

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

## VOL. XLIII.

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

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#### A NEWSPAPER MAN'S STATEMENT.

A Lady Kisses her "Materialized Sister." and Realizes the Presence of Beard.

## CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

"Truth passed through you, no longer is the same As food digested, takes another name."

Mr. Wright again says: "As far as the society is concerned it seems to pay the best to work the combination,' Seems, sirrah ! Nay, it does not ! Let the management drop the lecture, and then

you will see for a fact that the phenomena alone will pay better than the combination. Give the world tests, and the platform may go to "As far as the educational work of Spiritu-

alism is concerned, it necessitates lectures upon the elemental phase of spirit phenomena, and makes it imperative to leave out the discussion of those great (?) questions involved

in theology, ethics and philosophy." There is *smoke* in this paragraph! I am free to confess I do not know what "these great questions in theology, ethics and philosophy" are! Do you? Are you not indulging in a rodomontade, rather than fair statements?

Such ruses will pass unquestioned on the platform, but not in print. The great questions in ethics—what the dickens are ethics any way? I mean spiritual ethics, clean and pure, they won't spoil for want of ventilation, half so quick as the ventilator. Let them rest in peace. The phenomena will educate men and women to think out the knotty problems in Spiritualism without the aid of a middle man. Should the entire platform of the country cease to exist, do you think the cause of Spiritualism would sustain a fatal shock? Not a bit of it!-spirits would come, and spirits would go the same as they do now, and will forever.

Castrate Spiritualism of its phenomena, and what amount of virility is left for the platform? The more you lecture upon the elemental phase of spirit phenomena, the more you will enlighten the world in the ethics of pure Spiritualism. The woman's tests are more convincing than your profound system of ethics, and more appreciated! Without the aid of her mediumship, you would becture to many vecent chairs in your would lecture to many vacant chairs in your meeting rooms. Don't forget that!

"Mediums find that it pays better cept the theological teachings of the church, than to reject them because the bulk of enquirers are Christian people. So, so! That's your aim, is it? Well let us know to what church you are leading the bulk of enquirers. The Church par excellence, if stupid assumption goes for any thing, is the one whose head is in Rome. Is it to that diabolical organization,-that disturber of the peace of the world, your mercenary soul would be leading the bulk of enquirers? "It pays better," you say. I'll bet you are mis-taken. How well has this duplicity paid you? Jesse Shepard is the only one who has found a profit in it, and he has sold his manhood-small as it was-for a play house and for paltry pictures to hang upon its walls. In exchange for these gewgaws, if will accept nothing but his atrophied soul. Perish the rostrum, and with it all the sordid miscreants who crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift may follow fawning. Advanced Spiritualists are on the alert They will not bow their heads to the yoke which draws the ponderous car of sect. Spiritualists are not Christians, Buddhists Mohammedans, Mormons, or Israelites! but grander than all these,—they are free men! -free to investigate and search after truth; free to live outside of the shadow of a church; free to reject the vicarious atonement and the spider-web creeds which fetter, alas, too many of the human family in their toils.

platforms. The present occupants will soon go out of sight, and the world will be the better for it! When the barnacles are scraped off the outside of the old ship, she will make better headway, and land her precious freight of human lives and sympathy in the heartharbor of mankind.

"When one looks at what has taken place in Boston. New York, and Brooklyn, he cannot help but feel that the same fate awaits Cincinnatil'

Certainly, and don't deplore their fate. There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. The Spiritual-ists of those cities long to have a pastor setens. Iney wanted their babes christened, and a lying epitaph to be inscribed on their tombstones; and that was about all the use they had for settled spiritual pastors. Why, nobody groaned when the doors were chart they had for settled spiritual pastors. Why, nobody groaned when the doors were that will be loth to believe. If what you say is upon these platforms. Such Spiritualists had true, the Spiritualists of Cincinnati are better take refuge in some of the evangelical churches and fellowship with the "saints." There they will not be known as weak-heads, for their infirmities will compare favorably with those about them. This is an *ethic*, you see with a new application. "As the test medium will bring in most

money to the exchequer of the society, the lecturer upon philosophy and the great ideas of human progress will have to refire?" That's it! I told you so, and as you admit

sible people will let you drop with a gentle ta ta

"After a time the societies will cease to exist. because they cannot live on sentimentalism!"

Stop, sir; it is the absence of sentimental-ism in the society that will effect its over-throw. If you were less propy and more sen-sational, your society might flourish with an I am son along. You borrow a test mediam, but borrowed clothes never fit well. There's an old fable about an ass that borrowed the skin of a lion, but he came to grief the same. He was not a lion. He was an assi

them turn lawyers, but keep off of spiritual | to in the minds of three-fifths of the people who attend our meetings?

No. 14

How do you know? I don't believe you! I think you gratuitously insult the intelligence of the people who listen to you. The Spirit-nalists of Cincinnati, are not opulent in mental resources, but three-fifths of them are not such beggars as you represent them to be. Take that statement back—eat crow for your own sake, even though you have an open dis-regard for truth. You are false in this. What dependence can we place in any statement you have made?

"Those are not actually the people who join a society, but those who determine the policy of its management; to them the man-

simply running a "Sunday Dime Museum" under their chartered rights. They owe it to

themselves to cancel your engagement as a slanderer, or plead guilty to yoar charges. I wish I had time and space, Mr. Wright, to review your criticism of my article in the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of the 29th above a monotonic product with article in the ult. You charge me straight with over credulity in my investigation of spirit phe-nomena. You don't know what you are talking about! That is not the weak point in it now, why stand upon the ceremony of my character. A great many people know going? Why not retire at once? Retire is that. Neither 20 I write impulsively. You as easy way! When people sometimes refuse are wrong again. If you think I am eager to retire, they are peremptorily lifted. You to believe what is not, you had better at know what I mean; retire, do, please. Son-once correct your mistake. By following school will let you draw with a grantle once why are peremptorily and better at once correct your mistake. rules of my own for conducting spiritual séances with my ever living friends. I get them closer to me than I would, were i to follow your rowdy suggestions. You are not competent to judge of what can be done in materialization when a spirit co-operates with a gentleman to manifest his power and

I am sorry I have to address you personally occasional prayer meeting revival to help it | in this matter. I am not interested in you, and it you have shower tents or someon you are not blameless. I will say briefly, that Mrs. Fairchild has shown herself to possess more than common medial powers. In her presence spirits hold materialization longer than in the presence of any other medium I have known. The statement I made public of my experience with this remarkable medium, was penned deliberately and with no view of making it sensational. I simply wanted to put on record extraordinary phenomena, that would indicate the time when these new materializations began. I predict that in less than a score of years, my statement will appear tame in comparing the phenomena with what then shall exist. Sixteen years ago I recorded "Startling Facts," which at that time were as new as those I now record. Time has made them common. As the Spirit-world gets to understand the laws governing materialization, new and startling manifestations of their power will then appear. Plimpton can now hold power for twenty minutes, in a room light enough to read the large print of a newspaper. During this time he walks and talks with me. He sups wine by my request: we play cards, by my request, and he reads to me aloud, by my request. He said to me: "We are rehearsing now, so that we will hold materialization firm and long enough to speak an hour, and be heard in every part of Music Hall." He may and may not be able to do all he thinks can be done.

A. Gentleman Hits a Fraudulent Materialization on the Nose.

#### MRS. FAIRCHILD'S "MATERIALIZATIONS" AL-LEGED TO BE FRAUDULENT.

#### To the Editor or the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Having read in the JOURNAL the accounts of Mrs. Fairchild's so-called materializing seances, pro and con. I would like to inform the public through your valuable columns of what I or any sensible person would term the most damnable fraud ever perpetrated upon the public. Mrs. Fairchild came to Cincinnati, and held her scances at Dr. N. B. Wolfe's, whom she seems to have psychologized, or at least to have completely out witted.

Hearing a great deal of this wonderful(?) medium, and after reading Dr. Wolfe's articles, I attended one of her circles, with the intention of making her prove herself to be genuine, or an infamous impostor. Which of the two she proved to be is seen further on.

Being rather early on a Wedneeday afternoon, I called on a lady friend, who had seen Mrs. F. We struck up a conversation in regard to her, and the lady related her experience. She said:

"I went to Mrs. Fairchild's and gained admittance to a circle. After the appearance of several supposed spirits which several ladies and gentlemen imagined they knew, a spirit purporting to be my deceased sister materialized. I approached it, and it receded. Finally by persuasion and coaring I induced it to come forward. I kiesed it and the beard on its chin stuck in my lips. The peculiar part is that I never had a sister or a brother. I said nothing, but left disgusted."

After hearing this I then went to Mrs. Fairchild's on West Seventh Street where for some months she has been carrying on her nefarious work and high handed robbery. There were thirteen in the circle who paid their dollar each and saw the circus. Absolutely nothing appeared to me; several times I attempted to get in reach of the forms, but without avail, as they were sly enough to keep out of my reach, evidently being sus-picious of my purpose. The circle over I paid my dollar without a whimper and left.

Being connected with a Cincinnati evening daily I started out to find some of the notorions medium's victims. I was very successful, and congratulated myself on any luck. After three days' interviews I wrote my article, which I acknowledge was rather severe, and submitted it to our managing editor, an able newspaper man and a perfect gentleman, who in addition is not a Spiritualist, but is a bitter enemy of frauds and robbers. After perusing it he decided not to use it for reasons well known to these connected with the paper. The to those connected with the paper. The first party I called upon was a prominent Cincinnatian, and after considerable diffi-onity I got him to relate his experience. He attended three circles given by Mrs. F., before he managed to detect saything what-ever. His third visit proved a visiory for film, but a defact for the medium. A pur-period spirit made its approxime, so it had done on the two other constions, representing to heads on. Having constant it close to him, with a public method is grabbed it by the A DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY OF T

in the same way. To satisfy myself, I asked Hittner, Mrs. Englest's control, while in a circle several days after, if such was the case, he answering in the affirmative. This convinced the medium. "Apparitor" is sat-

isfled that she is a humbug, and so is every sensible person. The names of the persons referred to in the article are withheld at their request, but

can be furnished to any person desiring to converse with them by addressing them through the general delivery. By giving the article space in your col-umns, you will greatly enlighten the public

seeing her son tampered with, struck the

gentleman on the head with a club. He

having too much manhood about him did not resent the blow and the circle broke up. A prominent physician of Cummunsville,

a suburban town, also caught one of her sons, who was dressed as his wife. After

detecting the boy beyond all possibility of mistake, Mrs. Fairchild threatened to knife

him if he exposed her, and furthermore

her person all the time while in a circle. Two prominent citizens of Newport, Ky., which is across the Ohio River, directly op-

posite this city, one a physician, and the other a wealthy manufacturer, attended one of her scances and sceing nothing to satisfy them,

accosted Mrs. Fairchild after the circle.

Said one of the gentlemen, "Mrs. F., could you give a circle at my house or at any house

net at my own expense, send for you in a

carriage and send you home in a similar

"I will give \$100; yes, \$500 if you will submit to it," answered the gentleman.

"No, my time is entirely taken up with sitting for my friends," said Mrs. Fairchild. "Very well," replied the gentleman, and

they left, pronouncing her a most infamous

Not knowing of Mrs. Fairchild's unsavory

reputation, several respectable mediums of this city attended her scances, and there saw

child's scances, and there saw the "control" of Mrs. L., but was afterward convinced by good evidence that the spirit was able to ma-

terialize solely through the power of Mrs. L.

Mrs. M. Englest, Cincinnati's famous tram-

"Such a séance would cost you \$50," re-

may designate"?

plied the medium.

manner.

frand.

warned him that she carried a revolver on

and people who are being robbed by this woman. I could add more, but time prevents it. It might be added that Mrs. F.'s sons take the part of the spirits.

ROBERT A. DAVIS. Cincinnati, O.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. SPIRITUALISM IN CINCINNATI.

I Shall Try to Paint as Correct a Picture of Spiritualism in Cincinnati as Possible," says the Prominent Medium and Lecturer J. Clegg Wright, and does it. The Picture Reviewed with " Considerable Directness and Vigor" by the Author of "Startling Facts."

" There is one spiritualistic society having meetings every Sunday morning and evenng," says Mr. Wilght.

And that is more than is needed for the good of the cause.

"They are attended by a class of people drawn together by widely different motives." Than to be instructed by anything you may say on spiritual phenomena.

"Some of these attendants are young others are old; the extremes are united by the middle aged."

Why not call it a mixed audience of black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray?

The Rostrum is occupied by myself as lecturer; and by Mrs. Porter as test medium, who follows after."

A fine business arrangement as we shall shortly see. Besides the woman does not lead in this business. Score one for the man! "I cannot say that the result of this combination works well, because it divides the audience into two parts."

Goodness gracious, how unfortunate! In wo parts, Democrats and Republicans, eh? "One part does not want the lecture but the tests!"

My prophetic soull I knew it! I'm not a politician, but I'll use his argument, and bet that it's the largest part of the audience, say 99 per cent, and the most discriminating, that are willing to let the lecture drop out

of sight. "Another part wants the lecture but not the teste!"

I'll bet again that that is not so. I have never met a sensible man or woman who did not prefer a genuine spirit test to a stapid lecture. Mr. Wright, nobody will bestopic lecture. ar. wright, notody will be-lieve your statement, and you may as well take it back, if you want to establish a good reputation for telling the truth. Take it hack for you on the platform for two hours will mant a good hack to believe any thing and defined a most in Spirituation after-

"Spiritualism thus loses all distinctive character as a philosophy." And so it would if its votaries would but

consent to be led into the church by these spiritual Jesuits.

"Advanced minds cease to come to meet ings; they leave their seats to be occupied by those who want proof of an after life.'

Advanced minds have no business in such meetings. They do their own thinking. There are no considerable number of philosophical thinkers in any church to-day. They cannot live in such an atmosphere any more than a Greenland whale could in a millpond. They are too large and strong to be held by creeds. They are rich in philosophy -your implication to the contrary notwithstanding, and with its "top-knot" reaching to the soul of the universe, organizes facts, and places them in the right relation to each other; a philosophy that harmonizes raps, independent slate writing, clairvoyance, clairaudience, materialization of bodies, to whose actual presence and personal relation-ship all our senses attest; this philosophy is ample as our wants, full as our satisfaction.

Advanced minds, therefore, do not come to hear you preach! They are tired of gabble; and the monthful of empty jargon called ethical and philosophical theology, is to them meaningless. There is no philosophy in theology that will stand the test of truth.

"It seems to me more and more clear that the mere lecturer will be less and less wanted upon the spiritual platform !'

If you had not been afflicted with hypertrophy of the head, you would have discovered that fact long ago. Emma Hardinge-Britten, Thomas Gales Forster, L. Judd Pardee, Achsia Sprague, T. L. Harris, R. P. Am-bler, and Lizzie Doten, all knew the platform was not wanted, and quit. It was the advanced minds and spiritual phenomenalist that told them to git; that is the alang for go?--and they went. Men are not wanted as professional preachers of the spiritual phi-integry. If they are optilent with gab, let marry? This is what Spiritualism amounts itset Christians."

"Our meetings are well attended, but the people know nothing about the great study the phenomena of Spiritualism present."

That's bad. I don't know how you keep up your courage, when you look at the faces of so many phenomenal know-nothings. Give them a milder diet-to babes, milk! But to be serious. I don't believe you. How do you know they know nothing of phenomenal Spiritualism? Have you examined their heads? Have you looked into their brains? Do they live on a fish diet? My dear sir, don't you think it possible you might be mistaken? I can not accept you as an authority; you don't come up to the standard of an axiom or an ethic, when you charge, by implication, your audience with being idiots, I beg pardon, with knowing nothing about the great study the phenomena of Spiritualism presents. They ought to know all about the great study, so that if a greater study should ever arise they would be in a measure prepared to compare the great with the greater. My impression is that the quickest way to get light into the brain of these know-nothings. would be to let loose ten or fifteen Fool Killers in one of these model meetings, and tell them to go to work, commencing with the one who made the most noise, as possessing the least sense.

"They are not interested in systems of ideas which men and spirits have reasoned out to account for and explain the great unfoldment of material and spiritual nature [" Well, that settles it. If they are not interested, why not? Don't they believe that the spirits have anything to do with formulating the great system of ideas, etc., as you represent it? If not, let the Fool Killer go at 'em.

It is of the first importance that those who attend meetings, in the absence of the knowing ones, should be interested in the systems of ideas, etc., in fact, they ought to get them by heart, and repeat them night and morning instead of the Lord's prayer or the decalogue of Holy Moses! as Mr. Ingersoll designates the author of Genesis. But don't let that concern you, so long as they don't forget Peter. Pence is a great comfort to one whose feelings are lacerated by indifference to a system of ideas, which man and spirits have reasoned out. It ought to be, "thus saith the Loro," and then if they don't mend their manners, damn 'em!

"The endless questions are, I want to converse with my mother," etc.

At best the sample question is not a question, yet it is a wish coming from a great desire of the heart. Millions now living on the earth, have mothers, brothers, sisters and children in the spirit spheres, and when these approach "a prominent medium and lecturer," they very naturally express a de-sire to see or hear their loved ones! A word from one who has passed through the flowery portal of death to life everlasting beyond the grave, fills the heart with more joy and the soul with more comfort than all the systems of ideas which men and spirits have reasoned out to account for and explain the great unfoldments (such as they are) of material and spiritual nature.

## The best laid schemes O' men and Spirits, Gaug aft!aglee.

Plimpton told the story of walking along the street of Cincinnati, himself. I can see no reason why he could not do it. He says he did, and I believe him. There are some spirits, both in and out of the form, whom I would not believe on oath, for the truth is not in them. Plimpton was a truthful gentleman and such men do not degenerate when they pass to the higher life.

Of Mrs. Fairchild's personal history, I know nothing. I have read reports which, if true, were bad enough; but " the devil is never as black as he is painted." She practiced no "black-art" on me. She is not an attractive woman but a good medium. Her independent slate writing, reported in the article in the Commercial-Gazette, has no parallel in the history of mediumship.

N. B. WOLFE.

#### Rheumatism in Church.

Has it ever occurred to you, reader, how widespread rheumatism is in the church? Why, over three-fourths of our people are so afflicted that they cannot kneel to pray, even in church. It is all they can do to lean their heads on the bench in front of them. Then they get so tired that they cannot stand to sing. Old and young are alike afflicted, and the disease is spreading. Hot Springs has no effect to relieve this kind of rhoumatism. It neither swells nor stiffens the joints, but takes away all power to kneel or stand in the house of God, and has no bad effect on locomotion on our streets, or at other business. It gets better in time of revivals, but rapidly returns soon afterwards.-Ex.

A church in a northern city in which there gathers a congregation possess more than average wealth was descri

## RELIGIO-PHILOSUPHICAL JOURNAL

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. EXPERIENCES OF SUPERNORMAL PERCEPTION.

The following is by Elise Lieungh-Resif. n the Sphinz of Russia, and translated for Light, London:

The narrative commences with an account of several supernormal events which were witnessed by the narrator's paternal grandfather, by her grandmother on the mother's side, and by her mother. I pass these by to come at once to the account of her own personal experience, as this is likely to be more correct and authentic than that of what she

only knew by hearsay—TR ] [Henrietta Waage (her mother) was mar-ried to Captain P. F. Lieungh and lived in his native town Skien, in the South of Norway; he was the commander of a small brig, the Marie Elizabeth.] The first signs of clairvoyance showed

themselves, in my case, at a very early age. Sometimes I saw a bridal cortege on its way to church, and could tell what couple were sitting in the bridal carriage. I saw likewise, previsionally, funeral processions and conflagrations, but I never dared to speak about these things to anyone except my mother, as she strongly forbade me ever to mention them to strangers. The first re-markable instance, which is imprinted on my mind in ineffaceable characters, hap-pened in my ninth year. It was a prophetic dream which I had on the night before the death of my grandmother Lieungh. We lived close to one another, the ground on which our two houses stood being only separated by a fence, in which was made a little gate to pass through, to obviate the necessity of going out into the road during the daily visits which passed between the two houses. The gate was kept closed to us children, to prevent our troubling the old lady too often.

I was allowed to visit my grandmother for an hour every afternoon, for she was fond of me, as I was a quiet and thoughtful child. During these visits I sat on a stool at her feet and listened attentively while she re-lated events out of her life or told me of our beautiful Norwegian sagas, or fairy tales. Before I left I always had a cup of milk and some cakes, baked by my aunt. The cup from which I drank was one she had herself painted in sepia; the cup had a bou-quet of flowers on it and the saucer a wreath

One day mother told me I must not go to see my grandmother as she had a bad headache. In the evening, when we children had gone to bed, she and my father came, as they always did, and sat down on the edge of the bed while we repeated our evening prayers. Then they kissed us and fold us to go to sleep at once. I did not observe that hey were sad or more serious than usual. I heard them go down the outer steps, heard the garden gate open, and thought they were going to see how grandmamina was-and then I went to sleep.

