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

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## CONTENTS.

- FIRST PAGE.—Scientific Evidence of the Existence of Spirit.
- SECOND PAGE.—Fighting for the Sabbath. The Old School Doctors' Conspiracy. The Science of Death.
- THIRD PAGE.—Book Reviews. New Books Received. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- FOURTH PAGE.—Medical Conspirators. Freedom of Speech, but not Anarchy. A Starting Prediction. The Hysteresis as a Factor in Religion. Another "Angel in Heaven." Our Holiday Number—40,000 Copies of More. General Items.
- FIFTH PAGE.—The Eschscholium—An Explanation. Mr. John Slater. The Spiritual Union. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- SIXTH PAGE.—My Harem. Signs of the Future. The Possibility of Buddhism. Notable Articles. Passage of Matter Through Matter. High Art Mediumship. Tell Only Those Who Seek to Know. Is It Death or Trance? A Sudden Cure. Hasty Interment. Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.
- SEVENTH PAGE.—"It Might Have Been!" "Eloctoring Old Time" A Great Newspaper. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
- EIGHTH PAGE.—The Reason Why. Moral Courage. A Reminiscence of Rosa T. Amodey. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

## SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE OF THE EXISTENCE OF SPIRIT.

A Sermon by Dr. Fay, Unitarian, Delivered at the Opera House, Los Angeles, Cal.

There is a wide-spread impression that the basis of all scientific knowledge is entirely obvious and well defined; that scientific truth presents the same aspects to all minds; that in connection with it there is no mystery, and therefore no disagreement among the well-informed; that it is wholly within the region of the knowledge. There is also an impression equally wide-spread that spiritual matters have no foundation in reality, that they exist only in a morbid fancy, and are now accepted only by the weak and the credulous.

It will be our business this morning to do what can be done in thirty or forty minutes by way of showing that both of these impressions are fallacious; that though the revelations of science, numerous and brilliant, have so widened our intellectual outlook and so revolutionized our practical methods that we may well pardon the scientist for his arrogance and assumption, notwithstanding they are occasionally rather offensive, yet that spiritual laws and facts are quite as obvious, spiritual phenomena quite as undeniable, and immense and far-reaching deductions therefrom quite as logical as are those in connection with our department of science. First, then, let us disabuse the mind of its impression that spiritual matters are mythical, unreal, and destined soon to disappear altogether; while all science is comprehensible and demonstrable, and its acceptance by those who understand it uniform and universal—not at all a subject of faith, but of clear and positive knowledge.

It would be stating only a truism were we to say that science is not only replete with mysteries so profound that by the savants of the world their solution is not even attempted, but more than that; everywhere there are anomalies and exceptions, missing links and apparent contradictions, so numerous as to suggest only probabilities—so numerous that whole departments of science rest absolutely on faith alone. Consider the doctrine of evolution, now bidding fair to become an impregnable foundation for a theistic and spiritual philosophy, while it modifies all of the old creeds and methods. Does a person living, even Herbert Spencer, know it to be true, know that man was developed from germs so low on the vital scale that only by scientific tests could their vitality be determined? Does any one know that polyp and poet, starfish and statesman are brothers in different stages of development? Certainly not. This entire department of thought was suggested by, and must continue to rest on facts, the vast chasm between which can be bridged only with probabilities; probabilities, however, so logical, so consecutive, so far-reaching, so dovetailed that they have invaded the church, modified theology, converted doubters, conquered enemies, captured the university and revolutionized the thought of the age; nevertheless, only probabilities, only assumptions, to-day only a matter of belief.

Then consider the science of zoology, with the radical changes it has wrought in the popular judgment, as to the method of creation and the origin and antiquity of the human race. In the sense in which the materialist or the agnostic insists that we shall use the term, does any one know that this vast globe was once a ball of fire; that the mountains and hills on its surface were

formed by the shrinkage occasioned by the cooling process, as ridges and valleys are formed on the surface of a baked apple; that the British Isles were once a part of the European mainland; that this Western Pacific Slope was once the bottom of an ocean and that it was thrown up by subterranean forces? Has any man such a knowledge of these things as would justify him in testifying under oath in regard to them? Certainly not. The most that the best informed geologist could say, or would dare say, is that certain facts lead to certain conclusions: well founded conclusions, we admit, but still they are solely a matter of reasoning which is but another way of saying that they are chiefly a matter of belief.

But once more. At a given time in the month, and in the evening, we turn our telescope towards the moon, and to all appearance look directly into the open craters of a vast number of extinct volcanoes. It is a wonderful sight. But were they ever actual volcanoes. Who can inform us? In regard to it who can do more than believe?

Once more using the word "know," or "knowledge" as the materialists or the agnostic uses it, is there a physician on earth who would dare say he knows that medicine ever cured a disease? How can he know it? How can he know that the same results would not have followed had no medicine been taken? That it is highly improbable is granted. But it is not of the probable or the improbable that we are now speaking. In connection with spiritual matters the materialist objects to a consideration of the probable. He says we have a right to demand positive knowledge, and therefore the obvious pertinency of the question justifies its repetition. Who knows that medicine ever cured or relieved anybody; and especially as no remedy so called, is uniform in its action. Here is another vast department of science, and also of daily practical life, in which we are guided and governed solely by classified probabilities; or interference in, or other words by faith.

Such cases could be multiplied indefinitely, and they prove that the popular assumption that in connection with science everything is clear and comprehensible is utterly unfounded—that there, as everywhere else, with mountain peaks of truth as beacons on our way, we cross the intervening spaces in faith alone.

But consider for a moment some of the anomalies, and apparent contradiction of science. For example, there is such nicety and exactness in the movements of the heavenly bodies, that years in advance an eclipse can be calculated to a quarter of a minute. Is it not a fact too sublime, too appalling for our contemplation, that spinning through space with a velocity almost incredible, and passing on into regions so vast that years are required to complete their orbits, their return to a given point may be predicted to a minute? But what of comets, that dash through the very same space in seeming defiance of order and law? Does any one know whence they come, whither they go, how they move, or of what order they constitute a part? Certainly not.

It is a law of nature that frost expands, and heat contracts objects—excepting iron, in which case the law is completely reversed. Do you know why? Can you explain the anomaly? I suppose not.

But look at the most exact of all the sciences. The Rev. Dr. Hill, ex-president of Harvard University, and who, since the death of Professor Pierce, has probably been the ablest mathematician, says that in the last analysis, pure mathematics rests on faith, and as an illustration of his thought, he instances a curved line, one of the lowest, simplest objects of mathematical contemplation, as Dr. Hill states, and yet the mysteries connected with it, he not only declares to be utterly impenetrable, but so contradictory that in dealing with it, the geometer, in solving a single problem, and for reasons which he does not at all comprehend, is obliged to treat it now as straight, and now as crooked, and then as both at once, and he does it in faith alone. Think of this fact. Dr. Hill, one of the acutest of living metaphysicians, advances this as positive proof, not only that in science as well as religion, we walk by faith, but also to show that faith evinces a higher mental power than knowledge. By faith we trust where we cannot see, in science and religion alike.

Finally, under this head, we have coined an axiom which shows that in regard to abstract matters, the popular judgment is not always enlightened and well based. We say that water runs down hill, that always and everywhere it seeks its level, whereas, the mouth of the Mississippi is several miles higher, than its sources, in the lakes of Wisconsin, and over every inch of its way to the gulf, it runs on an up-grade. Do you know why? Then pray inform us.

If theology were thus studded with anomalies and contradictions, would not Mr. Bradlaugh and Colonel Ingersoll make merry at our expense? That there are ten thousand facts and forces of many of the aspects and relations of which we have a vast amount of accurate knowledge is admitted. And yet, all that it is possible for us to know of the most trivial object, a grain of sand, a blade of grass, a flake of snow, a tiny insect, is as nothing in comparison with the impenetrable, awe-inspiring mystery in which it is enshrouded. "The phenomena of matter and force," says Professor Tyndall, "lie within our intellectual range, and as far as they reach we will at all hazards push our inquiries.

But behind, and around, and above all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved.

Now as the most scientific deductions are only matters of belief, and as all our scientific investigations are prosecuted in faith alone, is it unworthy of us to form some idea concerning, or to deduce from what we know, something in regard to the mystery that envelops us and all things? Is it not the function of pure reason to guide us from the known to the unknown? Are not the boundaries of the known continually pressed back, because it is the highest function of knowledge to inspire faith? Had Newton been satisfied with knowing that the apple fell he would have demonstrated that he was made of only common clay; but the fact that his knowledge became the basis, or mainspring, of all-mastering faith, or persuasion, in regard to the then unknown law of gravitation, that brought the apple to the ground, when it was loosened from the stem, stamped him as a peerless philosopher and clearly demonstrated the idea of President Hill, already named; that of our rational nature faith is a higher power than knowledge. It is simply the peering of our rational powers into the unknown, in search of the causes of the known.

For example: The end of a shaft on which there is a huge pulley, comes through this wall, and by the connection of a band, it drives this room full of machinery. I do not know what drives that shaft. I have never been around on the other side of that wall. But would it be unworthy of me as a rational being, would it prove me to be superstitious and credulous, and weak and fanciful, if I should infer, believe, declare, insist, that that shaft was driven by power that was generated, directed and controlled by intelligence? On the contrary, would not such a conclusion and avowment be in exact accord with the most legitimate function of my rational nature? Or, on a graded bridge and well-worn highway, I travel toward the summit of a long and high mountain range, on the other side of which I have never been and of what is there, from personal observation, I know absolutely nothing. But if I should hold as entirely rational, logical, unavoidable the idea that that graded and well-worn highway did connect with and open into something real and vital on the other side, should I evince discreditable intellectual powers and tendencies or merit criticism for my faith in the (to me) unknown? On the contrary, from the topography, the minerals, quarries, soil, timber, climate, streams, altitude, etc., etc., of the side of the mountain with which I am acquainted, would not the ability to deduce somewhat accurately, what must be the main features of the side of which I positively know nothing, clearly evince a much higher order of mind than the power simply to grasp the facts which fall under my observation? Thus again demonstrating Dr. Hill's idea, that faith, or persuasion, is a higher achievement of the mind than knowledge.

Now he who supposes that the intelligent religionist is less anxious than the scientist, to know the facts or less willing to abide by them, or that he has, or desires any other, than the strictly scientific method of dealing with them, accounting for them, or drawing inferences from them, is entirely mistaken. And yet, this is one of the mischievous and far-reaching misapprehensions of our day. It is popularly supposed that the religious teacher is fond of mysticism and fog, and that when he is sharply pursued, like the ink fish, he emits a cloud in which he hides and thus escapes. By the ill-informed, or thousands who have caught the anti-religious infection of our time, pity and contempt are alternately lavished upon the Christian minister. Pity that a fairly decent man in other respects, can be so verdant as to become a teacher of religion, and assuming that he knows better, contempt, that he is willing to procure a livelihood by false pretenses. But speaking of the liberal clergy, and I have no right to speak of others, I affirm unqualifiedly that intellectually and morally, in respect to powers-and-resources-natural and acquired, they are quite the equals of their scientific brethren. Indeed many of them rank among the first scholars and philosophers of the world. Newton, Channing, Agassiz, Walker, Dewey, Martineau, Hedge, Holmes, Peabody, and others too numerous to mention, are almost peerless in the realm of thought. And without a moment's hesitation I affirm that they, and their coadjutors were and are, quite as anxious as the scientists, to know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that when they have found it they are quite as good judges of it. And they are implicit believers in the existence of spirit; because the evidence, exactly like that on which whole departments of science rest, is simply unanswerable.

For example, they begin precisely as the scientist begins. Finding a fact they attempt to trace out its connections, to account for it in the most rational manner. And first of all, they accept an axiom of the scientist himself, viz.: This material universe had a beginning. This is universally admitted. There was a time when it was not; and consequently, as time had no beginning, innumerable aeons rolled away before a creative thrill or force was felt in all this boundless sea of space. Therefore there must have been—obviously there must have been—a given instant when the first creative force or throeb was felt. What was it? What produced it? A fair, but a thoroughly home question, and question which of all men, a scientist ought

not to evade. Did utter emptiness, utter vacuity, absolute nothingness, produce something, begin a universe? If so, then a fundamental axiom of science, viz., an effect cannot be superior to its cause, is completely overthrown. But something is superior to nothing, and therefore if something was produced when and where nothing previously existed, then nothing evidently produced something. Do you believe it? Upon this subject I have read a little, but I have never seen even an attempted reply to this argument.

But this is only the beginning of the chain. We therefore add that the difference between a vitalized and a non-vitalized particle of matter, kernel of wheat and a gravel stone of the same size, is almost infinite. How can you conceive it as possible that in a universe in which, from centre to circumference, there was at one time not even a hint or semblance of the vital principle, but only dead matter, such matter finally vitalized itself, charged itself with a power above itself. As the vital principle is confessedly superior to matter, did matter generate something superior to itself; and, again, was the self-evident, the scientific axiom disproved, that an effect cannot transcend its cause?

But further still, can you conceive of a proposition more repugnant to all logical thought, or more at variance with the scientific method of inquiry, than the following: In a world in which, as science herself declares, there was once not a living thing, not even a vital force, but only dead matter throughout, and upon which to this day no outside mind or spirit has ever operated, as, according to materialism, there is no extrinsic mind or spirit, matter alone, unimpinged, undirected, uncharged by any power above itself, ultimately generated sensation, thought and emotion. And now when beauty, or music, or eloquence, or self-sacrifice so moves us for the moment as almost to take away our breath, when in language that stirs our blood and thrills our whole being a statesman pleads for the embodiment of truth and justice in legislation, when in her distant home a wife hears that her husband has been terribly wounded in battle, and flying to the scene of conflict, makes her way over fields war-plowed and red with blood, and by a single cot, and without sleep, or food, or thought of herself, waits and weeps, and prays, and agonizes till he, with whom she has trodden the way of life is again himself, when a fond mother holds little bloodless hands across a little breast that has ceased to dilate, and for months afterwards lays her sweetest flowers on a little mound in the cemetery, vividly dreaming at every hour in the day of a joyful reunion in the blessed hereafter, when a man surrenders his life rather than yield his moral convictions; in all this no spiritual nature is evinced, no immaterial principle is involved, but the whole is caused by the particles of the brain, working in this way instead of that. But pray! O pray! what makes the molecules of the brain work in one way instead of another? Is there not a predisposing cause?

