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

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, Information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums; interesting incidents of spirit communication, 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 Religio-Philosophical Journal. A NORWEGIAN SOOTHSAYER.

BY REV. KRISTOFER JANSON.

There is nothing new under the sun, the Bible says; and that proves true also concerning all the phenomena with which Spiritualism busies itself. The phenomena are old as Methuselah, but the explanation of them has been different at different times. Such things as forebodings, visions, second sight, apparitions of our departed beloved ones, are familiar to all countries and all races; but the investigation in such matters was never so vigorous as now.

As the editor of this interesting paper has several times called upon his readers to communicate to him personal experiences of psychical phenomena, which have come to their knowledge, it will be of some interest, I presume, to hear something of the kind from my native land, Norway. What I state here, is the plain truth, corroborated with many witnesses. Things of less importance, where the proofs are not so overwhelming, I omit. The man of whom I am going to tell, was a poor, uneducated peasant in one of the narrow valleys of Norway. His name was Knut, but he was known by the name, Wise-Knut. He was one of nine brothers and sisters; as a child he was very sickly; he suffered with epilepsy. He was not able to work hard, neither to read. What he learned, he received by listening to the schoolmaster. The teacher felt pity for the odd, equivoque boy, who listened so attentively. Sometimes he tumbled down from the bench in spasms, and lost his consciousness for a long while. His comrades saw something supernatural in him. His health improved as he grew up. He went through the confirmation without being able to read or write, and now he started out to earn his living, as his father had died; but he could not stand the hard work; the epilepsy caught hold of him again, and so he was compelled to go home to his mother and help her at the farm, as much as he could. His pastime consisted of learning reading, writing and arithmetic by himself. The only book he could get hold of was the Bible and some old Lutheran sermon collections, and the visions of the prophets and the revelation, and all the wonderful miracles, he read about, filled his imagination.

He became a superstitiously devoted orthodox Christian, and so he remained. His superstitious surroundings persuaded him to try some remedies against his epilepsy. He should take three drops of blood from three diseased persons and eat them on bread; he should take the heart out of a snake in spring, before the cuckoo had sung, and eat it. At last he got an amulet to wear on his breast. But this amulet took the peace from Knut; he felt as if it burned him. Had not God forbidden sorcery? Who was he, who trusted other powers than God's own? He was seized with a terrible compunction and was tempted to take his life.

At last, when he heard there would be service at the little chapel at Svatsum, where he lived, he resolved to walk thither and partake in the holy communion. But three days before, he was thrown on his sick bed with a fearful bodily and mental struggle. As he grew more quiet, he heard playing on the harp and hymn-singing from the air. Later he heard music as from violins and clarinets, and a choir of heavenly voices mingled with the music. He heard some words, too, and their contents were, that he should throw off that witchcraft he wore round his neck, and only trust in God's remedies. So he did, and got peace. But after that time he repeated-

ly heard heavenly music and *somebody whispering in his ear*. When it came, he was so afraid of losing it, that he clinched his teeth, shut his eyes and listened. He wrote down afterwards some of the hymns he said he heard in that way. They are very poor, indeed, not a bit of poetry in them; some plain moral truths in a rugged language. The language was also the written Danish-Norwegian language, in which the Bible was printed, not the dialect that Knut spoke. People said to him, he ought to have himself bled, because it was the thick blood that caused this tinkling in his ears. He would try, but on the way it sang that he should not do that, and he was compelled by an invisible power to return. It sang to him that prayer was his remedy.

But soon other peculiar phenomena occurred. He could sit and hear what happened in foreign countries, and when the mail arrived, it was found to be exactly as he had said. People and cattle had gone astray in the mountains. Knut told where they were to be found. He also told where to dig for water, when people had trouble in finding it. He also cured certain diseases. When his hand approached the sick spot it grew fast, as it were. He then grasped it with the other hand and rubbed while trembling and grinding his teeth. The froth foamed round his mouth; and then he implored the sick person to pray, "for will God not help, nobody can help."

My readers may imagine, what impression such stories made, as they were borne far and wide on the wings of rumor. People came to him from the neighboring countries, even from far abroad, for help and counsel. God had raised a new prophet among his children.

The rationalism of Germany had at that time seized the Norwegian clergy, and from them it had gone down to the peasantry. There had been a mighty revival through the lay-preacher Hans Nilsen Hauge, but the clergy had succeeded in getting him imprisoned. The old orthodox faith smoldered, however, under the ashes. Now it sounded again like a trumpet from God through Wise-Knut's wonders: Repent! Repent! The minister of the valley had just forced out the Lutheran catechism of the confirmation school, and replaced it with some moral phrases of his own. The peasants considered this to be a sin. Now the rumor spread that Knut would meet the minister in the church of Svatsum on the 7th of June, and there obtain a revelation; and there was, of course, quite a pilgrimage to the little chapel that day.

There Knut came with a large procession after him. He was 21 years old, tall, large-limbed, but slack about the joints. He had no cap on his head. On the way it had whispered in his ear that he should take it off, and since that day no cap was allowed upon his head; if he tried to put one on, he got spasms. He had large raven-black hair, which flapped on his shoulders like wings. It was a beautiful summer-day, and all the doors and windows of the church stood open. The minister was in the vestry, waiting for the crowd to be quiet. Knut went straight to the vestry, made his compliment and said: "I am the man who has become the laughing-stock of all the world, because I am compelled to say what is whispered in my ear."—The minister considered the man crazy and let him sit. Knut commenced to sing hymns he said he had heard. We have still some of them preserved. All of them ask for repentance in the spirit of the Old Testament, threatening with pestilence and war, if the people do not obey. The crowd thronged around him, and the minister waited patiently. At last the service could commence. But soon it was whispered among those who stood outside the church, that Knut sat trembling, because they sang in the new rationalistic hymn book. The song suddenly stopped, the crowd commenced to sing hymns of their dear old book.

When the holy supper was communicated, two of Knut's brothers led him to the altar ring, and he swooned when they brought him back to his seat. The minister ordered him carried out, and there he lay on the ground in terrible convulsions. Between every attack he prayed and sang. Women wept, and could not stand to look at him. The minister came out and told the people that Knut had it in the same way as they themselves when they dreamed.

Knut remained in the neighborhood some days. On Tuesday he got the commandment to take his old teacher, the schoolmaster, with him, and walk to the church, but not the common road; not over fences and heaps of stones and ditches! A woman stood and looked at him. She saw "a stream of light around him and along the road on which he passed." In the church he lay without consciousness for two hours. When he recovered he sang to his companion what he had heard, and it was again advice about repentance.

he sank down in the road, crying that they might as well cut his heart out of his body. People accompanying him felt pity and asked pardon for him; but the sheriff was immovable. He got hold of a horse and sled, but no sooner had they placed Knut on the sled than he got new convulsions, and by some invisible power was thrown far off in the field. This was repeated several times, and one time he was thrown nearly into the river. Then his tormentors could not stand it any longer and left him alone. His friends carried him to the nearest farm and brought him to bed; but as a large crowd gathered together in order to hear him, Knut rose and preached to them. On that occasion he improvised a hymn, which was remembered word for word up there fifty years later.

It had not been the intention of the sheriff, though, to let him go. He sent for armed police. A captain, two lieutenants and seven men with sharp loaded guns, were sent to the farm. Discovering that Knut was not through with his meeting, they placed a man on guard and amused themselves with dancing and playing at cards till midnight. Then they broke into the house where Knut was, took him and tied him to a sled with firm ropes. But Knut got one of his spasms, and so violently that the knots burst. They tied him still stronger, but he got another attack and was thrown between the legs of the horse. They tried the third time, and handled him like other goods, a big man putting his knees against his chest. Then Knut moaned piteously. This ill-treatment continued until they reached his native place; he was handed from one sheriff to another and mocked.

He had hardly reached home before a big fellow by the name Imost Nerlid, a man who had become so entranced by Knut that he was willing to go through fire and water for him, came to him inducing him to go back to Fron, saying the peasants would defend him better than the first time. Knut objected, but then "it sang in his ear" that he should go, and the next Sunday he was there again. The rumor spread as to how the public officers had tormented Knut, and that caused such an excitement that it had nearly come to tumultuous riots at the church. The public officers found it most advisable to leave him in peace. So he held meetings at the farms around there, usually with great success.

Concerning Knut's mode of preaching, Spiritualists would say that he spoke in trance; but he, knowing nothing of Spiritualism, said that he spoke what came before his ear. Sometimes it happened that nothing came to his ear. The audience sat in expectation, the room was crowded, but Knut stood on his platform gazing out in the open air, and not a word was uttered. He tried several times to commence, but stopped. People laughed and went off, and Knut felt ashamed, like a criminal; but at other times he spoke so eloquently and lovingly, that his audience sat spell-bound and saw visions. They saw something like a halo around Knut, or something like a rainbow from one shoulder to another. Some of the women had seen angels whispering to him, and two white doves sitting on his shoulders. One time he had a meeting at the parsonage at Trestle. Many people slept in the same room with him in the night. Then he suddenly began to talk in his sleep; it was the sermon from the meeting continued. At last he awoke and saw to his surprise, all the inmates of the room sitting in their beds listening; his own pillow was wet with tears.

But his preaching alone would not have exercised such an influence upon the people, if they had not known that this peculiar man was able to cure diseases, could say where lost things were to be found, and could tell what far-off people were doing. He himself believed that this, his peculiar gift, was from God; that God used him as His instrument, and he said that the prophets had had it in the same way. When he was not able to touch gold, silver or copper without getting spasms, it was so ordered by God as an evidence that such things ought to be abandoned. An eye witness, who liked to experiment with this peculiarity, tells: "I put two copper cents on his palm, and suddenly there came a pulling in his arm; he writhed and grinned. He said that a sinew of his arm was contracted, and really I found by investigating that the sinew under his arm was very hard; in his palm there was a lump. As soon as the cents were taken off, and Knut had rubbed the sore part, his arm became all right."

Another time Knut came to a farm where the man was just looking for a lost silver coin. "Now you have come in time," said the farmer, "to help me in searching." "I will," said Knut, "but give me another silver coin."

He got it and put it between two fingers. Suddenly his muscles were contracted, and he was, as it were, drawn towards the wall, and there in a crack lay the other coin.

Another time Knut was taken down to Hedemarken to dig a well. On the way he and his companion rested a while on a farm. It was on a dark night. The man offered Knut a drink, and he took it, but soon moaned and cried for help. The drink had been offered in a silver cup, and now the cup turned around over his mouth and remained fast.

Knut did not like to have people touch him; he suffered from it. Still he could give them his right hand. Neither could he wear a cap on his head. Once before the court the judge put a hat upon him, but immediately he fell down in violent spasms and the judge

got frightened. Very often when Knut was walking, his right foot turned another way, and he was compelled to follow the direction, and came usually to a place where his help was needed. Once he saved in that way a man from committing suicide. When he searched for water, he moved his hand along the ground, and coming to the place where the vein of water was, his fingers shivered.

In curing diseases he moved his hand over the sick person's body, and coming to the seat of the evil, it grew fast, while he trembled and gnashed his teeth and foamed in his mouth. He then took his other hand with which he moved the first, and rubbed and rubbed. Though he always suffered by it, he never refused to try where he hoped to do good, and he never took payment. Sometimes he gave the sick persons medicines, or sent them to the physician telling them that he could do nothing for them.

Anders Solilden says: "Knut and I stood out in the yard and chopped some wood. Then two boys and a woman came along. One of the boys had inflammation in his eyes. Knut placed his hand on his eyes, and the boy was cured there on the spot, but Knut's hand shivered fearfully." Knut himself says: "On the farm, Vedum, a young girl, had got blisters on her eyes. I succeeded in taking off the blisters with my finger. 'Good gracious, I see the clear day,' she said. 'I wept when I saw her joy.'"

One condition Knut demanded; before he tried to cure any body he asked them if they believed that God would help them through him. He immediately felt when they did not do that, and then he retired. There was a little girl at the capital, Kustiania, who had become paralyzed in her feet and got articular nodes on one arm. No physician had been able to cure her, and she had tried several. She dragged herself along on two crutches. Then the parents hearing that Knut was not so very far off, they sent the girl to him. She was then 16 years of age. A sister accompanied her. It was in the year 1837. They came to the farm where Knut was, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. At the same time an old man came and asked for help, but Knut answered: "I cannot help you, because you have committed fraud, but these two young girls I hope to help, because they are innocent children." Both sisters were led into a room, and Knut asked the sick one to undress herself. So she did. The ring was taken from her finger, the comb out of her hair and the earrings removed. He rubbed her over her whole body, and cried fearfully when he came to the diseased spot. He continued for more than one hour. Then he said she should rise, and she rose and stood on her feet, which she had not been able to do since she was five years old. Knut said that she now was all right, but it was best to use the crutches one year more, then she would entirely have gained her health.

Dorothea, that was the name of the sister, had also a message from her mother, but Knut said: "I can do nothing for her; she has got her evil by giving birth to a child, she will never recover from that, but she suffers from a bad foot."

"No," Dorothea answered.

"Yes," Knut said, "she has a sore toe." Then he gave her three straws, which she should tie round the toe, one every Thursday night for three weeks.

The day after Knut was to return home. Dorothea knew he would not receive any money. She had bought some coffee and sugar, some stuff for a waist and some neckties, and in the middle of the bundle she hid five dollars. Knut took the bundle, but before he loosened it, he said: "Take back three dollars, please. I will not have more than two for the travelling expenses." But even this Knut considered too much. After a while there came a box from Knut to the girl at the capital, containing a fine cheese as a present.

The two sisters remained some days at the farm, and then they commenced their trip back. After having walked some miles the cured girl would throw off her crutches. Her sister reminded her what Knut had said, but she threw them off nevertheless. Her mother got quite a shock seeing her daughter running towards her without crutches, but she could scarcely move herself. In their absence her toe had suddenly become sore, and looked very bad. The girls took their straws and told her what Knut had said. The mother followed his advice, and recovered.

A woman sent her servant girl to Knut in order to ask a remedy for some disease. She had sent some nice wool with the girl. The girl thought, however, it was a little too much, and then she hid some of the wool for her own part under a tree. Knut was exceedingly merry when the girl entered. "I cannot help your mistress," he said, "and you must return the gift; but do not forget to pick up the other part you hid under the birch-tree."

In the year 1874 a tenant was lost down at Biri, 40 miles from Knut's home. Sixty men had searched for him in vain. At last they sent a man to Knut. He told Knut that the lost man's wife was the last one who had seen him. "Yes, and they quarreled when they parted," Knut said.

"Is the man still living?" the other asked.

"No, he has killed himself," Knut said.

"Where?"

"He hangs north-west from his home." "They have searched there." "Yes, you searched around there where his wife left him; but he went after her, and he hangs nearer to the house in a big spruce. You can see the spruce from the farm."

The man returned, and accompanied with the schoolmaster and sheriff, went to the big spruce visible from the farm-house, and there they found the unfortunate man hanging, just as Knut had said.

A man from Ffon in Gudbrandsdalen, by name Kristen Troen, left for America in the spring, 1869. He intended to visit an aunt there; but as there never came any letter from him, his mother grew anxious, and went to Knut. She came to Knut on the third of July, at three o'clock in the afternoon. She asked if her son had come safely to his destiny. Knut sat quiet a while. "I can not hear anything yet," he said. The mother spent the night there, and in the morning Knut entered very happy. "Now I have good tidings from your boy," he said. "He is with his aunt, and has been well all the time." When the letter came at last it was found that Knut had spoken the truth. The boy had arrived at 9 o'clock in the evening the same day his mother had visited Knut.

Simon Hovde had a son by the name of Michael. One day he ran away. His elder brother, Clemet, went to Knut in order to ask where his brother had gone. Knut had just returned from some trout fishing. "I felt that somebody was waiting for me," he said. "I know your errand, but we will not think upon that to-night." In the morning Knut said: "Now your brother has returned, and I will tell you further where he has been. He first went to Lillehammer. There he fell in with the owner of the Kyo-farm. He took him into his wagon, and he got work with him; but he did not like the work, and especially because he must lay in the stable; and then he returned. He is a restless fellow. He will not stay long at home." Clemet would not believe him, but said nothing. Knut laughed. "You may well believe me," he said. "When Clemet came home, every word of what Knut had said was proven true. The next year the 'restless fellow' went to America."

In the year 1828 Knut was at the Tallang farm in Gausdal. The son of the house lay in bed with him. He says: "Knut was restless during the whole night. He read the Bible and he prayed. I did not get a wink of sleep either. I was afraid of him, he looked so homely. In the dawn I rose. 'I have been restless this night,' Knut said. 'You have not slept either, I suppose. The trouble is, there has come a man from the Saksum valley to speak with me. Go and tell him to come immediately. He sleeps on the bench in the other building.' Our sleeping room was situated so that it was impossible either to see or hear the man. I went to the other house and found him, as Knut had told. He had hardly entered the threshold before Knut said: 'I know your errand. I cannot help that man; you must go to the physician as fast as you can.'"

In the spring of 1835 Knut dug a well at the Huseby farm. "It will be a restless Kuster," Knut said to the housewife. "To-morrow there will come many from the East." And the next day 14 men from Odalen came to him.

One morning the breakfast table pulled and shook Knut so that he suddenly dropped his wooden spoon and stretched his right arm toward the East. His head turned also in that direction. "I cannot have peace for those people," he muttered, and then a new lot of people appeared later from the direction where Knut had pointed. One day as he sat in his room, he suddenly said: "Now they find that man who was lost on the mountain this winter."

The gift he had to describe in the minutest details places where he never had been, was remarkable. A man was lost at Eau Claire, Wisconsin; they searched for him in vain. Then his comrades sent a letter to Knut in Norway, asking for the man, because he was a Norwegian. Knut then described on the other side of the ocean the surroundings of Eau Claire so distinctly, and pointed out the bay where the dead man lay among the logs so exactly that his body was easily found.

