyhole and a private mark put on it a guarantee that it was not to be unlocked; and I was requested to retain the key. Thus secured, the bag and contents were placed in the cab-

Each wrist of Mr. Bridge was then securely tied to a staple, one on each side of him as he sat on a bonch in front of his cabinet. A large curtain was then stretched in front of him, covering all except his head, and extending about one foot above it; and the room was then partially darkened. While he was supposed to be thoroughly secured and unable to use his hands, a drum was beat behind the curtain, and a bell thrown over onto the floor. After a few minutes of silence, the guitar slowly rose into view and was taken by an attendant. The tamberine was thrown over the curtain and a few moments later the empty bag, still locked and

A sheet of paper; purporting to have been written on, and taken from that tablet, was passed over for me, on which there was a message of one hundred and sixty-seven words, in a very fine hand and in straight lines. The name of a spirit friend who has often come to me at other scances, was signed thereto; but valueless as a test, as the name was spelled wrong. Five other messages of about equal length were passed over for the other people present, all of which we were given to understand were written by the materialized hands of our friends in the darkened cabinet in about four to five minutes. If material hands are subject to material conditions, it is hard to believe that those six messages could have been written with any pencil in less than half an hour.

At subsequent séances, under similar conditions, where it was not known beforehand (as it was at this private scance) who were coming, the messages were written in a coarse hand and haphazard way across the page; and three which I received, with the name spelled wrong in each, contained only fifteen, eighteen and twenty-seven words.

After the bag-test, and writing (at the private séance) Mr. Bridge's wrists were found to be securely tied as before the manifestations commenced.

By persistent effort I have since learned where his trick-bench was made, and that the staples to which he was tied, can be instantly detached from the seat by giving each in turn, the proper pressure and twist thus allowing him the free use of both hands during the time he is supposed to be tied secure. Mr. Bridge next announced that he would give us the tying-test. A piece of coat braid about twenty inches in length was produced, one end of which was tied securely around his left wrist. He then sat down in a chair in the cabinet, placed his hands behind him—one on each side of the back of the chair and requested that the other end of the braid be tied around the right wrist.

Under these circumstances it is next to impossible to tie other than's slip knot as the end is tied around that part of the braid between the wrists; and is the same as was used by a "fraud," that by request of the late Dr. H. F. Gardner I once exposed before the First Spiritualist Society in Boston.

After Mr. Bridge had been tied with the braid he requested one of the company to sit facing him, and to place one hand on his (Bridge's) head, the other on his left shoulder The curtains were drawn together and the lights lowered. After a few minutes of silence the lights were turned up and the curtains drawn back. The tamborine was on the gen-tleman's head and the guitar was laying across his arms. The gentleman said that he felt no motion of Mr. Bridge.

Another member of the scance sat in the same way, There was fingering of the guitar strings and some other noise, and on turning up the lights the tamborine and guitar were found as before, and the man said that he discovered no motion. By a little practice any one can slip his hand, which is done mostly while the man is taking his seat in front of the "medium" and do the trick undetected. I was tied in that way by the man Mr. Bridge employed about the Pavilion (the old hall at Onset) where he subsequently gave public scances; and after being tied, I asked him to place his hands on my head and shoulder as the sitters do on Bridge's at his scances; and for want of darkness to close his eyes. I slipped the knot, placed a hat on his head and a guitar across his arms, put my hand back, slipped the knot to its place and asked him to open his eyes. Mr. Warren Sumner Barlow, the author of "The Voices." happened to come in just then, and Bridge's hired man told him that I was tied as Mr. B.

test without detecting much of any motion, he announced that he would sit for "ethere-

The room was entirely darkened as Mr. B. sat in his cabinet alone. After a few minutes of silence an illuminated form appeared, who in a muffled voice announced himself as "Hiram Abiff," the founder of the masonic order. Nearly a dozen old musty personages of the Hiram-Abiff age of the world, including Solomon's queen, put in an appearance, all of whom might have seemed more worthy of our respect had not Mrs. Abby Tyler exhibited the make-up of the same auclent worthies in their illuminated costumes at the Old-Pan cottage of W. W. Currier during the camp meeting at Onset this season. And be-sides, these were all of the same height of Mr. B.; and the tone of voice unmistakable, as his own.

A few days after the private scance it was announced that Mr. C. H. Bridge, of Boston, and Mr. Edwin Powell, of London, Eng., would hold a scance in the Pavillon on Sunday evening, Aug. 7th, on which occasion the most marvelous exhibition of spirit power ever witnessed on this continent, would take

Mr. Bridge was to be seenrely locked in a bag, and while in an unconscious trance be taken out bodily—matter to be passed through matter—the body or the bag to be disintegrated for this special occasion and replaced in its original condition.

For this most wonderful manifestation, that was to eclipse all previous occult phenomena, the admission was to be only half a dollar. As was to be expected quite a large audience gathered to see this astounding exhibition. Mr. Edwin Powell was in his glory that night, as he called for a committee of two ladies and three gentlemen—skeptics preferred. That mysterious bag used at the private scance was there, and carefully scru-tinized by the committee. Mr. Bridge got into it and was locked in, as were the things at the private scance already described. The curtains were drawn together and the hall entirely darkened, and we were regaled by a few thumps on the drum, which I thought he could easily accomplish alone.

Mr. Powell stated to the audience that Mr. Bridge was now in a deep trance, prepara-tory for the greatest event of the nineteenth century. The organist was requested to play, the audience not to move or speak, or in any way to interfere.

After nearly ten minutes of almost breathless suspense the lights were turned up and the curtains drawn apart once more. Mr. Bridge was discovered seated in his chair, and at his feet the empty bag, which the committee were requested to thoroughly examine. The two ladies and two of the gen-tlemen pronounced it all right and above suspicion. The third committee-man then stated to the audience that when he locked the bag he put the clasp of the pad-lock through the upper hole in one end of the leather band, but instead of finding it there now, it was through the lower hole.

Mr. Powell sprang to the front at once, and in an imperative tone of voice asked if he did not find the stamp over the key-hole as he had at first placed it. The man replied that he did. Mr. Powell in a very forcible manner insisted that that fact proved that the lock had not been tampered with, and that Mr. Bridge had been taken out of the bag by direct spirit power.

But the clasp, by being found through another hole, not the one in which it had been placed by the committee, proved most conclusively that the pad-lock was a trick-lock, such as is used by magicians, that can be fact for all time, that instead of this mani-festation for which the people paid to see be-ing a wonderful exhibition of spirit power, it was one of the most detestable frauds ever witnessed at a spiritual camp meeting.

HOW BRIDGE GETS NAMES OF DECEASED RELA-

At one of his public seances a lady friend of mine went into the cabinet while he was tied with the braid in the slip-knot way described. He asked her privately if there was any particular spirit that she wished to hear from. She said there was. He asked the name, which she gave. After she returned to her seat, a written message was handed out by Mr. Bridge, or a "spirit," to Mr. Powell for the lady, which Mr. P. read and asked her if she recognized the name. She said that she did. He asked if it was a relative. She replied that it was her brother's name. The announcement created quite a sensation. She let me read it, and in a whisper told me how he got the name, and said that as it was spelled wrong, Mr. Bridge undoubtedly wrote it himself. It commenced, "My dear friend." Bridge not knowing at the time it was written what connection the "spirit" was to her. At my request she attended the next scance on the following evening, and got a second communication from that "spirit," this time commencing, "My dear sister," and with three letters wrong in the name.

To the audience, who did not know how he obtained the name, it seemed a wonderful test. A gentleman who sat near us, asked her in a whisper if she was not pleased to get so good a test. He seemed surprised at her reply, which was, "I did not get one."

Wednesday evening, Aug. 10th, Powell and Bridge gave an entertainment at the Temple (the new hall at Onset), it having been announced that Mr. P. would read and answer twenty five sealed letters; and Mr. B. sit for the etherealization of spirit forms. Dr. J. V. Mansfield had read and answered one at the same place, at the close of a previous entertainment by other parties; and a large audience assembled to see twenty-five times as wonderful a display of psychic phenomena as Dr. Mansfield had done,

After a few remarks by Mr. Powell, he asked Mr. Bridge to distribute twenty-five pieces of paper and as many envelopes among the audience. He requested that short, plain questions be written on the papers, and one of each be sealed in an envelope. As he did not wish to see who wrote he would retire into the ante-room. Mr. Bridge distributed the papers and envelopes as requested, and after he had gathered them, instead of going onto the platform in plain view of the audi ence as he could have done, he went on

hrough the back way. As twenty-five envelopes and papers were assed out, and only twenty-four read, a very important question is. What became of the other? The only rational answer is that he probably gave it to Mr. Powell in the anteroom before depositing the others on a table it the front of the platform.

Some one in the audience had given Mr. Bridge a sealed envelope of a different color and size which was laid at the bottom of the pile, and which Mr. Powell could not read. I have seen the old, old trick of answering sealed letters by sleight-of-hand performers. till I know it "like a book;" and this was a was, that I had not moved, and that some invisible power had put the guitar across his arms and a hat on his head; and that I was found by him to be tied secure.

After two or three had sat in front of Mr.

Religional that private scanes for the tying-

Spiritualist Society of that city, I exposed at the close of the Sunday evening lecture by C. Fannie Allyn, for which I received a vote of

thanks from the audience. I feel quite positive that Mr. Powell got one of the envelopes from Mr. Bridge and learned its contents. Having done this, it is an easy matter to appear to read and answer all the others (except the one mentioned of a different size and color). After he came from the ante-room with the knowledge of one letter in his mind, he took one of the envelopes from the pile on the table, looked very wise for a few moments, and said that the spirit who had been addressed passed out in Cali-fornia: and that his name was Flowers, which fact he probably learned from that letter in the ante-room. After a few remarks he asked if the answer was recognized. Some one replied that it was correct.

Mrs. Hacker, who sat near me, remarked, "Wonderful, aint it?" and was surprised as I answered "No."

After Mr. Mansfield had read a sealed letter, on that platform, only a few days before, he gave it to some one to open, who found that Mr. M. had read it correctly. Instead of handing the envelope to a third party to open, as Mr. Mansfield had, Mr. Powell said, "Allow me to open it to see if I have read it correctly." He tore off one end of the envel-He tore off one end of the envelope, took out the piece of paper, read it to himself, and handed paper and envelope to Mr. Bridge.

Having learned what was written in that he picked up another and pretended to answer that one, from, in all human probabili-ty, what he had read in the last one. And so on, to the one of different size and color, which he claimed to be unable to read, because, as he stated, he had not carried it, as he had the others, six hours in his pocket to magnetize them. Had he attempted to read it by the same process as the others, the writer would have noticed the deception at once.

That my supposition is correct, is evident from the fact that he gave all of the envelopes to Mr. Bridge to hold after he had read their contents. Whereas, human nature being about the same in all, there is probably nothing that he would have done sooner than to have let some disinterested person open at least one of those envelopes after he had read it, and thus forever established the fact that he had read a letter in a sealed envelope. And again, I subsequently offered him twenty-five dollars to answer one sealed letter, if on its being opened by a third party, it had been read correctly. His only answer was considerable abusive language before a number of people, and insinuation that I was not

able to raise that much money.

I hereby pledge myself to put \$100 into the hands of the editor of the Religio-Philo-SOPHICAL JOURNAL, to be paid to Mr. Powell whenever he shall have satisfactorily, to a disinterested party, answered or read as many sealed letters as he pretended to at Onset. One lady who had folded her paper in a pe-culiar way noticed that Mr. Powell took that from the envelope after he had apparently read a question for some one else; and that he took out quite a differently folded paper from the one she sealed up after answering her question. To give you all the interesting details would add too much to this al-

ready too lengthy article. J. W. CADWELL. Meriden, Conn., Sept. 7, 1887.

Religious Tendencies East and West.

Judge Tourgee, in one of his novels, in discussing the religious tendencies of the Amerthe idea that the borderland which lies between an established civilization and a new one is always fertile in religious ideas. He calls attention to the fact that out of the relations between Egypt and Israel sprang Judaism, while the domination of the Roman by weakening the popular faith in the Mosaic system opened the way for a broader and nobler ideal, and that out of this came the opportunity of Christianity. Speaking of the religious movements that brought into life so many modifications of creeds and so many sects he says: "Our American life was peculiarly fecund in such religious movements. Solitude is the nurse not only of inspiration, but also of self-delusion. The forest and the desert are especially the nurseries of prophets and pretenders. The rugged mountain range and the boisterous ocean shore have never been fertile in religious fantasies or productive of great natural leaders. The moor, the forest, the desert, and the shore of the inland sea may nourish religious contemplation until the saint becomes a seer and the seer a prophet, who deems himself divinely ordained to do the work of the Almighty."

At the time of which this was written, New England was the fortress of American faith. Her churches were sending out to the West and to the South, missionaries who gave tone to the religious convictions of the borderland between New England and the then almost unknown West. From New England came the men who founded churches and schools and colleges, and the form of observance and the customs carried by these men into the wilderness were not easily modified by circumstances, or by contact with stubborn peoples who came to the frontier. Mormonism, and nearly all the off-shoots from the Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists had their origin in this middle district: this border-land between an established civilization and a new one, and, commenting on this, Jadge Tourgee says with the confidence of a man certain of his position: "The ocean, with its eternal symphony of terror, crushes out speculation, thrills the soul with awe until it shrinks within itself and clamors for external aid, and inclines the mind not to speculation and dissent, but to faith and superstition. He that dwells by the seashore is almost falways a believer. He may be an enthusiast, but he is rarely a doubter, and never a promulgator of strange doctrines or new beliefs. Our western forests nourish

prophets and messiahs by the score.' In this later day the rule seems to be reversed. The new departure men, or those leaders in the Congregational Church who either favor or look with tolerance on the Audover future probation hypothesis, live within the old fortress of faith New England. Many of them reside within the circle of influence of the ocean "with its eternal symphony of terror." Most of those who are most determined in their opposition to the Andover idea live in the West, within the circle of influence of that inland sea which years ago was supposed to nourish religious fantasies. Unless the Andover people are, as they claim to be, strong in faith and in no sense doubters, the theory of Judge Tourgee is wrong. If the ocean makes the strong believer and rarely makes the doubter, what is to be said of those who have precipitated the discussion over the Andover hypothesis, which bids fair to become one of the greatest religious controversies of the time.

It may be possible that the States like Ohio, Indiana and Illinois have become what New England was fifty or sixty years ago, and that New England in the matter of creed and

faith in taking the place of what was then the border-land between the old civilization and the new. Certain it is that the conservatives in the American Board come from the circle within the influence of the inland seas that gave birth to Mormonism and scores of new sects, and certain it is that in this day more departures from the old lines are made in the East than in the West.-Inter Ocean.

PRUDENS FUTURI.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Premising only that the following incidents are true, and have not heretofore been in print, let me first recite the substance of a conversation recently held with a gentleman well known in Chicago, and much farther afield, whom we will call, for purposes of non-identification, Mr. Si Loam.

"I am rather materialistic," began Mr Loam, "and can explain to my own satisfaction whatever, seemingly abnormal, there may be in this experience. Sometime ago, while engaged in literary work, which has since met with a cordial reception on both sides the Atlantic, I found work aggravatingly suspended by the loss of some important data—drafts, lists and other subject-matter-which my assistant insisted had been placed upon my desk, but which had mysteriously disappeared. Immediate search fail ed to discover them, and after frequent fruit less endeavors the press of daily work put the matter temporarily aside, as no progress could be made in this particular, until a large amount of preparation had again been undertaken, or the missing papers found.

"Three weeks passed, and one night after a browning of the state of the s

busy day occupied with rontine and other is sues, I went to bed to find myself presently unexpectedly wide-awake, and in a few minutes listening to a clock striking two. My thoughts were idle, my condition receptive, when a voice, distinct and clear, said to me 'Si! Si! You'll find those missing papers back of the nest of drawers on the left hand side of your writing table.' 'Well,' said I, 'I am much obliged to you, whoever you are,' and in a few minutes was asleep again.

"Remembering this matter on waking, I resolved to test the statement that morning, but did not chance to have convenient opportunity until 4 P. M., when, calling my secretary, we unscrewed the top of my writing-table, lifted it off, and I invited my assistant to reach down behind the nest of drawers; down went his arm beyond the elbow, and up, to his delight, came the missing manuscripts. The voice? Well, as real and material as any I have ever heard, and this was not the only time I had listened to it, always to find its assertions true.