As in the case supposed, the pulley on the end of the shaft playing in this room, all power, all power which we trace to its source, originates in intelligence. To this rule there is absolutely no exception. Consequently, if another axiom of science, namely, "the unknown should be interpreted by the known" is trustworthy, then all power must originate in intelligence; certainly a rational conclusion, and you see plainly what must follow.

Here then is the ground of our faith in the one great cause, and we call special attention to the fact that it is purely scientific ground.

First—Once this material universe was not. Now it is.

Second—Once every particle of matter in the universe was non-vital. Now, unnumbered billions of particles are surcharged with the vital force.

Third—Once in all the universe, there was not a sensation, a thought or an emotion. Now matter is alive, and it feels. Now the great world of man is thrilled with thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Now we have aspiration, ambition, emotion worthy of archangels.

Fourth—So far as we know, and without an exception, power originates in intelligence; and on every hand we discover the outcroppings of an infinite power. And to infer that all, which once was not, but now is, was uncaused, or that it caused itself, came of itself, and has no meaning above itself, appears to us, as irrational, as unscientific a deduction as ever bestrode the minds of men. In the name of science, a much abused name, we protest against the illogical deduction. Our materialist brother may thus believe, as it seems to us not only without evidence, but directly in the teeth of evidence; but the intelligent believer in spirit is far less credulous—needs much broader and more solid ground as the basis of his faith.

1. Passing to the evidence that man has a spiritual nature, we say he acts as though he had—the strongest possible evidence. We never handled or saw a human mind. Absolutely the only proof that man is intelligent is that he acts intelligently. And yet by thousands of years the altar is older than the school; and to-day millions on millions worship who have made no provision whatever for cultivating or exercising their intellectual powers.

2. There is not a clan or tribe so low, so benighted, that it has no conception of right

and wrong. Was this conception so material that it stamps man as a demigod generated by matter, brought forth from grains of sand that were once as dead as shot. Pray tell us in so many words if you think it is only the mechanical action of the molecules of the mother's brain that causes her cheek to blanch her tears to flow, and her very heart to break, when her son, the idol of her life, sinks in the whirlpool of temptation.

3. When a man does a mean and unworthy deed, though no human eye is on him, what makes him thoroughly ashamed of himself? What is it that excites in him intense mortification and loathing as he looks in the glass? I appeal to the common sense of the world. Is a purely material nature susceptible of such emotion? How can it be? Why should it be?

4. Whence and why the insatiable longing for personal improvement—the inspiring, significant, divine cry for a better, and a best in the character and the personal experience? Why the intense onward stretch, the universal all impelling dissatisfaction with present conditions and attainments that converts infancy into archangelhood and earth into heaven? Do stocks and stones, nay, do the cunningest animals feel it?

5. There is a man on his knees; not a novice who would be easily deceived in regard to his innermost and uppermost thought and feeling. It is Dr. Martineau, the Unitarian, or Cardinal Newman, the Catholic—universally acknowledged to be one of the ablest men living—on his knees. His eyes are closed. His lips move. From his innermost soul he breathes a prayer. Will our materialist friend explain the fact? It will not do to say that it means nothing, as it would not do to say that a boulder weighing twenty tons, on a vast tract of vegetable mold in which not even a gravel stone could be found, meant nothing. Each of these facts means something—means a great deal. The geologist explains the presence of that single boulder, in a section where for miles around there is not another stone, large or small. He feels bound to explain it. In like manner, and consistently with his theory, will the materialist explain the fact that there, on his knees, is one of the greatest men of the world, nay, multitudes are on their knees, and we have a right to demand an explanation of the fact.

You send to Hong Kong a letter, pure matter, nothing but ink and paper, so far as the package is concerned; but on reading it the person to whom it is sent faints and falls or is thrilled with ecstasy like that of the seventh heaven. Was it the substance that did it? Was it only matter that felt the shock? The fact is scientifically inconsistent with that theory.

What of mind-reading, that was creating great excitement among the materialists of England when I left that country? What of clairvoyance, in connection with which there has been a vast amount of nonsense and imposture; but which, at the bottom, is an undeniable fact that is far more widely, though unconsciously, recognized in our daily life than we are wont to suppose. It is a matter of history that Swedenborg once sprang to his feet and declared that his house was on fire, though he was sixty miles from it. And at that moment his house was in flames.

In two or three of his most popular works, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes fully recognizes the clairvoyant faculty, and well he might, as he was once the chairman of a committee appointed by the Medical Faculty of Harvard University to investigate a case that had attracted great attention in the neighborhood of Boston. And after a most thorough examination he reported that, beyond a question, it was what it purported to be. But is clairvoyance even possible to a nature wholly material?

What of the fact that whenever in the institutions of society, man's moral and spiritual nature has been fully recognized and provided for, there he has attained his highest and best—there has been reached the grandest civilization the world has seen, and wherever man's moral and spiritual nature has been denied, or even ignored, there decay and desolation have settled upon the community. Name an exception to this rule—one single exception. But, as that cannot be done, let us consider the irresistible force of this argument.

What of a character like Christ's, colossal, monumental, heaven-revealing, world-redeeming, if there is a God, and man is his immortal child; but utterly fanatical and unmeaning, if the world was self-created and man is only matter. Now it is admitted that a theory that works out bad results, that is untrue to life, is itself bad. And this theory does work out bad results everywhere and always, and its real character is thus disclosed.

What of the numerous cases that in all lands are continually occurring and that doubtless many of us have witnessed—cases in which those sick unto death have for hours, possibly for days, been totally unconscious, every bodily sense gone, when suddenly opening their sightless eyes and raising their trembling hands they salute dear friends long since gone, even whispering their names, and do not breathe again.

What of these, and kindred facts too numerous to be even mentioned here and now? Over very important ground I am taking you too rapidly for critical examination. Each of these propositions, and of many others like them, should be made the text of a sermon if we would show the impracticability of our position. I am holding up to

(Continued on eighth page.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal  
FIGHTING FOR THE SABBATH.

The Clergy Alarmed at the Demands Made by those who would secularize the Day.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

It is to be regretted that in the popular discussion, the most important Sunday question has been, and is, mixed up with that of temperance. The churches have few live issues, and have made the most of temperance. The German element in this country patronize their beer gardens on Sunday. All the continental nations have brought customs and manners quite opposed to the old Puritanic conception of the Sabbath. That conception has passed away forever. There is no use of mourning over it, for it is gone. The broader and more cosmopolitan views which have taken their place, brought by the French, Italian and German, have redeemed this country from its narrow and provincial notions. The Sunday question, whether the day shall be kept exclusively for religious exercises, and stringent laws compel strict observance, or whether it shall be left like all other days, to be observed, as each one desires and thinks proper, should be discussed upon its own merit. Temperance, however, is forced along side, and it is made to appear that, to advocate freedom in Sunday observances, is to join hands with the upholders of intemperance. To the German mind it is not so much that beer and wine may be drunk in the beer garden, as that the garden may be opened Sunday, and social life enjoyed therein: not freedom to sell liquor, but freedom of the day, as it is in Europe, where those who desire to attend church do so, and those who do not, are not compelled to remain in idle seclusion for fear of incurring the displeasure of those who do.

The saloonists are the great enemies of those who would secularize Sunday. They bring the cause into disrepute, and like baronets are difficult to cast off. In nearly all the cities where the hydra-headed evil of intemperance has been bound by restrictive laws, which especially hold the sale of alcoholic beverages in check on Sunday, the saloonists have united, and too often maintained a successful resistance thereto.

We believe most earnestly that there should be at least one day of rest in the week, where as nearly as possible all absorbing cares and labors shall be laid aside, and social life in the family and the cultivation of the higher faculties be attended to. The laborer in towns and cities, after an exhausting six days of work, is easily allured to the saloon. It is luxuriantly furnished; he meets with warm friends, and the bodily and mental powers which, relaxed from the strain, are depressed and despondent, by the stimulus of drink, are toned up and exhilarated. Yet the place for such laborers is with their families, at home, or away on some excursion, where they can all enjoy society and fresh views of nature. The sum expended at the saloon would soon procure luxuries for the home, which wife and children could equally enjoy. No, the saloon which invites six days in the week, must not rob the man and his family of the day of rest, and the law compelling it to close its doors on that day is just and right.

But many of the clergy do not take this common-sense view of the subject. They fight everything which looks toward secularizing the day. The old Puritan ideas linger, and they want to make the day so sacred that it may hold nothing of joy or happiness. They fight against open libraries, museums and Sunday excursions, as they do opening the saloons. They want everything closed so that the only place any one can go will be the church, and the only recreation one can have will be listening to an orthodox sermon.

The clergy of New York City on October 30th united in a general broadside of sermons on desecrating the Sabbath. The saloonists have united in a "Personal Liberty League," and seek to control the offices in their favor. Of course the clergy were aroused by this, and recommend also political action; yet in reading the reports of many sermons given on that day from most orthodox pulpits, one is astonished at the liberal ideas advanced and the progress made in the last twenty-five years toward broad and practical views. There is little stress placed on the holy character of the day. Rev. Charles Eaton at the Church of the Divine Paternity said: "For a long time there has been a growing laxity in the observance of the Sabbath. The Puritan idea of the day has been giving way to a larger freedom, which united the duties of cheerful worship and enjoyable rest. The defenders of the unbending Jewish Sunday have been forced to retire. In this work the liberal church has been solidly united. It has sought to make Sunday a day of education, and a day of spiritual refreshment."

Dr. McChesney of the St. Paul's M. E. Church said: "There is a need for bodily rest; there is a need for mental rest; a need for social enjoyments and reunions, and, above all, a need for spiritual exaltation and advancement. This is the highest of all needs. Are not these needs permanent, and should not the one day of the week set apart to meet these needs be a permanent institution?" "The Sabbath day is made for all men. Man is the end, not the means. Man is to keep the Sabbath so that the Sabbath will keep him. We are to keep it so as to get the greatest possible benefit from it morally, physically and mentally. There is a need in man's nature for a Sabbath."

The preacher spoke of the impossibility of expecting the strict observance of the old Jewish Sabbath. Those stringent rules were meant for a peculiar people. We do not need as the Jews in olden times did, a long list of things which we may not do on the Sabbath day.

He said: "God has made us for Himself. We are to live like Him, to love Him and become like Him. Our highest end is to prepare ourselves for the heavenly world. So observe the day as to make it a day of rest; so observe it to make it a day of beautiful home life and social friendliness; but, above all, so observe it to make it a day that shall be rich in spiritual uses."

"Social enjoyments," "reunions" of families, reading, study and music—all these once considered damning, are recommended by a shining light in the Methodist church! This is liberalism in full measure, and shows how the great truths of Spiritualism have entered in and leavened the churches.

Rev. Thompson of the West 25th street church, took no such generous views for he considered the demand for opening the saloons, came from a class of imported citizens who say that they have a right to employ the Sabbath as they please. He advised a resort to the ballot.

Dr. Rylands of the St. Marks Protestant Episcopal church, after defining the sphere of government, proceeded to show from the Scriptures that it is the duty of the government to

of expediency and from that of political or social economy, that the Sabbath is really a necessary institution. If it is to be commended to the workmen, however, it must not be made a day of gloom. Whatever tends to advance man's true well being is worthy of the Lord's day. Its atmosphere should never be darkened by Pharisaic severities. Children should be trained to love it, not to dread its appearance. Especially should there be no suspicion of class partialities in legislation on this subject. Clergymen had been too often accused of preaching two gospels, one for the rich and another for the poor. If Jesus of Nazareth walked among us to-day amid the altered conditions of the nineteenth century, He would likewise rebuke the spirit of Christian Pharisaism. Man is not all spirit. He has a body that needs rest and recreation, with senses and sensibilities that need nourishment and inspiration other than those of a purely spiritual sort. But neither is man wholly material. The body is a shrine of an immortal soul, for the nurture and education of which times and places are consecrated. Show men that the Gospel is not a bondage, but a law of liberty; that the Lord of the Sabbath is not a hard taskmaster, and some who now shrink from that day may be brought to welcome it as one of gladness.

The reader will observe that the day is to be held for social, moral, educational and physiological reasons—not because God commanded that it should be.

Dr. Rossiter, of the North Presbyterian church was more emphatic, and declared that it was the American Sabbath which was attacked by the present movement for opening the saloons on Sunday, and he asked his hearers if they were prepared to take down all civil enactments from around the day, and leave that weekly rest open to the urgent, pressing tides of business, pleasure, selfishness and sin.

"Or shall we," he continued, "as intelligent citizens, stand in the defence of the American Sunday, and meet our antagonists fairly on the platform and at the polls?" The Rev. H. Smyth, of the Colgate church, was rampant in his lurid rhetoric about the coming "reign of terror," the old bug-a-boo of the French Revolution, and closed his red-hot sermon, in which he ranked liberalists, bomb throwers and rum-sellers all together as follows: "If the Sabbath goes down, religion goes down, and if religion goes down, ignorance, vice crime and all immoralities go up, and the Republic is doomed. Anarchy follows and the reign of terror becomes universal."

At a special meeting at Chickering Hall, the Rev. W. C. Steele, in his address exhibited the befogged state of the orthodox mind on the question of saloons and liberal thought, and like the preceding example mixed and confused them: "While the people sleep, the devil is sowing tares. Party is a good thing, but good government is better. We must unite for good government, and vote for no man who favors violating the American Sabbath. We must stand up and declare that these good right arms will never cast a vote for any man who will desecrate God's day! If the beer mallet has more power than the church it is time for the church to wake up. It is now a death grapple with the saloon. Whenever we sweep away the Personal Liberty League and dig its grave we shall pray every day for the victory of moral principles. The saloon must go!"

Let us be just and consistent. While we demand a free Sunday, with full privilege of doing as we desire within the sphere of personal rights, we by no means advocate a wrong. If it is a wrong to sell liquor on Sunday, it is equally wrong on the other six days of the week. It certainly is expedient to close the saloons on Sunday and curtail the sale of intoxicating drinks at all times. The true man will not be intemperate or yield to temptations, and he should be a guide and educator of those less fortunate.

Mean time, let not this jugglery of confounding temperance and the observance of the Sunday, become the means of enacting laws which may become, as precedents, extremely deleterious to those who belong to the ranks of liberalism.

Let it be admitted for a moment that Sunday is a specially holy day, but a day made sacred by the good works accomplished thereon. Let every effort be put forth to keep the hand of the law from surrounding it with any enactments which strangle the hold thereof of theology. It is man-made, for man, by man, and subject to whatever changes he may demand. Hold fast to its complete secularization.