I have spoken with a woman who sought Knut for her sick boy, and he described the place where she lived far off so minutely that he even told her how many slabs there were in the floor of her wash-house. She did not know it herself, but by coming home and counting she found that Knut was right. His ability to describe places he had never seen readers may see from the following conversation between him and a man his biographer sent to him in order to find water on his farm:

"I am sent from a man in Oyer in order to ask for water," the man said.

"Well, well, do they ask for water there, where they have so plenty of it?" Knut replied.

"Yes they have no water near to the house."

"There is plenty of water on the farm where you come from. They have a well there before. Dig deeper, and you will have abundance of water."

"But they like to have a pump in the yard," the man said.

"There is a stinking in the ground higher up than the farm," Knut said. "Do you know where it is? There is a road there."

"No, there is no stinking in the common road."

"It is not the common road; it looks like a cattle path."

"Yes, you are right."

"There stands a birch in the stinking. Beneath the birch is a spot where the grass will

(Continued on eighth page.)

Spiritism and Black Magic vs. Theosophy and Spiritualism.

BY JESSE SHEPARD.

I have been deeply impressed with an article in the JOURNAL of October 22nd, entitled "Black Magic in Disguise," taken from an English publication. Most heartily do I endorse every word it contains, and I believe the time is at hand for plain speech on the subject from all who profess themselves students of rational Spiritualism as opposed to necromancy, sorcery and black art of Spiritism. But at the outset, let me warn certain individuals that I do not intend to enter into discussion with them concerning any point at issue, nor have I the time to peruse any criticism, favorable or unfavorable, that may be called forth by articles from my pen. Let me define and analyze as briefly as I can, the different factors which work together in our midst, seemingly with diverse aims, but all tending to land upon one common ground of action and belief.

Theosophy, at first repugnant by reason of its false claims and its extravagant antics at Bombay, has outgrown its symptoms of disease and is fast becoming a law unto itself. It is no respecter of persons but has compelled people to respect it; and entering the field before the mind cure or modern metaphysics, it can justly claim precedence in this article. Metaphysics, or as some term it, Christian Science, is but an unconscious adjunct of Theosophy. A prominent metaphysician said to me recently that she regarded Christian Science as but a stepping stone to Indian Philosophy. And this, according to my belief, it is. Leaving the theory of re-incarnation out of the question, there can be no doubt about the influence Theosophy, aided by Christian Science, is bound to have on thousands of Spiritualists who have been wavering between skepticism and the churches for years past.

With what keen wisdom Eliphas Levi says: "A great action always opens the way for a great reaction, and the secret of consummate success lies solely in the ability to foresee reactions. To oppose one's self to a current that is beginning to run its course, is to court destruction." It appears to me the most extravagant error that can be committed, that on the part of the Spiritualists, or phenomenal enthusiasts, to oppose the intellectual forces which we see manifest so prominently and powerfully in the ranks of Theosophical Spiritualism all over the world to-day. The mediumship as taught and practiced by the Spiritualist of the present, has forced the profound thinker and the refined student to seek new elements of spiritual lore and wisdom. For forty years the husks of the densest materialism imaginable have been dealt out to the philosopher and the ignorant alike. No distinction has been made, no line has been drawn, no limit set for liberty of speech or mode of action in any form. Above all, no moral subjugation, no self-denial, no mental training was deemed necessary, none spoken of or demanded. The whims and caprices of the masses were formulated into a philosophy, which was taken up and preached from the rostrum, practiced in the séance room, and promulgated freely everywhere. During this time, the churches, becoming more liberal and philosophic, turned to account what they saw good in Spiritualism, and profiting by the influx of fresh thought in orthodox circles, set about to strengthen their waning influence. Men like Beecher, Havel, Thomas, Swing, Newton, Savage and others wise enough to grasp the true situation, augmented their flocks and their forces by judiciously accepting the new face of affairs, advancing with the tide of spiritualized thought, and still maintaining sufficient conservatism to mellow and mould their followers within proper bounds of liberty and worship, directed the reins of religious reverence with a firm hand and a steady hand. These men being gifted with true sight, could see the test hunters, given over to sensation and wonder working, being left to themselves, plunged into utter chaos. Not a circle in the land, not a society that could see far enough ahead to devise means to escape the impending disaster. The squabbles, the chronic inharmonious, the riot of clashing interests and envious strife, could not go on forever, without chasing away the very minds that were doing credit to the cause by their sober, conservative example and counsel. And so it came about that just at the time that Theosophy began to be talked of, the churches also began to set their houses in order, the better to reap the spoils of the contending factions. We have therefore, not only these two elements sapping our ranks, but a third in the form of Christian Science, which comes in at a time when no one is expecting it, like a powerful array of warriors storming our camp at the dead of night. Not more certain am I that mag is immortal, than that Theosophy and Metaphysics have come to stay.

There is no power on earth can successfully breast this storm of philosophic thought which has swept down upon us just, in time to save the world from the blight of phenomenal materiality which has already parched the fair fields of Spiritualism. The idea that the immortality of the soul can only be brought home to our consciousness by physical phenomena is one of those gross errors worthy of the Pagan age that invented it. Theosophy rises superior to assertions like this, in that it teaches a higher and more philosophical mode of conveying a consciousness of immortality. It in no way sets itself against true Spiritualism, for the student of the soul, the seeker after the ideal, must be, and is always, in direct harmony with divine illumination, that springs from the basic elements of Spirituality, as developed in the intuitive, the inspirational and the moral faculties of man's highest conceptions of truth and progress. But the Spiritualism which has taken such deep root in the hearts of so many thousands is antagonistic to Theosophy, liberal Christianity and modern metaphysics. It finds and seeks no favor anywhere beyond its narrow limits, and to-day is the cause of more bigotry and ignorance than are to be met with in the advanced churches of our land.

I never in my own mind, think of comparing the liberality of modern Catholicism with that of modern Spiritism. There are those who loudly profess the practice of a spiritualized charity, who profess to be far removed from all selfish motives; who profess to a superior elevation of thought, judgment and justice; who proclaim their convictions before all men and boast of their great appreciation of mediums and their work, yet who would not feel the slightest sting of conscience in robbing a hard-worked medium of his dues, and heaping with abuse all who in the least manner show a spirit of individuality and independence of character.

Perhaps the world has never known in any period of its history, a physical and moral slavery equal to a life of professional mediumship. It is only within the past three or four years that a medium has dared to

claim a right to think as a moral entity. I remember the time when to be a medium was adequate to a confession of ignorance, vulgarity and stupidity; and when the slightest claim to self-knowledge or culture was tantamount to being called proud, egotistical, vain, and what not.

The German Spiritualists who have accepted the maxims of Theosophy, are not without reason when they say that Spiritism leads to positive, selfish materialism. When men are taught to look upon a large class of human beings as mere spirit machines, to deal out glib talk on politics, metaphysics, religion, fortune telling and the like, how are we to expect them to become appreciative fellow mortals in a personal and spiritual sense?

A medium, in the eyes of a large majority of those who believe in spirit communion, is an ignorant, negative, irresponsible, good-for-nothing creature, so far as this world goes. To be anything else would unfit one for the attributes of mediumship, is the cry heard on all sides. In these days, a man who is an enthusiastic believer is one who generally believes himself better than his fellow orthodox friends, and who uses a medium once or twice a week for a kind of fortune-telling séance, where flattery and nonsense play an important part, and where the medium is held in contempt by the sitters, for the reason that the sitters seek only self-gratification and worldly benefits thereby, and cannot in the nature of things regard the medium in any other light. The deep disgust with which a large portion of thinking minds look upon mediumship is attributable to the fact that machine inspiration and tests no longer play an important part in the world. I see it everywhere, hear it spoken by the best people every day, and to deny it would be like denying the roar of Niagara. I believe in progress, and the right to advance slowly out of old errors, mere beliefs and imaginative theories. I believe that every soul here below has the divine right to outgrow error and superstition, and learn a little more every day.

The mediums who are content to live on in their ways of ignorance and unconscious trance conditions, not only injure themselves, but the moral tone of the whole world. But another and more serious error has been, and is still being taught by our writers and speakers. I allude to the vulgar superstition that every remarkable work or action done by mortal man is the work of spirits. W. J. Colville in San Francisco is publicly teaching this kind of doctrine, and proclaims the mind-reading of Irving Bishop to be mediumship. Mr. Colville knows that he is simply giving a loud verbal expression to the secret sentiments of a majority in his audience who ought to know better. It has come to that pass, that a man can do nothing of his own accord. A writer, a speaker, a painter, no longer possesses the gift of expressing anything original. All men are simply tools in the hands of spirits who fill the air everywhere, seeking whom they may influence, if not devour. The veriest upstart is pronounced a wonderful medium by the gaping Spiritualist, if he but finds a hidden pin, or chances on an invention of some kind, while the man of real talent is spoken lightly of as an "instrument!"

No wonder Spiritism is demoralizing. When people are taught to put no trust in themselves, when little children are taught to pray to some spirit, and whole communities schooled to regard the brightest minds among them as mere spiritual prophets, how is it possible to develop self-respect, moral worth, and true dignity of character? This is indeed a revival of paganism, a dressing up of old mythology to suit the caprice of the nineteenth century.

In ancient Greece they used to seek advice of the Gods on the most whimsical pretext, and the mediums in the temples did nothing else but act as the oracles of the different spirits ruling in the heavens. But the ancient custom possessed an advantage over that of the present day, in that no one tried to rob men and women of their own talents by declaring them mere machines for spirits to play upon. They gave due credit to each individual intellect, without regard to their spiritual belief and claims. Theosophy teaches a better and purer philosophy than any heretofore preached and practiced by Spiritualists. It teaches that man is immortal, and that he contains within himself the germs of the grandest spiritual possibilities. It is possible for us to conceive while yet on the earth; it is infinitely preferable to Spiritism for the reason that it develops the human heart and mind in a manner that raises the individual into the highest conceptions of human justice, appreciation, and spirituality.

Theosophy, pure and simple, means the development in each soul of the "superior condition" so much spoken of by Andrew Jackson Davis. It means Spiritualism, but not Spiritism. And this superior condition is never known where discordant, selfish, materiality prevails. The elements of wonder working and phenomenal sensations cannot develop it, nor does it come to those who seek it not. The mediumship as commonly practiced creates no reverence in the mind of the sitters, nor is it a possible thing to inspire thinking minds with respect and veneration, while communications are given through persons who have nothing but their extreme ignorance to boast of. I am acquainted with many Spiritualists who, on hearing a fine sermon, or reading a powerful article, set their brains to work to solve the riddle of who the spirit was that inspired such fine things, losing sight altogether of the scholarship and eloquence of the preacher, or the wit and wisdom of the writer. The envious ignorant, possessing no talent nor culture, have a peculiar way in which they seek to lower talented men and women to their own level, and that is attempted in the supercilious and malicious assertion that great intellects are mere tools. Assertions like this remind me of a striking passage in the writings of the Abbé Roux. "What is slander?" he asks: "A verdict of guilty pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defence or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge."

The most interested and prejudiced people in the world are the people who proclaim every one a medium who shows individuality of character. I can conceive of no greater evil in society than this. The idea that all the learning, the science, the profound thought, the varied mental and physical experiences of life are to be set down on the basis of negative, unconscious mediumship, is not only disgusting but absolutely wicked. It is an abominable slander on the lives and the works of the great intellects who have by dint of patience and the severest ordeals, risen above the mediocre and commonplace. No man has a right to pronounce another a medium unless he can prove it by actual knowledge. Nor is it considered an honor to be a medium in any sense. Because we believe a thing, does not make that thing a verity. Our beliefs are usually not facts, but illusions caused by desire to have a thing as we wish it, hence a self-willed man

is the most selfish individual in the world, and of such is the kingdom of Spiritism composed. To say that talented people are ashamed to call themselves mediums is not true. Persons of real culture, who have gifts which cannot be put down by sneers and criticism, rarely, if ever, claim to be mediums. Whatever a man can do that is really scholarly and surpassingly perfect proceeds from his inner consciousness and not from mediumship. Only the imperfect, the undeveloped, the obscure seek a channel through mediums, and this is why mediumship is usually so unsatisfactory.

When the intellect is so developed and independent as to attain the plane of profound thought, then the mind is master of itself; it does not require a spirit to do its work. Dr. Hubbe-Schlieden is right; there is nothing to be learned by being the unconscious slave to any spirit or class of spirits, and it is my firm conviction that anything which enslaves the individual mind, cannot elevate the world collectively. I used to take especial pride in my ignorance of books, but I do so no longer, nor have I done so for some years past. At present I take especial pride in learning all I can that I feel will benefit me, and my advice to mediums is: Cease to be slaves to the whims and selfishness of a materialistic Spiritism, and take your place in the world among beings who are considered at least human and civilized. Let your inspirations, if you have any, lead your audiences to seek a more cultured and less sensational life; let your spirit friends, if you have any, teach you to cease gossip and scandal, and above all, read good books, converse with your superiors, commune with nature alone, as Emerson has so well recommended, and rise superior to the half-imbecille, half savage, abnormal condition of the trance which tends to weaken, but never makes strong. Look upon all who advise you to maintain a stolid indifference to culture, as your worst enemies. Beware of all who treat you as puppets, who would "work" you for their own gratification, or in any way take up your time and strength without proper appreciation in some manner, spiritual or pecuniary; in fine, cease to be mental slaves.

Buried Alive for Six Weeks.

The whole medical world has read the narrative given in McGregor's "History of the Sikhs," and Osborne's "Camp and Court of Ranjet Singh," of the burial for six weeks of a Dekkani Sadhu who had thrown himself into the state of samadhi, and his subsequent disinterment and restoration to life and consciousness. The facts are so well authenticated by witnesses of perfect credibility as to make the case one of great importance to the student of Oriental Yoga. On my first visit to Lahore I was fortunate enough to procure the personal testimony of a living witness—a Hindu gentleman who was clerk to the then British Resident at Lahore, Sir Andrew Wade, and an eye-witness. His account substantiated the narratives of McGregor, Wade and Osborne, and was valuable to that account. During my latest visit to the capital of Punjab, I met still another eye-witness, a venerable man now employed as Head Granthi, or teacher of the Sikh Scriptures, in the Government College, Lahore. His story runs as follows:

"I know all the facts concerning the Sadhu who sat for Samadhi for six months underground in the time of M. Ranjeet Singh, and am an eye-witness. The account is as follows:

"First, the village of Phalot, six kos from Jessota, Sirdar Sarup Singh and I were there, where I saw the Sadhu and introduced him to the Sirdar. On our asking the reason of his visit, he said he was going to take samadhi on the hills, and we asked him to do so there, and why take the trouble of going there. It was the month of Asaj—Sammat—I do not remember the exact year. His food was a little milk, rice and some dal, the whole less than a pas (quarter of a seer). To prepare himself for the samadhi he began to lessen his food. After all he took only some milk, and after some hours he got the milk out of his stomach and tested it on fire, and it was exactly the pure milk. This was a test to him that his internal organs were now all clear and pure.

"After all this was done he got himself into a bag in posture. Padmasana, his Chela, sewed up the bag; the bag was put into a box which was locked up; the key was with me. The box was put into a room and the room was walled up. Only a small hole was kept in the wall for the purpose of burning dnoop, etc., and making Asti by the Chela and ourselves the town people.

"After six months, when spring (Chaitra Valsakh) came, Urad-alta and Jalphal, Lomag and Jawitri and other warm substances, a bread like a cap was baked. The door was broken open. The key was taken from me and the box opened, and the bag too. The Sadhu was seen hard like wood, but no sign of death, the body was not withered nor worn out. His Chela—Lachman Das—put his finger into his mouth, caught the tongue which was turned over into the throat, kept the tongue for some time in his hand, and it got straight, and the prepared cap was put upon his head, and fire was kept upon that. Great noise was kept by guns, rides, musical instruments, etc., etc., clapping, songs. After some minutes the Sadhu opened his eyes like a child, slowly shutting them again, and so on. After some hours he gave motion to his hands, feet, etc.

"For two days he was weak, and on the third he appeared as well as before, and began to take his ordinary food. When this samadhi was over there was a great fair, people from Jessota, Narot, Kuthua, Pathankat, etc., etc., gathered together and rejoiced on the occasion. There were good offerings, and a good sum was collected, which was all distributed as charity.

"His name was Jamma Das. He had Ek-mukhadrakhsa and Narbadeshwar Mahader.

"All the above is declared by me as an eye-witness to the whole affair, and now the after accounts of the Sadhu I dictate as heard: "After the fame of the Sadhu was spread far and wide, Raja Schet Singh—officer of the army—invited him to the Ramnagar (Jammu), and there also he sat for samadhi for six months. After this was over, Maharajah Ranjeet Singh invited him with great éclat with elephant procession, etc., etc., and got him put up at Amritsar—Kania Wali Dhab. There also he took samadhi for six months, Maharajah also living there from curiosity. After he came out successfully the Maharajah presented him many valuable presents.

"Then Raja Dhyani Singh invited the Sadhu to Lahore, and he took samadhi in the garden of Raja Dhyani Singh, near Badami-bagh, as usual for six months. Raja Sahib also gave him good presents, and the Sadhu returned to his native land, Deccan, with valuables of about two lacs as the people say."

(Bhal Chandra Singh, Chief Granthi, Oriental College, Lahore, A. D. 1887, date June 4.) To spare the reader the trouble of hunting up Dr. McGregor's book—long out of print and scarce—I shall copy the following extracts:

"A novel scene occurred at one of these garden houses in February, 1837. A fakier who arrived in Lahore engaged to bury himself for any length of time, shut up in a box, without either food or drink! Ranjeet disbelieved his assertions, and was determined to put them to the proof; for this purpose the man was shut up in wooden box, which was placed in a small apartment below the level of the ground—there was a folding door to this box which was secured by lock and key. Surrounding this apartment there was the garden house, the door of which was likewise locked; and outside of this a high wall, having the door built up with bricks and mud. Outside the whole there was placed a line of sentries, so that no one could approach the building. The strictest watch was kept for the space of forty days and forty nights; at the expiration of this period, the Maharajah, attended by his grandson and several of his Sirdars, as well as General Ventum, Captain Wade and myself, proceeded to disinter the fakier.