"Oh! you want my theory? Here it is: Being a man of method, I make little allowance for, and permit no worry to disturb me, while I cannot afford to forget. Therefore I hold there is a latent convolution of the brain, or independent minor, train of thought, which runs parallel with, distinct from and unnoticed by the active elements, positive and in constant daily use. Having instinctively delegated to it the search for the missing papers, much as one would say, 'Seek him' to a retriever, this automatic action continued until, the discovery made, the clock-work rumbled and whirred sufficiently loud to awaken me, and create the effect of audible speech. I believe we all possess this faculty in greater or less degree, and as already said I have found it very useful." Such automatic action might explain why tasks conned or committed to memory over night are ordina-

attempted in the morning. A fatal accident at a suburban station on the C., B. & Q. R. R. the last summer was not unexpected by the lady thereby made a widow. Disturbed by a clouded dream which left only a sense of impending evil, she begged her husband, while at breakfast, not to go to town that day; but he ridiculed the idea, started, waited for one train to pass, and crossed immediately behind it, only to be cut down and mangled by a train unseen by him, going in a contrary direction. His wife waited expectant at the door, and seeing the crowd which had gathered at the depot, related her conviction of her husband's death, before the improvised stretcher emerged from among the people and began its melancholy journey toward her.

Reciting the above to a friend accidentally met in a Chicago street car, he told that three weeks before a vivid dream had led him to fear an accident to his mother, then far away. Misled by his fears he overlooked the possibility of injury to any other, only to find, a few hours later, that an almost equally dear mother by adoption, his mother-inlaw, had found her deafness fatal, and was crushed by a C. & N. W. Ry. suburban train, when but a few steps from home. "I cannot say where," said this self-made, reliant, rep-resentative Chicago business man, with, so far as his friends know, no breath of superstition about him, "but of this I am sure, our premonitions will certainly become clearer, we shall recognize the guiding hand, the el ement of chance will be largely subordinated and our lives will be more fully rounded out." All hail the time when no misdirected

missive will go to the dead-letter office. Said another Chicago friend, a physician who has also done good work in other than a professional field: "My little girl who died last spring was strangely dear to me; my life seemed wrapped up in hers. Not approv-ing of all evangelical methods, and opposed in many essentials to Sunday school ethics, I had carefully reared her according to my own conception of what is right, and kept well away from her any thought of sombre wrappings, a dismal tomb and repulsive de-cay. She knew of death only as a change of condition, a falling asleep, when the useless body was laid away, its work being done. So, when I knew that she must die, she lay for the last thirty-six hours almost constantly in my arms, at her own dear request, not fearing, possibly little knowing, what the near future had in store. As the end drew nearer and was shadowed in her face, I rocked her gently to and fro, saying only, 'Go to sleep, dear, go to sleep and all will be well.' Soon she fell asleep, and I have firm faith that all is well with her." A pleasant attainment of that farther peak, beyond which lies eternity.

You have recently published interesting matter connected with the impressions of patients while under the influence of ether. Permit the space, therefore, for the experience of a near relative while comatose from ether in childhed. Her recital is: "I lost all knowledge of my surroundings to speedily emerge into brilliant sunlight, changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields. and walked elastic, rejoicing along the Primrose Way. I found myself suddenly confronted with an impalpable shadow, yet seeming-ly dense, and was filled with curiosity to ly dense, and was filled with curiosity to face the mysteries beyond this black opaque. With this determination I stepped briskly forward to find facing me a gigantic, omnipotent-seeming eye, set in a circle of quiver- well immediately.

ing fire, and I heard a voice saying: 'Back I Go back! There is death beyond. Your time has not yet come!" I turned, the eye disappearing; returned, it again appeared; I urged my wishes to meet only the same monition, and was still vainly seeking a passage through this vail, when called to earth by the quivering cry of my little one, whose separate life was just begun."

You have also given space to the alleged fatalities and evil influences that overtook or enwrapped those who were active in the prosecution to the death of the fanatical lunatic, Charles J. Guiteau. His execution chanced in my own honeymoon, spent at Riverside, and on my return from town-his late office and my own happened to be in the same building—I was puzzled to find my young wife had shown her fealty to the tortured president, and her satisfaction at the law's supremacy, by constructing a quaint little dusky image, labelled Guiteau, which, with black cap duly drawn, hung by the neck and a cotton thread from a dwarf fuchsia in our parlor-withlow. Accepting, under protest, this temporary addition to our household gods, the matter was dismissed from our thoughts, and the next morning dawned in due course, the Fourth of July, 1882. A gen-tleman from town accompanied us in a stroll that afternoon around the peninsula formed by the Desplaines River, and we had occa-sional evidence that picnickers and others were enjoying the beauties of the woods, making merry in orthodox fashion with crack of cracker and rifle, and pistol bang. No one celebrating was within several hundred feet of us, as we walked, three abreast, the wife in the middle, over the springy turf, when suddenly I heard the angry, spiteful hiss of a bullet beside my ear, and the "zip" of its blow, as it struck and fractured a garnet brooch on metal base, worn by my wife on plaits of hair at the nape of her neck, and the ball then fell to the ground. Our plausible explanations received no heed, the mes-senger, fortunately a "spent-ball," told its own tale too plainly in bent and broken brooch, and greasy, leaden traces on her finger-tips; our walk was ended, and the lady hurried home to remove that wicked little offigy, which had been, somehow, she knew not how, the deus ex machina of this experience.

I am strongly tempted to run a tilt against some contributors who resemble the "thirty monstrous giants" described by Don Quixote, but remembering that his good lance was shivered, himself and Rozinante overthrown upon his first assault. I am reminded in season that the title Religio-Philosophical is very eclectic, your individual work and that of a majority of contributors excellent, and the space accorded to one necessarily limited Chicago, Ill. ALFRED BULL.

Judging the Heathen.

One of the most noticeable paintings in the art gallery of the Inter-State Exposition represents Queen Isbella agonizing over the question of banishing the Jews from Spain. The artist has depicted the greatest anxiety to do what duty required. This representation does not belie history. The worst of crimes on the largest of scale have been committed in the page of scale have been committed in the page of scale have been committed in the page of scale have been committed in the name of religion at the instigation of dogmatic theologians actuated perhaps by a sense of right as they understood it. The record of the medieval ages are mainly occupied in setting forth the wars and persecutions instigated by a solemn and overmastering determination to uphold and promote "the faith once delivered unto the saints" as understood by the theologians of THE GESOIRTING TUILIA men war was one of these bloody struggles. It is the honorable boast of the modern church that it has outgrown that method of piety. One of the most familiar and conspicuous evidences of this outgrowth for more that two generations was the oldest of our foreign missionary societies, the Am-

According to the American Cyclopædia, this organization is non-sectarian, but for two or three years its annual meetings have seemed to have for their main purpose the dispelling of this notion. The chief feature of the session of this year, at Springfield. Mass., last week, was theological debate and decision. The entire non-Christian world from the remotest age, thousands of years before Christ, to the present hour, was arraigned before the judgment seat of the tribunal, and on a purely ex-parte trial not only pronounced guilty but sentenced to close confinement in Hades forever, clothed with power to stand fire without being consumed thereby. In all that august tribunal was found no one to undertake the defence of the accused. Ordinary courts refuse to proceed with the trial unless the accused has the benfit of counsel, but ecclesiastics are not so squeamish. The nearest approach to defence was an earnest protest against the jurisdiction of the court The learned doctors of the higher law connected with the Andover Theological Seminary and the theological department of the Yale College declared that the board had no business to sit in judgment upon those who had never so much as heard the name of Jesus; but a Chicago professor of theology, Dr. Boardman, insisted that the trial should go on and the sentence of lost and damned be pronounced. As usual, Chicago had its way.

So far as can be inferred from the published proceedings of the court all the delegates or jurors from this city sustained Dr. Boardman and helped swell the majority. If the poor heathen had been so fortunate as to have had Chicago on their side the result might have been different.

The heathen and their friends who walked the earth according to their light, may comfort themselves with the reflection thatt he right of appeal is not cut off. In the nature of things a stay of judgment is granted without even the asking until such time as a higher court has reviewed the case. In that superior court the right of defense is enjoyed and the standard of judgment is anything but doctrinal. In a series of supposititious cases the Judge himself, nearly two thousand years ago, these same theologians tell us laid down the rules by which each case will be tried in the final assize, and there is not the scintilla of a dogma in those rules. Heathen like Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, and Plato, and Christians like Augustine and Calvin will be put on precisely the same doctrinal basis. It is quite possible that the American Board has wasted its time, that the court of last resort will not take the trouble to even examine the records of the tribunal below, content to remind whom it may concern of the divine-advice, "Judge not that ye be not judged."-Chicago Tri-

A Bushnell (III.) old lady had worn color hose and concluded that mortification had commenced, and in fear sent in great haste for the doctor. He humored her whim but finally induced her to wash her feet. She got

bune.

"Securely Bound."

to the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal: The explanation of "Securely Bound" from the pen of its author, B. R. Anderson, and published in the JOURNAL of 8th inst., is about such as would be expected of one of very limited observation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and certainly with strong prejudices against it. However, it is instructive to the public at large, and especially to all who have any interest in the matter to know on just what grounds the matter to know on just what grounds the dissenters decide that fraud and trickery is the explanation of well attested Spiritual phenomena. A little light thrown on the methods of counterfeiting the manifestations cannot be otherwise than interesting; it may throw a safeguard about the inexperienced, and enable all to draw the line between the true and false, and cause the genuine to shine with greater lustre. A great deal is said about fraud in connection with the subject both in and out of the ranks of the subject both in and out of the ranks of Spiritualists, no doubt often justly, but it is well to know how much ground there is for such allegations.

The fact is certainly well established that much that has been pronounced as fraudu-lent coming through the mediumship of some of the best known sensitives, has proved to be genuine on a more thorough and careful investigation of the subtile forces operating under proper test condiforces operating under proper test condi-tions; and again trickery, such as that nar-rated in the article referred to, does not ex-plain away the phenomena in the least. To my mind there is not a point of similar-ity given in the description cited which will bear comparison with manifestations which

any careful investigator ought to be able to witness and that has been observed repeatedly. Any charlatans who would undertake to pass off for genuine, such miserable imitations as are often charged by the skeptical to be the methods of mediums, would undoubt-edly soon be exposed and shown up. With-out enlarging on this point it is simply enough to say that the explanation of the tying and the untying rope trick does not explain away the phenomena as performed by spirits through mediumship, neither does the theory of "gutta percha hands" account for the real hands developed in the honest scance. Many of the so-called methods are so absurd that if practiced at all, it does not seem possible they would energed with the most insible they would succeed, with the most indifferent observation, to say nothing of their utter failure with any careful investigation.

My attention was recently called to a "trick slate," said to be "the method by which Slade and Heller obtained independent writing."
It is interesting to note with what apparent carnestness advocates of the fraud theory hold that theirs is the only correct explanation. This piece of ingenuity consists of an ordinary school slate with a duplicate center, about the thickness of cardboard, made of some preparation of rubber, which has the appearance and qualities of slate, and fits anugly in the frame. The answer to a ques-tion, selected by a confederate, is first secretly written on the slate and then covered by the duplicate center, and then exhibited as though nothing had been written. The question is afterward openly written. It is now a simple matter to dispose of the duplicate after turning it over on a black table cover, or by placing a book or paper over it before withdrawing, or by covering with another slate, and turning over, leaving the duplicate on the under slate. It is possible some peo-ple who are not aware of this might be deceived, but surely it is a poor substitute for the simple conditions required, and fine tests given through genuine independent slate-

writing mediumship.
A certain individual who claimed to be able to duplicate all the phenomena, including independent slate writing, to whom I was referred, a professional conjurer, offered to explain some of them, including the latter, for the nominal sum of three hundred dol-lars. I alluded to the above method, but he promptly stated it was nothing of that kind, but precisely the same as performed by all the professional mediums. When I told him that the conditions I required were the same as I had witnessed when I had received satisfactory communications, and his offer would be accepted, it is needless to say that he backed down at once; and so you will always

The theory of stuffed gloves and telescopic tubes and such paraphernalia that they tell us of, does not explain away the undoubted evidences upon which we obtain a knowledge of a higher life, and which places be-yond a doubt the fact that our devoted friends who have passed beyond the veil are ever with us and can and do communicate.

The better we understand the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism the less incredulous of it we will be when such adverse theories are upheld and promulgated by its C. P. C. enemies.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

October Magazines Received Late.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) An interesting sketch of Luke P. Poland opens this month's installment of good reading, and is followed by observations in Mesmerism forty years ago. In Some Notable Characters of the Day are short, interesting sketches of W. H. Smith, an English publish-er; General Ferron, Joseph R. Hawley; Dr. Edward McGlynn, and Abram S. Hewitt. A lengthy resume of the Life and Labors of Prof. O. S. Fowler, is accompanied by a portrait. There are graphic articles in the department of child-culture, and the scientific and editorial departments are full of timely and suggestive items and notes.

THE CHRISTIAN METAPHYSICIAN. (Chicago.) The publishers announce that this quarterly is designed for the general reader and those who would know something about Metaphysical or Christian Healing, and its pages are open to record any idea or plan which tends to lessen the friction or increase the har-mony of human being. In this issue are found such familiar names as Dr. Evans, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Emma Hopkins, Ursula N. Gestefeld and others active in the cause of Christian Healing.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) The opening article for October is Canon Law as a Factor in Christian Civilization; John Tunis contributes Secularism in Religion, and Nicholas P. Gilman, Fifty years of Progress in England. Chapter II. of Critical Theology embraces Modern Biblical Criticism. Other articles are Science—Philosophy—Religion, and Literary Criticism. .

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME. (Orange, N. J.) Contents: Editor's Greeting; Creation and Evolution; Words from a Wellwisher; Prof. Huxley investigating Spiritualism, and The American Akademe.

THE PLATONIST. (Osceola, Mo.) Contents: Interpretation of the Timaeus of Plato; Or-phens; Creation and Rvolution; Lives of the Philosophers and Sephists; Swedenborg the Buddhist.

Home Knowledge. (New York.) Contents: Facts and Fallacies about Spectacles; Adulterations of Food; The Concensus of late English monthlies; Practical Hints for Cooking Mutton; Physical Culture in the Home; Fash-

fluence of Mental Treatment; The Three Denials of Jesus; Miracles; Responsibility; Is Christian Science Practical? Etc.

Youth. (Chicago.) The young readers will find many stories of interest and pleasure in this monthly.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the effice of the Relacio-Parilo sophical Jacksal...]

TICKNOR'S PAPER SERIES OF CHOICE READ-ING. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents a number, or \$12.00 a year.

Ticknor & Co. have struck a popular vein in publishing semi-monthly some of the best novels in cheap form. The latest one out is Aunt Serena, by Blanche Willis Howard. Other numbers are A Modern Instance; Tales of Three Cities; A. Nameless No-bleman; Guenn; The Story of Margaret Kent (and others to the number of twenty), which is the last number out.

New Books Received.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT. A Philosophical, Lego-Ethical and Religious Romance, in four parte. Chicago: C. & B. Publishing Co.

THE REVELATION OF GOD. A Sermon by John W. Chadwick. Boston: Geo. H. Ellie.

ZOLLNER. An Open Letter to Professor George S. Fullorion; member and sceretary of the Seybert Commission for Investigating Modern Spiritualism. By C. C. Massey. Boston: Colby & Rich.

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ions; Editor's Table, etc.

MENTAL HEALING MONTHLY. (Boston.) Contents: Plato and Christian Science; Moral In-

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AUNT SERENA. By Blanche Willis Howard. Tick-nor's Paper Series. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Prico.

THE FIRE OF GOD'S ANGER. By L. C. Baker. Philadelphia: Office of Words of Reconciliation.

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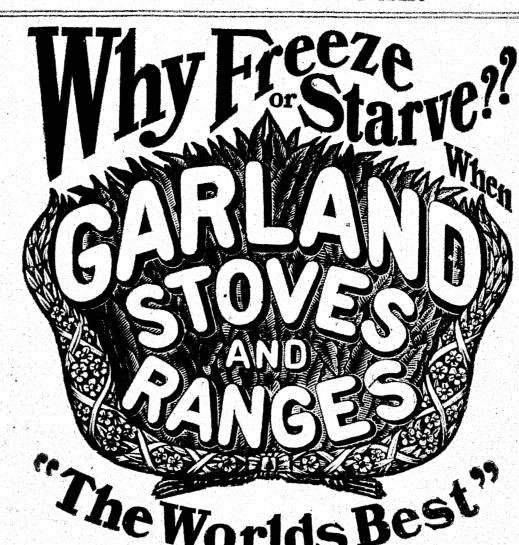


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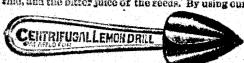


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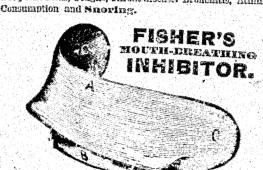
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I wish you the fullest success in your couragoous course.—It. Heber Newton, D. D.