If the churches make war on saloons, they are engaged in a good cause; but if they forbid them from selling liquor on Sunday by law, they should be held strictly to this temperance issue, not because the day is too good to have liquor sold thereon, but because the traffic is not good enough for any day.

The Old School Doctors' Conspiracy.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The New York Times recently stated editorially that one of New York's best Supreme Court Judges, Judge Barrett, had decided that the Knights of Labor had no legal right to conspire together to prevent a man, who does not choose to submit to their orders, from getting employment and making a living, and that they can be prosecuted for conspiracy for doing so; that such action is a conspiracy, to prevent a person from working at any trade, labor or calling, within the meaning of the law.

The Times then quotes the text of the decision, which refers to section 168 and 170 of the penal code, and which calls the case a criminal conspiracy. I think that this idea of the case will commend itself to every fair-minded and thinking person.

But in this view, what shall we say of the old school, allopathic medical societies, which in New York and very many other States, band themselves together to suppress by legislation the competition of others who do not pronounce their shibboleth to their satisfaction? In spirit and intent wherein is the difference in these cases? These doctors associate themselves, put up large sums for expenses of lobby, and beset the legislatures year after year. When they succeed in advancing one step, the next session they ask stronger prohibitive legislation, until as in Illinois they secure a statute making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person even to sit silently in the presence of an invalid with the suggestion that the invalid will be benefited by the silent sitting. Read the statute! It prohibits to "treat, operate on, or prescribe for any physical ailment of another," except in the "domestic administration of family medicines," whatever these may be. You see it is the money they are after! The object and purpose of seeking this legislation on the part of these doctors is notorious—it is to prevent competition and to drive out of the healing business those who have or are supposed to have a natural or acquired gift in that direction and are making a living by it.

It may be said, in reply, that the

these doctors that it is for the public good they seek these laws. But their private meetings and expressions show to the contrary, and that were it not to suppress competition no money would be forthcoming. I have prepared two short printed papers, one showing what these doctors complain of in their meetings and journals; the other what they seek for, taken from same authorities.

I would I had the address of each legislator for the coming session at Albany, he should have a copy. After Judge Barrett's decision one would think a reputable physician would scorn to allow his society to be represented before the legislature as seeking this sort of "protection" to their calling, even if he had not objected to it before.

BRONSON MURRAY.  
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NEW YORK DOCTORS IN ALBANY.  
The following comments on the nature and works of these New York doctors may be useful for reference hereafter. First comes the question:

CAN THE PEOPLE BE TRUSTED WITH THE SELECTION OF THEIR MEDICAL ATTENDANTS? Wendell Phillips seems to think they can. Somewhere he has said: "We have founded a Republic on the unlimited suffrage of the millions. We have actually worked out the problem that man, as God has created him, may be trusted with self-government." And again: "Two thirds of the inventions that double the world's sunshine... did not come from colleges nor from minds trained in the schools of science.... A chronic distrust of the people pervades the book-educated class of the North."

On the other hand the old-school doctors (self-styled "Regulars") insist that the people are stupid, and that themselves alone are capable of selecting and deciding who shall be allowed to prescribe for the people. They seek legislation in every State to that end. They claim the people cannot be trusted to select a doctor even; and their Medical Societies in New York every year appropriate large sums to get their "Medical Bills" passed professedly to protect the people, but in truth to line their own pockets.

But while it is the case that medical societies of the Old School go as a unit for medical compulsion,

IT IS NOT SO PLAIN AS IT MIGHT BE, EVEN, THAT ALL MEDICAL MEN FAVOR IT.

The New York Medical Journal of Feb. 16th, 1884, says: "It is not so plain as it might be that the meeting of the State Medical Society was really anything like unanimous in favor of legislation in the matter," (the State Examining Board) and it is notorious that there was presented to the Legislature in 1882, from the city of New York alone, the remonstrance of twenty-five doctors of medicine against all interference with the choice of invalids in the selection of their medical attendants, a remonstrance in which two thousand citizens joined.

At the same time Dr. John Swinburne, the very first surgeon of Albany, and later its Mayor, and now one of its Members of Congress, appeared before two Committees of the Legislature, and argued against all such "Medical Legislation," holding that the common law needed little if any modification.

In spite of their pretensions it is a well established fact on both sides of the Atlantic that

THE FIRST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES HAVE BLUNDERED.

Public opinion says they blundered in poor Gardfield's case, as well as numerous others; and the St. James (London) Gazette says: "Dr. Niemeyer, the distinguished German physician... condemned absolutely the system of treatment followed by the French physicians in his (Gambetta's) case. The death of Mirabeau, Gambetta's great prototype, was attributed in a similar way to the incompetence of his physician, Catanis." It is well said that the "doctor who is not honest enough to confess it when he is puzzled is a well-known member of his profession in all countries."

WHAT THESE OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS COMPLAIN OF AMONG THEMSELVES.

That some patients out of whom fees might be squeezed get the benefit of charity hospitals.

That the laws of New York do not "disfranchise" (as they say is proposed in England) recipients of medical services at the public expense.

That the gratuitous treatment of all who apply at public hospitals lessens physicians' incomes, and is "a grievance to be brought before the medical profession."

That "inspectors" are not appointed to ascertain whether applicants receiving such aid are "able to pay consulting physicians' or surgeons' fees, or (if the cases are not urgent) those of local practitioners."

That "druggists usurp a physician's practice by dispensing valuable remedies without a physician's prescription."

That "courts hold a physician responsible for damage to patient when incorrect diagnosis is given, and a public knowledge of his report injures the business of the patient." That the newspapers report cases of acquiescence. This, they say, ought to be called "Newspaper medicine."

That some physicians "give certificates to be used in bringing to notice any drug, wine or proprietary article intended to be used as a medicine," thereby "contributing to trade interests and injuring the medical interests."

That "the medical degree is not a passport to refined society," as they think it should be, and "social standing and influence" is not greater than it is.

That "medical men as a class are poor from overcrowding the profession, and that even the best have indifferent incomes."

That women doctors are permitted to have the benefit of hospital practice.

That army post surgeons compete for private medical practice with local practitioners.

That "quacks" prosper and sell their (patent) medicines.

That "the quacks are a stumbling-block in the way of legitimate practitioners."

That there is "a rage in the community for advertising quacks."

That it is difficult to suppress traveling "quacks."

That the people are apathetic to the efforts of the regular fraternity to suppress quackery.

That "public opinion won't justify more stringent laws."

That it is too easy to become a doctor.

That the present medical standard is not to the interest of Yale and Harvard graduates, who are put on a level with other college graduates.

That the lectures delivered to training-school nurses are "over the heads" of the nurses, and there is danger of their forgetting that they are assistants and not advisers of physicians.

That Dr. Phoebe Williamson was appointed on the medical staff of a Williamsburgh Hospital, the other members (males) protesting against it.

That they are compelled to tolerate n wives, "since they are with us."

That the Legislature was disposed to charter a college for education of midwives, which it was the duty of the profession to have defeated. (Therefore the New York County Medical Society appointed a Committee to go to Albany to head it off.)

That its incorporation with the right to grant a diploma would be injurious to the interest of the medical profession of the State.

That midwives are likely to give "much more trouble" here than in Europe.

That "in Germany, besides confinement cases, midwives habitually took gynecological cases and children's diseases and many other things which belonged to the domain of the physician." (Nevertheless the complainant had to admit that one hundred years ago midwives alone were permitted to attend in child-birth. Men were not permitted.) That a Grand Jury in New York City having thrown out a complaint against a "quack," refused to reconsider its action (whereupon a certain "Censor of the New York County Medical Society" published a severe censure upon that Grand Jury and its foreman, together with the Censor's instruction as to what was a jurymen's duty.)

That "the differences of the three schools of medicine prevented securing advantageous laws." These complaints of the Old School doctors are not made in public. They are found in the record of their proceedings in the New York Medical Journal, mostly in public, the medical societies pose solely as disinterested public benefactors, seeking laws for the public health; among themselves no such disguise.

WHAT THESE OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS THINK OF THE LEGISLATURE THAT REFUSES TO PASS THEIR "BENEFICIAL" BILLS.

Hear the New York Medical Journal: "The people of the State of New York have for years persistently and stupidly refused to protect their own interests, their health and their lives by any regulation of medical practice worthy of the name." Legislators who do not vote their bills are "stupid," in the New York Medical Journal's view.

WHAT THE NEW YORK DOCTORS DEMAND.

They demand all they can get of the following propositions, which they first formulated in 1882, viz: Not only that no one but themselves shall attach to his or her name "Doctor" (meaning Doctor of Medicine) or Dr. or M. D., but that no one else shall suggest, recommend, prescribe, employ, use or direct for the use of any person, any drug, medicine, appliance, apparatus or other agency, whether material or immaterial, for the treatment, cure, relief or palliation of any real or supposed ailment or disease of the mind or body, or for the treatment, cure or relief of any wound, fracture or other bodily injury or any bodily deformity; and, further, that, beside imprisonment, fines of from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars shall be imposed on whoever does any of these things, and that half the fines collected shall go to the doctors complaining.

They demand, too, "in order," as the American Medical Association puts it, "to secure uniformity in methods and results," the establishment by law of a State Board to examine all candidates for the doctoring of the people; but it turns out the three "schools" can't agree on the composition of the Board. The Old School doctors want the control; that does not suit the other two "schools." The medical colleges, too, don't agree to it, because their diplomas now are sufficient by law, and they get pay for them. That pay goes into the private pockets of certain doctors. It is, as Dr. Rooser, of New York, on April 25th, 1882, stated to a reporter, "to-day not one of the leading medical colleges of the State is anything more than a first-class educational establishment owned and practically controlled in all its details of financial management... by a body usually of seven men." It is the same in 1887, and these "seven-men bodies" don't mean to have competition from new colleges; therefore, not long since they got a law passed, practically securing to themselves the monopoly of medical future instruction. It does not take much capital for seven doctors to get up and run a medical college. At their own starting probably not one of the existing colleges had ten thousand dollars of capital above debts, but the law they got passed, and which is now in force in New York, prohibited any fresh establishment of a medical college unless fifty thousand dollars were first paid in as capital, and permission for it granted by the University of the State of New York.

As to these "Regular" M. D.s, they do not propose either fine or imprisonment for any of their blunders.

THE BLUNDERS WHICH DOCTORS HAVE MADE.

The Brooklyn Union states that "a druggist talked" as follows:

"It is not only in deadly poison that the errors are made, but other drugs as well. Here's a prescription calling for a two-ounce mixture that contains an ounce of quinine sulphate, and gives a table spoonful as a dose, or about twenty grains of quinine. I dispensed one dram, or about sixty grains, in the whole mixture. Here is another prescription calling for forty grains of phosphorus, to be divided into twenty pills, making two grains for a dose. I put in two grains making the dose one-tenth grain. The maximum dose is about one-fourth grain. Here is another calling for morphine sulphate, one-half ounce, with no further directions. I questioned the man who bought it, and he told me it was for his child; so I gave him magnesia sulphate, or Epsom salts. A well-known physician gave a prescription that was brought to me to fill. It called for aconite root, one-half ounce, with directions a teaspoonful. I told the messenger who brought it that it would be finished in three-quarters of an hour. That gave me time to send for the physician, who was in a rage because of the delay in filling the prescription. His anger increased when I tried to explain to him, and he said he knew what he was about, and would not have outside interference. After he cooled off it turned out just as I expected. He intended that the teaspoonful of medicine was to be put in a tumbler of water and a teaspoonful of that taken every hour. But the directions merely stated a teaspoonful, which of course meant the quantity of medicine. The maximum dose of aconite root is about ten drops, and that is the reason I called the doctor. He didn't thank me a bit, however, but said he would send no more prescriptions to me. Another physician prescribed for a child of a few months a dose of one grain extract of belladonna, and repeat every two hours. The maximum dose for an adult is two grains. I corrected the prescription so that there was one grain in the whole mixture. There are many errors made by physicians in confounding hydrargyrum bicloride, or corrosive sublimate, with the innocuous hydrargyrum chloride, or salivary. I have

more than one corrected prescriptions where strychnia sulphate was prescribed instead of quinine sulphate, and there is one physician whose prescriptions I never pass without revising them, as it is not unusual for me to find two or three errors in one of his prescriptions. For these things we (I believe nearly all druggists have had the same experience) get no credit; but let one of us make a single mistake, then all hands are condemned. I think the physicians who write the prescriptions need looking after a good deal more than the druggists who put them up."

The New York Medical Journal, without denial, quotes from Mr. John B. McMaster's "History of the people of the United States," concerning medical affairs at the close of the last century: "Homeopathy with its tasteless mixtures and diminutive doses was unknown, and it is not too much to say that more medicine was taken any year by the well than is now taken in the same space of time by the sick." "Each spring the blood must be purified, the bowels must be purged, the kidneys must be excited, the bile must be moved, and large doses of senna and manna, and loathsome concoctions of rhubarb and molasses were taken daily. In a thousand ways the practice of medicine had changed since that day, and changed for the better. Water was denied to the patient tormented with fever, and in its stead he was given small quantities of clam-jelly. Mercurial compounds were taken till the lips turned blue and the gums fell away from the teeth. The damsel who fainted was bled profusely. Cupping and leeching were freely prescribed," etc. (See New York Medical Journal, April 21st, 1885.)

Now it is well-known how these old school doctors opposed all change from those practices, when insisted upon, and finally carried by the intelligent layman led by the demands of the Homeopaths.

Blunders innumerable, similar in their nature, continue still to be made with drugs, as is known by every experienced man and woman; and did space allow I might demonstrate that equally numerous are the mistakes made with the knife and its use professionally.

THE ORGAN OF THE NEW YORK DOCTORS DON'T APPROVE OF THE MEDICAL LAWS OF FRANCE, GERMANY OR RUSSIA.

The Pall Mall Gazette (London) states that "In France and Germany there is a regular tariff (fixed by law) for the visits of medical practitioners, affording a guaranty against excessive charges for the poor.... in North Germany, except in cases of severe illness, a doctor never repeats a visit. He must be requested to do so. If medical fees are too high with us (England) they are too low in Germany and France—two marks and two francs a visit."

What a contrast with the practice here in America, where the doctors want a monopoly, and scout any restriction of their charges.

The law in Russia is similar to France's and Germany's. It requires, too, that a doctor must respond to the call of the poor and rich. He is not allowed to shirk when the pay is doubtful.