"The bricks and mud were quickly removed from the doorway of the outer wall, the door of the house was next unlocked, and lastly, that of the box containing the fakier; the latter was found covered with a white sheet, on removing which, the figure of the man presented itself in a sitting posture. His hands and arms were pressed to his sides, and his legs and thighs crossed. The first part of the operation of resuscitation consisted in pouring over his head a quantity of warm water; after this, a hot cake of atta was placed on the crown of his head; a plug was next removed from one of his nostrils; on this being done, the man breathed strongly through it. The mouth was now opened, and the tongue, which had been closely applied to the roof of his mouth, brought forward, and both it and the lips anointed with ghee or melted butter; during this part of the process, I could not feel the pulsation of the wrist, though the temperature of the body was much above the natural standard of health. The legs and arms being extended, and the eye-lids raised, the former were well rubbed, and a little ghee was applied to the latter. The eyelids presented a dim, suffused appearance, like those of a corpse. The man now evinced signs of returning animation, the pulse was felt, while the unnatural temperature of the body quickly decreased. He made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length uttered a few words, but in a tone so low as to make them inaudible. By and by his speech was re-established, and he recognized the bystanders, he addressing himself to the Maharajah, who was seated opposite to him, watching all his movements. When the fakier was able to converse, the completion of the feat was announced by the discharge of guns, and other demonstrations of joy; while a rich chain of gold was placed around his neck by Ranjeet himself, and earrings, bangles, shawls, etc., were presented to him.

"However extraordinary this feat may appear to both Europeans and natives, it is impossible to explain it on physiological principles, and equally difficult to account for the means which the man employed in his successful imposition; for he not only denied having tasted food or drink, but even maintained his having stopped the functions of respiration during the period of forty days and forty nights, resembling in this respect the child before birth."

Then comes the author's attempt to explain away the astounding physiological phenomena he had seen. Of course, he puts forward the theory of trickery—the favorite resource of European commentators upon Asiatic psychophysiological wonders; but he gives no fact of a suspicious character to support his theory. He plainly tells us that the Maharajah disbelieved the Sadhu's ability to perform the feat, and took the precaution of surrounding the house with an armed guard night and day until the disinterment occurred. The "Lion of the Punjab" was not a man to be trifled with, least of all by his body-guard, and there is not one probability in a thousand that any confederates could have helped the Yogi to elude his vigilance. Moreover, our present witness, Sirdar Chandra Singh, tells us of similar samadhis by the same ascetic at Phalot and Jammu, and McGregor mentions the rumor that there had been one by the same man at Jesselmere. The simple truth is that our modern physiologists must wait until they have mastered the science of Yoga before pretending to really know the mysteries of the constitution of man.—H. S. OLCOTT, in the Theosophist.

Christian Science and Spiritualism BY THOS. HARDING.

The study of Metaphysics has occupied my attention some twenty-five years, and as I desire to obtain all the information possible on the subject from every source, I have recently placed myself under the instruction of "Christian Science." I have also carefully searched for new ideas through its literature, and performed the laborious task of transcribing all the manuscript lectures delivered to me as a student, in order that I might be the better qualified, and more clearly comprehend the precise theory and application of the new methods of healing mental and physical disease; yet I must say that as far as the ideas themselves are concerned, they do not suggest anything new to me, although the method of their application to disease, differ somewhat from those I have found efficacious in private practice. I cannot perceive why Christian Science should be considered antagonistic to Spiritualism or Spiritism to it. A spiritualizing Spiritualism, and a truly intelligent Christian Science are not incompatible. The doctrine of the unreality or subjectivity of matter is sustained by the physical manifestations of Spiritism, while the doctrine of spirit-return and assistance are not opposed to the teachings of Christ. Why should Christian Science be opposed to spirit-return if the returning spirits are true and wise, and come for a good purpose? We read in the history of Christ, as given in the New Testament, how "angels" or good spirits "ministered unto him"—"strengthening him" and "conversing with him" and surely the Christian Scientist could have no objection to a similar experience; he could not possibly consider himself better than his Lord, whose name he is so proud to bear. But the Christian Scientist and the Spiritualist should be alike interested in the discouragement of unwise, false and unprofitable communications, and if both possess the mind of Christ, they would try to make them better as he did by "preaching to the spirits in prison."

If all "Good" is God, as Christian Scientists say it is, then all those who have been healed through the agency and power of

Spirits, were cured by God just as much as if the work had been done without their agency.

Again, the "divine energy" of the Christian Scientist is fully recognized by the Spiritualist. Under the "divine energy" I have seen the sick and the suffering spring to their feet and through its exercise overcome the disease so effectually that it never returned.

The Christian Scientist practitioner's office is to cause the patient to think true or correct thoughts; but may not a practitioner out of the physical form do this as well as one in it? and in either case is not the practitioner a medium?

The first negation of Christian Science is that "matter is unreal," does not exist, in fact that it is only an appearance; if that be true, what is a Christian Scientist practitioner but a communicating spirit? "God is the sum total of goodness, intelligence and truth; there is nothing real but him," is the doctrine of the Christian Scientist. Then why should he not be willing to share the honor of his work with a fellow spirit? and the fact of his being covered with a body composed of unreal matter, and that the other is not, should make no difference, as a body which "does not exist" is the nearest thing possible to no body at all.

If the world were to live up intelligently and reasonably to the principles of Christian Science, it would be greatly the gainer; and the individual who regards the material world as under his feet, while his head and heart are high up in the atmosphere of truth and virtue, is a superior being. But even Mrs. Eddy herself, solely depending on her science, which teaches that matter and material condition have no existence and are only apparent, would not dare to take her "non-existent" body out into the "unreal" frost when the mercury is thirty below zero, with nothing on but a linen suit; if she did I am disposed to think that the consequences would have the appearance of reality. Or should she place her ungloved hand in a glowing fire, even though she summoned all her faith in the non-existence of fire to her aid, I fear she would be burned. Now I do not undervalue the power of my spirit (Good, Truth or God), I know it can accomplish wonders. So can divine energy or will; and Mrs. Eddy might perform either or both of the above exploits and apply this power, if aided by the spirit, which she ignores, and pass through the ordeal unscathed. Such things have been done by spirit mediums with impunity. Why should Christian Scientists decline such powerful aid as this if it can be obtained—particularly if it can come only from God, or the "All Good."

Perhaps the Christian Scientist will reply that "God, Good or Truth is Omnipotent, and does not need assistance; that the God principle in the patient is all sufficient. But God or Truth does work through agents; nevertheless "Faith is the gift of God," and it was through the agent, "Christ Jesus," that Truth wrought the works recorded in the New Testament, and it was through the agency of Dr. Quinby first, and Mrs. Eddy next, that the Truth in Christian Science was taught, and were it not for the agency of Mrs. Eddy in the matter she never would have been able to obtain \$300 from each of her pupils. Though Truth is Omnipotent, it cannot "have free course and be glorified" until the obstruction shall have been first removed by the practitioner. And in some cases it would seem that the "Love of God" and the love of money work together, which they ought not.

The cure it is admitted is performed actually by the spirit in the patient himself, but the patient must be taught in one way or another to rise into the light. No man can see that light until an agent removes the "Hood-wink" while he continues to walk in the darkness "like the stumbleth." A very insignificant agent, if used by the Omnipotent, is sufficient to accomplish the end, yet Jesus said, "I can of myself do nothing; it is my father who doeth the works." Truth is Alpha and Omega, beginning and end, but it uses means to accomplish ends, for all that.

When we try to deal justly we shall find much to admire even in the characters of those with whom we differ, and there is scarcely a fraternity or institution which does not accomplish some good. As there is but one "God," that is, one Truth universal, one Supreme Good, one Divine Energy, permeating the boundless whole, operating in and through all things, so when rightly viewed we discover that Divine something which "makes for righteousness" in both Spiritualism and Christian Science. Like the honey bee, let us gather sweetness from every flower. If an exalted spirit (like Jesus, for instance, who promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world) should inspire a Christian Scientist, would he dare to turn away; and shall not the Spiritualist be willing to listen to divine promptings within him, though no spirit or external agent be employed?

I know, from experience, that an appeal to spirits as agents or angels of the Infinite to assist me to do good, has helped me many a time, and that their aid is wonderfully efficacious. I hope none of us will be so unwise as to ignore such powerful assistance. We must put away our idols! Should the practitioner of this new method turn off from the "good" in Spiritualism, he may thereby be enlightening all that Christian Science deems Divine.

Sturgis, Mich.

Cremation.

The crematory of Paris is announced to be opened next month. This building, which is situated in the north of the cemetery of Pere La Chaise, has the form of a parallelogram and is three stories high, surrounded by two chimneys in white stone. The facade is in black and white marble, over which are three domes, and a large vestibule has also been erected. Dr. Brouardel, in a report which he has drawn up on the working of the crematory, estimates that the furnaces will be able to consume 4,500 bodies annually, which is said to be about the average number of corpses leaving the hospitals in Paris during the year. The Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill authorizing cremation, which, however, is only optional, and it only remains for the senate to sanction it, before it can be adopted by the public, but it is doubtful if this mode of disposing of the dead will become popular among the French.

One of the ugliest of the finny tribe is the toothfish, a slimy creature not even an enthusiast could venture to touch. The enormous mouth extends in a semi-circle from side to side and is the most prominent feature of the soft wedge-shaped body. The colors are ill-defined and impress one with their dirtiness, adding to the disagreeable effect. Repulsive-looking as the toothfish is, it is said to manifest more care for its young than is usual among fishes, redeeming its appearance by its moral character.

November Magazines Received Late.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. (New York.) Charles Dudley Warner opens the November issue of this magazine with an interesting study of Shelley; Rev. George Woolsey Dodge outlines a Scheme for Church Re-union; Sharp comments on some developments of Labor Associations appear in the American Idea; The Journals and letters of G6rard de Rayneval, afford valuable material for an article on American History in the French Archives; Dr. William Nast contributes a deeply interesting chapter of Recollections of David Friedrich Strauss; Dean Plumptre's Dante is made the subject of a critical paper, and Grace King writes about Creole life in New Orleans. The Record presents a complete survey of affairs, foreign and domestic.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (New York.) This number will be found especially interesting as the leading article relates to Pun-dit Kamabai, the Hindoo scholar now in this country for the purpose of studying medicine. Mesmerism Forty Years Ago, is a strong and thoughtful awakening article. A Girl's Problem is continued in the form of a letter. The Wealth of the Southern Pine, and Notable Characters of the Day, are fully illustrated. Of the Child-Culture, department we must say it is admirably conducted.

WIDE AWAKE. (Boston.) Hans Anderson at home is the title of an account of several visits to this delightful writer by Mrs. Fremont; The Luck of Edenhall is filled with legend and fact concerning the old fairy drinking glass of the Mnsgraves; Concord; Her Highways and Byways abounds in incident; Annie Keary writes about the delightful books for girls; Edward B. Payne tells a funny story about Baked Beans and Brown Bread. The serials are still full of incident and several come to a conclusion. The poems are numerous and of the best quality.

THE PLATONIST. (Osceola, Mo.) Contents: Hebrew and Christian Occultism; The Tarot; Lives of the Philosophers and Sophists; Plato's and Aristotle's Doctrines of the Immortality of the Soul; Examples of the Dialectic of Plato; Review.

BIATHOOD. (New York City.) With its November issue Babyhood completes its third year and volume, and from the first number it has been a success. Brief editorial notes are followed by short, timely articles by good writers.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: Christianity in Japan; Law of the Spirit of Life; Cabot's Memoir of Emerson; Capitalism and Communism; The Western Call; Criticism, Etc.

MENTAL HEALING MONTHLY. (Boston.) A fine array of articles by some of the best writers of mental healing, are found in the table of contents for November.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York.) All the departments of the number are fully up to the usual standard of excellence, making a number of rare interest and power.

THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE. (New York.) This magazine is published in the interests of the Audubon society for the protection of birds.

THE PATH. (New York.) Varied and timely articles on Theosophy in America, Occult Science and philosophy, fill this month's pages.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

SPIRIT WORKERS IN THE HOME CIRCLE. By Morrell Theobald, London, England. Imported and for sale by RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL Publishing House, Chicago, Ill. Price \$2.25; Postage 15 cents.

Such a work as this is a distinct gain to the literature of Modern Spiritualism, and deserves a cordial reception and widespread circulation by every mediumist adherent of our cause. Considering the literary trash the movement has had foisted upon it ever since "Occultism," "Metaphysics," "Christian (?) Science," and other like topics, have been written upon ad nauseam by the uninformed and incompetent scribblers upon such matters, this book comes as a welcome respite from the weary floods of mysticism that even yet still roll over the movement. This work will be voted "flat, stale and unprofitable" by the palate of those whose taste has been vitiated by the above noted sensational literature, for such will consider themselves as having advanced far beyond anything Mr. Theobald has to tell them; yet, without without doubt, upon the mind of every sober, thinking reader, this book will make a better and deeper impression than many a score of pretentious work could possibly do.

Mr. Theobald is commendably modest, as his greatest satisfaction will be found, he says, "if I have succeeded in supplying good ground for belief in those phenomena where doubt has previously reigned, I shall have done something—my part, perhaps—to assist in the inauguration of that interior spirit life which is struggling against the resistance and conflict of materialism to assert itself among us" (vide his preface p. vi).

A strict, serious, and duty compels the publication of this narrative, as the author puts it; "no inducement whatever but a love for truth and for its diffusion where there are urgent demands for it, would have prevailed upon me to publish this book, exposing me to the injurious suspicions which are so easily suggested whenever any narration of uncanny events is ventured upon."

In support of the entire disinterestedness of the author it may be added that he wishes "it to be distinctly understood that the book is published on his sole responsibility," while it may be further stated that, as he is the head of an eminent firm of Actuaries and Accountants of high position and undoubted probity in the City of London, the volume stands fully vouched for by the reputation of the writer and the sincerity and freedom from mercenary ends of his motives—two very important points in the opinion of a skeptical or hostile reader.

The work is divided into two parts, each with an introduction. It is illustrated with eight plates, seven of which are fac similes of spirit writing,—the other plate being a plan of the basement of Mr. Theobald's house wherein more remarkable phenomena occurred.

The introduction to the first part is taken up with a definition of Spiritualism in the light of Mr. Theobald's religious connections and scientific opinions, followed by a classification of the phenomena he presents to the reader's notice later on, with notes of recent investigation. The introduction to the second part will be found very interesting, one portion of which will read a little curiously to Americans though it deals with very real facts in the United Kingdom, i. e., the relations between domestic servants and their employers; but upon even this thorny question the spirits proved their ability to solve the trouble.

referred to, through whose mediumship, fire, gas stoves and chandeliers were lighted, kettles were filled and put on stoves, food prepared, and articles carried to various parts of the house under a variety of astounding circumstances.

On page 101 Mr. Theobald tells how he saw two fire lights by occult means, under circumstances that were to him absolutely convincing of the spiritual character of the operation. The transportation of articles from one place to another, often out of closed receptacles, and through fastened doors, is detailed, and the evidence in favor is to all appearance satisfactory. Accounts of writing done by the spirits upon inaccessible portions of ceilings and corridors, in closed books, in locked drawers and rooms, and in various languages unknown to the medium—Mary—are frequently recorded; in short the work is a concise, clear, and carefully stated record of domestic experiences in the phenomena producible by departed humanity when they return to earth and find such harmonious surroundings and virtuous lives as those pertaining to the author in question and his family circle.

To the Spiritualists who ask for patient enquiry and sober fact the book will prove most acceptable. Its strain of spirituality—alike in the messages and the author's text—is most refreshing. The record is one of that good old fashioned sort of Spiritualism pertaining to the early days, a kind of Spiritualism that has not yet been improved upon. Its tone is healthy, its language clear; it is altogether so acceptable a manner of non-Spiritualist, and those of a religious turn of mind—if the more intelligent sort—can read it with advantage and pleasure. The sincerity and honesty of the writer are made manifest upon every page, and as the writer of these lines has a personal knowledge of Mr. Theobald, extending over many years, he can unhesitatingly assert him to be a gentleman, whose word is above suspicion; therefore, this most excellent book can justly be ascribed as a true record, honestly told. As such it ought to be in the library of every Spiritualist and all societies throughout the United States.

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME. By Stephen Collins Foster. Beautifully illustrated. 1 vol. 4to. Full gilt. Cloth, ivory, finish, imitation wood or monkey grain \$1.50; seal, \$2.50; flexible calf extra, or tree calf, \$5. Boston; Ticknor & Co. Chicago; S. A. Maxwell & Co.

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AUNT SERENA. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Price, 50 cents.

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New Books Received.

THE TAIL OF THE EARTH; or, the Location and Condition of the Spirit-world. By William Daxmar. New York: Concord Co-operative Printing Co. Price, 25 cents.

HENRY GEORGE VERSUS HENRY GEORGE. A Review by B. G. Rutherford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Paper cover, price, 50 cents.

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

OUTLINE STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. Prepared by William F. Allen, A. M. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, 10 cents.

MEN, PLACES AND THINGS. By Wm. Mathews, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.50.

NATURAL LAW IN THE BUSINESS WORLD. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, price, 30 cents.

ASTRONOMY, and its Bearing on the Popular Faith; or What is Truth? By Hugh Junor Browne. Melbourne, Australia: Published by Author.

ROUGH DIAMONDS, or Man's Nature and Actions Considered in 950 Aphorisms with hints to business men. By J. M. Rice. Chicago: J. W. Dunsdale, 245 W. Madison Street. Paper, price 25 cents.

BIBLE TALKS ABOUT BIBLE PICTURES. By Jenny B. Merrill and F. McCreedy Harris. New York: Cassell & Co.; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, \$1.25.