Immediately I seemed to be in my grand-mother's bedroom. She was lying in her great four-post bedstead with the old fashioned, large patterned curtains which my brother and I admired so much. She looked as neat and attractive as over. Two little silver curls peeped out from beneath the lace of her nightcap, and her white hands folded together almost disappeared under the embroidery of her night-dress. The face was pale, and looked sunken; her eyes were closed, and only her lips trembled at times.

At the foot of the bed sat her three mar-

was tranquil, but pale as a corpse, while my father cried and sobbed like a child; his head was resting upon my mother's shoulder, and her dress was quite wet with his tears. I had never seen my father cry before, and his tears seemed to fall on my heart like burning drops; I felt as though it must break.

Sitting down beside him, I threw my arms around him and cried out passionately: 'Father! is it my fault that grandmamma is dead?"

A sad smile overspread his face: "No, in-deed, my pet," said he tenderly, "it is yon who procured her the last thing she wished

Then I had to relate my dream, and my parents nodded at each other as every detail coincided with what had actually taken place. I was sent to bed again, and the doctor fetched, but after he had examined me and found there was nothing the matter, my parents were easy in their minds about me and sent me for a few weeks into the country with my aunt.

In the spring of the following year, I was returning home from school one day in good spirits, when about twenty paces distant from the house, I saw that both leaves of the house door were standing open and four men in black were carrying a child's coffin down the steps. Beneath, the funeral was arranged. Our two maid servants, clad in black garments and followed by little girls of the neighborhood, went before, strew-ing flowers; behind the coffin walked my father, supported by his brother Elias, and then followed friends and relations. Though the coffin was closed I knew that in it lay my little brother Ludwig. This appearance came and disappeared so instantaneously that it seemed as though for a moment curtain had been drawn aside.

When I reached home the house door was closed as usual, and I went through a little side entrance into the court-yard, where I found Ludwig playing with my two other brothers, Paul and Alexis. "It is impossible that he can be going to die!" was my thought, and yet an innermost feeling contradicted this.

I did not even tell my mother of this vision, it would have shocked her so much. I had to bear the thought of it alone. In July a contagious fever broke out, and prostrated everyone in the house with the exception of Ludwig and myself. There was no help to be obtained, for in every house in the town there was some one ill. No one came near us except the doctor and our un-cle Elias, who at that time was with his ship in the harbor. He brought us children such things as we had need of, and drew for us every day a couple of buckets of water from a deep well.

At last the fever took a favorable turn. The first to recover were two servant maids, and then my parents, while Paul and Alexis still continued ill, though on the road to recovery. It was the end of August; my father was still unable to leave the house, so he sent Ludwig with a letter to a friend on business. When the boy returned he was in high spirits, for his pockets had been filled with early ripe apples. He laid them all on the table, and taking the two finest, one in each hand, turned to our father, who was sitting on the sofa, and said, "May I give one aplece to Paul and Alexis?" At this moment a shadow seemed to pass over his face, and he looked to me like a corpse. I looked at my father and thought he must notice this too, but he answered quite composedly, 'Not to day, my boy, to-morrow we will ask the doctor's per-I could bear it no longer but sprang up and ran into another room, where I threw myself on my knees upon a chair and buried my face in the cushion so that my sobe should not be heard in the next room. After a short time Ludwig came to look for me, and put-ting his arm round my neck said, "Why do you cry? don't you think I am going to give you any apples?" "No." replied I, "it is only because Paul and Alexis may not have any." The following day he was taken ill and on the ninth day he died. Again the overwhelming feeling came to me that his death was owing to me. This feeling came over me every time that I saw in a vision a living person dead, and I could scarcely look them in the face. It was almost too much for a child to bear, and gave a serious turn to my character. Persons who did not know me well called me "a strange child."

soon I was in the next room, and saw my saw the name and the figure-head of the parents sitting upon the sofa; my mother Marie Elizabeth lying on a desert shore!" This was the first time that my brother had had a prophetic dream which coincided with a vision on my side. The sad news came at mid-day that the Marie Elisabeth had gone down. The steersman and two of the sailors who had been picked up by another vessel clinging to part of the wreck, narrated the event exactly as I had seen it happen.

> Two years after the death of my father we went to live at Itzehoe, in Holetein, where a married sister of my mother resided. This was about the end of April, 1842. My brother Paul had been confirmed in the mean time, and apprenticed to a tradesman of that place. One evening my mother and I went to take tea with my aunt, several other ladies being present, and after supper we all went for a walk by the Stor, towards the Munsterdorfer Dyke, from where, in clear weather, the towers of Hamburg are visible. Looking in this direction I saw a great flery bow extending over Hamburg, so that could see the tower of St. Michael quite illuminated. Involuntarily I cried out "Surely there must be a great fire in Ham-burg." Those present tooked in the same direction but could see nothing, and laughed at me.

> When we reached home my aunt said to her husband, who, a native of Hamburg, had an almost fanatical love for his birth-place, Henry, Elise thinks there must be a great fire in Hamburg, for she has seen a fiery bow hanging over the town!" My uncle laughed scornfully and said confidently. "There can never be a great fire in Hamburg, because the fire brigade arrangements are so excel-lent?" \* On the 4th of May I wished to go to meet my brother Paul, who had some business to transact for his master at Munstordorf, and would have to return across the dyke. We had not seen one another for a week, and Paul had written to me, asking me to meet him.

> As I passed by my uncle Henry's house, he was standing in the door-way, and offered to accompany me; perhaps he was secretly somewhat uneasy and wished to find if he himself could see the flery bow. This was visible to me over Hamburg, only more glowing even than the first time.

"Do you still see the fiery bow," said he, over Hamburg? the horizon is quite dark." "But I see it plainly," replied I, quietly.

About half-way we were met by Paul, who, without even saying good evening, called out to my uncle, "There must be a large fire in Hamburg for the reflection of the flames is plainly visible." And so indeed it was later-

"You are both of you mad about your great fire," cried out my uncle angrily.

Towards morning of the same night the fire broke out. About five o'clock in the afternoon I went to my aunt's to help her with some difficult embroidery. She received me, looking pale and troubled, while my uncle, sat by the corner of the stove crying unrestrainedly. I never saw a man weep so bitterly! A small steamer which plied between Hamburg and Itzehoe had brought the news, as well as many fugitives. It w. said that the Church of St. Nicholas was ready destroyed, and that it was not known where the fire would end, as there were insufficient fire-engines.

My uncle Henry's anguish grieved me. I went to him and said that perhaps the fugitives in their terror had exaggerated the facts; but he pushed me away from him like an angry child, and cried "Go away, I can,t oear the sight of your Bat. Henry my aunt, "how can you blame Elise? It is ead enough that she and Paul should be forced to see trouble beforehand, without having the power to prevent it." I saw how rightly my mother had spoken when she warned us to keep our previsions to ourselves.

"Who are going to the war," said Herr Fich, repeating my words. "With what Power should we go to war?"

"With France," answered I, and it seemed to me as though these words were uttered by another being, for up to this time I had never even thought with whom the fight was to

"If that were so, I must know it," said Herr Fich, and tried to talk me out of it, but in vain, I remained firm, and only said 'Time will show!"

Here I will conclude. If I were to describe all the events of this nature which have occurred to me in my life they would fill a volume. When I see a person who is yet living appear as dead, he is always turning round either as on entering or leaving a room. But my second sight extends, not only to persons and important events, but to places, houses, and even animals. I have never been able to call it forth voluntarily. as is the case with my brother. I lost later on the horrible feeling of its being my own fault, which made me so miserable as a child, and it gave place to a tranquil sensation of confidence "that a higher power watches over our destinies."

> HELL. I.

It is a curious fact that the ingenuity of the human race from the earliest periods has been more lavishly expended in the devising of places of punishment for the wicked after death than of heavens for the reward of the good. There have been peoples who gave lit-tle or no attention to the latter, but who have spared no pains in the construction of the former.

Almost any sort of a locality would seem to answer the needs of the virtuous; for the vicions souls only the most elaborate preparations would suffice. Even in the teachings of the Christlans the attempts to define the future home of the blessed have always been mazy, indefinite, illusory, and unsatisfac-Whether a locality, a condition, a tory. state, has been suggested without anything in the nature of a conclusion. On the other hand, there has been little hesitancy in treating of the destiny of the damned. The geo-graphical locality is designated, dimensions and measurements are given, and each detail is presented with distinctness.

Why is it that humanity has so largely de veloped its hell and so little its paradise? Why is it that the imagination, in its efforts to penetrate the darkness of the future life, sees only flitting, shifting, uncertain phan-tasms in the direction of heaven, while in the other region everything is distinct, well-de-fined, and horribly real?

There are faint glints of shining battlements, and golden streets in the one; in the other a palpable flame that twists and writhes in snaky contortions, a roar that bears in its flight the shricks and wails of the eter-nally tormented. The one is as faint and uncertain as the painting of an impressionist; the other has all the aggressive realism of the schools of the French. Out of the dim twilight of the home of the happy there are heard the faint twanging of harps and half distinguishable notes of hymns; from the noonday brilliancy of the home of the other is heard the clamor of the tempests of torment as they toss the flaming billows of the sulphurous lake.

It is strange that humanity has created for itself a future in which pain dominates; in whose colorings the lurid, the crimson of acres are assigned for enjoyment, and continents devoted to endless misery.

II.

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do not have any place of punishment for the disembodied soul. They are substantially the only people without a hell in their religion.

It may be that this fact will account for their treatment by so called civilized and Christian nations. The Christianity of England and this country, offended by the failure of the Mongolians to provide a hell in the future, may have determined to afford them one one in the present. Hence the use of English cannon to open the ports of China. to the opium traffic; and hence the massacres, arsons, robberies, and other atrocities of the Wyoming and California communities. It would seem that where a nation lacks a

place of punishment of its own creation the other peoples are supposed to supply it.

The ingenuity displayed by various classes of religionists in the invention and construction of means for the punishment of the wicked is phenomenal. Nothing that paine has been spared in the labor. Nothing that burns, that freezes, that bites, gnaws, suffocates, tears, boils, stretches, dislocates, gripes, bleeds, racks, smarts, agonizes, convulses, bas been omitted. To punish, mountains and rocks are made to crush, darkness to affright, demons to torment, lightnings to sear. thunders to appall, vermin to afflict, stenches to nauseate, sulphur to burn, nameless and innumerable horrors to menace, and so on without limit. If a tithe of the time, labor, and ingenuity expended in devising and constructing these places and means of torment had been given to missionary work, the wickedness of the nations would have been obliterated.

Few of the other schemes excel in horror that presented by Jonathan Edwards, and yet it must be confessed that the pagans have in many instances exhibited creditable progress in their efforts. The followers of Zoroaster are not far behind Edwards in the contri-vances for the punishment of the damned. They have a huge oven which blazes and smokes with perpetual fire. In this the un-fortunates writhe, scorched by the pitiless flames and enveloped in a fetid atmosphere created by their own breathings.

As if this, punishment were not sufficient. they have devised one of an opposite character; there are icy rivers in whose frozen arms the damned are clutched, and are borne on, tossed about forever; there are dungeons lightless and mephitic, in which unfortunate souls writhe in masses of loathsome and venomous reptiles; and there are other dungeons, eternally black. in which the wicked are suspended by the feet, where they twist convulsively and call in vain for relief, while all the time keen fanged devils rend them with their claws and teeth. Such is the horrid fate of the Parsee sinner-one almost, if not quite, as dreadful as that provided by the enlightened Edwards.

The Mohammedan hell is had enough to affright any evil doer, and yet it has some advantages over the sheol of the Guebres and the Christian. One under sentence to one of these places of punishment would, if allowed the opportunity, select that managed by the followers of the prophet. It has seven entrances—one less than those admitting into paradise. Nineteen demons stand guard at each entrance, and after chaining the newly-arrived spirits elbow to elbow distribute them in the general receptacle.

They are then plunged and replunged into the torrid depths of burning sulphur as a woman souses her washing in and out the tub of water. Meanwhile, as their chains jangle and their shricks rend the crimson atmosphere, they are chewed by monstrous frogs, bitten by poisonous serpents, and torn by voracious vultures. At the end of seven hundred thousand or a thousand thousand years of this sort of cleansing treatment they are unchained and permitted to enter paradise. The Japanese have fitted up their sheel without grates or fuel. The wicked Japanese spirit is doomed to wander forever just outside of paradise where he can overlook all that goes on within the happy area. He sees the blessed engaged in craselessly gorging themselves on the finest of viands and potables, and yet he can never join them. With envy and an empty stomach, he forever marches on his weary rounds. VI. Among the indolent Laos of further India the punishment of the damned is one which has some points of similarity to events now occurring on earth. Bad women are compelled to esponse devils or old, ngly, bideous men, while the male sinners are eternally separated from contact with the opposite sex. Probably the union of women to old and decrepid husbands is looked on by the Laos as a supreme punishment, and in this belief they are probably correct. It is probable that they may have obtained a hint of this form of punishment from the customs of civilized communities. Among the Siamese the demands of religious business make no less than nine hells a necessity. However, the sinner is given a show. After thousands of years' torture he is allowed the privilege of going back to earth and beginning life again. He must, however, commence as the inmate of an animal, trying it first in a dog, probably, and then onto something higher, Among the East Indians, the sinner, after death, has no easy situation. He is thrown into the arms of a metal female, which is heated to redness, and who embraces him, toys with him, and subjects him to a dalliance of intolerable torture. It is not impossible that this phase of punishment may have been founded on a hint afforded by some phases of earthly marriages. The Indian gourmand is compelled, when undergoing punishment in the other world, to swallow red-hot balls, bristling all over with iron points. The Brahmin who has neglected in life to meditate for a moment on the incomprehensible and mystic word "Om" before engaging in prayers, after death is dropped into hell and landed on a white-hot iron floor, where he is first backed with axes, then stirred in a caldron of molten metal "till covered all over with the sweated foam of torture like green rice in an oven;" then is fastened head downward to a charlot of fire and urged to speed with a red-hot goad. Such are a specimen few of the contrivances invented by man for the punishment, in future life, of evil-doers. There is little choice among them. Whether frozen in eternal ice, fried in undying fires, enveloped by crawling reptiles, or suffocated in a gaseous foulness, the sufferer is equally punished. VII.

ried daughters, who lived in town and its mission." neighborhood. Her unmarried daughter, who lived always with her mother, leant her head against the bed-post and sighed bitterly. At the head of the bed sat my mother, and I remarked that my aunts were much handsomer than she; though up to that time I had thought my mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. She had, however, a fine figure, and was more elegant looking than my aunts, and this consoled me. I rejoiced to see how well the red shawl she wore became her, and how neat and pretty her white collar looked above it.

In one of the window frames leant my father, and I saw how his whole form trembled; his brother, my uncle Elias, supported him and spoke to him in a low voice. His three brothers-in-law sat in the other window. Turning again to the bed, I saw that my grandmother's lips were moving. My mother leant over her and said. "Do you wish for anything, dear mother?" She had She had to hold her car close to the sick woman's month to hear the answer, but I could hear the words distinctly: "I should so like a few of your delicious raspberries, my child!" You shall have them, mother; my little Elsie found yesterday that there were several still left; Anna" (the servant) "shall go and fetch them." \* Almost immediately afterwards I saw a hand, though I could not see to whom it belonged, reach my mother the saucer with the garland of roses upon it; upon it lay three red and three white raspberries.

Then I awoke and my first thought was: "There are you lying in the bed and your grandmother longing for the raspberries. Anna will, perhaps, have a long time to look before she can find them.

I sprang out of bed and ran out of the door with naked feet, and nothing on but my night-dress. An old sailor's jacket of my father's was hanging on a peg in the passage. I reached up on tiptoe and managed to lift it off the peg. Then I put it on and ran as quickly as I could down the steps into the court. The stones were very cold and the grass in the long garden wet with dew, but I only felt both as in a dream. Quite out of breath. I reached the raspberry bushes, which grew in a sheltered corner, and searching them over, I collected the berries in my left hand, three red and two white. At that moment the key opened the little gate and Anna entered the garden, carrying the sau-cer with the garland of roses upon it in her hand.

The old servant started back terrified at seeing me standing there. "Good heavens! child, how do you come here with bare feet and scarcely anything on?"

"I heard that grandmamma was longing for some ra-pberries, so I ran down and picked them; here they are!"

"How could you hear what your grand-mother said?" asked she, shaking her head. "But now get back into bed as quick as you 

I followed her advice, lay down in bed main, and wondered why Anna should be so stonished; dreams of this kind were a matof so common occurrence with me that I thought they must be with everyone. I was awaked the next morning by the noise

of the servant carrying the coffee tray into ar altting room. When she came out she wight her eyes with her apron, and I wit that my grandmother was dead! Very

. In the summer my gran

After my brother's death a year passed away without any special incident.

In the summer time my father always went four times to England, but in the winter he remained at home; and now he was expected home from his autumn voyage.

On a cold but bright day in the middle of October my mother gave me a plate of chopped potatoes for the chickens. I took it out into the balcony, strewed the contents into the court-yard below, and was pleased to see how the chickens came running for it, and how they seemed to enjoy their meal. Sud denly I saw them no longer. The wide court yard was turned into a raging sea; waves high as the house, green blue, and black, arose on every side, with foaming crests impelled, as it were, by a hurricane, though I heard not the slightest sound. In their midst staggered the Marie Elizabeth. Her mainmast hung broken over the side, and 1 could see the axes of the carpenter and of some other sailors glancing in the sun, raised to sever it. I saw my father standing by the rudder, holding the speaking trumpet in his right hand; he had his southwester on his head, and wore the thick jacket he al-ways put on in bad weather. Then came a monstrous wave, washed over the deck, and carried away with it my father into the deep. l saw no more; all was dark before my eyes

I was found insensible in the balcony, and was carried to bed. The fainting fit lasted a long time, and my mother sent for the doc-When he arrived in the evening I was tor. fast asleep, but woke up when he laid his hand upon my forehead.

I looked round on opening my eyes to see if my mother were in the room; he must have noticed my doing so, for he said, "Your mother has just been called out; what has happened to you, my child?" "Oh, doctor, I have no longer a father," cried I despairingly, "I have seen him drowned."

The doctor laid his hand on my month and said, "Be quiet, my child, for heaven's sake; think of your mother." Just then she came to the door, so he could say nothing more to me and left, after ordering simply that I should be kept quiet. The next morning got up at the usual time and went into the preakfast room, where I found my brother Paul, who was at that time twelve years old. His bread and butter were untouched and his His oread and butter were untouched and his hand trembled so that he could not lift his cup to his mouth. "What is the matter, Paul?" I eried out. He broke into lond sobbing but soon comparing himself he said in a stilled value, "I four we shall see our fighter als mean. Lord shall, in a drame, I

In the year 1870 I was living in Hamburg, near the so-called English stables; the officers' horses were kept there, and were exercised in the road, which was quite lively with the coming and going of the officers. We rented a parterre or ground floor, and I let two rooms from it. I was obliged to work without intermission, often up to two or three o'clock in the morning, for we were very badly off, though from no fault of ours. The institution in which my husband had been employed was done away with on account of bad times, and he only received a very small pension. All his endeavors to obtain another situation were in vain, and he was sadly out of spirits; besides which we were in great anxiety about our son, our only child, who lay seriously ill.

About the middle of June a married couple took possession of our rooms, Herr and Frau Fich. from Stockholm. The husband was inspector of an international telegraphic bureau at Stockholm-if I remember rightly, Reuter's Telegraph. They were very good friendly people, and showed me much kindness and sympathy, they often begged me not to sit up working so late, but I had no choice. From the beginning of July I could no longer enjoy even the few hours I allowed myself for repose. Directly I lay down I went off to sleep, but every night after sleeping for about an hour I was awakened by the noise of military. I could hear the Prussian March played by fifes and drums, the marching of great numbers of soldiers, the word of command given by the officers, the tramping of their horses, and the rolling of heavy train waggons and of cannon. This would last for about an hour, and then I could go to sleep again till six o'clock.

I knew, therefore, that war was at hand. I had, of course, no time to read the newspapers, and took, besides, no interest whatever at that time in politics, so I was ignorant whether war was impending between any of the Powers.

Up to this time I had spoken to no one about this nightly disturbance for fear of being laughed at, but on the sixth night I heard movements going on in calvary stables as well. Officers called for their grooms, and I could actually distinguish the different voices as I was in the habit of hearing them every day. I thought, perhaps, there might be a parade, and got up, drew on my slippers and put on a waterproof mantle; then I opened the house door, and (went out down the steps. The street was quite quiet, and the watchman was walking up and down before the stable; then there came a man in civilian's dress along the street, in whom I recognized Herr Fich, who was returning from a party, and I waited till he came in before I shut the door.