A writer in London Truth referred to the evident justice of the above provisions, in view of the monopoly granted the doctors by those Governments. Here is what the New York Medical Journal says of that writer and those provisions: "Probably Jack Cade would have entirely coincided with this (Truth's) writer. It would be interesting to know the circumstances that have given rise to the English writer's approbation of the barbarous state of things to which he alludes."

This New York advocate of compulsory doctors' laws thinks compulsory attendance is "barbarous." Most people would say, from the dogmatic utterances of the various old-school medical men and journals, that their doctors should be infallible in both surgery and medicine. It is clear enough they are not.

Afraid to leave the people make their own laws, they themselves surreptitiously attempt to control them.

I have now presented a very, very limited abstract of the mass of evidences I have collected of monstrous delinquencies and barefaced selfishness of the medical fraternity of New York. Their impudence in applying, by paid attorneys and by committees of their own societies, in constant attendance upon the Legislature at Albany, ostensibly in the interest of what their organ is pleased to designate as a "stupid people," while in reality their motive, as constantly expressed in their society meetings, is their own private pecuniary profit—their impudence, I say, in this respect, is something without parallel in the history of philanthropists.

BRONSON MURRAY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal  
The Science of Death.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

NUMBER TWO.

Counting our first number as a necessary preface, let us now commence our investigation by first examining death from the physical standpoint; and here we enter the field that the scientist claims as his own. Did you, my reader, ever think that what you call physical death is just a little change in the position of a few atoms of matter towards other surrounding atoms? Take, for instance, solid metal, apply sufficient heat, and it is "dead," although each atom has simply gained new energy. But your eye follows the change, for you say, "Yes, the solid has gone, but here we have the same matter as a liquid." Continue to pour into that liquid the magnetic force you call heat, and presently it dies too; but only into a still greater energy, as the atoms demand a wider sweep, for it has now become a vapor. The liquid has in its turn passed away. You see it no more, but the vapor which stands as its spirit is all around you, and still subject to your control; but with more force and further expansion your vapor becomes gas; and now you acknowledge these atoms have a range beyond which your mortal senses may not look. But I can hardly conceive any educated mind so limited as to conceive that the range of his perceptive powers is the measure of power for the universe.

I would ask my reader to carefully mark the point made in this illustration. At every change that came to that matter, the atoms absorbed more force; for you were giving out energy from your furnace heat, which gave to the atoms a wider sweep. When the atoms pass outside the range of your instrument it means that it has become too full of force for you to control, so that which we call solid, represents no force, save in the attraction of atoms for each other.

Four into the solid a little energy, and it bursts into heat, or vapor, yet more, and

lower animal upward it travels till it crowns material nature with manhood's form, as those atoms have gained in energy step by step.

If there be a higher being whose eye notes the individual atom, he sees that there is no such thing as death; but that the influx and outflux of force moulds matter both for man and within man in this life and every other life through eternity.

So far I have given only scientific fact addressed to your reasoning faculty. Now you tell me there is more to a man than matter, and force and life? I know it. We can, if we will, listen to the heartbeat of the soul in humanity; and those of us who have had sad experience, know that reason is silent by the death of those we love.

Our whole theme turns on this question of individuality, for all alike will admit that matter, force and life cannot die; but if their manifestation which we call mother, sister, wife and child can be lost to us forever, then all this scientific talk about being no death is jugglery, and an evasion of the real problem of existence.

Some light is thrown upon this subject by the discovery that life is independent of size; in other words, that the atom of life is no more and no less to the strong man than it was when he was the helpless babe upon his mother's knee.

Revolution changes the quantity of matter but not the quantity of life. We have seen that the atom never loses its individuality, so the thinker will say "My individual life is assured, even if matter be forever changing its form."

Still, so far, we don't quite satisfy the longing of the human heart. If you will think a moment, you will see you do not want your individuality of form maintained unchanged. Do you want a form forever that expresses imperfection? Here is your loved child who has been a sufferer and a cripple for years. You certainly hope that expression of individuality will die out; yet remember you cannot alter form very much, without destroying what your heart means by individuality.

Here is your mother, whose venerable age has left her dependent for years upon your loving attention. Suppose you were suddenly introduced in the next life to some sweet, fairy-like child, skipping and dancing with innocent glee, and were told by the angels that were your mother, it would require more faith even than Brother Talmage has for you to believe them. Of course you don't expect her to hobble with a cane, and to totter as she walks. But what is it you do expect? Yonder is your child who smiled up into your face, and then vanished. Do you fancy she is to wait as a helpless babe through eternity that you may identify her individuality? And yet, if some grave and experienced angel greet you after your earthly life is over, and call you "mother," where is the individuality you can identify?

So whilst we claim our right to individuality forever, as something superior to the earth form, does it not seem to you as if we had all the time been limiting our conception of individuality by this very form we see day by day, and which we know must be left behind at the gateway of death? Still, we shall, I think, presently discover that we did not completely limit our conception of individuality to form; and we would do well to remember that the wise man of science, who sees the form die out of shape, can throw no light on this question of a continuous individuality. In my next article I will endeavor to discover in what our individuality consists.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: His Life, His Works, His Friendships. By George Lowell Austin. Boston: Lee and Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. New edition, cloth, illustrated, pp. 419. Price, \$2.00.

The author says in his preface that in the preparation of this volume, he has had especially one object; namely, to present a clear but popular picture of the poet's literary life. He has purposely omitted the details of Mr. Longfellow's private life, and all correspondence passing between the poet and his friends and admirers. The work is comprehensive in its scope, and follows the development of Mr. Longfellow's genius, from the first school-boy poem to the latest products of his pen. A number of the earlier poems are given, which are interesting as showing the first manifestation of that genius which has given the poet such lasting fame. The book is interesting and valuable recording as it does the life-work of one who with pure devotion to high ideas, gave himself wholly and nobly to the service of letters. The story of Mr. Longfellow's life, has in it a lesson for youthful literary aspirants, namely, that whatever may be the original endowment of genius, hard and long continued labor is essential to high success. "It was his habit during the boiling of his coffee-kettle, to work at a standing desk, upon a translation of Dante. So soon as the kettle hissed, he folded his portfolio, not to resume that work until the following morning. In this wise, by devoting ten minutes a day during many years, the lovely work grew, like a coral reef, to its completion." While some of his poems were written "at a dash,"—as for instance his "Excelsior," which was rapidly scribbled upon the first piece of paper at hand when the inspiration seized him, the groundwork of his literary achievement was laid in hours of honest and continuous toil. If any youthful aspirant for literary honor is fired by the fame achieved by such as Longfellow, let him be sure to read the story of the poet's life, that he may see of what stuff the laurel wreath is woven.

THE RUSSIAN NOVELISTS. By E. M. De Vogüé. Translated by Jane Loring Edmonds. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

The wide-spread interest in Russian affairs at the present time makes this volume of special interest. It is through her Novelists that the character of Russia is to be studied and understood. The strictures of the Russian press are such, that there is no medium for ideas except through the subtle meshes of fiction, which shield as well as convey ideas that otherwise might properly be the subject matter of a political treatise. Then, too, these romances illustrate the National Character as no other works can do so, giving what is most typical in the Russian mind.

M. De Vogüé traces the relation of the Russian to the Hindu,—the Hindu type of mind being only a more advanced form of the Hinduic intellect. The Buddhist religion is traced to have been known with the Buddhists in the time of the prophet Jesus.

is given of the Nihilistic tendency of the Russian mind in the fact that Russia is made up of so many clashing elements attracted at different times by opposite poles; now tossed from Europe to Asia and back again from Asia to Europe, and finally divided against itself. A still further explanation is given in the peculiarities of its soil and climate—endless plains with no distinct horizon, everywhere the same, which confuses the eye and confuses the mind.

The author marks the various epochs of Russian literature, traces the Evolution of Realism, and devotes a series of studies to four contemporary writers,—Gogol, Turgenieff, Dostojewski, and Tolstoi. Each of these Novelists is endowed by high moral sentiments, and with a broad sympathy for humanity. Not one of them aims merely at literary fame but all are governed by a love of justice as well as justice. Speaking of the calm impassibility with which these authors write, De Vogüé says: "The Russian writers never attack openly; they neither argue nor declaim. They describe, drawing no conclusions; but they appeal to our pity more than to our anger."

The book is written in a singularly clear and graphic style, not unworthily reminding the reader of the bold vivid conciseness of Victor Hugo, G. K. S.

MEN, PLACES AND THINGS. By William Matthews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs Co. 12 mo. Cloth, pp. 360. Price \$1.50.

Dr. Matthews is the popular author of "Getting on in the World," of which there have been 57,000 copies sold, also of "Words, their Use and Abuse," and several other valuable books. This new book is a series of most interesting and instructive papers, twenty-eight in number, which have been gathered together and published by S. C. Griggs & Co.

Under the head of the "London Fulpit" are found delightful sketches of Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Liddon, Dr. Joseph Parker and Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. Dr. Parker is paying a visit to America, has preached in Plymouth pulpit, and is talked of as the successor of the eloquent Henry Ward Beecher. A high and well deserved tribute to Rev. Mr. Brooke, the great liberal preacher of London.

A fine sketch of Attorney General Wm. Wirt, written by request of the New York Biographical and Genealogical Society, and read before that body, and repeated before the Historical Society of Rhode Island, is also found in this volume; an excellent book to be placed in the hands of young people.

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS. By Irene E. Jerome. Boston: Lee and Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Miss Jerome is a Chicago artist, and one of whom we are justly proud. She is the author and designer of "One Year's Sketch Book," "Nature's Hallelujah," and "Messages of the Bluebird," all of which make beautiful gift books.

"A Bunch of Violets" displays the same delicate taste and matches skill in their execution as is shown in Miss Jerome's previous work of art. The beautiful poems of Susan Coolidge, James T. Fields, E. P. Roe, Mrs. Craik, N. P. Willis, F. B. Collyver and Louise Chandler Moulton, are used as a basis for Mrs. Jerome's artistic talent. There are also several full page illustrations. The cover is designed by Ispen, who has no superior as a cover designer.

WIND FLOWERS. By J. Luella Dowd Smith: Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Co., 175 Dearborn street. Price \$1.00.

The poems in this pretty volume are divided into twelve sections corresponding to the months of the year, commencing with January. They are marked by a wholesome moral tone, and are uplifting in sentiment, as well as pleasing and unobjectionable in expression. The religiousist will find food for his devotional nature, and the progressive mind will not fawn for lack of the living truth. In addition the original matter, the book contains many good translations from German poets in the English language. Your admiration before you open it, by the pretty bunch of wind-flowers in gold, lying on the cover.

New Books Received.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS for School and Home, with New and Original Exercises and Suggestions. By Jay Kaye. Boston: Walter H. Baker & Co.

SWEDENBORG THE BUDDHIST, or the higher Swedenborgianism, its Secrets and Tibetan Origin. By Phylang Dass, Los Angeles, Cal.: The Buddhist Swedenborgian Brotherhood.

The First Imperial Vestibule Train From the Atlantic to the Pacific. VIA WEST SHORE RAILROAD.

Without doubt the finest and most magnificent train of cars in the world was the Special Imperial Vestibule Train, which left the Fitchburg Railroad Passenger Station, Causeway St., Boston at 4.00 P. M., Thursday, November 10th, on its first trip to Southern California, via the Fitchburg (Hoosac Tunnel Route), West Shore, Grand Trunk, Chicago and Grand Trunk, C., R. L. & P. and A., T. & S. F. Railroads.

This train was composed of six vestibule sleeping cars, two vestibule dining cars, one vestibule cigar, cigar and baggage car and one baggage car, and was built especially for the California tourist travel, under the management of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, the well known excursion managers of Boston. These cars are so constructed by means of vestibules, that they constitute one continuous car or series of apartments, so that the traveler can pass from one end to the other of the train in same manner as he would pass from one room to another in his own home. The vestibules are formed by enclosing the platforms and are as elaborately finished as any part of the car, being carpeted to conceal the points of connection between the cars and lighted with electric lamps.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PART I. INTRODUCTION.

Spiritualism Defined, from a Scientific and Religious Standpoint. The Phenomena Classified, Personal Introduction to them, Recent Investigations. Page 1-14.

CHAPTER I.

Early Experiences of Mediumship in Family Life, with Children's Mediumship in Italy. Dr. Carpenter's Experiments. Automatic Writing. Page 15-26.

CHAPTER II.

Children's Mediumship in the Years 1871 to 1876. Proof of Identity. Family Psychic Phenomena in Italy. Page 27-34.

CHAPTER III.

Children's Mediumship in Daily Life continued; Automatic Writing, etc., 1871. Page 35-43.

CHAPTER IV.

Direct Spirit Voice and Writing: Records of Science at Home, 1871. Page 44-53.

CHAPTER V.

Records of a visit to Cornwall organized by our Spirit-Workers, 1871, and continuous Psychic Phenomena. Psychometry. Page 54-64.

CHAPTER VI.

In a New Home (1872). Continued Seances, Various Phenomena, School Life Interrupts. Page 65-69.

CHAPTER VII.

Intermittent Home Seances in 1872 and 1873; and in Phenomena. Power declines—Pause in Phenomena. Page 70-81.

PART II. INTRODUCTION.

Psychic Phenomena renewed in Daily Life. Many found to be a Medium; her Development. Social Difficulties overcome by the Spirit Workers' Exercises. Page 82-88.

CHAPTER I.

November, 1883. Occult Fire-Lighting, First Impressions and Mediumship. How to Proceed through many Months until Profits are obtained of Psychic Power and Intelligence. Page 89-112.

CHAPTER II.

In 1883. Miss Wood's Visit. Materializations and other Phenomena at Home. Page 113-120.

CHAPTER III.

Daily Psychic Phenomena in the Years 1883-4. Skepticism in the Household vanquished. A Mass of Phenomena. Facsimiles of Spirit Writing on the Ceiling. Page 121-147.

CHAPTER IV.

Continuous Daily Phenomena in Family Life in 1883-4. Writings at Home by hand and Writings Critically Examined. Page 148-177.

CHAPTER V.

In 1884. Continuous Phenomena at Blackheath, with a Record of Several Sunday Evening Seances (April-July). Direct Writings, with Facsimiles of the Lord's Prayer of the 12th Century. Writings in Foreign Languages. The Spirit's Benediction on Leaving Home. Page 178-194.

CHAPTER VI.

Phenomena continued at Haslemere. Writings through the Post. The House Haunted; We Interview the Ghost and assist Him to Progress to a Nobler Life. His History Page 195-205.