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

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 19, 1887.

A Sunday Morning's Experience.

On a bright, frosty November morning he sat in his library, wondering which of the various topics lying before him he should discuss with the JOURNAL'S readers. It was a Sunday morning and "copy" must be in the printer's hands early the next day. His eyes wandered from the table, out of the east window upon the beautiful lake whose waves uniting with the sandy beach, sounded an anthem of praise which was caught by cathedral bells and carried westward. He was in no mood to write, it were pleasanter to watch the many sail coming and going and dream away the hours, coaxing the rest and recreation seemingly so necessary. Mechanically he picked at random from his table a letter which read as follows:

What is to be the final outcome of modern Spiritualism? Will it succumb to the combined attacks of old theology from without and fraud and folly from within, or will it, as it should, finally triumph? A somewhat disheartened Spiritualist would like your opinion.

CINCINNATI.

This seems too big a theme to wrestle with of a Sunday morning when one's inspiration leads him by the side of the water and inclines him away from the struggles of the world, thought the subdued occupant of the library as he lazily leaned back in his easy chair and closed his eyes. Just then some one came noiselessly into the room, but the presence didn't arouse him of the easy chair. Over him stole a delightful sense of rest and peace, and then he slept—maybe. Any way when he again turned his eyes upon the letter of Cincinnati; he found lying beside it some yellow sheets of paper covered with writing. This discovery aroused his curiosity, the handwriting somewhat resembled his own, and yet it all had a strange and unfamiliar look. He wondered if it had any reference to the perplexing letter. He still wonders. Will his readers help him out of the quandary? Here is the story he read from those yellow pages:

The Boy and the Old Woman!

Once upon a time there was a stalwart, untrained, bighearted fellow whose great possibilities were not even dreamed of by himself. He was philosopher and fool, comforter and tantalizer by turns, and neither long. A fellow of cold, hard sense one hour, and a maudlin driveller the next, but with latent powers that when developed and utilized to master his crudities, vagaries, wild conceits, vulgarities and superstitions, promised to make of him in his mature years one of the world's saviors. There was also an aged female whose reputation was not above suspicion, and who passed for this spirited fellow's mother. Whether or no she actually sustained the maternal relation to this bolstered bud of promise the records do not clearly show, but that she secretly coddled him at times, hunted him up in back alleys and dark garrets, squeezed his hand and gazed longingly in his mischievous but kindly eyes when she thought nobody was looking, is well proven. That she often maliciously slandered him, drubbed him, tried to murder him by strangulation, poison and other standard methods, is well established. That a mother, even a stepmother, could thus conduct herself may seem strange and incredible to one who has not traced human nature to its primary source and studied its phenomena under all the multiform influences that affect it. The old lady, chameleon-like, could change her appearance to suit the occasion.

A worldly old thing she was; indeed, without punning it might be truthfully said she was two-worldly; for she aspired to run this world and the next. She was a versatile person withal. She could be courageous, generous, kind, cruel, shrieking, aggressive, suppliant, dictatorial, truthful, deceitful; in a word she was equal to any emergency and unchanging only in her unbounded ambition to manage everything and everybody on earth, in heaven and in hell. She assumed to control the destiny of the unborn, to direct them after birth and through life, and finally to turn most of them over to one of her children to be eternally tortured in the territory she had set off to him.

The brawny youth, hereinbefore mentioned, was cruelly and oft beset by the hirings and serfs of the old woman. These attacks came at irregular intervals and varied in impetuosity and method. Sometimes these vassals of the time-serving tyrant swore the youth was a myth, that he never was a reality, that they had searched for him high and low, under tables, behind curtains, in closets, every where in fact—except the right place—and found him not. At other times they affirmed his existence but declared him to be not the son of his mother, but her grandchild conceived in hell and fathered by Satan; without a mother, a diabolical monstrosity. More often, their slight being seriously affected by psychopobia and their nerves unstrung by ecclesiastic-neurasthenia, they mistook some other of the old woman's numerous progeny for the one they so feared and detested. But this didn't trouble them when they found it out. Anybody was a good-enough-Morgan for crusading purposes. At other times they argued thus: "Only so we can destroy the boy, it matters little how; we can pose a dummy and label it with his name. The camel-swallowing enemies of the youth will accept the personation for the genuine and be satisfied; our cause will gain a point and the old lady will reward us."

Only that the boy was born to a destiny not to be thwarted, and could not be deflected far from the road he was marching half unconsciously and with apparently no clearly formulated purpose, he had been killed outright, or tortured to death. As it was, however, he generally took it all good naturedly, saying, "It pleases the old woman and her kids, and don't hurt me, let them keep it up." It did raise his dander sometimes to have his persecutors play off the personation trick and make folks believe it was the genuine, truly truly boy, but at such times he would remember that some of his friends did the same trick "for purely business purposes," and thus remembering would good naturedly plod along or loiter by the way to help some struggling psychological circus—"just to see idiots gape and swallow," he would say.

Years rolled on until sixty of them had passed over the boy's head, each leaving him stronger of body, clearer of brain and finer in character than the last. The beauty of his face, the sweet gentleness and dignity of his bearing, his marvelous powers of healing and comforting, together with a mighty reserve force ever equal to the most trying emergency, gave him wide-spread and irresistible influence. Even his former persecutors now openly came to him begging mercy and seeking assistance. This change of heart in his adversaries was partly owing to the old woman's rapidly failing health and waning power. Old Theo, as she was called, had done her best to hold supremacy and retain the allegiance of her former servile vassals, but it was of no avail. She had served the purpose of her creation and must like all else of earth pass away, or be absorbed in something better adapted to the wants and demands of an ever increasing intelligence, and the sway of higher ethics. Her former subjects, realizing all this, and being moved, some by a desire to get in out of the cold—to attach themselves to the victor—and others by a real growth of understanding and spirit, flocked to the standard of him whom they had once reviled and persecuted. He with God-like charity received them and chided not. And it came to pass that he reigned in the hearts of all men, and helped them to higher endeavor.

Hart on Wolfe.

On another page the JOURNAL'S valued correspondent, Dr. Hart, has something to say of the astounding narrative contributed by Dr. Wolfe, and published in the issue of the 29th ult. Dr. Hart quotes our estimate of Dr. Wolfe, and hopes it was written "with a full appreciation of what it imports." It may be said in reply, that while we never write without a "full appreciation of what it imports" to our own mind, we cannot in the nature of things always forecast exactly how it will be understood by each individual reader. Dr. Wolfe does not claim to be infallible in his investigations, and the characteristics which we ascribed to him are such as would lead him to frankly and fearlessly acknowledge a mistake when once convinced he had made it. Dr. Wolfe is not unfamiliar with the bad reputation of Mrs. Fairchild; and he no doubt realized in advance that his narrative would not carry conviction to those whose experiences had not been of a nature to lead them to accept his as not only possible but highly probable. On Theosophical and Swedenborgian hypotheses all that Dr. Wolfe claims to have witnessed may actually have occurred without fraud on the part of the medium, and yet not have been what they seemed; and thousands of people rated above the average of intelligence will explain the manifestations to their own satisfaction, by one or the other hypothesis.

Dr. Hart thinks that if one accept our statement that "some individuals possess marked qualities for stimulating the powers of the sensitive or medium, and aiding spirits in emphasizing their demonstrations far beyond the ordinary exhibits... he has little else to do than acquiesce in and accept whatever is told him." No such inference can be justly drawn; it would not have been by Dr. Hart had he been familiar with the practical side of psychical research, or had he given more careful reflection to our language. The possession of these stimulating qualities does not necessarily increase the credibility of the possessor. No one knows better, probably, than Dr. Hart, the varying influences of different people upon himself, and the difference in the sensations produced by the presence or conversation of the same individual at different times. In the presence of some people one's intellect is stimulated, faculties exalted, and a power and facility of expression displayed quite superior to the ordinary exhibit, while the atmosphere of other equally as good and agreeable people seems to dull one's perception, limits comprehension and restricts normal exercise of the faculties. To say that these varying and opposite states are the result of physio-psychological changes induced by the proximity of different individuals, does not clear up the mystery nor bring one to the last analysis. Science is as yet only nibbling at the periphery of that mysterious psychological circle within which stands a vast body of occult phenomena defying closer approach except through tortuous paths, slow, toilsome and perplexing.

It is quite true that statements like those of Dr. Wolfe confound if they do not convince; as Dr. Hart well puts it, "they asphyxiate thought." And because of this we desire above all things to see a well-endowed and completely equipped psychical institution for experiment, study and practical application of what may be learned. Sporadic phenomena and the exhibitions usually given by professional mediums under conditions of their own making, do not furnish the data requisite for trustworthy generalizations. They stimulate love of the marvellous in one class, unfitting many for the practical duties of every day life; and cause another class to turn from the subject in disgust, and contemptuous pity for those who pursue it. Both classes though widely apart as the poles unite in enlarging the difficulties and increasing the burdens of a third class whose members recognize traces of pure metal and seek to reach a level where the output shall be worth refining and utilizing in the struggle along the difficult road leading to knowledge and perfect happiness.

Don't Claim, too Much.

The Gilroy (Cal.) Advocate asks:

"How many of these people who clasp hands over the tables to commune with spirits, have made their mark in literature or science?"

The Golden Gate quotes the question, and answers as follows:

One must be strangely ignorant of the current facts of the age to ask such a question. In literature, for instance, it is possible that the Advocate man has never heard of W. M. Thackeray, Gerald Massey, Archbishop Whately, William and Mary Howitt, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Sergeant Cox, Epes Sargent, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Chambers, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Lytton, Victor Hugo, Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Count A. de Gasparin, Lady Calhoun, Prof. George Bush, Wm. Denton, Bishop Clark, Prof. Alex. Wilder, etc., etc., all of whom are, or were in their mortal life time Spiritualists? In science, has he never heard of Dr. Hare, Dr. Lockhart Robertson, Prof. Crookes, Prof. A. B. Wallace, Prof. Varley, Dr. Wm. Gregory, Prof. Zollner, Dr. Ashburner, Prof. Echner, Prof. Fichte, Prof. Weber, Prof. Butlerof, Prof. Mages, Dr. Robert Friese, M. Camille Flammarion, etc., etc.? We wonder if he has ever heard of President Thiers, President Lincoln, or Queen Victoria? We might extend these lists indefinitely, but that we are reminded of an old adage, etc.

Unwittingly, no doubt, the Golden Gate conveys the idea that all these illustrious people are, or were while on earth, Spiritualists. Such is by no means the case. Scattered through the list are the names of many who were avowed Spiritualists; of others who never clearly defined their final conclusions, and of one who was not only not a Spiritualist but an able and influential opponent of the spirit hypothesis. Count Agénor de Gasparin, a Frenchman whose family, of Italian origin, came into France from the Island of Corsica between one hundred and two hundred years ago, is this brilliant writer and opposer of modern Spiritualism. He was a French Protestant, and is spoken of by Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., as "a scholar in the highest and best sense of the word—his acquisitions being at once various and profound." Dr. Baird further says:

"During the few years he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Count Gasparin delivered several speeches which reflected the highest honor on his courage as a man in fearlessly avowing and defending the true principles of Christianity. In particular his efforts in behalf of Religious Liberty, both in the Senate and the courts of law, were eminently able and effective,—though far from acceptable to the government, which was then rapidly succumbing to the influence of the Jesuits. In consequence of this he failed to be re-elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and retired to the walks of private life."

Count Gasparin was a warm advocate of the Union during the civil war in this country, and published two books in support of his views, which were translated and republished in New York. He opposed the Franco-German war and appealed to the French people not to persevere in it. His death was hastened by his care of refugees from Bourbaki's army, whom he received into his house. He passed to spirit life from Geneva, Switzerland, on May 14th, 1871, when not sixty-one years of age.

On his return from extended travels in the Holy Land and adjacent countries, upon which he entered immediately after leaving political life, Gasparin took up his residence at Valleyres, Switzerland. "It was there," says Dr. Baird, "in the years of 1853-4, his attention was called to the subject of 'Turning Tables,' which was then exciting much interest in France and Switzerland. Believing that great evils were likely to result from the delusions to which the abuse of this phenomenon seemed to give rise, he applied himself conscientiously to the study of its causes. With the aid of personal friends, in whom he could implicitly confide, he devoted several months to the investigation of the subject. He was stimulated to undertake this task, by seeing the 'academies' or branches of the Institute of France, whose province it is (or is supposed to be) to examine into all subjects which have any connection with science, had refused to do so, contenting themselves with pronouncing dogmatically on the question, rather than collecting carefully the facts appertaining to it and making the deductions which a sound philosophy demanded."

The result of Count Gasparin's experiments and studies was a very able work in two volumes entitled, *Des tables tournantes du naturel, en general et des Esprits—Turning Tables, the Supernatural in General and Spirits*.

This was published in 1854, and translated by E. W. Robar with an introduction by Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., later on. In the English edition, New York, 1857, Kiggins & Kellogg, publishers, the title bears the prefix of "Science vs. Modern Spiritualism," which with Dr. Baird's introduction, plainly indicates that it was published to meet the pressing wants of those opponents of Modern Spiritualism, who, while antagonizing this latter-day demonstration on theological grounds thought it expedient to do so under cover of science.

A few brief quotations from Gasparin will suffice to show the spirit with which he supposed he approached his self-imposed task, for his preconceptions, based on theological bias and religious convictions, were not apparent to him. Here is a word from his preface:

"When I stood forth as a champion for religious liberty, I was assured that I should ruin every thing, and that the moment had not come. . . . When I declared myself a Christian, I was warned that I was a lost man, that my association with the Methodists would deprive me of all the influence I had hitherto possessed, and that in too frankly expressing my sympathies with the Gospel I should lose the means of serving it.

"My friends will pardon me, I trust, I fear I shall never learn to fight according to rule. I have again disregarded the rules to be observed in serious matters, by not waiting until a subject, very serious in itself, had been declared so in form.

"It is even worse than that;—I have adopted an isolated position, by which I run the risk of being disclaimed by everybody.

"Two parties were engaged in a controversy in regard to the Turning Tables; instead of taking sides with one against the other, and thus insuring my allies, I turn my back upon both! I offend the men of science by affirming and demonstrating fluid action. I offend the champions of the spirits, by combating their superstitions. . . . But I do not believe my cause will be lost. . . . The opinion which disputes the supernatural pretensions of the new phenomena, and proclaims their physical reality, already begins to gain ground."

And this, it should be recollected, is said by Count Gasparin in 1854. Possibly the astute gentlemen of the Seybert Commission might learn something of the reality of these phenomena by consulting Gasparin, who was certainly their equal in learning, and their superior in some other respects.

In the first pages of his work Count Gasparin says:

"There are but two methods of investigating a question: that of the ancient schoolmen, who affirmed certain truths a priori, to which the facts were bound to conform, (a method still in vogue with some ecclesiastics and specialists in science—Ed.) and that of modern science, dating from the time of Bacon, which first observes the facts, and constructs no theory until after they are stated.

"... Unfortunately, nothing can be less complaisant than facts. They are endowed with inflexible obstinacy."

Facts are exactly what some opponents of Spiritualism suffer from at present. The transcendental, abnormally proper antagonists of the facts of Spiritualism denounce them in vernacular something like this: "Unhappily for us superior beings, the thingness of a thing differentiates it from the ideal, and when thus transformed into an undraped actuality it ceases to afford felicitous influence and becomes, as it were, saturated with that unconventional fixedness of the fixed, which, when relating to the spiritual, brings in too utterly awful propinquity and paralyzing objectivity the hitherness of the thither, thereby intensifying the hereness of the now and its relativity to the then, thus intruding upon our tranquility. Really the accumulation of what the common people call 'facts' is rendering the world intolerable, even as a place of temporary resort."

Of Prof. Wm. Crookes, M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, wrote in 1880: "It is by the study of Spiritualism that Mr. Crookes has been led to his magnificent discoveries," referring, no doubt, to his discoveries in physical science. In a paper contributed to the *Quarterly Journal of Science*, October, 1871, and entitled "Some further Experiences on Psychic Force," Prof.

Crookes refers to Count Gasparin's account of his experiments, in the following language:

"His experiments were very numerous and were carried on under the strictest test conditions. The fact of motion of heavy bodies without mechanical contact was demonstrated over and over again. Careful experiments were made to measure the force both of gravitation and of levitation thus communicated to the substances under trial, and an ingenious plan was adopted by which Count de Gasparin was enabled to obtain a rough numerical estimate of the power of the psychic force in each individual. The author finally arrived at the conclusion that all these phenomena are to be accounted for by the action of natural causes, and do not require the supposition of miracles nor the intervention of spirits or diabolical influences."

Dr. Crookes evidently consulted Gasparin in the English translation brought out in New York, and failed to observe the translator's note on the back of the title page, for in referring to the book he gives its title as "Science vs. Modern Spiritualism," which was not the name given the work by its author. The significance of the translator's note is at once apparent:

"The translator has taken the liberty of adding to the original title, the words, 'Science vs. Modern Spiritualism,' as an explanation to the American public of the nature and design of M. de Gasparin's work."

It is needless to say the italics are not the translator's but are added here to emphasize the purpose of the translator, already very frankly shown.

Thus it will be seen that Count Gasparin cannot be counted as a Spiritualist. But in answer to those learned gentlemen who scout the existence of the phenomena, he may be summoned as a witness whose testimony cannot be impeached nor laughed away and which is fortified by that of Prof. Crookes who supplements it with still more marvelous and confounding but equally as indisputable evidence, and who, also, cannot be classed as a Spiritualist. Had Count Gasparin extended his researches and acquired more data before making his generalizations and forming his conclusions, it is more than likely, with his courage and receptivity, he would finally have become a rational, scientific Spiritualist.