As an old subscriber to the Journal I valuo and appreciate it, and am sure it is doing a grand work .- Lady Caithness, Duchesse of Pomar, Paris, France.

UMICAGO, ILL., Saturday, October 29, 1887.

Inspired Hours.

Wenderful are the heights to which the human spirit attains in its best moods! spirit. Had he said: "I am not satisfied with glorious and beautiful the inspirations which | the evidence," that would have been fair and come when the windows of the soul are opened to light from every side; even as the windows of the chamber of Daniel, the Hebrew seer, were open to the four quarters of eminence among them, have been victims of the heavens. In such hours the whole spiritual being seems possessed and held in | the facts of clairvoyance and Spiritualism. the nobleservice of some high theme or tender emotion or great thought, and the words there written or spoken are immortal-the world will never let them die.

"Curlew must not ring to-night," is one of the poems that thrill and melt the soul. Its author. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, tells how she read the story of Bessie, and of her lover doomed to die in the evening at the ringing of the curfew bell from the old English steeple, and saved by the heroism of the brave girl, and how the words. "Curfew must not ring to-night," came ever between her eyes and the figures on her slate, as she vainly tried to add them up in the school house, until she desperately swept those figures from the slate and wrote, "England's sun was slowly setting,"etc.; her flying pencil moving rapid- the true scientific spirit. ly: her brain throbbing and on fire, until the whole poem was finished.

It went round the world in a few years, translated into many tongues and read by materialism, dogmatism is ever the same, many peoples; coming from the illuminated soul its light shone far into other souls.

how her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written. Being in Washington, in 1861, she rode out with some military officers to a review of troops near the city, witnessed a skirmish between Union and Confederate soldiers, helped to sing the John Brown song on the way back, was touched by the cheers and the singing of the boys in blue. and said she had often wished to write some verses fitted for that tune. Reaching the city she says.

I slept as usual that night, but awoke before dawn the next morning and soon found myself trying to weave together certain lines which, though not en tirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet ca tirely suited to the John Brown music, were yet capable of being sung to it. I lay still in the dark room, line after line shaping itself in my mind, and verse after verse. When I had thought out the last of these, I felt that I must make an effort to place them beyond the danger of being effaced by a morning nap. I sprang out of bed and groped about in the dim twilight to find a bit of paper and the stump of a pen which I remembered to have had the evening before. Having found these articles, and having long been accustomed to acribble with and having long been accustomed to scribble with scarcely any sight of what I might write in a room made dark for the repose of my infant children, I began to write the lines of my poem in like manner. (I was always careful to decipher these lines within twenty-four hours, as I had found them perfectly illegible after a long period.) On the occasion now spoken of I complete back to bed, and fell fast asleep.

The poem was given to the Atlantic Monthly at the wish of its editor. Months after it came into wide notice, was sung in prisons and on battle fields, and years after she tells bow:

spiring battle hymn went around the world. Both filled and uplifted all whom they reached, the one the story of love conquering pain and danger, the other "the breath of that heroic time" which is now dropping into the past. but which should never be forgotten, the high aspects of which should be held in due reverence as the clash and clamor of its hot conflict die away.

Such words may well lead us to higher reverence of the spirit in man that giveth him understanding. In such hours, too, the windows of heaven are open and the blessed immortals help and inspire us. We are spirits clad in earthly bodies; they are kindred spirits clad in celestial bodies: in our highest moods they are nearest to us, and sometimes possess our whole being, psychologize and hold us in some noble service, and light our souls and touch our lips with fire from heavonly altars.

Materialism—Unscientific Science.

Professor Ludwig Buchner holds a high place among German scientists, and, indeed, over the wide world. His book on "Kraft und Stoff-Force and Matter"-is his leading work, and is translated into divers languages. As its title indicates its aim and idea is that force and matter sway the universe, the force unintelligent and inseparable from matter, and the mind of man, in some unknown way, evolved from his body. There is no ruling and guiding intelligence. or Soul of Things; the great plan of the universe starts from some soulless force; Deity is a superfluity; immortality an idle dream; man's mind and personality dissolve at his death, and Spiritualism, or even clairvoyance, is an absurdity. In a late English translation of his book is the following:

There can be no scientific doubt that all alleged cases of actual clairvoyance or supernatural inspira-tion rest on fraud or illusion. Clairvoyance, that is perception beyond the natural reach of the senses is on physical grounds, an impossibility. All the twaddle about the intrusion of a higher spiritual worl into ours, or of the existence of a departed spirit has been found to be unmitigated nonsense. No dead man has ever returned to earth. There are no table-turning or other epirits.

It would be difficult to find more brazen assumption, more impudent assertion, unsustained by proof and contradicted by plain facts, or more tyrannical dogmatism in the same space which this sentence fills. Is this science? To find a hundred cases of clairvoyance authenticated by the best and most competent testimony, would be easy; to find thousands of such cases not a herculean task. Science is truth, or facts verified and systematized; but here is a professed scientist who ignores facts and flouts at the best testimony in a most unscientific style and reasonable, but his impudent assumption is that none ever was or can be found, but that our illustrious company of persons, scientists of fraud or illusion when they testified to

Nothing is more absurdly unscientific than to claim to know all about the physical possibilities of man's five senses, yet Buchner asserts clairvoyance impossible. Equally absurd and unscientific is his impertinent naming all talk of spirit manifestations as twaddle, and saying that there are no spirits Of course there can be no spirits if his theory be true, and that theory he strives to up hold by sneering contempt of what others have learned, and in a spirit as dogmatic as ever was that in which pope or priest upheld his creed in the Dark Ages.

In some branches of physical science this German materialist has rendered signal and valuable service, but that is a weak reason or warrant for this shameful descent from

Whether beneath the cassock of the priest or the gown of the professor, whether in the service of old theological superstition or of ever unreasonable and inimical to freedom and growth. From all its manifestations. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells in the Contury and from its evil and belittling influences, we may well say, Good Lord, deliver us!

Witcheraft in Southern Indiana.

A belief in witchcraft prevailed to a great extent in Switzerland county, Ind., sixty years ago. It appears from the Vevay Reveille, that many of the people residing in the neighborhood of East Enterprise were then possessed of a delusion that witches were a reality, and that a number of their neighbors were full-fledged witches, possessed of remarkable powers, even to the saddling and bridling a man, and with sharp spurs ride him all night over the worst roads a distorted mind could imagine. In the morning the poor man would be so tired and sore that he could hardly move. At other times the housewife would churn half a day and would not get a particle of butter. The only remedy, it was thought, was to take an old horseshoe that had been worn on the left hind foot of a bald face horse and heat it hot and drop it into the churn, which was pretty certain to expel the terrible witch. One who tried the experiment said:

"When I dropped the red hot shoe into the churn I heard something run off the roof of the house, and I smelt hair just as sure as you are born, and in five minutes I had a churn nearly full of butter. The next day saw the woman that I believed had bewitched the butter, and her hair was crisped on one side in the very shape of a horseshee."

If the above remedy failed, the next thing to do was to draw a life-size picture of the supposed witch and nail it upon a tree and then run a sliver builet out of a silver dollar and shoot the image. This last not was som-

Like the curfew poem this inspired and in- life, possessed of fair sense in other matters. said on one occasion that he had been to visit the sick, and was returning about ten o'clock through the fields, often climbing high fences. Finally as he got up on a high tenrail fence, with one leg thrown over the top rail, he saw standing on the other side one whom he knew to be a "witch." She said nothing, but put a spell on him that riveted him to the spot, and he said he was as speechless as Lot's wife when she was turned into salt. When daylight came the witch vanished, and he got over the fence and went home. He says the top rail was a very sharp one and he didn't get over the soreness for a month. Many of these deluded wretches would have hung the supposed witches, as their ignorant forefathers did in an early day, if they had been possessed of the power. Two of the men swapped wives for a month or so, and it was all laid at the doors of those terrible witches.

All should be thankful that the "witch superstition" no longer disturbs the peace and serenity of the people. A brighter day has dawned.

Dr. Wolfe's Experiments with Mrs. Fairchild.

On the first page appears a marvellous account of phenomena, from the pen of Dr. N.B. Wolfe. That there will be a variety of opinions expressed by the Journal's readers is more than probable. The JOURNAL does not desire to make up the verdict for its readers, but leaves them to weigh this remarkable testimony for themselves; it only asks that the case be considered strictly on its merits. without undue bias for or against. In analyzing this account the Journal asks that certain important points be not overlooked.

(1) Spiritualists affirm the continuity of

life beyond the grave and the ability of these once in mortal form to demonstrate objectively their continued existence and their presence, as well as their ability to utilize spiritual forces in manipulating matter; affirming thus and offering innumerable proofs in support that cannot be refuted, how can they as Spiritualists, in the present state of spiritual knowledge, draw the line which marks the limitations of the power of spirits in handling spiritual forces? (2) Dr. Wolfe is a man of vast and varied experience, selfreliant and courageous, a keen observer of everything that comes under his notice, free from all desire for notoriety, not a visionary nor a dreamer, but a hard-headed, practical man of the world. If he has not a judicial, he certainly has a critical mind, and a temperament that knowingly brooks no crookedness or deception in matters of either the natural or spiritual world. (3) It requires but little progress in psychical research to discover that some individuals possess marked qualities for stimulating the nowers of the sensitive or medium, and aiding spirits in emphasizing their demonstrations far beyond the ordinary exhibit; Dr. Wolfe is one of these. (4) Some years ago the Journal, with the assistance of Stainton-Moses, Wm. Denton, Epes Sargent, D. D. Home, and others, formulated a series of thirteen hints to investigators of physical phenomena. These suggestions were approved before publication by a considerable number of representative Spiritualists and mediums, and time has proved their necessity and correctness. Today a majority of the entire Spiritualist body, it may be safely said, approve and act upon them, in spite of the ridicule and determined opposition offered on their first publication through the columns of the Banner of Light. and by frauds and fanatics generally. Among those approving was Dr. Wolfe. One of these "hints" reads as follows: "To establish ex-" traordinary facts, the proofs must be extra-"ordinary, and this the medium, unless he "is a simpleton or an impostor, will admit and act up to." Another begins with this sentence: "A medium known to be " unscrupulous. mendacious or tricky, should be trusted only where the phenomenon is of such a character that it would be un-"reasonable even for the most unbending nearer home and the present time. A New "skeptic to deny its occurrence." Another | Haven paper, inspired from a "private begins thus: "Conditions, however, ought source," declares that the late Alpheus "to be so stringent that nothing is left to "depend on the assumed good character or " repectability of the medium." The Journal has no reason to suppose that Dr. Wolfe has not in all his experiments acted in strict accordance with these rules; that he implicitly believes in the absolute correctness of his observations, and has recorded them accurately, as they appeared to him, the Jour-NAL has no doubt.

(5) The medium, Mrs. Fairchild, is not a person of unspotted reputation, she is neither honest nor trustworthy and has been repeatedly detected in gross deceptions; but (6) neither her bad reputation nor previous exposures prove she is not a medium.

(7) Medial power inheres in the physical constitution and does not therefore depend, primarily, upon the mental or moral status of the medium for its strength, but may be indirectly increased or weakened by the influence which the morals of the medium have upon his physical condition. Mediumship is, of itself, neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. Therefore it may be exhibited in force through the organism of an individual devoid of moral sense; especially is this true where the exhibit is of physical and objective phenomena. (8) Every scance must stand on its own merits, and each manifestation should be differentiated from every other and considered by itself.

Edith Simcox says: "A morality based on religion is always liable to relapse into Antinemian quietiem; for it is fall that the SuA Little Girl's Remarkable Mediumship.

Lizzie Plimly, eleven years of age. a resident of Oakland, Cal., has lately exhibited remarkable mediumistic powers. She was first magnetized by Mr. Frank Wilson, which prepared her for the influx of spirit influence which followed. She has commenced developing as a spirit artist. The Golden Gate speaks of her as follows:

Lizzie seated herself alone at a table in the center of the room, and was immediately entranced by Minnie. With eyes closed she at once commence her sketching, keeping up a constant talking, in mixed English and Indian jargon, with different persons present, concerning her work and other matters. Her talk was sensible and easily under-stood. In less than an hour she completed three

rough landscapes, about fourteen by twenty inches in size, one of which she presented to the writer.

Now came a promised test in materialization, which, if given through any one but a child, most persons would heeltate to believe possible. The father of Minnie took control and directed that one corner of the room he vacated with no person corner of the room be vacated, with no person nearer than six or eight feet; he was about to give us a lock of his daughter's hair. A pair of scissors was then placed in Lizzie's hands, while she kept up a constant chatter of what seemed to be Indian. with enough English to be understood. She wen to the corner of the room, standing with her face to the wall; the light was lowered a little, and all were directed to remain quiet for a few moments. Soon the clipping of the scissors was heard, and with many exclamations of satisfaction, and shuddering as though worked upon by a powerful influence, she turned and presented us with a handful of straight, black hair. (The medium's hair is light, brown.) When first taken in the hand this hair was hot, as though just taken from an oven. We were assured that this manifestation had been given on

GENERAL ITEMS.

Francis B. Woodbury of Boston, has purchased lot 16. Massasoit Street, Lake Pleas-

Mrs. Watson's bright letter on another page is full of the life and vigor which permeates every living thing kissed by California's glorious sun and fanned by the exhilarating breezes of that fairy land. The Journal's readers would like to hear from her more frequently.

Cardinal Taschereau has asked the postmaster to dismiss the believers in Spiritualism employed in the Montreal office, and has been referred to the Postmaster-General. The JOURNAL awaits with some interest the action of Canada's Postmaster-General. The Cardinal is perfectly consistent in his request. The Catholics want the earth, and if the people on this continent don't look sharp they will have it. Romish aggressiveness is now the most marked feature in the theological field.

Prof. Wilder writes: "I am very sorry to spoil that poem. 'The Towers of Silence.' Hindu votaries never pray in them, but the vultures often preu-there. In brief, the Parsees believe that a corpse defiles the earth, air, fire and water; and so never bury, cremate, or launch into the ocean. It is sacrilege to pollute a running stream; so the Towers of Silence are erected as their mortuaries, and the dead placed in them. When the vulture comes and pecks the corpse, it hits the eye first. Instantly it is chased away. If the left eve is pierced, well; if the right, the deceased individual is bemoaned but never saved."

A Russian paper states that "There are 205 communities of the Greek Church in Japan, with sixteen priests and one hundred and four native preachers, and that the number of Japanese converts to that religion is 12,-500. The number of churches and prayerhouses is one hundred and forty-eight, and there are three children's schools with a total of one hundred and fifty pupils. There is also a school at which thirty-two girls attend. This building is capable of accommodating one hundred pupils, and was given by the Countess Poutiatine. In 1886 the number of converts and children baptized amounted together to fourteen hundred and seventy. The number of preachers is stated to be too small and recruits are wanted."

The famous Andover dispute, while reaching out into the realms of speculative futurity and seeking to determine the after-condition of the heathen, has borne fruit much Hardy, a wealthy friend of the "American Board," revoked a considerable legacy in favor of that body when the news reached him that the Board had refused probation to deceased heathen at any price. Mr. Hardy was a pious man and a friend of the heathen, but the acrimonious bickering of the sectarians scared him, and he settled his money where he could be sure of results. Somebody in America is, accordingly richer, and the heathen, very likely, are not much poorer .-Henald.

Mrs. Mary V. Priest, who within the past year has come prominently into notice as one of the finest teachers of mental healing, and whose psychometric powers have been tested satisfactorily by a number of scientific experts, is in the city this week, closing up her home preparatory to a longer stay in Cleveland. Having been a Spiritualist for years, and a thorough student in the psychical field, as well as being a woman of more than ordinary ability, she must of necessity make a vastly better instructor in psychopathy than most who essay the task. Dr. Leon Priest, her husband, is treating patients in Cleveland with gratifying success, and Mrs. Pricet will open her fall and winter course of instruction in that city early in November. The JOURNAL takes the liberty to say they may be addressed or consulted at 180 Huron street, Cleveland, Ohio.

The Boston Evening Record is publishing a series of articles by one of its staff in which the deminable practices of a large number of

observation, and the Journal has no doubt but that he tells the truth. It has no doubt because corroborative testimony in abundance sustains his allegations. The Journal hopes the work will be pushed with vigor. At present Cincinnati seems to offer the most attractive conditions for these pestiferous vermin: as they flee from Boston they head toward the Ohio river, for they scent afar off a better way and hasten to get into it. That unconscionable scoundrel. James A. Bliss.is now the self-constituted "pastor" of a "church" in Cincinnati. His proper place would be breaking stone behind the walls of a penitentiary.