The next day Herr Fich asked me what I was looking for out of doors so early (it was four o'clock a. m). "The soldiers," answered I. "who are going to war; i can get no sleep night after night for the noise they make." This escaped me for I knew not what answer to make.

the 5th and 8th of May, 1842, the most part of Hampung was semiglately destroyed propert of the semidipute of the few transfer

So far as we know, it was not quite thus at the beginning of things. When the primeval man first began to turn his attention to the character of the unknown powers that thun dered and lightened and shook the earth, he had no thought save to placate them. In time, as he advanced, and wars become common, and hatred prevailed, and a dim consciousness of a future life dawned on him. he was not satisfied to slay his enemy. He followed the spirit of the dead beyond the grave, and invented for it further punish ments. In proportion as he hated, he increased the pains inflicted on his foe. He spared no effort to make it inpleasant for his enemy. He elaborated systems of ingeni ous torture; he made the confinement perpet ual; he fitted up the home of his dead antag onist with fires that burned without consum ing, with demons that tore, with odors that stifled, and he insisted that neither during the night nor the day, neither for centuries nor for ages, should there be the slightest intermission in the torment.

It is evident that there was far more hatred than love among the early men, for the reason that they made hell so capacious and heaven so limited.

III.

Early Christianity is not entitled to the invention or discovery of the future place of endless punishment. It simply adopted the most repellent of the beliefs in vogue for ages before it made its appearance. In one form or another, hell had blazed over hundreds of generations anterior to the advent of the year of our Lord. The new religionall charity, single-mindedness, and brotherly love,-could not shake off what all the preceding centuries had indorsed. It made some changes; it took the ingredients furnished by Latins, Greeks, Hebrews, and Asiatics, and with them compounded a mixture which had all the severities of the originals.

What they compounded may be known from a perusal of the excathedra utterance of Jonathan Edwards, divine and metaphysician and one of the most distinguished theolo-

glans of modern ages. "The world," he said, "will probably he converted into a great lake, a liquified globe of fire-a vast ocean of fire-in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, and which will be always in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day nor night, vast billows of fire rolling continually over their heads, of which they shall forever be full of a quick sense with in and without; their heads, their eyes, their tongues, their feet, their loins, their vitals shall forever be full of a glowing, melting fire fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements, and they shall eternally be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torment: not for one minute, not for one day, not for one.age, not for two ages, nor for a hundred ages, nor for ten thousand million ages, one after another, but forever and ever, without any end at all, and never to be delivered.

Such is the statement of an authority. No where does the emigent thinker, in his writ ings or discourses, picture the home of the redeemed in such detail and with such fervor. His characterization of the condition of the sinner rolls from his mouth as if it were a beniába.

There is a hell which is not the invention of religion nor the outcome of a hatred, which provides in the future revenge for the real or alleged wrongs of the present. The hells of the various nations and faithe are the natural result of sin. The weak, everywhere oppressed and powerless to resist; the poor, always suffering and number to cope with wealth, finding to means of attaining forir right in this universe, very anterestly been for investigate a success dis. Soil of a success

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punishing their oppressors. It is the wealthy Dives who writhes in eternal flames and bega for a drop of water to cool his parched longue; It is Lazarus, the pauper, once humbly lick-ing up the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table, who is a favorite in heaven, and who nestles in the bosom of Abraham.

These hells are all objective. They represent mainly the sufferings of humanity, and much of intolerance, fanaticism, and bigotry. There is a subjective heli, whose existence is not legendary, which is not fabulous, which is not the creation of priests, whose tortures are real, whose punishments are poignant.

There comes a time in almost every hu-man life, at or soon after middle life, when the soul begins to find existence no longer a novelty. Experience has covered all possible events. Youth has gone, and with it virile ambition. The opera, the theatre, amusements of all kind, grow stale, Excitement is exhausted. Even women, with all their attractions, pall on the taste. Love ceases to be a thrilling stimulus, and fades into a mere memory. The future loses its charm, for there remains nothing new for the enjoyment of the jaded nature Old age impends; a twilight is settling on the horizon of the future which threatens to soon merge into eternal night.

#### IX.

It is at this period that the glance of the soul, affrighted by the emptiness and the menacing darkness of the future, is thrown backward over the past. It is now that the footsteps of the traveler enter on the confines of the domain of the infernal. It is here where his feet commence to take hold on hell.

It is now that he begins to hear the flap of demoniac wings, and see the outlines of horrid shapes which are coming to torture him.

Looking back over the past, he finds that it glows with an almost supernal light. Each incident from childhood to the present is revealed, clear and unmistakable, as if illuminated by an electric brilliancy. The dim atmosphere that has so long lain over this portion of his life is swept away, and he sees things in a new garb. Every occurrence and event stands out without concealment. Things that he had forgotten or wished to forget, present themselves with frightful distinctness. All the mistakes, the blunders, the errors, the vices of his life rise in high relief and demand inspection. Mutilated friendships, unballowed loves, broken resolutions, dishonest actions, unjust prejudices, throng before him in their true character.

Once when he dallied with the wine-cup, his soul was filled with irresistible impulses which he then deemed the outcome of lofty inspiration; now he sees them as simply the gross stimulus of intoxication in which, instead of being a god. he was a brute. The re-solves the inspirations, the hopes, the dreams born of the occasion, are seen to be false, de-ceptive, misleading. What he believed to be enjoyment he now discovers to have been a degradation; what he thought to be a light in a gorgeous cloudland, he finds to have been a wallow in the mire.

All over this field of retrospection are revealed broken vows, unkept promises, imbecile plans, faulty execution, anfinished ef forts, bungling action, and lack of firmness for the right. Everywhere spreads a waste, with scarcely a redeeming feature. Unre-quited obligations, betrayed friendships, ingratitude, appear and taunt the damned soul with all the malignancy and persistence of

the demons of the Guebre inferno. The pale, tear-stained faces of your

the invention of the weak as a means of der." You return and watch the features of that dying mother. Oh! the sorrow there. Her children to grow up without a mother's care: and that fond husband, how lonely he is going to be now. It is cruel; so cruel; and the spirit in flerce struggle refuses to be gone.

Again we cross the street, and in the bright sunshine of a summer morning comes a procession. Officers of the law; holy men of Gud; and the dying criminal so psychologized that he rejoices in death and his salvation by Jesus. Calling on those present to meet him in heaven, he leaps joyfully from the gallow's trap right out into, the bright future promised him by the priest.

I thought we were going to witness a punishment. Did not you think so? But here is death that comes sooner or later to all alike made a joy to the murderer, although to the fond mother it remains a horrible mystery. I pass away out into the country, and I hear the boom of cannon, and hiss of the flying bullet. I see the man in blue and the man in grey fall dead by each other's hand. I ask what had they done to deserve such a pun ishment? I am laughed to scorn, for the world tells me such a death means glory and eternal fame.

Does fame give bread to widow and children in the cottage on the hill when the news of this "glory" reaches them? The murderer when he died-"game" they call it-won fame from his old companions who gather at the midnight hour. On the one hand I hear death called a blessing; and on the other. I see it made the law's greatest punishment; and yet, so far as I can see, the real difference is that the criminal is assured of as little pain as possible, whilst the virtuous and noble may

lie for days in the agonies of dissolution. I go forth once again, and I find men, and women, too, regarding life as such a curse that they rush to death as a blessing; yes, to the very death the law calls greatest punishment. The scientist tells me these people are all of unsound mind; yet he will acknowledge it is merely a question of sufficient motive, for it is quite right for the soldier to expose himself to certain death for glory; but very wrong for another man to do it, to escape suffering.

I go into the church and I listen to the teacher, as he tells me that God died once that man might not have to die twice. But I do not see how a God dying once has made man's dying once, any different to what it was in the olden time. But amidst all this perplexity I discern three facts very clearly. First, that physical death comes to all alike; next, that whether that process be considered a blessing or not. depends entirely upon the way we look at it; and thirdly, there is the important possibility that our views upon the subject of death may be very imperfect or altogether in error.

(To be Continued.)

## BOOK REVIEWS.

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

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRODUCTS; or the Me-chanism and Metaphysics of Exchange. By Ed-ward Atkinson: New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 380 pages. Price \$1.00.

The three essays on Wages, Banking and the Bait-way, the Farmer and the Public, which make up this volume, are all valuable and readable, and full of facts and full of suggestions and inductions from the facte, all-made up in a clear and vivid style, and with

earnest conviction. Not blind to existing wrongs, the benefits of our systems of finance, lator and transportation, are also pointed out, and the general corclusion is that the pathway of the people is up and not down. The author is a Boston business man engaged in cotton manufacture, and is a careful statistician and a fine writer. A free-hader in theory, his conclu-sions are sometimes tinged with the hus of his opinions, but are fairly given and worthy of thought. His facts and views on wages and railways are especially interesting, and every farmer and worker should be familiar with them.

#### New Books Received.

- TAX THE AREA ; A Solution of the Land Problem, By Kemper Bocock. New York: John W. Lovell Co. Lovell's Library. Price, 20 cents,
- HUMAN CULTURE AND CURE: In Six Parts. By E. D. Babbitt, M. D., D. M. New York: The New York Solar Thermolume Co. Price, part first, 50 cente.
- BEHOLD THEI WOMAN. Parable sequel to Man is love, and companion to Ecce Homo. By Bulah Brintun. Milwaukee, Wis.: Published by the Author.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF THE STATE AND OF HISTORY. By Geo. S. Morris. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.25.

#### **PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.**

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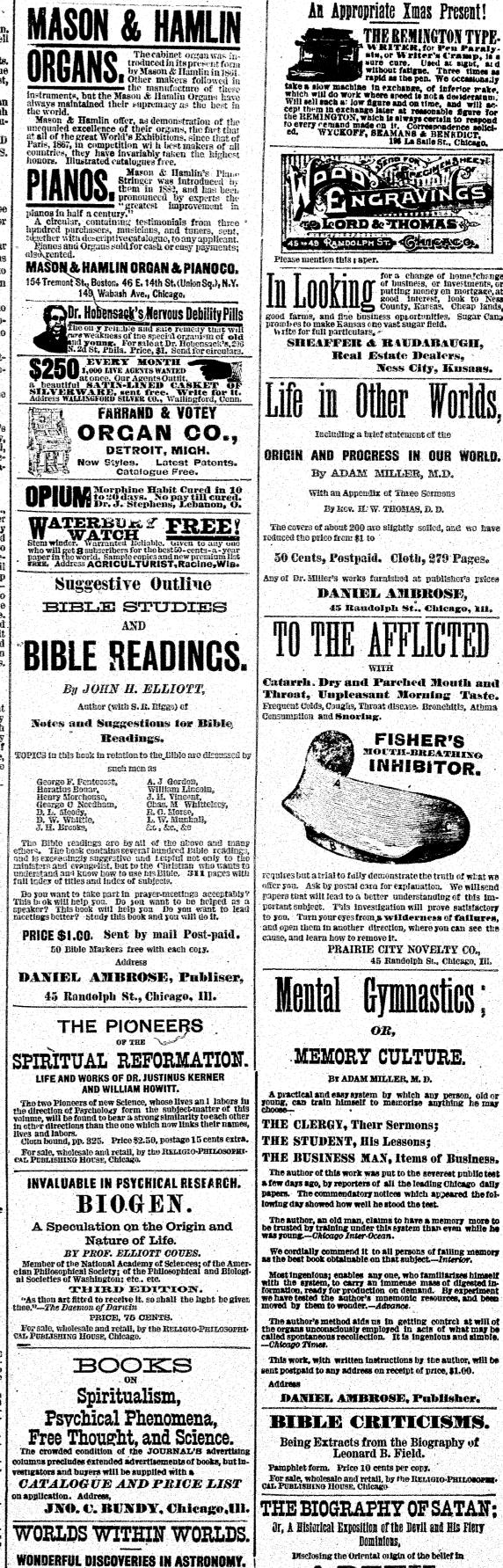
#### Catarrh Cure.

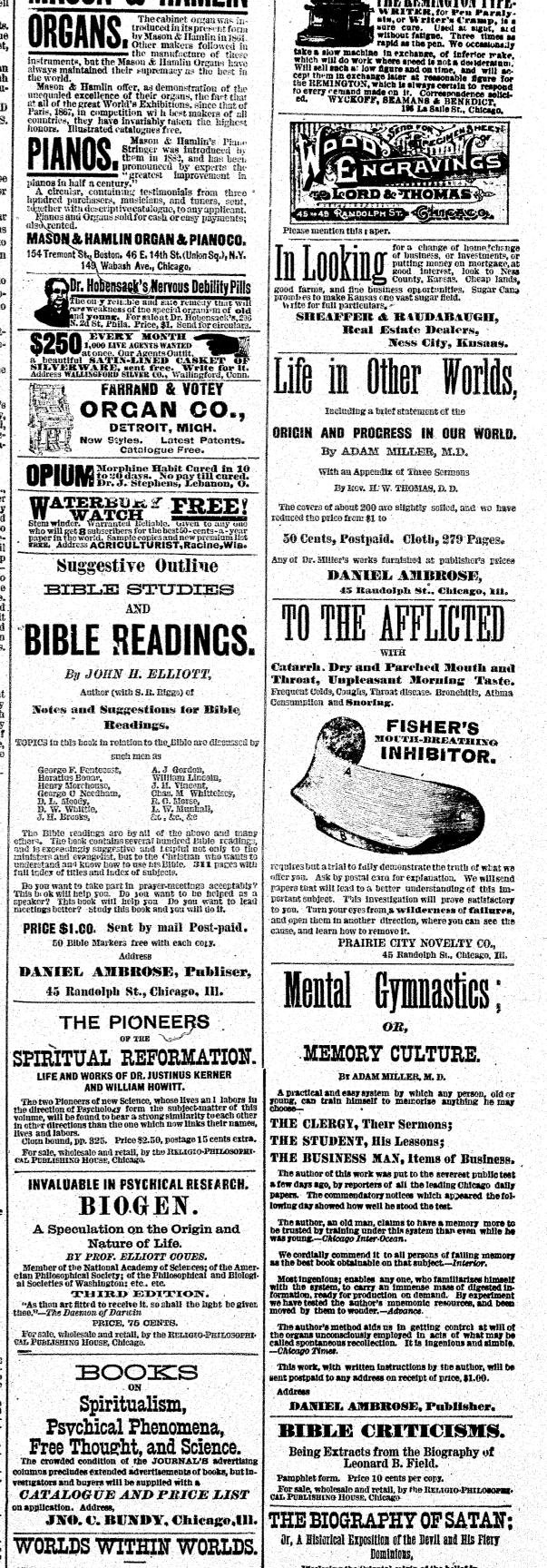
A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved bim from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a cell addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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the sorrowful countenances of gray-haired men and women, like living phantasms, wound the victim with reproachful glances, and possibly he sees here and there a sun-ken grave that recalls a life which he unthinkingly and selfishly sacrificed.

#### "Take thy beak from out my heart,"

is a thousand times the cry of him who is writhing in this hell of retrospection. All the interminable hours of the sleepless nights the vulture of regret pierces his breast as if he were another Prometheus, rock-bound and helpless against torture.

The recollection of vicious companionship is more poignant and unendurable than the linked coudees of the Mohammedan damned: and the memories of heartlessness and unappreciated sacrifices, more freezing than the icy embraces of the Parsee river. Verily, in this life, in the midst of great cities, in quiet homes, in salons where dancers revolve, beneath the shadows of the pulpit, in the darkness of midnight, under the blaze of noonday, everywhere that humanity exists and has erred and suffered, there is a hell in which souls have been plunged and are "covered all over with the sweated foam of torture like green rice in an oven."-POLIUTO in Chicago Times.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal The Science of Death.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Don't tell me, O scientist, that there is no such thing as death; that you find nothing but change, eternal change, in the position of an eternal atom. I am not talking just now from your stand-point, O freethinker, for I have been standing by the bedside of a dying mother. Do you suppose that suppress-ed sob is the voice of grief because a few atoms of matter are about changing their place in the great universe? Watch those children standing in silent awe, as with a sorrow only yet half born they feel the shadow of their coming loss. Listen to the mean of the husband, to his wail of agony, "O God, don't take my darling wife!" See the good old doctor, the triend of many years. He

good old doctor, the triend of many years. He recognizes that a power greater than his own is at work, as he tries to follow the throbbing pulse to its list beat. And what of the mother lying there so pale and wan, who gave her life to her husband that summer morn of long ago, when flow-ers, birds and sunny skies seemed made for such a love as hers? And every day since she has devoted to him and her children, caring only that they should be hanny. Do yon wononly that they should be happy. Do you wonder that the very silence seems to sob and moan, as each one feels as if there must be some power, some miracle that shall stop this awful horror? I know full well. O reader, that your thoughts fly back to just such a scene, and you recognize its truth; and there is no spot on the earth, where you may not see that sight and listen to those moans, as the atom grows cold, because all that gave it life is being driven out by unchanging LEW.

law. Across the street in youder hall sits a sol-own judge who tells the trembling wretch before him, that the law domands his life; and so, because that criminal has committed murder, he shall in a few weeks be as that dying mather is now. You ask in amazonant, "Day hads be a pendebunent? If so, what her that with another down in desays fill interaction and her pendebunent? If so, what

LIFE NOTES; OR FIFTY YEARS' OUTLOOK. By William Hague, D. D. Boston; Lee & Shepard, Cloth, pp, 382. Price \$1.50.

This book is a sort of autobiography, embodying reflections and comments upon public men and events of the author's life time. Dr. Hague was no philosopher, and his reminiscences evince no pro-found insight of men and things. They are interest-ing to one who admires the author, and wishes to know what he thought of certain things. His narrowness of judgment is manifest in his estimate of Emerson and Parker, and the awakening tendencies of religious thought in their time. True to his own convictions, the author sets forth the svils of departure from established doctrines and methods. But in spite of these short comings, the book will doubt-less have a large sale among the friends and admirers of Dr. Hague, for they are many; and for others it may have a certain historic value to commend it.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT. A PHILOSOPHICAL Lego-Ethical and Religious Bomance; inFour Parts. Chicago: J. Thompson Gill, Manager C. & B. Pub. Co. Cloth, pp. 318.

This is a curious but interesting book, published anonymously. It deals with questions of law, ethics, and religion, by means of a very interesting romance, parts of which are strongly written. The law is dignified by the author, who holds that it is the outward manifestation of conscience, grounded upon its principles; but that may, like conscience-itself, be perverted. Under the guise of conversa-tions, the author incurates many lessons of truth tions the author inculcates many lessons of truth and virtue, and evinces a considerable philosophical ability. The theology of the book is radical, and the shortcomings of the clergy. In their frequently lenient attitude toward social sins, are exposed and condemned. The tone of the work is good, and its moral ideal is high. Apart from its ethical and philosophical value, the work has much merit as a romance, and will doubtless find many readers.

JACK HALL, OR THE SCHOOL DAYS OF AN AMERICAN BOY. By Robert Grant. Illustrated by F. G. Atwood. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co. Cloth, pp. 394.

This is a book for boys, and, like all of its kind, deals largely in the element of personal adventure. The hero is a veritable "young America," and the author has certainly not idealized him very much. The style of the book is in accord with its subject, and is sometimes a little tinged with street elaug; but, beyond this, it cannot be huriful to young read-are. Bors will be hors and are not made better by ers. Boys will be boys and are not made better by unreal pictures of boy life, such as are found in many Sunday-school books. The hero of this book is no better and no worse than thousands of lads of his age. He likes play better than work, and mischlef better than stody. However he comes out well in the end, and makes a better school record than many of his companions who were less fond of sport.

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

There is in Chicago a club of nine business and professional men called The Three Threes. This little book is made up, for the most part, of the ut-tiraphie of the members of this club, who are ac-customed to dime together at stated intervals, and af-ter dinner to discuss such topics as present them-selves. The book has reached its third edition.

The wide circulation of the cloth bound edition of Natural Low in the Business World, by Henry Wood, and the annearone requests for it is a cheaper form, so to bring it within the reach of all realists, here induced the redshifter. Los & Shegari, Busine, it has a point office, which is now analy and all-ing at Manual.

1 sumered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

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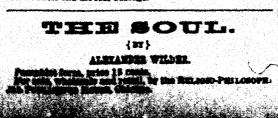
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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOUNNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are reguired as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot oe preserved, neither will they be ve turned, 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 t which he desires to call notice.

#### CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, Novembor 26, 1887.

#### A Great Publishing Centre.

"In fifteen years from now Chicago will be the greatest publishing centro in America." This prophecy was made ton years ago by a gentleman connected with one of the largest and oldest publishing houses in New York city, during a conversation in the JOURNAL office. With unlimited confidence as to Chicago's future glory in many ways, the editor of the JOURNAL was astonished to have an enthusiastic New Yorker make a prediction such as no Chicago man would have had the asanrance to utter or the faith to believe. On heing pressed for his reasons the man of Gotham entered into an extended exposition showing a comprehensive knowledge of the whole country, the tendency of trade, proba- the JOURNAL. But the original plan has ble increase of population, growth in importance of the West, advantages of Chicago over all other American cities as a centre of manufacture, and its never to be equalled facilities for distribution. All this of necessity meaning cheapness of production, rapidity of distribution and control of the market. The ten years that have past since this prediction was made, have witnessed such rapid strides in the growth of Chicago's publishing interest as to insure the correctness of the New York publisher's judgment. Already this city surpasses competitors in some branches of the business. A Chicago daily after making careful inquiries, publishes data calculated to surprise even those engaged in publishing. "In some respects," says this report. "this city is the greatest publishing point of the world, and in all others it ranks only second in this country to New York." The amount of wages annually paid in Chicago publishing establishments, independent of the job printing business, today, as compared with 1880, is as ten to one. There are more atlases manufactured here than in all the rest of the world combined. Nearly 7,000 000 bound books are turned out yearly. Chicago issues more subscription books than Boston, New York, and Philadelphia combined, and publishes more standard works of history, fiction and biography than any other American city except New York. Twenty years ago a good job of bound book work could not be done in Chicago; now, of the 500 standard works necessary in forming a library every one is published here with as fine printing, binding, and artistic work as are done anywhere, and nearly one-third of the books manufactured here are sold in the Eastern markets. It is asserted by those in the trade, that books can be made here on a large scale, freight paid to New York and then sold for less than the cost to manufacture there. Chicago has what is believed to be the largest bindery in the world; its capacity is 15,000 books per day. A few years ago its proprietors would have been seriously troubled to complete 500 copies per day, and these not in the best manner. One publishing, house dealing mostly in popular works of fiction, travel, blography and reprints of foreign books of general circulation, now issues over 10,000 copies per day for 310 days in in the year. That Chicago is a superior point for the production of high class books is evideno-d by the success of S. C. Griggs & Co. who publish no other and whose sales rival o of any nouse of the kind in America. e school book trade Chicago leads the Of the partypapers of Chicago, both

pendence and ability. In 1865 the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOUR NAL was founded by Mr. S. S. Jones, whose devotion to Spiritualism has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. To the promulgation of a knowledge of Spiritualism he gave his entire time and great talents. Though profoundly interested in the phenomena, and not always a discriminating observer, he valued them as primary and elemental steps toward a higher intellectual and spiritual development, and not as the end and all of Spiritualism. He held Spiritualism to be in its broad and comprehensive scope, "the philosophy of life"; and ever kept this prominently in view in his writings. establishment that would be for Spiritualism what the Methodist Book Concern is to Methodism, and even more. To this end he labored, his whole soul absorbed in the task; and had those connected with him in the enterprise been equally devoted and true to the work, it had been accomplished. Absorbed in his undertaking to such a degree as to be oblivious to the petty ambitions and treason-

able plottings of politicians and cranks he awoke one day in the fall of 1866 to a realization of the situation, only to find that treachery had wrested the splendid undertaking from his control, and vested it in the hands of those whose venal purposes and silly ambition rendered them blind to the main purnose of the corporation.

This was a severe blow to Mr. Jones, but with a perfect trust in the predictions of spirit friends that the JOURNAL would again emerge from the cloud and with him at its head continue work, he waited. And the wait was not long, for in nine months' time the greedy and incompetent traitors had swamped the concern and put it hopelessly in debt. After the collapse, one of the chief, but not the most guilty, wreckers came to Mr. Jones and the present editor pleading for aid to save the remnants. The charter was gone, there was nothing left of all the fine plant that was not blanketed with a mortgage. Taking the subscription list on which there was a large amount due to subscribers and nothing to speak of due the paper. Mr. Jones with the help of the present editor began anew the work of building up the JOURNAL. With little ready money, but good credit-Mr. Jones soon had the paper going again. But for several years the burden was very heavy. Should the present writer ever give to the public a history of those years, he feels quite sure the verdict would be: "Only by preterhuman aid could the enterprise have been kept afloat, and the courage of those at the helm maintained." The scheme of a great publishing house. in Chicago, for the publication of books,

pamphlets and tracts relating to psychical science, spiritual philosophy and a system of ethics based on science, together with an experimental department for the study and development of spirit manifestations and intercourse, had to be given up for the time and all energies conserved for the benefit of

goodly number of whom are millionairee, are | much particularity several spirits, giving there not some who would like to co operate either the initials or first name. Some of with him? Are there not those who feel these were fully recognized. In some instanthey owe a debt to Spiritualism which can | ces what seemed to be mistakes have since be canceled in no other way so satisfactorly as in aiding to strengthen the power of the JOURNAL and in building up a publishing house in this great publishing scribed, it all came back to their recollection centre? Among those who with pride point their non-Spiritualist friends to the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as an exponent of Spiritualism such as they are willing to stand by, and who must have some realization of the effort it costs both in vital force and money to maintain so high a standard in a paper, among this no inconsid-He aimed to build up a great publishing erable body, are there not some who are the invention; he then referred to the busiready to re-enforce their opinion with money? Those who have sufficient interest to answer these several queries, or who may desire further information with a view to cooperating as above suggested may manifest their inclinations to the editor.

#### Mr. John Slater in Chicago.

A notable company of representative people gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bundy on Thursday evening the 17th inst., to meet Mr. John Slater and witness such demonstrations of psychical power as might be evolved by the occasion. Of the sixty ladies and gentlemen present, nearly all were people who have made their mark in the world, and the names of a number of them are familiar to the country at large. The pulpit, the press, the bar, the bench, the medical profession, and the banking interests of Chicago were represented; and members of several literary societies and clubs gave additional brilliancy and diversity to the assemblage. A preacher whose liberal theology, sweetness of spirit and devotion to humanity have made his name a household word in America and given him a congregation surpassed by no other in the city, sat next to a veteran journalist whose sharp pen has punctured many a political pretender and whose keen sarcasm and deep probings have long been feared by respectable shams. A banker whose word disposes of an hundred million dollars or more every year, sat in pleasurable expectation near a lawyer who is feared by opposing counsel as are few in the profession. A prominent judge listened beside a lady whose brilliant studies of Goethe, Dante and Spencer have given her an enviable reputation in literary circles. Another lady whose versatility, poetic genius, and piquancy as a writer gives her entrance to leading papers and periodicals, sat facing a surgeon whose trained hand and great skill have carried him successfully through many a capital operation. On his right was a lady who has demonstrated that woman can gain fame and fortune as a medical practitioner and still remain sweet, lovable, and true to home interests. Episcopalians, Methodists, Liberal Religionists, Materialists, members of the Ethical Society, Mr. Slater's experiments. To those who have given even the slightest attention to the study of psychical matters it will be at once plain that Mr. Slater had an environment not calculated to give him conditions favorable for the display of his powers. Mr. Slater is the most perfect sensitive-not the best, trained-the writer knows of. He reflects the mental states of those about him, whether in or out of the flesh, as sharply and promptly as a French mirror gives back a shadow. He is a psychometer, a telepathic percipient, a clairvoyant, and medium for spirit intelligences. all in one. In the vast, ever-changing psychical world this young man is constantly acted upon as is a barometer or a seismograph during an earthquake in the physical world. He is a human, self-recording magnotometer and registers changes too delicate for the physical senses, too subtile for the intellect to grasp. These psycho-magnetic waves saturated with human feeling-hope, fear, doubt, criticism, skepticism, wonder, and every shade of emotion, and loaded with forgotten experiences from long closed cells in memory's storehouse, these waves come rolling in from every quarter toward this hypersensitive human register and make their record. This record Mr. Slater, as does any other sensitive, strives to formulate in language with varying success. When the word picture is completed he is not always quite sure to whom it belongs, he cannot clearly see the connection; for the psychical waves continue to break over him, and he feels the never ceasing, ever-varying touch of the register mingling new tracings with the old, loading confusion on confusion, and complicating the task of his intellect. In this swirling torrent of influences his mind must work with more than lightning-like rapidity or be lost in the surging chaos, unless happily-as is often the case-his spirit friends spring to his assistance and complete the effort. Place such a human organism as Slater's in such a company as he met last week, composed of persons of marked individuality. strong will and great intellectual force, and his task becomes a thousand-fold more diffi cult than in a promisenous popular audience such as is usually attracted to a public hall. Hence if the experiments on the evening in question resulted in any clear, well marked tests the effort must be regarded as a great success. And such was the case. Mr. Slater was totally ignorant of who was to be present and had never seen one of the company before. He gave several excellent deligeations of character, selecting his subjects, by acci paralas of any part charts in i line y 

many of whom are blessed with wealth and a guished of the company. He described with | and a goodly company of clergy and laity been found correct; and in other cases where the person addressed failed to recall at the moment either incidents or individuals de after returning home. One example of this is all that space permits. Mr. Slater took a lady by the hand, then seized the hand of a gentleman, who was the lady's husband, and at once began to speak of an invention they were interested in. Looking toward the gentleman Slater indicated by the motion of his feet and body that he sensed the nature of ness part of the matter, mentioning Washington, and the desire of the inventor to secure a specified sum of money. All this was admitted to be correct by the gentleman and lady.

> In the course of the evening he returned to this lady, and with more than usual feeling, described a spirit who had come to her for recognition: He said her name was Mrs. H. giving the initial only, then described a diffi culty with one of her knees which made her laine, and said she had "passed from earth in giving birth to a little one." The lady looked blank but made no response, whereupon, as the medium was about leaving her, Mr. Bundy asked if she recognize I any one in the description; she replied "No, I can recall no such person. I do not recognize anything in it." The medium seemingly very confident he had made no mistake, and chagrined that it appeared as though he had, redoubled his effort to aid the lady in recollecting the person, but without success. It seemed like a complete failure, the more marked because of the persistence of the medium, and the great desire of the lady to help him out of the trouble if she could, by a recognition. This considerably disheartened Mr. Slater, and no very marked example of clairvoyance or spirit influence occurred thereafter. The next day the editor of the JOURNAL received through the post office a letter from this lady, who by the way is not a Spiritualist, which is here given, demonstrating with reasonable conclusiveness. that the medium was correct.

> "Why didn't some one mention Mrs. Hatheway's name when Mr. Slaver spoke to me of H.? She was my intimate friend, as also the friend of many present. She died in childbirth and was lame exactly in the knee as Mr. Slater illustrated. I am very, very sorry that I did not think of her. You must remember her; and that was exactly the audience she would delight in.

Mrs. Hatheway was a talented woman and a lovely character; many of the company knew her, and in years gone by had listened to her brilliant essays delivered before the Philosophical Society and various literary clubs.

After several days' reflection, and analysis of the evening's exhibit, and after voluntary confirmations since received from persons present, the writer is satisfied that taken as a whole and under all the circumstances Positivists, Unitarians and Theosophists Mr. Slater did remarkably well; and gave exwere equally interested with Spiritualists in cellent proof of psychometry, clairaudience NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

orthodox and heterodox, hear woman preach, try to find a new interpretation of Paul's' poor words on her fit place, and even favor woman suffrage.

The Young Men's Christian Associations open realing rooms and make temperance & part of their godliness, and the W. C. T. U. enlists a host of plous women for the protection of the home, which can only co me with the destruction of the saloon.

Giving these two last associations credit for the gool they do, and accepting such work as a proof of a step towards practical righteou-ness among theological believers calls to mind their limitations and belittling errors. The first is Phariesic in spirit and method accepting none as equal members and helpers in any good work unless they can repeat the Shibboleth of some orthodox creed; and easting slight on such as are not. Christian after its narrow idea; the second allows itself to be a feeder to the Evangel ical church, and must have a woman's creed orthodox before her temperance creed can be welcomed in a sisterly way. The good work of these, and of all the rest, we should hall with fit hogor an I strive to emplate or excel thom, but in practical reforms sectarianism has no fit place. Whatever good thing any man or woman sees should be done and steps up to help in the doing, let us step to their side, join hands and move on together. be they Pagan or Christian, "asking no questions for conscience's sake" as to their creed or no creed.

€.

The gentus of modern Spiritualism is like that of primitive Christianity, which was indeed Judean Spiritualism under another name. In his story of the man who fell among thieves, was neglected by the passing priest and Levite, and helped by the good Samaritan, Jesus breaks down the dividing lines of creed and nation, and teaches the lesson of human fraternity and world-wide charity.

## The Ethical Movement.

On Friday and Saturday of last week there was held in this city a conference of the leaders of the several ethical societies of New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Chicago. Dr. Felix Adler, Dr. Coit of Philadelphia and W. M. Salter of Chicago, lecturers, were in consultation with leading members from the different cities. The sessions were marked by great interest, and much good will result from the gathering. On Sunday morning short addresses took the place of the regular lecture, and all of the leading representatives had an opportunity to express their views. The large audience was deeply interested, especially in the closing speech by Dr. Adler which, though brief, was a succinct, perspicuous and forcible presentation of the platform of the Ethical Movement. Dr. Adler said the question was often put, "Is the Ethical Society a religions or a non-religious body?" His answer was. Religion in its historic meaning involves a theory of the universe and man's relation to it: in this sense the Ethical Society is not a religious body. It has no system of theology. It teaches men to act right because it is right so to act; that life is worth living because of duty to be done. In a word the creed of the Society is practical righteousness. He depicted with burning eloquence the inconsistency of Bishop Potter in soliciting millions wherewith to erect a magnificent Episcopal cathedral in New York when there were 500,000 people in that city deprived of many of the necessities of life.

never been abandoned, though twenty-two years have passed since it was first contemplated, and Mr. Jones has gone to spirit life. The need of such a powerful publishing house with its array of completely equipped auxiliaries was never so great as now. Neither has its possibility ever been so clear as at present.

Always independent, critical and progressive the JOURNAL has never failed to make its dent, or to keep pace with the requirements which increasing knowledge and public sentiment have demanded. In fact, it has ever been a maker of public opinion rather than a mere reflector of the current thought of the majority.

The JOULNAL has reached an age surpassed by but one other Spiritualist publication; it has made a record for good work, great achievements, widespread and healthful influence unequalled in the Spiritualist field. It has successfully withstood the witchery of wonder seekers and wonder venders, the tremendous onslaughts of vindictive opponents, the machinations of malicious malcontents whose sole incentive in donning the cloak of Spiritualism has been selfish and sensuous. It stands to-day with greater moral strength and a more wide spread influence than ever before-as in the nature of things it should. It has the moral support of the best thinkers and brightest souls in Spiritualism; it has the respectful attention and good will of a vast body of intelligent. thoughtful people ontside of Spiritualist ranks,—as an independent, unsectarian, fearlessly honest paper deserves to have.

The time is now propitious for the enlargement of its usefulness, by establishing such a splendid and powerful concern as was originally intended: and by strengthening it financially so as to give it an increased staff. of trained writers and editors, and a more complete equipment in every way.

The present editor and publisher has demonstrated by eleven years of successful work that a Spiritualist paper may be critical, rational and independent, free from all cliques, and above all sordid schemes, and yet live; that it can withstand persistent and combined assaults of fraud, folly and ignorance, and grow stronger in the trial. And furthermore, he has shown that this can be done without loss of courage, decline of hope, growth of the synical sentiment or lessen ing of faith in the final outcome. And now he asks: among all the vast body of sincere. rational people who have come into a knowledge of the trath of the central claim of moders Spirituation, tearned the value to and breaking

clairvoyance, telepathy and direct spirit control or impression.

#### Practical Gain.

Forty years ago, or more, the New York Evangelist, a leading New School Presbyterian journal-then and now, in an article on the anti-slavery contest. in which it deplored the inaction of the churches on that question, said that "Infidels are doing for humanity's sake what the churches ought to be doing for Christ's sake." In those days it was often said by reform lecturers that " the church never pioneered any unpopular reform," and these assertions were never disproved.

Creed above deed was the theory and prac tice of popular theologians; heresy hunting was more zealously pursued than the exposure of mean acts, or of treason to man hidden under a pious pretense of love to God. The old spirit and method are not gone, but they are on the wane. A change has come for the better, but we may well bear in mind that this change has been wrought by the rebukes and warnings of fearless reformers outside the church, far more than by any spirit of progress and freedom within the ecclesiastical organizations. We may honor the faithful souls, within or without, who have helped this change, and gladly recognize a new emphasis given to practical reform.

The Christian Union commends an article by Professor Wilcox on "Industrial Teaching at Mission Stations," and says:

The troth is, as Paul long ago indicated, the de-velopment of man must be a development of body, oul and spirit, and any educative movement which attempts one of these and ignores the other, fails of the largest usefulness.

At a late meeting of The Evangelical Alliance in Boston, associated efforts to correct great evils in soci-ty were encouraged, and the laws of heredity as bearing on marriage, and the importance of moral, spiritual and physical culture, as bearing on social purity, were not pushed aside to give place to creed making, but began to be held as "the weightier matters of the law."

Efforts like that made near Boston years ago, by Emma Hardinge Britten, to establish a reform school for fa len women, and given up on account of a oruel neighborhood prejudice, are now taken up by those who would not then have touched them.

The White Cross Society finds special favor among Episcopelians, and Canon Farrar has a strong wordsfor total abstinence, in the face of the wine bibbing custom so common sting the Marilan contry. Introduction 

Mr. Salter in his remarks said that right conduct was their standard, that they did not wish to influence the particular beliefs of individual members on religious matters.

There is nothing in the aims and purposes of the Ethical Movement to which any Spiritu list can reasonably object. On the contrary there is everything to commend. The only criticism that can be offered is that the Ethical people do not give sufficient attention to the evidences offered of the continuity of life. But their reply to this would be, "If we do all we can here for our fellow men and lead good lives, we may rest content as to the future in the certainty that we have prepared ourselves in the best manner for a life in another and higher sphere."

"Spiritnalist" writes under date of Nov. 14: 'Dr. Clarke is filling his November engagement in Philadelphia to the complete satisfaction of his large and intelligent audiences. Last Suuday he held his hearers in eager attention while he gave two of the ablest lectures ever given upon our rostrum. He is a forcible speaker, a logical reasoner, clear and explicit in statement, and uses a scholarly diction which clothes profound thoughts and scientific principles in a manuer that makes them easily understood even by neophytes in spiritual knowledge. He has received most hearty appreciation and cordial congratulations from many of our oldest Spiritualists, who are exacting in their demands. We unaerstand he is not yet engaged for the winter months, and would earnestly commend his services to liberalists everywhere. His address is here for November, afterward in care of Banner of Light, Boston,

Samuel D Greene of New York, writes: "For two Sundays at Conservatory Hall, we have been highly favored by the cheering, vitalizing presence of Charles Dawbarn. His discourses were logical and philosophical and intensely interesting, tending to broader and freer ranges of thought. Large audiences have attented by their province and earnest attention their kinden and hearty op 

#### Another Exposure of Boston Rot.

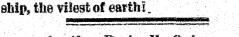
Year after year fraud and corruption among alleged mediums in Boston has gone on, growing more impudent, grasping and bold. With the aid of the advertising columns of the Banner of Light and the moral support of its editorial columns, these vile creatures of both sexes have reaped rich harvests at the expense of heart-broken seekers after knowledge of their dead, and have depleted the plethoric purses of many a rich fool, who sought in the company of these cabinet workers a species of ghostly debauchery not to be had elsewhere. The honest and virtuous mediums of that Spiritualistic Sodom-there are some in Boston-have hung their heads in shame and prayed to be delivered from the disgrace brought upon them by these trickstors and pseudo medinms.

But all in vain, a disreputable person plying an illegitimate trade in spirit wares, was more dear to the Banner than the poor but virtuous and honest medium, and there seemed no hope of relief. At last, through the very rottenness of the guild, came signs of a better state of things. Public sentiment was aroused; courageous Spiritualists cought the aid of the secular press, after vainly striving to prevail upon the Banner to do the work that properly belonged to it, and with such a powerful ally they began a systematic effort to eradicate the evil. The good work has been in progress less than a year, but already there has been much accomplished. A number of dens have been closed, and the inmates have fled to other cities, or retired into obscurity. Even the Banner has been forced to reluctantly decline the active defense of this herd of harpies, and now contents itself with taking their money for advertising space, and only rarely advocating their claims in its reading columns. It has even been frightened into a shamefaced admission that some of them are not strictly honest, notably in the case of the notorious Ross family.

