

RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM

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

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

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A NEWSPAPER MAN'S STATEMENT.

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

A Gentleman Hits a Fraudulent Materialization on the Nose.

MRS. FAIRCHILD'S "MATERIALIZATIONS" ALLEGED TO BE FRAUDULENT.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Having read in the JOURNAL the accounts of Mrs. Fairchild's so-called materialized séances, 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 séances at Dr. N. B. Wolfe's, whom she seems to have psychologized, or at least to have completely outwitted.

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 Wednesday 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 coaxing I induced it to come forward. I kissed it and the heard 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 circles. 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 suspicious 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 notorious mediums' victims. I was very successful, and congratulated myself on my 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 those connected with the paper. The first party I called upon was a prominent Cincinnati, and after considerable difficulty I got him to relate his experience. He attended three circles given by Mrs. F., before he managed to detect anything whatsoever. His third visit proved a victory for him, but a defeat for the medium. A purporting spirit made its appearance, as it had done on the two other occasions, representing itself as my son. Having noticed it close to him, with a sudden gasp he exclaimed: "That is my son!"

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 Cumminsville, 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 warned him that she carried a revolver on her person all the time while in a circle. Two prominent citizens of Newport, Ky., which is across the Ohio River, directly opposite this city, one a physician, and the other a wealthy manufacturer, attended one of her séances and seeing nothing to satisfy them, accused Mrs. Fairchild after the circle. Said one of the gentlemen, "Mrs. F., could you give a circle at my house or at any house I may designate?"

"Yes, sir."
"Then if you will, I expect to seal the doors and windows and allow no one to enter the cabinet with you. I will construct the cabinet at my own expense, send for you in a carriage and send you home in a similar manner."

"Such a séance would cost you \$50," replied the medium.
"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 fraud. Not knowing of Mrs. Fairchild's unsavory reputation, several respectable mediums of this city attended her séances, and there saw their departed friends. A gentleman who writes on Spiritualism for the local press under the *nom de plume* of "Apparitor," accompanied a medium Mrs. L., to one of Fairchild's séances, and there saw the "control" of Mrs. L., but was afterward convinced by good evidence that the spirit was able to materialize solely through the power of Mrs. L. Mrs. M. Engle, Cincinnati's famous trumpet medium, also saw her control and her son in the same way. To satisfy myself, I asked Hittner, Mrs. Engle'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 satisfied 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 columns, you will greatly enlighten the public 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 Point 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 evening," says Mr. Wright.
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." Then 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 two parts, Democrats and Republicans, eh?
"One part does not want the lecture but the tests!"

My prophetic soul! 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 tests!"
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 stupid lecture. Mr. Wright, nobody will believe your statement, and you may as well take it back, if you want to establish a good reputation for telling the truth. Take it back for your own sake! Any body that can listen to you on the platform for two hours will want a good test to believe any thing you say. As a lecturer on Spiritualism after-

"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 Spiritualism 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 redoubtable, 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 lecture to many vacant chairs in your meeting rooms. Don't forget that!

"Mediums find that it pays better to accept 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 anything, 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 mistaken. 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, it 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.

"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 meetings; 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 mill-pond. 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 relationship 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 mouthful 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, Achela Sprague, T. L. Harris, R. P. Ambler, 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 slang for go!—and they went. Men are not wanted as professional preachers of the spiritual philosophy. If they are opulent with gab, let

them turn lawyers, but keep off of spiritual 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 heart-harbor 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 Cincinnati!"

Certainly, and don't deplore their fate. There is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will. The Spiritualists of those cities long to have a pastor set over them, as a hen coveareth her chickens. They 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 shut upon these platforms. Such Spiritualists had 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 retire!"
That's it! I told you so, and as you admit it now, why stand upon the ceremony of going? Why not *retire* at once? *Retire* is an easy way! When people sometimes refuse to *retire*, they are prematurely *lifted*. You know what I mean; *retire*, do, please. Sensible 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 sentimentalism in the society that will effect its overthrow. If you were less pious and more sensational, your society might flourish with an occasional prayer meeting revival to help it along. You borrow a test medium, 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 ass!