"M. A. (Oxon)" in Light: "I have briefly adverted to the difficulty I personally find in differentiating between the unassisted efforts of a man's own crea tive faculty and the communications made through conscious or unconscious mediumship. It would be interesting to know what is the exact ground of decision in such a question. If we knew nothing of mediumship it would be open to one to contend that each individual was the efficient creator of his own ideas, subject to the qualification necessitated by the precedent work of other people with which he was acquainted. But we know that ideas are Pashed into the mind ab'extra; and we know, too, that the best works of the highest genius are not laboriously 'excegitated, but, though accompanied with consciousness as they emerge, are of a character to suggest a transcendental origin. It is not (I hope) impertinent to suggest that an increased knowledge on our part will tend to more diffidence in claiming for ourselves an exclusive proprietary right in our ideas."

Prof. Frederick Wright who has been writing interestingly of missionary work in Alaska, presented the creed of his Take heathen guide, who had some brief contact with the missionaries: Whatever may be the thought of the strictness of Presbyterian doctrines in the abstract, our man "Jake." he says, "had caught the spirit of Christ from the men who brought the doctrines, as his ereed, which we drew out of him by questions one Sunday morning, testifies. As translated to us by the other guide, who could speak broken English, Jake's creat was as follows:"

1. God is the boss of us fellers and of every man, all.

2. God loves us fellers and every man, all. 3. I feel in my heart that I love God. I love my brother, my sister, every man, all. 4. I wish every feller loved Jesus. Thom

they good; no bad, no fight.

There are a great many worse creeds than Jake's.

Of the Seybert Commission, "M. A. (Oxon)" says: "I observe that the Seybert Commission's Preliminary Report is a godsend to provincial papers. It has the merit of being light and amusing, and it does not make any heavy demands on the reader's mind. It can in fact, be noticed by the easy process of skimming. The Leeds Mercury has been treating it in this way, and has included in its remarks some strictures on "a well-known London medium." which are, to say the least, loose and inaccurate. The bulk of evidence, quite as good as that on which other facts received and believed, is unknown to these writers. They are given a book, dealing with a subject of which they know nothing and against which they are probably prejudiced, and they receive their orders to cut it up. We are very familiar with the process. On the other side, the side of knowledge, it is not too much to say that the Seybert Commission's Report is unworthy of serious attention, and could be pulverized in detail with the same ease as Mr. C.C. Massey has dealt with it in respect of Zöllner.

A writer on "Death" says: "'A commonly fatal disease has a certain benumbing effect on the nerves, so that the dying suffer very little,' writes Dr. T. L. Cuyler. Such has been my observation. 'I had not thought,' said a certain good man, 'that it could be so easy to die.' As life obbs away usually sensibility to pain goes with it. So gently did a certain eminent chemist breathe his last that a teaspoonful of milk which he held in his hand was not even upset-the dead man held it still. Death is very often a slow fading out of the faculties, like the coming on of a tranquil twilight. The sense of hearing sometimes remains intensely acute, so that the dying overhear a whisper in the room. 'She is sinking very fast,' was whispered by an attendant in the dying chamber of a goodly woman. 'No, no,' was the quick response of her who had overheard the words, 'No, I am not sinking, I am in the arms of my Savior. The sense of sight generally weakens in the process of dying. A medical friend said to his wife: 'Set that lamp up closer to me; the room seems to be growing dark.' Such were the sensations of Dr. Adam, the learned Principal of the Edinburg High School, who fancied himself to be in his school room, and gently murmured: 'Boys, it is getting dark, you may go home.' Of deaths on the battlefield a large proportion must be without severe physical agony, for a gunshot wound is apt to numb the sensibilities. When a bullet pierces either the heart or the brain there can be no pain. Probably our glorious martyr, Abraham Lincoln, 'never knew what hurt him.' Drowning is far from painful. Those who have been resuscitated tell us that their sensations were rather exhilarating."

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, may, a fiftieth trial.—John Morely.

I am glad when I see any one avoid the in-

Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion.

There is now on exhibition in this city a panorama entitled Jerusalem on the Day of the Crucifixion. This historical painting occupies the rotunda on the southeast corner of Wabash Avenue and Hubbard Court. and is a work of magnitude and beauty, comprising a faithful representation of what Jerusalem must have been on that day. The researches of centuries, verified by investigation, have been utilized in this great work. A vivid picture of the people who surged in and about Jerusalem on the eve of the feasts is given: the objective picture being the crucifixion as the various records make it appear. Over the entire canvas hangs a mystic, semidarkness, coinciding with the slain teacher's last moments, and is perceptible to one's feelings when beholding the wonderful piece of work.

The original paintings were by Bruno Piglhein of Munich, the architecture by Karl Frosch: the details of landscape have been done by F. W. Heine and August Lohr: the botanic by Franz Biberstein and Bernhard Schneider: the figures by Hermann Michalowski, Franz Rohrbeck, and Th. Zukotynsky, and the animals by Richard Lorenz and Georg Peter. Mizpah, Emmaus, Damaseus, the Mount of Olives, the vale of Jehosaphat. the brook of Kedron, Gethsemane, Calvary, Golgotha, the place of skulls, these familiar localities to the reader of the Scriptures are all seen; also the plains upon which the flocks were pastured, and the sandy tracts over which the caravans toiled. A massive high, white wall extends around the city, and rising above this are seen the tops of houses. palaces and temples. The circus and the palace and the Temple of Herod are conspic-

Beyond the Vale of Jehosaphat is a flat, barren tract, crowded with life: the shepmerus ariving their nocks, barbarians on the will write the history of the Fox mediums. way to the city, and caravans coming in; The names of those little girls will stand herds driving their flocks, barbarians on the the poor are domiciled in caves and under rocks, and here and there is a Christian family bewailing the death of their Savior: for they see the shadow of the cross by lifting their eyes to Calvary in the distance.

There is a vast amount of instruction to be had in the details of this extensive picture; the customs, manners, faces and dress of that time can all be studied. The figures stand out distinct, so while there are hundreds of figures there is no crowding.

Near the top of the central cross, upon which the Savior is stretched, is nailed a white slab, bearing the derisive inscription (in Latin, Greek and Hebrew), "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Jesus is nailed to the cross with a crown of thorns about his head, and in the swellings and depressions of the body we see the evidence of agony. Upon the cross to the left hangs Dysmas, the penitent thief; on the other side is Gestas. bound to the third cross: the muscles stand out in knots on his giant body and there is a look of implacable hate on his face.

· Around the place of execution are gathered Roman soldiers clad in armor. Jesus also has friends around him: Mary. His Mother. and John, the beloved disciple; Mary Magdalen. Salome, Martha and others.

We have given space to the details of this picture thinking it is alike interesting to the non-believer of the inspirations of the Scriptures, and the greatest skeptic, as well as to the orthodox, from an historical point of view, and for its wonderful scenic effects.

The panorama is to be seen from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. daily, and none should neglect to see it. An attendant gives a short descriptive lecture every fifteen minutes, which freshens the memory and locates the different points of interest in the picture.

Congress of the A. A. W.

The Annual Congress of the Association for the Advancement of Woman meets this week in New York City by invitation of that noble band of women forming the society known as Sorosis. The sessions will be held in Masonic Temple, corner of Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street. Among the prominent New York members of Sorosis and the A. A. W., are Mrs. H. M. Poole, Mrs. Mary A. Newton, Mrs. Sara W. Van Horn and Jennie M. Lozier, M. D., all subscribers of the JOURNAL. Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, of Connecticut, who spends much of her time in New York, is chairman of the A. A. W's. Publication Committee, and a director. A beautiful souvenir for this session of the A. A. W. edited and compiled by Mrs. R. L. and Mr. K. L. Clapp has been published. It contains a great amount of useful information for all interested in the Association and Sorosis. The JOURNAL notices many names therein that have long graced its subscription list, and presumes that any person desiring a copy can be gratified by enclosing, say five cents in postage stamps, to pay postage, and addressing Mrs. R. L. Clapp, 100 East 17th St., New York City.

On last Saturday a fine bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled in Lincoln Park with appropriate ceremonies. Mayor Roche made the opening remarks and Hon. T. L. Withrow told the history of the statue which came through the legacy of \$40,000 for the purpose from Eli Bates, who began life in poverty and died a millionaire. Mr. Withrow then formally delivered the statue to the Park Commissioners in an able speech Robert T. Lincoln's son, Abraham, then unveiled the statue of his grandfather, after which Hon. W. C. Goudy, on behalf of the Commissioners, accepted the trust in a feeling address. Leenard Swett delivered a long which was mostly a history of his self-interest with Lincoln. It was present as in but instell the according calls

Margaret Fox-Kane-A Seance.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal: Mr. T. Merritt proposes to give a number of scances during the coming fall and winter, and the first one was held on Monday evening, October tenth, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, 128 West 43rd street. Mrs. J. O. Goodwin was mistress of ceremonies and filled the office well. She first introduced Senor Aurelio Ceruelos, of Madrid, who played a piece on the piano of his own composition. Mrs. Goodwin then sang "Dinora," after which she called for a subject for Senor Ceruelos to extemporize musically upon. Mr. Joseph F. Snipes gave "A Dream and a Tempest," and the artist was particularly happy in his effort. Mrs. Fox. Kane was so much interested that she arose from her seat and went near the piano to witness the player. Senor Ceruelos also imitated on the piano the playing of a music box. This was done perfectly. Several other pieces were well rendered by him.

Mr. Merritt conducted Mrs. Fox-Kane to a able and raps were distinctly heard. She also wrote a number of messages, writing from right to left. The first message read

"I am glad to see you all here to-night, It has not been a failure as you have sometimes thought. Josephene."

Another message read as follows: "Your work will be accomplished in the end; that is, if you persevere. You have had obstacles, but let them not weaken your faith or cause you to abandon the work you have commenced. You will rejoice over the work at the end. Your Spirit Guides."

According to the raps which were given in response to a question the message was for Mr. Mellish.

Dr. Sexinskey related his experience with Mrs. Fox-Kane. He said he was a skeptic but through her mediumship he had become a believer in Spiritualism. During his nar-ration of the scance with Mrs. Fox-Kane raps were frequently heard.

After a song by Mrs. Goodwin, Sener Ceru-elos played "The Spanish Patrol," which he had written and dedicated to the wife of our President, and Mrs. Cleveland acknowledged the same in a note of thanks.

Mr. Wilson McDonald, in the course of his remarks, said that the person is unborn who out in all time as among the most important in history. He had heard the raps in 1849, when sitting with them alongside of Andrew Jackson Davis, and he made up his mind then that the girls had nothing to do in the producing of the raps. He related his experience in bringing the Fox Sisters before the public in the city of St. Louis. During his remarks raps were frequently heard in the vicinity of Mrs. Fox-Kane. By request Mrs. Goodwin sang with good effect, "Coming Thro' the Rye.'

The exercises were closed with Senor Ceruelos playing on the piano, in a very artistic manner. "Rapsode Hungroise," by Lizt. HERBERTUS. New York, Oct. 10.

For the Religio-Philosophical Johnnat. San Francisco Items.

Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Morse. - Continuation of Mr. Morse's Classes.-Irving Bishop in San Francisco.

DY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Morse assembled at their residence, 331 tallic fastenings, instead of by the friction of pins Turk St., on the evening of October 1st, the set in wood, as has been the case, and the advan-Turk St., on the evening of October 1st, the occasion being the seventeenth anniversary of their marriage, it being also the birthday of Mr. Morse. During the evening Mrs. R. A. Robinson, on behalf of the friends present and of Mrs. E. L. Watson, who was unable to attend, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Morse a very handsome plush photographic album, the finest obtainable in the city, with a stand attachment—the latter including some of California's choicest floral productions preserved between glass. The album contained the "counterfeit presentments" of some of the principal donors. In addition a large, hand-painted birthday card, with a beautiful design emblematic of the almost boundless power of love, was presented to Mr. Morse by Mrs. Robinson on behalf of the same donors. Mr. R. A. Robinson presented Mr. Morse with a cane made from the steamer Kearsarge, and mounted with silver and native abalone shells. Mr. W. E. Coleman made some extended, semi-poetical remarks, and Mrs. Julia Schlesinger read an original poem composed for the occasion. A poem by Mrs. E. L. Watson, written for the occasion, was read by Mr. Morse. Appropriate remarks in response were made by Mr. Morse in person and his humorous control, "The Strolling Player." Refreshments in profusion were served in the course of the evening, and the gladsome, jolly party went to their respective homes about midnight in the merriest of

The second series of Mr. Morse's lectures to classes being about to finish, a third series has been announced to begin next week.

Mr. W. Irving Bishop, mind reader, is giv-ing nightly exhibitions of his peculiar powers, in San Francisco. He indulges in his usual tirade of virulent abuse of Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and replies thereto and comments thereupon have been made in the public press by several of the prominent medinms and spiritual workers, some of whom denounce him and his tactics in scathing

San Francisco, Cal.

Tiffany-Foye.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
The Hon. Joel Tiffany, one of the oldest teachers of the spiritual philosophy, and Mrs. Foye, the well known platform medium, appeared together under the auspices of the Young People's Progressive Society last Sunday evening. The Judge who will give a course of lectures during the winter on the "Philosophy of Christianity, or the Christly System," as he terms it, occupied the plat-form during the first part of the evening. The address was both interesting and instructive, and nowithstanding the fact that many came to witness Mrs. Foye's remarkable scance at the close, a more appreciative and attentive audience could not have been asked. Judge Tiffany is one of the deepest thinkers of the day, and the results of his long study and experience in topics closely connected with reigious subjects, which are to be presented to the public during the following few months, should not be missed by a single honest investigator. Though the young people desire to have their meetings carried on decorously, the applause that greeted the Judge at the close of his address could not be quelied.

Mrs. Ada Foye was then introduced to the

assembly, and many were the serrowful assembly, and many were the sorrowing looks, as she, in a scarcely audible voice, declared her intention of leaving for San Francisco on the morrow. The climate of Oticago has been too much for her and it is with regret that we are sumpalled in part from the last leaving the la

here. Her controls soon overcame her ill ness on the platform, and her voice became as clear as when she first appeared before the society in September. Some of the most remarkable tests were given, every one being correct.

The young people regret very much that Mrs. Foye, who has taken such a great interest in their organization, is compelled to leave them. Next Sunday evening Judge Tiffany will continue his course of lectures. and Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, a platform-test medium, of Cincinnati, will hold a scance. The admission to the meeting will be reduced to ten cents, to correspond with other meetings in the city. The services will begin at 7:30, at Avenue Hall, 159 22ad St.

CELIA.

The Christian Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal The meeting of the Association of Christian Spiritualists at 523 West Madison street. last Sunday evening, was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience. One who was present

remarked after the meeting that he felt as

though he had been with the angels. C. W. Peters spoke under inspiration; the meeting was also addressed by W. H. Blair, Col. Tucker, and Mrs. Burlingame. A large number of tests were given by Mr. Barnes (physical medium), Mrs. Belle F. Hamilton, Mrs. Cutter, C. W. Peters and others.

One of the most interesting features of the meeting was reached in the independent slate writing, in open view of everybody present. The slate was held in the gas light before the audience by Col. Tucker and C. W. Peters (the medium). A handkerchief was thrown over the top slate. Col. Tucker remarked that he heard raps and writing on the slate. The handkerchief was removed and the following was the message written: We are with you. God bless you all.

WENDELL PHILLIPS. Chicago, Oct. 24.

Do you suffer any with catarrh?' You can be cured if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Sold by all drugglete.

A Fine Piano For Senator Mahone. [From the Baltimore American.]

A number of prominent musical people gathered in the warerooms of Wm. Knabe & Co. yesterday to examine a piano made by the firm for Senator "Billy" Mahone, of Virginia, for his Washington residence. The instrument was especially designed and built for that gentleman, and is truly a magnificent specimen of the highest musical as well as decorative art. It is a full Concert Grand, the same in

size and general outline as the famous grand Messis. Knabe & Co. furnished for the White House, The case is of rich and beautifully figured resewood, lecorated with inlaid work of white holly, of unique and intricate design, carried out in the most artistic manner. Each panel has a group of different musical instruments, the whole surrounded by borders of fine marquetry work in leaves and flowers, etc. The legs and lyre are richly carved and deco-rated to match the body of the case, the whole producing a striking, and at the same time most refined esthetic effect. The tone is superb, striking the listener by its wonderful volume, depth and richness combining with greatest power a most refined and mellow character and charming singing quality, the action and touch perfectly delightful to the per-former by its ease and responsiveness.