CHAPTER VII.

Continued Psychic Life and Work at Blackheath and Haslemere in 1884. Materializations. Direct Writings including one in Greek. Summary of Continuous Occult Fire-Lighting to the End of 1884. Dramatic Performances. Page 206-221.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Few Sunday Evening Seances in 1885. Various and Curious Phenomena in Daily Life. Direct Spirit Writings with a Few Facsimiles. Page 222-237.

CHAPTER IX.

Phenomena continuous at Haslemere and Blackheath, in 1885. Writing on Ceiling under absolute Test Conditions with a Facsimile. Materializations. Remarkable Direct Writing before My Eye, with a Facsimile, at Haslemere. Page 238-248.

CHAPTER X.

A Few Extracts from Spirit Writings and Teachings read over many Years (1871-1886). Page 249-267.

CHAPTER XI.

On Tests and Conditions,—with a Special Reference to Three Failures in Home Tests, with Facsimiles of Test Envelopes, Methods of Research into Psychic Phenomena, notices of a Great Summary of Continuous Occult Research. Page 268-295.

CHAPTER XII.

A Brief Notice of Phenomena in the Year 1886, with Reference to another Writing in Greek with Facsimile. Conclusion. Time not yet ripe for a General Public Investigation into Psychic Phenomena; their Highest Development in the Family Circle. Signs of Spirit Outpour. Page 294-306.

LIST OF PLATES.

- Plate 1. Plan of House (Basement Floor) facing page 106
Plate 2. Facsimiles of (some) Writings on Ceiling " " 141
Plate 3. The Same " " 235
Plate 4. Facsimiles of (some) Direct Spirit Writings " " 236
Plate 5. The Same " " 257
Plate 6. The Same at (Haslemere) " " 248
Plate 7. Facsimile of Two Envelopes Writings—Inside and Outside " " 274
Plate 8. Facsimile of Direct Spirit Writing, with Greek Reading " " 299

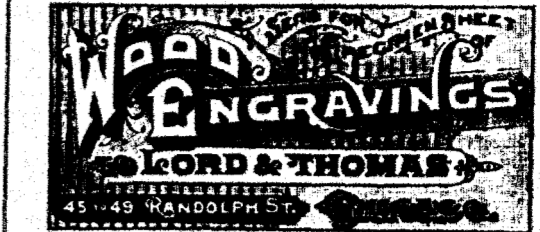
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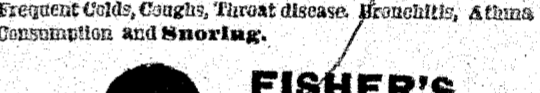
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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 3, 1887.

Medical Conspirators.

That individuals have a right to organize for the purpose of bettering their condition in so far as they can do so without trespassing upon the inalienable rights of others, is well established. That individuals have a right to unite in a conspiracy against others, and for the purpose of enriching themselves and unduly increasing their power in the community, is not so well established but is likely to be practically exemplified in this boasted land of liberty through the apathy of that all-powerful ruler known as the Citizen. There are millions of him and when he really gets aroused he straightens things out about right. But he is indifferent to public interests so long as his own private gains are not injuriously affected; he utilizes his ballot sometimes, but is usually induced to do so rather through a desire to accommodate some aspiring political friend than from any thought of his duty to his country. His patriotism is strong and enduring, but seldom active; he keeps it hung up in a moth-proof closet along with his Sunday clothes and dons it occasionally as he does his best coat or his religion, but not so often. Yet when he does get fired up, he rushes to that closet with his eye full of fire and his heart beating fast, and forthwith he appears ready for the fray; then he always wins the day. He has been wearing his patriotic suit in Chicago for something like a year and a half and it has grown brighter and more becoming as the months have flown by. He has made a fool of himself sometimes in his overzealous efforts to defend and protect the State; but he will learn wisdom, and if only he will keep up the patriotic spirit until it becomes a persistent, working, ever present incentive, a normal state, there is hope for the Republican experiment; and the sacrifice of a few lives may prove an ultimate blessing.

Sovereign Citizen has been so intent on gathering in wealth for himself that he has overlooked the conspiracy so long in existence among the medical fraternity. He has allowed these wily fellows to hoodwink legislatures, secure the enactment of oppressive laws looking to the destruction of competitors and the restriction by statute of the practice of healing; and, has shut his eyes to this until now he is finding, thousands of him in different States of the Union, that his own freedom is in jeopardy, his own jugular in danger of being tapped, and he begins slowly to awaken to a realizing sense of the situation.

In order to expedite the awakening and arouse to a keen sense of the impending peril, the JOURNAL sounds an alarm on the second page of this issue, or rather, allows Mr. Bronson Murray to do it. That the rights of people are being trampled on with impunity by a clique of scheming men who seek not the good of the public but only their own selfish ends and who if not whipped into humility and honesty will ere long deprive their fellows of what the constitution of the country guarantees to every inhabitant, must be plain to every thoughtful, rightminded person who studies the history of medical legislation for the past twenty years. It is high time the Citizen awoke to his danger. It is high time he made his power felt by the trampling politicians who play the role of stationers and do the bidding of venal pill-poppers, owners of doctor factories and managers of human flesh. If the Citizen does not

books the unjust enactments and stand squarely for equal rights to all, if he does not do this in his collective capacity and in every State that floats the stars and stripes and professes allegiance to the constitution of the United States, he deserves to be a slave and feed the insatiable maw of these doctors.

To regulate the practice of the healing art is right and proper and it should be done. But it is one thing to regulate a business in the interests of the public and quite another to legislate in the sole interests of a class who pose as noble benefactors that they may the more easily kill the public and rob the corpse.

There are thousands of honorable physicians who despise the efforts of their incompetent and unduly ambitious fellows who seek by legal measures to obtain undue advantage of the public. Liberty to pursue their calling is theirs, they do not ask for license to tyrannize, nor do they wish the profession to have such power.

Freedom of Speech but not Anarchy.

The anarchists met their fate,—four hanging, two in prison for life, and one died by his own act.

Those who, not believing in capital punishment, wished them all put in prison and not hanged, believed that the safety of society demanded their sure restraint as deeply as did those who wished them all hung. They were dangerous criminals—all save one made desperate by foreign tyranny, and so blind as not to see that in this free land the ballot and free speech are better than muskets and dynamite.

The press comments on their career and execution have been some times wise and in the best spirit, sometimes of a sort that would seem to rival anarchy itself in unwisdom and hate.

By the wisdom of our course, as a people, and in governmental ways, we must disarm anarchy by keeping nearer to justice.

While bloody conspirators must feel the resistless power of law,—a power needed for the safety of the people—the rights of poor and rich, of employer and employed, must be well understood and impartially cared for.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Liberator, had great influence over his impulsive countrymen, then worse oppressed even than now. His word to them always was: "No political reform is worth shedding a drop of blood for." His peaceful counsels prevailed. Ireland relied on a powerful moral agitation, and gained greatly by it. Only such agitation is legitimate and right in our country.

Here is the emphatic section of the conspiracy act passed by the last session of the Illinois legislature:

"If any person shall, by speaking to any public or private assemblage of people, or in any public place, . . . advise, encourage, abet, or incite . . . resistance to . . . the lawful power of the legal authorities of this state, . . . or shall . . . advise, abet, encourage, or incite the disturbance of the public peace, and by such disturbance attempt . . . resistance to such authorities shall thereafter . . . and human life is taken, or any person is injured, or property is destroyed by any person, or by any of the means employed to carry into effect the purpose so advised, encouraged, abetted, or incited, . . . every person so aiding, advising, encouraging, abetting, or inciting the same, shall be deemed as having conspired with the person or persons who actually commit the crime, and shall be deemed a principal in the perpetration of the same, and shall be punished accordingly."

This says, in effect, freedom of speech and criticism, and then the ballot and other peaceful and lawful remedies. No just right crushed, as in Russia, but all bloody wrong, foolish and needless as well as wicked, held in strong restraint, and its counsellors and perpetrators held guilty.

The broadest discussion of existing or alleged wrongs, with a view to liberty and justice under law, and gained by the peaceful means which our government holds open for all; but no liberty for words that call for the red flag and the death-dealing confusion for which it stands. Anarchy is treason to freedom and humanity.

A Startling Prediction.

Two hundred years ago in China, says the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, there was just such a craze about natural gas as we have in this country to-day. Gas wells were sunk with as much vim and vigor as the Celestials were capable of, but owing to a gas explosion that killed several millions of people, and tore up and destroyed a large district of country, leaving a large inland sea, known on the maps as Lake Foo Chang, the boring of any more gas wells was then and there prohibited by law. It seems, according to Chinese history, that many large and high pressure gas wells were struck, and in some districts wells were sunk quite near to each other. Gas was lighted as soon as struck, as is done in this country. It is stated that one well with its unusual pressure, by induction or back-draught pulled down into earth the burning gas of a smaller well, resulting in a dreadful explosion of a large district, destroying the inhabitants thereof. Lake Foo Chang rests on this district. The same catastrophe is imminent in this country unless the laws restrict further development in boring so many wells. The Gazette concludes that should a similar explosion occur there will be such an upheaval as will dwarf the most terrible earthquakes ever known. The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred feet, and sopped over like a pancake, leaving a sham through which Lake Erie will come pouring down, filling the Mississippi valley.

The Boycott as a Factor in Religion.

Telegraphic dispatches from the East convey the startling announcement that the American Board of Foreign Missions is threatened by a boycott at the hands of the Congregationalist churches, and its members are even now quivering with the excitement of the crisis. It is almost certain that some of the churches in the denomination will exercise the right, which they unquestionably have, of refusing to contribute to the fund controlled by the board. Nobody knows how far the movement will go. The reason for this state of things, unique in church history, lies in the famous Andover controversy. As is well known, the dogmas which led to that contest have been agitating the Congregational body, and particularly the Board of Foreign Missions, for two or three years. The theological point at issue is whether the scriptures justify belief in probation after death for those people who never had an opportunity in their natural lifetime to hear the gospel and the Christian scheme of salvation. The executive officers of the Board of Foreign Missions adopted a rather autocratic course in the matter, and declined to send out as missionaries representing the general body any men, whether clergymen or laymen, who believe in the probation after death theory. In this way several competent and enthusiastic proselyters were prevented from going to foreign fields, and a great outcry arose from all quarters of the denomination against the decision of the board. The matter came up at two general meetings of the denomination, one at Des Moines, Iowa, a year ago, and the other recently at Springfield, Mass. Those in the general body who had been trying to avert discord had staved off a decision on the matter until the meeting at Springfield. There it was necessary to come to a definite understanding, and by a fair working majority, the action of the missionary board was sustained.

The delegates to the general meeting went home and thought it over. The more the minority thought the more they saw that they could not conscientiously support the board of foreign missions with their contributions. They saw that if they continued to contribute they gave a tacit acknowledgment of the correctness of its policy, an acknowledgment that would be more strong by reason of the dollars that would pour in from their hands to the board than if they simply acknowledged it verbally. Accordingly, the preachers and the leaders of the church here and there consulted with each other by correspondence as to what they shall do, and one or two of the more famous of them quietly advocated a withdrawal of contributions from the missionary board, although they advocated at the same time the raising of funds for missionary purposes, and placing them in the hands of other agencies for distribution. It was pointed out that this policy was all the more necessary as a rebuke to the illiberal spirit displayed by the executive officers of the board for the reason the board's friends would be all the more strenuous in their exertions to raise a considerable fund for the coming year's work. In one or two churches in New England, when contributions were taken up for missionary purposes, blanks were left upon which the contributor could designate to what body he wished his money to go for distribution. It is now expected that the friends of the board—or, in other words, the majority of the denomination—will make a move of their own for a new organization of the Missionary Board. As the board is now constituted it is almost a close corporation. What is desired is to have a truly representative body—one that shall not assume to dictate a creed to any member of the denomination, whether a missionary or a layman, and one that shall represent not only the strict Calvinistic sect, but the probationist as well.

The reorganization, when it is attempted, will be based solely upon the idea of personal liberty, and the one argument used for the change will be that the board must be made representative and not a close corporation. Meantime, there are those among the liberals who believe conscientiously in boycotting the board, and they may make things very interesting before the winter is over.

Another "Angel in Heaven."

Every August for some years past the campers at Lake Pleasant have been made happier by a wee bundle of sunshine and happiness in the form of a little girl. She came to the camp an infant and each succeeding year she grew more interesting and dear to all. Thousands of hearts beat more cheerily for her presence; she was of fully as much importance as any other inhabitant of Lyman Street, though the president of the camp, several directors, and an editor or two were her neighbors. Adella Tice Quackenbush was her name, and Mr. William R. Tice was her grandfather.

Though it is a cold winter's morning and the sound of wheels creaking over the snow comes in at the window, we can see a cosy tent embowered with pine and oak, the front thrown hospitably open, great red rocking chairs strewn around, and in one of them the stalwart six-foot-in-his stockings grandfather with Adella in his lap and her mother and friends close by. A sweet picture it is one painted with indelible colors on the memory of many a camper and casual visitor.

Adella is now in her sixth year and more lovely and lovable than ever; but we shall never again see her

camp. She has gone to her spirit home, to that Summer Land where the cold blasts of winter and the bitter winds of adversity are unknown. On the 20th ult., her beautiful spirit left the mortal form and was borne by sweet angels to the waiting arms of loving friends on the other side of the mysterious river.

On the evening of the 23rd ult., the last sad rites were pronounced over the lifeless clay that once was so full of life and light. The services were held at the home of Mr. Tice in Brooklyn. The mourning friends know the dear one still lives and that in due time she will welcome them one by one to her celestial home in the great beyond.

Our Holiday Number—40,000 Copies or More.

The JOURNAL'S holiday number for last year was the best ever published; it went into thousands of homes where Spiritualist literature was rarely or never before seen, carrying a new revelation to some and inspiring others with a desire to know more of what is claimed by Spiritualists. This year it is our desire to make a holiday JOURNAL far surpassing, if possible, that of last year. The prospect is now most encouraging for an entertaining, instructive and every way excellent number, one that every subscriber will take pride in circulating among friends. We ask the cordial assistance of our readers in making it a model sheet, for that matter we desire their co-operation in making every issue of special value. Those having marked experiences in spirit communion, or of striking manifestations, or of the beneficent results of a knowledge of Spiritualism, are cordially invited to contribute to the holiday JOURNAL. There should not be over 700 words in any contribution and a less number is preferred, to the end that as great a variety and large a number as possible may be represented. And don't forget that the manuscript must all be in the editor's hands next week. Sit down at once and prepare your offering while the matter is fresh in your mind!