"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—no 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 unfolding 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 to *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 Lord," 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 desire 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 endless questions are, How will the market stand to-morrow? Does my husband love me? Can you find those articles stolen from my room the other day? When shall I marry? This is what Spiritualism amounts

to in the minds of three-fifths of the people who attend our meetings?"

How do you know? I don't believe you! I think you gratuitously insult the intelligence of the people who listen to you. The Spiritualists 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 disregard 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 management caters, because it is from them that the pennies come. Every Sunday brings new faces, they get their little test and come no more!"

You have made a statement which many will be loth to believe. If what you say is true, the Spiritualists of Cincinnati are 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 your 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 ult. You charge me straight with over credulity in my investigation of spirit phenomena. You don't know what you are talking about! That is not the weak point in my character. A great many people know that. Neither do I write impulsively. You are wrong again. If you think I am eager to believe what is not, you had better at once correct your mistake. By following 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 presence.

I am sorry I have to address you personally in this matter. I am not interested in you, and if you have spoken truly of yourself, 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 sips 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.

The best laid schemes
O' men and Spirits,
Gang aft' a-gle.

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 rheumatism. 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 possessing far more than average wealth was described by a visitor the other day as the "Church of the tired Christians."

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

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

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

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

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, November 26, 1887.

A Great Publishing Centre.

"In fifteen years from now Chicago will be the greatest publishing centre in America." This prophecy was made ten 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 assurance to utter or the faith to believe. On being 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, probable 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, biography and reprints of foreign books of general circulation, now issues over 10,000 copies per day for 310 days in the year. That Chicago is a superior point for the production of high class books is evidenced by the success of S. C. Griggs & Co. who publish no other and whose sales rival those of any house of the kind in America. The school book trade Chicago leads the rest of the publishing world of Chicago, both

they are unsurpassed in enterprise, independence and ability.

In 1865 the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL 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. He aimed to build up a great publishing 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 treasonable 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 purpose 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 the JOURNAL. But the original plan has 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 JOURNAL 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 vendors, 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 outside 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 cynical sentiment or lessening 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 truth of the central claim of modern Spiritualism, turned its value to the world and accepted its principles, is there

many of whom are blessed with wealth and a goodly number of whom are millionaires, are there not some who would like to co operate with him? Are there not those who feel they owe a debt to Spiritualism which can be canceled in no other way so satisfactorily as in aiding to strengthen the power of the JOURNAL and in building up a publishing house in this great publishing 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 inconsiderable body, are there not some who are ready 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 co-operating 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, Positivists, Unitarians and Theosophists were equally interested with Spiritualists in 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 magnetometer and registers changes too delicate for the physical senses, too subtle 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, leading 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 difficult than in a promiscuous 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 delineations of character, selecting his subjects, by accident or otherwise as you may choose to

gush of the company. He described with much particularity several spirits, giving either the initials or first name. Some of these were fully recognized. In some instances what seemed to be mistakes have since been found correct; and in other cases where the person addressed failed to recall at the moment either incidents or individuals described, it all came back to their recollection 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 the invention; he then referred to the business 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 difficulty with one of her knees which made her lame, 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 recognized 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. Slater 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 Mr. Slater did remarkably well; and gave excellent proof of psychometry, clairvoyance, 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 practice 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 truth is, as Paul long ago indicated, the development of man must be a development of body, soul and spirit, and any education 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 society 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 fallen women, and given up on account of a cruel neighborhood prejudice, are now taken up by those who would not then have touched them.

The White Cross Society finds special favor among Episcopalians, and Canon Farrar has a strong word for total abstinence, in the face of the wine bibbing custom so common among the English gentry. Unitarians

and a goodly company of clergy and laity 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 reading rooms and make temperance a part of their godliness, and the W. C. T. U. enlists a host of pious women for the protection of the home, which can only come with the destruction of the saloon.

Giving these two last associations credit for the good they do, and accepting such work as a proof of a step towards practical righteousness among theological believers calls to mind their limitations and belittling errors. The first is Pharisaic 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 casting slight on such as are not Christian after its narrow idea; the second allows itself to be a feeder to the Evangelical 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 hail with fit honor and strive to emulate or excel them, 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 genius 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 resulted 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 religious 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.

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 Spiritualist 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."