Mason and Hamlin Pianos.

Mason and Hamlin bid fair to become as famous for their upright pianos as they have long been for their world-renowned cabinet organs. The distin-guishing feature about the Mason & Hamlin Upright is an important improvement in the method of holding the strings of the piano, which originated in tages resulting are numerous and highly important. Among them are the following: Wonderful beauty and musical quality of tone; far less liability of getting out of tune; greater reliability in trying climates; and greater solidity of construction and dura-

Autumn: Decay or Preparation, and Discouragements in Trying to do Good, are two excellent ser-mons preached by Rev. M. J. Savage October 7th and 14th, respectively, and published in the Unity pulpit, Boston, which is devoted to the sermons of Rev. Minot J. Savage. Single copies, five cents; subscription by the year \$1.50.

Peculiar Freaks of Insane Persons.

Keeper Maest of the Erie County Almshouse says that in his experience one of the peculiar freaks of insanity is the seeming reversal of natural tendencirs. "For instance," he says, "we have in the male wards fine collections of potted plants and climbing vines which grow so luxuriantly that they curtain the windows. The men tend these carefully, pluck away the dead leaves, stir up the dirt in the pots, prune the vines, keep them carefully watered, and in diverse other ways manifest the tenderest watchfulness. Not so with the women. Every attempt to introduce plants and vines as a feature of the female wards save in the cottage where the mildest cases are confined, has proved a flat failure. The women pull out the plants by the roots, tear down the vines, and manifest other destructive tendencies entirely at variance with the nature of the sex in general."—Ex.

Delightful and Accessible.

The resorts of Minnesota and the Northwest are attracting much attention, both on account of their beauty, healthfulness and accessibility. In the latter regard the new short line of the Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., plays an important part. Over it through trains are run to St. Paul and Min-neapolis from either Chicago, Peoria or St. Louis, with the best equipment, including Sleepers and Dining Cars, that the inventive genius of the day has produced.

At St. Paul and Minneapolis direct connection is made with trains for all points in the Northwest, as well as Portland and Puget Sound points.

At all principal ticket offices will be found on sale, at low rates, during the tourist season, round-trip tickets, via this popular route, to Portland, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all principal resorts in the Northwest. When ready to start, call on your nearest licket agent, or address Paul Morton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago,

Christian Science.

A pamphlet giving a full and complete statement of the scope and nature of this new thought, sent post-paid on receipt of five cents, by Theo. Gestefeld, Room 2, Central Music Hall, Chicago.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoss. 25c. a bottle.

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Rusped to Spirit-Lite.

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The funeral survious were conducted by like Carrie Downer. A large configures of friends and elitions assembled to pay their hat hillsen of respect to the departual, and lives to the words of a spiration so fail of cohedition that all hands were the hardest failty even in the second of the second of the large conduction that all hands were the hardest failty; even in the second of the second of the large conduction that all hands were the hardest failty; even in the second of the second of the large conduction that all hands were the hardest failty; even in the second of the large conduction that all hands were the hardest failty; even in the large conduction that all hands were the failty of the large conduction that all hands were the large l

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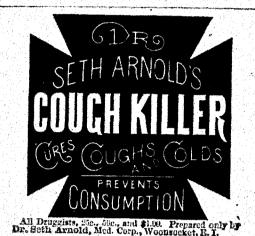
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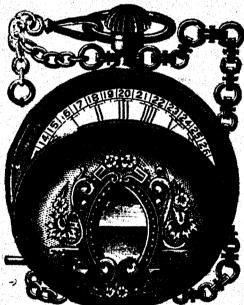
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Voices From the People.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

NII Desperandum.

BY 0. W. BARNARD.

When upon life's weary way, Should the clouds obscure the day, While the sun is hanging low, And the tide's about to flow And the waves are dashing high With evil omens in the sky— Never despair! but above, God foreyor rules in level

When upon the mighty deep, And the waves awake from eleop. Now in fury rising high While the winds go howling by—Drives the bark upon the strand, And there seems no helping hand—Nover despair! but look above, God forover rules in love!

When comes corrow's bitter draft, And the dregs at last are quaffed, and the soul with utmost dread to by darkest phantoms fed—And a darkness over all, Thick as midnight's blackest pall—Nover despairi but look above, God forever rules in love!

When the cyclone's angry rear.
Breaks in terror—black and sore.
And the clouds by fury whirled—
Ruin operating through the worldOities contined in and wide—
Mooning heard on every side—
Nover despair! but look above,
God forever rules in love!

When the earthquake in its wrath, Leaves destruction in its path—
Sparing naught on land or cea.
Save but those who chance to flee, And the skies are thick with gloom Dark and dwadful—bleek as doom-Never despair! but look above, God forever rules in love!

Evon thus should hope serene, Shed its light o'er darkest ceene— Better 'tis to hope and fall, Than despair its curse entail— Better 'tis to try again Yielding never—hope will reign Nover despair! but look above, God forever rules in love!

Montono, ille. Those Who die At Sec.

Burials at sea have been under consideration by the Funeral Directors' Association of America at their recently held annual meeting at Pittsburg. A strange condition of affairs was reported in regard to this disposition of the dead. It appeared from the yearly report of the President that the association did not desire that the remains of every person who died on shipboard should be brought to land, but the cream steam ship companies should have arrangements made so that friends who desire it could bring to land for interment the bodies of their dead. It was stated that, after thorough investigation, the opposition to carry dead be lies areas from the passengers and sailors, and not from the steam-

ship companies.

The number of passengers annually carried by the Atlantic steamship companies is very large. For example, the number of immigrants who came to the United States in the year 1886 was 231,293, or at the rate of 27,859 steerage passengers a mouth, or 230 a day. The inquiry made by the faueral directors would, however, carcely apply to these thousands. The calon and intermediate (or second-class) passengers would be most interested. Now, the number of Americans who annually go to and return from Europe by these Atlantic steamship lines is very large and is constantly increasing. There are some dozen companies that run between the United States and Western European ports. There are, on an average, not far from two steamships daily leaving these shores for Europe. It is estimated that a very low/average would be 300 passengers a steamer. This would give not fewer than 3,500 passengers a week, on route from America to Europe, or from 50,000 to 60,000 a summer of three or four months. These travelers are considered generally in comfortable circumstances. Many are wealthy and many well-to-do European-born citizens of America, who go across the Atlantic for the primary purpose of visiting once more the home of their childhood, and the spots where they first saw the light. Such persons would be considered of course, as comprise the classes referred to by the

funeral directors. It is always a matter of solicitude to those who have invalid friends crossing the Atlantic, it may be for health, that should dinaster or death overtake them on the ocean, to have the remains of their friends brought to land for burial. There has been often much haste shown in the disposal of the dead on the ocean, although it is stated there is a great change in modern times for the better in this re-The custom is to keep the remains a few hours only and those cases are rare where bodies have been kept over night. The period between death and consignment to the deep is said to be nearer six hours than twelve. The movement made by the undertakers of the land for that disposition of the dead already referred to will strike many as quite in keeping with the spirit that marks the care of the dead in all modern civilized countries. In America particularly the tender solicitude for the remains of departed friends is one of the most beautiful of all our National characteristics. Our cemeterics are made fair and levely places. The mon-uments are graceful, the landscape is beautiful, and everything is touched as if death were no longer a terrible thing. The superstitions of certain classes and countries in regard to the presence of the dead are gradually being moved. It may not be long before, under proper emitary regulations, persons dying on the ocean may fall asleep assured that, should their friends desire it, their remains will rest beside their kith and their kin in the quiet gravevards on the sunny hill-side and beside the peaceful waters.-

The Offerings of Golden Grain.

A Vision,

I was sitting by the kitchen fire one of those cloudy evenings, just before the time of sunset.

A field was presented to my view, in the midst of which stood an elevated being clothed in white raiment.

Towards him came men and women of various ages and descriptions, bearing in their hands small quantities of very fine wheat with large golden ears; some had a larger quantity than others. They all hid it down at this man's feet, and seemed much gratified with that which they had been able to accomplish.

From the other side of the field, I saw coming a little bay and girl. They were paorly dressed, they had an uncared-for appearance, and their little faces were pinched with want. They were so shy that they approached with great hesitation; and in the hands of one there were only four ears of wheat, and in the other six; but in fulness and beauty they exceeded any of the other offerings.

When the man dressed in white saw these little ones coming towards him, he recognized them encouragingly, and when they reached him put forth his hand, and took the ears of wheat direct from them, not requiring it to be laid down on the heap. Then he took them up in his arms and fonded them, and kissed them, and gave them to understand that he appreciated their labors. He then

them, and kissed them, and gave them to understand that he appreciated their labors. He then dismissed them, and I saw that they were attended by two spirits, who had inspired them with courage to labor.

The man in white then addressed the company

The man in white then addressed the company who had brought their offerings, and said unto them, that these little, indigent children had done more than any of them. It is true their offerings were small, but it represented their all, and had absorbed the whole of their efforts; whereas those who had given most had only given a part of what they were capable of presenting. These children's circumstances were of the poorest description, but the others—much better situated—had not labored in proportion to the opportunities which they possessed. They still retained much for their own comfort whereas the children had bereft themselves of company thing!—A, in Medium and Daybreak.

How I Became a Spiritualist.

About five years ago, through the solicitations of a friend I attended, for the first time a Spiritualist lecture. I preferred staying at home, as I did not think it worth while to spend time to investigate anything so absurd as I thought Spiritualism to be. After the lecture I was handed a copy of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, which I read with some interest, it being the first number I ever saw. Let me say right here that I have been a constant reader of it nearly ever since. Up to this time I had never read any spiritual literature, but after reading several numbers of the Journal I read some of Hudson Tuttle's and Dr. Watson's works, which greatly interested me, and directed my thoughts in a different channel, as my thinking had been from a material stand-point prior to this.

I saw more beauty in the spiritual philosophy, than in any thing I had ever read. I thought, if true, oh, how grand, how glorious! and I resolved to satisfy myself of the truth or falsity of it; but I must admit that I was afraid it would prove all a delusion. More than a year clapsed before I got anything satisfactory. During this time I had (to me then) a rather singular experience. I was visiting friends in Pennsylvania. One night I retired, feeling very much depressed and lonesome. I slept in the upper story, being the sole occupant there. I blew out the light and proceeded to settle myself for the night, when my attention was riveted by a small white light next the ceiling, which gradually expanded until it was about two feet in diameter, when a beautiful feminine face, crowned with a wreath of flowers, appeared in the center, the circle of light surrounding it, and shedding over it a beautiful halo. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful, but it did not last long. By the time it reached its full size, the face began to fade and the light to diminish and finally faded out.

I was so astonished that I did not think of trying to recognize the face. The phenomenon was all I thought of until it was gone. It was a strange experience for me, and I thought it all an illusion. I could not realize that it was anything real.

The next morning I received a letter informing me of the death of my eldest sister in Grand Rapids, Mich. After that I was more anxious than ever to get some proof of a continued conscious existence. After a few weeks, while visiting friends who were Spiritualists, my wife and I were among several who sat for spiritual manifestations. During the scance, a lady, an entire stranger to ue, said to me: "I see you in a dark, gloomy, dismal place, surmounded by a high wall, with no possible chance of escape that I can discarn. This represents your mental condition: Now the scene changes, and I see a lady coming down a long incline towards you, bearing a light in her hand; she will light you out of this dismal place." She then gave a description of the lady with a light, and I could not have described my sister, who had gone to spirit life, as well as she did. But I thought it was only mind-reading, and let it go at that. I got no proof that satisfied me, until nearly a year afterwards when I met W. A. Mansfield, as a slate writing medium, and had a citting with him. I took my own slates and had, as I thought, and still think, the best test conditions, being in a south parlor with three windows and bright sunlight. A room could hardly be more light. I held my own slates on the top of a table, he citting partly across the table and taking held of the slates with his thumb and fingers. Under these conditions I received a long message from this same sister, also one from my grandfather. At the close of the sitting I said to Mr. Mansfield, "I shall keep these," He said, pointing to the one from my grandfather, "He coes not want you to keep this one." I said, "O, I want that one just as much as the others," and did keep it.

That night I stayed with friends whose daughter is or was a writing medium, and she was controlled, and the first thing she wrote was: "Old hoy, you den't want to keep that message you got from me to-day." It was simed by my grandfather's name, the same as in the message. I said, "Why don't you want me to keep it?" The answer was, "Oh, I don't want my writing put on exhibition," which is emineatly characteristic of the man. I received many more communications from him through the same but finally she went into a trance, and talked to me just as my sister might have done, and called me Bennie, just as she always did while here in earth-life, and spoke of one thing in regard to me, and of which I know no human being knew anything. There was no one present at this seance excepting myself and brother.

Since my first experience with Mr. Mansfield I have had the pleasure of witnessing some wonderful tests of spirit power through his mediumship. My wife and I had a sitting with him. We got a message on the slates at least eight feet from any human being. I consider him to be one of the very best test mediums, and I believe him to be strictly honest.

B. F. HDYF.

Letter from Milton Allen.

Greenwich, Kan.

The Two Sides of Spiritualism—The Seybert Com mission—Catholicism.

An article of yours some weeks ago on the Religious and Christian Side of Spiritualism was golden, almost every line of it. It is not often I can say this of any thing I see in print; and now another article of yours on, "The Seybert Fund—Justice to the Commission,"—meets my mind exactly. So was a rich man. Who ever heard of his doing anything for the cause of Spiritualism? Many years ago he hired Henry Gordon by the year to give him scapces. He established Gordon in a furnished house at a rental of \$1,200 a year; had an expensive altar erected on which were kept burning wax candles a la Catholic fashion. No one but the Virgin Mary and some of the saints were supposed to come from their exalted spirit homes to that scance room. What was all this flummery for? For self. Not for the pub-

lie good certainly.

The Pennsylvania University in accepting the bequest, with its conditions, accepted a white elephant, I think; and it may be looked upon as a huge joke that the old man hired the University to build a monument for the Seybert family, without pay, for the income of the \$60,000 will hardly pay a decent salary to a competent man to fill the chair, without any outside work. But as the Commission undertook to investigate Spiritualism, it would have shown more dignity and ability had it done it in a different

I am glad you republished from the Meadville paper the able "Open Letter to the Seybert Commission," by A. B. Richmond. Old readers of the Journal, or at least, old readers of the Spiritual Telegraph, will at once recognize this name as one who conducted a discussion with S. B. Brittan, who was at the time editor of the Telegraph. This discussion was a very able one on both sides, and I am glad to know that A. B. Richmond is still in the field and

now on the right side.

I once had the pleasure of attending an illustrated lecture on chemistry in the court house at Meadville, given by Mr. Richmond, and know him to be a man of scientific ability as well as of general culture. The Seybert Commission will do well to give respectful attention to his letter.

I agree with you, Mr. Editor, also on the danger to be apprehended to our free institutions from the Catholic Hierarchy. This system is a foreign one—owes allegiance to a foreign potentate, and is essentially un-American. The opposition to the public school system of the land is enough to condemn it in the minds of all truly loyal American citizens. I am not at all unmindful of what the Catholic people have done for the country; but there is a wide difference between the people and a religion. The latter may be, and too often is, the result of priestly speculation, and is always l'able to be built upon false premises. At least such is undoubtedly the case in this instance.

this instance.

It is a stupendous machine that works always in one direction—Rome.

I have no special regard for orthodoxy, so-called, but Protestant churches support the public schools, and are estensibly, at least, favorable to free discussion. The l'atholic church is not, and would squelch it if they could.

One has only to read history to learn this: Gibbon, Hallam, Guizot, Mosheim and Neauder, are enough. My platform is: Church taxation; restricted foreign emigration, at least to the cutting off of all paupers, anarchists and criminals; no land monopoly, especially foreigners buying up and holding immense tracks until honest settlers improve the country, and thereby put money in these shark's pockets. Philadelphia, Pa.

Warned by her Mother's Spirit.

Ghosts seldom appear without reason—that is, really authentic ghosts—and the appearance of this class of specters is usually unexpected and terrifying, and their appearance so convincing that some of the most callous skeptics must become converted by them to the undoubted existence of a spirit world about us. The following story was told a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer by the person to whom it occurred. She is a young widow, who lives at 55 Hicks street, Brookiyn. She is one of those persons who, unconsciously are mediume, and who discover by chance their mediumship.

those persons who, unconsciously are mediums, and who discover by chance their mediumship.