In the contest between Spiritualists and their newspapers on the one hand, and the opponents of Spiritualism and that portion of the press which sympathizes with them on the other, it behooves Spiritualist editors and representatives to be careful to speak accurately and not to claim more than the facts will warrant. It were better in introducing the names advanced by the *Golden Gate* to have preface them with the explanatory note used by the English Spiritualist from whose list they were taken. Here is what he says:

"In compiling for publication a list of persons eminent from their social, literary, or scientific position, who have investigated psychic phenomena, it is evident that many names must be omitted, and that the term Spiritualist is not applicable to the whole of the list. With infinitely divergent theories and opinions, those whom I name have this in common: They have personally investigated some of the phenomena called spiritual, and have found them to have a real existence. Very many have given public testimony to the fact."

Give Them Time, and They Will All Get There.

The *Golden Gate* announces the arrival in San Francisco of a pair of unconscionable swindlers, in the following characteristic language:

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pettibone, the first an excellent slate-writing medium, and his wife a fine clairvoyant and healing medium, have arrived in this city and established themselves. . . . We saw Mr. Pettibone for the first time in New Orleans, in February, 1885, and obtained through his mediumship most positive and conclusive evidence of independent spirit writing. . . . We know Mr. Pettibone to be a medium of great power, and have no hesitation in commending them both to our readers.

Many readers will recognize this Pettibone as the fellow who visited the JOURNAL office and there tried to deceive the editor with a prepared slate, and got badly disappointed. The JOURNAL of July 11th, 1886, contains a full account of the affair and subscribers in California will do well to turn to their files and refresh their memories.

The editor of the *Golden Gate* says: Pettibone is "an excellent slate-writing medium." He knows it. He emphasizes the know, too. That makes it more emphatic, but none the more credible in this instance. The editor of the JOURNAL knows Pettibone to be a shrewd and expert scoundrel. The editor of the JOURNAL is of the opinion that no spirit ever made a scratch or wrote a word on a slate through the agency of Pettibone's alleged mediumship except when the pencil was held by the fingers of the aforesaid Pettibone or a confederate. The editor of the JOURNAL is, furthermore, of the opinion that Pettibone is more than a match for all who visit him influenced thereto by the editorial endorsement, and advertising cards appearing in the *Golden Gate*.

The editor of the *Golden Gate* knows of the exposure in the JOURNAL office and thus knows the fellow to be a swindler; that is the reason he italicizes his know in the foregoing quotation. He is apparently perfectly ready to let everybody go to the fellow with no warning of the trap they are liable to enter.

A little clairvoyance in one of the team, a little slight-of-hand in the other, and two advertising cards in the *Golden Gate* are sufficient, it seems, to secure a certificate as an excellent slate-writing medium in San Francisco. Meanwhile the dear public continues to be misled and the fool crop warms fresh and green. California is a good place to winter and the tramps who are peddling

commercial Spiritualism, have a keen appreciation of climate, gold, gates and things. They especially dote an editor who "knows" their wares and is ready to sell them advertising space and emphasize his know, but never his no; who has "no hesitation in commending" swindler to his readers.

A Change.

Desirous of resting from professional work, Fred. L. Allen has sold his entire interest in the Rural Californian, published at Los Angeles, Cal., to his partner, Mr. Chas. A. Gardner, who has been its business manager the past year. Those who wish to address Mr. Allen on any topic connected with fruit growing or home building in Southern California, can do so by directing their letters to Riverside. A handsome twenty acre orange grove on Adams street, Arlington, will occupy his spare time during the winter. Under the management of Mr. Allen, the Rural Californian has been greatly improved, and made one of the best magazines for the farm and freedsle in California.

Back Numbers of the Theosophist at Half Price.

The following copies of The Theosophist we have in stock, and are selling them at 25 cents each: November, 1879; July, August and November of 1880; March, 1881; October and November, 1882; March, to September, inclusive, and November and December, 1884; February, April and May, 1885; February, April, May, June, August, September, 1886. Also, supplements to The Theosophist at 15 cents each: March, April, May, June, August, September, October, November and December, 1884.

The regular price of The Theosophist is 50 cents, and that of the supplement 25 cents. This is a rare chance to complete files and also to secure special numbers of this monthly at a nominal price.

GENERAL ITEMS.

J. Madison Allen lectures during November at Liberal, Mo., and may be addressed at that place. He will also visit some neighboring towns in Missouri and Kansas.

At Lester's Academy, 615 W. Lake Street, at 2:30, and at 159 23rd St, at 7:45 P. M., John Slater, one of the most remarkable mediums now before the public, will give tests.

Three married sisters. One of them has a Jew for a husband, another a Protestant, and the third a Roman Catholic. They met by appointment at the residence of the latter in Madison avenue on Easter Sunday night. The Jewess, presiding at the piano, sang the touching Methodist hymn, "Shall we know each other there?"

Charles Dawbarn has been engaged to lecture at three camp meetings next year—Lake Pleasant, Cassadaga and Niantic. November 20th and 27th he will lecture at Cleveland, Ohio,—his subjects being, "Our Responsibility to the 19th Century," and "The Power of Spirit."

Mrs. J. Burlingame of Duluth, and highly commended as a lady and medium, is stopping temporarily in the city, at 55 North Ann street. Visitors at the meeting of the Christian Spiritualist Society on the West Side, have called at the JOURNAL office and reported excellent tests received through Mrs. B's mediumship.

Rev. K. Janson will have the thanks of the JOURNAL'S readers for his deeply interesting and instructive biographical sketch of "A Norwegian Soothsayer," published on another page. Mr. Janson is well known as an untiring and efficient worker in the missionary field of Minnesota. He affiliates with the Unitarians but is entitled to the sympathy and support of all liberal minded people.

Thos. Harding, of Sturgis, Mich., author of Christian Science and Spiritualism, an article in another column of this issue, writes under date of Nov. 4, as follows: "I shall in a future treat patients at a distance and reply promptly to every letter which contains upwards of one dollar. I leave it, as a matter of honor, to the patient to remit according to his or her financial ability, and every thing communicated I shall regard as in strict confidence."

Mrs. R. G. Simpson of Hope, Dakota, is in town to remain a few weeks. No medium ever before the public has had a better record than this lady; she has not been in the work for several years, but it is hoped she may be induced to give the public the benefit of her mediumship during her brief stay. Should she consent, due notice will be given in the JOURNAL. She is stopping at 394 Washington Boulevard, near Elizabeth Street.

Mr. John Slater, so well and favorably known in the East as a platform test medium, reached Chicago in time to attend a Spiritualist meeting on Sunday last and expose the humbuggery so long practiced on the audience by a woman who poses as a medium for independent slate-writing. The excitement which ensued can be better imagined than described. The barefaced deception weekly exhibited by this woman and swallowed by the audience, is too disgusting for mention.

At a session of the Territorial Supreme Court, November 9th, at Salt Lake, a demurrer to the complaint in the Mormon Church suits was overruled. The church attorneys then filed their answer, which sets forth that the church holds no property, but holds it in trust. It cites the law incorporating the Church and Perpetual Emigration Society; that the Church owned the Temple Block, the tithing-office and the Garde House, when the act of 1852 was passed. After the passage

of the law of 1857, trustees were appointed by the Probate Court on application of the Church. Before that the personal property had been transferred to different States. Accompanying the document are a number of exhibits setting forth laws bearing on the case and the documents of transfer of the property, as related in the answer.

The meeting of the Association of Christian Spiritualists was well attended last Sunday evening, Nov. 13th. Mrs. De Wolf spoke under inspiration. Subject, "Judge Not." The address was highly appreciated by the audience. Some very good tests were given by Mrs. Burlingame and Mrs. Maynard, also slate writing in the light by C. W. Peters. Under the auspices of this Association the Ladies of the Unity Club give a reception Friday, Nov. 18th, at the Princess Opera House. There will be vocal and instrumental music and recitations, after which a dance will be given. Ladies 25 cents, gentlemen 50 cents.

When a medium of much more than average intellectual ability, who has travelled the world over for twenty years and sat for thousands of people gathered from the humblest to the highest walks of life, undertakes to set forth his views they are likely to be worth reading. Upon another page Mr. Jessé Shepard contributes a paper calculated to arrest and hold the attention of every sober minded reader. Especial notice is invited to the distinction he draws between Spiritism and Spiritualism, a distinction often made in the past by the JOURNAL. That Mr. Shepard tells much truth, even though some of it be unpalatable, cannot be successfully denied.

The Southwestern Michigan Association of Spiritualists, which held a meeting at Benton Harbor, November 5th and 6th, was regarded as a great success. Mr. S. S. Burdick acted as president, and Miss Minnie Nesbitt as secretary. The resignation of Mrs. R. A. Sheffer of South Haven, as treasurer, being accepted, Mrs. Samuel Sheffer of the same place, was elected to fill the position until the annual meeting. There was a good attendance Saturday evening, and the audience listened attentively to an interesting lecture by Mr. Moulton on the theme, "Searching for the Infinite." The speaker reviewed in a general way the origin of the world, and traced the outgrowth in mankind of the desire for knowledge, particularly of the existence to come. He cited the universal belief in an unseen world and the faith in immortality that has progressed from the very birth of man to the present, until it now finds its highest proof and exemplification in the demonstrations and discoveries of modern Spiritualism. Mr. Moulton also lectured Sunday afternoon and evening. The association adjourned to meet next February at Paw Paw.

THE OCCULT SIDE.

Experiments in Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Clairvoyance and Spiritualism.

Remarkable Results Reached by Mesmerizing an Intelligent Ship Officer—A Strange Sea Story.

At the International Congress of Physicians in Washington there were present several distinguished men of science who had a most memorable voyage together on the Imman Line steamship "Ohio." They had weathered one of the most terrific midsummer gales that the North Atlantic has been disturbed by in a dozen years. But though this slight of nature in her grandest and awfulest mood was an experience of a life-time, these scientists from various countries of the world witnessed other phenomena out there on the lonely sea that left a deeper imprint on their minds than the sight of the magnificent storm. An exhibition of hypnotism, mesmerism, clairvoyance and Spiritualism gave an inside view of the occult side of nature wonderfully fascinating and profoundly impressive.

Sailors, as we all know, are sufficiently superstitious, and the solemn mysteries of the vasty deep are quite enough to wake in any soul a sense of the utter insignificance of man, and to invest all sights and sounds with a preternatural moment. After that mighty storm it required a stout heart and a hard-headed science to face nature before the billows had ceased their roll, and to demand of her to give up her forbidden secrets. Yet a challenge was given by Dr. A. Stockham, the ship's surgeon; Dr. Alf Dahlberg, Dr. C. C. Dodge, Dr. W. King, Dr. W. F. Knoll, Dr. E. W. Lee, Dr. R. J. Mills, Dr. Harriet Noble Watson and Dr. Emilio de Roest, and nature gave them some startling answers.

A SPIRITUALISTIC DUTCHMAN.

We were not many days out from Liverpool, when a queer-looking individual—a chunky little Dutchman from the Transvaal, South Africa—began to attract attention by his evident nervousness. He was social enough, but wholly incapable of talking on any but one subject, and that was Spiritualism. He had made plenty of money in the gold mines in Africa, and he was coming to America for the express purpose of meeting a couple of spiritualistic writers in whose works he had become interested. He was well educated, and was able to discuss in English, Dutch, French and German, in the most learned fashion, all the peculiar theories of his faith. The physicians on board began to study him, and Dr. Mills particularly sought opportunities to investigate his mind.

This Dr. Mills had been connected with the English service, and had spent some years in Ceylon and India, and had gone deeply into the mysticism of the East. The so-called occult sciences was an open book to him; and he read the Dutchman carefully, and resolved to experiment with him. One night, when the seas were high, there was a mysterious movement of the doctor toward Dr. Stockham's cabin on the forward deck, and there, in that little cubby-hole, went the profane Dutch medium and the prying scientist. What uncanny things happened there behind the red curtain that shut out the night, I never learned, nor am I ever likely to know; but I was afterwards invited to a prearranged meeting of the investigators on the first cabin deck, and I did not miss the opportunity of attending. It was the night after the great storm, and the ship was still lurching heavily

on the giant swells. It was with difficulty that we kept our feet. But we managed to obtain a secluded spot, where the light from the saloon gave us sufficient illumination to see one another's faces, but yet made a shadow in which we could stand without the captain's seeing us if he should chance to leave the bridge. For to-night, as I soon learned, we were not to have a spiritualistic séance with the Dutch medium, but

A CLAIRVOYANT EXHIBITION.

In which Third Officer Hill, of the ship's force, was to act as the sensitive. It seems he had promised a bright young lady passenger, who was interested in theosophy, Blavatskyism, Spiritualism, hypnotism and all the other mysteries denounced by the devil-doggers or sky-pilots—as the sailors designated our gentlemen of the cloth—and the bright young lady had secured the promise of Mr. Hill's presence, despite his protest that he had to relieve the captain at midnight and was worn out by his long watch during the gales of the night before. Mr. Hill made his appearance shortly after 11 o'clock. The lights had been ordered out, but the flickering rays from a lamp in the gangway still shone out on to the deck, as I have already stated. We could see everything easily, as our eyes had become used to the darkness while we had been waiting. When the young officer announced himself ready for the performance, the ship's physician proceeded to place him in a chair, rubbed his eyelids down with several passes of his thumbs, encircled the head with his forefingers and thumbs, pressed hard between the young officer's brows, and saw him fall back in the chair dead asleep.

"Now, Miss South," said Dr. Stockham, "send him where you like, but not too far, as these journeys we make him take weary him exceedingly, and he has too grave responsibilities on his shoulders to-night after 12 o'clock to justifiably permit of our fatiguing him much. Well, where shall he go?"

"Let him go to No. 75 First place, Brooklyn, where I live."

"All right," Mr. Hill gave a great sigh, like one half waking from sleep, and the doctor made a few more passes over his eyelids, and he was again quiet. "Now, go to Brooklyn," said the experimenter. "Are you there?"

"Yes," came from the lips of the third officer, in a sleepy, scarcely audible tone.

"Now, go to First Place."

After a pause and a little movement of his limbs, "I can't find it," the subject answered.

"Call a cab."

"All right—I'm in a cab."

"Are you at First Place?"

Another pause, this time a long one, as if the time was being consumed in transitu.

"Yes."

"Now find No. 75."

A somewhat lengthy search up and down the street was presumably made. "I can't find it—it is so dark. I can't see the numbers."

Miss South expressed surprise. She said there was no gas lamp there, and many of the numbers could not be read at all. But Mr. Hill searched on and finally arrived at the place designated.

"Now tell us what sort of a house it is."

"A three-story—no—four-story, brown front."

"Yes," said Miss South, "ring the bell."

He rang, but nobody would come. He rang again, but met with no response. He was asked by the doctor if there was any but the one entrance, and replied that there was a basement way, but it was so dark then that he could not go down. In giving a more particular description of the place he mentioned the fact that there was a vase of flowers growing in front of the house, which Miss South acknowledged to be true. Mr. Hill was next

SENT TO VISIT HIS PARENTS IN MAINE.

He told who came to the door, when through the performance of kissing his mother, and likewise his father, in a shamefaced manner, and stated that his sister had gone off to college. As the doctor was acquainted with the family, he verified Mr. Hill's statements, but was puzzled to account for the assertion that the sister had gone to college, as she was very young.

However, Dr. Stockham said he would ascertain when he reached land how much truth there was in the matter. After some further experimenting Mr. Hill was awakened from his mesmeric trance by the doctor snapping his fingers under his nose, rubbing his eyes upward, and exclaiming, "There now, you're all right." Mr. Hill heaved a great sigh and awakened. He was very anxious to know whether he had been sent on a journey, but we scattered about the ship and dodged his questions.

Dr. Stockham told us he had first discovered his power through its operation on a fierce dog, whom he had once cowed completely by a glance, after all other persons had grown afraid of the brute. He had tried his influence several times on Mr. Hill, and was astonished at its effect. He told the young officer that he wanted him to kill a certain old gentleman whom he described. "All right," said Hill. "You must shoot him with my revolver," said the physician. Half an hour afterwards Hill came walking into the doctor's cabin, went to a drawer, picked up the revolver—which however, had previously been emptied of its cartridges—and, when the intended victim entered, shouted; "That's the man!" and tried to fire. He was in a state of somnambulism. The doctor told me he had once sent Mr. Hill to inquire what decision Judge Stockham had made in reference to the glass of the new house in Philadelphia, which the two brothers had been building. The matter had been left with the Judge while the Doctor crossed the Atlantic. They had spoken of ground glass and stained glass, but Mr. Hill informed the doctor, while at sea, that the Judge had employed Mr. Gibson to put in etched cathedral glass; Stockham declared Hill had given him true information, as he learned when he reached the home in Philadelphia.

THAT THERE WAS NO HUMBUGGERY.

about Mr. Hill, not only I, but all the physicians aboard the ship, were thoroughly convinced. The young officer was placed in a state of coma, as to his arm, and we pinched it and stung it with pins without causing the slightest quiver. Mr. Hill's hands were placed together over his head, and he was told he could not separate them and he was really unable to do so. A lead-pencil was laid in the palm of his hand, and he was informed that it was a hot bar of iron. Under this impression he squirmed and gave every evidence of suffering.

But Dr. Stockham's power to mesmerize extended to another subject, a boy of 16, who was suffering from the effects of scarlet fever and was very nervous. This R. X. we called him, was so sensitive that after being subjected to the mysterious influence once or twice he could not resist it once the charmer got his eyes on him. The Doctor caught the

boy's eye at table, fifty feet away, one evening, and Rex dropped his fork and fell back dead asleep and nothing could awake him save a shake from the mesmerizer. Rex was sent on journeys, too; but he did not prove a very successful traveler.

EXPERIMENTS WERE MADE IN HYPNOTISM

by Dr. Mills and Dr. Stockham in the main saloon, under the electric light, and in the presence of forty of the passengers, and the Dutchman and Mrs. Bullard and two others were made to do almost any desired thing, while blindfolded and operated on by the will of the two doctors. Mrs. Bullard left the cabin, was blindfolded, and was led by her brother—to whom I had whispered what I wished him to make her do—until she picked up my hat from the piano, sought me out from all the others, and placed it exactly on my head. The Dutchman took a wine-bottle from a rack, carried it a dozen yards, and filled a glass on an opposite table, without a word being spoken. Rex was made to run his nose hard against a lead-pencil point, and was unable to resist.