We hope to publish an edition of not less than 40,000 copies, and shall not be astonished if a larger supply is required. Friends who wish extra copies should send in their orders at once, remitting at the rate of five cents a copy. We will mail copies direct on receipt of list of names and addresses, without extra charge. Will not the friends of the JOURNAL, every one of them, make an extra exertion to place a copy in the hands of their acquaintances? Try it once and see how good it will make you feel and how much pleasure you can afford your friends at a trifling expense. Should some prefer to make a present to friends of a year's subscription, we shall not object, in fact we shall be rather pleased than otherwise. Try it!

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mr. John Slater gives a séance at Hyde Park on Wednesday, (Nov. 30th) at Flood's Hall, near the Illinois Central Depot.

Lyman C. Howe, who is so acceptably filling an eight months' engagement in Kansas City, Mo., lectured Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week at Topeka, Kansas.

Now is the time to solicit your friends to subscribe to the JOURNAL. Try it as earnestly and faithfully as your editor serves you and you will double his subscription list in a month.

The 1st District Association of Spiritualists, of Michigan, will hold its first quarterly meeting, of the sixth annual, at the Fireman's Hall, in Oxford village, December 3d and 4th. G. B. Stebbins, of Detroit, and others will be present as speakers.

J. Clegg Wright closed his engagement with the Union Society of Cincinnati last Sunday, but will lecture in that city through December, reaching his home at Newfield, N. J., the first of the new year! He speaks during January at Providence, R. I., and in February goes to Philadelphia.

Friday evening, Dec. 2nd, Mr. John Slater holds a séance at Avenue Hall, 153, 22nd St., for the benefit of the Young Peoples' Progressive Society. Those interested in this society should come forward and aid it as much as possible. Tickets can be secured of any of the members. Admission 25 cents.

Mrs. R. C. Simpson is at 394 Washington Boulevard near Elizabeth street. Her health has greatly improved since our first announcement and she is giving a limited number of sittings. From those who have sought to test spirit influence through her mediumship during this visit, we learn that the mental tests are unusually marked and satisfactory.

Mr. A. E. Tisdale who has within two years made an excellent reputation as a lecturer in New England, has been engaged for the Sundays of December, January and first half of February at Canton, Illinois, by a public spirited lady, Mrs. McCall-Black. Societies in the west desiring his services for the last half of February, March and April can address him at Canton, Illinois.

Last Sunday, at Lesters Academy Mr. Slater was very much amused by seeing two negro babes on a card in mid air before him. In an instant he pointed to a lady sitting on the front seat, stating to her that she had lately laughed heartily at seeing such a card. She admitted that she had, and greatly wondered at the marvelous powers of Mr. Slater. All his tests were recognized, drawing forth from her

D. P. Kayner, M. D., can now be consulted at his residence in St. Charles, Ill., having returned from Northern Wisconsin where he has accomplished a great work in restoring some patients classed as incurable, to whom he was called some weeks since. He will also make arrangements to meet patients in Chicago or to give them special attention in any part of the country.

Mrs. Ada Foye has decided to remove her family to Chicago in order to be with her husband who is in business here. She will arrive within a few days, and hopes by keeping within doors during the winter to endure the change of climate. She will probably be able to give private sances in her home, and if so due notice will be given through the JOURNAL.

Every subscriber who is truly a Spiritualist, who loves justice as every Spiritualist should and who is owing for the JOURNAL, will pay up and renew before the end of the year. There are few if any delinquents on the JOURNAL'S list who can't pay up and renew if they will make one-half the effort to do so that the publisher does every week to give them a good paper and keep himself out of debt.

The Independent repudiates probation after death. Mr. Brown is less humane than was Robert Burns. The Scotch peasant-poet sang his hope that the good Lord would have mercy even on "auld Nickie Ben," but the New York editor gives poor sinners no hope hereafter. The Bible tells how the sins of ignorance are winked at and condoned, but none of that stuff is fit for The Independent. Its word is—shall we put it plain?—"Give them hell!"

A religious paper in anticipation of Thanksgiving day, sent out a large number of inquiries to prominent religiousists asking them to write a postal-card what they were most thankful for. The responses were numerous, and it is something like a fairy tale to read them. A large portion of them referred to the hanging of the anarchists, and singled out "the vindication of the law" in their case as one of the special causes of gratitude to God.

Dr. H. H. Jackson of Cincinnati spent last week in Chicago. His many friends plied him with turkey and other thanksgiving things until he was forced to return home to prevent being killed with kindness. Robust and stalwart as he is, he declares there is a limit to his endurance, and that only let him catch some Chicagoese in his town and he will charter the Gibson House, if necessary, rather than not get even. The Doctor has the thanks of the JOURNAL for many courtesies in years past.

In China, there are among the different Protestant denominations seventy-nine persons who devote themselves chiefly to medical work. Twenty-seven are women. There has been issued by the Medical Missionary Association the first number of a medical journal, whose columns contain valuable papers from native and foreign physicians of high standing. The articles by the Chinese doctors—themselves Christians—in the Chinese language will have a wide influence throughout China in removing the prejudice against foreign physicians.

A. L. Coverdale, president of the Young Peoples' Progressive Spiritualist Society, writes: "Tuesday evening, Dec. 6th, at 8 o'clock the Y. P. S. will introduce Mr. J. Slater, at McCune's New Music Hall in Englewood. All the Spiritualists in that vicinity are asked to secure the attendance of skeptical friends and to aid in bringing as large an audience as possible. This society is working for Spiritualism and the extension of its truths, and help must be furnished for its maintenance. We request each interested individual to come forward and assist us. An organization may be the outcome of this, if you only give us aid."

One paragraph in the will of the late Sylvanus Cobb, the novelist and journalist, ran: "And I do set it down as my express desire that no member of my family or relatives or friend shall for me put on, at any time, any outward badge of mourning. Let no blackness of crape or funeral weeds cast its gloom upon my memory. I would that my beloved ones should seek the brightness and fragrance of faith and trust in God rather than the gloom that belongs to doubt and unrest. I go to find more light. Add ye not to the darkness who remain behind. God bless you all."

Previous to the adjournment of the North Alabama Conference of the Southern Methodist Church in Tuscaloosa, Nov. 22nd, a resolution was adopted requesting Dr. D. C. Kelley of Nashville, one of the most eminent Methodist divines in America and Missionary Treasurer of the General Conference, to resign his official position on account of his utterances in reference to the Emma Abbott episode at Nashville. The resolution will create a great sensation throughout the entire Southern Methodist Church. Dr. Kelley defended Miss Abbott's rising in church to defend herself against harsh terms used on theatre going.

The pastor and official brethren of the DeWitt Memorial chapel, Rivington street, New York city, applied to a police justice the other day for advice. The chapel is a mission in a poor neighborhood. They print and distribute hand-bills setting forth that all are welcome to their meetings, and at the meeting themselves they invite all present to "relate their experience." For two months past, Miss Rebecca Fitch, aged 45, has taken the floor at every meeting.



The People.

IOUS SUBJECTS... From the South... magnificent dreams...

THE FUTURE.

somewhat of late with... the fact remains that no proportion to any phenomena...

change that we see creeping... religiously-minded people are eyes for a practical and educationalism which will lead to...

The Pessimism of Buddhism.

BY PERCIVAL LOWELL.

For all that it preaches the essential illness of the natural man, Christianity is a gospel of optimism. While it affirms that at present you are bad, it also affirms that this depravity is not intrinsic part of yourself.

Buddhism, on the contrary, is the cri du coeur of pessimism. 'This life, it says, is but a chain of sorrows. To multiply days is only to multiply evil. These desires that urge us on are really cause of all our woe.

As a man, he taught, becomes conscious that he himself is something distinct from his body, so, if he reflect and ponder, he will come to see that in like manner his appetites, ambitions, hopes, are really extrinsic to the spirit proper.

Such is the belief which the Japanese adopted, and which they profess to-day. Such is thought to be the dawn of death to-morrow; a blessed impersonal immortality, in which all sense of self-illusion that it is, shall itself have ceased to be; a long dreamless sleep, a beatified rest, which no awakening shall ever disturb.

Among such a people personal Christianity converts but few. They accept our material civilization, but they reject our creeds. To preach a prolongation of life appears to them like preaching an extension of sorrow.

Strange it seems at first that they who have looked so long to the rising sun for inspiration should be they who live only in a sort of lethargy of life, while those who for so many centuries have turned their faces steadily to the fading glory of the sunset should be the ones who have embodied the spirit of progress of the world.

Notable Articles.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Fearing lest some of your readers have failed to peruse certain articles which have lately appeared in the JOURNAL, allow me to call attention to them.

The other is an article by Jesse Shepard in the issue of Nov. 10th, entitled "Spiritism and Black Magic." While not agreeing with every statement, allow me to express my gratification at seeing a prominent medium take the position upon which he plants himself.

So long as mediums are regarded as mere "spirit-machines," with no need of intellectual culture, and having nothing to do with moral responsibility, so long shall we have individual and social demoralization. Society will have what it demands. If that be a clean, pure, uplifting and progressive mediumship, then no powers of darkness can find expression for there will be no darkness to express.

Passage of Matter through Matter.

We read in the Monthier Spirite, of Aug. 16th, the following, under a photographic illustration of the experiment: "On the first of May the medium Slade, having been thrown into a trance by spirit Oswayo, announced that a fakir Indian would lend his assistance for the production of the phenomenon of matter passing through matter, and this for the benefit of meritorious Spiritualists by way of encouragement.

"Mr. B. then came forward with a cord about 4 meters long, and also two wooden rings turned out of one piece of timber, and two smaller copper rings. These rings were all strung upon the cord, the ends of which were tied together by a knot." "The cord was now covered over with a handkerchief. Messrs. Slade, Home, Engineer B. and Mr. Hochstein were seated around a table, with their hands placed thereon, those of the medium and Mr. B. being placed on the extremities of the cord as represented in the cut.

High Art Mediumship.

BY W. H. WATSON.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the advance of spiritual power we have been too apt to pay little attention to the growth of high art. What has already come through mediumship ranks only with the mediocre productions of the art world, and it is now fully acknowledged that all masters were more or less inspired, and that distinct individuality marked the works of each. Spiritual science proves this to be a fact, for a mannerism or a copyist cannot possibly be controlled; good artist spirits will not compromise their work by juxtaposition with the medium's own normal efforts, and for this cause the spiritual world has thought fit to steer clear of art production for rational and just reasons, as a false step in this direction would prove disastrous to fine art mediumship.

A spirit artist cannot prove his identity through a poor instrument; strict conditions will qualify a medium only; artists of masterly quality and exalted genius are always found in high spheres, and different to that of the medium; and it is an effort indeed, to leave that pleasant and high occupation among angelic peers to come and mix colors, inferior in all respects to those of heaven. It is known that Turner was the only English master that ever lived, for he 'created a school,' and superseded all others in landscape, and no artist to-day can copy his works; he allowed no one to see him paint, and the most skeptical say he was inspired. Mr. Ruskin, the eminent critic, declares that his pictures will not be generally admired for many years to come, and it was Ruskin who discovered the wonderful merits of Turner.

The art that is demanded from modern mediumship must be a combination of the highest beauties of all masters; that is, representative heads of the schools of Europe, such as Rubens of the Flemish, Murillo of the Spanish, and Titian of the Italian school. To group together upon a flat surface the highest conceptions of those men, would prove an impossible task for a normal artist, which has never yet been attained after struggling to do it for a lifetime. Every great painter has a distinct personality in everything he touches; in form, color, composition, handling and feeling, he differs widely from his brethren. The Spirit-world aspire to reproduce their works by mediumship and require highly developed people to work through. A real attempt has been made now and then to do this, but failure has prevented a continuance; failure would be disastrous to the cause, and this is why mediumship has run a course through the ranks of mediumship. Why should American soil not produce the desired result? Why have the required conditions not been given? They may be severe and require discipline, what of that when such a glorious end is to be reached, an end that a philosopher or a saint can reach, to bring the highest, the most exalted, down to earth, to transplant the transcendent work of the artist gods of heaven upon our sphere, would be the greatest and final achievement of mediumship, and the effect upon the world would be marvellous.

Spiritualists are laboring upon the platform and in literature, yet their grand work would be accomplished by the stroke of exalted genius upon canvas. The art spheres of heaven are chary in coming in contact with undeveloped mediums; they do not wish to reproach themselves with having done any work unworthy of themselves and their great religion; their worship is to represent and to live as the true and the just, learning to understand and reproduce the works of God by their wonderful idealism and inspiration, such as we never dream of in this earth sphere. There is a fear that their high art could not be understood by the masses here, but it would be wise for artist mediums to teach them the value and use of art in appealing to their imagination and taking the lead in the art world. We are too backward in this phase, and have paid but little attention to that element which has proved itself more vulnerable than religious philosophy and doctrinal theology, and which has commanded the attention of the highest classes since the crusades, when it appeared, weird and fantastic in form and which is, in fact, the main support or motor of the catholic church, and we cannot even to-day imagine the mighty influence which high art has upon the progress of the human race.

Room 57, 218 State St., Chicago, Ill.

To the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Tell Only Those who Seek to Know.

One of the strangest things in human experience is the inability of man to learn wisdom from the follies of his father. The son is continually falling into the pitfalls which he has outgrown in his ancestor and when one more venturesome strike out a new path, he imagines it is equally new to all men, and that he has only to tell everyone where and what it is, and they will straightway rush to see and enjoy his "find." But he very shortly discovers that very few want to know anything about his egoism and when he becomes wiser he finds that his discovery is not new at all, and that others had found it before him, and as eagerly proclaimed its riches, only to meet the same scoffs and sneers as himself.

In no department in life's experiences has this been more marked than in spiritual things. The acceptance of spiritual truths demonstrated by phenomena has ever been retarded by the unwise seal of fresh and over-anxious disciples, too many of whom are like an honest but injudicious lady who recently had a very wonderful psychic experience, far beyond what is generally granted, even to the most earnest and persistent seekers.