The Boston Evening Record has been active, and fairly successful, in stirring up the corruption which the Banner has for so many years been assisting in debauching Spiritualism with in that city. The Record of the 18th inst. contains a lengthy account of the complete and conclusive exposure of Mrs. H. B. Fay, an exhibitor of alleged materializations. The advertising card of this creature has long been regularly displayed in the columns of the Banner, where it may be found in the last issue of that "organ." The exposure occurred at one of her afternoon performances, in the presence of some twentyfive witnesses, who had paid a dollar each to see the show and some of whom were her innocent dupes. Before beginning the show,

Mrs. Fay, as reported by the Record, said : "Before commencing my scance, I wish to give my rules for conducting it. First, I wish that forms which come out of the cabinet shan't be molested second, no one must move about the room during the seance; third, if any form do appear, remem ber that it isn't me: fourth, keep your feet flat on the floor. [This was so that any too curious investigator couldn't trip up the alleged materialized spirit.] If any one don't wan't to do as I say, they can now the room before the s

richly deserve to share the opprobrium and disgrace justly the punishment of Fay and all who aid, abet, toterate or condone the damnable practices of the class to which she belongs. Honest, virtuous mediums! how long will you continue to be classed with these wretches who bring disrepute and dishonor upon an honorable calling? You have your fate in your own hands! Unless you rise, combine and act, and secure the co-operation of your respectable, order-loving patrons to the end that your vocation may be cleansed of its bad name, unless you do this you deserve to be classed with those who debauch medium-



#### Another Dastardly Outrage.

We are pained to be obliged to chronicle another of those dastardly outrages upon our media which have grown too common to be longer tolerated. Last week a band of conspirators, the hirelings of a sensational Boston dally which we will not honor by mentioning its name in the stanch old *Banner*, broke up a s-ance for materialization which was bein - held by one of our most estemed and powerful media, airs. H. B. Fay. This estimable lady while wholly unc uncleous, being in a deep trance, was personating the excanate spirit This estimatic lady while wholly une unscious, being in a deep trance, was personating the excarnate spirit of a gypsy girl with flowing har, influenced thereto no doubt by the baweful psychological influence of the frand hunters, when she was rudely selzed by the ruf-flans and the sear ce broken up. Has it come to this that our religious meetings are to be invaded by hireling conspirators and willing instruments of our Jesuitcal enemies, and our trusty media insulted, and all this without let or hindrame? Urged on and assisted by persons calling themselves Spiritualists these con-spirators are carrying things with a high hand and "unless they are summarily dealt with the spirit world will take the matter in charge, then we to our perse-cutors! Our band, as well as reliable correspondents youch for Mrs. Fay's honesty, and her seances will con-tinue, and her adv-ritsement remain in our columns as it has tor years, despite these rufflamily onslaughts. If the above or something reading amaz-

If the above or something reading amazingly like it fails to appear in this week's issue of the Banner of Light, it will be because its editor quails before an aroused and justly indignant public, and dare not follow his traditional policy.

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 1880; March, 1881; October and November, 1832; 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.

#### GENEBAL ITEMS.

The Eastern District Association of Michigan Spiritualists will hold their quarterly meeting at Oxford, Oakland county, Saturday and Sunday, December 3rd and 4th. Mrs. L. A. Pearsall. G. B. Stebbins and other speakers, and good medlums will be present.

Mr. Slater's Seance at Lester's Academy, 615 Lake St., last Sunday, was eminently a success. His tests were all recognized, and they at times caused a genuine sensation. He will be there again next Sunday at 2:30 p. m., and-at Avenue Hall, 159 22nd st. at 7:30.

these, then your cause will die and you will the use of all members of the Institute, and | Previous to their coming, dress of the Chinese it is believed they will prove a very popular and attractive feature. It is proposed to give about one entertainment a week in the large hall of the Institute. Members of the Institute will be admitted free upon showing their tickets at the door. This philanthropic enterprise of the Warner Brothers is worthy of unbounded praise and great good will be accomplished thereby.

## Mr. John Slater at Avenue Hall.

#### To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

Our hall was crowded last evening to its utmost seating capacity, the audience, as usual, representing those interested in the advancement more than the extension of our religion. Mr. Slater, after expounding a few of the problems of Spiritualism, stated that he had just held a scance in the reporting room of the Herald, to the satisfaction of those present. He then opened his scance with a song. He is a beautiful singer, and the sweet tones seemed to harmonize his audience more than a choir or congregational music. The tests cannot be doubted. Incidents are materialized from the past; names of friends, almost forgotton, are brought forth, and occurrences related that will lead to their recognition. One gentle-man who could not believe his test from Mrs. Foye, and is an avowed skeptic, had his whole life unveiled by this wonderful medium, and was compelled to arise and assert its truth. Mr. Slater has found during his short visit, the obstacles we have been endeavoring to overcome in the past, and his kindness in offering us a benefit some evening during the following week, can never be forgotten. Next Sunday afternoon he will again appear at Lester's Academy, and in the evening at our Hall. Skeptics are most cordially wel-

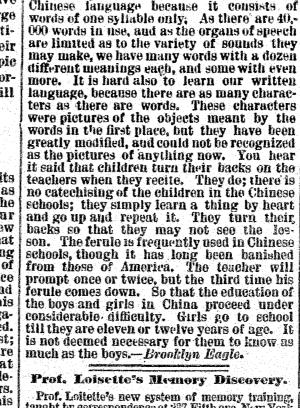
comed. Tickets for a private circle on Friday even-

ing, the 25th, can be obtained by addressing F. B. Fellows 3004 Cottage Grove Avenue. Chicago, Nov. 21. A. L. COVERDALE.

. A Unique Exhibition.

#### To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journas,

A unique exhibition is open to the public in Chicago, which will be of special interest to Spiritualists. The paintings are from Paris and produced under special control through the mediumship of Professor Watson, who was first developed at Newcastle on Tyne, at Mr. Swanston's circle. So varied has Mr. Watson's work been, that he has published the only "history of Chaldea' extant, and lectured in many places. "The Apocalypse" and "New Jeruslem," pictures published in French, are from his hand. Honorable mention has been made by the European press upon his works. Besides being an artist, a poet and lecturer, he has the power of healing to a large extent. The artistic faculty has never attained eminence in our cause, and it has taken nine years to develop it in Mr. Watson. Continous labor in art as a daily occupation has given him the courage to exhibit in Paris, in the midst of the art world, which was successful, and he has come to America to help to develop mediums and to teach as something about the influence of art and its growth in Eurone, besides its value in the rise and progress of nations. Fine art will now take a prominent stand in our ranks, which has hitherto been neglected and American mediams should endeavor to develop themselves in this direction. W. HENRY. Chicago, Ill.



was much more pretty than it is now.

It is very hard for children to learn the

taught by correspondence at 257 Fifth ave. New York seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale, of 200 each, 250 at Meriden, 500 at Norwich, 100 Columbus Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn, etc. Such patronage, and the endorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Doctor Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale, etc., place the claim of Professor Loieutte upon the highest ground.

The Atlantic Monthly will contain Six Paper on the American Revolution, by J hn Fiske; Bos on Painters and Paintionge, by William H. Downes; Three studies of Factory Life, by L. C. Wyman, Author of "Poverts Grass"; Occasional Poems, by John G. Whittier: Essays and Poems, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Occasion papers, by James Russell Lowell

Mrs. F. H. Burnett's new story will begin in the Christmas number of St. Nicholas. It it called Sara Crowe, and it depicts the life of a little girl in bearding-school in London. This number of Sa Nesholas will have stories by Washington Gladden. H. H. Boyesen, Frank R. Stockton, and J. F. Trowbridge, with an illustrated account of the voyage of the *World* balloon, written by the reporter who took the trip from St. Louis last summer.

The Atlantic Monthly for 1888 will contain, in addition to the best Short Stories, Sketches, Essays, Poetry, and Criticism, three Serial Stories: The Aspen Papers, in three parts, by Henry James; Yone Santo: A Child of Japan, by Edward H. House, who has lived many years in Japan and in this story will describe the life, character, and cus-toms of the Japanese; and Reaping the Whirl-wind, by Charles Egbert Craddock.

The Popular Science Monthly for December will contain articles by Professor Huxley, Grant Allen, and the Duke of Argyll; and an interesting bit of autobiography, entitled "The Boyhood of Darwin," from the forthcoming "Life and Letters" of the great naturalist.

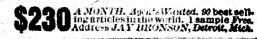
Mark Twain has written something in the form of a play, entitled "Meisterschaft," which will appear in an early number of The Century. The play, a. may be supposed, is in two languages.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by expelling im-purity from the blood, which is the cause of the complaint. Give it a trial.

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

#### **Consumption Surely Cured**,

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive

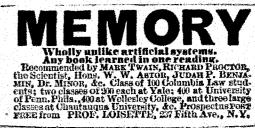


BEENSED BE DRUDGERY-A Sermon, 26. mathd. Religious and of er standard books. Catalogus free, Call or write, CHAARLEN H. KERR & CO. Fublishers, 175 DRARBORN ST., C. ICAGO.

A LIMB LOST can be replaced by an artificial one Books ent free. Write to Dr. LeRoy 180 Bearborn Street, Chicago.

SEE HERE! Why not save one holf on 1000 useful to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO, Chi ago, 11.

Illustrated Matrimonial paper containing 300 personal ad-vertisements 12 cents, Social World, Box 5269, Boston, Mass,

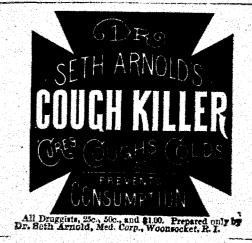


**CURE FITS** When I say care I do not mean merel for a time and then have them return a radical cure. I have made the disease EPSY or FALLING SICKNESS all warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at onces for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROUT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.



CHICACO SCALE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill. SEA WONDERS exist in thou-sands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in pect of prelitable work that can

bedone while I ving at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and unward wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required, Some have made over S50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.





CHERISTMAN, with its many love, will soon be her oncompression of the second state of good cheer. Y very suitable present not expensive, yet delicate as a memento of ""1 hrist's" Natal Day. Then get one of the follwing: Each surpassing anything that is to be bought cliewhere for same money. Just imported this season, Order now. Quantity limited.

115 Fringed Satin Panel with Card Center. 116 Fringed Card Panel Surmounted by Circular, orna-manted Conter. 117 Round r Bell-shaped Satin pad design center. 118 Fringed Bar nerette with center of Ivorino Crestent averlandre render cerd Each series in assorted colors, and are beautifully fringed and ornan Each card in a neat box.

rule to take up the fee before the scance begins."

After several forms had been shown, a female figure appeared purporting to be a Gypsy Girl, with long, flowing hair and loose robe. The Record details the exposure as follows:

#### THE EXPOSURE.

The figure had by this time evidently become convinced that it had a sympathetic audience and ventured far down the room. It appeared as a gypsy girl, with long hair flowing down, her back. Ad-vancing boldly down the room it paused in front of the gentlemen sitting next to the writer, and con-fidingly stretched forth both hands. Like a flash the man clinched them in a strong grasp and ejacu-lated "Now!" Instantly the *Record* man ignited his bunch of matches and the chandelier was a blaze of light. Other ready hands stripped away the curtains and the sun's rays flooded the room with an additional brilliancy. What a sight met the eyes of the believers and others who were not on the inside! In the centre of the room, directly under the blaze of the chandelier, struggling, biting scratching and clinching like a fig ess in the grasp of four strong men, who had all they could do to hold her, was that arch fraud and arrant humbug, cheat and impostor, Mrs. Heman Fay. She had said that the form would not be hers, but she got there just the same.

Her flowing bair, a switch about two feet long, had been torn from her head in the melee, as was also her "spirit robe," a piece of cheap cotion gauze, about four yards long and two and a half yards wide. Capt. Dixon, who attempted to rescue Mrs. Fay, was grabbed around the neck by another atbletic young man. He struggled vigorously and shouted "G-d d-n you, let me go!" But he was held in a firm clasp. Mrs. Fay's desire was, of course, to get into the cabinet. So she made a show of fainting, and was sprinkled with water by one of her attendante. Her captors, however, were on to her little game, and held her tight. In the mean-time, one of the writer's friends had made a break for the cabinet, which he found to be closed. But he burst open the door, and there found the "old auntle," a tough old gel who would tip the scales certainly at 200 pounds. She was the confederate who had helped to dress Mrs. Fay. She fought hard, but was ejected by the gentleman, as were also Mr». Fay's skirt and her shoes. These were in-genious contrivances composed of three pieces of cork nailed together, out on the top of the other, and having a strap to fasten them to Mrs. Fay's feet, When she represented the "ancient guide" and other tall figures, she put these on her feet to add to her height. In the pocket of the skirt was a comb and a chamols skin powderpad for whitening the face. The Dixon girl made her escape in the confusion, although she was chased by one of the young men, who caught sight of her.

The "Dixon Girl, is a daughter of Captain Dixon, who "protects" the show, and is used by the Fay as a confederate.

Spiritualists of Americal how long do you propose to allow such despicable creatures as Fay to pursue their diabolical traffic under the cloak of Spiritualism, and aided by venal newspapers, without concerted and effective nction on your part to stop it? How long are you willing to be classed with such people by the decent and order loving portion of the summunity? You have your fate and that of the Spiritualist cause in your own hands. It you have not the moral courage and the morey, the love of bonesty and virtue, the

The Institute of Religious Study in Phila delphia, was formally started on its career the evening of the 27th ult. An address from Rev. C. G. Ames outlined the course of study probably to be pursued. Remarks were made by Mangasarian, Clifford, Haskell, May, and several who were repeatedly referred to as the "laity." The advent of the new scheme is auspicious. The subjects in order are: 'The World's Childhood," "Supernatural Appearances and Events," "Ancient Astron-omy as Related to Religion," "Sacrificial Ob-servances," "Deification of Great Men," "Angels and Devils," "Miracles," "Origin of Moral Codes, Great Lawgivers," "Prophets and Inspiration," " Priests and Ceremonies," 'Symbolism," " Picture Language," " Myth-Making," " Sacred Books-How they Acquired Authority," "Nationalization and Differentiation of Religions and Worships."

The Unitarian clerical brethren wander in a delightful haze of ancient myth and marvel, and thus keep at a pleasant distance from the facts of Spiritualism, and from the help they give in the solving of important questions. Meanwhile their parishioners-"the laity"—visit mediums, read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and are moving on. Can there be a tinge of dainty dilettantism in the makeup of these courteous clergymen?

The Seaside Institute has been erected for the benefit of the employes of Warner Brothers, at Bridgeport, Ct., and opened November 10th, 1887, by Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the wife of the President. The building is about seventy feet square and three stories high. The basement is built of red granite, rockfaced; the first and second stories of brown stone and red brick. The total cost of the building and furniture is a little over \$60,-000. The reading room and library are open to any girls in Warner Brothers' employ who become members of the Institute. The reading room contains about thirty of the leading papers and magazines of the country. The library contains 1,000 volumes. Classes will be arranged in music, penmanship and such other studies as may be desired. The sewing room is a pleasant, cheerful room, fitted up with sewing machines, where girls can do their own sewing. . Great pains have been taken in fitting up an elegant toilet notion dae a high and hely eause, if you do room which contains at bath tube supplied for endume also under went very considera-taken by robustical efforts that you have with hot and cold water. These are free for his modification at the hands of the Tartara

By a Chinese Lecturer.

CHILDROOD OF THE CHINESE.

The first thing which strikes even the cas ual observer in China is what to a foreigner seems to be oddity in the people and their customs. Let us first consider the customs which surround the advent of those little angels which we call babies. Under every bed in China there is a little idol and censor, dedicated to Poo Paw. or auntie. This takes place of the maiden aunt in China, for we have no maiden aunts there. She is supposed to protect every baby. This, of course, is a part of our superstition.

A few days after the birth a christening cere-mony takes place and a name is chosen for the child. Names in China are not conventional. They are taken from the dictionary because of their happy meaning. For instance, take my name, it means wealth through imperial favor. My grandfather had expectations of my becoming a great mandarin, through the bounty of the emperor. Of course you see that his expectations were not realized. Those names which you see on the fronts of Chinese shops are not the names of people. They are business titles or mottoes, something like our "Reliable Insurance Company." "Hop Sing " means "fit to prosper." A drug store bearing the sign " Chung Sing Yong " means " Long life to all. " Long Fat" does not mean that the owner of the sign has fat longs; it signifies " prosper and get rich." We have a custom of giving pigs' feet and ginger to a mother after the birth of a child. The pig's feet are boiled in ginger, and are supposed to be very nourishing. About a month after the birth of the child, we have a ceremony which we call a "full moon." It is the custon then for friends and relatives to make presents of cloth and cakes and jewelry. Sometimes the parents thereupon give a feast and gives back to the givers of the presents elices of roast pig, for roast pig is esteemed a great dainty in China.

The next event in the child's life is the ceremony of shaving when the embryo cue is formed. Americans have a wrong notion concerning the cue. It is merely worn in China because it is a fashion, not because it has any religious significance. I am frequently asked whether, if I went back to China. I would wear my cue? Yes, I would, but not growing upon my head. What is to prevent my wearing it like this (taking off his skull cap with the cue attached)? I would wear my cue in China, because it would be very uncomfortable for me to walk through the streets there without it. I would be pelted with sticks and stones, and other substances, for the people would say : "That man is a Christian, because he has given up Chinese fashion." Chinamen got their cues in the first place from the Manchu Tartars. I civil war was reigning in China/ at the time, 1670, and the emperor of the Manchus was invited to ally himself with one of the chiefs. He did; and after he conquered the common enemy, he conquered his ally also, and became the ruler of China. He introduced the cue by force through an edict by which he sentenced to decapitation all who would not wear cues. So we got the cue by force at first. Since then it has become popu-lar and is how the thing to wear in China.

remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been perma nently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

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

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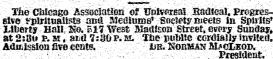
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BY J. J. MORSH.

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# **RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.**

#### Voices from the People. INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

#### Life's Journey.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station The track seems to shine in the light, But it suddenly shoots over classing Or sinks into tunnels of night. And the hearts that were brave in the morning Are filled with repining and fears As they pause at the City of Sorrow Or pass thro' the Valley of Tears,

But the road of this perilous journey The hand of the Master has made; With all its discomforts and dangers, We need not be sad or afraid. Paths leading from light into darkness Paths plunging from gloom to despair, Wind out thro' the tunnels of midnight To fields that are blooming and fair.

The' the rocks and the shadows surround us, Tho' we catch not one gleam of the day Above us, fair cities are laughing And dipping white feet in some bay. And always, eternal, forever, Down over the hills in the west, The last final end of our journey, There lies the Great Station of Best.

"Tis the Grand Central point of all railways, All roads center here when they end; 'Tis the final resort of all tourists, All rival lines meet here and blend. All tickets, all mile books, all passes If stelen or begged for or bought, On whatever road or division Will bring you at last to the spot.

If you pause at the City of Trouble Or wait in the Valley of Tears, Repatient, the train will more onward And rush down the track of the years. Whatever the place is you seek for, Whatever your aim or your quest You shall come at the last with rejoicing To the beautiful City of Rest.

You shall store all your baggage of worries, You shall feel perfect peace in this realm, You shall sail with old friends on fair watere, With joy and delight at the helm. You shall wander in cool, fragrant gardens With those who have loved you the best, And the hopes that were lost in life's journey You shall find at the City of Rest. —Ella Wheeler Willogz.

. An Open Letter to a Friend.

MAILLON ROSS, ESQ,-Dear Friend: I wrote you a hasty letter awbile ago, but as I have more leisure now I feel the spirit move to write again. I consider It appropriate to study to understand our origin, nature and destiny, as far as we have opportunity, after providing for the necessities and comforts of our bodily existence. I receive the magazines you send, and am much obliged to you for them, but to tell the truth I do not consider them of any value. I think I understand the drift of the writings. It is a vain attempt by the sectarians to break the force of evolution, in the delusive idea that that doctrine upsats their theology. *Evolution* is a great and ever-lasting truth and upsets nothing that is worth saving. The trouble is that the sectarians start out with the groundless assumption that the Bible is the plenarily inspired word of God. Then formulate their favorite efforts to explain away such texts as oppose their doctrine.

If they would take the Bible for what it is, the writings of different men, and interpret with com-mon sense, daylight would begin to dawn upon them. No man will make any progress in unravel-ing the mystery of existence until he studies and understands somewhat the law of evolution which runs through every phase of human existence and our environment. The great English scientists, Tyndall, Spencer, Huxley, and the rest have worked this out in detail in the last 40 years. They have demon-strated this law as to the material or physical side of things, but have neglected the spiritual or in-visible, and greater, more potent side of things; this will come along later.