All these phenomena were very interesting, and were discussed learnedly by the scientists aboard. There was no explanation accepted as a finale, but the celebrated Dr. Carpenter's theory—the London physiologist, I mean—seemed to satisfy some minds. Carpenter says the dominant idea takes possession of certain minds and becomes a reality to them, and the expectancy of such and such a state actually produces it.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Mr. John Slater, is stopping at the Southern Hotel, 22nd street and Wabash avenue, where he will be pleased to see friends and patrons.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

Passed to spirit life, Oct. 4th, at Merriam, Iowa, at the age of 76 years and 24 days, Mrs. Ann Eliza Burgess, wife of William A. Burgess, formerly of W. Minn. She was stricken while eating breakfast with paralysis. She expired 10 1/2 hours after the stroke. She leaves a son, William, and a daughter, Clara, to mourn her loss. Mrs. C. J. DANIEL.

"It's only a question of time," and a short time, too, as to when your rheumatism will yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are a continuation of that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 353 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

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 diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

Consumption Surely Cured.

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use, all coughs and hoarsenesses have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

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 route line of the Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R. plays an important part. Over it through trains are run to St. Paul and Minneapolis 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 other points.

At all principal cities 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 ticket agent, or address Paul Morton, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

CHICAGO.

The Young People's Progressive Society meets every Sunday at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street, at 7:45 P. M.

The South Side Locomotive of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at 1:30 sharp, at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd Street.

The Chicago Association of Universal Medical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums meets in Spiritist Library, Hall No. 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission free cents. DR. NORMAN McLEOD, President.

The United Spiritualists meet at 116 5th Ave., at 2:30 P. M., Sunday. Visitors and mediums welcomed. E. B. GIBSON, President.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M., in Apollo Hall, 2780 State Street. First class speakers always in attendance. Address, E. J. MORTON, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

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

The Peoples' Spiritual Meetg has removed to Columbia Hall, 878, 6th Ave., (formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St.) Services every Sunday at 2:45 P. M., and 7:45 evening. FRANK W. JOHNS, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street. Dr. C. H. Blyker, services Sunday at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. H. C. Smith, President; Oliver Belmont, Vice President; George H. Perkins, Secretary; F. S. Maynard, Treasurer.

Grand Opera House, 23rd Street and 8th Avenue. 8 o'clock every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7:45 P. M. Conference every Sunday at 2 1/2 P. M. Admission free to each meeting.

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall, corner Bedford Ave., and Fulton Street. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7:45 P. M. Commencing Sept. 11th, Mrs. A. M. Gladding will occupy the room until Nov. 1st.

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternal Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and 3rd St. Services every Sunday at 10:15 A. M., Alpha Lounge at 3:30 P. M. Conference at 7:30 P. M.

Event Hall, 259 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. FRANK W. JOHNS, Conductor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Friday morning and evening in Court of Apollo Room, Town Hall. W. E. MILLER, President. E. J. HULLING, Secretary.

Illustrated matrimonial paper containing 300 personal advertisements 12 cents, Social World, Box 5265, Boston, Mass.

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A LIMB LOST can be replaced by an artificial one. 180 Dearborn Street, Chicago. Write to Dr. Lelloy.

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\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 50 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address J. Y. HIGGINS, 1 Lemoyne, Ill.

SEE HERE! Why not save one half on 1000 useful articles? CHICAGO SCALE CO. and 320, 102 to Agency, CHICAGO SCALE CO. and 320, 102 to Agency, CHICAGO SCALE CO. and 320, 102 to Agency.

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I CURE FITS! When I say cure I mean surely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the discovery FITS, EPIL. EPIV or FALLING SICKNESS, a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed no reason for not trying one of my cures. Send at once for treatise and Free Home of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER. CURES COUGHS, COLDS AND CONSUMPTION. Each Dose, 25c. and 50c. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., 1150 Broadway, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS, with its many joys, will soon be here once more. Friends must not be forgotten, although distant should receive some token of good cheer. We have a very suitable present not expensive, yet delicate as a memento of "a happy Christmas." Each contains the following: Each representing anything that is of benefit to the world. Just imported this season. Order now, quantities limited. 115 Fringed Sate Pillow with Card Center. 116 Fringed Card Panel Surmounted by Circular, ornate mounted Center. 117 Fringed 7 Drift Apparel Sate Pillow with Card Center. 118 Fringed Barrette with center of Lingerie, 1 fringed overlying a floral card. Each series in assorted colors, and are beautifully fringed and ornamented. Each card in a neat box. Price, 25c. each, 5 Copies \$1. 12 Copies \$2. Higher priced cards if desired. Leaving same to our judgment. State if for lady or gentleman and color desired. DANIEL ARBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Xmas-tide

CHRISTMAS, with its many joys, will soon be here once more. Friends must not be forgotten, although distant should receive some token of good cheer. We have a very suitable present not expensive, yet delicate as a memento of "a happy Christmas." Each contains the following: Each representing anything that is of benefit to the world. Just imported this season. Order now, quantities limited. 115 Fringed Sate Pillow with Card Center. 116 Fringed Card Panel Surmounted by Circular, ornate mounted Center. 117 Fringed 7 Drift Apparel Sate Pillow with Card Center. 118 Fringed Barrette with center of Lingerie, 1 fringed overlying a floral card. Each series in assorted colors, and are beautifully fringed and ornamented. Each card in a neat box. Price, 25c. each, 5 Copies \$1. 12 Copies \$2. Higher priced cards if desired. Leaving same to our judgment. State if for lady or gentleman and color desired. DANIEL ARBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

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The latest and best thing in literature of ART PUBLICATIONS, are perfect gems of ART. In London this season. Illustrations in monochrome by E. D. Signorini, John C. Lippincott and others. Poems from various sources. Each appropriately illustrated. 115 Fringed Sate Pillow with Card Center. 116 Fringed Card Panel Surmounted by Circular, ornate mounted Center. 117 Fringed 7 Drift Apparel Sate Pillow with Card Center. 118 Fringed Barrette with center of Lingerie, 1 fringed overlying a floral card. Each series in assorted colors, and are beautifully fringed and ornamented. Each card in a neat box. Price, 25c. each, 5 Copies \$1. 12 Copies \$2. Higher priced cards if desired. Leaving same to our judgment. State if for lady or gentleman and color desired. DANIEL ARBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. Iowa Town Property. Substantial brick building 25x100 feet on best business corner in

ONAWA, MONONA COUNTY, IOWA. The building is now occupied as a Dry goods and General Merchandise store, but can be used for any business; it is a good Billiard Hall would pay well on this location. Also a large and well-built modern dwelling of 12 rooms, together with a one half acre lot on the best residence street in the town. These properties will be sold singly or together—for cash, or exchanged at cash value for improved or unimproved City real estate. A moderate mortgage will be assumed if necessary.

ONAWA is a healthy and thriving town of 1,500 inhabitants, located in the most fertile County of one of the most fertile States in the Union; and the above described property will steadily increase in value. The owner has made an excellent living for himself and family and acquired a fair competence by his business in the town. He will give satisfactory reasons for selling and show inquirers how to do as well as he has. For further particulars address or call upon: J. S. O. C. RUDY—Room 67, 99 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

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This ware is made by the Rogers Co., and will wear well. 4 Teaspoons and Butter-knife (see above) only 50 cents or better still. 1 Tea-spoon, and both, 75 cents, and Sugar-shell, for only 75 cents. THESE ARE VERY SPECIAL OFFERS. GIVING NOW. PRAIRIE CITY NOVELTY CO., 45 Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Voices from the People.

AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

LOVE AND PAIN.

I heard a voice once sing... A tender sad refrain...

And as my sorrow deeper grew... To another's again...

I saw my fondest hope decay... Yet mourned not again...

And when my footsteps feebly turn... The Valley dread to gain...

And as my falling breath grows short... In tremor and with strain...

And when I reach the world of bliss... My faith cannot be vain...

JANET E. RUTZ-REES.

*Copyrighted.

I heard the trailing garment of the Night... Sweep through her marble halls...

—Longfellow.

A Blind Man on Memory.

From some Open Letters of peculiar interest to the Blind by one of their number...

To the present writer, who never remembers having a name in anything read over to him more than twice...

So marked is the advantage of the blind in this respect as almost to atone for their extra difficulties in others...

Thus the law of compensation is seen working in all things, making good on one hand, approximately at least, what is wanting on the other...

Spiritualism in Providence, R. I.

The lecture course of the Providence Spiritual Association for the season of 1887 and 1888, opened in Blackstone Hall, Oct. 2nd...

A very interesting and impressive memorial service was held the third Sunday. All who desired were invited to bring floral offerings...

On the evening of Nov. 3d, Mr. Fletcher gave an illustrated lecture for the benefit of the society, which was very fine and called out a full house...

And now, Mr. Editor, in closing, I propose to ask a few questions which any of the readers of the JOURNAL are at liberty to answer...

Providence, R. I., Nov. 5th. E. H. DUNHAM.

SEANCE WITH MRS. WELLS.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Being a western man myself, I have a desire to communicate to the readers of the JOURNAL, giving them an account of some spiritual manifestations...

Forms came out at first from the side of the cabinet the medium occupied, and spoke to their friends, and were recognized; then forms appeared from the unoccupied part of the left hand...

The medium then returned to the cabinet, and we all joined in singing, accompanied by the organ. After the music ceased she was again brought out, and through the same process a man appeared, dressed in oriental costume...

His last spirit disappeared very suddenly, and as the medium stepped back into the cabinet, we heard a noise as though she had fallen. We spoke of it, and Eunice said she felt, but they would take care of her...

Eunice was asked during the evening to come out, that we might see her. She replied that she had so much to do that she did not like to waste the force in that way...

During the evening, my wife who left the form eighteen years ago, came out and called me by name. Twice I went forward and spoke to her. She called my attention to a business matter, advising me what course to pursue...

I have been stopping in Mrs. Wells's home for a week and have had access to every book and corner; have examined the cabinet thoroughly, and I positively know that it was possible to produce a part or any of these manifestations with confederates...

Earlier here have already made arrangements for a series of test seances to be held twice a week for four months; the same persons only to sit at each seance. Some of these people sat in her former test seances; they are expecting something extraordinary, in fact, have been promised more than has yet been given...

WM. E. WHELOCK.

Proceedings Against Miss Gault, the Arrested Medium in Baltimore, Dismissed.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The arrest of Miss Gault, of which I sent you an account, caused considerable comment among our citizens, and many and loud were the denunciations expressed by the liberal minded at what they termed the outrageous conduct of the Marshal of Police and the detectives who figured in the case...

The officers engaged in this outrage have discovered that they recanted without their host. Before making the arrest the detective supposed he was after an old hag, and was made aware of the error he had committed in that respect when he was brought face to face with a lady, whom he discovered to be his superior in every element that was requisite to form a noble, true and womanly character...

The States Attorney, an Episcopalian, promptly dismissed the case, and thus ended the matter. He is a gentleman of too broad a sense of justice, and of too much regard for the rights of others, to engage in such a prosecution as had been undertaken in this instance.

Most of the prominent Spiritualists preferred to have the case go to trial, in order to have an opportunity to demonstrate before the law what is necessary to constitute a medium; and also what Spiritualism is. With her on trial the opportunity would have been a grand one; with her ability as a test medium, not a juror or officer of the law would have escaped without being convinced...

The Baltimore P. S. Association deemed it due to Miss Gault and the cause, that it should endorse her, and gave notice that she would be present at its meeting on Sunday night and give tests after Mrs. Wolcott had concluded her lecture. The hall was crowded, even the stairway. Hundreds were turned away without being able to obtain even standing room.

Yesterday the mortal remains of Martha Stevens, wife of David Stevens, were consigned to the grave. The funeral services were performed by Mrs. Wolcott in her usual felicitous manner. Sister Stevens possessed a warm and generous heart, and was beloved by all who knew her. Her spirit was recognized by several clairvoyants at the funeral...

A Philadelphiaian was the owner of a pet canary that died recently at the age of twenty-four. He claims that it was the longest lived bird of that species on record.

Spiritualist Meeting at Anderson, Ind.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Spiritualists of Indiana, by call of J. W. Westfield, met in convention at this place Thursday, Nov. 3rd. Dr. E. W. H. Beck, of Delphi, was chosen temporary chairman, and Dr. J. W. Westfield elected secretary. Meetings were held at 10 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M., of Wednesday. At the evening meeting Mrs. Kates lectured under spirit control to an audience which filled the hall...

At the evening meeting of Saturday, Mrs. Kates lectured in the first part of the evening, followed by G. W. Kates. To say the hall was packed (and many went away because there was not standing room) only partially conveys to paper the interest manifested.

One feature of this convention that the reporter must not pass unnoticed, was the work of the little nine year old Harris Sisters, of Decatur, Mich. These little angels "in form" sung, declaimed, and invoked in a manner beyond the intelligence of the human. They are twins, and as much like each other as it is possible for two little peaches to be.

The Executive Committee was instructed to have the association incorporated under the State law, and it was decided by the convention that we meet in Anderson on Thursday before the 15th of September, 1888. The Spiritualists will please take notice.

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Geo. W. HUNTER, Sec.

Message Purporting to be from Spirit George Peabody.

(Reported by B. Franklin Clarke, of Belvidere, N. J.)

I am ready, dear friend, to respond to your call. I am arranging my thoughts to present you with some ideas, not entirely new, perhaps, but of great importance to the world at large. I have reference to the subject of converse between two worlds, which is now an established fact, and a knowledge of which is the knowledge of the laws of gravitation, the change of the seasons, and the rotation of the earth upon its axis, etc.

Some preachers are mighty game on some lines. A little methodist racking off behind a pulpit preaching infant baptism hard as he can lam it, and the children sound asleep and grown people going to bed. And the episcopalian ringing the changes of apostolic succession—where they come from; I don't believe they would tell me where they are going to. And the protestant crying out these things as hard as he can on the final perseverance of the saints. And the baptist crying: "Water! Water!" and half their crowd going where they can't get a drop!

I have been there. This evening I kissed my wife good-by. I never do so without looking at her pale face. Through rum and run traffic of Cartersville I wallowed in its shame and sin for three years after I was married—I took the color from her face and joy out of her heart, and while God blesses my home with peace and joy to-night I say I have never seen my wife's face look red with color since the day I drew that blood from her face by the concussion that she was a kindred's wife. God pity a man who doesn't fight whisky.

I heard a six-year-old boy who heard of a buck that had horns six-feet across run through a thicket of wild mint, and the horns were only eighteen inches apart. I tell you that makes me believe that. I have seen an old preacher get up with ideas as thick as straw in a harvest-field, with a month's or twenty inches across, and run through God's moral universe a mile a minute for an hour and a half and never hit a single idea. That is what makes me believe that deer story.

I have said frequently there are too many animals in this world for the amount of human beings we have. You see an animal that looks like a man. He marries a wife and has children to call him father. He presents himself to the world as a man, and you take an anger and bore into him and you wouldn't go more than an inch before you would strike as pure a dog as ever was found on this earth.

GEORGE PEABODY.

Saw His Dying Brother's Ghost.

"I don't believe in ghosts," remarked a prominent citizen of this place the other day, "but I saw something one night while going through a dark woods on the Reynoldsville road that I have never been able to account for. I was riding along on horseback, when, just a few feet in front of me, I saw a man in the road. I turned my horse to one side in order to let him pass, and at that moment he stumbled and fell in the middle of the road. The thought at once occurred to me that it was a drunken man, and as the night was intensely cold—being in the winter time—when the wind blew at the trees and froze to death, so I concluded to help him up and see that he reached a place of safety. With this purpose in view, I said: 'Hello, stranger, what are you doing here?'"

"But there was no response. I spoke louder and louder, but still he would not answer. This convinced me that he had fallen into a drunken sleep and would inevitably perish if not taken care of. I therefore dismounted, lighted a match and bent over the figure to see if I could recognize his features, when, to my utter astonishment, the object dissolved from view, and there was not the least indication that there had been any thing in the snow before me. I tried to convince myself that it was an illusion, but I was in such complete possession of my faculties and my thoughts had been running in such a widely different channel that I could not believe I had been deceived. And what tended more firmly to convince me that I was not dreaming was the fact that my horse shied and pawed and snuffed the air, and seemed to be in such terror of the object that I could scarcely hold it."

"I went on home, but in spite of the most vigorous mental efforts, was haunted all night by strange forebodings of evil, and at the next day I received a dispatch to the effect that my brother, who was living in Dakota, had been caught in a blizzard the previous night, and was frozen to death. Subsequent inquiry developed the fact that his death occurred at the same moment, allowing for differences of time, that the apparition appeared to me. Since that time I have been slightly tinged with superstition."

—Pennsylvania (Penn.) Spirit.

Aunt Jennie Worden, of St. Joseph, Mo., is one hundred and eight years old. She was born a slave in Savannah, Ga., and says that she remembers General Washington very well. She is the mother of fifteen children, the first of whom was born in 1772 and the last in 1830. Aunt Jennie is now blind, and he is sixty years old. She has seen her great-grand-grandchildren.

Letter from Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

It is a duty we owe to justice when cases of extraordinary devotion to usefulness occurs by individuals, to make mention of them in order that they may be encouraged, and the world made the better for it. Mediumship as accepted to-day may not be the embellishment of character, and no doubt it does expose the possessors to great reproach in the minds of some. If used entirely for worldly gain, perhaps it should, but when braving the reproach that the fashions of to-day are trying to lead it with, and when there is an eye single to the advancement of a great truth, it should be sustained.

We have had Mrs. Carrie E. S. Fwing, with us for two weeks and we feel that she deserves more than a passing notice. Her powers for usefulness are extraordinary, and she is willing to cultivate and use them. She is highly gifted, and gives such evidence of honesty and sincerity, that in leaving us for the present she takes with her the hearts of her hearers. As a test medium and logical speaker, she has few equals. We have many in the field whose merits entitle them to respect, and the cause they advocate is that of humanity.