The voice of wisdom would have counselled her to reserve this for the ears only of those whose spiritual unfoldment would enable them to accept it; but this voice was unheeded, as it usually is, and her report is heralded unto "Jaw and Gentle, Greek and Barbarian." Among others, she told it to the wife of a prominent liberal minister of this city, doubtless thinking it would be accepted and the minister at once become a convert to Spiritualism. Instead of this, the minister's wife has not failed to repeat the story to people of all sorts and conditions and beliefs, and when asked what she thought about it, this minister's wife says she is reminded of the story of the simple-minded old man, of whom a young man brought a favor, saying, "You are my father, although I am not your son." The assertion troubled the old man, who continually repeated it to every one he met, asking how it could be. Soon the whole village was earnestly discussing the old man's conundrum and finally it became a topic of debate at a town meeting, in the midst of which, one man arose and solemnly said he believed he could solve the difficulty, and after waiting a moment, that all might become attentive he said: "The young man simply lied!"

Now don't blame the minister's wife, she is just as honest in her belief as was her wonder-telling acquaintance. Remember that Jesus and Krishna both said that these things are to be told only to those who seek after them.

And their admonition should be heeded by every gleaner in the psychical field, be he Gentle or be he Chicago, Nov. 11. J. W.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the estimation of a large proportion of the leading authorities on Spiritualism, stands pre-eminent as a fearless, independent, judiciously fair advocate of Spiritualism. It is admired and respected not only by reflecting critical Spiritualists, but by the large constituency just outside the Spiritualists' ranks, who are looking longingly and hopefully toward Spiritualism as the beacon light which may guide to higher broader grounds, and give a clearer insight to the soul's capabilities and destiny. The JOURNAL has received more frequent and higher commendation from intelligent sources, regardless of sect or party, than any other Spiritualist or liberal paper ever published; and the records will confirm this.—Coal River Record, Racine, W. Va.

A Holyoke, Mass., Correspondent, writes: "I love the cause I know you both love, but I never shed one tear or anything in your paper until that piece of Dr. Wolfe appeared. I thought the paper away to give it to the publisher to read, but that one was the month the...

IS IT DEATH OR TRANCE?

A Young Woman's Funeral Delayed for a Week Because of the Uncertainty.

A peculiar case of what is supposed to be suspended animation has developed near Mankato. A week ago to-night Miss Rosa Pfeister, 17 years old, who has been residing for the last fifteen months with a German family two miles north of the city, retired for the night in her usual good health and buoyant spirits. The next morning, not responding to repeated calls, she was found apparently lifeless in her bed. She was still warm, and her face exactly resembled that of a sleeping person. The coroner was summoned, and after investigating the circumstances of the supposed death, decided that no official inquiry was necessary. There was no suspicion of foul play, as the family with which the young lady resided is highly respected, though Miss Pfeister was an orphan and had some property coming to her.

The funeral was to have occurred last Saturday, and every preparation was made for it. When the time came, however, it was found that the remains had not begun to decompose, though they were kept in a heated room and were not packed in ice. The face had a wonderfully life-like appearance also. After observing these and similar things it was decided to postpone the funeral until something developed. At present the body lies in an unchanged condition. The undertaker has made thorough tests, and finds that no decomposition has taken place either externally or internally, and he pronounces it the strangest case he has ever met with in his long experience in such matters. He thinks that the young lady is dead, and the health officer concurs in his opinion. On the other hand decomposition almost invariably begins within forty-eight hours after death at the utmost, even when the body is kept in a cold room. This body has remained in a heated room for a week, and has not changed in the least during that time. The face resembles that of a sleeping person and looks perfectly life-like except that it is quite pale. The house where the remains lie is crowded every day by curious spectators. The family of which the young lady was a member is agitated by the most painful uncertainty, not knowing whether she is dead or alive. If it should prove to be a case of suspended animation the young lady would have very narrowly escaped a horrible death either by the knife of the post-mortem examiner or by being buried alive.—Pioneer-Press.

Mrs. Jamison's Strange Experience.

"The Story of an Enthusiast," which will be published next week, is written by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, of New-Orleans, the author of "Woven of Many Threads," and of many short stories of exceptional power, one of which is "The Drunkwater Tragedy," published in Harper's Magazine a few years since. Mrs. Jamison has the temperament of the dramatic novelist. Her organization is singularly responsive to invisible and mysterious influences. When visiting Boston last summer Mrs. Jamison related to a writer a curious incident of her childhood. She was entering the parlor and saw before her a man in military dress who seemed entirely at home in the room, and the little girl supposed he was a caller and thought no more of it at the time. Later she asked her mother who the stranger was, describing the military costume, but no one in the house knew of him or had seen him. Some time later the girl discovered among some old family portraits at the house of a relative, which she had never before seen, the exact portrait of the man whom she saw in her mother's parlor, and learned that he was an ancestor of the family. There is no doubt that the finer perceptions which take cognizance of things invisible to others are a genuine endowment of certain organizations, and when accompanied with the distinctive literary faculty such writers give the perfection of imaginative romance.—Boston Traveller.

Bismarck's Favorite Flower.

Prince Bismarck, like other great men, has his favorite flower. It is neither more nor less than the common red blooming heather. As long ago as 1862, when traveling in France, he wrote to his present wife as follows: "Chambord castle in its present deserted state reminds me of the fate of its owner. In the spacious halls and vast saloons, where kings held court with their mistresses, the toys of the Duke of Cordeaux form almost the only furniture. The sunny courtyards appear like so many deserted churchyards. From the tops of the towers one enjoys a fine view, but wherever one looks one sees nothing but silent forests and heather as far as the horizon. No town, no village, no farm house visible near the castle, nor as far as the eye can reach. From the inclosed samples of heather you will see how beautifully blooms here the purple flower I love so much—the only flower in the royal gardens. Swallows are the only living creatures in the castle, which is too lonely even for sparrows."—Berlin Tagblatt.

To Young Men.

There were young men who began life by hiring magnificent offices and sitting down therein waiting for success, in the full belief that it was the duty of success to come to them. There was the young man who, by way of exercising his pen, learned to copy his master's signature, and did it once too often. All were in error, as they generally found to their cost. What was wanted was industry, go to work. It is the normal condition of life. Adam was put to work at once, and if he and his wife had been attentive to their proper work, in place of roaming over the garden in after fruit, they would have made less trouble for themselves and their descendants. Don't get into your heads the fatal idea that you are gifted with genius. Genius is the curse of the country. I would rather be an ox treading the ground and trudging along to some purpose than a soaring eagle with aimless flight.—Dr. Talmage

A Sudden Cure.

A correspondent of the Petit Courrier de St. Francois, a religious weekly of the diocese of Liege, says: "Mrs. Orinel, whose maiden name was Marie Franck, of Pepinster, whose lower limbs had both been paralyzed for two years, lately recovered the use of these members by means of a pilgrimage she made to the Malmedy chapel. We can neither deny nor guarantee the authenticity of this sudden cure concerning which a good deal of bluster is being made, for a purpose that may be readily comprehended. We chronicle the event, dear to Catholic hearts, with the observation that the numerous cures produced by magnetism and Spiritualism, have long since deprived such facts, possibly analogous, of their miraculous character."

Hasty Interment.

During the last few days a case of hasty interment has caused much commotion in the commune of St. Omer (in Belgium). The remains of an aged woman had just been lowered into the grave when the grave digger thought he heard a noise in the coffin. The man in great fright hurried away and made the circumstances known to the Mayor; a physician was called and the coffin was opened. The physician gave it as his opinion that the woman had been placed in the casket alive but in a condition of lethargy, though he now pronounced her dead. The fright experienced by the woman on hearing the earth fall upon her coffin, was the ultimate cause of her death.—Le Messager.

Lucinda B. Chandler writes as follows from Danville, N. Y.: I can't refrain from expressing my pleasure that you published that sermon by Mr. Palmer. What a glorious fruit of free and so-called Christian civilization that system is established whereby an impersonal legally irresponsible power, can 'limit the output' of the necessities of life, to suit! I liked what you said about the scientist, but I don't know what you mean by the sane in a bunch about the consideration of the marasmus of Americans the fruit of our consumable, unjust systems, and mammoth slavery. We have much resistance to experience, resistance that is a constitutional change of mind and heart, and political economy. The discourse in JOURNAL of the 6th ult., also voiced my views of 'Providence'—an admirable and instructive sermon.

"Day by day I think I read more plain This crowning truth, that spirit of sin and pain, No life that God has given is dead in vain, No work that God has given is done in vain, No word that God has given is spoken in vain."

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

There has been a fall of red snow in Allegheny Pa. In the United States there is published one paper to every 4,438 inhabitants.

The word "duke" has been legitimized by the compilers of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. A solid cut-glass bedstead, richly worked, was lately made at Birmingham, England, for a Calcutta millionaire.

Much alarm exists among coffee planters in Brazil owing to a new disease having broken out in the coffee shrubs.

The bicycle has been adopted in Persia. Six of the machines are in use in Teheran—two by nobles, the others by telegraph men.

In the northern part of Michigan two bucks got their horns locked so that they could not get apart and were killed by hunters recently.

A cat in Portsmouth, Va., deliberately committed suicide by taking a position in a cellar that was rapidly filling with water, and sitting still until drowned.

Farmer Biggenstaff, of Richmond, Ky., recently plowed up a dozen army crackers, which were as fresh as when the rebel forces abandoned them twenty-five years ago.

In the primary schools of Stockton, Cal., the boys in the lower classes are obliged to learn needle-work just the same as the little girls, so that hereafter they can make small repairs for themselves.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that card-playing is a social craze in London, and that thousands of young ladies in that city are "familiar with the mysteries of the jack-pot poker and other like utensils."

Now that Sir Charles Dilke has returned to London, a strong effort is being made to restore him to the former prominent position in politics. He may run as a Home-Rule candidate at the next general election.

There is no place where the ups and downs of life occur more rapidly than in Washington, and as a result the pawnbrokers of the capital are all wealthy. The house occupied by Secretary Vilas was built by a pawnbroker.

Under a recent decision of the North Carolina Supreme Court a judge in that state has issued a warrant for the arrest of a man for committing an assault with a deadly weapon, "to wit, a certain vicious and large bulldog."

An old negro engaged in digging a ground hog out of a hole on Benson Creek, near Frankfort, Ky., unearthed a tomakaw of flint, a knife made out of fish bone, several earthen bowls and a number of rudely-fashioned gold trinkets.

A postoffice employe says that the gummed surface of a postage stamp should never be placed on the tongue. Hold the stamp on the other side of the stamp and corner of the envelope, or the latter only, and the stamp will stick for all it is worth.

The wife of Henry Cariton, of Skaggs Creek, Rockcastle county, Ky., presented her husband with twins last week for the second time within a few years. The new comers are a boy and girl, and the happy father has named them Grover and Blainey.

Dr. E. G. Uford, of Agawam, Mass., is a fine old New England gentleman. He is eighty-six years old, weighs 225 pounds, has practiced medicine for over fifty years, and this fall has dug and picked up 127 bushels of potatoes, and marketed fifty bushels.

Veteran Cheeley Heal of Searsmont, Me., has just had his one hundred and eighth birthday. He lives with a young wife of sixty, and has but two weaknesses, one for tobacco, the other for telling yarns about the war of 1812, in which he fought.

Dr. Franzel of Berlin, reporting on the effect of tobacco on the heart, says that smoking will not affect a person for many years, and that then there will suddenly come a trouble of the heart. Common cigars, he says, are not so liky ly to produce the trouble as the finer ones.

The silk dress-coat has reached Boston, and makes a tremendous sensation among the dudes of the Hub. It is really a handsome garment, made of heavy, corded, lustrous silk, which at a little distance looks like the richest of black broadcloth. It is a Paris fashion.

The worst enemy of the California tarantula is a big sect, something like a wasp, only in much larger, which attacks the monster spider whenever it sees him. Almost invariably these wasps sting the tarantula to death in a short time, and then tear the body in pieces and carry it away.

Next summer there is to be held in London a Roman Catholic congress, at which all English-speaking communities will be represented. The three chief topics to be discussed are: The attitude of the Catholic church toward education in general; greater cooperation of the laity in the work of the church; and the diffusion of catholic literature among the masses.

A short time ago, in a well dug on the farm of Andrew Horton, a mile and a half south of Swan creek, in Illinois, was found a fine specimen of petrification—viz., an orange completely petrified, and taken from over forty feet below the surface of the ground; with it was also found a small twig of brush, which had thorns on it, but the man who dug it out broke the thorns off thoughtlessly.

The unusually large number of young men who have been committed to the State Insane Asylum of Michigan in the last year and a half has led to the discovery that almost all of them smoke cigarettes to excess. In many cases it is said to be absolutely certain that cigarette smoking was the cause of the insanity. It is also reported that a prominent society young man in Detroit has been made deaf by cigarette smoking.

Mrs. A. E. Bennett of Payneville, Minn., thought she heard a dog following her as she walked home the other evening, and, looking around, saw that a slender little animal was trotting along close behind her. It followed quietly until she reached home, and when she opened the door he hesitated a moment and then darted into the house and up-stairs. It was a mink, which very soon made itself perfectly at home, and with the Bennett family is as tame as a kitten, but very shy when strangers call.

Orthodox Christians will watch with interest, and perhaps alarm, the new missionary movement in Germany. So-called advanced theologians have a well-organized society, whose object is to make use of the elements of culture and morality that are found in educated heathen nations, and on this basis build up a Christian culture according to advanced ideas. This society thinks that the old methods fail in that they do not attract the thinkers among educated non-Christian people. It has 7,755 members in Switzerland and Germany and has a few men at work in Japan and China.

A few days after the recent rich strike was made in the Black Queen mine, near Gunnison, Col., J. B. Fowler, who had a lease and bond on the claim, prepared to ship ore. Mrs. Ellen Jack, one of the owners of the mine, went there just as a pack train was starting with a load of ore, and, drawing a pistol, ordered them to leave the mine. They obeyed, and then swore out a warrant for her arrest, charging her with assault with intent to kill. After a three days' trial Mrs. Jack was acquitted, the judge holding that Fowler had no right to the ore, and that she had a right to defend her property.

Capt. W. D. Fitch of Williamsburg, S. C., has a pocket-knife which was found in the gizzard of a large turkey gobbler killed at his place. The knife is three and a half inches long and about the size of an ordinary knife. The handle is made of dark-colored horn, and trimmed with bright metal at each end, which no doubt caused the turkey to take it for some kind of an insect. The handle of the knife shows signs of having been washed by digestion. The turkey was healthy and fat. Capt. Fitch's gobbler lost the knife. It is curious how such a large hard instrument could be swallowed by a turkey, and how it could survive with it in its gizzard.