"Spiritualist" 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 Sunday 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 manner 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 understand 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 attended by their presence and earnest attention their highest and hearty congratulations."

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.

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.

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 EXPOSURE.

The figure had by this time evidently become convinced that it had a sympathetic audience and ventured down the room. It appeared as a gypsy girl, with long, flowing hair, and loose robe.

Her flowing hair, a switch about two feet long, had been torn from her head in the melee, and was also her "spirit's" place of deposit.

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

these, then your cause will die and you will richly deserve to share the opprobrium and disgrace justly the punishment of Fay and all who aid, abet, tolerate or condone the damnable practices of the class to which she belongs.

Another Dastardly outrage.

We are pained to be obliged to chronicle another of these dastardly outrages upon our media, which have grown too common to be longer tolerated.

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, 1882; March to September, 1884; February, April and May, 1885; February, April, May, June, August, September, 1886; also, supplements to The Theosophist at 15 cents each; March, April, May, June, August, September, October, November and December, 1884.

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

GENERAL ITEMS.

The Eastern District Association of Michigan Spiritualists will hold their quarterly meeting at Oxford, Oakland county, Saturday and Sunday, December 3rd and 4th.

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.

The Institute of Religion Study in Philadelphia, 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.

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.

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 use of all members of the Institute, and 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.

Mr. John Slater at Avenue Hall.

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 seance in the reporting room of the Herald, to the satisfaction of those present.

Tickets for a private circle on Friday evening, the 25th, can be obtained by addressing F. B. Fellows 3004 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Nov. 21. A. L. COVERDALE.

A Unique Exhibition.

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. Swanton's circle.

CHILDHOOD OF THE CHINESE.

By a Chinese Lecturer.

The first thing which strikes even the casual 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.

A few days after the birth a christening ceremony 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.

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.

Previous to their coming, dress of the Chinese was much more pretty than it is now.

It is very hard for children to learn the Chinese language because it consists of words of one syllable only. As there are 40,000 words in use, and as the organs of speech are limited as to the variety of sounds they may make, we have many words with a dozen different meanings each, and some with even more.

Prof. Loissette's Memory Discovery.

Prof. Loissette's new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Ave., New York seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale, of 200 each, 250 at Meriden, 300 at Norwich, 100 Columbus Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, and 400 at University of Penn., etc.

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

Mrs. E. H. Burnett's new story will begin in the Christmas number of St. Nicholas. It is called Sara Grewe, and it depicts the life of a little girl in a boarding-school in London.

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 Sant, 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 customs of the Japanese; and Reaping the Whirlwind, 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 "Meistershaft," which will appear in an early number of The Century. The play, as may be supposed, is in two languages.

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

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

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

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

Delightful and Accessible.

The resorts of Minnesota and the Northwest are attracting much attention, both on account of their beauty, healthfulness and accessibility. In the latter regard the new short line of the Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., plays an important part.

At all principal ticket offices will be found on sale, at low rates, during the tourist season, round-trip tickets, via this popular route, to Portland, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all principal resorts in the Northwest.

CHICAGO.

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

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

The Chicago Association of Universal, Radical, Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums' Society meets in Sperry's Liberty Hall No. 517 West Madison Street, every Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. The public cordially invited. Admission five cents.

The United Spiritualists meet at 110 5th Ave., at 2:30 P. M., Sunday Visitors and mediums welcomed. F. B. GEORGE, President.

The Young People's Spiritual Society meets every Sunday evening at 7:45 P. M., in Apollo Hall, 2730 State Street. First class speakers, always in attendance. Admission free. F. J. MORRIS, President.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

The Ladies Aid Society meets every Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, at 128 West 43rd Street, New York.

The Peoples' Spiritual Meet'g. has removed to Columbia Hall, 876 8th Ave., (formerly at Spencer Hall W. 14th St.) Services every Sunday at 2:45 P. M., and 7:45 evening. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23rd Street, Mrs. T. B. Striker, services Sundays at 11 A. M. Officers: Geo. D. Carr, President; Oliver Russell, Vice President; George H. Terline, Secretary; F. H. Maynard, Treasurer.