Mere abstract speculations from assumed premises, which may be true and may not, only serve to befog, bewilder the mind, and seldom lead to a comprehen-sion of truth. What we want is to get a wider range of facts in the spiritual or invisible realm of

#### A Murderer Revealed by a Vision.

In the cosy office of the genial wharfinger of How-ard street wharf were gathered the other day several persons among whom was the nautical reporter of the Alta. The conversation was on supernatural oc-currences in general and ghostly visitations in Larticular. Every one had told a story, when the old white haired mate of a ship now lying in harbor re-

while harred mate of a ship now lying in hardof fe-lated the following experience with a solemnity that left its impression on all his hearers: "It is very painful to me," said he, "to recall the incident I am about to relate, but I see you are all more or less skeptical and I would like to convince you that it is possible for the inhabitants of the other world to visit this. Understand that I do not claim that they do this at all times, but I do say that Al-mighty (bod in his wisdom youchsafes to us at times a glimpse of the other world; or causes to appear before our eyes events that are past, for the pur-pose of clearing up a mystery or giving rest to the sorrowing soul. It is to the latter class of phenom-ena that the subject of mystory belongs, and to enable you to understand the circumstances properly I must first tell you a little of my earlier life. I was brought up in the British navy as a midshipman, and served my country with honor during the Crimean war, where indeed I gained my epaulets, and after the war returned to England with several wounds,

the war returned to England with several wounds, but also with a lieutenancy. "My return home however, effected a complete change in my life. I fell in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a small farmer who lived near my home, and rather than give her up, three up my commission and maximal at the args of 25. A context commission and married at the age at 25. A son was commission and married at the age at 25. A son was the first fruit of our marriage, and he grew up to be a fine, handsome boy. At the age of 18 his mother died, but his sorrow did not last long, as he fell in love with a young lady of prepossessing exterior, and but few faults. My son deepised the drudgery of office work, and told me he would rather go to the colories make his fortune there and rather go to the colonies, make his fortune there, and return for his sweetheart. I thought it the best thing he could do, gave him the greater part of my little fortune and my blessing, and he left me. "About six months after that he wrote to tell me

that he had been to the mines, struck it rich, would soon be home. Months, however, passed; two years soon be nome. Months, nowever, passed; two years slipped away, and I heard nothing more of my boy. I determined to go and look for him, and so got a berth as second mate on a sailing ship bound for the colonies. I traveled over the greater part of the New South Wales, but obtained no clew to my boy's whereabouts. I was heartbroken, and when I re-ceived news that the bank in which my little fortune was placed had failed, my sorrow was not increased; I rather felt glad that I would have to work for a living, thinking thus to deaden my sorrow.

"I shipped again and made several voyages as sec-ond mate, and at last when in Liverpool was offered a berth as chief mate of the Semiramis, a beautiful vessel belonging to a local firm, and then lying in the Albert dock. I accepted the office and went aboard, though with a grim foreboding that I was to find out in that voyage the secret of my son's fate. Two days before we left the dock the second mate came aboard. His was certainly one of the most repulsive faces I ever heheld, and directly I saw him an antag-onistic feeling took nessession of thy soul, "Mr. onistic feeling took possession of my soul. "Mr. Bowline, said the old man to him, this is your

chief officer, Mr. Sintram." "Directly he heard my name the second mate started and paled visibly. "What was the name, sir?" he asked, in a halting way. 'Sinfram, sir,' I replied, coldly. 'Tis a good name, sir,' returned he, careleeely, and I guess we'll get on first rate together. I hopeso, was my cold response, and the conversation ended.

"We left the Mersey River next day, being the 18th of May, 1880, and the tug took us down as far as the fuscar Rock, where she bade us farewell and left. We had favoring gales through the Bay of Biscay and passed the Isle of Palmo figing, just obtaining a glimpee of Teneriffe's Peak, away in the distance shining like a plece of steel. On June 16, in latitude 23 deg. N. and longitude 23 deg. W. we picked up the northeast trades, light indeed, but steady. We had reached about 12 deg. N. with the breeze when the most extraordinary event of my life happened. It was the 22d of June and my middle watch on deck that night. I was pacing up and down the post thinking sadiy of all I had lost, when the second mate suddenly appeared on deck. He looked agitated and alarmed.

'This intense quiet annoys me,'said he, approaching me. I don't know why, but it irritates me to see that moon sailing so placidly through the heavens. Say, when a man commits a sin I suppose his pun-ishment is eternal? I see it written in the stars, and the sky and the wash of the waves seem to echo that word. Eternal! eternal! it seems to ring in my ears. Look,' he cried, pointing to the binnacle, 'the very letters on the compass card spell eternal. Hal ha the man at the wheel is steering us to eternity. "The man's words sent a shiver through my frame. His eyes wore a terrible lock, becoming more fixed and steady as he retreated with me to the taffrail. His gaze was directed to the standard compass, and as he looked his right arm rose slowly, the index fin-ger extended. 'Look!' he exclaimed hoarsely, and I was unable to disobey. I beheld what seemed to be a thin vapor settle down abaft the binnacle. Presently it deepened toward the center, shutting out the misty view beyond, and I saw it recoiving into form, distinct and sharp. There was a rough looking shanty built close to a disused claim. Every detail was there. In the single room of this miserable hut were two bunks, arranged one above another, as aboard ship. The lower one was occupied, but the top one was empty. Suddenly the door opened, and a fine-looking young fellow entered. The form seemed familiar, but, strain as I would, I could not get a glimpse at the face. He laid on the table a huge nugget of gold, fondled it in his hands for a few moments, and then, placing it in a chamole eather bag, put it in his breast, and, jumping lightly into the upper bunk, was in a moment fast asleep. No sooner did his breathing become deep and regu-lar-for so vivid was the vision that I could hear all that was going on as well as see--that the man in the lower bunk slipped out on the floor. I recognized him at once. The repulsive features were those of the second mate. He bent over the sleeper and a hideous smile crossed his face. Taking a long knife from his breast, and going over to the light he felt its edge carefully, casting a glance occasionally at the eleeper. I felt the blood running cold in my veins as the villain, his purpose only too patent, stole over the sleeping boy. Slowly the arm was raised higher, higher, *there!* My God ! I could hear the gasp of the murdered man as the knife was buried to the hilt in his bosom. In his death agony the poor boy rose in his bunk, and then, for the first time, his face was turned toward me, and I, the agonized, heart-broken father, beheld my long-lost son, foully murdered, his life's blood trickling in a ruddy stream to the floor. I couldn't move; some terrible power prevented. The wretch put his hand into my boy' shirt, pulled out the nugget and with that movement the vision passed away. I was free! "Murder !" I cried, fiercely tu ning on my compan ion, ready to rend him to pieces. The sight of his face calmed me. He was staring at the spot where the vision had appeared-staring with a fixedness that was terrible. "Look, how it comes toward me,' he muttered oarsely. 'Look ! look ! The blood is running this hoarsely. this way. 'Tis over my boots. 'I is rising and will drown me. I will save myself.' And then with a fearful effort he threw off his supernatural bonds, and, leaping to the taffrail, went headlong overboard, with a shrick that startled the sleeping sea birds and brought the watch aft and the captain from his room. I threw a life-buoy toward the white frightened face, which looked indescribably ghasily by the light of the moon. The ship was brought to and a boat lowered, but we got nothing save the lifebuoy; the guilty mate had gone to his last account,

## Letter from Professor Wilder.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosopolcal Journal

Your paper for this date has just come. It takes rom one to two days, generally two, for the BELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL to get to Newark, longer than to New York. I like this number very much. That discourse of Rev. J. H. Palmer is a veritable Sermon on the Mount, and ought to be repeated in every pulpit, and on every platform. The mesh of corporate power has this nation in its grasp, and I often fear beyond the ability of the people to release themselves. It is verily the dominion of a beast coming out of the earth with horns like a lamb, but coming out of the earth with horns like a lamb, but speaking like a dragon. No man may buy or sell except by the stamp of a corporation—a creature of legislation, stronger than its creator, and mighty above moral law. The greatest crimes of the age are the outcome of this wrong. I sympathize heartily with what you say in regard to the matter of the Anarchists. They have been apotheosized from miscreauts to martyrs. Doubtlees their execution was a crime: certainly it was a hum-

their execution was a crime; certainly it was a bluntheir execution was a crime; certainly it was a blun-der. It was a spectacle of a community afraid, mad, revengeful, insane. The history of thirty years teaches us that in the eyes of this people, it is a greater crime to slay a few individuals than to in-cite and carry on a war by which hundreds and thousands are made to perish with more fearful tor-tures. Yet, I suppose, that all these things must needs take place, or the earth would not meet the end of its creation. end of its creation.

The elections are over, and we have only the moral to draw from them, that the situation is sub-stantially what it was a year ago. If I was to ven-ture upon a forecasting, I would predict a Demo-cratic president, and four years more for the "little moment" where a would predict a mile woman" whose exquisite manner and sweet smile turns men's heads. The Republicans can carry Indthey do not seem to know how to carry New York. A great reason is to be found in their modes of managing, and their steady departure from the ideas upon which the "Grand Old Party " was founded. Besides what death has done there has been a quiet crowding out the men of ideas who once led, and the adopting of expedients that dishonor any body of men. I do not see why Geo. W. Julian, Lyman Trumbull John M. Paimer and others are democrats; but Loen acally parallely why they are no more Rebut I can easily perceive why they are no more Republicans.

publicans. The prohibitionists are increasing; they are the only party that added to their vote this "off year." I question the intrinsic right of men to interfere with the tastes and doings of others, till there is some encroachment on liberty of personal rights by those others; but the error, if such it be, is in behalf of honest, social virtue, and general happiness. It does not, unfortunately, place the ax at the root, but hews/away at limbs. The sadness of life, fearful privations, the utter hopeleseness which shuts out our prospective comfort, and makes all dreary, must he recognized by intelligent men as the source of be recognized by intelligent men as the source of vice and crime. Drunkenness is loathsome, and the crime in its train exceeds our power to compute; so a prohibition dawn would seem to be most desirable, and I feel in that way. But the slower reform, the teaching of what life is and how to live it wisely, is really the only ulterior hope and opportunity. So I dismiss my prohibition friends with my warmest sympathy; they may not love wisely, but they love

In these parts, the Labor vote dwindled to a pitiful figure. Mr. George's 65,000 of last year, fell to 35,000. He says he is stronger with that; he may be, for it gives him an army of Gideon that will not cower be-fore a superior force. His real adversaries were the seceders. They transferred their strength bodily into the Democratic ranks, assuring to that party the City and the State. In so doing they betrayed the weak element that exists at the vitals of every Labor movement of the poorer population. They are in the market; they can be bought every time. The distinction of the poor is their poverty; the empty purse will not stand upright. These men who are always in quest of a purchaser elect the legislature, and from the legislatures the capitalists and corpora-

uous purchase the enactment of statutes. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be," I fear this sounds pessimistic; and the outlook for the better is certainly not made with the outlook for I fear this sounds pessimistic; and the outlook for the better is certainly not good. There are dark sides to the brightest cloud, and dark periods in every history. Generally times become brighter, and life more cheery. We are, however, much in the old deacon's attitude: "I believe that providence can get us out, but I don't see how on earth it can." It is by the fearful angulat in childbirth that men come into existence; and the throes of a people may yet bring forth salvation and deliverers. We are yet bring forth salvation and deliverers. We are pretty apt to feel, however, that if there is a good time coming, there ought to be another locomotive attached to that train. A. WILDER.

#### Kausas City Chips.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philo

The Boy. Cameron Mann (Episcopalian) has been giving a series of sermons on "The Life of the Fu-ture," in which he discussed the relation of the church to dogmas, and claimed that no authoritative decision binding upon the conscience of any member upon the questions of future life and the doom of the wicked, had ever been promulgated; and that any minister or member was at liberty to draw his own conclusions from revelation and nature and ex-press them freely, whether they sanctioned sternal misery, final restitution, endless probation, or an-nibilition; and after exhausting all the theories in a course of five sermons, he arrives at the conclusion that the persistently wicked will be annihilated. By request from some of our friends, I have advertised to review these sermons, commencing next Sunday evening. The sermons as published show ability, culture, liberality and sincerity. The Central Ave. Methodist Church is popular,

having a talented pastor, who is a fine orator, and a popular choir, said to be the best in the city; but with the exception of one remarkable male voice, which makes a large share of the reputation for the choir and the church, their music is not equal to ours at Pythian, especially in the female part, which is conspicuous in both choirs.

But the Methodist Church did not elevate its culture by getting the Rev. (?) Sam Jones to represent them in a lecture for the benefit of the Sunday chool. Those who heard him were required to pay \$1 each, while 50 cts is the usual price for first-class lectures, and the reason assigned was that it was for the Sabbath School. He made some good hits, and said some sensible and more silly things, and and said some sensible and more shift things, and kept the audience laughing most of the time, but the loafer, the blackguard and the vulgar wit domi-nated the whole two hours of plous slaug, fit only for a barroom or brothel, and shadowed all fine sensi-bilities with shame and disgust. I am thankful he does not advocate or represent Spiritualism, which is healthfully growing, in spite of all the shams that load it down, especially among the class of thinkars load it down, especially among the class of thinkers who are not satisfied with repetitious phenomena alone; but having proof of an unseen world, desire to cultivate a rational acquaintance with it, and the laws that govern its relation to this.

Valuable as phenomena are when not veiled in doubt and neutralized by their fellowship with jugglery and the loose methods of charlatans, those who limit their investigations to phenomena cannot grow nor realize any important benefit from Spiritualism. I have sometimes thought that the dubious character of a large share of physical manifestations, and the necessary doubt and constant feeling of uncer-tainty, which such a union of fact and fraud inspires, is a blessing in disguise. It ought to teach all who can reason that there is no rest or security in physic.l facts without the philosophy and moral applica-tions of which they are the feeble echoes. The mental drift is in the direction of spiritual truth

and moral culture. I think the little band of "Christian Scientists" in this city still survive and are working at the prob-lem of life in their own way, but they no longer risk the tender growth in their atmosphere of Spiritualism, and all those who last spring were regular atism, and all those who last spring were regular at-tendants at our meetings are now conspicuously ab-sent, and I hear nothing of their work, successes or failures. They are a "pecular people," and seem to avoid the light of rational philosophy, as we of the world understand it. The press, quite liberal in a general way, show no favors for Spiritualism, except advertise meetings when paid for doing it, and while noting the sayings of the different clergymen, and often publishing whole sermons, they uever refer to our meetings at all. Sam Jones gets a liberal notice atd his wulgar

all. Sam Jones gets a liberal notice, and his vulgar wit is reproduced for the edification of the public, but nothing tainted with Spiritualism defiles the press of this city, unless it be some story of marvels.

Dr. Thorn is confined to his house with a sick wife and a severe bronchial cough, which unfits him for enduring exposure. He has been faithful to his convictions as a Spiritualist, and fearlessly ex-pressed them and done valuable services to the cause

in many ways, always avoiding fanatical extremes. Mrs. Maud Lord Drake has been in the city the past three or four weeks, under Dr. Kimmell's treatment, and I hear that her throat trouble is considerably improved, and the Doctor thinks she can be cured. I believe they start for California this week or next.

Our meetings continue with unabated interest and good audiences greet us every Sunday evening, the music being an attraction for many who might not care much for the lectures.

Dr. Granville is absent on business in Topeka and other places, and we miss his helpful influence much. His family are here.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellancous Subjects.

A man at Medicine Hat, N. M. T., has cleared \$1,100 so far this season by gathering up buffalo bones from the prairie and shipping them east.

J. C. Barbee, of Leary, Ga., says that while out hunting one day last week he shut and killed a white partridge. He says there were four more birds of the same color in the covey.

A lady clerk in the Coldwater postoffice proudly wears as a pin a small sliver teaspoon which the British overlooked when they pillaged Peckskill, be-cause it was hidden under a baby's head.

Mrs. Julius Magner, of Medford street, Charleston, Mass., is the mother of a girl baby, born this month, with a weight upon its arrival, of nineteen pounds. Two years ago she gave birth to a nineteen-pound child

There is an unaccountable and remarkable mortality among the sardines of San Luis Obispo bay. They are dying by the thousands, and the shores of the bay are covered with these dead fish to the depth of two or three feet, and the stench is unbearable.

Portland, Oregon, makes its 160 saloons pay \$48,-000 into the treasury, and Portland landlords charge the saloon-keepers rant to the amount of \$192,000 yearly. This means that a good many men in Orecon support the saloons better than they do their families.

Kansas is trying to encourage silk production, and has, by act of legislature, established a station where egge will be distributed and reslers educated. Ten cres have been set out with mulberry trees, and fifteen reels are now running, producing. It is said, excellent silk.

The worst enemy of the Tarantula is a big insect, something like a wasp, only much larger, which at-tacks the monster spider whenever it sees him. Al-most invariably these wasps sting the tarantula to death in a short time, and then tear the body in pleces and carry it away.

Division of labor has been carried to such perfection in this country that it is now possible, so it is said, to make a complete sewing-machine in a minute, or sixty in an hour; a resper every filleen min-utes; a locomotive in a day, and five hundred watches in the same time.

The last surviving representative of the Delaware tribe of Indians, who played so important a part in the early colonial history of the country, is Ann Bob-erts. She is eighty years old, and lives at Indian Mills, on the old Brotherton reservation in New Ser-

It is a singular fact that a photograph of a sun or star taken through the big telescope recently con-structed at Cleveland for the Lick observatory gives a view of the heavenly objects much clearer and more distinct than that seen by the naked eye in looking through the powerful instrument,

A patient at the Benevolent Home in Atlanta was kept alive by nitro-glycerine for several days after a cancer in the stomach had eaten away that organ entirely, and reduced him to a skeleton. The explosive was placed on his tongue and absorbed into his system without being swallowed.

Governor Waterman, of California, upon assuming his seat recently, had all the money in the State Treasury counted, insisting upon every seal of every hag being broken. The money, \$1,100,000, was all there; and the Governor gave an elaborate dinner to all who had a hand in the count.

To determine whether her two pet canaries posessed the sense of color, a Chicago lady placed before them two bathing cupe, one of ordinary white ware, the other of colored glass. After a moment's hesitation the birds plunged into the colored cup, and have since refused to bathe in any other.

A man in Oil City with a small oil well would not accept the terms that the Standard Company offered him for the produce of his well, and to dispase of it started a little refinery of his own and peddled the oil about town. Now his product has become famous for superior excellence, and he supplies the whole Oil City retail trade.

M. Louise Thomas and Elsie P. Backinham are two women of business. The first is one of the most uccessful bee raisers in the country; and it is said that her bees produce 10,300 pounds of honey yearly. The other is the successful manager of a fruit farm of several hundred acres in California, and advises all women who can to take up this line of business,

Mr. Christopher Chancellor, who lives in the Spoon river brakes, was digging a stock well a few days ago, and when eighteen feet below the surface he found 123 petrified rattlesnakes. They were as heavy as stone, and the largest one measured eight feet in ngth and two tang one-nair inch cumference and had forty-three rattles on it.

C

existence. To every well developed mind logical inferences will come naturally and inevitably. No doubt the prime object of human existence in the body on this plauet is, to develop the spirit normally, naturally and harmoniously, preparatory to a higher stage of existence. This can be done under Buddblem, Parseeism, Mohammedanism, Christianity or Spiritualism. And all this learned twaddle as to whether the heathen can be saved or whether there is any salvation except in the belief of, or in a Godman, is truly pitiful.

Progress is being made in the investigation of the manifestations of spirits who have shuffled off the mortal body, and it seems to me to be worthy of study. In the last number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a wonderful article by N. B. Wolfe, a man of wealth and intellect, relating his experience with materialized spirite, which seems incredible; but he no doubt is honestly relating what he has seen. And the theory of illusion or a put-up theatrical representation on the part of the medium, soon breaks down. I will send you the paper. You take out materializations from the Bible. and it is emasculated. No doubt the accounts are exaggerated, but making due allowance for this, and there is probably a large residuum of truth. I hope to be able to devote some time to the further investigation of spiritual existence soon. It will not be long before I shall be a disembodied spirit, and what shall I then do? I am satisfied that the connection of the two worlds is closer than we are apt to suppose. If this is so, this relation will become more and more apparent, and I trust more beneficial to mankind. Yours Truly, St. Helena, Cal. JOHN ALLYN.

#### <sup>66</sup> Give Her a Point.<sup>99</sup>

Axel Stone, is the only survivor, out of fifty, of the ill-fated ship Vernon, lately wrecked on Lake Michigan. He and six others endeavored to save themselves on a raft, but Stone was the only one who had vitality sufficient to carry him safely through. That Spirits were instrumental in saving him we have no doubt, judging from the report made at the time.