R. A. Bartlett of Randolph, in this State, is a remarkable rifleman. In a recent exhibition of his skill he is said to have hit a common white-bird at a distance of twenty-five yards, holding his rifle in various positions. He also hit a target at the same distance, using a 25-caliber rifle, the bullet striking on a red-board on the fence and on the ground below, and each ball of the shot striking on a separate spot. He also hit a target at the same distance, using a 25-caliber rifle, the bullet striking on a red-board on the fence and on the ground below, and each ball of the shot striking on a separate spot.

"It Might Have Been!"

When I was a shy little maiden,
And he was a fair-haired boy,
He said he would be my sweet-heart,

When I had grown out of my childhood
And wearied of dolls and toys,
That he was a handsome young sailor,

And the years have rolled on unrelenting,
Nor staying their hurrying flight—
And the morning of life is fast fleeting,

It is well to remember that happiness is not
perfection unless it is shared.
That great possessions may bring great misfor-

That a foolish friend does more harm than a wise
enemy.
That the hardest thing to empty out of the heart is
conceit.

A remarkably case of "substitution" was recently
found in a Georgia iron mine. Workmen digging
came upon a pine stump, or what had been a pine

Among the natives of the Philippine Islands when
a man wishes to marry, the parents of the girl he
has selected arrange for the betrothal.

Hiram Brown, of Peoria, Ill., was ninety years old
the other day, and seventy-five big and little Browns
assembled to do honor to the patriarch.

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."
A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old
Time Simplicities.

In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine il-
lustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as
"Doctoring Old Time."

We learn, through a reliable source, that one of
the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the
country, has been years in investigating the formula-

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure,
and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester,
N. Y., has been paying investigations in this di-

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that
they do not propose to cure all diseases with one
preparation.

A Great Newspaper.
The American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y.,
is now regarded as the leading farmer's newspaper

Catarra, Catarra! Deafness and Hay Fever.
Sufferers are not generally aware that these dis-

Delicate Children, Nursing
Mothers, Overworked Men and for all diseases where
the disease is caused by the weakness of the

Washing Children, Nursing
Mothers, Overworked Men and for all diseases where
the disease is caused by the weakness of the

To Assist Nature

In restoring diseased or wasted tissue is
all that any medicine can do. In pul-
monary affections, such as Colds, Bron-

Soothes and Heals
the inflamed membrane, arrests the
wasting process, and leaves no injurious

Lung Trouble.
For months I was unable to rest nights.
I could seldom lie down, had frequent

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Worlds Within Worlds.
WONDERFUL DISCOVERIES IN ASTRONOMY.
THE SUN AND STARS ILLUMINATED.

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fore you only a few of the strands of which we twist our cable and a cable that has held the heart of the world.

THE REASON WHY.

As Given by Judge E. S. Holbrook.

It is now Oct. 29th, Sunday, and as I am in the spirit on the Lord's day, as was John the revelator (though likely of quite a different order), I take up as usual the latest issue of your ever valuable, spiritual paper, sometimes a revelator, too, for the sustenance and refreshment of the innermost spiritual man.

I will, by your leave, make some comments; but first I want to say a word about my humble self, made proper, if not necessary, by what has transpired.

AS A MESMERIZER.

When mesmerism broke out in New England, I stumbled upon it because of my environment. I was going to school, and knew one of the sensitives approximate to me in family, age and acquaintanceship.

PSYCHOLOGY.

The nub of this is that I was, and I have been all along, and am now, a dispenser of psychological influences, and not a receiver, or subject. Indeed, since Spiritualism came, as before, so far as I know, I have continued untouched by any such influences, whether mortal or spiritual.

THERE WERE PRESENT

twenty to forty persons at each seance, and the seances continued week after week; and many repeated their attendance for the purpose of simply visiting with their spiritual friends.

Again, another correspondent writes that he attended Mrs. Reynolds' seances, and he pronounced that there was only one voice from her cabinet (and that, of course, was her own). That, certainly is an antagonistic remark to all who differentiate.

PROFESS TO BE AN ADPRT

it would be in the discrimination of voices; naturally so, and the study of elocution has helped it some; and the study of vocal music, its practice and teaching it, has helped much more.

varied circles and manifestations is just one of the things that are yet in mystery, and stand before the public for explanation.

ORDER OUT OF CHAOS.

truth out of clouded perplexities? Now, then, these spirit manifestations in the presence of Dr. Wolfe (and I will include the hundreds of those others equal to them, and the thousands of those others that are nearly equal), they are good indeed, but, oh! how unavailing.

TO PROVE SPIRIT EXISTENCE

by the usual methods of logic and science, and further found by these, that the leading dogmas of the prevailing Christian churches, so repugnant already to all good reasoning, were actually disproved—and instead there was that which common sense and benevolence could contemplate with pleasure—I "rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

Here it is that I confess my disappointment. It is hard to understand it yet. As we go, a few of the many people, on Sunday to our little gathering, and know that we will hear direct from spirit land; and as to the true import of life and death and a glorious future to all (though last and least to those who postpone their struggle for the noblest things), we meet full throngs of those who seek the orthodox churches to hear the same old doctrines that seem so unworthy of a good God, and most hostile to man, all without proof, and pay no regard to the evidence that we offer.

PANORAMA OF "JERUSALEM ON THE DAY OF THE CRUCIFIXION,"

and I guess I saw a little more plainly the reason why, at least, one of the chief reasons why, than ever before. Quite evident it is because our phenomena are so insignificant beside the Christian as they allege and believe them to be.

The places around came in for proper notice; that is the temple, not an imposing structure indeed, but remarkable in this that the Holy God dwelt there, and from the Holy of Holies went forth

LIGHT TO ALL THE WORLD.

There is the palace of Herod, where he died in the most terrible agonies after he had put to death all the male children of Judea, in order to destroy the Savior.

And so to this prodigy, there is no end. See the Jewish history as compared to all others; its chief characteristic is prodigy, all the way through. The story of the creation, the story of the fall, the story of the flood and the ark, of the Israelites in Egypt and their departure thence, and the ruin of the Egyptians; the stories of miracles, even as to foxes, lions, serpents, fishes, battles, prophecies, temples, and deific, angelic and devilish presences, and sacrifices, all, everything, no matter what.

ALL SURPASSES EVERYTHING ELSE

in all the world. That about sacrifice is most peculiar. Tired of things in common with other nations, they rise and rise in degree as offerings for sin (and no wonder they did this), till they conceive of an indefinite atonement, and so sacrifice upon the cross their very God, amidst earthquake, and while the sun withhold his light.

"Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When God the mighty Savior died, For man, the creature's sin."

Now, Mr. Editor, what have we to place against all this? Surely when all this is implicitly believed in, and the faith is made strong by the Word of the living God; another of its prodigies; and now I see I have left out the greatest prodigy of all, the most effective in a religious sense, the most fearful, and that is the final doom of the wicked to an everlasting perdition; and the wicked include all those who do not believe.

ippings, and thence on to spirit materialization, all good to us who hold ourselves to the rock bottom of science; but how small in front of the great church that makes prodigy, old or new, its chief pillow, and does now, or has, manufactured prodigy at will, and will sustain it by power!

We shall meet perhaps the wants of some agnostics that seek to know. We shall meet and receive and satisfy those who, by natural laws, have outgrown the church and are casting about for knowledge and rest; and even as to most of these there is an indescribable something that holds them where they are; and now seemingly more than before.

To answer the first by my own action, I will say that I go somewhere; to the Spiritualists meetings first, to the liberal Christians next; and then to the orthodox. I have sometimes been chided for it, but I think there is good in such practice. The good, or evil, of going consists in the spirit and method. Let not a Spiritualist neglect his own meetings. Then if he will go to a Christian church, let him go as a Spiritualist, with his armor on and fully charged with his own principles.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

This principle will apply in the long years, at least, to the future of Christianity and Spiritualism,—in spirit at least if not in name. I believe in universal democracy at the last, and so I believe in universal Spiritualism at the last. This is the democracy of religion,—the freedom and happiness of each soul. If we will have triumph we must do that which is needful to have triumph. It may be a fancy of mine, but it seems to me that now is a time of trial.

CULTIVATE MEDIUMSHIP,

make it more true and perfect, and hence a better source of evidence; not for prodigies as such, but actualities along the line of science, and let us be second to none—may be the first along the line of morality, and then our religion will be attested as fit to survive, and so will survive.

Woman's Conference.

LYDIA R. CHASE, LEADER. 2139 UBER PLACE, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

Moral Courage.

Canst thou bear defeat? O warrior Fighting on life's battle-field, When thou'rt conquered in a contest, Dost thou then know how to yield?

Fortune is a fickle goddess, Man must bow her when he may; First defeat and then a victory— Thus she doth with mortals play; When she smiles, be not elated; When she frowns, be not dismayed; Press with bolder courage forward, Final victory's but delayed.

Truth must triumph, so must effort— Effort for a worthy goal; And as fiercer grows the struggle, Still yet stronger grows the soul. Courage, then; endure, be patient, Never let thy efforts cease; Fix thy aim, and thus pursuing, Thou shalt know the conqueror's peace.

A Reminiscence of Rosa T. Amedey. It requires a higher, almost a greater, courage to act as the color-bearer of a new and unpopular truth, and to meet dauntlessly the small army of exclusive and conservative relatives and friends, armed with the bows of contempt, and the arrows of sarcasm and ridicule, than to lead a charge like that at Balaklava.

The student who, to-day, investigates the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism, finding himself, or herself, but one among millions of such searchers after truth, scattered over every inch of the civilized globe, their literature published in every written language,

has thirty years ago only a handful of people had ever heard of its modern advent, nor can guess what a sublime heroism was necessary at that time to enable one to lead the van of such a "fortiori hope."

In those early days of the "new dispensation," there came forth such a leader, from out one of Boston's oldest, proudest and most conservative families, its head a "City Father," her mother a devout member of the Old South Church—that synonym for orthodox exclusiveness.

Raised by her spirit guides from what her friends feared would prove a bed of death, she was led forth a modern Joan d'Arc to crown as king this grand new Revelation, and to proclaim it as her mission to the world. Gently and tenderly reared as she had been—her hands unused to toil, or her feet to the rougher walks of life, fitted by her grace and beauty, as well as her intelligence, to adorn the select circle in which she moved, she left the brilliant society, the luxurious home, the fond and loving mother, to go forth through the "highways and byways," and to preach the gospel of immortality.

One Sunday in the city of Bridgeport, Ct., being herself "off duty," she was invited to go with a Baptist friend to attend "her church" and listen to "her minister." The reverend gentleman had given notice the previous Sabbath that his sermon on this particular day would be a continuation of the former one, a kind of sequel to it, as it were; but observing a notable in his audience, he changed his plan, and took as his text the description of the "Dragon," the arch enemy of mankind, he of the hoofs and horns, who roams up and down the earth "seeking whom he may devour," and pointing with his index finger to the pew that held our Rosa, he said in a clear and distinct voice, and with solemn emphasis, "Behold! the very Dragon is in your midst!"

Our brave little medium (for she was a trance speaker) quietly took out her eye-glass, that ready weapon of the Boston girl, and adjusting it to her eye, she gazed with such imperturbable gravity at the zealous parson, that he grew exceedingly nervous and drew a very excited and exciting picture of the future of heretics and the temperature of the home of the Dragon.

When the youthful Prince of Wales visited this country in the year preceding our great civil war, and while he was being feted and entertained in Boston, Rosa T. was giving a series of lectures in the Universalist Church at Binghamton, N. Y., being a guest of the writer's family during her stay in that city, and while there received an invitation to the well remembered Prince of Wales ball.

On the following Sunday evening, before an audience of several hundred persons, she was controlled by the spirit of Daniel Webster to give one of the most powerful and prophetic discourses ever listened to. He asked the American people why, instead of showing to this young scion of a royal line, the conservatories, art galleries, ball rooms and banquet halls of our northern country, they did not take him to the arsenals and the forts, and impress upon him the strength of the North; that a terrible conflict was about to take place within our borders, in which England would surely array herself against us. "Already," said he, "I see the bayonets of contending armies glistening in the sunlight, and white tents pitched upon a thousand hills."

But the sweet mortal lips through which this remarkable prophecy was uttered, were silent before its complete fulfillment; for Rosa T. had passed from the scenes of earthly conflict into "that peace which passeth understanding."

From Vineland, N. J. comes the story of Mrs. Mary McMahon, a widow seventy years of age, who is building a house and barn for herself, being the architect, carpenter, plasterer and laborer, all in one. She owns the place upon which she is building, and lives upon a small monthly allowance received from her brother, and having reduced the cost of her subsistence to about eighteen cents per day, she uses the remainder of her little stipend in the purchase of second-hand building material, and the work has thus been going on for three years. When the weather is too cold to admit of outside work, she devotes her time to inside improvements, such as painting, patching up, plastering and papering.

Mrs. McMahon has the face of a young girl, her cheeks are rosy and her eyes a mild blue, and she has a crown of silver locks that add much to her beauty. She is a good painter, a fair carpenter, not much of an architect, but a first class paper-hanger, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

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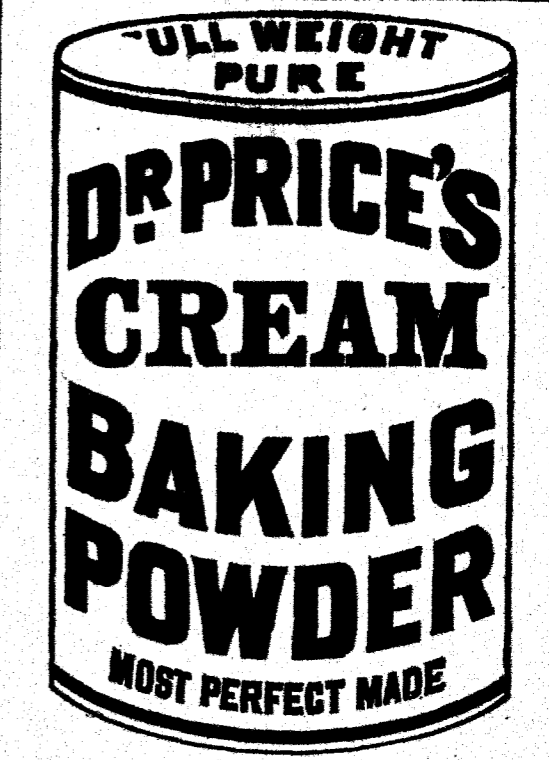
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