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

Spiritual Meeting in Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

Brooklyn Spiritual Union—Sunday meetings at Fraternal Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue, and South 2d Street. Members receive at 10:30 A. M. Alpha Rooms at 2:30 P. M. Conference at 7:30 P. M.

Everett Hall, 595 Fulton Street. Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. meets every Sunday morning and evening at Court of Appeals Room, Tremont. W. A. HILL, President. R. J. HILL, Secretary.

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MEMORY

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exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living 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 upward wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

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Advertisement for Xmaside. Includes a stylized signature and text describing it as a Christmas gift and a remedy for various ailments.

BOOKLETS.

NOVEL AND DAINTY SOUVENIRS FOR CHRISTMAS SEASON.

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LEAVES FROM MY LIFE:

A Narrative of Personal Experiences in the Course of a Bureau of the Spirit; with some Account of American Spiritualism, as seen during a two-months' visit to the United States.

BY J. J. MORRIS. Illustrated with two Photographs.

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Voices from the People.

INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

Lito's Journey.

As we speed out of youth's sunny station The track seems to shine in the light, But it suddenly shuts our chances Or sinks into shadows 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.

An Open Letter to a Friend.

MALDEN ROSS, Esq.—Dear Friend: I wrote you a hasty letter awhile 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 for finding 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 doctrine upsets their theology. Evolution is a great and everlasting truth, and nothing that is worth saying. The trouble is that the sectarians start out with the groundless assumption that the Bible is the plenary inspired word of God. Then formulate their favorite creed, hunt up texts to support it and make unfair efforts to explain away such texts as oppose their doctrine.

"Give Her a Point."

Axel Stone, is the only survivor, out of fifty, of the ill-fated ship, later wrecked, of the 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 Spirit was 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 vessel freshened into a gale. The first mate, who was at the first watch after midnight, 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 vessel would never have run across Axel Stone on the raft. The second mate came on watch at 3 o'clock and continued 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 gave the vessel, lowered the ravel 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 ravel struck the raft. Capt. Comstock jumped onto it, 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 Axel Stone's dead mate." 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, Ill., recently, Sandy Hamilton heard a rumbling sound at the bottom and dropped a lighted match down where the sound came from. The noise happened to be made by natural gas, and Sandy's curiosity cost him his head, but, fortunately, a position of

A Murderer Revealed by a Vision.

In the cosy office of the genial wharfinger of Howard street wharf were gathered the other day several persons among whom was the nautical reporter of the *Atlas*. The conversation was upon supernatural occurrences in general and ghostly visitations in particular. Every one told of some when the old white-haired mate of a ship now lying in harbor related 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 Almighty God in his wisdom vouchsafes to us at times a glimpse of the other world; or causes to appear before our eyes events that are past, for the purpose of clearing up a mystery or giving rest to the sorrowing soul. It is to the latter class of phenomena that the subject of my story 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 epaulettes, and after the war returned to England with several wounds, but also with a lieutenantcy.

"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, threw up my commission and married at the age of 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 possessing more rank and few faults. My son despised the drudgery of office work, and told me he would 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 rich, would soon be home. Months, however, 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 received news that the bank in which my son's money was placed had failed, my sorrow was 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 second 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 should find out in that voyage the secret of my son's fate. Two days before we left the dock the second mate came aboard. He was certainly one of the most repulsive faces I ever beheld, and directly I saw him an antagonistic 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. 'Sintram, sir,' I replied, coldly. 'Is a good name, sir,' returned he, carelessly, and I guess we'll get on first rate together.' 'I hope so,' was my cold response, and the conversation ended.

"We left the Mersey River next day, being the 18th of May, 1853, and the tug took us down as far as the Black Rock, where she left us on our way to the left. We had favoring gales through the Bay of Biscay and passed the Isle of Palma flying, just obtaining a glimpse of Teneriffe's Peak, away in the distance, shining like a piece of steel. On June 16, in latitude 23 deg. N. and longitude 21 deg. W. we picked up the northeast trade, light indeed, but steady. We had reached about 12 deg. N. with the breeze when the most extraordinary event of my life occurred. It was the 22d of June, and at middle watch on deck that night I was pacing up and down the post thinking sadly of all I had lost, when the second mate suddenly appeared on deck. He looked agitated and alarmed.