Our society is gaining strength and sowing seeds that ere long will yield a glorious fruitage. Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Twigg, and many others are casting forth pearls. Mrs. Twigg will return to us in a few weeks. The bread cast upon the waters will return also. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Mr. Baker, Mrs. Spence and others, their voices are sounding like a strong instrument, attuned by angel fingers, and which resound from sphere to sphere. How little is the work appreciated by the dull ears of the multitude, as well as by those who assume to be saved by the miracle process. The rescue of God's children from the grasp of His supposed competitor, is not for us, for the power of the infinite is all-sufficient. Growth of the soul will show us how many myths have held place, and what realities have been rejected, when the same dark as at that time. How little is the work appreciated by the dull ears of the multitude, as well as by those who assume to be saved by the miracle process. The rescue of God's children from the grasp of His supposed competitor, is not for us, for the power of the infinite is all-sufficient. Growth of the soul will show us how many myths have held place, and what realities have been rejected, when the same dark as at that time. How little is the work appreciated by the dull ears of the multitude, as well as by those who assume to be saved by the miracle process. The rescue of God's children from the grasp of His supposed competitor, is not for us, for the power of the infinite is all-sufficient. Growth of the soul will show us how many myths have held place, and what realities have been rejected, when the same dark as at that time.

Headless and Horrible. The blinding north wind whistled through Mott street yesterday in a blood-chilling fashion. The Celestials who thronged the thoroughfare drew their legs further up under their togas and shuddered visibly. Those who had not made enough "noise" out of the "week's" wabbles to indulge in the luxury of grilled "rats" were so miserable as to baffle description. Their lips were blue and their teeth chattered. An idle observer might have deemed this wholly due to the cold. But it was not. A headless ghost appeared at 15 Mott street, on Friday night and there has been untold wretchedness and suffering since.

Ma Wing, a laundryman, was found standing to the window of a telegraph pole yesterday afternoon surveying 18—his boarding house—with anything but satisfaction. Ma Wing saw the ghost, and has taken a dislike to it. He will do anything to escape seeing it again. Ma Wing never learned a dress shirt in his life, and says he has a good conscience. He does not drink hot water, and always adulterates his opium. Consequently his statements are entitled to considerable credit. As Ma Wing settled his back comfortably against the pole and prepared to recount his adventures he was speedily surrounded by a score or more of his shivering compatriots who indored everything he said. This was his tale:

"Qui La (the ghost) thin and taller like Malican man, all dressed in white shirt. He come loud by 12 o'clock, when the same dark as at that time. He lock my door and go to bed. He no open door, no wante allow same Qui La. When I see him, big, white, no head, I scream, and then he gullump at me, and I run like same damn foot. Qui La go through wall. Alles same horrible!"

Ma Wing was not the only one who saw the ghost. His description is corroborated by others who board the house, and all agree that no more unique and clever ghost ever visited these shores. No "Mott street" is regarded as a haunted house, and its inmates would rather perish in the keen north wind than spend the night in the warm company of the specter. —New York Times.

Said Sam Jones in Atlanta.

Some preachers are mighty game on some lines. A little methodist racking off behind a pulpit preaching infant baptism hard as he can lam it, and the children sound asleep and grown people going to bed. And the episcopalian ringing the changes of apostolic succession—where they come from; I don't believe they would tell me where they are going to. And the protestant crying out these things as hard as he can on the final perseverance of the saints. And the baptist crying: "Water! Water!" and half their crowd going where they can't get a drop!

I have been there. This evening I kissed my wife good-by. I never do so without looking at her pale face. Through rum and run traffic of Cartersville I wallowed in its shame and sin for three years after I was married—I took the color from her face and joy out of her heart, and while God blesses my home with peace and joy to-night I say I have never seen my wife's face look red with color since the day I drew that blood from her face by the concussion that she was a kindred's wife. God pity a man who doesn't fight whisky.

I heard a six-year-old boy who heard of a buck that had horns six-feet across run through a thicket of wild mint, and the horns were only eighteen inches apart. I tell you that makes me believe that. I have seen an old preacher get up with ideas as thick as straw in a harvest-field, with a month's or twenty inches across, and run through God's moral universe a mile a minute for an hour and a half and never hit a single idea. That is what makes me believe that deer story.

I have said frequently there are too many animals in this world for the amount of human beings we have. You see an animal that looks like a man. He marries a wife and has children to call him father. He presents himself to the world as a man, and you take an anger and bore into him and you wouldn't go more than an inch before you would strike as pure a dog as ever was found on this earth.

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Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

A young mulatto girl who barks furiously and constantly, like a dog, is a curiosity of Starke, Fla.

Eight employes of the melters' department of the Philadelphia mint were discharged the other day because charcoal marks were found in bars of silver which they had made.

Gov. Luce gave it as his opinion, based on investigation, that a majority of the girls at the Adrian Industrial school went to the bad by frequenting skating rinks and the salvation army.

The oldest tombstone in Germany was hitherto supposed to be one at Worms, dated 900 A. D. But at Zambach, a village near Mainz, a tombstone has just been discovered with a Hebrew epitaph and dated 806 A. D.

Glassblowers' cheeks become thin and lose their elasticity by the continued blowing. They hang down like inverted pouches and grow useless. It is a matter of record, it is said, that both here and in Europe glassworkers have blown holes in their cheeks.

The new comet recently discovered by the astronomers is said to be now visible to the naked eye and may be found in the evening in the northwest sky. The comet is now moving eastward, is large and bright, and promises to become more brilliant in a few weeks.

In November, 1751, the grand jury of Fairfax, Va., indicted Daniel Croxon of that county for "leading of seals." His act referred to was the raising of a second crop of tobacco in one year, which was then used as currency, and only a prescribed quantity could be raised.

Edward Lord, aged eighty-seven years, of Lord's Valley, Pike County, Pa., recently walked from Hackettstown to Eaton, a distance of twenty-five miles, simply because he did not want to wait three hours for a train. The day before he walked thirty-five miles for the fun of it.

A kitten of Portland, Ore., was seen to charm a rattlesnake. The snake was coiled, and with its head followed every motion of the kitten. The kitten seemed to realize the importance of the situation, and never allowed her attention to wander from the snake. The snake was killed.

The brother of Sheriff O'Bourke of Ontonagon county, Michigan, while chopping a hollow tree was surprised to find blood on his ax and to hear growls issuing from the log. A moment later he saw the head of a large bear coming out of the opening. He quickly killed the animal with his ax.

An American who attended fifty bull fights in Spain was asked the other day why he went to so many. "In the hope that I might see one of the bull fighters killed," he answered. "The sport is so brutal and cruel that I wanted to see the men who are the cause of this brutality receive a just compensation for their work."

W. H. Daniel is one of Georgia's most solid citizens. He is sixty-four years old, has thirteen sons and four daughters; he was never ill in his life; never took a dose of medicine; does not drink tea, coffee or whisky; gets up at 4 o'clock every morning, works ten hours every day, and confidently expects to live to be 100 years old.

A small boy of Smithville, Ga., who had often expressed a desire to catch a buzzard, was misled, and after he had been away all day, was found in a field lying on the ground and "playing dead." He said that he was trying to make the buzzard think that he was really dead, so that they would come near enough for him to catch them.

A very singular incident was noted in connection with a recent mill fire in Carlton, Mich. The building was burning fiercely, but the big engine which drove the machinery continued to run all through the blaze, and by that means was saved from destruction, though there was not a wall standing on either side of it when the fire had finished.

Among the war relics on exhibition at the Exposition Building in Milwaukee is the stuffed body of "Old Abe," the famous war eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin. He does not look like a buzzard as he did in life when he rode on a standard at the head of the regiment. A tablet attached to his perch bears this inscription: "Hatched February, 1861; died March 23, 1861."

The leading newspaper man in Japan is Mr. Murayama. Nine years ago he started, *Asahi Shimbun* (which, being interpreted, is *Rising Sun News*) at Osaka. It now has a circulation of 35,000, and an agent of the editor and proprietor is in this country to be imported presses for the *Asahi Shimbun*. It is fully illustrated, and sells for four-fifths of a cent.

Indians are allowed to ride free on the railroads out West. A few days ago a party of them were roosting between the mail and express cars of a train on the Utah & Northern, when a squaw called the attention of the trainmen to a brother Indian. They investigated and found not a red man of the forest, but a white tramp, who had disguised himself as a savage in order to get a free ride.

Herman Ehrich, of Kankakee, Ill., thought that it would be a great joke on his friend, Folioeman Olsen, if he passed himself off as a burglar. He tried it. As Olsen was passing a doorway Ehrich sprang out and ran furiously down the street. Olsen shouted, "Halt!" and when Ehrich did not stop fired his pistol and put a ball through his friend's head, killing him instantly. When he discovered whom he had shot he tried to shoot himself, but was prevented.

Captain Robert W. Anderson, an aged ped-striar of Sumner, S. C., who claims to have been 97 years old on the 5th of July last, arrived in Washington the other day with his dog engaged in a pedestrian trip from Boston to his home in Sumner. He left Sumner last May and walked to Boston, and is now on his way home. He went over the same route, he says in a wagon in 1812, and altogether, including the present trip, has traversed the distance five times. He thinks the walking preserves his health.

Among the customs peculiar to wedding occasions the ring and bride cake seem to be of the most remote antiquity, the latter being a modern improvement on the heathen practice of using a cake of wheat for the bride at a wedding. The presenting of gifts to the bride is also of very old origin. The favorite present in the middle ages being a pot of butter, which was brought forward as soon as the happy couple returned home from church, and which was supposed to prepay plenty and an abundance of good things. Other bridal gifts peculiar to the olden time were scarfs and lace, and, what a stranger still, a pair of knives, which it was the fashion for brides to wear sheathed and suspended from their girdles.

One of the most singular features in the scenery of the territory of Idaho is the occurrence of dark rocky chasms, into which large streams and rocks suddenly disappear and are never more seen. These fissures are old lava channels, produced by the outside of the molten mass cooling and forming a tube, which, on the fiery stream becoming exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct, having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place among the banks of the Snake one of these rivers reappears, gushing from a cleft high up in the basaltic walls, where it leaps a cascade into that torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up, is strictly unknown, though it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north country.

There is a dog in a Philadelphia cigar store who has more intelligence than the average messenger boy and whose trails lay the district boy in the shade. He belongs to Billy Potter, the well-known ex-cloves. The dog answers to the name of Jumbo. Whenever any of the salesmen or clerks employed in the numerous stores on the south side of Chestnut street want a cigar or a piece of tobacco, he will stand in the store door and hold up a piece of money and immediately Jumbo knows what is wanted and starts off on a rush for the money. Receiving his order he returns and deposits the money before Billy and asks for his cigar or tobacco, whichever it may be. If it be a cigar that is wanted he will run to take tobacco and vice versa. If he desires a cigar and the purchaser says "Bring me a match," he will start back for one and won't give up till he gets one and delivers it. He will make purchases for anybody in the entire block from 5th to 9th street and has never been known to carry the wrong article nor the wrong change.

A boy at New Castle, Pa., at the risk of his life, stopped a runaway team hauling a load of turnips, and received a turnip from the generous farmer who owned the team.

THE OPIUM HABIT.

The Most Abject of Slaves—Is There Any Emancipator?

The New York papers lately published a very pathetic story about a very popular emotional actress...

Opium victims are usually hopeless, helpless slaves, mind weakened, lacking energy for any effort toward recovery...

A peculiar feature is that victims craftily conceal it from their nearest friends. A young lady at school near Philadelphia was recently found to be secretly addicted to it...

In the Chicago Farm Field and Stockman, September 25, 1887, is this letter signed S. T. O., from Barstow, Ky. 'I missed the paper that had my letter in, so I did not know that you made the request to know what I used to break up the morphia habit...

This voluntary statement goes to confirm the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's safe cure, that it is the only remedy in the world which has any decided power over diseases of the kidneys and liver...

Editor Wm. A. Bode, of Alton, Ill., was completely cured of the opium habit, acquired by long use in a painful malady, with Warner's safe cure. It cannot be cured at all if the kidneys and liver are diseased...

It is because physicians have discovered that no other remedy is so beneficial in restoring health to the liver, kidneys and general system as the one stated in the above notice...

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Mrs. Sarah Cartwright's work on magnetism clairvoyantly discerned, with lessons from nature, inherited characteristics explained, throwing light on the treatment of diseases and medicine with a triside on various subjects of general interest...

An evangelist, known at camp-meetings as "Weeping Joe," is holding revivals in Indiana county, Pennsylvania. In the midst of a sermon the other day he suddenly paused, stepped out of an open window, and a moment after came in again...

Two well-to-do men of Fort Gratiot, Mich., stole nine bins from a farmer near that town. The farmer and several of his neighbors, armed with pitchforks, surrounded them as they were departing with their plunder and compelled them to pay \$50 for the poultry.

Dr. James' Study of Primitive Christianity." is one of the most scholarly and valuable works on the subject that has been published; it gives much satisfaction to any careful student who is also candid and temperate. Price \$150. For sale at this office.

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Radical Liberal Journal, Published in Chicago by The Open Court Publishing Co., B. F. UNDERWOOD (formerly Editor of The Index), and SARA A. UNDERWOOD, Editors.

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While the critical work which is still needed in this transitional period will not be neglected, the most prominent will be given in THE OPEN COURT to the positive affirmative side of radical liberal thought, subjects of practical interest which have preference over questions of pure speculation...

Among the writers already engaged to contribute to the columns of THE OPEN COURT are those given:

- James Parton, George Jacob Hoinyake, Fred. May Holland, Minot J. Savage, Elizabeth C. Stanton, Anna Garlin Spencer, Edwin D. Mead, Allen J. Potter, B. W. Ball, Chas. D. H. Mills, Allen Ingalls, Howard Connor, W. D. Gunnison, Edmund Montgomery, Moncure D. Conway, Wm. M. Salter, John W. Chadwick, Wm. H. Channing, Paul Carus, George Hays, Wm. H. Channing, Wm. H. Channing, Hudson Tuttle, Xenos Clark, Theodore Stanton, Felix L. Oswald, Thomas Davidson.

Among those from whom we have good reasons for expecting contributions, is the distinguished philologist and critical scholar, Prof. Max Muller; and we have the statement of one of his personal friends, that Ernest Renan will probably encourage us by articles of his own pen.

Several other well known radical thinkers, European as well as American, whose names are not included in the above list, will be among the contributors to THE OPEN COURT.

THE OPEN COURT will be published on the 1st and 15th of each month, commencing in February, 1888.

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This is a large 12mo. of 372 pages, in long primer type, with an appendix of twenty-three pages in smaller type. The author takes the ground that since natural science is concerned with a knowledge of real phenomena, appealing to our senses, perceptions, and which are not only historically but also now verifiable, as it is called, it is the duty of the scientific investigator, to be faithful to the facts, and to be true to the scientific method.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, CHICAGO.

LIVER AND HEART TROUBLE.

Mrs. MARY A. McCLURE, Columbia, Miss., writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and general weakness."

LIVER DISEASE.

Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of Yorkville, Callaruga Co., N. Y., writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years' previous to taking them, I was a great sufferer; I had a chronic diarrhoea, and in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thank you to your medicine."

CHRONIC DIARRHOEA CURED.

D. LAZARUS, Esq., 375 and 377 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhoea. My bowels are now regular."

INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES.

Rev. F. ASHBY HOWELL, Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silerton, N. J., says: "I was afflicted with indigestion, boils, and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE.

Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of Atsenuora, 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, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION.

covering the whole of his feet, extended to his 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 was able to get up. Mr. T. A. AYRES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

WASTED TO A SKELETON.

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:

BLEEDING FROM LUNGS.

JOSEPH F. McFARLAND, Esq., of Spring Valley, N. Y., writes: "My wife had frequent bleedings from the lungs before she commenced using your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She has not had any since she has been feeling so well. She also has discontinued it."

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covering the whole of his feet, extended to his 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 was able to get up. Mr. T. A. AYRES, of East New Market, Dorchester County, Md., vouches for the above facts.

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A Norwegian Soothsayer.
(Continued from First Page.)

not grow. From there the water comes, but they have water still nearer. The storehouse stands south; beside that is a small shanty; under that is water.

"That must be the woodshanty."

"No, that is not for wood; it is a sort of storehouse."

"It is the granary."

"Yes, the granary it is. But most of the water comes from the north. There runs a vein through the rock. You have seen—have you not?—that it shows both in the field and below?"

"They had a well there before, but it would not keep water."

"The vein, you see, is just three yards farther north than where the well was dug. Only a little part of the water flowed to the well."

"Where will it be best to dig?"

"Thirty feet north from the stable will be the best place to dig."

The owner of the farm followed Knut's advice, and the well still exists there. On that farm Knut had never been in his life.

Sometimes Knut proved to be mistaken, and when asked the reason why, he always answered: "I cannot tell; it whispered to me so."

Knut lived and died as a sort of hermit up on his lonely little farm. Poor he was, and poor remained all his life. In his latter years, when the persecutions had ceased, he mostly spoke of God's wisdom and love, when people visited him. He died in the year 1877, 89 years of age. He died quite calmly, asking, "Is it day or night now?" People believed he slept, but he was dead.

DR. WOLFE'S LATEST.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Of course I have read the paper contributed by Dr. N. E. Wolfe in your issue of Oct. 29th, and in view of it, I do not wonder you felt it necessary to reach for the writer's character. You say:

"Dr. Wolfe is a man of vast and varied experience, self-reliant and courageous, a keen observer of everything that comes under his notice, free from all the desire for notoriety, not a visionary nor a dreamer, but a hard-headed, practical man of the world."