Capt. James N. Comstock, master of the S. B. Pomeroy, lives in Chicago, and sails a Chicago vessel. He left Chicago, Sunday, Oct., 30th, in the afternoon, and during the night the wind freshened into a gale. The first mate, who stood the first watch after midulght, says that while at the wheel something told him to alter the vessel's course, and, without knowing why, he put the wheel over a full point. He thinks now, although he is not superstitious, that a voice sounded in his ears, "Give her a point." But for this the vessel would never have run across Axel Stone on the raft. The second mate came on watch at 3 o'clock and conlinued to steer the course shaped by the mate. About 4:30 o'clock, when the vessel was nine miles east-north-east of Sheboygan, the second mate heard a faint shout and informed Capt. Comstock. In an instant the Captain was wide awake, and coming on deck he saw the raft in the wake of the moon. As soon as possible he have the vessel to, lowered the yawl, and with two men pulled for the raft. Then a black cloud shut out the light of the moon and the raft was lost sight of. The boat pulled about for half an hour, the Captain shouting as hard as he could. Finally a faint response came, and then the yawl struck the raft. Capt. Comstock jumped onto t, and in a minute had Stone in his boat. In leaving the raft he stumbled over something, and asked Stone what it was. Stone replied: "O, that's Bill. He's dead don't mind him." Capt. Comstock pulled back to the raft, gathered the corpse in his arms, and was pitched headlong with it into the boat. Stone was delirious all day, but by careful nursing he was soon on a fair road to recovery.

While cleaning out a well at Bloomington, III., recently, Bandy Magniton heard a rumbling sound at the bottom and dropped a lighted match down phare the sound came from. The noise bappened is he tasks by natural gas, and Bandi's curiosity just blos, his word, heir, opencous stat's yestion of the fame.

"So I found out what had happened to my boy, and though it added a few more white hairs to my head, yet I did not curse God and die, but thank ed him for his mercy and love, in hope of meeting my son on the other shore."

"And, Mr. Mate," asked the scribe as the old man turned sorrowfully to go, "what became of his sweetheart? I suppose she waited until at last deferred hope sent her to an early gravel" "Nothing so romantic, young man," was the dry reply; "she's been married twice since."—San Fran-cisco Aita Californian.

The first statue of Longfellow to be erected will be set up in Portland, Me, the post's birthpines, and will be the work of Franklin Simous, a Maine soulpvin be the work of Frankin bimon, a mane somp-tor. The ciny model has just been finished in Bonn, and represents the post in a sitting atitude, the right arm resting is an easy position on the back of a right arm resting is an experimented chair, while the state is grown consisting forward on his lag, and breach, holds a many of statements. 

NEWARK, N. J.

First Independent Club of Boston.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal

The call for united effort among Spiritualists has reached Boston, and a few of its most modest and energetic believers, after years of experience and study, have concluded that no body of people, however earnest in their purpose or sincere in their attempts to put Spiritualism upon a nobler basis, can have the slightest hope of success unless they begin with the deeper unity that lies in the harmony of individuals.

After reaching this conclusion to trace the cause of universal discord, especially in the spiritualistic ranks, is an easy matter, and the canker worm that has undermined the noblest edifices, and the poison that has killed our fairest prospects, and the demon-iac finger which has marked failure upon every possibility of success, is scandal.

On Nov. 1st these earnest workers met at the parlors of a celebrated medium, and with the co-operation of their guardian angels, formed an organiza-tion to be called The First Independent Club. To become a member of this Club. It is necessary to have a kindly feeling for the members, and to solemnly covenant the forswearing of scandal about them. To repeat the offense, will entail dismissal.

Members are elected by ballot, provided the Spirit-ual guardians of the Club assent to such election. Should an applicant be black-balled, reason for such an action must be furnished to the committee on membership, and the rejected applicant is entitled to a hearing.

The following are among the aims and objects The forming of a society, to which Spiritualists and their friends may belong, irrespective of age, sex or nationality, who are interested in, and will further, the following objects:

To arrange for regular unsectarian meetings, where the greatest encouragement can be given to liberty of thought and courtesy of speech, upon all subjects that may be of interest to the majority of its members.

To endervor to put Spiritualism upon a higher basis; to encourage the development of the spiritual more than the intellectual or physical; to afford opportunities for the discussion of metaphysical ques-tions, and while admitting the beauty and utility of the phenomena, teach that which lies above and around all phenomena, the education of the soul.

To assist the young and inexperienced, in public work, by developing latent talent, and affording op-portunities for its expression.

To secure headquarters which may constitute a Bureau of Information upon the subject of Spirit-ualism, and the movements of professional Spirit-ualists. To supply mediums to attend funerals and marriages, lectures, public and private circles, and make appointments for such mediums as may become members of this Club.

To establish a library of valuable literature, a

circle room, reading, writing and supper room. To found a Protective Union for mediums, and a fund for this and other charitable and benevolent purposes. A Ladier Society shall also be inaugurat-ed for general service to the Club.

To promote good feeling among the members, to become better acquainted with each other, and to gain the culture that alone comes through the utility f agreeable association, and thus extend the ele ment of barmony in the community at large.

To give especial attention to the forming of asso Clubs, Children's Progressive Lyceums, and Spiritual Societies, whenever an opportunity offers. To co-operate with other societies, in all good

works. works. Among those who are to officer the Club, are: Mrs. Maggie Folsome Butler, Wm. S. Falls, Benj. Weaver and Mrs. M. F. Daleley of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, and they request me to send the above to you, with the request that you find an early place for it in your columns.

MRS. M. A. TERRY.

BOSTON, MARS.

A Georgia man traded 1,071 earthen jugs for a f is recently.

Manager de la surreite de

r. and Mirs. Fuller, staunch and faithful veteran of the cause, have just returned from a visit to Ohio couraging. L 922 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo. LYMAN C. HOWE.

#### Investigating Dreams.

The American Society for Psychical Research, Boston, is about undertaking a new line of investigation. It proposes to test the stories which are so often told about dreams or waking impressions concerning persons at a distance, who it was afterward proved were at the moment passing through some great crisis or danger. These coincidences are often reported, and the society will endeavor to find out whether they are mere coincidences or something more. To do this they will endeavor to ascertain, first, the number of persons in a community who have not had any such experiences; second, the number of persons who have had such experience coinciding with events; third, the number of persons who have experiences which, though similar to the foregoing in other respects, did not coincide with real events. A circular has just been issued by the society ask

ing any reader of it in the course of the next six months to repeat the following questions verbatim to as many trustworthy persons as possible, from whom he does not know what answer to expect and who have not already been interrogated by some one else, and communicate the result:

Have you, within the past year, when in good health, had a dream of the death of some person known to you, about whom you were not anxious at the time, which dream you marked as an exceptionally vivid one, and of which the distressing impression lasted for at least as long as an hour after you rose in the morning?

Have you in the past year, when in good healb and completely awake, had a distinct impres-sion of seeing or being touched by a human being or of hearing a voice or sound which suggested a human presence, when no one was there?-Ex.

Such as feel an interest in the work of the American Society for Psychical Research, and are willing to aid in securing data for it, can address Mr. Richard Hodgson, Secretary, 5 Boylston Place, Boston, who will forward blanks upon which to record information obtained.

#### "Out of the Mouths of Babes."

In a few thoughts offered to the members of the Seybert Commission for their consideration, Mrs. Minerva Merrick, in The Watchman, says:

Many little children know that they can hear raps and see forms. Some negro children were once sitting on a curb-stone, holding a board-asking questions and getting answers by raps. Those child-ren knew no tricks-they did not make raps with their toes or feet. A lady asked them if they had heard from a colored man who had died recently. They said: "Oh! no, he would not come; he was a Christian."

A lady medium, with her son five years old, called at my home, and telling us that the child was a medium, we asked him to sit at a table with us. He did so, and in about five minutes the boy looked away from the table, and stared at something a few seconds, then turning to his mother, said: "I saw pape, and he was not in the box."

When the boy went home he said to the man who worked in the shop:

"Is pape at the shop? I saw him at Mrs. Merrick's and he was not in the box"-meaning the coffin. The boy is a clairvoyant.

A fourteen year old boy was found dead in a corn-bin in the elevator at Shabbona Grove, Iil., Thurs-day. Some near were loading a car Wednesday out day. Some most were loading a car wednesday out of the bin, when the corn stopped running, and they carried the idea that the bin was empty. Thursday it was noticed there was pleuty of corn in the bin and an attempt was made to load the car, without sectors. On discuss the spect in such a way as to stop the flow of the spect in such a way as to stop the flow of the spect.

CTAL PROVINCE MELSERIES

A lad in Pasadena, Cal., was advised by his physician to dig in the earth as a way of getting exercise and bettering his health. He followed the advice, and now he has a well over 100 feet deep on his father's lot. He dug every shovelfull of the earth himself, and with his own hand carried it all from the bottom of the well to the surface.

The Guild of the Iron Cross is a new Episcopal organization, having for its object the spreading of the principles of temperance, reverence and charity. Father Field, SI Philadelphia, the guild's chaplain-general, has just returned from a successful tour in the West and in Canada, and reports 2,000 members, 117 priests, and seven bishops connected with the guild

Two Corean envoys were sent with congratulations and presents to the Emperor of China on the occasion of his recent birthday. Many of these pres-ents were returned to them, the Chinese custom forbidding the acceptance of all the presents offered, and the envoys, when they went back, left these behind to be given over again the next time presents had to be made to the Emperor.

A story comes from Belgium to the effect that once upon a time a dog found his way into the chamber of deputies, just as a prolix member was boring the house with a harangue. The tediousness of the speech was soon appreciated by Carlo, who gave vent to his feelings in barks. And on the morow the stenographer's report had at various points the interpolation [ Barking on the back seats.]

George Washington Sims is reputed to be the oldest man in Arkansas. He has lived for thirty years near Van Buren, and those who know his consistent Christian life and entire honesty do not in the least loubt that he is as old as he says. He is quite vigorous, and a few days ago rode twenty miles to draw his pension for services in the war of 1812. His home is not far from the late Peter Menkins, who lied not long ago at the age of one hundred and fifteen years.

Dr. W. B. Waller, of Caldwell, Ohio, who has just eturned home after spending four months on the Navigator Islands, says that the Samoans are remarkably fine dancers and the most graceful people in the world; and that is largely due to the fact that they are "double jointed." "Their legs at the knee joint," he says, " their arms at the elbow, and their shoulders are reversible in a way that would astonish you. The elbow and knee joints can be bent exactly contrary to other people's."

An engineer who has been studying the question of irrigating unreclaimed land in Nevada, says there is water enough in Lake Taboe to irrights 1,000,000 acres, and he believes, that the water can be taken out by means of a gigantic iron siphon a mile and a half long. The lake is 400 feet above Carson valley, and the power generated by the consequent enor-mous water pressure could be utilized by all sorts of manufacturing establishments, and by a system of check valves the water could be taken out anywhere between the highest point of the lake and the lowest part of the valley. This engineer thinks that it is only a question of time when, by some plan like this, all the lands of Nevada will be reclaimed.

The Austrian method of executing criminals differs greatly from that in vogue in this country, and, though apparently more horrible in the deliberate fers greatly from that in vogue in this country, and, though apparently more horrible in the deliberate rigor of the arrangements, is more speedily effec-tive. The condemned is placed against a post, at the top of which is a hook and at the bottom is pul-ley. A rope having a loop at each end is passed around the neck of the victum, another is tied about his feet, the end being passed through the pulley. Two assistants then lift the man by means of the rope about his neck about six inches, and suspend him from the hook at the top of the pust. At the mane time the other assistants pull with great force at the rope altached to the fact. Duals ensues usu-ally instimutenessly, though there is a range from one-half to two minutes in many ones.

Courtes appelo in New York sity, a local setting transferre with the ball back for the setting and a setting with the ball back the setting and a setting of the setting setting and the setting of the setting setting and the setting of the setting setting and the setting setting and the setting setting setting setting and the setting setting

## NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

AT SIXTY-NINE.

I watch the dreamy hours go by, I see the moments swiftly fly;

Well I remember in my youth,

How slowly did the seasons run,

Life was a picture, set in gilt.

How tardy came my " twenty-one; ", What castles in the air I built---

The stern realities of life, Its toil and tumult, care and strife, Came all too soon, and sighs and tears,

Youth time flew by, and middle age

Standing upon the farther shore Of earthly life I travel o'er The road I came, and how it seems,

Like unto half-forgotten dreams,

Oh! what is life, and what is death.

Back o'er my life I sit and gaze--A dreamy past—a misty haze. How soon 'tis gone, what an alloy Of hopes and fears of grief and joy.

A passing hope, a fleeting breath. A transient day with smiles and tears— A bud to bloom in future years.

GOD'S APPOINTMENTS.

And strove his errors to outlive:

For one love's fountain yielded up Its sweetest—royally he quaifed:

The other drank a brimming cup,

A bitter, bitter draught.

The other trod a barren way, And few men knew or cared.

In apguich of his soul.

Came crowding on the growing years.

A lifetime is as one short day, A morn, an eve, it's passed away.

Where e'er I am, where e're I go, What e're I think, what e're I do; I say with many a heaving sigh, "How lightning-like the hours go by."

## **RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.**



Is wiedom far beyond cur ken: But when all seems to ruin hurled, God's hand is mighty then.

He ate with Kings, their honorschared;

And this is life; two sow, one reaps; Two run abreast, one gains the goal; One laughs aloud, the other weens

One ceems of fate the helpless toy, Unbroken one's triumphaut chain; God hath appointed one to joy, Appointed one to pain.

The wisdom that doth rule the world

In God's appointments I believe, Trusting His love, believe in this: That though from day to day men grieve, And life's sweet fruitage miss,

In some glad future they shall know Why one through striving may not win; The Book of Life will surely show Why all these things have been. -Emma C, Dourd. IN THE CASE OF

MARY LURANCY VENNUM . BY ....

Dr. E. W. Stevens. This well attested account of spirit presence created a

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

#### A Very Rapid Increase Under Decrease ing Circumstances.

The assumed rapid decrease of the public debt of the United States, as shown in the statements published, has seemed very, marvelous to foreigners. The experience of other nations with their public debts leads them to doubt the statements of this country. Most of them have continually increasing instead of decreasing national debts.

How then, they ask, can the United States dimin-ish its debt so rapidly?

The prosperity of the people during all these years has been unabated. In fact the country has never seen such au era of general prosperity. The two conditions appear to be contradictory. Are the statements true?

In one sense they are undoubtedly correct, but the public debt has largely increased since the war. It has accumulated to the great inventors and discoverers whose successful efforts have eased the burdens of labor and made pleasant the pathways of toil.

A grateful public should also acknowledge its indebiedness to those who have promoted health and happiness. The proprietors of Warner's safe cure have given to the public a specific for all kidney disorders, and the innumerable train of frightful diseases that are caused by them. The late public teacher, Dr. Dio Lewis, who seldom prescribed mediclues of any sort, gave to this renowned specific his warm commendation, and said if he found himself suffering from any kidney disorder he should use it. Kidney disorders are the cause of 93 per cent, say the proprietors of that remedy, of all disease. If you keep the kidneys in health, you have the great-est assurance of freedom from all disease.

Before the discovery of this remedy, bright's dis-ense was deemed incurable. Now the number of victims of the dread kidney diseases, and all others caused by such diseases, who are by it enatched from death constantly increases, and as the efficacy of the remedy becomes more widely known those who have reason to be devoutly thankful that this wonderful specific has been made known to the world, multiply with rapidly increasing ratio.

#### Marriage Laws In Japan.

The great laxity of the marriage laws is an ob-stacle in the path of Christian propagandism in Japan. To this day the Mikado has twelve " wives," besides the legitimate Empress and the heir apparent, little Prince Haru ("Spring,") is the son of one of these concubines. This is, perhaps, the strongest evidence of the semi-civilization to be found in apan. The children from concubines are legitimate and it very often happens that the mistreer of the bouse-hold urges her husband to take one or more "assistant" wiver. But the position of wives in Japan is a puzzling subject and one which can not be intelligibly explained within the limits of a letter; for, while concubinage is still customary, a moveat in the opposite direction is very pronounced.

#### Delicate Children, Nursing

Mothers, Overworked Men and for all diseases where nes are wasting away from the inability to digest food or from overwork; should take foot?s Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. "I used the Emulsion on a lady who was delicate. It put her in such good health and flesh, that I must say it is the best Emulsion."--L. P. WADDELL, M. D. Hugh's Mills, S. C.

#### Setice to Subseribers.

periodiarly request subscribes who renew abartiplions, to fook carefully at the figures on a which contains their respective names and if which contains their respective names and if which contains their respective names and if which contains as it well as the set in the prophe-Inter

widespread sensation' when first published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Over filty thousand copies were cir-culated, including the Journal's publication and the pam-phile editions, but the demand still continues. To those familiar with the marvellous story it is

#### NO WONDER

the interest continues, for in it on indubitable testimony may be learned how

A Young Girl was Saved from the Mad House,

by the direct assistance of Spirits, through the intelligent in-terference of Spiritualists, and after months of almost con-tinuous split control and medical treatment by Dr Stevens, was restored to perfect health, to the profound astonishment of all. So far transcending in some respect, all other record-ed cases of a similar character, this by common acclaim came to be known as

## THE WATSEKA WONDER

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

#### MISSIONARY DOCUMENT

for general distribution, IT IS UNEQUALLED; and for this purpose should be distributed industribusly, generously, per-sistently, far and near. The present issue is a superior edition from new stereo-type plates, printed on a fine quality of tored paper and pro-tected by "laid" paper covers of the newest patterns.

The publisher has taken advantage of this necessity for new plates, and, with the courteous railssion of Linancy Vennum Brothers, incorporated with the case of Linancy Vennum one from Harper's Magazine for May, 1860, entitled



This cave is frequently referred to by medical authorities and Mr. Epes Sargent makes reference to it in that invalu able, standard work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, his latest and best effort. The case of Mary Reynolds does not equal that of Lurancy Vennum, but is nevertheless a valu able addition. The two narrations make a

#### SIXTY PAGE PAMPHLET.

The price of the Pamphlet, by mail, is

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#### JESUS AND THE PROPHETS AGAINST

PAUL. BY ALSHAH.

Their teachings are placed side by side in this pamphlet and will be found interesting.

Price 10 Cents per Copy. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPH/ CAL PUBLICYING HOUSE, Chicage,

## FOUR ESSAYS CONCERNING SPIRITISM

### WHAT IS SPIRIT? WHAT IS MAN?

## URGANIZATION OF THE SPIRIT-BODY, MATTER, SPACE, TIME



The following words, in praise of DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weak-nesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladles. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed medicine.

THREW AWAY HER SUPPORTER. Mrs. Sorma F. Boswell, White Cottage, O., writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Fa-yorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for bout sixteen years before I commenced tak-ing your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

IT WORKS WONDERS. Mich., writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case. Again she writes: "Having taken several bot-thes of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have re-gained my health wonderfully, to the astonish-ment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household.

# TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged **Brysicians Brysicians Balled**. Mrs. E. F. MoRGAN, of No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass., says: "Five years ago I was a dreadiul sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three phy-sicians. I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was perfectly cured, and have had no troubles since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, and enclosing a stamped-en-velope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have carnestly advised them to 'do likewise'. From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription, 'had sent the \$1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser.' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already.'' much better already.'

JEALOUS JEALOUS DOCTORS. A Marvelous Cure.- Mrs. G. F. SPRAGUE, of Crystal, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get me some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she curred herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years.

## THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.

THE OUTGROWTH OF A VAST EXPERIENCE.
The treatment of many thousands of cases
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from elevants as a construction of the second distremany
adapting and thoroughly testing remedies
for the our of woman's peculiar maladies.
The Pierce's Favorite Prescription
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is not recomm The treatment of many thousands of cases of those elements, weakness of a siments peculiar to females, at the invalids Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar aliments. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, "mop-gris," houseleespers, nursing moth ers, and feeble woman generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Frenciptions is peculiar aliments. "mop-gris," houseleespers, nursing moth ers, and feeble woman generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Frenciptions is protocole down and an antional probabus or filling of the most women is strength to the whole system and to the uterus, or womb and fis ap-pendages, in particular. For overworked "more out," "run-down," debilitated teach ers, and feeble woman generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Freciptions is g

Cerous and scrofulous number and system. ""Favorite Proscription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, under a positive guarantoe, from the manufacturers, that it will give astidate-tion in every case, or money will be re-funded. This guarantoe has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully car-ried out for many years. Large bottles (Die doese) \$1.400, or six busiles for the out for many years. Large bottles (Die doese) \$1.400, or six busiles for \$2.00. "" Sand ten conte in stange for Dr. Faror's large, Hustmind Treaties (Die pages on Diverse, d'Warma."