Letter from Professor Wilder.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Your paper for this date has just come. It takes from one to two days, generally two, for the RELIGIO-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 gem on the Mount, and ought to be reprinted in every pulpit, and on every public platform. The meek 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 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 mightier above moral law. The greatest crimes of the age are the outgrowth of this wrong.

First Independent Club of Boston.

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 belief, should attempt to do anything of importance 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 the fairest prospects, and the demoniac influence which has marred 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 organization 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 promise to put Spiritualism upon a noble basis, and to repeat the offense, will entail dismemberment. Members are elected by ballot, provided the Spiritual 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.

Kansas City Chips.

The Rev. Cameron Mann (Episcopalian) has been giving a series of sermons on "The Life of the Future," which he discussed the relation of the church to dogma, 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 express them freely, whether they sanctioned eternal misery, or finite retribution, or endless probation, or annihilation; 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.

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 experience; second, the number of persons who have had such experience coinciding with events; third, the number of persons who have experienced which, though similar to the foregoing in other respects, did not coincide with real events.

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 Babies."

In a few thoughts offered to the members of the Seaside Community for their consideration, Mrs. Minerva Merrick, in *The Watchman*, says: Many little children know that they can bear rape and see forms. Some negro children were once sitting on a curb-stone, holding a board—asking questions and getting answers by raps. Those children 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 fourteen-year-old boy was found dead in a corn-bin in the village of Shabbona, Groves, Ill., Thursday. Some one was loading a car of wheat in the bin, when the corn stopped running, and they carried the idea that the bin was empty. Thursday it was noticed there was plenty of corn in the bin and an attempt was made to load the car, without success. On closer examination it was found that the boy lay across the throat in such a way as to stop the corn.

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous 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 shot 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 silver teaspoon which the British overtook when they pillaged Peekskill, because it was hidden under a baby's head. Mrs. Julius Wagner, of Medford street, Charleston, Mass., is the mother of a girl born last month. Two years ago she gave birth to a nineteen-pound child.

Church news in New York City.

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The Austrian method of executing criminals differs greatly from that in vogue in this country, and though apparently more horrible in the deliberate rigor of the arrangements, is more speedily effective. The condemned is placed against a post, at the top of which is a hook and at the bottom a pulley. A rope having a loop at each end is passed through the neck of the victim, 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 post. At the same time the other assistants pull with great force at the rope attached to the feet. Death occurs usually instantaneously, though there is a range from one-half to two minutes in many cases.

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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 righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. (Matt. VI, 33.)

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 and so one better than this Jewish prophet knew that secret. He found the nearest road to the centre of things and dared to follow it, no matter what opinions or custom it cut in twain,--as the emperor 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 grasping under one generalization of many facts and finding a reasonable theory of things--then his teaching is worthy to be called a philosophy. 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 and 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 out 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 rebellious, 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 moles 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 identities 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 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 in the sky, and the grain of sand on the earth 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. The net enough to find America; the work of Columbus is not done until the new continent becomes the abode of a high civilization.

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 raptures, and ecstasies. Plato 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 truths. Everything becomes practical at last. In the mind, mathematics lives only as an abstraction; but the commerce 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 sky. Thus the idea of Jesus can be applied 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 temperament to races, and decrees the kind of plant and animal which can endure 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" when it is placed therein; beliefs may be superficially attached for mere temporary decoration, 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 petalated pansy the kind of food its roots have to eat, and by its thoughts and actions--its flower and fruit--upon what the soil nourished itself. Not more surely does 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 roar, than does man hasten to follow along the line of his strongest conviction, and make his beliefs manifest in deeds. As much as there is within will reveal itself. A man need not take pains to publish his thoughts. They will come out. Our country

of faith is in our eyes; is in our smiles; is in our gait; in our salutations and leave-takings. Heretics did not have to prove that 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 apostles and prophets, and show medals commemorating your bravery, it will not avail; you will finally pass for what you are worth. Try to conceal yourself as you will it is of no use--every dress you put on to hide your true character, like Vivion'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 out;--if Bibles then Bibles; if Illads then Illads; if treachery then treachery; if virtue then virtue. Being is forever becoming doing. Deeds are crystallized 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 poisoned, or weak, so poor thought, or a bad philosophy makes life poor or bad.