I trust you wrote this certificate of character with a full appreciation of what it imports. You bespeak a candid examination of this "remarkable testimony," and in view of it submit a series of suggestions and "hints," which I have duly considered, one of which runs to this effect: "It requires little progress in psychological research to discover that some individuals possess marked qualities for stimulating the powers of the sensitive or medium, and aiding spirits in emphasizing their demonstrations far beyond the ordinary exhibit; Dr. Wolfe is one of these."

Unfortunately the present writer has not made even the "little progress in psychological research" that would induce him to extend what he would consider rash and perilous confidence, in a case like this. In fact, if one accepts this suggestion of yours, it seems to me he has little else to do than acquiesce in and accept whatever is told him. Hence, if I am allowed to say anything at all about this thing, it must be with the understanding that my own judgment shall not be overborne by a condition or expectation, which, if complied with, would empty it of whatever value it might otherwise possess in my estimation. However, I may as well say here at the start that I have no intention of entering upon anything like exhaustive criticism or analysis of this "marvelous account of phenomena from the pen of Dr. N. E. Wolfe." I wish simply to throw out a few thoughts as they arise in my mind on perusing the most remarkable document, all things considered, it has ever been my fortune to read.

Spiritualists have become so accustomed to these "wonders they seem not to be aware of the enormous demands they are making upon the credence of those not in sympathy with them. The simple tenet of immortality, that is, without any of these fantastic accessories, taxes to its uttermost the faith of the more intelligent class who nominally accept it; while with many of the more distinguished lights of science, men inured to sober and right habits of thought in the study of nature, it is as well known ruled out as an unverifiable hypothesis. To such minds, cases like this of the Doctor's are superlatively ridiculous when they are not worse, with no better warrant at best than hallucination and craze, having its seat in the unstable equilibrium of the sensorial functions, like many another craze, which has come and gone.

Though I have no personal acquaintance with the Doctor, I have been familiar with his name for a quarter of a century; known him by reputation as a very successful specialist—financially I mean—and lately as an amateur investigator of so-called psychical phenomena, and the author of a book in the interest of the same. I have a genuine respect for his abilities. The way he told his story proves him to be a master-workman, an artist, a rhetorician; and his familiarity with ghosts and hobgoblins, ancient and modern, swarthy and fair, commands my profound admiration. I read the tale of his wondrous experiences with becoming care, just as the Doctor would wish one to read it; took my time for it; put this over against that, struck the balance and tried if by any means I could get an *rapport*, as we say, with the writer, so as to do no injustice in my criticisms, or rather misgivings. Of course I give the Doctor credit for sincerity; he is not a man to trifle with so sacred a subject—but what a subject! What an experience! What a testimony! And all resting on the unsupported spinal column of one man! It does seem to me the Doctor owed it to the public and to himself to have taken measures to corroborate his own testimony by other witnesses in a matter so unspcakably momentous and intrinsically improbable, as the public generally will view it. The reason assigned for neglect in this particular, may be and doubtless is satisfactory to himself; but by the public for whose benefit he was acting, it will most assuredly be looked upon as more specious than tenable or wise. Were there not good and true men and women enough in the great city of Cincinnati who could have been got together under harmonious conditions to witness and testify to these marvels? I notice in your editorial, speaking of the eagerness of credibility as pertaining to spiritual matters, put forth by yourself and others, accepted and approved by Dr. Wolfe, there is one point, to wit:—To establish extraordinary facts, the medium (and the witness, of course) unless he is a simplicit or an impostor, will admit and act up to. It is to be regretted that the Doctor on his part did not "act up to" a rule so palpably wise and just, on the occasion of those seances so graphically described by him.

A few words as to the seances themselves. I had got the hang of Plipton and Solon

Robinson from reading an article of the Doctor's published in the JOURNAL several months ago; but the other spirits mentioned in this last were new to me and altogether as interesting as anything in the "Arabian Nights," or "Munchausen's" best.

Of course these materializations are unaccountable on any accepted or generally received principles of philosophy or religion. As facts they are not merely astounding—they arrest thought, they appythesize it; it is impossible to breathe in an atmosphere such as the Doctor describes, unless one has undergone a long process of acclimatization. Admit the materialization of the human mechanism and functions, and there is no place to stop short of absolute creation. The origination of a rose out of the elements of nature, is in reality as great a miracle as the origination of a world. In fact, in Judge Edmond's work on Spiritualism, spirits are described as co-operating and assisting in world making! Even on the hypothesis of hallucination, there is no denying that the Doctor's vision was grand almost beyond conception; so much so that he himself finally collapsed, succumbed, he says, "bewildered and overpowered" in the rush of uncontrollable emotion, to that degree that he "desired to see no more." To what extent this mobility of his emotional nature operated in giving color to his perceptions, or his record of them, we have no means of knowing. There is, however, ample internal evidence in the narrative, that the Doctor's nervous tension and presence of mind is fully up to the average; but no man could pass through such experiences as his without more or less perturbation. That he maintained his equilibrium as well as it seems he did on the occasion of the abrupt advent and exit of Napoleon Bonaparte, and subsequently his "first officer's," is highly creditable. He says quaintly and possibly with a thought of satisfying doubt on the part of his readers,—"For myself, I stood firm in my boots, and I did not feel the earth quake!"

But, after all, one is at a loss to understand the object of these interviews, take them generally. Apparently they were purposeless, devoid of any significance other than that attaches to the most commonplace exhibitions of the kind. Of this the narrator seems to have been aware, either at the time or from reflection afterwards, probably the latter, for he confesses to not a little mental flurry and indistinctness of perception as coming on during his second seance. He observes that just prior to being confronted with these dignitaries of the first French Empire, Plipton, the medium, and the Doctor had been "banqueting," in which they imbibed pretty freely of "Mamm's best brand." Whether it was the tonic and invigorating effect of this refreshment which enabled the Doctor to "stand firm in his boots," or what influence it may have had as an exciting cause of the indistinctness of perception just referred to, it would be hazardous to infer without further information. Keeping the chain of events in mind, however, it is evident that the premonitory symptoms of this mental break-up dates from the time when Plipton so suddenly and unaccountably absconded, or "evanished," as the Doctor has it, while he was "looking him squarely in the face." "My eyes seemed to grow filmy," he says, "and before I could wipe them, Plipton was lost to mortal ken."

We note also he speaks of a lapse of memory in connection with this incident. However all this may be, it is gratifying to be informed that Napoleon the despot has made notable advances since his transfer to the spheres and spiritual influences, in manners and recognition of the common courtesies of life; for he is represented as presenting himself bareheaded, and bowing respectfully to a representative, I may say, of Republican institutions, on retiring.

"Red Rose, the dancing spirit," in particular, is an interesting character and well sustained. No wonder the Doctor was somewhat mystified and perplexed in making out her wardrobe to his liking. He thinks "she may have worn tights," but of this he is not certain, though he is confident her dress came down below her knees. This resident of the spheres, he it observed, made her epiphany in the order of events just subsequently to that little epicurean episode—banqueting, etc.—just mentioned. But this latter circumstance should not be allowed to disparage or throw suspicion over the general accuracy of the Doctor's observations or memory; and I only mention it to keep up a sort of chronological connection between the several incidents as I find them narrated.

In a panorama of thirteen materializations, it is not to be expected that all will be equally imposing or noteworthy, and such is not the case in the present instance, as for example, what the Doctor calls "two grand old Indian spirits; powerful aids in materialization," though in this latter respect he is undoubtedly right, if "Ski" actually did manipulate that "glass of wine" out of the constituents of common air, instead of surreptitiously abstracting it from the Doctor's bottle—supposing there was any left. By the way isn't it a little queer that these unsavory red skins are so popular as materializing forces or "controls," especially with lady mediums? Why prefer them to Pompey, Cæsar, or any other respectable Sambo? I can divine no reason except because of the altogether factitious glamour which has been thrown over the Indian by novelists.

Pharaoh and the Queen, though "phenomenal" were far from being remarkable, except in their costumes, and the exhibition of conjugal endearments vouchsafed for the Doctor's benefit, but a monstrous indelicacy or breach of etiquette according to modern notions. Ptolemy and his queen, Josephine, and the Doctor's little daughter, were sufficiently note-worthy, but do not call for specialization in this review.

Take it all in all it is astonishing array of dignitaries, high and low, fair and foul, that came and went for the delectation of one man. Yet the author of "Startling Facts" was not dazed—he tells us this explicitly—didn't ruffle a feather, while the "representations of old Egypt," and young France—the Ptolemies, and Pharaohs, Napoleon, Josephine, Black Hawk and Skiwakee bowed and did obeisance to him—like as did "the sun and the moon, and the eleven stars" to Joseph in his dream—a baker's round dozen in each case.

One word as to a matter of fact, or rather conflict of authorities. In this story of the Doctor's experiences, Napoleon and Josephine are represented as having reemerged the old life as it existed before she was heartlessly set aside to gratify his insatiable ambition; if not exactly this, at any rate, as consorting and co-operating together. In a notice of a volume of 207 pages, purporting to have been dictated by the spirit of Samuel Bowles, I find the following: "Bitter memories still cling to Josephine and cause her to live apart from Bonaparte."

Such discrepancies are vexatious and discouraging. We meet with them repeatedly in spiritual literature. Has not the time come when an Ecumenical council should be

convened to expurgate the faith and settle the canon, as they did in the days of primitive Christianity? I pause for a reply.

WM. B. HART.
Greenwood, Ill.

Miss Maggie Gaul—Seance with Mrs. Hollis.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

In regard to Miss Maggie Gaul, of Baltimore, who was arrested for being a fortune-teller, but not yet tried, I would say I have favorably known her for a few years. She is an excellent trance test medium. She also has the reputation in this city of being intelligent, of good address and lady-like deportment. This reminds me of an incident occurring in my first investigations of Spiritualism. One day, with a near relative, and a friend of hers, we went to Mrs. Mary Hollis, then giving seances at Louisville, Ky. At that time Mrs. Hollis gave seances in three phases: materialization, slate writing, and independent spirit voices. The lady who accompanied us was a recent widow, in deep mourning, and floated in the society of the upper class. As we neared the residence of Mrs. Hollis, she remarked to me, "I wish you would introduce me as Mrs. Smith, as I don't wish to have my friends know that I have called to see a fortune-teller." I was then simple enough to comply with the request. We all sat around a small stand for independent slate writing. The slate was held under the table, each one taking hold of a corner of the slate which was laid a small piece of a slate pencil. We engaged in general conversation for at least thirty minutes, when I observed the medium's face to suddenly change, especially the eyes, which seemed to assume a dreamy appearance. She remarked that it was useless to sit longer—we would get nothing. In turn she looked staringly into each of our eyes, and said, "There is something wrong here, and what it is I cannot tell."

I felt greatly disappointed. After a short conversation I insisted we should try again, which was done, as before stated, when a message was written on the slate as follows: "My dear, the next time you come here to communicate with me, don't sail under false colors."

The name signed to the message was Mrs. Smith. As a spirit he could read his wife's thoughts, and pandered to her wishes, not to have her true name exposed, yet at the same time administered a rebuke I don't think she has forgotten.

We have to contend with mountebanks and some dishonest mediums, who for the sake of gain, have simulated genuine manifestations, but in that respect we can of late perceive a change for the better, and yet in the future we may expect to hear of fraud. In fact it will continue as long as priests and ministers fall from grace, and bad people continue to counterfeit the genuine coin.

It is an old adage, "Honesty is the best policy." In all matters, and as mortals it is wicker to sail under false colors as did Mrs. H., especially so under the circumstances.

The fact is, in my experiences I have observed much attempted trickery and downright lying on the part of a class of people who wish to be known as the "leaders" of society, who are entirely ignorant of mediumship and the laws governing the same. In their endeavors to expose fraud they have only exposed their own ignorance and unworthiness to be at such a place. When such people enter society again mediums are held up as either frauds or fortune-tellers.

After our slate writing experiences with Mrs. Hollis, we held a seance for materializations, when Mrs. H.'s husband and father appeared, plain and distinct. I had known them both when in the flesh, and Mrs. H. admitted to me then that it was her husband and father; but afterwards, when in the company of her society friends, she denounced all mediums as fortune-tellers.

It is not to be wondered at that the road of the medium has been a hard one to travel. However much mediums may shrink from the public gaze, they are gifted by nature for an important work for the benefit of the human race, and the spirits will not allow them to hide their gifts under a bush. Mediums are as sensitive as the plant by that name, and it behooves all to treat them with less suspicion and more tender regard, for in many cases where they have been supposed to be fraudulent, they were not.

There is a right and a wrong way to meet mediums; but few people as yet comprehend the real facts underlying mediumship. If a dozen (or less) people attend a seance, as I have known to be the case, and are convinced, they believe they are smart enough to discover how the "frauds" are perpetrated. They expect to find nothing but fraud, so if they see any thing at all, it is fraudulent in appearance to them. Spirits may have catered to their appetites in order to cause them to go away from the seance in the belief of fraud.

I have been in circles where two or three persons, unbelievers, have blocked all manifestations. Such, no doubt, was the reason why Jesus remarked that he could not work by the signs and wonders at a certain place, on account of the unbelief of the people.

The onward march of Spiritualism will never be checked until the whole world is brought into one universal harmonious whole. The Spirit-world possesses the power, and can truly exclaim with the poet,

No pent up Uxine confines our powers,
The boundless universe is ours.

Old orthodox theology with its ironical dogmatic creeds, the inventions of men, and with its five hundred sects producing confusion and jargon, will soon be numbered with the things of the past.

Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

I lately met with one of the many proofs of the quiet growth of Spiritualism, which show that the work of our pioneers is telling on the world. Wife and I called on a lady in an eastern city, and our call grew to an afternoon visit and a hospitable dinner. The talk turned on Spiritualism, and we were told of a vision which opened before the inner sight of our gifted hostess years ago, filling her with light and peace, and giving needed strength in an hour of trial. She told us how she went at once to a Methodist clergyman and his wife, near and valued friends in the church, with which she has long had warm sympathy, and told them her wondrous experience, which they gladly accepted as genuine. Her views are known to a few choice friends in the church and elsewhere, but they do not affect her good standing or Christian fellowship. She is a woman of high standing and mature experience, widely known and justly held as reliable in judgment and full of fine sympathy.

The more good work Spiritualists do,—a work as the best people over the other side will gladly help—the more such cases will increase and thus help truth to win.

Detroit, Mich. G. B. STEBBINS.

THE RAIN GOD—SPIRITUAL WONDERS.

The following, written from Oregon, Mo., appears in the *Globe-Democrat*:

Several years ago when the attention of the writer was by a circumstance called to the subject of Spiritualism, he determined to investigate by inquiring into the facts of current stories of spiritual wonders. At that time a very remarkable story, as told by Gen. Beale, United States army, was going the rounds. It was to the effect that several years before, at Fort Tejon, Cal., in a rainless region, the Indians employed by him to dig ditches for irrigation had refused to continue the work because their rain god could make it rain whenever it was desired; that not being able to overcome their obstinacy he sent for the rain god, who was a "an old, dilapidated Indian, with an old bag containing Indian charms, who positively declared he could make it rain." But he insisted that it was not the right season for rain; that it would wash away the grass seed, wet the people who were out hunting and do other damage. Being positively assured that all damages should be compensated he begged an incantation, but seeing some soldiers starting out to hunt he insisted on making them return. All this satisfied the General that he was fooling. But finally, when all was arranged to the old fellow's satisfaction, he began. It was a clear, dry day, the barometer indicating settled dry weather. "In one hour after he began, dark heavy clouds were rising, and in two hours were pouring down rain, and continued to do so until every dry ravine and creek bed was bank full." The story referred to a Mr. Bishop, of San Jose, Cal., and others as witnesses to similar instances of this old man's power. I wrote to Mr. Bishop, at San Jose, Cal., asking him to relate his own opinion of the incredible story. He promptly replied as follows:

SAN JOSE, CAL. November 10, 1874.—DEAR SIR—Your favor of the 25th of October received, and in answer to interrogations, I will say that in the year 1858, when I had charge of the Indian reservation, to gratify the whims of the Indians—who were then carrying on work irrigating the crop, day and night, to save it from the pending drought at that place (Tejon)—I permitted them to seek for what they called a rain-god. I had not seen a cloud for a month or more, it being in the month of May, and everything drying up. The rain-god came, and he set to work. In less than twenty-four hours the rain commenced, and continued for several days, and when I told him we had enough for once, it stopped. He (the rain-god) asked when I wanted more rain. I told him that I would let him know from time to time, which I did, and every time he said I should have it the rain came. Now, sir, I will say in conclusion, that I do not believe in man possessing supernatural powers, or even controlling the elements, nor do I believe in the power of charms, or the power of the Indian made it rain. But I do know that every time he said I should have rain it came, just as I have stated it; and I could, if necessary, bring forth a dozen men to-day that could verify the assertion. The account of the whole thing was published over twenty years ago in the *Country Gentleman*, and in fact in almost all the papers in the Atlantic States and Europe. I never saw such a heavy crop ever grown on earth, as was raised at that place that year. Respectfully yours,

S. A. BISHOP.

You will perceive that Mr. Bishop says, not only once, but "every time he said I should have it, it came."

What are we to make of a thing of this kind? How easy it is for the thoughtless or inexperienced to laugh and deny. But let the sober thinker do as Charles Hoadley advised—"Put yourself in his place." Would you lie?

This is "wonderful, most wonderful." But when we learn that such men as Abbe Huc and Gabbet, highly cultured and refined Jesuit priests, of world-wide travel and experience, yet withal bitterly prejudiced against all religions but their own, and anxious to detect the Buddhist priests of Tartary and Tibet in what they felt confident were fraudulent tricks, were obliged to confess to the world that the wonders they beheld were no tricks, but solemn realities, and declaring that their imaginations were utterly confounded, while the sweat rolled down their backs in their astonishment. What can we say? They had an easy way out of it. "It is the devil they say," who is ever kindly helping his own." Must he not reconcile that with their own Master's saying: "Those signs shall follow them that believe." Is it the pagans and heathen a only who believe?

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