Three years ago Mrs. Holmes married, and up to her husband's death, which occurred last spring, she lived very happily with him. They had two children, but neither he nor she had any property or other means of livelihood except his salary. He was book-keeper in a large wholesale house in New York City. One night last March Mr. Holmes did not return from his business but sent a telegram saying that he had been sent on a special business journey to Philadelphia, and was unable to return before going for the lack of time. Mrs. H. retired herself, and slept soundly until after midnight. During her sleep she had a terrible dream. She dreamed that she was at home, as usual, when there came a rap at her door, and the servant brought her a telegram saying her husband was dead, and also a dozen or twenty unpaid bills; that the servant said the grocer, the butcher, the banker, etc., were all waiting for payment at the door. She was in great distress, when suddenly she saw a woman with a heavy black crape veil come from a recess of the room. It turned out to be her mother, who died two years ago. "Go look in Tom's old shoes," said the shade, "and you will find a roll of bank-notes." Then the shade disappeared as it had come. So in her dream she went to the old shoe and found the money as she had been told, and paid the bills. Then she awoke, weeping over the supposed death of her husband.

The dream had such a strong effect on her that she arose to try and overcome the effect, and was about to light the gas, when she felt a hand laid gently on her arm and heard her name uttered in the same voice she had heard in her dream—a voice that called up memories and awe, for she knew it came from one of the dead—it was her mother's. She was too terrified to speak or scream, and the ghost, for such it was, repeated her name—"Gortrude," and continued: "Do not fear me, I have come, my darling, from a place where all is bliss to warn you; and now you must not fear your mother. Do not light the gas, for you can not see me if you do. Look at me and see if you do not remember

my face."

There was no doubt about it, Mrs. Holmes did remember her mother's face, and the old lady was dressed exactly as in the dream, and as she usually dressed during the last years of her life. As Mrs. Holmes looked at her she could not repress a sob, and the one word, a word that carried in it a won-

der of feeling, burst from her lips—"Mother!"

Yes, my child," answered the shade, "I still love and guard over you and your children, and now strengthen your heart, for God is about to vielt you with a terrible calamity. You will need all your faith and fortitude. Tem, your good, kind husband, is to be taken from you. He went on his trip tonight to earn entra money enough to buy you the new silk dress you have needed so long, and will make you a present of it for Easter, but you will have to make it up with craps trimmings, for Tom will die of pneumonia about the first of the summer, or in May. Now, the chief object of my visit is to warn you to be sure to persuade Tom to have his life insured as quickly after his return as possible."

Mrs. Holmes was greatly overcome with all this, and the epirit tried to comfort her, and remained more there are hour talking and advising her and

more than an hour talking and advising her, and then disappeared. When Mr. Holmes returned she did not inform him of her dream, but she told his brother George both about the dream and the ghost. The effect of the experience almost rulned her health. George advised Tom to insure his life as a means of providing for his family in case of death, and both brothers effected a life insurance soon after, a most fortunate thing, for, true to the letter of Mrs. Holmes' warning, her husband gaught a severe cold one night in the latter part of May in crossing the ferry, and pneumonia set in, and be died. But his death was made happier by the con-sciousness that his family was provided for. Mrs. Holmes received \$8,000 from the insurance company, which George Holmes had invested for her, so that for half of it she will receive a life annuity, and from the rest a good rate of interest. On this the children will be brought up and educated in a proper manner, and all will be above want; while, had not the ghost appeared to warn Mrs. Holmes, she and her little children would have been destitute. It is worthy of remark that the black silk dress which her husband gave her Easter Sunday was made up with crape trimmings. Mrs. Holmes had discovered that she is a medium. She is study ing Spiritualism, and seems to have great natural power. The correspondent has seen her husband and mother materialized in her room, and talked with both. She says her husband comes to her often in the spiritual form; that they are still man and wife, though death parts them.

Mr. Edison the Inventor.

We have more than once referred to the remarkable methods by which the great American inventor works out his ideas, or shall we, perhaps, say the ideas of which he is the medium? He is veritably possessed by the idea of the hour, and elaborates it or formulates it without allowing any other matter to intrude upon his mind. We are told that he has been known to remain in his workshop without regular meals or orderly rest, snatching so much food as would support life, sleeping in a corner when tired nature refused any further strain, till the work in his mind was done. He is one of the most remarkable cases of the genius not to be differen-tiated from the medium. Where is the boundary? There is in the *Times* a very interesting account of his latest discovery, which is likely to prove of great importance. It is further interesting to us as showing the rapid strides that science is making in the study of the hidden forces of nature, and as indi-cating the manner in which all the truest knowledge makes against Materialism. We must use the word, but is there among our profounder scientists any one who can properly be called a Materialist? And since we are asking questions, may one inquire what is the exact distinction between matter and spirit, and whether, perchance, there is any such thing as matter in the vulgar acceptation of that misused word?--Light.

Reality in Deamland.

Twenty years ago a bachelor in Oakland, Cal., dreamed of visiting a family consisting of parents and two little girls, who were unknown to him in waking hours.

From that time forth he continued to dream of them for a score of years. He saw the children grow from childhood to womanhood. He was present at the closing exercises when they graduated. In fact, he shared all the pleasures and griefs of the family.

His friendship to this dreamland family seemed se real that he often remarked that he felt certain he would know them in reality at some future time. Two mouths ago he saw in a dream the husband die, and from that time he ceased to dream of them for the first time in a period of twenty years. About six weeks ago he was astonished at receiving a letter from New York City, the writer being a widow of a cousin of his, with whom he had never had any intercourse since his boyhood, over sixty years. The widow wrote that she wished to make San Francisco her future home. After exchanging a few letters it was arranged for him to meet her and her two daughters at the Oakland wharf upon the arrival of an Eastern train on a certain day. On their arrival imagine his surprise to see his dream friends. They were equally so when he related his strange series of dreams in which they figured. He told them incidents connected with their past lives which he could not have known under ordinary circumstances He described their former home, even to the furniture and the household ornaments, which was correct in every particular. The sequel is that he recently married the widow, and is living happily in

Wsn. Foote writes: The kind of information the Journal supplies us with, makes it an indispensable thing at our house. Although unable to endorse all its intelligent correspondents may advance. I am far from being prepared to say of the Journal, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin."

this city.—The Chronicle.

A society, in Detroit, of men sworn not to swear numbers nearly one thousand persons, it is said.

Jottings from Kansas City, Mo.

This has been a big week for Kansas City. President Cleveland and wife arrived Wednesday evening, and were received with much enthusiasm and great display. The illuminations and decorations abundantly displayed all over the city were for the most part very fine. Thursday the 13th, the President "laid the corner-stone" to the large brick building of the Young Men's Christian Association on 9th street, while an immense crowd of excited citizens packed the air like sardines in a box for a radius of several hundred feet, on all sides, and many stood there in anxious expectancy for an hour and a half before the distinguished guests arrived. But everybody seemed happy and jovial, which was a tonic to the wears.

the weary.

Dr. E. G. Granville, a member of the Kansas City Lecture club, under whose auspicies I am engaged, was a conspicuous character in the programme as he is in all public doings, especially with the Grand Army of the Republic. He is one of the most competent and popular men in that organization, and always acquits himself with credit and honor. In his fitting speech at the laying of the corner-stone, the President said: "Twenty years ago there was but one organization of this kind able to own a building like this. Now there are over a hundred scattered over this broad land in the cities and large towns, where young men find attractions to occupy spare time in intellectual and religious pursuits, which exert a refining and moralizing influence on the country at large." Several hundred (I judge) students from the United States Indian Schools were conspicuous in all the parades, and attracted much attention.

"The Priests of Pallas" made the most interesting

display on the streets, and was the most interesting display on the streets, and was the most attractive and beautiful of anything I ever saw on parade. I am informed that this alone cost the sing little sum of \$22,000!

My host, Mr. A. E. Beggs, was one of the committee chosen to visit the capitol and invite the President to visit Kansas City, and one to receive and welcome him Wednesday evening. Spiritualists who honor themselves, are respected and treated as well as other people in most civilized societies. The cringing cowards who sneak as if ashamed of their faith or their associations and dare not openly attend Spiritual meetings or speak the truth aloud, and skulk in the darkness to enjoy a circle while openly spurning the medium through whom an hour ago they sought coanfort and light, and toady to great names and put on pious airs for effect, deserve the contempt of the world and generally get it. Intelligent people of all faiths and parties respect manliness and honesty, even if deficient in those qualities themselves, and only narrow bigots and stupid weaklings attempt to disparage a man for his independent avowal of faith, whether it be

Spiritualism, Christianity or infidelity.

I am happy to believe that the Spiritualists of Kansas City, with whom I have been associated publicly or privately, are not ashamed of their convictions nor afraid to avow and defend them.

tions nor afraid to avow and defend them.

Our singers, under the training of Prof. Mossit, enthused with their owndevotion to the cause, have improved the time during the vacation and came to the good work with zeal and improved qualifications and I am very grateful for the great help they give to the meetings. They now propose to inaugurate a "Song service" to commence a half hour before the lecture and thus add a new impetus to the cause. For this purpose some new books are desirable to vary the exercises, and I am wondering why some one is not moved to design and bring forth a new edition of hymns and music, adapted to our larger needs to supplement the Spiritual Harp, which has done excellent service these twenty years past, and get out a singing book at a cost of 75 cts to \$1.25 per copy, mostly original pieces and new music. Whe will join me in such an undertaking? Hudson and Emma Tuttle? Mrs. E. L. Watson? James G. Clark? Mrs. O. F. Hyzer? J. J. Morse? Helen J. T. Brigham? Mrs. R. S. Lillie? Mrs. H. S. Lake? who else? Who will write the music to fresh inspirational words? A few choice selections might be added to the original pieces. A. Grattan Smith and wife of Paineville, Ohio, whose music has charmed so many, might render valuable aid.

Lyman C. Howr.

The Kouts Station Disaster.

Inhumanity of the People—Noble Exerption, Geo.
Miller has no Religion to Speak of, but a Brave and Generous Nature. He is aided in his Humane Work by Wife and Daughters.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I little thought when I bade you a good bye a week ago that I was within a few hours of the most dreadful experience of my life. I got caught in that Kouts collision and came near being burned up. Ten people were killed within twenty feet of me. I escaped with a cut over the right eye and my hair somewhat singed.

The people in Kouts have a new kind of religion worthy of commendation. I observed by the papers that they held services over the remains of the dead whom they could do no good to. Now mind how they treated the wounded and living. After the accident we were taken up to Kouts about one and a half miles distant, in a car and about one o'clock Tuesday morning arrived there-eighteen of us—bloody and suffering, myself with out any boots or hat, and several of the ladies with out any wraps and with torn clothing and bleeding heads. The principal hotel refused to take any c us in, the proprietor alleging that he did not wish his house "dirtied up." There was a small hote kept by a German named George Miller, an old soldier by the way, who fought four years to save the Union. This man opened his house and took us all in and from that time until morning he, his wife and his daughters worked unceasingly to extend aid and comfort to the suffering and to administer to our every want. His chairs, floor, and beds were all occupied. The accident was immediately known all through the town and many tramped off to se the "show" of the burning cars, but from the time we arrived at Miller's until morning, not one single person of the town came to render us assistance bu a doctor who was sent for and who expected to make something out of the transaction. Now as to Miller. I am sorry to say that this man, according to Andover, is on his way to hell. I asked the great mammoth-hearted humanitarian sinner if he belonged to the church. He said, "No. I have too much to do to stop to pray. I am too busy to be religious." I found also that he had been shot through the body while in the army and lay eight months in prison, but he has always refused the attorneys when they have tried to get him to apply for a pension. He said I want no pension "while I am helt'y."

I suppose it is my innate depravity that causes me to feel that it is a shame that such men should go to hell, but if I was "reconciled to God's ways" I probably would see the propriety of saving the good people of Kouts who go to church, and of baking George Miller through all eternity.

C. H. MURRAY.

P. S. The slip that I enclose (of Max Muller) shows that such sacrifices as George Miller's are no good; that they do not count in the end. The Kouts man that preached the funeral sermon, will be in glory when Miller lies howling in a lake of flame forever.

MAX MULLER ON THE HINDOO SACRED BOOKS.

In a recent address before the British and Foreign Bible Society, Prof. Max Muller, the eminent Oriental scholar, sp ke upon the prime distinction between the Bible and the Hindoo sacred books. He remarked that, in the discharge of his duties for forty years as professor of Sankrit in the University of Oxford, he had probably given as much time as any man living to the study of these sacred books of the East. The one diapason of these sacred books, he declared, the one refrain running through all, is salvation by works. The Professor, who is quite far from being an exponent of evangelical theology continued:

"They all say that salvation must be purchased.

must be bought with a price, and that the sole purchase money must be our own works and deservings. Our own Holy Bible, our sacred book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are, indeed enjoined upon us in that sacred book of the East far more strongly than in any other sacred book of the East, but they are only at bank offering, the fruits of our faith. They are never the ransom money of the true disciples of Christ. Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true and of good report in these sacred books, but let us teach Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans that there is only one sacred book of the East that can be their mainstay in that awful hour when they pass all alone into the unseen world. It is the sacred book which contains that faithful any

ing, worthy to be received by all men, women and children, and not a merely by us Christians--that Christ Jesus came into the world to save us sin-

With the steady growth of rational religion and a code of ethics based on science, the barbarous features of orthodex theo logy will fade out of sight; men will cease to need a scape goat and will realize hat each must; be his own savior.

J. L. Potter writes:—If you think such letters as Jesse Shepard's please or interest the Spiritual public, I think that you will one day find that we are not a set of hypocrites, or that all the intelligence in our ranks is going over to some defunct church, either Unitarian or Catholic. I will wait until we get an other Psychical-Seybert-Report, then I may see as they do. Until then I remain yours for Spiritualism against the world—churches, Shepards, Seybert Commission and all.

As a Spiritualist, and a medium whose reputation spans two continents, Mr. Shepard's views should be of interest; whether they are pleasing or otherwise is not of so much importance. The Journal's open to the free expression of opinions on all matters within its scope.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Mrs. John Jacob A stor pays her chief cook \$7,000, per annum.

Indian gam es are a failure at some of the Pacific coast agricultural fairs.

San Diego's richest Chinaman is dead. His namo was Sow Kee, and his estate is worth \$500,000.

The wood-changer's ax is said to be readily a trip.

The wood-chopper's ax is said to be rapidly a trip, ping New Hampshire of some of its most beautifu scenery.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon is credited with having declined an offer of \$90,000 for 100 lectures to be delivered in this country.

Mrs. Grant is not, as recontly reported, trying to sell her house in New York. She agreed to recontly reported to recontly reported.

Mrs. Grant is not, as recently reported, trying to sell her house in New York. She expects to pass the remainder of her days in that city. The mountain of tin discovered near Custar City

D. T., is said to be the most extensive body of tin yo found in the Black hills.

An official list just published shows there are thirty-five widows of recolutionary colliders will

thirty-five widows of revolutionary soldiers still drawing pensions from the government.

Two young women of Connecticut are making a

donkey trip in the hills of the western part of the State to sketch the beautics of that region. Henry Wilson, onco Vice-President of the United

States, was a shoomaker by trade, and the cobblers of Natick are about to erect a monument to his memory.

The government of the State of Yucatan, Mexico, is making experiments on a new species of silk, produced by a wild silk worm, which is closely allied

is making experiments on a new species of silk, produced by a wild silk vorm, which is closely allied to the domestic silkworm.

Pinafore-Mikado Gilbert's latest bon mot addressed to a literary circle is this; "It is easy enough for Bishops to be good on salaries of £5,000 a year, but

we have to be good for nothing—and some of us are."

The first free school in Iowa was in Dubuque, in a log building on the north part of what is now Jackson park, and some of the pupils are yet residents of that city. That was in the winter of

1832-3.

It is no longer considered elegant to eat grapes with one's fingers. Uitra fashionables would as soon think of gnawing a muttor-chop bone. A grape holder is now manufactured in heavy embossed

Gilver and lined with gold.

Au 8-year-old girl in Mariboro, Conn., is well supplied with living ancestors, having, hesides her fathor and mother, two grandfathers, two great-grandfathers, and one great-grandmother, who is almost a

centenarian.

The statement comes from Little Rock, Ark., that there is a colored baby in that city who, when three days old, caused a sensation in the household by calling out for somebody to "pull off the quilt." The next day it turned to the person attending and re-

marked: "Say, where's mamma?"