HART MUDICAL AMOCLATION, No. 485 Main Survey, MC

# **S100 THROWN AWAY.** JOHN E. SEGAR, of Millenbeck, Va., writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians with-out relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physi-cians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

THE GREATEST EARTHLY BOON. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

## **RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.**

#### A NOBLE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

A Sermon by Reed Stuart at the First Congregational Unitarian Church at Detroit.

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his right-[Matt. VI, 38.]

A NOBLE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. Jesus holds a commanding place not only among the world's prophets and teachers of religion, but he is worthy of a position among its philosophers. Some sage of the East said, within the centre of the sun is light and in the centre of light is truth aud no one better than this Judeau prophet knew that secret. He found the nearest road to the centre of things and dared to follow it. no matter what opinion or custom it cut in twain,-as the emperors of Rome made roads from every outlying province to the capital without regard to what private estate might intervene. If philosophy be to life what science is to nature-the grouping under one generalization of many facts and finding a reasonable theory of things—then his teaching is worthy to be called a phil-osophy. We can afford to pass by many of the alleged miraculous events, in connection with his coming and career, that we may come sooner into the presence of his noble theory of the origin an i destiny of man, and the form of life which should be lived during the years of earth.

To philosophize is to classify,—to find the relation of this event to that cause; the power of unifying, of coupling things near with things remote; of tracing things to a common source-as of finding all the rivers and all the rain drops issuing primarily from the ocean, or all the many branches of the banyan tree nourished by one root. The mind, when in the philosophic mood, sees that nothing is chaotic, and that nothing is foreign or dissimilar, but that each is related to each, and each to all. No fact is so rebel-lious, or so refractory but that it can be made to fall into line; no phenomenon is so strange and remote but that it finally can be traced to identity, and is seen cohering at last to the one substance of which all things are modes and appearances.

The lament of Xenophanes-that all variety hastened to become unity-is the open secret of the universe. It is the province of mind to make this discovery;-to see that the fable of Proteus is no fiction, but a truth forever being enacted in plain sight; to see that the gas flame having passed through many changes is only another form of sunlight; that the diamond is the Saxon brother of the American coal; that motion is only another form of heat; that pyramids, and cathedrals, and statues are only thought taking visible shape; and thus go on finding analogies and identifies until the outermost limits of nature are seen to be thrilling with the same Life which palpitates at the centre. Life is one: and all facts follow the path of law, and are threaded together as pearls upon the single cord. This cord has no end and no beginning. The current is nowhere broken; every battery is in communication with another battery; the circuit is complete, and power is forever arriving and departing. The soul is a station on this departing. The soul is a scatton of this endless line, and is in communication with every part of the Universe,—with capital and province alike; and the discovery is made that one government is over the whole empire. All things hasten to yield up their secrets; and it is revealed that Orion blazing is the sky and the government as on the same arth in the sky, and the grain of sand on the earth | genius; but unguided by a noble intention are under the same organization. Beyond any of his countrymen, the man of Nazareth had made the discovery of the secret of unity. He saw that the web which God weaves, though of many patterns, is all one piece. The day with its sun; the night with its stars; the blowing wind, the growing grass; men and women; Solomon on his throne and the lily of the field, were all parts of the one whole. He found that all things grew originally from the same root; and that a thrill of relationship and sympathy swept through all the veins of being. But every truth leads to another truth. Every idea hastens to become a visible fact. The use of nature is to serve as an illustration of thought, or the mind. Thus the discovery of relationship, and endless analogies between all things could not rest with that but must open the way to something higher, or some higher use of the discovery. Tis not enough to find America; the work of Columbus is not done until the new continent becomes the abode of a high civiliza-It depends upon temperament to what use knowledge is put. Herbert Spencer finds the law of correlation running through all phenomena, and referring all things to measureless and inscrutable Force for their cause, forms a science. Burns and Wordsworth saw the same relationship and sympathy existing between all things and the soul, and turned their, thought into poetry. The Mystics saw the same, and turned it into reveries, and ecstasies. Plate found the grand of all phenomena in the absolute, and called it philosophy. Jesus found the source of all things—the Root out of which the tree of the universe grew and grows, to be spirit, and he turned his knowledge into life or religion. Strictly speaking there are no abstract is arranged upon a scale of cause and effect. truths. Everything becomes practical at last. In the mind, mathematics lives only opened before him splendid opportunities; as an abstraction; but the commorce of a world moves in obedience to that invisible idea. Geometry exists as an idea; but it is also the actual measurement of earth and tunities, but if they are not approached sky. Thus the idea of Jesus can be applied with the purpose of turning them all into to life. What the mind sees can be turned into deed. A form of philosophy is never complete until it becomes a form of life, and the noblest philosophy is that which leads to the noblest living. Conviction is to character, as food and air is to the body. As climate gives color and temp-rament to races, and decrees the kind of plant and animate gives color and of plant and animal which can enduré in certain districts, so philosophy becomes a climate of the soul determining its form and color. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he. Who believes in Plato or Emerson most, is most like Plato or Emerson. Opinions may be held as an infant's hand may hold "purposeless whatso is placed therein;" belists may be superficially attached for more temporary decorption, like flowers severed from their native stem but genuine opinions reveal character as surely as the crop reveals the quality of the soil. We may know by the velvet petaled pansy the kind of food its roots have to eat, and by its thoughts and actions-it flower and fruit-upon what the soul nourished itself. Not more surely does it the river, following the law of its being, hurry toward the sea, or the flame mount toward the sun, or the dove coo or the tiger

he was a God. Everything he did betrayed it. Nor will concealment avail. Never think that if your doctrine be low, or your heart weak, that it will not be found out. Though you may pretend that your views are identical with the apoetles and prophets, and show medals commemorating your bravery. it will not avail; you will finally pass for what you are worth. Try to conceal your-self as you will it is of no use-every dress you put on to hide your true character, like Vivieu's robe, will only serve more to express than conceal you. Give Cuvier a single bone and he will construct a counter part of the whole skeleton, give the mathematician an arc of a curve and he will draw the whole figure; so a gleam of the eye, a grasp of the hand is sufficient sometimes to show what form of soul there is back of it. We could

not mistake Alexander for Socrates, though we should find him barefoot in the market talking of temperance or truth; nor mistake Judas for Jesus, though he carried the golden rule on a banner. What is within comes ont;-if Bibles then Bibles; if Iliads then Iliads; if treachery then treachery: if virtue then virtue. Being is forever becoming doing. Deeds are crystallize i beliefs. A thought which has not passed into action is like a distant star, so far off that its light

has not yet reached earth. How great the necessity then, if life be the transcript of thought, that thought should be high! If what we think makes us what we are, and our prevailing attitude toward earth, and man and sky be a faithful register of our philosophy, then upon what lofty plane should our thinking be and how noble our philosophy? As poor soil makes poor harvests, and bad food leaves the body pois-oned, or weak, so poor thought, or a bad phi-losophy makes life poor or bad. Life needs forever a noble purpose. Noth-ing can be substituted for a lofty aim. Work cannot, of itself, accomplish anything workby The intention consecrates all en-

worthy. The intention consecrates all endeavor.

#### "Better far Pursue a frivolous trade by serious means Than a sublime art frivolously."

The foolish man in the chair of state is only a foolish man. The wise man always justifies his calling. Paul making tents with his hands, while he carried in his heart a deep regard for the welfare of the race and the germs of the civilization of Europe, was a greater man than Agrippa on the throne. Why one lives, must first be considered when the question is debated, whether life is worth living. When a man does his work grudgingly, or his soul ceases to flow into his performance, and he is content to become a part of the machine, or when he toils only to keep himself from drowning-as in some of the instruments with which men once were punished, the question is worth considering whether, as far as he himself is concerned he would not better cease to cumber earth with his presence. "But I must live." said the beggar to Dr. Johnson, and had for reply, "I cannot see the necessity for it." Work only becomes worthy when it points to a noble end, and becomes the regal and graceful action of a soul.

Genius will not suffice to ennoble life, if he only succeeded in turning Europe into huge battle fields; and sent the angel of death into a hundred thousand homes on its dread errand. There is a long list of names of those who had conferred upon them the awful gift of genius, but without the gift of wisdom to use aright their power. They had the eye to see and be ravished by the light, but there was no restraining grace to pre vent them, like the moth, from falling into the flame and perishing. Power is benefi cent when guided; but unguided it is a terrific enemy;--it is air which presses upon every part of the earth with a weight which Atlas could not carry, but so distributed, and so delicate in its touch that it does not crush the petal of a rose, turning to a cyclone which sweeps towns away as if they were so much dust; or it is electricity consenting to run on all errands-the quickest and quietest messengers that ever came into our homes-but at times turning to lightning and crashing into those secure homes, lays its old masters dead at its feet. Thus genius may bless or blast a life, as it pos sesses or lacks guidance. As in the physical world there must be proportion between speed and distance, between mass and lever. and the mistake is never made of asking the tortoise to carry express across the continent

revolts against the authority of that Soverreign; and that teacher and pupil can only do the work of life truly when in company they follow the shining laws of virtue. Thus does education become an ally of divine Providence; the teacher becomes an organ of that wisdom which cometh from above; and every pupil, through the teacher, comes in contact with that impersonal Energy which goes throbbing, wave on wave, to the outskirts of society, and breaks in surge or rip-ple, on the shores of the universe. There are teachers who, having found the key which opens the gates of wisdom, are leading their pupils in the noblest paths toward the worthiest ends. Endowed with the believ-ing soul and the prophetic eye they can believe and prophesy good of however dull or disobedient hearts come under their care. They can see not only that the rule of the text book should be learned and applied, but that those rules of love and justice, not fully printed in any book but written in the sky and engraved on every heart, should also be learned and applied. However good a formula of mathematics, by which a correct re-sult is reached, they see that a formula of life by which a correct result is reached, is better. God enters the mind by many doors; and there are teachers who try to keep these all unlocked and ready to swing on their hinges at His approach.

Knowledge has come in abundance. Power is here without limit. Knowledge has been turned to use in a thousand ways. There is no form of force-steam, gravitation, cohesion, electricity, fire, air, water-but what has been utilized. Wisdom, the faculty of directing means to a given end has come. There is earnestness enough of a certain kind, namely, in the quest made for those things which are useful for to day and to-morrow. And yet our life seems far from being complete. There is reason here which enables the majority of people to walk across the earth with some method, and some security; but it is not the highest form of reason. We carry a torch when we ought to have the sun.

Life is an opportunity, placed, so far as we know, only once before us. Within us is power, without is material with which to build. What is the plan of the structure? When the scaffolding is taken down how will it appear? Life is a rough mass, the soul is the sculptor. What will stand forth at last -a statue symbolizing victory? or a sorrow-ful group, like the priest of Apollo and his sons, in which our life is being crushed by a stronger and more releatless foe than the serpent of Tenedos-by the iron bands of fate which our own errors and passions have forged and welded? Character is destiny; but character is the work of the soul. We elect what our destiny shall be. If we ab-solutely refuse; and pitch our action upon the plan of our resolution, to obey the command of fate, then fate is powerless to command us. Nay, fate is on our side and will help us to disobey its former law;- the king has joined the insurgents and will help firmed nor denied the mediumship of any them annul the oppressive edicts. The person, but left every body to their own Welsh proverb says that "God himself can-judgment." not procure good for the wicked;" but it is just as true that God himself cannot procure evil for the good. We find what we search for, whether it be a loaf of bread or the kingdom of God.

The resolute soul carries a key which fits every lock. Thus the legends and fables which everywhere grow around the names of the great. All things yielded to them, be-

of faith is in our eyes; is in our smiles; is in highest possibilities. First and last it and desires yet unrest when this task is our gait; in our salutations and leave-tak-should confess that the moral sentiment is done. It goes out on other errands to find supreme; that there can be no success which beauty and all the tender graces of earthly life. Still the spirit looks wistfully opward. as if expecting the arrival of some diviner guest. It seeks God and Righteousness, and is satisfied. Religion with its duties, and hopes, and sanctions meets the highest de-mands of life.

A philosophy which omits this greatest factor from its programme, cannot be otherwise than defective. Our age has fallen deeply in love with reason; but that is not reason which leaves out of its conclusion so many and so great facte. That is not music nor is that reason which ignores God and the claims of the soul, which beats forever on one key. After we have struck the cord which gives the sound of earth, we should learn to sweep the whole vast keyboard, awakening all the notes of wail and jubilee, of work and worship which are slumbering among the net work of strings in this strange life-the mysterious music of earth and sky. of man and God. Wise are we all if we learn to awaken this grand harmony. If we have been too long striking the monotone earth, earth, earth, let us have that and pass on to a new lesson which will give us a new combination of chords. Let us all practice that piece whose theme reaches, at times to the sky; whose ground swell of time and earth is sometimes drowned by the grander tones of eternity,or modulated by the dreamy notes of heaven; and which can be heard on both sides of the grave.

"In some hours of solemn jubilee, The massive gates of Paraulse are thrown Wide open, and forth comes in fragments wild, Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies, As odors snatched from a bed of amaranth."

🗇 The Union Spiritualists, Cincinnati.

#### to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mr. J. Clegg Wright, the lecturer, has been Mr. J. Clegg wright, the lecturer, has been in Cincinnati, occupying the platform since the beginning of September, with considera-ble success. The meetings are well attend-ed. Mrs. Porter, the daughter of E. V. Wilson, is employed to follow Mr. Wright with tests. In his lecture last Sunday even-ing, Mr. W. drew attention to some of the about the second with Solving light absurd things connected with Spiritualism. He was very witty and effective in his des-cription of a Boston medium who has married Jesus Christ, and said that this insanity was equalled by such performances as the materialization of Jesus Christ, Hıram Abiff, Napoleon Bonaparte, Josephine, and ancient Egyptian spirits; such things are wicked frauds and insanity mixed up. Mr. Wright pronounced these manifestations fraud, especially emphasizing the name of Mrs. Fairchild.

During the delivery of the lecture the audi-ence repeatedly manifested its approbation by applause, but when the lecturer had sat down, the chairman, Mr. Grooms, said that he wanted to state to the audience that the society did not endorse the statements made by Mr. Wright; that the society "neither af-

Mr. Barney rose at the back of the hall and moved a resolution "that The Society of Union Spiritualists did not approve or condemn any medium." When put to the meet-ing, seven voted for it and one against it.

The body of the people did not vote.

## NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

ULL WEIGHT



TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY. TONE. WILLIAM KNABE & CO. BALTIMORP. 22 and 24 East Ballimore Street. NEW YORK 112 Fifth Ave. WASHINGTON, 817 Market Space. A REED & SONS, Sole Agents,

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or of using a trip hammer to tack down car-pets, so, in life, power and destiny must equal each other, and endeavor to be in proportion to the aim in view. Time is a blessing only to the wise soulsto those who have learned how to use. What an estate is this seventy year life which we inherit! But, like every inheritance, its value depends upon its use. If it is not well used the less of it there is the better. Our world is not a world of chances in which everything depends upon a lucky throw. It is arranged upon a scale of cause and effect. but if he is unwise all these opportunities will disappear. So the youth who inherits a million hours has as many glotious opporworthy uses they will disappear, and at the end his capital all gone he will be a moral bankrupt. Neither work, nor genius, nor length of days can make good the absence of a philosophy to a life.

If one were to assume the ungracious task of criticising the form of education, popular in the schools and colleges of our land, he would first note the prevalent failure to communicate the wisdom of true living. Our education is technical, and specific, whereas it should be as broad and as deep as the nature of man.

We aim to make good readers, good geog-raphers, good accountants, good surveyors, as if that were the object of education, and forget that the sole end of education is to make noble women and men. Our culture is skin deep, when it ought to go to the depth of the soul. We are, oh, so practical. We hate abstractions. We want our children to have no nonsense; we want them to learn how to make a living; we would have them take the prizes and have their minds loaded with facts, and the teachers do as we ask them. Rogue and dunce, virtuous and bright, all become a part of the machine, and the same kinds of facts are the daily food of all. the line of his strongest conviction, and make the beliefs manifest in deeds. As much virtues as there is within, will reveal itself. A num med not have palse to publish his which are supposed to lie at the balls of suc-tion. I in our theory of life we must make some manifest in deeds. As much intemperate, and criminal, and dishoust are educated in those forms of knowledge which are supposed to lie at the balls of suc-tions. I include the balls of suc-tions are supposed to lie at the balls of suc-life; and like the soul has power we was been at the balls of suc-life; but the soul has power we was a supposed to lie at the balls of suc-life; but the soul has power we was been at the state of suc-tions. I include the soul has power we was a supposed to lie at the balls of suc-life; but the soul has power we was a supposed to lie at the balls of suc-life; but the soul has powers yet une

attitude. He who sought the kingdom of God was miraculously fed and clothed. The ravens and the brooks were his purveyors. Seas open at his approach. Manna fell every day at his door. The rocks became foun-tains. The sea obeyed his voice. Devile fied at his approach. The trees listened to his music. All gates flew open at his command. Hell gave back its victims. The fish in the sea, the animals on the land, the stars in the sky befriended him; and he would gain his battles though the sun and moon must halt to give him more time. "To the persevering mortal, the immortals are swift."

The complaint may be made against so ciety that too low an estimate is put upon life and its significance. Its purposes and plans seem too much to ignore the element of the vast, which is an attribute of the soul. Our aims leave out of sight the claim of the spirit for infinitude. Our schemes take a firm hold of the earth and of time, as if we were sure there is nothing greater than earth and time. All our work falls within a century, and we sometimes make leases for ninety-nine years, as if that were the utmost limit to which a transaction could reach. Some hundreds of millions in the civilized lands, all hurrying to and fro, alternating between hope and dread concerning the outcome, to morrow or the next day of some one of their plane,-elated with a new toy if it succeed, and bursting with vexation and defying all consolation, like children when the toy is broken, if it fails; the sovereigns of Europe watching each oth er with jealous eye; the politicians of America scheming for a senatorship or a post office; small natures everywhere and in all callings, "Men who seek their own good at the whole world's cost;" think of all this hurrying multitude, each with his eye glued to his own petty concerns, and then think of the great God, and the great eternity looking down upon them.

## "Here eyes do regard them, In eternity's stillness."

Life should be enlarged, until it could include all possible forms of goodness and greatness in its plans. As man has been led away from barbarianism into the realm of the intellect, and now finds so many forms of use and beauty, he should not permit himself to pause forever there, but he should press onward until he reaches the land of the spirit where he would find all things repeating their use and beauty on a higher scale. Having learned to walk along the earthly lines of prudence, and reason, and product-ion, and adaptation, he should now accept the guide which will lead him along ascend-ing and broadening lines,—toward love, and justice, and religion:—into that fair Kingdom of God where thought is worth as much as gold; where a lily is more valuable than the decorations of a king; and a dream of immortality, and a heavenly Father is dearer than the making thought which exhausts itself on earth with its food, and money, and toil, and low-lying horizon.

Life will be no greater than its philosophy. The mark that is hit may be lower, but it will not be higher than the aim. Our purpose must be commensurate with the soul. If the soul has the Infinite within it, then in our theory of life we must make provision for that immense quality. Wisdom can go forth each day and provide food and rai-ment for the body; but it should not rest when that work is done. Oustoms and laws of society, and work must be also prescribed to life; but the soul has powers yet unsampleyed,

cause of their purpose and their dauntless right to speak his opinions freely; when he saw and knew of fraud he would expose it. The resolution was put to please the fraudulent mediums of Cincinnati. Mr. Wright's language was strong and the meeting went

with him. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Wright said that he would speak his mind always; societies that did not want free speech should not engage him, and if tricky mediums did not want exposing they should not trick. The officers of this society are afraid of exposing mediums, but half of the mediums of this city are frauds and the people know it. ONE OF THE SOCIETY. Cincinnati, Nov. 12.





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## FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, SPECIAL NOTICE.

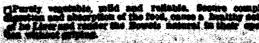
Owing to the great demand for lots at private sale we are obliged to postpone our great Auction Sale announced to take place at Ft Scott, Oct. 25, as we will not have time to plate abough land to supply the demand at the Auction Sale. The new date will be duly announced. Ft. Scott is Bourish-ing; new Bridges, new Hallroads, new Buildings, Giuss-werts, Machine Shops, Sugar-works turning out 13,000 pounds of sugar per day are making business lively. New business houses are being opened nearly every day, and eastern people are locating with ns. Come, there is room for all in and around our thriving city. We offer 2 acres of valuable gas land and the great Resenthal Gas Well to any manufacturer that will locate on this land and employ 60 hands free.

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