Life needs forever a noble purpose. Nothing can be substituted for a lofty aim. Work cannot, of itself, accomplish anything worthy. The intention consecrates all endeavor.

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 purpose equal to it be lacking. It is a sun, capable of warming and lighting a world; but if its flaming chariot be trusted to some rash Phaeton, as in the fable, it will burn instead of illuminate, and will leave a desert instead of fruitful fields. Napoleon had genius; but unguided by a noble intention 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 prevent them, like the moth, from falling into the flame and perishing. Power is beneficent 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 possesses 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, or of using a trip hammer to tack down cats, 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 souls--to 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. The youth to whom a fortune is left has opened before him splendid opportunities; but if he is unwise all these opportunities will disappear. So the youth who inherits a million hours has as many glorious opportunities, but if they are not approached with the purpose of turning them all into worthy 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 criticizing 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 geographers, 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. Knowledge is communicated in abundance; but knowledge is not enough. Many of the intertemporal and criminal, and dishonest are educated in these terms of knowledge which are supposed to be at the basis of success. The man who has a great intellect and is

highest possibilities. First and last it should confess that the moral sentiment is supreme; that there can be no success which revolts against the authority of that Sovereign; 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 ripple, 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 believing 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 result 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 sorrowful group, like the priest of Apollo and his sons, in which our life is being crushed by a stronger and more relentless 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 absolutely 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 them annul the oppressive edicts. The Welsh proverb says that "God himself cannot 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, because of their purpose and their dauntless 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 fountains. The sea obeyed his voice. Devils fled 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 society 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 infinity. 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 plans,--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 other 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 allness."

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 barbarism 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 production, and adaptation, he should now accept the guide which will lead him along ascending 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 raiment for the body; but it should not rest when that work is done. Customs and laws of society and work must be also prescribed to fit; but the soul has powers yet unexplored,

and desires yet unmet when this task is done. It goes out on other errands to find beauty and all the tender graces of earthly life. Still the spirit looks wistfully upward, 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 demands 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 facts. 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 Paradise are thrown Wide open, and forth come in fragments wild, Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies, As colors 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 in Cincinnati, occupying the platform since the beginning of September, with considerable success. The meetings are well attended. Mrs. Porter, the daughter of E. V. Wilson, is employed to follow Mr. Wright with tests. In his lecture last Sunday evening, Mr. W. drew attention to some of the absurd things connected with Spiritualism. He was very witty and effective in his description 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, Hiram 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 audience 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 affirmed nor denied the mediumship of any person, but left every body to their own judgment."

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 meeting, seven voted for it and one against it. The body of the people did not vote.

Probably it will be a long time again before a society will take such a step with its appointed speaker. Mr. Wright claimed the 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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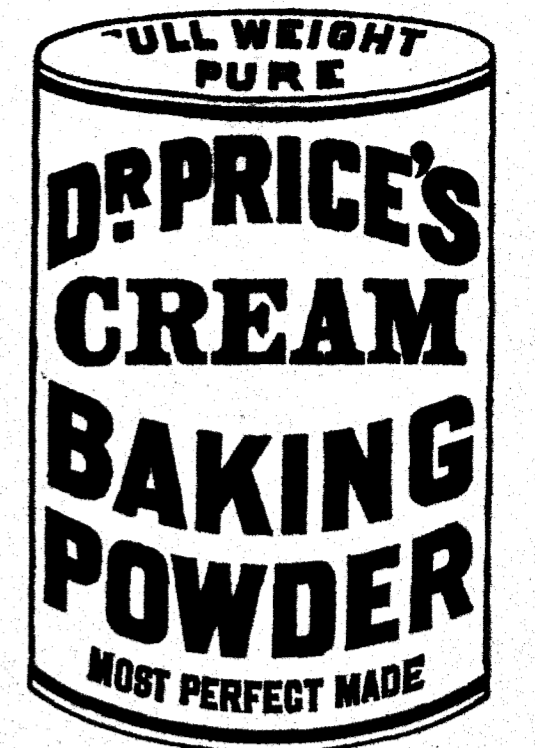
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