Senator Biddleberger lives in a large, square wooden house at Woodstock, Va., and his domestic life is a happy one. His wife and seven children make his home lively and interesting. Biddleberger recently remarked to a visitor at Woodstock: "There is the jail where I stay sometimes. You see how conveniently it is placed,"

Hiram Smith, of Waverly, Mich., has had his share of accidents. He put out one eye, fell into a well 50 feet deep, fell 40 feet out of a tree, fell into a cistern and was nearly drowned, and, a short time ago, while engaged in blasting stumps, he was blown ten feet into the air, frasturing one of his feet.

A Hartford man has invented an apparatus for timing horses. A clock with three hands—minutes, second and quarter second—is started by the official timer. When the winning horse touches the wire the clock is stopped by electricity. At the same instant the current opens a camera, which photographs the horse and the clock face.

Some wicked young Boston men met in their club house the other evening to play poker, and one of their number suggested that the winnings be given to a man who recently had been arrested in the North End for stealing cabbages for his starving family. This was agreed to, and at the close of the game the winners took a carriage, hunted up the cabbage thief's home, and made his family happy with a respectable sum of money.

Old Dick, a rebel war horse, died in September last, aged thirty-three years. He was bought in Cincinnati and brought to Ashtabula county, Ohio, by Lucius Thompson, and remained, with him for twenty-two years. The many sears he had on him showed that he was bullet proof; even lightning struck him about a year ago, but he survived it and died of old age.

Capt. Robert W. Andrews of South Carolina, who is in his 98th year, is making his second trip to Hoston from the South within two years. The first time he covered nearly all of his journey on foot, accompanied by his faithful dog Fido. This time he is traveling partly by rail and partly on foot. The dog which accompanied him has, the captain says, journeyed with him over eleven thousand miles.

In order to put an end to pardon brokerage as much as possible Gov. Waterman of California has designated the second Wednesday of each menth as "pardon day." Applications can be made only at that time. If the applicant is worthy he will be pardoned without the interposition of paid attorneys and the influence of "pardon brokers." If he is not worthy no amount of "influence" can purchase his freedom.

The little town of Sabins, O., has been greatly stirred up of late over the trial of Miss Clara Noon, a young school-teacher of that place, who was being tried by the school trustees for punishing one of her pupils for lying. Miss Noon's mode of punishment consisted in scrubbing out the pupil's mouth with soap and water. The parents of the child objected to the form of punishment, and hence the row. After much bitterness on all sides the trustees rendered a decision in favor of the young school-mistrees.

Prof. Albert Leeds, of Hoboken, N. J., told the American scientists this week that out of every 100 infants fed on mother's milk statistics show that about eight die at the end of the first year; out of 100 wet-nursed eighteen died, and out of 100 fed on "infant food" fifty-one died at the end of the first year. At the same time it must be said that experts like Marion Harland (Mrs. Terhune) bear witness that some of the forty-nine babies thrive remarkably well on "infant foods." The moral, however, is that the baby needs its mother first of all, and that its mother needs, first of all, to be healthy and of trancall mind.

The Los Angeles Herald says: There is in Los Angeles at present a case of presistent patience and industry under extreme difficulty hard to parallel on the face of the globe. We have a printer working on the case on one of our city dallies who has only one hand. The left arm is gone from the very shoulder. With the right hand this brave fellow sets type at a remarkably rapid rate, many of the "d uble-fisted" fellows not pulling out as "long a string" at the end of a night's work. He props his "stick" on the case near the center, and on an inclined plane, and he pitches nonparell er brevier into it in fine style, with a rapidity and accuracy hard to egist.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. The Spirit Rap.

BY MRS. J. O. GOODWIN.

It may only be a rap on the table, When no mortal but self can the tale unfold, But 'tis more to me than Bethlehem's stable And the many mythe that were written of old.

'Tis a signal from the highlands immortal, Like a voice of a friend, with greetings of love; 'Tis a dear one returned from the radiant portal Leading up to the soul-land of beauty above.

As a message from loved ones departed, Whom the untural eyes no longer behold, Does it come, when the doubting tears are Yet I know but half of the story is told.

It is far more to me than all earth's singing, Or the "sacrifice" made that sinners go free; "Tis the chiming glad-tidings, e'er ringing, That the heavens and kindred are nearing me.

Though deception like a cloud is oft rising To envelope the truth, and darken with fear, Yet I cherish the "rappings," so surprising, And the hopes they inspire, the knowledge so

Let us welcome, then, the light of the dawning That reveals to the heart the loved and the pure, As the day-break that shall usher the morning. And shall lift us from earth to the things that

Fulfilled Prophecies.

To the Editor of the Religie Philosophical Journal:

About ten or eleven months ago Mrs. Maud E. About ten or eleven months ago Mrs. Maud E-Lord visited this town, and was entertained at the house of a skeptic investigator, Mr. W. R. Buck, who was very careful in not giving her any "pointers." During the several evening scances and private sit-tings, she gave hundreds of tests to individuals about friends who had passed on; sometimes the tests were not recognized, but when advice from the guides were followed, to make inquiries of par-ents and grandparents, the tests were always found correct.

As a general prediction Mrs. L's guides said that inside of a year this town would have quite a boom, and property advance considerable, but the boom and advance will be toward the east of town. Well, sure enough, since then the successful development of natural gas, has caused the removal of the Great Western Glass works from St Louis to Paola, to this very part of the town, and which are now successfully operated with about seventy-five hands. All this nobody thought of or expected.

This notody thought of or expected.

Individual prophecies bave also proved true, and notody can chronicle an error. She gave Mr. Buck a real stunner. He had traded lately for a 160 acre farm, 60 miles away, near Columbus, Kan., which place he had only seen once; she told him about this farm, the situation of the buildings, the grove of trees, the school house in one corner, the water having a mineral taste, and the possibility of considerable coal on it at one side. She made many more points and details about this land which Mr. Buck had not noticed in his first visit, but found them entirely correct on his second visit, which he admits is beyond mind reading. beyond mind reading. Such mediums as Mrs. Maud E. Lord inake Spirit-

Such mediums as Mrs. Maud E. Lord manualists of investigators wherever they go.

Mrs. A. L. Stowe, who was developed from an agnostic to a first-class medium in this town, is now in Kansas City, Mo., having a good practice as a E. T. Africas. healer. Paola Kan., Oct. 9, 1887.

Letter from Saratoga Springs.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philesephical Journal

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, of which Dr. W. B. Mills is president, has a commodious hall, which has been well filled during a commodious hall, which has been well tilled during the season by some of the most intelligent and wealthy recidents and visitors. It has had Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, whose grand and wonderful utterances I have seldom listened to before; also Mrs. Clara Field and Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, both of whom have done much toward liberalizing the minds of the people here. Mrs. Fannie D. Smith, and Mrs. Emma Paul are both fine speakers. Giles B. Stebbins and Mrs. H. Morse Baker have spoken to good acceptance, and many others, each Sunday being fully occupied. Dr. W. B. Mills, with his platform tests, adds greatly to the interest of these meet-

The Ladies' Aid Society have recently purchased a fine organ, and with Miss Julia Mills as organist, and Mr. N. Freeman, cornetist, discourse excellent

Mrs. Helen Brigham will fill her usual monthly appointment at this place, the first lecture of the season, commencing October 19th; and the Sunday following will be occupied by Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing.

This society has every reason to feel encouraged and proud of its past work and prospects for the future, and the respect shown it at the present time. Mrs. L. Pet Anderson is here at the present time. Mrs. Twing will exercise her mediumistic gifts Saratoga Springs, Oct. 11th, 1887.

The Catholics.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journals

Your article regarding the German-Catholic Convention, and the scheme to Germanize our school and popular education (for Catholic propaganda), and also the article on page 6th of late Journal, by Fanny DeVillo, as to Catholic animosity to our pub-lic schools, should attract general attention. It is so everywhere. Here our public school house is over flowing, and last year at a school meeting the Catholic priest rallied his church and defeated by vote the building of a new house, and this year the board have to hire an outside building for part of the school. The priest has a parochial school across the street from the public school, and not a Catholic patronizes the public school, and some who were drummed up to rote against a new building have drummed up to vote against a new building, have no children to send to any school, pay no taxes, un-less it be a poll tax, and could not read nor write the ballot they voted.

But this is not what they have done on the Indian Reservation, where they have captured the public school supported by the government, and converted it into a Catholic school by discharging all plotestants heretofore connected with it, and putting it in the hands of "Sisters" from a "Sisters" Catholic school; also at Kesheno, which is also supported by the government, to the tune of about \$15,000 a year for what is called, "educating" youth. Shawano, Wis. W. S. Wood.

"Great Oaks from Little Acorns Grow," and great benefits ensue from the use of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets"—tiny, sugar-coated granules—which obviate the necessity of choking and "gagging" in the attempt to swallow some huge bolus of uninviting aspect and disagreeable effect. Their carthartic action is thorough, yet perfectly gentle, and unlike other pills, they never react towards constipation. In cases of sick-headache, and a promoter of digestion, they are unsurpassed. By

Shawano, Wis.

Says the Virginia City, (Nev.) Chronicle: "A married lady residing in this city, who has been troubled for many months with a peculiar sensation in the region of the stomach, was given an emetic by Dr. Parker last Saturday, and to her astonishment threw up a fish about four and a half inches in length. The fish had evidently been dead but a few hours. The lady felt instant relief after ridding herself of the troublesome tenant. It is supposed she swallowed the fish when it was very small while drink-ing water, and it grew to its present size in her stomach. The doctor had the fish preserved in alcohol. It has not yet been decided whether it belongs to the trout, chub, or sucker family."

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE

Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases. Dr J. Simonaud, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind. In affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

The veteran showman, Adam Forepaugh, lately bought of J. K. McGaegor, of Wichita, Kansas, for \$10,000 cash, the mammeth ox, "John Sherman."

You Carry

A whole medicine chest in your pecket, with one hox of Ayer's Fills. As they operate directly on the stomach and howels, they indirectly affect every other organ of the body. When the stomach is out of order, the head is affected, digestion fails, the blood becomes impoverished, and you fall an easy victim to any prevalent disease. Miss M. E. Boyle, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., puts the whole truth in a nutshell, when one says: 46 I use no other medicine than Ayer's Pills. They are all that any one needs, and just splendid to save money in doctors' bills." Here is an instance of

A Physician

who lost his medicine chest, but, having at hand a bottle of Ayer's Pills, found himself fully equipped .- J. Arrison, M. D., of San José, Cal., writes:

"Some three years ago, by the merest accident, I was forced, so to speak, to prescribe Ayer's Cathartic Pills for several sick men among a party of engineers in the Sierra Nevada mountains, my medicine chest having been lost in crossing a mountain torrent. I was surprised and delighted at the action of the Pills, so much so, indeed, that I was led to a further trial of them, as well as of your Cherry Pectoral and Sarsaparilla. I have nothing but praise to offer in their favor."

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

T. E. Hastings, M. D., of Baltimore, Md., writes: "That Ayer's Pills do control and cure the complaints for which they are designed, is as conclusively proven to me as anything possibly can be. They are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of the profession."

Ayer's Pills,

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

LICHT.

A weekly Journal for Spiritualists and other students on occult Philosophy. Published at 16 Craven St., Charles Gross London, W. C., England. Price, postpaid, \$6 per an-num, in advance. Subscriptions taken at this office.

PSYCHICAL AND PHYSIO-PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES.

THE

A NARRATIVE OF STARTLING PHENOMENA OCCURBING IN THE CASE OF

MADVIIDANAV VENNIM MARI BURANUI VENNUM.

. BY-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 circulated, including the Journal's publication and the pamphlet editions, but the demand still continues.

To those familiar with the marvellous story, it is

NO WONDER

the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may

A Young Girl was Saved from the

Mad House, by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent in-terference of Spiritualists, and after months of aimost con-tinuous spirit control and medical treatment by Dr. Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respect, all other recorded cases of a similar character, this by common acciain

THE WATSEKA WONDER

Were it not that the history of the case is authenticated beyond all cavil or possibility of doubt, it would be consider-ed by those unfamiliar with the facts of Spiritualism as a skillfully prepared work of fiction. As a

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Dyspepsia.—James L. Colby, Esq., of Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn., writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

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Dyspepsia.—Theresa A. Cass, of Springfield, Mo., writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me." Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. Mosley, Montmorenei, S. C., writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

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Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

Mrs. Tha M. Strome of Aircraftle Tod written.

ATERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

Skin Disease.—The "Democrat and News," of Cambridge, Marylland, says: "Mrs. Eliza Ann Poole, wife of Leonard Poole, of Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md., has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. Ayres, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Ainsworth, Ind., writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system purifies the blood. It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by

To rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and "wasting diseases."

Consumption.—Mrs. Edward Newton, of Harrowsmith, Ont., writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not undertake to treat me. He said I might try Cod liver oil if I liked, as that was the only thing that could possibly have any curative power over consumption so far advanced. I tried the Cod liver oil as a last treatment, but I was so weak I could not keep it on my stomach. My husband, not feeling satisfied to give me up yet, though he had bought for me everything he saw advertised for my complaint, procured a quantity of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took only four bottles, and, to the surprise of everybody, am to-day doing my own work, and an entirely free from that terrible cough which harrassed me night and day. I have been allicted with rheumatism for a number of years, and now feel so much better that I believe, with a continuation of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I will be restored to perfect health. I would say to those who are falling a prey to that terrible disease consumption, do not do as I did, take everything else first; but take the 'Golden Medical Discovery' in the carly stages of the disease, and thereby save a great deal of suffering and be restored to health at once. Any person who is still in doubt, need but write me, inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply, when the foregoing statement will be fully substantiated by me."

Fig. of Spring Valley.

Fig. of Spring Valley.

Ulcer Cured.—ISAAC E. Dawns, Esq., of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y. (P. O. Box 28), writes: "The Golden Medi-

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists.

cal Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer located on the thigh. After trying almost everything without success, we procured three bottles of your 'Discovery,' which healed it up perfectly." Mr. Downs continues:

Consumption and Heart Disease.—"I also wish to thank you for the remarkable cure you have effected in my case, For three years I had suffered from that terrible disease, consumption, and heart disease. Before consulting you I had wasted away to a skeleton: could not sleep nor rest, and many times wished to die to be out of my misery. I then consulted you, and you told me you had hopes of curing me, but it would take time. I took five months' treatment in all. The first two months I was almost discouraged; could not perceive any favorable symptoms, but the third month I began to pick up in flesh and strength. I cannot now recite how, step by step, the signs and realities of returning health gradually but surely developed themselves. To-day I tip the scales at one hundred and sixty, and am well and strong."

Our principal reliance in curing Mr. Downs' terrible disease was the "Golden Medical Discovery."



JOSEPH F. McFarland, Esq., Athens, La., writes: "My wife had frequent bleeding from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since its use. For some six months she has been feeling so well that she has

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discontinued it."

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She spoke no word, and only once or twice gave motion of her head or body in response something I said.

After standing alone four or five minutes, a tall man with a similar complexion, came from the cabinet and stood beside her. He wore tight fitting clothes, like a harlequin, but over these a mantle of luminous warp

but over these a mantle of luminous warp and woof. His under suit was dark but inlaid with bright patines of gold. She laid her head upon his breast, and looked up to his face. She seemed happy in her love.

While looking and wondering at these strange visitors, two more arrived and joined the group. My eyes had never rested on so strange a quartette. The light emanating from their clothes, bewildered me. O, how impatent are words to describe this heavenly impotent are words to describe this heavenly host. For the first time I was overpowered with thoughts and desired to see no more. They were representatives of old Egypt, the Ptolemies and Pharaohs, and part of the band controlling the manifestations I have just recorded.

146 Smith Street, Cincinnati, O.

Jottings From Sunny Brae, Cal.

BY ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

To the Editor of the Rollyle-Philosophical Journal: Since you are cending so much solid matter forth to the world from week to week, will it be entirely unfitting for me to occupy a little corner of your valuable space with things less weighty—such as a glimpse of Sunny Brae at Autumn-tide and a few stray thoughts that flit through my half-slumber-

How has the summer sped. The whole rose-period, which in California, fairly opens All-fools-day and wanes (never quite closes) the last of May—was only peeped at from a sick room, and seemed from that stand-point, a veritable portion of the heavenly world let down to persuade us to be good and happy. Roses, not by the meager dozen, but by the tens of thousands, budded, bloomed, faded and fell in perfumed, manycoloted showers; birds built downy nests in embowering trees and vines, furnishing an amusing study; such wonderful house-keeping as went on under the sheltering leaves!
What ceaseless flattering of feathered mates,
as they flashed in and out on important missigney hashed in and out on important mis-sions for the general welfare; such patient-"sittings," as they listened for the peck of pink bills at pearly casements of tiny prisons where embryo songs and soarings waited their appointed time! And finally such sweet coaxings and pushings as sent the fledge-lings forth to pick up an independent living! Verily these winged mites could teach us

Then came my slow convalescence—the vacation days that shone prespectively with sweet promise of rest and recreation, when arrived, brought new cares, and instead of a trip to the mountains or down to the shores of the grand Pacific, there ensued an auxious watch, shared by faithful friends, on the bounds of that other sea which stretches between our shadowy earth and the great, real. otornal world, until, at length, we saw the silken sail of an enfranchised soul unfurl to the fragrant winds that waft our weary ones to havens of perpetual peace! And just as the summer fruits flushed ripe, we said "farewell" to a human life, the noble fruitage of which holds germs of infinite import. I was much impressed by M. A. (Oxons) paper published in the Journal about that time, entitled "A vision of Death," for it conthe keynote to many beautiful facts in our philosophy. No one of any great thought-depth can speak lightly of death. Knowing, as I do, that it signifies change—not annihilation-still the change is to my mind so stupendous, and the continuation of life under such altered circumstances implies so much, that I am amazed that Spiritualists frequently appear to regard it with less awe than do other people. And I would say to "Hornet" who, in the Journal of Sept. 10th, pushes his stings of criticism vigorously to the right spot—that if in our enthusiasm, we sometimes make extravagant claims for Spiritualism, certain it is that modern psychical research (outside of the Societies organized for that purpose) has brought to light a sufficient number of well authenticated facts to disprove the old doctrines concerning the after life; and every glimpse of the real truth vouchsafed us has a tendency to dignify death and deepen our wonder at the complexity and persistence of the spiritual forces employed in the evolution of a conscious soul.

Doubtless there is that "pretentious gush," inconsiderate fanaticism and unconscionable fraud drifting along on the tide of spiritual power that is sweeping steadily forward to the final demolition of creedal horrors, but these disfigurements lie atop, are soonest noted and are only temporary while the thoughtful observer is impressed with the fact that the fundamental affirmations of Spiritualism are constantly cropping out in the common experiences of mankind, and from the oldest to the newest form of religious faith the Spirit-world has impinged upon earth's atmosphere—the rays of light emitted are sometimes distorted by ignor-ance; discolored by creeds, and, more rarely, rightly interpreted by true insight.

Spiritualists themselves belong to all these classes of transmitting media, but nevertheless, somewhat deserving the name of knowledge concerning the nature and after-life of the soul, has been evolved. How many scenes have transpired in the solemn watches of the sick-room, where death finally wrought his wondrous spell, which, if given to the world, would help mourning, doubting hearts to bear their heavy burdens! I am a "natural born" skeptic; am always doubting my senses where my own mediumship is concerned, but at last I have seen death assume the form of transcendent life,-Heaven reflected in a dying face, and know that death does not mean farewell!
Who is it that talks of Spiritualism being

absorbed by, and the Spiritualist going back to, the churches? It is as though you said the sun is being absorbed by the earth, and the earth is going back to the moon! The fact is, theological dogmas are being over-grown by spiritual truths, and the churches are coming up to Spiritualiste! If the Catholic church is glad to employ an openlyavowed medium-singer, is the songster going back to Catholicism, or is Catholicism coming up to the fact of spirit-mediumship. If pulpits like that of Heber Newton in New York and Minot J. Savage in Boston, preach pure Spiritualism in a style surpassing that of inspired lecturers, are Spiritualiste "going back" when they attend those churches? Are we not, my dear grumblers, all going

forward together? severely the "shut-eyed" mediums, the trance

ress as against the blood-curding horrors of a thoroughly intrenched ecclesiasticism! Who traveled the country from end to end, through storm and shine, braving ridicule, slander, persecution, for the sake of their few astounding facts, up-held by a superhuman power? Who finally won the public to a respectiful hearing, drew eager multivides on long formers to listen to the "grash" tudes on long journeys to listen to the "gush' you scoff at in high sounding periods? Why, my friends, they were the young, untaught mediums—Nellie Temple, Laura De Force, Emma Jay, O. P. Kellogg, Lyman C. Howe. Hudson Tuttle, and others of similar powers! Perhaps they were sometimes unscientific, judged by accepted standards—were not fa-miliar with "the best authors," and knew nothing of the schools,—nevertheless, they gave to the hungry of heart what the libraries and college-bred clergymen had failed to supply, i. e., spiritual truth, demonstrated facts big with hope! Yes, I insist that they gave what none but a psychic, medium or sensitive can give to longing, grieving human conte! Rook-knowledge compared to man souls! Book-knowledge compared to insight, is as moonbeams to sunlight; the one illumines dimly, the other fructifies. Mind, I don't disparage books, but remember. whatever they teach was first contained in the all-productive soul! Education is good but let us be reverent learners, not "finished scholars." One writer seems to think that the churches contain only "cultivated" people, and yet I venture to say that the average spiritualistic circle, medulms' meeting or conference would compare favorably in personnel or speeches, with any ordinary prayer meeting, bible-classor "experience-meeting" in the world! Who are these dreadful Spiritualists that cannot appreciate music rendered in the dark, (for what purpose, except for phenomenal effect) and are mad after physical phenomena? Nine-tenths of them are old time church-members, just emerging from the dark superstitions; no wonder they are a little bewildered! On the whole,—Spiritualists are like other peo-ple—good, bad, cultivated and illiterate, undergoing, with the rest of the world, evolu-tionary processes which the All-Wise knows how to manage without too many catastro-

Then again we are told that we should be less agressive, less iconoclastic—try and conciliate the Christians. "Christianity has done a great work," etc., etc. Yes, certainly!

Speak respectfully of the garden of Eden episode; encourage total depravity, and don't be too hard on hell, otherwise some good "Christian woman" will mildly denounce you as "ribald and profane!" The fact is science, Spiritualism and common sense are rapidly civilizing churchianity, and it is ridiculous to talk about the necessity of corking up our new wine of Spiritualism in the old bottles of orthodoxy in order to make it respectable. Rather is it true that the priests, after trying in vain to explode Spiritualism, are now tying their little creedal row-boats fast to our winged ship, whose sails are set for the Kingdom of all

But says another, "What have Spiritualists done? Where are the churches, schools, and asylums they have built?" I answer all over the land! Not that they have built scattering schools—there are too many such sectarian schools,—there are too many such already, nor grand edifices to be open one day in seven, dedicated to their particular faith, and I hope they never will, but wherever the interests of a liberal education are needing nurture, Spiritualists are quite as active as any class of people, in furnishing capital and young blood. All asylums should be secular, and philanthropy need not asfirmed experiences of my own, and struck | sume any sectarian garb; to the extent that it does it ceases to be philanthropic. Every true Spiritualist's home is a church, a place of prayer, of reverent listening to divine injunctious, of earnest seeking after truth, of self-sacrifice and pure love. The man Jesus was not learned, his Sermon on the Mount was transcendental "gush" measured by your pedantic, practical, "level-headed" business rules! He never even suggested the building of a church; he scorned your common standards of "propriety," and would be refused standing-room in any church bearing his name to day; but his humanity, the truths he taught, tower and shine, the sweet inheritance of all mankind!

No. Spiritualism, will not be "absorbed by the churches;" it is permeating all forms of religion; it is illuminating the darks of unbelief; it is flowing like a silver stream through the arid wastes of materialism, and lo! green blades of humanitarian effort push up; it is wreathing white blossoms of hope around the saddest lives; it is laying a healing touch on griefs as old as time; it embraces every truth; its plummet line drops to the profoundest depth of harmony, and its wings of prayer spread above the loftlest summit of human thought!

There, dear Journal, you see how unreliable I am—I promised you a picture and have only given somebody a scolding! Will you pardon me and let me try again? Sunny Brae, Cal., Oct. 6th, 1887.

Woman and the Household

The Three Poets.

Youth, the proud poet, chanting joyous measures, Crossed the fair meadows from his mother

Behind him childhood, butterflies and blossoms, And manhood's beaten highway still before. And wheresoe'er he would his feet might wander And whoresoe'er he sat it seemed a throne, o long for him the happy world had waited It smiled anew to claim him as its own.

Then Love, the dreamer poet, followed after,
And all the radiance of the starry spheres,
All tenderness of twilights, and of moonlights, All wondrous mysteries of smiles and tears; The secrets hidden in the rose's bosom, The passion thrilling through the wild bird's

lay, He sang of sweetly, as he sang in Eden, For Eden's gladness glorified his way, And Love had wings and Youth was overtaken, Ah! then, for both 'twas blessedness to be. Fond Youth in exultation, Love enraptured, Sang to each other hymns of ecstasy.

Death, kingly poet, met the twain together, And while his anthem rolled its swelling tide Across the nations, Youth and Love to hear it, With broken harp-strings and hushed voices

But as earth's wallings sounded up to heaven,
The master poet spake, not bitterly,
"Children of Time, ye blame me in your blind-

For these were not immortal but for me."
LOUISE V. BOYD.

The Servant Girls.

In the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journals

L. H. M. asks, "How could any one love the general class of servants?" The same question might be asked as to any class of human society. I would answer that, from the view And meanwhile, let us not criticise too of personal love or friendship, which governs he passed on, I took the liberty of asking us in the natural condition of the human who the old gentleman was. "Our minister mind, it is utterly impossible to either love of the Baptist church," was her replied. It the bravest battles in the interest of free-

sions of the All-Good, from the fact of their divine parentage. Personal worship of a personal God is only a more refined expression of our own selfishness, because He does or will give us happiness or a high place in heaven; whereas if we love goodness, truth and purity for their own sake, without any care or regard as to whether we shall find our work place in the hell states or in the heavenly states hereafter, then our love will be the love of the All Good expressed through us; and in this state we will clearly see the divine possibilities of the All-Good in every hu-man soul, however deeply covered it may be by the environments of heredity. We will also be in a condition to comprehend why Jehovah created evil, not only as an absolute necessity for human existence, but also as the crowning glory of all His creations. This state of the soul can only come by and

through evolutionary growth, from right action under the law of duty in all the outward relations of life. The real involutionary power which does all the work which we will, or consent to have done, is God the only life within every soul. Now, when we, in our natural state, force ourselves to do by our servants as we would like to be done by if in their place long enough, and with persistent patience, the God in us and the same God in them will co-operate to bring both into harmony with Himself; and the stronger and longer the battle the greater will be the victory for both parties, and the more complete, and perfect the consequent hap-

piness forever.
Miss Goody Twoshoes, who has never been tempted, nor had to do anything but sing songs of praise, can never make a strong human soul; such souls must either be the double refined quintessence of selfishness or the creators of jumping-jacks without any

power of human choice.

The Iron Rule lived can alone bring the human soul into the Golden Rule of the All-Love.

Your rollicking correspondent Retta asks, "Has R. ever tested the plan?" "Would she roll up her sleeves to help and gossip with Biddy?" Well, the issue is made and the questions fairly put, so while E. is not a she, but a he, he must 'fess or hide away in silent

As a bachelor, a married man and widow-er, I have had some "'sperience" in house-keeping, besides, like Sam in Uncle Tom's

Cabin, my "bobservation" is large. When a small boy, away back in the early forties, I learned how to cook, so that when the old folks took a tramp, I was independent of the "hired gall." Now I rather suspect this idea is really the solution of this vexatious question, which Retta intends to spring upon the world after the Woman's suffrage movement brings women on the top of the heap. How is it, sister? Won't you unbosom your great secret now?

I presume I enjoyed my early house-keeping experiences more from the fact of having a younger brother to wash the dishes while I put in the science. I invented sev-eral new dishes or mixtures, and used eggs, butter and sugar with a lavish hand; six eggs was my allowance for puddings or potatoes, and I never found many things that eggs did not improve.

We sold our surplus eggs and butter and bought sweet things, and hunting and fish-ing materials. We made fun out of our work, and had lots more after it was done.

I believe boys should learn how to cook, sew and darn, so that they can "go it alone" it their sweethearts "kick" them, as they call it in Varginia.

Now, as to the "Biddy question." If she did not know how to scrub, I would show her how to do it well and how to do it with the least expenditure of force. I would do it in the same spirit that a mother would teach her child how to walk, and while I was doing this I would enter into the conversation with her upon topics adapted to her plane of life, and with it, mix in a little stronger food, and thus by word and deed, let the God in me act with the God in Biddy to overcome the environments of her heredity and education. There is no human soul so darkly and densely environed, that it cannot be redeem. ed by the all-conquering power of God as love incarnated within man. Neither or-thodox nor Spiritualist ten-foot-pole religion can use this power. It is the Christ of all the ages of the past, as dreams, as myths and as men; and is to be in the 20th century the real fulfilling Christ of all prophecy. All that have been are only shadows of the divine reality which alone can come, is coming, and is to come, by and through the hearts and lives of divinely purified and

noble womanhood. And the practical solution of the "Servant Girl" question to each woman who solves it. will bring this Christ to their own souls: in other words, this effort will bring the God within them out into their own selfish environments, and thus let the will of the Father be done in their outer or earth life, as it must be in the heaven within them.

But as preparatory work, I fully endorse the suggestions made by Abrams. in her interesting communication on this subject.

When I was a bachelor boarding at a western hotel, the waiter was a bright, pretty Biddy, and she had learned to make every step and motion accomplish the utmost possible. She had learned that which few women ever learn. She made her head save her feet and hands from useless expenditure of force, and yet did her work well. I have never known any other woman who brought this science of doing so near to perfection, and I will add that I have seen but few men who did. I must now bid farewell to the woman's column.

The Children.

SISTER FIDELIA: The account of the way in which your children were invelgled into the church, aroused my sympathy for you. and strengthened my interest in the cause referred to, although my first thought was, why did you encourage your children in that direction? but upon second thought, I questioned myself, Why did I ask my boy to join the Y. M. C. Association. Fearing he would seek association in a beer saloon. I chose rather that he should cramp his intellect than damage his manhood; but more fortunate than you I lived to see him develop manhood and escape both evils. Many instances such as you have brought to light have come under my observation.

Lured by her wiles our children are led Then on orthodox food they are fed, Now having swallowed and digested the whale. The old woman church can throw off her

My attention was recently attracted to a half-grown girl (belonging to a large family of children) talking to an elderly man on the street. Coming in contact with them as

thought, spirit-return, and eternal prog- possibilities of becoming forms and expres- Spiritualists before she was born, had often ress as against the blood-curding horrors of sions of the All-Good, from the fact of their remarked that it would be just as inconsistremarked that it would be just as inconsistent for them to go back to the orthodox church as it would be possible for them to unlearn what they had learned; but they regretted very much the need of association for their children. Now this is a crying demand, and if we don't educate our children up to our own standard, what can we expect but that they will degenerate.

On going to see a sick child of Protestant parents I noticed lying beside the bed a motto of a cross with the words, "Our Only Hope." Now I ask intelligent Spiritualists if they are willing to have their children's minds deluded by these pagan ideas? Children are, as a rule, more intuitively rational than their teachers.

An intimate friend of mine when catechising her little girl in her doctrinal belief, was surprised at being interrupted with, "Mamma, do you say that Jesus is God?"

"And God is the father of everybody?"

"Yes."
"Well, then, Jesus would be the father of himself, and the father of his own mamma." The child's sanity was questioned; the plea enlargement of the brain. Had that mother's religious education not been neglected, she might have been able to explain to her child that this doctrine, like that of vicarious atonement and other inconsistencies had their origin in Paganism.

We often hear the remark: "Spiritualists have not that to stimulate them to action that church people have, who think their soul's salvation depends upon their efforts,' Don't let us deceive ourselves. I think that we will find that our salvation greatly depends upon our efforts in using our means to redeem a world from ignorance.

Money is power, and ignorance is power, and as long as they go hand in hand uninterruptedly, what can we expect, but that our work of enlightenment will be retarded. It is the humble opinion of the writer that many departed spirits would be willing to enter the mundane sphere, go through with their former experiences with the same means to better the condition of their fellow man in-

tellectually as well as physically.
We do not say that there can never be amends made for lost opportunities, but how much better to pass over with our work faithfully done, than to take the chances of being able to impress another with the importance

of doing that which we left undone. Newark, N. J. Mrs. R. N. Crane.



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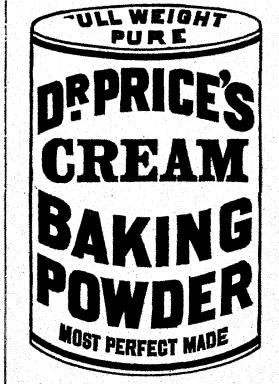
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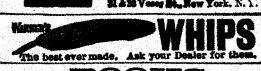
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